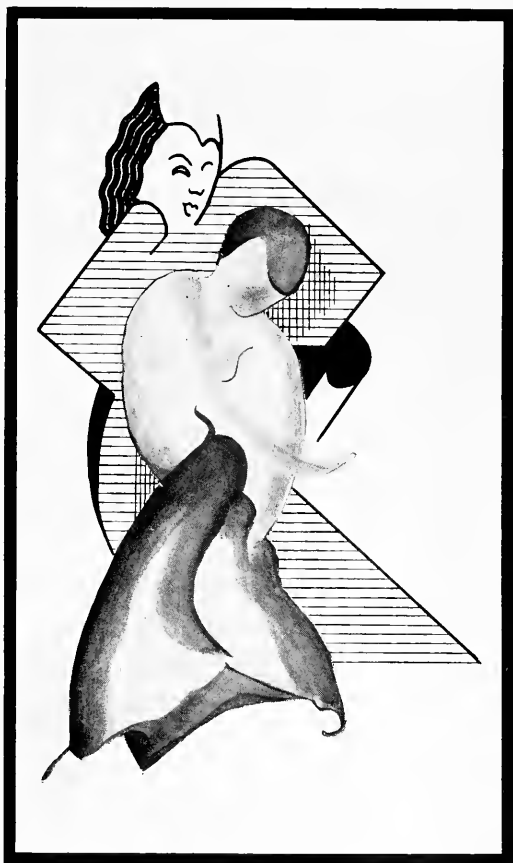


CORRADI



VOLUME 45
NUMBER 1
NOVEMBER 1940

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EXTRA DISTANCE IN HIS DRIVES— EXTRAS IN HIS CIGARETTE

YES, LARRUPING
LAWSON LITTLE—NATIONAL
OPEN CHAMPION—PREFERS
THE CIGARETTE THAT GIVES
THE "EXTRAS"—
SLOWER-BURNING CAMELS



I TURNED TO CAMELS
FOR
EXTRA MILDNESS
AND FOUND SEVERAL
OTHER SWELL EXTRAS, TOO,
INCLUDING EXTRA SMOKING.
SLOWER BURNING
SURE IS THE TICKET
FOR
STEADY SMOKING

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EXTRA COOLNESS
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GET THE "EXTRAS"—WITH SLOWER-BURNING CAMELS
THE CIGARETTE OF COSTLIER TOBACCOS

C O R A D D I

Student Publication of the
WOMAN'S COLLEGE OF THE UNIVERSITY OF NORTH CAROLINA
Greensboro, North Carolina

VOLUME 45

NOVEMBER, 1940

NUMBER 1

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Ruth Heffner's *Night Grind* shows that powerful drama can be written about contemporary America with no infusion of the foreign war situation.

Sunrise is Jean Bertram's first story for *Coraddi*. It is an allegory, written in poetical, musical prose.

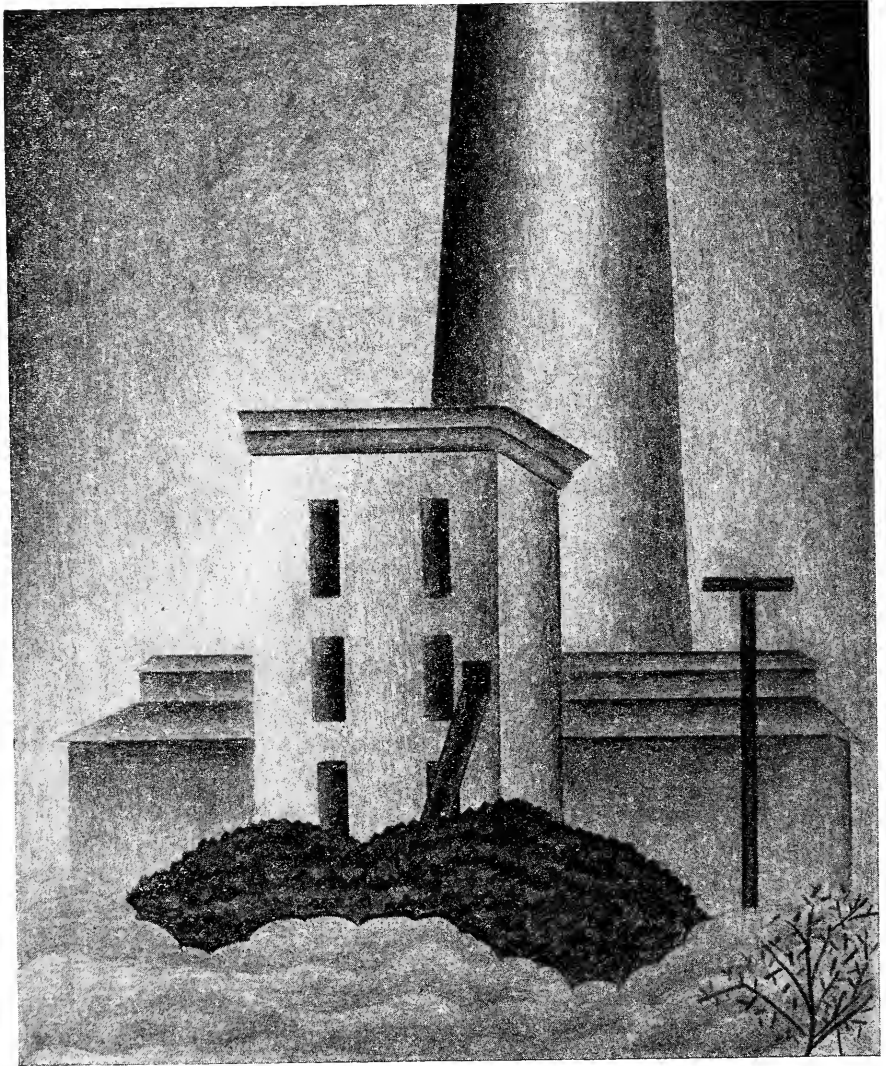
Newcomers include Betty Welsh and Betty Walker. Betty Walker's story is a retreat to the problems of childhood as an escape from the world problems of today.

Virginia Sanford's *Americans Are Generous People* shows the influence of William Saroyan. Like Saroyan, Virginia writes plays.

Subscription rate, \$1.00 per Year



First Class Honor Rating



FRONTISPIECE
Jane S. Golden

Sunrise

By Jean Bertram

CAROLINE ran down to the edge of the sea. She laughed as she let the water rush over her toes. The laughter tinkled, then shattered against the roar of the waves. She smiled and stood watching the ocean plect and unpleat itself. Far out the water swung high. Near shore it formed slanting waves that rushed in and out dropping orange and pink muscle-shells along the beach.

Caroline heard a gentle swish behind her. She turned, then smiled. But as Prudy sauntered nearer, Caroline's smile faded, for Prudy's eyes were brimming with sharp glints like a diamond catching and flicking off light rays. Once, her eyes had been wistful. Suddenly Caroline felt that everything about Prudy was different now. The face, once mobile and smiling, was set—like a mask. The thin arch of reddish eyebrows above her almond-shaped eyes gave the mask a funny little Japanese look. But the mole high on her right cheek was still there. Caroline laughed again. She ran to Prudy and hugged her.

"Prudy! I'm glad you didn't forget." She pressed her arms tightly around the other girl's shoulders.

"You'll muss my hair," Prudy cried.

Caroline stepped back and wriggled her nose playfully. Prudy smiled. "Sorry," she said.

Caroline slipped an arm through Prudy's. "Your slacks are positively beautiful. Did you buy them in New York?"

"Um--hmmn. Saks Fifth Avenue." Prudy's lips smiled as she brushed her hand across the cuff of her wine suede jacket.

Caroline's eyes widened. She started to ask how much they cost; but she gave Prudy's arm a little squeeze instead. "Do you still think this is the loveliest part of the day?"

They looked across the beach. Drifts of yellow-gum sand stretched from the gravel road, over the sand dunes, and down into the lapping, eager sea. Beyond, blue-gray water raised a loud monotonous whir-boom. Caroline felt the lonely sound press against her skin. She glanced up at the sky, almost cloudless and slate-gray.

"It's too colorless," Prudy protested.

"And so are we. Before the sun comes up." Caroline made a grass-like movement. Her lithe, slim body shifted in the wind. It moved ever

so slightly back and forth to the accent of the waves; then Caroline whirled and danced across the sand.

When Prudy caught up with Caroline, she said, "That was pretty neat, Sis. Sam might make you an offer."

"Who's Sam?"

"Ah, my precious!" Prudy laughed softly. "You haven't heard of Sam Jennings? Sam Jennings, the topnotch producer on Broadway?" Prudy pulled gently on Caroline's ear. "Sam's doing *My Heart Upon My Sleeve* this fall; and—" Prudy was pausing for effect, "he asked me to take the maid's part."

"Are you?" Caroline traced triangles around the base of her thumbnail.

"I should say I am. Why this is my chance to— Oh, of course, I'll never be able to hold a candle along side of—of Katherine Cornell." Her voice dropped to a whisper. "Maybe." Then she added quickly: "But I want to be like her. When it comes to acting: ummn, is she smooth! And the applause, the—the—oh, you know."

"No, I don't know." Caroline scooped up a curl of foam and blew it from her fingers. She sighed as she watched it melt into the breeze.

Prudy seemed not to have heard, for she leaned closer and smiled. Her breath was hot against Caroline's cheek. "I've already made a down-payment on a mink coat."

Caroline was suddenly afraid. She was afraid that for Prudy their old days together had melted away forever into the sunrise they had watched the morning before she went away. That last morning Prudy had held Caroline's hand very tight; and silently they waited for the sunrise.

Prudy had whispered, "Sometimes I feel that with the sunrise, God comes into us."

Caroline had nodded and then asked, "Remember, Prudy, the morning we went home and told Mother and Dad we had seen God in the sun?"

For a minute the sisters were locked in intimate peace.

Suddenly Prudy had begun to cry. "Caroline," she had begged, "don't ever let me forget; don't ever let me forget, ever." Prudy must have known she would forget.

Caroline turned. She slipped an arm around Prudy's waist and patted her ribs. "Let's walk."

Together they ambled up the beach, kicking little shells as they went. Caroline tried desperately to talk. If only she could make Prudy forget about New York! The minute Prudy had stepped from the train last night, Caroline

had sensed that her sister had slipped away from her since she had been on the stage. Before, they had seen every shell, every cloud, every seagull as a tiny part of a Great Whole. Now Caroline must put the tiny parts together again and show Prudy a new Great Whole. More than anything else, Caroline wanted to bring Prudy back. "It isn't jealousy," Caroline thought. "It's—it's—well, it's as though we both have lost the spirit part of us."

They sat on the sand and watched clouds drift and split and drift again. Suddenly Prudy pointed to a seagull gliding out of the northern sky. Wings soared and fluttered; and then the bird dropped to the beach. The pearl-gray body stood erect as though the gull were all too conscious of his mere ten inches. His yellow feet spread apart. The black head twitched from side to side. A sweep of water rushed in; the gull skimmed over the water's edge. He spread his wings and drifted upward with a loud "Queeece—ah, quak, quak, quak, quak, quak, quak."

Caroline laughed and ran after it until she saw it fade into the cloud patterns. She moved into the water. Half-moon ripples sloshed around her ankles. She tilted her head back to let puffs of wind flutter against her cheeks; then she caught sight of the moon of early morning. She thought she saw a tiny glow fluctuate and then race toward her from the moon. There was a tingle in her chest.

Caroline rested her left foot on the crest of a ripple. Her arms lifted; palms turned upward. Her mind was singing; her heart was swelling. Slowly she pulled her body up; and at the same time, she raised her right foot a little in front of the left. Caroline's feet sank. Her right ankle turned; she fell on her knees. Water washed over her hands.

"Caroline! Are you hurt?" Prudy stood just back of the stretch of foam and reached out her arm for Caroline to grasp.

Caroline got up alone. Suddenly she pulled a screw-face and stood there in the water on one foot. The pain in her ankle was unbearable. She beckoned to Prudy and waited while her sister unfastened the straps of her sandals. Caroline stared down at the edge of the water. Sandfiddlers scurried about. A wave slid over them: their shiny pearl-pink bodies tumbled one upon the other and writhed in the foam. Then with a flash they all scooted down into the wet sand: their only traces, black holes no larger than pin-

heads. Caroline wondered what they did under the sand.

Just then Prudy came splashing up. Caroline leaned against her sister's shoulder. Deliberately she tried flexing her right ankle; then she rubbed it. Gradually the pain eased. She placed her foot firmly on the ocean floor and stood tall.

"Well?" Prudy asked. Her lashes blinked furiously.

Caroline smiled. "I just strained a ligament, I guess." She caught Prudy's hand and held it tight. Together they waded back to shore.

"What were you doing?"

Caroline glanced up at the moon and then back at Prudy. "I didn't have enough faith. But," she hesitated, "I think mostly, I didn't quite understand."

"What nonsense are you talking about?"

Caroline dug her fingers into the sand. "I believe I kind of see it now." She shook her hand and let the sand run through her fingers. "I can't exactly explain it yet; but I think God must be like the sun and Christ must be His reflection. You know—like the moon is the reflection of the sun."

Prudy screwed her eyebrows together and gave a skeptical grunt. Caroline sat quietly tracing rings in the sand.

Suddenly Prudy's voice came sharp: "Oh! Oh, you—you." Caroline glanced up. Prudy was rubbing her thumb across her middle finger. Caroline knew her sister was simply furious.

"Look!" Prudy burst out. Her right index finger was pointing sharply at the cuffs of her slacks. "My new suede slacks—all sticky and sandy. They're ruined—ruined, you hear." Prudy's voice was shrill. She was almost screaming now. "Twenty-six dollars and ninety-five cents they cost me. Oh, you—moron! Trying to walk on the water. That for your sun and moon." She leaned over and snapped her fingers under Caroline's nose.

Caroline jumped up and ran to Prudy. "Oh, Prudy, no! What are you saying? You can't just snap your fingers. Prudy, don't you remember you told me never to let you forget—"

Caroline reached for her sister's hand. Prudy jumped back. "Go wash your sandy hands!"

Caroline's lips quivered. A warm wind pressed against her skin. Her temples throbbed; her heart pounded. The wind was hot now and almost crushing her chest. A wild voice was crying through her brain: "Prudy hasn't forgotten. She simply doesn't want to be close to me and to God anymore. What's the use to—" With a

cry, Caroline wheeled around and raced into the water. She plunged in toward the breakers. The hem of her skirt was already wet.

Caroline stood still as the water rushed around her. She watched the breakers shatter themselves about six yards ahead. Then she fastened her eyes on a wave far out. She eyed its every motion. It swung high, high, and higher still; finally it curled its tip under and rolled over itself slowly. Caroline began to wade out to meet it. Now the wave spit out a thin edge of foam. The water around her was receding, strong and cool. It was rushing out to meet the big wave and begging her to follow.

A bitter cold flash swept through her. Caroline shivered. The water hissed in her ears. In another minute the wave would break over her head. With a half-plunge, half-stomp, she pulled herself around in the water and chopped her way against the current. A great surge of foam overtook her and beat against her thighs. She stumbled, regained her balance, and plunged toward shore.

Caroline glanced up to see Prudy standing ankle-deep in the water. Her sister called to her. Caroline turned and ran furiously in a line parallel to the beach. Prudy followed her along the shore; but Caroline was swift.

Caroline was far ahead now. She darted across the strand, up the steep incline of a sand dune, and fell exhausted in the sea-oats. Her breath came short. She rolled over on her side until it came noiselessly. Wind pricked her eyelids. Caroline wanted to cry, but somehow she could not. She tugged at a front lock of hair to hurry up the tears. A minute: one tear spilled off her cheek and made a gray dint in the sand. She laid her left cheek against the sand and cried softly.

How long she lay there, Caroline did not

know. But after the tears finally stopped, she raised her head and peeked over the sand dunes. Prudy was standing along the edge of the water. Her body was moving slightly, almost rhythmically.

Just then a great bloody disc swelled out of the water. Gray slipped down in the west and left the sky all baby-blue. The disc began to rise slowly.

There was a pain in Caroline's chest. She remembered last night, after everyone had gone to bed, she had slipped into Prudy's room. "Let's get up and watch the sunrise in the morning," she had said. Prudy had protested, but then agreed. Caroline had smiled to herself in the dark. She had fancied she saw Prudy and herself standing close beside each other, as they were that last morning, and watching the sunrise together. Now they were apart. And Prudy was angry with her.

Caroline shaded her eyes and began tracing out the path of the burning disc. It rose up, up, and up, and cast a wide sweep of yellow across the beach.

Caroline stood up. Then she caught sight of Prudy running toward her. Suddenly her sister was by her side. There was a soft glow in Prudy's eyes, and the wind was in her hair. Caroline smiled. Prudy slipped an arm around Caroline's waist and gave her a little hug.

"Can you smell the sun, Caroline?" Prudy inhaled deeply.

Caroline reached up and laced her fingers through Prudy's copper hair. Damp breezes skimmed over their faces and hands. Now the wind wrapped 'round them, cooling and clean.

"What does it smell like?" Caroline asked, smiling.

"I can't exactly explain it. All I know is that I can smell it."



From The Far East

By Jane Parker

JAPAN has affirmed her position as an open ally of Germany and Italy and as a proponent of what she calls a "Monroe Doctrine" for East Asia. Most Americans are interested primarily in the effect that this will have upon the position and policy of the United States. Possibly Hitler and Mussolini wished the attention of the American people diverted from the European conflict. President Roosevelt's sale to England of fifty destroyers, even though the destroyers were out of date, did not please the dictators. The general American public has no way of knowing just how much aid United States is giving to Great Britain, but many people feel certain that it is a very great amount. The dictators might have believed that an effective way to curtail this aid would be to turn general American thought toward consideration of immediate rather than of remote danger of Japanese aggression with regard to the Philippines, Hawaii, and Alaska. Closely connected with this is the implication that the much needed tin and rubber supplies which the United States imports from the Dutch East Indies and the Malay Peninsula might be cut off. Feeling threatened from the Far East, the United States would not be so willing as before to throw American resources into the European conflict.

But what does Japan have to gain by this? Obviously the Indo-China move, with the evident consent of the other axis powers, is considered by Japan as an advantage. However, to offset this addition of more territory besides that in China which must be held, there is the fact that Japan must remember the embargo which the United States has put on scrap iron and other materials, even though deferring the date for the embargo to go into effect until October sixteenth made it possible for Japan to purchase another large shipment of scrap iron. Nevertheless, according to Freda Utley in "Japan's Great Bluff," *The Nation*, October 12, 1940, there has as yet been no embargo on copper, oil, pig iron, and steel.

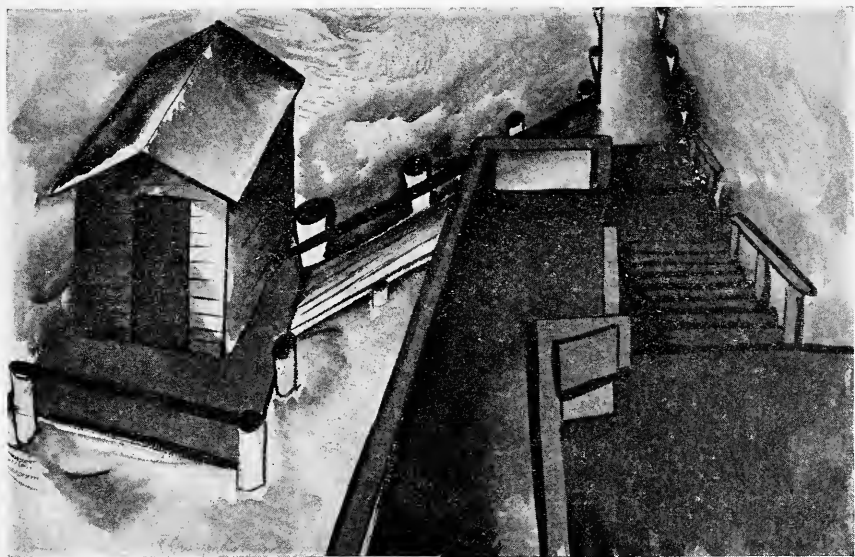
Another factor that Japan must consider, although the United States would probably have realized it anyway, is that by the emphasis upon her intentions in East Asia, which includes the

Philippines, Japan has warned the United States to stress particularly in preparation for defense the building up of what has been a very weak spot in America's front to the Pacific. This spot is Alaska, which is not far by air from Japan and is even nearer Russia. Although Alaska is north of Japan and the United States, it would make a much better base for Japanese operations on the Pacific coast of the United States than would Hawaii, since Hawaii is three times farther from San Francisco than Alaska is from Seattle. Also, Hawaii, with its facilities at Pearl Harbor, is much stronger than any bases in Alaska are at the present time or will probably be at any time in the near future. Besides the difficulty of building air bases on territory which is for the most part "tundra", and which lacks, according to H. H. Arnold in "Our Air Frontier in Alaska," *National Geographic*, October, 1940, "all building materials except sand, gravel, and timber," there is the problem of training pilots to fly under arctic weather conditions and of building planes especially adapted to the winter weather. Russia has been very successful in developing arctic flying in Siberia.

Russia's position in the present line-up of powers is not definitely known. Evidently she has some agreement with Germany, and Japan's recent policy may have been influenced by an assurance from Hitler as to the position of Russia. There have been persistent rumors concerning special diplomatic talks between Berlin and Moscow. Furthermore, German and Japanese military officials have been seen examining the air base and fortifications on a Russian island which is only a mile and a half from a small American island near the coast of Alaska.

Of course, Japan at the present moment is facing southward rather than northward, and it would seem that holding territory seized in China and farther south ought to furnish enough difficulty to deter further expansion now. However, Hitler has demonstrated the feasibility of acting on several fronts at once, particularly of striking simultaneously at all weakest points.

Although most people will agree that Japan does not want war with the United States for the present, the fact still remains that Alaska is not adequately protected at this time and that its natural resources, which include oil, iron, timber, zinc, copper, chromite, antimony, nickel, platinum, and tungsten, have as yet hardly been tapped. But even nearer Alaska than Japan is always Russia.



WATER COLOR
Evelyn Brown

Night Grind

By Ruth Heffner

KARL ought never to have made that extra trip to Oxford that night. He had worked all day, been up since before five in the morning, eaten his dinner on the truck, and swallowed his supper whole. When he stopped by to tell me that he had decided to go, I begged him not to. The rain was turning to ice on the roads and his truck was loaded down pretty heavy. Karl wouldn't listen to me. I threw my old coat around my shoulders and followed him out to the truck. He climbed up into the cab and started to slam the door. I caught ahold of his pants—my little finger twisted up in a torn place.

"Karl, don't go," I said. "You've been out for two nights already. You need some sleep now. Ten dollars isn't so much if you lose your health to get it." A piece of ice broke loose from the roof of the cab and tumbled into my hair. I put up my hand to brush it away. The icicle stuck to my finger.

Karl leaned down and kissed my forehead. "You want that little house out there awful bad, don't you, Anna? Ten dollars'll make a nice drop in the bucket for the down payment." He loosened my hold on his pants leg, pulled his felt cap down over his ears, and stepped on the starter. The engine whined and turned over.

I stepped backward across the ditch and lifted my hand to him. Karl smiled at me and threw the truck into gear.

My coat slid to the ground and dropped in a little puddle of muddy water. My teeth were chattering when I picked it up. I stood there a moment, as the rain began to fall in sheets across the muddy road. The tail lights on the truck blinked and disappeared around the curve.

I turned and started back into the house. The lights from the mill down the road flared on, as I stepped over the loose board in the middle step and opened the front door. I slammed it shut quick. My fingers burned where the ice had stuck to them. I picked up the last big lump of coal out of the bucket and threw it in the heater. Smoke boiled out of the top where the pipe had rusted through. I spread my coat over a chair and drew it up close to the fire. The wool began to steam. My stomach almost turned over, so I pushed the chair back a ways and sat down on the couch. I don't know when I'd ever

felt so blue. Maybe it was the rain, or the leak in the roof over the bedroom, or just the thought of staying by myself another night; I don't know which.

I leaned my head back on a cushion. The steady drip drip drip of water hitting the bottom of the dishpan in the next room made me almost scream. I got up and shut the bedroom door.

I started to go wash up the supper dishes, but I remembered I didn't have no hot water. I lit the burner under the kettle and started slowly gathering up the greasy plates.

I thought of Karl out in the rain with the heater on the cab not so good. It had been cold and raining too that one time I'd gone with him. Near Mooresville was a hill where a clay crossroads ran across the highway. The clay had washed down on the cement. Karl had seen it first in time to stop. We had a bad time, getting over because it was so slippery and the wheels sank so deep.

I began to wash out the dish rag and think how it was just like Karl to work night and day so we could move to the little house in the woods. The place was pretty in the summer with the scarlet sage blooming up and down the walk. It would be easier to heat in the winter than our house now. Fifteen dollars a month—after the down payment was made—would be easier than the twenty-one that Karl had to pay Mr. Hanner down to the mill. Mill houses ain't so pretty. They all look too much alike.

I wrung out my dish rag and hung it on the line over the stove. The fire in the living room stove was almost out. I brought in some coal from the sack full on the back porch, lit the lamp, and sat down on the couch.

I began to think of Pat's diner between Laurinsburg and Pearson. We'd stopped there at two o'clock that morning. We had to stop. All night the trucks had ground by us in the heavy fog. Their roaring made us drowsy. Karl kept rubbing at his eyes and looking out for Pat's. It was a small diner alone in front of a stretch of woods. There was nobody inside that time of morning but Pat. He was leaning on the counter behind the cash register reading a newspaper. The air was full of warm steam from the coffee boiler and the light was sharp against our eyes. He fixed us each a ham sandwich and me some coffee. He grinned at Karl and said he wasn't allowed to sell whiskey after twelve o'clock, but he always made an exception for truck drivers. He handed him a cup about half

full of brown whiskey. Karl drank it down and wiped his mouth on his shirt sleeve.

I wondered if Karl had got to Pat's yet.

I must have dozed off, because I woke up when somebody began to knock on the glass part of the front door. I got up to see who it was. All at once I felt panicky and scared. I held on to the couch a minute and then opened the door.

A woman with her coat thrown up over her head brushed by me. "Lordy but it's turnin' cold," she said, and threw her gray coat on a chair.

I recognized her then. It was Mrs. Snyder, my next door neighbor, a legger at the mill. "You by yourself again, ain't you?" she questioned me.

I explained to her about Karl having to work extra board on account of the strikes up at Brunansville.

She sat down and ran her tooth brush over her upper teeth. "Just thought I'd come and set with you a spell." She smiled and opened her snuff box.

I sneezed. Snuff always gets up my nose and tickles. Karl calls me prissy, but I just don't like to smell the stuff.

Mrs. Snyder was in a talkative mood. "They need a new footer down to the mill," she said. She looked at me sharply.

"Why don't you ask for it?" She spit at the coal bucket.

I looked down at my muddy shoes. "Karl don't want me to work," I told her. "He likes to have me stay at home."

"H'm." She shrugged her bony shoulders. "Don't pay to be too high fallutin' if you need the money bad. Seems to me you'd want to do a little somethin', instead of lettin' your husband wear hisself out day and night."

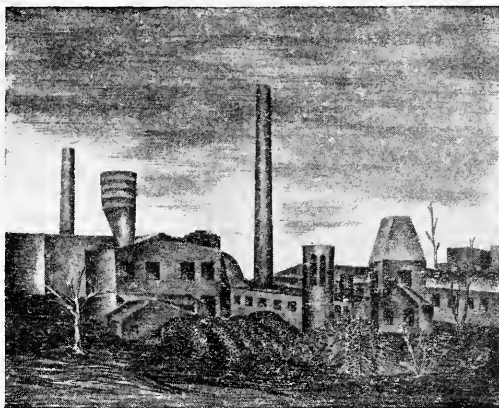
My nose began to sting. "Karl won't let me," I murmured.

"H'm," she said again, "you ain't no baby. Why ain't you got no kids?" She eyed me sharply.

I blushed. "We thought it would be fairer to wait till Karl was making more," I stammered. I didn't tell her about the child that was to be born in the early summer—in the house in the woods. She glanced at me sharply and suspiciously for a moment. "There you are," she almost yelled. "Well, them as sets too high a cap always has to reach up for it."

I clenched my hands in my apron and said nothing.

Mrs. Snyder pushed a wisp of smooth gray hair over her ear and crunched her tooth brush. Suddenly I wished she would go home and let me be. She meant good enough, but she got



LITHOGRAPH
Katherine Bain

next to me. My head began to throb over my left eye.

"Karl must be makin' good now," Mrs. Snyder said suddenly.

I hated to answer her. "Well," I said, "you know we had to pay the doctor's bill for me hurting my back last spring."

"Oh," she said. "Doctor's bills is something."

Suddenly I felt like I couldn't stand it if she didn't go. I got up and walked to the window. Rob Keener's old Ford spun around in the road and headed down the hill.

I dropped the curtain, "It's getting awful icy out," I said.

"Yeah," Mrs. Snyder said. "Bad night to be out in." She watched me walk from one window to the other.

"Expectin' somebody?" she questioned, and wiped her mouth with the hem of her dress.

"No—oh no," I told her. "I—I'm just watching the rain."

She stood up then and reached for her coat. "I'd best be gettin' on home," she said. "Let me know if you need anything I got afore Karl gits in."

I thanked her and opened the front door. She went out on the porch, her coat over her head. Holding to the column, she worked down the steps. On the ground, she turned and yelled up to me, "Ice's froze pretty deep out here. Shore did come a freeze early."

I answered yes it did and shut the door. I stood at the window and watched till she got in on her porch.

My head felt stuffy. I opened the bedroom door. A gust of damp cold air came from the room. I picked up the half full dishpan, carried it to the kitchen and emptied it. I set the pan back under the leak, and took the quilt off of our bed into the living room. I lay down on the couch and spread it over me. Karl had looked so worn out when he came in to go. He ought to be getting to that clay crossroad now. I suddenly hoped he hadn't stopped at Pat's. But if he had tried to go on through he might be half asleep, he was so tired to start with.

I was beginning to drowse off now and I kept seeing things in my mind. It seemed like I was packing up something in a big box. Then Karl came and loaded the box on a truck. He said something like he hated I had to work.

I shivered. My head was aching awful. It was hot in the room, but my hands and feet were cold. I pulled the quilt over my arms and tried to go back to sleep. I did, because, when

I woke up, the room was light. I was cold clear through. When I went out to the back porch to get some kindling, I noticed that it was still drizzling rain. Everything was frozen up.

When I got the fire going, I went to the kitchen and looked at the clock. It was almost seven. Suddenly I thought of Karl. His truck was loaded down so heavy.

Somebody knocked at the front door. My head was whirling. I went to open it. Rob Keener shoved at his cap and came in towards the stove.

"It's a bad morning, Mrs. Willis," he said, his face turned from me.

"Yes," I said. "What is it you want, Rob?" I took hold of the couch.

"They sent me from the mill," he mumbled. "It's Karl—His truck slid off the road and turned over—ruined everything on it. Somebody took Karl to Mooresville. He shuffled his feet, and wiped at his nose. "He's in the hospital there. Mr. Hanner says for you to git ready to go over there with him."

"Yes," I said. "I'll go."

After Rob had gone, I stood still, pulling at the stuffing in the couch. "Ten dollars—a big drop in the bucket—the tang of red scarlet sage that grew up and down a walk—pine trees. A child playing there. Karl—Karl wanted them, too.

I shook my head to clear it of the ache over my left eye. I walked into the bedroom and pulled out my last year's blue serge dress. Then I put it back in the drawer. It would be good and warm to work in at the mill. I put my coat around my shoulders and walked out of the room.



LIGHTED WINDOWS

Black and puffing steel
Jerked into a steady grind.
Century windows took in fields
And forests flew out and on behind.
First one, and then a house
Stopped up against a closing sky.

There stood a man. His work
Looked hard upon his hands
And mud slowed down his boots,
Down to the creek that licked
The flanks of cows and swirled
Against the roaring limited above
And on the bridge:

The flowing arch that joined
The rush of smoke and steel and fields
And forests sifting through the windows.
Ties clicked and shadows slowly melted
As city lights dimmed
And met the sparks from steel on steel.

Night stepped in and out
The lighted windows of the train.
Liquor rocked in crystal glasses
As a porter hung his green night curtain.
A lady rose to make her toilet
With the fields and forests
Walking by her side.

She stopped to drink and the moon
Made lighted windows in a river
Where the fish played leapfrog beneath
The flying body of the limited.

Skies grew brighter and the steel horse
Hurried on till day walked in the windows.
Fields and forests and a house
Stood still and watched the train
Ride smoothly down the track.

—GWENDOLYN GAY.

THESE are today many people who believe that the world would be greatly improved if certain nations and races were exterminated from the earth. The persecutions in Germany revealed the Nazi point of view, and in imitation of the devil theory, many Americans as well as other peoples, believe that all representatives of the German race should be eliminated from the world. There are some advocates for the destruction of the Japanese, the Russians, the Spaniards, and the Italians, in short, of any group that is not in sympathy with so-called Democratic ideology.

These demands are being seriously voiced by serious people, who are convinced that in certain races there is an inherent germ of evil. A fallacy in this theory is obvious when one considers that there would be probably very little German hatred today, were England certainly winning the war. Our prejudices are dictated by our political sympathies. Yet this theory of the evil in races is worthy of study. There is no doubt that through the centuries the Russians have been consistently cruel, and that for the last seventy years the Germans have manifested desires to disrupt and conquer Europe, if not the world.

If one reads Carlyle's *The French Revolution*, he will be surprised to find that the French committed cruelties and persecutions as fierce as any practised today, and that the resulting Napoleon Bonaparte threw the same black shadow over Europe and England that Hitler is throwing over a century later. It is probable that good Englishmen at that time as devoutly desired the

Good Will

extermination of the French race as they had wished for the wholesale death of all of Caesar's Italians, fifteen hundred years before.

The English burned heretics, beheaded their king, and succumbed to Cromwellian dictatorship. The fierce barbarism of the Spanish inquisition was only matched in its cruelty by the rapacious wantonness of the Nordic sea rovers, ancestors of the present gentle Scandinavians. We Americans won our nation by aggressive warfare against a people who had originally done us no harm, the Indians.

The problem is infinitely deeper than mere extermination. Individually, the average man of any country in his everyday relationship is a pretty decent sort of fellow. He is usually kind, because it does not profit him to be unkind. His fundamental humanity is very much the same, whether he be French, Swede, Turk, or American. But he has a bad side which is hidden, and is only revealed when his companions reveal themselves with him. For collectively man is public opinion, and public opinion is assumed to be right. Hence—mob hysteria. People are merely reflections of their political leaders. In the past we were inclined to separate the German people for example from their government. President Wilson said, "We are not fighting the German people." But this was a mistake. The German people today and the Italian people and

Toward Men

the French people respectively, represent their governments but their governments made them what they are. Good leaders make good people; bad leaders, if possessed of too much power, can corrupt a whole nation.

The nations of the world have seen the evolution of the German people, particularly of the South Germans and Austrians, from the musical, sentimental, home loving people of a century ago, into the ruthless military machine of today, a machine tempered by the steel of Bismarck, Wilhelm, and Hitler. Here in America we have seen a once self-reliant nation come home to lean upon a paternalistic government. The American people have grown soft. They no longer respond to a challenge to their own strength. They distrust leaders who tell them the truth. They fear hard work and high taxation. Certain people have openly refused jobs in private enterprise for the easier way of relief. But the American people are not to blame.

Today we need strong leaders. Yet strong leaders in an age of dictatorship are strong in all matters but in resisting their own power. The people take chances on their leaders, and often when they discover them, the ideology of that leader is his nation's ideology. We can only protect ourselves by remembering Thomas Jefferson's admonition that the best government is the least government. We must not fight the fire

of dictatorship with fire. We must fight it with the vital water of democracy.

As the world sinks steadily and completely into totalitarianism it is time now for us, while we still hold freedom, to dedicate ourselves to tolerance. We must create, not follow public opinion. We must not be the mere reflections of governments which are comparatively unknown to us upon their inauguration. We must realize that no man is evil or good, but a combination of evil and good. No nation is inherently evil or good. All have been evil and all have been good and all will be so again. We must hate no man, no race, no nation. Neither must we impose liberty upon those people that we may conquer, for people endure the kind of government that they deserve, and until the people of the dictator states have fought for instead of against liberty they are undeserving of liberty. Our task is to rely upon ourselves, to establish a future foundation for the friendship of man among individuals. We dare not lean on our government too strongly. We dare not succumb to reactionary dictatorship, because a closely centralized government could bring us under the contaminating influence of leaders that might unscrupulously pull us down into tyranny. We must find our strength in ourselves, not in our governments. For collectively man is a force for either good or evil as his leaders choose to direct him, but individually man is good and kind and free. We must stand alone, man, inherently good, alone with our fellowman. If we are not merely to reflect the prejudices of our government, we must be the government.

Americans Are Generous People

By Virginia Sanford

IT WAS in the streets paved with gold that I first heard the Americans are a generous people. There among the glittering they played their harps. I asked questions. I used to be a writer—so the good Saint Peter permitted me to dispense with harps and use words. A funny little guy—he had a pouch, a gold watch, and bald spots—approached panting hard.

I asked him, why look at your watch?

He breathed quick and said I'm here on probation. I willed one million dollars to the Benignant Society for the Protection of Stray Horses.

Oh, I said, that's how societies are formed.

No sir, he said, like he was insulted and smoothed his bare spots. (I kept hoping his wings would be placed there.) The Americans are a generous people he said—may I inquire sir what you are.

I'm a writer, I said, Well that is I was a writer—now I conduct polls on ideas.

Ideas, he said.

I said, sorry sir but the Americans are a generous people—must be looked into—it disturbs my sense of balance. And I went away and left him.

Then I detached my wings and sunk to earth—or maybe it was the weight of my heart.

The streets were dark and drafts danced around my neck. A guy came along and said to me got a match buddy.

No, I said. I conduct polls on ideas—what do you do.

I carpentry, he said, when I get the chance. I said where're you going now.

His hollow eyes came out of the vacantness and he said—up the street to the relief office to get my food order.

What do your eight children eat, I asked.

We get one pound of dried peas, two pounds of corn meal, one pound of fat back, one and a half pounds of dried apples, he said.

The Americans are a generous people—it whistled in my throat.

My Ted, he don't eat no more—now there's more fo' the other seven. And he shuffled away looking for a match.

I stood there and watched the corner light flicker. A woman came by.

I said, beg your pardon lady what do you do. She looked at me—who are you.

I conduct polls, I said.

Oh—she stared blankly—Well I raise money for the poor Finns and Belgians. And all the other refugees you know.

Lady, I said, do you wash your dishes and sweep your floors.

Why of course not, she snapped back. Marie does that—she certainly ought to—she receives enough—three dollars a week in fact for doing it.

Hell lady, I said, she buys a quart of milk a day for each of her children on it—does she—and fresh fruits and vegetables—you know vitamins D, E and A—make you strong and healthy.

I've—I've—I've never in all my life been so insulted.

No—lady—not insulted—the Americans are a generous people. But she turned and went away.

A fat little pompous fellow shoved a paper before my eyes. "FRANCE SURRENDERS". Just think of it—he yells—you just wait till our boys get over there and show 'em how to fight.

We showed 'em once—

You have boys, I said.

He looked at me—I have no boys—he shouted—Mamma and I only have two lovely girls.

Oh—I said—the Americans are a generous people—

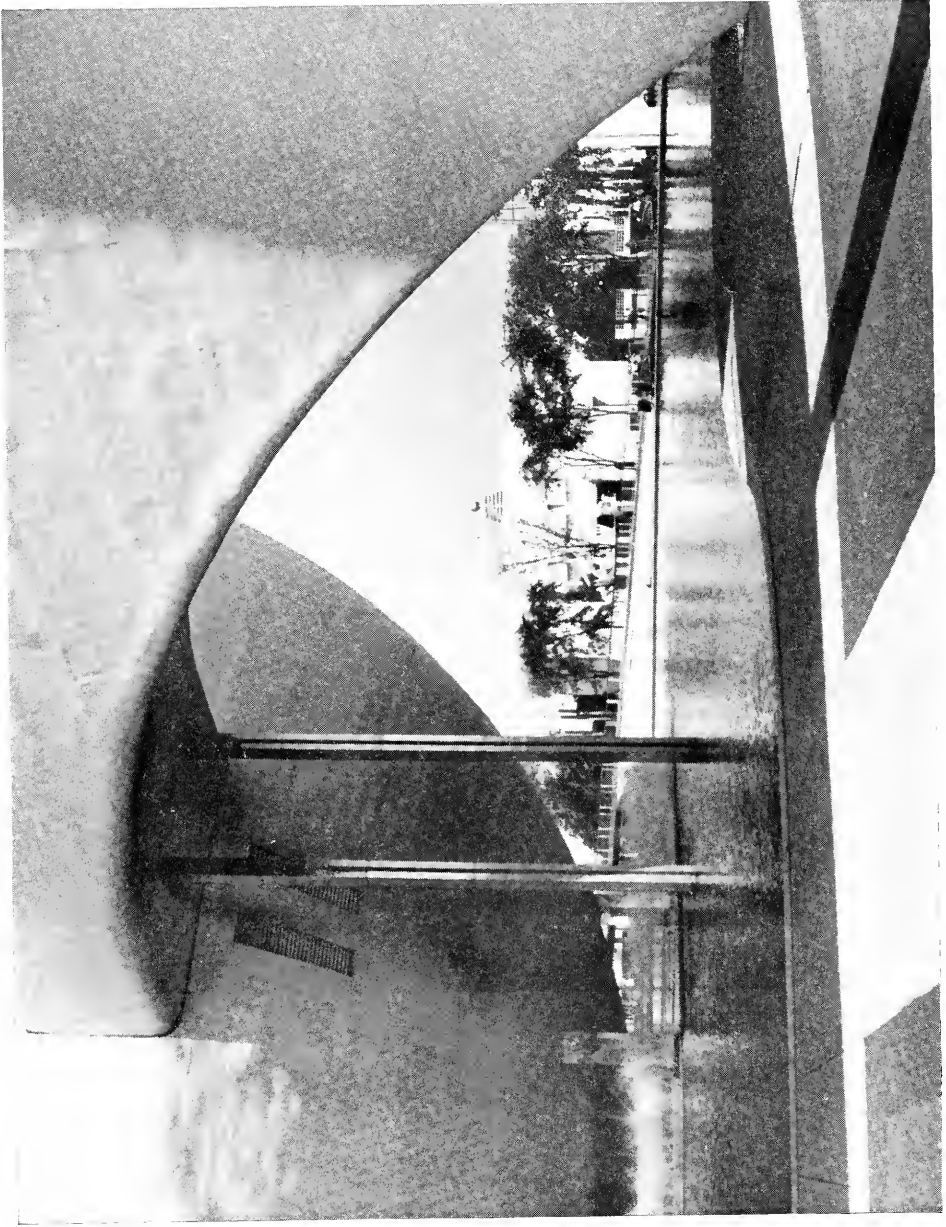
What's that—he murmured—But the headlines covered it up.

And I met another man—and his face was black and his eyeballs white.

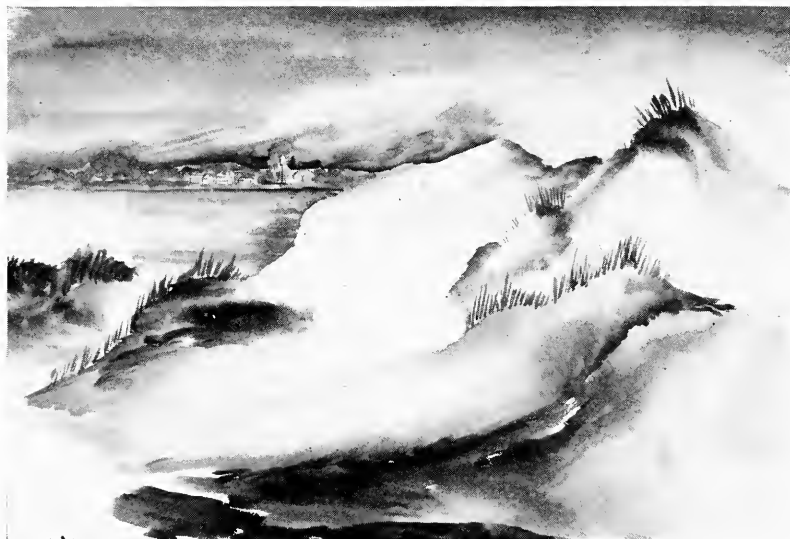
And I said to him—the Americans are a generous people.

And he said to me—I'se sorry suh—but no black man is 'lowed on de streets in dis town after nine o'clock. I'se gotta go—Good night suh.

I walked up and down the streets. Hell I couldn't go back to where guys say Americans are a generous people. And I couldn't stay here where others believe it. So I went and sat down on a log and thought back when I was a part of the earth and the sky—And still there was nothing but the Americans are a generous people.



PHOTOGRAPHY
Gwendolyn Gay



SAND DUNES
Anna Wills



THE WAY TO MORE SMOKING PLEASURE

Today, more than ever, people are taking to Chesterfield because Chesterfield concentrates on the important things in smoking. You smoke Chesterfields and find them cool and pleasant. You light one after another, and they really taste better. You buy pack after pack, and find them definitely milder.

For complete smoking satisfaction

you can't buy a better cigarette

*Make your
next pack*

CHESTERFIELD

OUR gang ruled the fourth grade; in fact, we thought we ruled the school, the town itself. There were eight of us—all little girls with large plaid bows perched insecurely on straight hair, all giggles and whispered confidences. Our town was a lazy little town with old, half-decaying houses and shady oak trees. Our school was small but modern—a two story building of red brick set up on a hill whose sides were red and slippery when the rain came. We passed our lives leisurely between arithmetic and reading and long walks together at recess. It seemed that nothing could disturb the tranquility of our little world.

How I had been accepted as a part of that self-assured group was something I dared not question. I trailed along blindly, loyally, fighting for the place by Libby's side and giving half my cookies to plump, greedy little Marge. It was such fun to have someone to walk along with after school, someone in whom to confide all my wistful daydreams. This was much better than painted smiling dolls; and if it were sometimes difficult to walk the thin iron pipes along the creek or climb trees whose height left me dizzy and breathless, I accepted these difficulties unquestionably. I was part of the gang; that alone mattered.

Anna was not one of that select little group. The gang laughed at Anna; and I learned to laugh too, a little secretly and shamefacedly at first. Yet, it wasn't so hard to scorn Anna Martin. She was so painfully shy, so awkward with her twisting hands, so unassumingly humble that she agreed with everything we said. We usually forgot her and ignored her, for to forget Anna would have been easy except for Mother and Sundays.

Most of the girls were Baptist, and every Sunday they sat with their parents on the heavy carved walnut pews of the big stone Baptist Church. And every Sunday Anna and I squirmed on the thin wooden seats of the little white boarded Presbyterian Church. Her large family was the "backbone" of our church, and for some unaccountable grown-up reason I must be nice to Anna. "After all, Betty, Anna's a dear sweet child, and she is in your Sunday School Class." There was no use arguing with mother; the battle was lost from the start. So there were always Sundays with Anna sidling up to me, head bent toward the floor, a humble, pleading look in her eyes. And there were sometimes week days when I must be buttoned

With Ice Cream

By Betty

into a clean dress and sent to play with Anna Martin. Those long afternoons when I would have been dressing up in high heels and Mother's cast off evening dress with Marge and Libby, I had to spend on the Martin's porch with Anna.

I sat in the Martin's porch swing, rebelliously jerking paper dresses off paper dolls in a despair of boredom. Anna searched in a big box, handing out new clothes for me to try on. And Sara Julia sat on the steps lazily fitting and rejecting gaudy paper hats. Fat, stupid Sara Julia had just moved to our town. She pretended in her spoiled, pouting way not to care when the gang snubbed her. She accepted Anna as a barrier against loneliness, and Anna clung to her in admiration of her expensive store-made dresses and the beautiful little ring that dug a band of gold around one plump, dimpled finger.

Suddenly Sara Julia sat up with such violence that a great flutter of paper hats wafted lightly across the porch. "Uffh." She panted a little, gathering them up. "I 'most forgot to show you. Just look." There was a warm note of triumph in her indolent voice. We looked, forgotten paperdolls half-crumpled in our moist fingers. There on Sara Julia's round creased neck hung a black silk ribbon and fastened to the ribbon was a small, delicate fountain pen, all shiny blue and gold banded.

We were almost speechless with envy and admiration. Would it really write? It would, but Sara Julia did not trust our clumsy fingers with her prize. After the first few moments, boredom pressed down on me again, and I began searching for the least obvious excuse for going home. I glanced at Anna. Her face was strangely lighted; her eyes had an odd feverish glow. She reluctantly yielded the pen to its proud owner, but the look was still there on her sallow, ugly little face. I began to gather my dolls, declaring I was afraid maybe Mother needed me at home. I think Anna scarcely knew I was going. As I turned to leave, I saw her bend over and caress the pen.

The next day was Sunday; and that, of course, meant the long hours of Sunday School, and church, and Anna Martin. But what a strange Anna! She scarcely spoke to me and she chose a seat across the room, when we entered the class. I gazed at her a little wonderingly, when

m and Cake

alker

a sudden chill of horror filled me. There around the yellow scrawny neck hung a rich black ribbon and fairly bulging beneath the organdy of her Sunday frock was the blue and gold pen. I leaned forward in my chair, and Anna's thin hands went swiftly toward her neck in nervous clutching movements. I started up, then changed my mind. The gang would want to know.

I came to school unusually early that Monday morning. When fat Sara Julia plodded in five minutes before the late bell, I knew suddenly that something was wrong. She stopped by my desk, disaster puckering her soft face. "Betty, have you seen my fountain pen? It's gone." I looked over to where Anna was bent over her desk. I could see just a touch of black ribbon above the neck of her dress. I drew Sara Julia down beside me in my desk and began to whisper excitedly.

I told on Anna Martin. It made me feel important, excited to see Sara Julia's eyes grow round and angry, to know that the perfect Anna had committed a sin. Any twinge of pity that I might have felt, I quickly smothered in excitement. I could scarcely wait to tell the gang—I would be the heroine of the day.

Sara Julia arose from my desk with determination and pushed across to Anna. I watched her curiously. Anna jerked up nervously at her greeting, and I saw her shake her head with vehemence at Sara's question. She was denying her guilt—Anna was lying! I was too amazed to notice that Libby and the rest of the gang had come into the room.

The bell rang as Sara Julia passed back by my desk, tears of anger in her blue eyes. It was while Miss Langston was calling the roll that some one slipped her note on my desk. "Anna says she hasn't got my pen. She says she doesn't know anything about it. I'm going to tell Miss Langston when roll is over." I nodded agreement to her, feeling benevolent and helpful. How grateful Sara Julia would be to me! How proud the gang would be of my good deed!

I watched Anna intently when Sara Julia made her way up to Miss Langston's desk and began to whisper to the teacher. Anna had crouched low in her desk, but her face was sullen and secretive. A sort of hate rushed over me. It drowned all pity. I wanted Anna to be

hurt; I longed to see that sullen look give way to one of cringing fear and terror.

I started at the sound of Miss Langston's voice. "Anna Martin, will you remain a few minutes after homeroom please. And you too, Betty. Go to your seat, Sara Julia," she finished coolly. "Let's all rise and repeat the Lord's Prayer."

As I stood up, I met Libby's questioning eyes, felt Miss Langston's strange gaze, and fear spread through me. But repeating the familiar words of our morning devotion, self-approval spread through me again. I had done right—they would surely think I had done right.

We stood up by Miss Langston's desk as the others crowded out noisily. Sara Julia leaned near me, her warm hand on my back, while Anna held to the desk with nervous fingers. Miss Langston waited until the door closed on the last giggling girl and then turned toward Anna.

"Anna, these girls have just accused you of an action which I believe to be utterly false. However, I want you to tell the truth. Have you seen Sara Julia's fountain pen, dear?" Anna's eyes were on the floor. Her voice was almost inaudible in the still room. "No, Miss Langston," she denied sullenly. "I haven't got her pen." She raised her eyes toward me with bitterness. "I haven't got her pen—I haven't." She almost sobbed her last words and her hands trembled above her mouth.

"There, there, my dear," Miss Langston's voice was soothing. "I didn't say you had the pen. I merely wanted to know if you had seen the pen, but I'm sure you know nothing of it. Now don't let it worry you any more." Miss Langston turned to us, frowning, "As for you, Sara Julia, I'm sure you'll find your pen somewhere at home. And, Betty, I shouldn't tell things until I was perfectly sure they were true. Spreading harmful tales is a very bad thing to do, and I'm really surprised at you. Now run along, all of you, and forget the whole affair."

The hot tear of shame filled my eyes at her words. I felt disgraced and terribly wronged. Anna turned to go, but Sara Julia put one plump hand on her dress and held her. "Where did you get this pen, then?" she demanded and jerked the edge of black ribbon from beneath Anna's dress, pulling forth a little pen, all shiny blue and gold banded. Anna turned white, her mouth twisted pitifully, and she pulled from Sara Julia's grasp in a paroxysm of fear. "Th-that's my pen. My-my sister from Texas sent it to me. It's mine. My sister sent it to me." She turned

frightened eyes to Miss Langston who rose slightly from her chair.

"Sara Julia, leave Anna alone. If she says that's her pen, I'm sure it is. How am I to know that you even had a pen?" Miss Langston stood up behind her desk, "After all, I've known Anna all her life, and I know her family well. I'm sure this is a mistake, and the sooner you forget it, the better it will be. Go now." She smiled at Anna, "I wouldn't let it bother me." She banished us with a final little gesture, and we marched silently from the room.

I had been wronged. I wanted to explain all to the gang, knowing I would find warm sympathy from them, but the bell rang before I could catch them on the steps. As soon as we were settled in the classroom again, Miss Langston began to speak. "Children, there's something you must all learn never to do, and that is to spread evil gossip about others. Today someone was wrongly accused and deeply hurt by that accusation. I'm sure none of us would want to hurt anyone by thoughtless words. Now you may open your books to page two hundred and seven and begin the reading there."

I sank low in my desk. My safe little world was shaking in confusion about me, and the cruel injustice of my favorite teacher brought tears to my eyes. I looked toward Libby, but her head was bent over her book. I glanced back at Marge, but her eyes slid past mine and out the window. I clutched the edge of my desk with my hands that trembled and forced back a sob that threatened to tear from my throat. Something was wrong, dreadfully wrong.

I paid very little attention to the lessons that morning. I waited, a dull little pain around my heart, for the recess bell to ring. But when at last it was eleven-thirty, and I started toward Libby, she turned away and walked down the aisle toward Anna's desk. Desperate loneliness and jealousy struggled in me, as I saw her bend over Anna and grasp her hand, and I felt my whole body grow weak and numb as the two joined the rest of the gang and walked in a friendly little group out of the door.

I stood for a moment, not understanding, not knowing what to do, when I felt a smooth fat hand slip into mine and Sara Julia stood beside me. "Come on," she said. "I've got chocolate cake for lunch, and you can have half of it." For a brief moment I half rebelled, longing to throw her hand from me and run from her pitying smile. But loneliness was too much. With-

out a word I turned and walked from the room, still clasping her moist fingers in mine.

I sat and ate the rich chocolate cake that Sara Julia offered me, but I kept my eyes on the figures of Anna and Libby—Anna with Libby's arm about her waist, Anna accepting one of Marge's thick sandwiches, a new Anna with a sort of glow about her plain face. I tried desperately to make them notice me; but only once did they glance in my direction, and then their eyes held a cold accusation that made me choke on a bit of the cake I was scarcely tasting.

Recess had never before seemed so long. At the bell, I hurried back to my seat and sat listlessly waiting for lessons to begin again. Suddenly a small square of paper lay on my desk, and at the sight of Libby's cramped writing, my heart gave a strange leap. I grabbed the note with shaking fingers and began to read.

"Betty, we are all mad at you. We didn't think you'd gang up with that horrid Sara Julia and tell lies about people. We're going to have a party at my house, but you can't come. You can have a party with Sara Julia. Anna's coming to our party. Yours sincerely, Elizabeth."

Elizabeth! I sat quite still for a moment, stunned by the cruelty of those syllables. Then I crumpled the note fiercely in one hand and began to turn the pages of my speller with noisy vehemence. Let them have their old party. I didn't care. But a tear slipped saltily along my cheek and spattered against the paper of my book and a great loneliness threatened to engulf me.

I walked home alone from school. Mother could not understand my early arrival, but something in my white, strained face kept her from questioning. When I pushed away my half-tasted supper and started up from the table, I heard Dad mutter something about being in love; but Mother hushed him gently, and she did not call me for the dish-washing, but moved about the kitchen alone.

I longed to be sick the next morning. I could see my body lying on a high white hospital bed, Libby bending over me begging forgiveness, Miss Langston smoothing my forehead. But there was no fever, not even a headache when Mother called me for breakfast. I arose and dressed, the dull pain of yesterday still around my heart.

I was almost late to the classroom, but I knew immediately that something had happened. Sara Julia met me in the aisle, excitement flushing her round cheeks. Before she spoke, I saw it

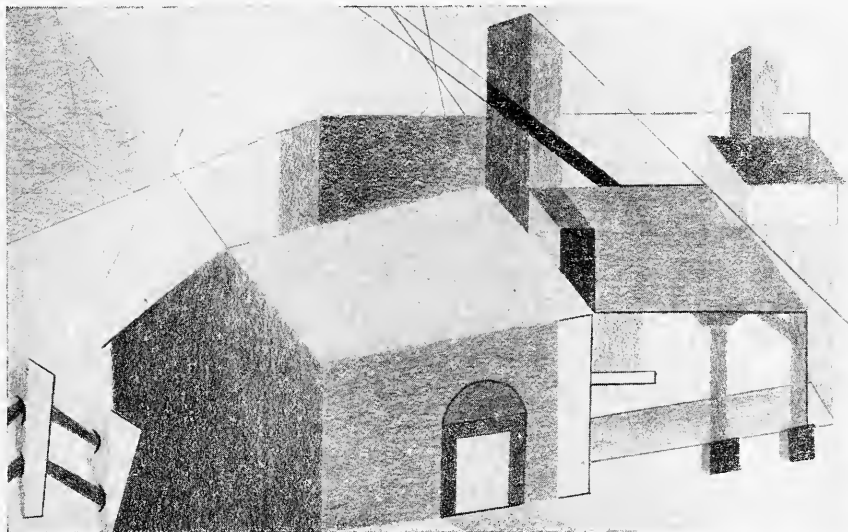
bobbing there against her dress—all blue and shiny gold banded. The fountain pen!

"Mrs. Martin saw it on Anna this morning. She came over to the school and gave it to me, and she told Miss Langston that she was sorry and so ashamed. And Miss Langston's so sorry, too. She says that she can hardly believe that Anna would do such a thing." Sara Julia prattled on, but I scarcely heard, for Libby was smiling at me across the room and Marge was waving the old friendly greeting. I slid into my seat, weak with happiness that battled with a new feeling of bitterness. For the first time I felt a little sense of disloyalty to the gang. Some of the perfection was marred. I saw them through eyes that were not quite so worshipping. They had suddenly become ordinary people. They didn't rule the town. Did they rule me any more? I was confused and bewildered.

Libby passed me a note while Miss Langston was reading a Psalm. I opened it stealthily behind a book. "Dear Betty," I read and smiled a little wryly. "I want you to come to my party

Friday. We're going to have ice cream and cake. You can eat with us at recess today, too. Doesn't Anna Martin look awful?" At the bottom she had scrawled hastily, "Don't speak to Sara Julia. She thinks she's so much with that pen of hers. Love, Libby."

As we rose mechanically for the Lord's Prayer, I gazed over my shoulder and slowly answered Libby's smile with my own. My glance half met Sara Julia's and slid past coolly, unrecognizingly. Up at the front, Anna's head was bent in the old meekness, and for a moment, her shoulders, I thought, shook with sobbing. I closed my eyes and began the familiar words of the prayer. "Our Father . . ." I wonder if Marge will have chocolate cookies today—"which art in heaven; hallowed be Thy name . . ." a party with cake and ice cream!—"Thy Kingdom come." My voice sounded clear and sweet with happiness. "Thy will be done on earth, as it is in heaven." I prayed devoutly. I was back in the gang. That alone mattered.



COMPOSITION
Gloria Melzger

Carl Sandburg

By Margaret Coit

HE was a very intellectual Frenchman. He was a very cultured and a very artistic Frenchman. He sat on the edge of a chair in Sherwood Anderson's apartment in Chicago, and waited for the arrival of Anderson's friend, Carl Sandburg, who he had been told was the greatest poet in America.

Slowly, Carl Sandburg moved into the room. Tall, round-shouldered, his straight stiff hair hanging into his dark eyes, Mr. Sandburg did not look like a poet. He had on a rough shirt and workman's shoes, and his only concession to art was the old-fashioned black tie at his throat. He looked like a Swedish laborer, and so far removed did he appear from the delicate world of Paris poetry, that the Frenchman did not notice that he had something of the stolid peasant dignity of the great French actor, Jean Gabin.

Slowly, Mr. Sandburg sat down. He gravely eyed the Frenchman and the Frenchman looked at him. Sandburg reached his hand into his pocket and spread some dirty papers on his knees. Still eying the Frenchman, Sandburg told him in a deep mellow voice what the mayor of Gary, Indiana, had said during the steel strike. As the Frenchman made no response, Sandburg told him how many tons of coal were mined annually in the state of Illinois. He then gave the number of railroad tracks running out of the city of Chicago and told how many trains came in each day. In sudden desperation Sherwood Anderson put his hand on Sandburg's shoulder and drew him to the piano. Sandburg hit a chord and began to sing *Frankie and Johnnie*, and *Jesse James*. When, hours later, he left the Frenchman turned to his host and said, "That was the most fascinating man I have met in America."

When the Frenchman went to bed, he found that someone had come into the room through the window and had stolen all his money and his clothes. He still thinks that Sandburg was behind the theft.

To the Frenchman Carl Sandburg had revealed one side of his versatile personality, his love of folk music. For years Carl Sandburg, former day laborer, soldier, hobo, and labor agitator, the Prairie Poet and Lincoln's Boswell has spent his days searching the American country-

side for folk music to toss in his song bag. Nights, he used to walk alone, in snow and in heat, through the poorer streets of Chicago. He could drink beer and laugh with the labor leaders and the factory workers of the city, listen to the "blues" music and the hobo songs and chants that he heard in railroad yards, in bars and lodging houses. His strength, both as musician and poet, is in his closeness to the people, for he is no on-looker but one of the people themselves.

He first introduced his folk songs to a summer school audience at the University of Chicago where he was delivering a lecture on modern imagistic poetry. When he was about half through, he stopped, smiled whimsically and said, "Now if any of you want to leave, it's all right with me, because I'm going to act just like I do at home." He went back stage, came out with his "git-tar" and began to sing an old mountain song, in a voice which music critics have described as being like rich velvet.

There is no man today more typically American in thought, background, and appearance than Carl Sandburg. There is no writer whose works have more clearly interpreted and described the spirit and the body of the nation, than Carl Sandburg.

If the War Between the States was really the beginning of the United States as a nation, Sandburg's Lincoln is the key to the whole of American history since 1860. The noisy rebirth of American patriotism in the past year, was signalled by the publication of Mr. Sandburg's *War Years*, and the adaptation of his earlier book into the play, *Abe Lincoln in Illinois*.

It is significant that Abraham Lincoln's Boswell is of second generation American stock. No Americans were ever so fiercely American, as the fathers of Revolutionary days, but recently freed from over-seas tyranny. No Americans of today more sharply feel the spirit of liberty, more eagerly interpret this spirit in art and in politics, than those of recently immigrated stock, those in whose families hatred of old world tyranny is a young and powerful tradition. Carl Sandburg, the second-generation Swede, has put the folk songs and folk tongue of the nation into poetry. A Californian of Irish-German parentage looked on the disinherited old stock Scotch-Irish and English of Oklahoma, and wrote *The Grapes of Wrath*. Young William Saroyan, the son of a persecuted American professor who became a free American janitor, has put American youth and humor and pathos into plays and short stories, written in the

clipped, terse speech of Hemmingway, but freed from the cynical cauterization of the European war of 1914-18 which hardened and twisted the talent of the older writer.

A second-generation Russian, George Gershwin, fastened the American jazz age into music. A lesser musician, of Jewish stock, Irving Berlin, has for a few months crystalized the fleeting mood of his country in *God Bless America*.

The mighty Westerner, the late Senator William E. Borah of Idaho, with the blood of oppressed Ireland in his veins, was one of the most typically American of all modern statesmen, in his passionate love of individual freedom. No less a defender of American liberties is Wendell Willkie, a second-generation Hoosier whose ancestors fled from German brutality.

The typically American boyhood of Willkie is reflected in the life of the older man, Carl Sandburg.

"I was born on the prairie," he writes "and the milk of its wheat, the red of its clover, the eyes of its women gave me a song and a slogan.

"Here I know I will hanker after nothing so much as one or more sunrise or a sky moon of fire doubled to a river moon of water.

"There is a song deep as the falltime red haw-haws, long as the layer of black loam we go to, the shine of the morning star over the corn belt, the wave of dawn up a wheat valley."

Young Carl Sandburg, like his working parents was a day-laborer from the time he was thirteen years old. He drove a milk wagon, laid ties on the railroad bed, shucked corn and harvested wheat on the prairies. He was a dish washer, a short order cook. In school he had learned to read and write, things which his parents had never had the opportunity to do. But it was as a worker in Pike and Knox Counties that Carl Sandburg learned more than he ever learned in school. He learned about Abraham Lincoln.

For Lincoln had been raised in Pike County. Many of the old settlers remembered him. They remembered his height, his silences, his yarns. Sandburg talked to the old-timer who once watched Lincoln take a bath, "the biggest man I ever saw." "He could make a cat laugh." It was not the great father Abraham whom young Sandburg heard about; it was a farm boy who was like the other boys, except he could do most things a little better than anybody else. It was a farm boy who liked people, as Sandburg liked people, a farm boy who liked poetry. The first poem that Sandburg memorized was Lincoln's

old favorite, "O Why Should The Spirit of Mortal Be Proud?"

When Sandburg was twenty he went to the Spanish-American War. He was restless when he came back, and in a poem says that he was put in jail ten days for hobbing and vagrancy, even though he was a war veteran. Soon after he was released he decided to go to college, and worked his way through four years, although he was not granted a degree. After graduation he became secretary to the Socialist mayor of Milwaukee, and later a labor organizer and haranguer himself. Politics interested him, but poetry interested him more. He had published his first little pamphlet of verse, "*In Reckless Ecstasy*." With this brief literary background, and his labor record, he became the labor feature writer for The Chicago Daily News, a position that he held for years.

Sandburg now lives on a small goat farm in northern Michigan, with his wife, the sister of Steichen, the photographer, and his three daughters. His work room is as individual as he is: two windows with white curtains, a large box to sit on, a rickety typewriter to pound on, and a cot covered with an Indian blanket to flop on after a night of coffee and work. The walls are lined with shelves, covered with heaps of paper, mostly severed pages from books about Lincoln. Practically everything ever written about or by Lincoln is in this room.

"Grant and Lee ran their campaigns from cracker boxes, so why can't I?" says Carl Sandburg.

He has learned to work in quiet surroundings. In his early Chicago days he aimed for six hours of sleep, on nights when he bothered to sleep at all, and wrote his quietest lyrics in the city room of the Chicago Daily News. Recently, he wanted peace and quiet while proof-reading his Lincoln. He chose a twenty-five cent a dinner restaurant under the "ell" in Brooklyn, because he thought that no one would think of looking for him there. An interviewer rooted him out, asked him what he had most learned from Lincoln.

"Patience," Carl Sandburg said.

Sandburg's major life work, the gigantic Abraham Lincoln, was published in two sections, coming out twelve years apart. *The Prairie Years* was written while Sandburg was still a young man. The later *War Years* was written, as Sandburg said, when he was young enough to have energy reserves, and old enough to have understanding. Sandburg devoted the whole decade

of his fifties to Abraham Lincoln and *The War Years*.

There is probably nothing of even minor importance about Abraham Lincoln that is not included in these books. Indeed, so much attention is given to small details, that the book is one dimensional. No more attention is given to important than to unimportant events, and this fault leaves the book a series of small impressions, rather than several major incidents around which Lincoln's life could be shaped. Yet viewed objectively and from a distance, the Lincoln of Sandburg shapes into a loose but strong and unified whole, Titanic, lyric, magnificent. Perhaps if Lincoln be our typical American, this book is the link between our agrarian past and industrialized future.

Although the book is one dimensional in its relationships, it is two dimensional in its perspective. Not only Lincoln, but almost every person he ever knew, is here. The furnishings of the houses, the appearance of the cities and excitement of the people are all here. Jefferson Davis, Thad Stevens, General McClellan, Tom Thumb, Charles Sumner, all stride through the book as Lincoln knew them. For twenty years, Sandburg has lived in two ages, his own and Lincoln's. Sandburg, who called the past a "bucket of ashes," has made the past come alive for today. Yet the distance between Lincoln and Sandburg is not far. They were both members of the lower classes; they both rose to fame through their own strength and ambition and work with their hands. They belonged to the people and they loved the people. In a sense they were both poets.

Sandburg's book has been called poetical. It is only poetical in that it does not use the conventional prose style of writing, but the plain, slow, easy speech of the back country, the vernacular that Lincoln understood and spoke, the vernacular that Sandburg understands and speaks.

Does Carl Sandburg know what he has done? There is no interpretation in the book, no attempt to relate the incidents of the time to events of the present day. The characters are shown behaving blindly, foolishly, without explanation, until the reader realizes that they could have no knowledge of the future. You ask Sandburg what his Lincoln means. The wrinkles around his eyes deepen, and his under lip moves out in a smile. And he says in his deep, easy voice, "Why, I guess I got that across—in

about a million words." Then he adds, slowly, "That son-of-a-gun Lincoln grows on you."

Sandburg grows on people, too. He may not wholly understand them, but he feels people and likes them. He is sorry for people, for the shop girls in from the prairies, who dreamed of a fairy city, for the homeless women who once had homes, for the workers of all classes, for the unknown soldiers of all countries—and for Abraham Lincoln who died with his dream. He is sorry with a tenderness and sympathy that has been with him all his life, and with an added mellow resignation that supplants his youthful bitterness, and frequent brutal savagery that used to pound against the lyric tenderness of his writing. Not too proletarian is Sandburg to be sorry for the millionaire who has never learned how to live, fiercely, harshly and with joy. Sandburg can write of living because he lives.

His friend, Paul Benjamin, describes him: ". . . the most human, the most intensely alive man I know. It is his face that is arresting, beautiful as the faces of strong men are beautiful, as Lincoln's is—a brooding face, gnarled, furrowed—cleft chin—a mouth that loops into smiles—granite eyes that glow . . ." He speaks further of Sandburg's elemental simplicity, particularly of how he understands and loves children.

During the World War days, as an escape, Carl Sandburg began to write for children. Beyond the military age, he keenly felt and understood the struggle, remembering his own service in Cuba. He was writing—

"I wake in the night and smell the trenches,
and hear the low stir of sleepers in lines—"

and—

Smoke

"I sit in a chair and read the newspapers.

Millions of men go to war, acres of them are buried, guns and ships broken, cities burned, villages sent up in smoke, and children where cows are killed off amid hoarse barbecues vanish like finger-rings of smoke in a north wind.

"I sit in a chair and read the newspapers."

To escape he began writing the fantastic, whimsical *Rootabaga Stories* for his own Helga and Janet. He wrote them at his desk in the city room of the Chicago Daily News.

It was noisy in the city room. Reporters were rushing in and out; two or three editors were

shouting back and forth to each other; half a dozen typewriters were clackering, and Sandburg—slumped into his chair, a cap over his eyes, his feet on the desk, a cuspidor at his side, was writing fairy stories, or poetry about Illinois corn fields, while outside the elevated went howling by.

Sandburg often got "hunches" for poetry in the city room. He wrote them down on pieces of paper and stored them in his pocket for any time between two months and two years, taking them out from time to time and working on them. His poetry does not appear polished. It is rough, jagged, strong with harsh rhythm, but lacking melody. It seems to have been yanked up by the roots and thrown together. Sandburg, delicate and subtle as many of his lyrics are, lacks discrimination. He cannot tell when a crude line clashes with the fresh beauty of so much of his work. His heredity and background are partially responsible for this weakness. To reporters who interviewed him when he had first become famous, Sandburg looked like a man, who had not only worked ahead of his strength and too hard much of his life, but looked as if centuries of stupifying, brutalizing peasant labor were ground into his bones, leaving him unable to understand subtleties or the finest shades of meaning in the expression of poetry.

Carl Sandburg zoomed into fame upon the publication of six words. Other words followed, but it was these six that made—or lost him his reputation as a poet. They brought to the reader the same reaction that Upton Sinclair in *The Jungle* had forced upon America. Sinclair used one hundred thousand words to illumine Chicago. Sandburg used one poem.

"Chicago, hog butcher for the world—"

The demonstration which the American public accorded to the *Chicago Poems* was really a late tribute to Walt Whitman. The Victorian prudes belittled Whitman, and by the time America had grown up enough to appreciate him, he was a classic, to be reverently handled and admired. So his laurels decked the head of his spiritual son, who like him is a discoverer and not a prover.

Sandburg's poetry is not introspective. He is not interested in the emotional and intellectual complications of the highly civilized and neurotic individual who so often represents modern contemporary verse. Sandburg's themes are as simple and elemental as himself, in Paul Ben-

jamin's words, "like shifting tides or bending grain." He writes of loam and of mist and of fog and smoke and steel. More concretely, he writes of the dynamiter who loves life and children, of Anna Held as an electric sign gone out, of Chicago, of Omaha and Broadway. He writes of the dead Anna Imroth, whose death was caused by the "hand of God and the lack of fire escapes." He writes of the millionaire "who had a happiness up his sleeve somewhere." He writes of "the unknown soldier, the buck private, the boy nobody knew the name of." He tells of the skyscrapers that were so tall they had to put hinges on them to let the moon go by. He writes about the dreams and problems of the pawnshop man, the hangman, the prisoner on his way to the penitentiary, the man happily and completely in love. To Sandburg, love is something to be happy about. There are enough other things in the world to be unhappy about.

He wrote of a fence so high that nothing could go over it but rain, Death, and Tomorrow. He found the blue beauty of a slab of steel, the tingling brilliance of a copper wire in the sun, the pride in being a great nail that would hold a skyscraper together through a blue night shot with white stars. He writes of the smell of the hay, the light of the moon, the feel of the mist. He has sung and sings America.

He sings in the voice of the common people, and thus answers Yeats' prediction that poetry would either become more refined or go to the market carts. The majority of modern poets, including Eliot, Tate, Pound, and Auden have become more refined. Yeats, himself and Archibald MacLeish have tried to stay in the middle, speaking the tongue of the people through the form of classic verse, but Sandburg, following Whitman, went straight to the market carts. His thesis was that the Middle West is America, and that he would sing the Middle West and America. In this ambition he has succeeded. His view may be limited. Of the South he knows little. Of New England he knows less, and would probably consider the whole section dead anyway. But with his self imposed boundaries he has succeeded. He has made the whole nation realize that there is a pretty big country west of the Mississippi River.

Sandburg fights tradition. He is today the most contemporary poet of his generation. *The People*, *Yes* is redolent with the slang, the humor, the despair of today. He will recognize the beauty of the past, but will not admit its relationship to the present.

"I speak of new cities and new people.
 I tell you the past is a bucket of ashes.
 I tell you yesterday is a wind gone down,
 a sun dropped in the west.
 I tell you there is nothing in the world
 only an ocean of tomorrows,
 a sky of tomorrows.
 I am a brother of the corn-huskers who say at
 sundown:
 Tomorrow is a day."

This was Sandburg's philosophy twenty years ago. It is his philosophy today. Naive, sensitive, the most gentle and the most brutal of modern American poets, often despondent, sometimes satirical, but hopeful, Sandburg's conception of life is simple. He expresses it in a few random lines:

"For the answer is:
 Silence."

"Let joy kill you!
 Keep away from the little deaths."

". . . all the last answers
 Go running back to dust and mist."

"I am glad God saw Death
 And gave Death a job taking care of all who are
 tired of living."

"I cried over beautiful things, knowing no beautiful thing lasts;"

"It's going to come out all right—do you know?
 The sun, the birds, the grass—they know.
 They get along and we'll get along."

". . . you Steve and the rest of us end on the same stars; we all wear a hat in hell together, in hell or heaven."

"Let every man be his own Jesus; that's enough."

"Born died why?"

"And across the bitter years and the howling winters,
 the deathless dream will be the stronger.
 The dream of equity will win."

Sandburg's poetical method is lyric, rather than epic, but his poetry, taken line by line or even verse by verse, is not nearly so good as when viewed as a whole from an objective distance. Then it merges into an impressionistic epic panorama, much like a Thomas Benton mural. He has had three periods in his poetry, with an overlapping of each period. In *Chicago Poems* days he was in his "tough" period; by *Good*

Morning, America he was predominantly mystical. In *The People, Yes* he combined these two types, but did not fuse them.

He loves the "feel" of words, and it is with his very concrete or very abstract terms that he gets his astounding contrasts. He likes vigorous, hard, colorful, dynamic words and knows how to use them. He has an ear that captures the changing vernacular of the people. And he has a strain of Scandinavian mysticism, which he uses to counterbalance the roughness of his imagistic poetry.

In *Chicago Poems* he wrote in vernacular—
To a Contemporary Bunkshooter

"—I put it to you again: Where do you get that stuff;

what do you know about Jesus?

Go ahead and bust all the chairs you want to.

Smash

a whole wagon load of furniture at every performance.

Turn sixty somersaults and stand on your nutty head.

If it wasn't for the way you scare the women and kids

I'd feel sorry for you and pass the hat. . . .

You tell \$6 a week department store girls all they need

is Jesus; you take a steel trust wop, dead without having

lived, gray and shrunken at forty years of age and you

tell him to look at Jesus on the cross and he'll be all right."

In contrast:

"Pearl cobwebs in the windy rain,

in only a flicker of wind,

are caught and lost and never known again."

"And I saw the dream pools of fjords in Norway . . .

and the scarf of dancing water on the rocks and over the edges of mountain shelves."

In combination:

"Remember all paydays of lilacs . . ."

He has a smooth, swinging rhythm, which in some of his poems is so evident that the poems would hardly be free verse, except that they are unrhymed.

"I shall foot it

In the silence of the morning,

See the night slur into dawn . . .

The broken boulders by the road
Shall not commemorate my ruin.
Regret shall be the gravel under foot.
I shall watch for
Slim birds swift of wing
That go where wind and ranks of thunder
Drive the wild processions of rain."

Pure imagery is evident in
Nocturne in a Deserted Brickyard

"Stuff of the moon
Runs on the lapping sand
Out to the longest shadows.
Under the curving willows,
And round the creep of the wave line,
Fluxions of yellow and dusk on the waters
Make a wide dreaming pansy of an old pond in
the night."

His conception of America is expressed in
Buffalo Dusk

"The buffaloes are gone.
And those who saw the buffaloes are gone.
Those who saw the buffaloes by thousands and
how they pawed the prairie sod into dust
with their hoofs, their great heads down
pawing on in a great pageant of dusk,
Those who saw the buffaloes are gone.
And the buffaloes are gone."

The People, Yes is an American epic. A collection of jokes, lyrics, chants, folk songs, and the vigorous dry folk humor that comes from Main Street, not from Broadway, it is Sandburg's attempt to portray his nation in one volume. He calls it "foot notes to the Gettysburg

Address," and it is as vivid, as vigorous, as contemporary as any of Sandburg's work. But it is not *the* American epic. It has no central theme, little interpretation, no complete comprehension of the meaning of America, except in one respect — It is completely democratic because nothing in it is more important than anything else. Yet from its weaknesses comes its strength. The sprawling, panoramic novels of Thomas Wolfe, the *Leaves of Grass* of Walt Whitman, although more lyric, more poetical, more technically perfect, with a deeper appeal to emotion, fail where Sandburg has succeeded. They try to explain, understand, to cut down to the basic meaning of America. They try to explain—but Sandburg does not try. He knows that his country is beyond explanation. Virile, sentimental, confused, bitter, sad laughing, kindly, excited, his poetry is criticised for the faults of his nation. And in the gigantic Lincoln, huge, awkward, over-laden with detail, he has shown as clearly as ever Boswell showed his Johnson a man and an age to modern America. Sandburg himself is a big enough man to reveal a big nation, a man who knows so much that he has the wisdom to know that he knows nothing, a man who seeing in Lincoln the American dream, has learned from Lincoln that the dream can never be revealed, never understood. Carl Sandburg knows Lincoln and America too well to explain them, to reveal them. The facts are so many and so gigantic that it is their mighty and mysterious grandeur which is the true essence of America. Not to be understood, merely to be felt and seen, that is the message which Carl Sandburg has given to Americans—of America.

NOVEMBER GRAY

Not a bard is left in the land.
 Leaves crackle and turn dry.
 The world is winter's to command,
 Smothering gray, and a buzzard
 Drifts in the sky.

Not a note sounds in the still.
 Furred creatures scurry without pause.
 Bird throats are filled with chill
 Sharp loneliness under a sky of
 Opaque gauze.

Where are the foolish crickets?
 They would make some sound!
 Only skeletons of stark thickets
 Hear and cringe, crouching closer to
 Numb unheeding ground.

Speak soul! Smitten tongueless by waste.
 Break these stifled echoes with excited joy!
 But no, you too are abased,
 Afraid, alone, silent before
 Winter's grim convoy.

—BETTY WELSH.



Coraddi conducts a literary contest, the winners to be announced in the spring. The awards will be five dollars for each of the following: the best story, the best poem, the best critical article and the best news article. Staff and non-staff students are eligible.

Reviews

Directions in Modern Poetry by Elizabeth Drew in collaboration with John L. Sweeney. New York: W. W. Norton and Company, 1940. 286 pages. \$2.75.

"We are in an era when poetry's organic function in the fabric of civilization has been lost, and it will not be regained until that fabric is repaired or refashioned. But the poet remains, as always, one of the potential instruments to that end. He keeps our sensibilities alive, and in the midst of the present chaos of violence, greed and dirt he is, according to W. H. Auden:

"The voice of man: 'O teach me to outgrow my madness:

Ruffle the perfect manners of the frozen heart,
And once again compel it to be awkward and alive,

To all it suffered once a weeping witness.

Clear from the head the mass of impressive rubbish;

Rally the lost and trembling forces of the will,
Gather them up and let them loose upon the earth,

Till they construct at last a human justice,
The contribution of our star, within the shadow
Of which uplifting, loving, and constraining power

All other reasons may rejoice and operate'."

Thus, in their book *Directions in Modern Poetry*, have Elizabeth Drew and John L. Sweeney summed up the position of the contemporary poet and his poetry. But proceeding on the conception that "... analysis makes possible a fuller experience of the poem," the authors have, in reality, contributed to the attempt to mend the breach between the poet and his audience.

Interpretation, not criticism, is the theme of *Directions in Modern Poetry*. To bear out the theme the authors have divided their book into two parts: Part One is a consideration of the substance of poetry; and Part Two, of the poetic process.

The reader who finds himself baffled by contemporary poetry will find Part One, "The Substance of Poetry," of the utmost value. One item, however, appears illogical: the chapter "Poetry and Meaning," which is designated as chapter four, would have been placed to a greater advantage as chapter two. A back-

ground is first established by a discussion of the relation between poet and audience. The authors then interpret generally, and, to a small degree, specifically the works of the major and minor poets of the nineteen twenties and thirties. For example, of Yeats' symbolism, they say: "His great central conception of ultimate reality is the sphere, symbolized in his thought by the moon, while his favorite symbol for human thought is the bobbin." There has been much criticism of modern poets for their use of symbols, which are almost wholly incomprehensible to the layman. But we cannot deny that "the old emblems are faded and the new have none of the warmth of long tradition or human attachment . . . Hence the poet feels the need of forging symbols of his own."

Of the two parts, "The Poetic Process" is perhaps of more value to the student, rather than to the active reader, of modern poetry. The medium of the poet, the inspiration and development of a poem, the logic of imagination, the pattern, the "sensitiveness to word values," and the position of the poet in the community—all are considered with rare insight. The authors define a poem thus: "The poem is the full and unique expression in language of the impact between a certain piece of experience and the poet's consciousness." And for those who are uncertain how to approach modern poetry, the authors give this advice: first, determine the mood of the poem; and second, determine the technique by which the poet has communicated his mood. Finally, though modern poetry is unsatisfactory in many respects, Miss Drew and Mr. Sweeney cite one great stride that has been made by contemporary poets: namely, "The poets have fashioned speech rhythms and the idiom of everyday into the instrument of verse."

Miss Elizabeth Drew, herself a well-known critic of poetry, and Mr. John L. Sweeney, a modern poet, have brought into one study the rare combination of the views of both critic and poet. Remarkable for their lucidity, their keen insight, and frequent illustrations of poetry to support their conclusions, the authors of *Directions in Modern Poetry* may well have called their work "Guidebook for Baffled Readers of Modern Poetry."

—JEAN BERTRAM.

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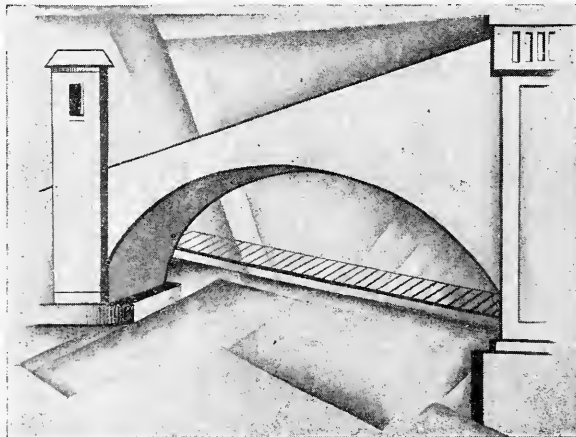
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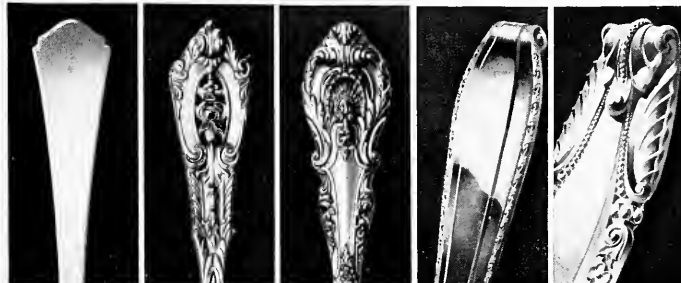


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As tobacco experts like Bill Currin will tell you, Luckies buy the finer leaf. These men know—they spend their lives buying, selling and handling tobacco.

Now here's what this means to you as a smoker. . . . Luckies' finer tobaccos mean less nicotine. The more you smoke, the more you want a cigarette of proven mildness. So remember this fact: for two years, the average nicotine content of

Luckies has been 12% less than the average of the four other leading brands*—less than any one of them.

Luckies, you see, analyze tobacco before buying it. So our buyers can select leaf that is ripe and mellow, yet milder—low in nicotine.

Remember, with independent tobacco experts, with men who know tobacco best—it's Luckies 2 to 1.



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* NICOTINE CONTENT OF LEADING BRANDS

From January 1938 through June 1940
Lucky Strike has averaged

- 9.46% less nicotine than Brand A
- 20.55% less nicotine than Brand B
- 15.55% less nicotine than Brand C
- 4.74% less nicotine than Brand D

For this period Lucky Strike has had an average nicotine content of 2.01 parts per hundred.

With men who know tobacco best—it's LUCKIES 2 TO 1