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Contents



WISDOM (<i>Poem</i>)	Fadean Pleasants
THREE DAYS	Muriel Wolff
IMMORTALITY	Martha H. Hall
THE SOUNDING OF THE TRUMPET	Edith Harbour
TRAVELLING. CHAINS. (<i>Poems</i>)	Marjorie Vanneman
COURTIN'	Edith Harbour
THE ORPHAN (<i>Poem</i>)	Fadean Pleasants
TREES IN AUTUMN (<i>Poem</i>)	Sara Dunn Chadwick
AND WHAT OF MARRIAGE?	Fadean Pleasants
SEA SPRAY (<i>Poem</i>)	Fadean Pleasants
THE SOUL OF A WILD THING	Annie Lee Blavelt
THE PHANTOM RIDER. TREES IN AUTUMN. (<i>Poems</i>)	Sara Dunn Chadwick
EDITORIALS	
BOOK REVIEWS	

Wisdom

I have reasoned that there can be no death,
That there is never end, but only change.
I've found in law eternity not strange
For all the flame of me, and singing breath.

And I have learned that you are on your way
(And tell myself) with all your old desire,
And tenderness, and passion's swift white fire
That made so beautiful our one brief day.

But the sure things I know, and not in part
Are shadows, not of reason's careful mind—
For even Death has entered in my heart
And left the hush I did not plan to find,
And though you come, I feel your need of me
Ebb outward—like the last high tide of sea.

Fadean Pleasants, '28.

Three Days

MURIEL WOLFF, '30

KATY BIGGERS sat on the edge of the porch and raked her long, thin hair with a fine comb. A board cracked under her and she called out sharply,

"Pa, this porch's got to be planked agin. Hit aint fit to set on."

"Eff you've got time to do it, you do it."

The old man did not turn his gaze away from the cornfields.

For a long time they sat there, the huge bent old man in the sagging, cane-bottom chair, and the thin querulous girl. Night came through the cornfields, rustling the dry stalks, and they watched with that curious vacant stare which comes into the eyes of those that look too long at one unchanging scene. The old man seemed to brood over his fields and his house that hid under the skirts of the field. Finally he stretched noisily and rose.

"I'm goin' to bed. Shet the door when you come in."

"Awright, Pa. I'm going to set here a spell."

Her father went in, stooping a little in the doorway. Katy heard the crack of the springs as he sat down on the bed, and the dull thud of his shoes hitting the floor. She knew when he lay down and listened anxiously to his wheezy breathing. Pa had been complaining of that pain over his heart lately, she remembered.

Across the fields floated the mournful cry of the rain dove. Katy shivered and began to plait her hair into two braids. She was tired—so tired that her whole body was numb. The burden of the housework was hers since her mother had given up and gone to bed. Katy glanced anxiously at the dark square that was her mother's window. Somehow, she was afraid. Her mother had always whined and complained a great deal, but she had never been sick like this before.

"It'll be lonesome an harder if Ma don't git well," she told herself.

Suddenly, Katy sat up straight and strained her eyes through the darkness. Three small lights glimmered in the cornfield and came closer to the house. They came nearer and nearer until she could see that they were about as large as eggs, pale and faintly glowing. She watched

The CORADDI

them, unable to move until they disappeared under the house. Then she shrank trembling into the house, carefully closing the door behind her.

The house was pitch dark; there was not a lamp burning. There was no moon outside to shine through the windows. Katy stumbled into her room and lit the kerosene lamp that stood on the mantel by the blue vase. It threw a few faint gleams on the lumpy iron bed in the corner, on the oak bureau with its red plush pincushion and its box covered with pink sea shells, and on the bare unpainted wall and floor. She glanced around at these familiar objects with terror stricken eyes. She knew what three lights mean, a terrible misfortune in three days. Could it mean—her mother? Her scrawny body shuddered at the thought. She reached for the lamp and had started out of the room when a sound in the chimney arrested her. There was a whirring, scratching noise, and the next moment a chimney swallow was flying about the room. A live bird in the house meant that death for one of the family would follow. As one in a daze, Katy set the lamp down and opened the window so the frightened little bird could escape. She undressed, blew out the lamp, and sank upon the feather mattress with one thought burning in her mind. Until she fell asleep she thought of it. Her mother—in three days—

Katy was awakened from a troubled sleep at four o'clock by her father's wheezy bass.

"Katy, howcome don't you git in this here kitchen and kindle a fire in the stove? Aint ye 'shamed bein' so lazy when yur mammy is sick in bed?"

"I'm a'comin', pa," she replied, with more than the usual amount of meekness in her voice.

Half an hour later Katy, pale and tremulous, fried the pork and stirred the mush. Absently she shuffled back and forth between stove and table, refilling her father's plate. The old man noticed nothing. He gobbled his food and gulped the black coffee noisily. The sight of food sickened Katy.

"What's ailin' ye, young un?" snorted her father between mouthfuls, "aint gonna eat none of this here mush? Hit's good alright."

"I don't want nothin' to eat. I'm goin' to take Ma some mush, Pa. Reckon she'll want hit?"

The CORADDI

"Sure, your Mammy aint particlar 'bout what she eats, Katy."

Katy filled a dish with it and went into her Mother's room. Somehow the room was always dark. It was always hard to make out the exact color of the vases and boxes on the mantelpiece and bureau. Katy could barely discern the little dried up figure that lay in the oak bed. She knew so well the straw colored strings of hair, the sallow wrinkled face, and the colorless eyes; but now they startled her with their repose.

"Ma," she blurted out, "don't ye want no mush? Hits good."

The high, cracked voice seemed to come from the depths of the faded quilt.

"I don't want nothin'."

"But Ma—" Katy's voice was pitiful, "ain't you never goin' to eat agin?"

"I don't feel like I'll ever eat nothin' agin, Katy," said the woman and turned her face to the wall.

Bewildered, Katy went back to the kitchen and started her work. That day she did not realize she was working even though she worked feverishly until bedtime. There was something else to think about. She could scarcely bear to go near her Mother's room. The absolute silence there hurt her.

The next day, the second day of her suffering, the doctor came. He went away shaking his head. The doctor knew everything, and he thought her Mother would die. There was one more day for her to live. Katy thought of telling her father, but that would do no good. He was not well. She could not afford to lose him too.

The third and last day was scorching hot. Katy hung about her Mother's room all morning until the doctor came. When he was leaving, she ran after him and clutched his arm.

"Is she a goin' to . . . git well?" she asked feverishly.

The doctor looked at her in surprise.

"Why yes," he reassured her, "don't you worry about her one bit."

Katy sat down suddenly. Her Mother was going to get well? But the signs; they always come true.

Her Father's massive frame shut out the light from the doorway as he stepped into the room.

The CORADDI

"Bad storm brewing," he said as he wiped the perspiration off his face with his blue shirt sleeve. "Look at the clouds."

Katy glanced out of the window at the sky. Great masses of black clouds were piling up in the northwest. Sometimes they were illuminated by quick flashes of sheet lightning. There was a faint but ominous rumble. A few seconds later there was a larger one. The lightning flashed more frequently and gathered itself into jagged streaks that cut through the black heavens. With a roaring, crackling, hissing sound the storm rushed upon the farmhouse and broke with a mighty crash that brought down sheets of grey rain.

"I gotta git the horses in the barn," roared her father in excitement.

Katy rushed into her Mother's room and banged down the windows. For a moment, as she stood looking down tenderly at her Mother, she felt secure. Then a dread of something oppressed her. It was as though the breathless air of the storm or some unknown fear weighed her down. She sank into a rough wooden chair in front of the window and hunched there, watched the storm. For a time it stopped raining and she could see the corn stalks beaten down to the red earth. Puddles of muddy water filled the furrows between the rows. Her eyes rested on the barn, and she thought immediately of her father caught out there in the rickety structure. She caught a glimpse of his blue overalls as he started to the barn door. He was coming out. Perhaps he could reach the house before the storm broke again. The air was deadly quiet; not a living thing stirred. Everything seemed to be holding its breath waiting. There was a warning hiss, a crack, then a ragged tongue of fire leaped to the ground and ripped the barn. Katy saw her father stagger a few steps, clutch his side, and crumple forward. She gave a piercing scream and darted from the room out of the house to him.

She grasped his shoulders and shook him. He was beginning to stiffen, and his face was cold. She sat beside him on the ground and gazed stupidly at the hair growing on the back of his neck.

"It was Pa, not Ma, they meant," she muttered to herself.

Immortality

MARTHA H. HALL, '28

THE SUNLIGHT lay thick upon the heavy walnut table as Rachel opened her eyes and looked unseeingly about the room. It was comfortable, this room, and secure enough for the most respectable of gray haired ladies, but not for Rachel. She hated it—to every grain of the massive furniture, to every detail of the appointments that so blatantly proclaimed the dollars and cents necessary to their purchase. “Yes, it was just the thing for Mother,” Janice had seen to that. She had put much money and some undue annoyance upon this apartment, so of course nothing more was to be said about it. The authority of the *nouveau riche* rendered Janice’s stamp of approval indisputable.

Rachel sighed a little; she had never understood this daughter, a high-spirited being, even in infancy, with a sure eye for advancement and an indomitable way of getting what she wanted. Rachel was a bit afraid of her, and not a little awed. But, to be sure, Janice had done her best; there was this home—it had cost half a million dollars—and this man whose name was over its doorway, a gray silent partner shadowing Janice. And the mother had been given her just reward. “Just”—that was the word to describe this daughter, Rachel reflected. “A comfort in her old age.” Comfort! Rage rose to her brain and the little lady checked an unwarranted emotion by raising her deeply shadowed eyes to the window. There, beyond the rich draperies, were the eternal hills, mellowed in the afternoon sun, serene and impersonal. A fragrance drifted to her with the faint stirring of the curtains and a great joy suffused her. As during a flash of lightning, so suddenly was she seeing a log framed, unscreened opening, looking out over these same hills that called forth the same response—this ecstasy in her breast. When she had been a child of the herders, aiding in the majestic struggle to wrest a living from these sloping lands, this had come to her. When later she was living in a newly-built cottage—fresh from the hands of her lover—this restlessness and beauty had still pursued her, to trouble and yet to raise her spirit. It had always come in unforeseen flashes, like this; thus Beauty had taken her by the hand and led her far. It had been fifty years now since the boy-eyed Terrence—her husband—had followed on these wanderings—fifty years! And now—Rachel

The CORADDI

shook herself a little and opened her eyes wide to look into the polished surface of the sewing box she held in her lap. So they had relegated her to this! What she saw was a small face with many lines, hair that shone in its whiteness, and eyes—gray, resentful eyes. So she was growing old, she told herself. And now the flights of her mind, which earlier had been excused on the grounds of her youth, were considered evidences of dotage. She shivered a little as a flame of anger went through her. It wouldn't do for her to let Janice catch her like this, hill gazing, with the old hunger in her eyes. But no, they couldn't take *that* from her. They might make their millions, tear down her cherished hut, build their solid mansion and establish her therein—as compensation due—but this they *would* not take! Somewhat unsteadily Rachel found her way to the little side door which opened out upon the terraced garden. She was not sure what she was to do, but Beauty had called—after long years of silence—and she was answering. Stumbling across the flagged walks, tier by tier, she came at last, in the same daze, to the winding, untouched path that led up her hill—her sanctuary of sanctuaries—and she climbed! As great fear gives superhuman strength to the man, so great beauty melted these brittle bones to the suppleness of youth. There was no weariness here—no weight—only the great pastel valley and the ranges bronzed by the sun, spreading themselves out in ever increasing circles of loveliness. Rachel's breath came slower now and she began to make to herself a little chant by which to climb: I—have—run—the—gantlet—of—human—experience. Birth—and pain—passion and calm—fear and glory—beauty and—one last—great—adventure, here—alone. The top now, and Rachel sank down suddenly and drew her withered knees up under her chin. The sun was at the mountain edge, weaving a rim of gold for after-glow—a great peace emanated from the miniature houses below. Even the slow drifts of smoke stood arrested across the pine trees. This, then, was immortality—here in the spirit—here with Beauty. With quiet joy breaking over her in a thousand gentle waves, Rachel lay back on the grass and closed her eyes. The sun slipped down.

* * * * *

The next morning the old walnut chair in the sombre room was empty, swaying almost imperceptibly in the breeze. But through the frame were still the mountains—tall, serene, and eternal.

The Sounding of The Trumpet

EDITH HARBOUR, '30

THE DAY, to all appearances, was just an ordinary day in mountainous Virginia, but to the residents of Dry Pond it was very extraordinary, for it was the Day of Judgment! Scattered about Dry Pond are numerous log cabins and a few frame dwellings where live a group of very religious people, that is, they are religious when the itinerant preacher is in the neighborhood. Whenever the Reverend Mr. Bolton is at a distance it would be hard to find a more lawless community, for the making, trafficking, and drinking of bootleg liquor is the occupation, hobby, and delight of all of the self-styled "southern gentlemen" who live in the remote spur ranges of the Blue Ridge which rise around Dry Pond. And it was upon these people, illiterate, unlawful, and boastful, that the Day of Doom was falling.

The impending disaster had aroused among that excitable race a fervent religious enthusiasm which even Brother Bolton could never have called forth by his fiery description of the punishment awaiting unrepentent sinners when Gabriel summoned them to their fate. Always ready to take up a new fad, the mountaineers had welcomed the prophesy of "Ole Crook-foot Jarge" which foretold of the end of the world on Friday morning. "Ole Crook-foot's" predictions were generally correct when they concerned storms in the summer or frosts in the winter, and the Dry Ponders had little reason to doubt him now, for could he not read the signs of the sun?

Friday morning dawned, as Friday mornings always have since the calendar was invented, but Dry Pond was changed. The men were not occupied with their unlawful pursuits, but they stood around in tense little knots and discussed the probability of the time when the signal of the Lord's messenger would be heard. The slatternly dressed women wore their Sunday-go-to-meeting best, and they looked even more grotesque than usual in their glaring colors. Small children, wide-eyed and frightened, clung to their mother's skirts; older children dug their bare toes into the red soil and whispered knowingly of the horrors of the Lower World.

The CORADDI

Thus, the inhabitants of Dry Pond, arrayed in their best, awaited the trumpet blast that was to send them to the reckoning from whence they would be assigned future homes according to their merits. In more minds than one, the predominating thoughts were of the two places pictured in fear-inspiring words by the Reverend Mr. Bolton—the picture of Heaven, fair and serene; and the picture of the country beyond the River Styx, which, because of the direful tones in which it was presented, was the more outstanding. The Land of Unrepentant Sinners was described by the worthy clergyman as a place of eternal torment, where lost souls shoveled coal into fiery furnaces, with nothing to relieve their thirst; therefore Dry Ponders stood in horror of this land, as indeed, they stood in horror of any place where they could not quench their thirst with “likker.”

About two hours after breakfast, or seven-thirty, for the mountaineers rise early, “Ole Crook-foot Jarge” hobbled down from the mountainside on which his tiny cabin perched. The venerable sage was dressed in his customary rags, and as he shambled along, swinging his deformed foot, it seemed strange to think that all of the able-bodied men should follow where this crippled and shrunken bit of humanity led. The esteem in which he was held was noticeable, however, for these rough men respected the prophet as much as their egoism would allow them to respect anyone.

“Whut time d’yur think he’ll come, ‘Crook-foot?’” asked “Red Rufe,” the leader of the still-operating desperadoes, who had always managed to come out victorious in encounters with revenue men. Next to “Crook-foot,” “Red Rufe” was the leader of the community.

“He’ll be hyar afore noon, shorely,” answered the old man.

“A whole heap kin happen afore thet time,” was the cautious observance of Christopher Columbus Craddock.

“Yar, ‘C’lumb’, but he’ll be hyar. He’ll be hyar,” reassured “Crook-foot.”

“Wonder whut he’ll look lak,” hazarded “Big Bill” Colins, who despite his name was just five feet in height and weighed only ninety-seven pounds.

“Shame on yur, ‘Big Bill.’ He’s the messenger uv the Lord, and he’ll be dressed in robes uv purple, and his trum’et will be gold. Heven’t

The CORADDI

yur heerd Brother Bolton say so a hun' red times?" admonished Miss Mittie Pike, the most righteous of all of those who worshipped at the Dry Pond meeting house.

"Shore now, shore I hev," answered the chastened "Big Bill."

Time gradually passed, and as it passed the superstitions of the simple people awaiting Gabriel arose to a higher lever than ever before.

"The sun will be hidden by darkness, and the messenger of the Lord shall appear and summon you before his omnipotent majesty, who will either admit you to the pearly realms of Heaven or banish you to the fiery depths of Hell." Those words of Brother Bolton were disturbing more than one person on this day of all days. The majority of the citizens of Dry Pond had repented at some time or other, but as soon as Brother Bolton was out of hearing they had gone back to their old habits. When the Reverend Mr. Bolton reappeared on the scene they were as unrepentent as ever and had to be converted all over again. A less conscientious minister would have given them up for lost and not have bothered himself with them, but not so Brother Bolton, for when he once saved a soul he intended that that soul should remain saved.

"Hit's come. Hit's come. O Lordy!" The voice was that of Siddartha Headen, who had dropped upon his knees and was pointing to the sun with an outstretched hand, while his mouth gaped open and his eyes enlarged several sizes.

Everyone looked up and then followed Siddartha's example, for the sun was obscured by an oval blackness. Overcome and stupified, the mountain people knelt and watched it. They had expected something terrible, but this was a little more than they had anticipated. As they watched the black mass it moved perceptibly.

"Hit's coming arter us," remarked someone in a husky whisper.

"Lordy, turn yur face on me," prayed "Bad Bob," who had never repented.

Pandemonium broke loose. A babel of voices, shrieks, and shouts co-mingled with the terrified cries of children filled the air.

The blackness which had covered the sun floated to one side, descended gracefully, and in a moment it was hidden from view by Bean's Knob.

A few minutes later a raucous, honking sound disturbed the stillness which had settled over the kneeling group.

The CORADDI

“Hit’s the trum’et uv of the Lord, and hit’s calling us. We must go.” The speaker was the righteous Miss Mittie Pike. She arose, clasped her Bible between her bony hands, and started marching down the road.

“Whar yur gwine, Mittie?” asked Tom Flippin, the first to recover his voice.

“I’m a-gwine t’other side uv Bean’s Knob fer to meet the Lord,” Miss Mittie answered with a voice, which strive as she might, she could not make sound natural.

Miss Mittie marched off down the road, an angular figure in her prim, black clothes, and as she went she sang:

“When the trum’et uv the Lord shall sound and time shall be no more,
When the roll is called up yander, I’ll be thar.”

Miss Mittie had never had any serious doubts as to whether she would be admitted to the pearly realms of Heaven, but now, that the judgment was so near she began to think that perhaps she had been a little too sure. Her voice, which was always louder than anyone else’s at the meeting house, quavered a little as she started another verse of her hymn, but she marched resolutely on, and the others filed in behind her.

After more than an hour’s walk over a winding mountain road, the group reached “t’other” side of Bean’s Knob.

“Thar ’tis. That ’tis.” Melissa Dunkin pointed to a cloud of black which had settled in a nearby apple tree.

The people of Dry Pond stood spell-bound as they gazed at the unfamiliar sight. An enormous quantity of black material billowed over the tree, and underneath it two objects, clothed in khaki, were running back and forth.

“Hit haint Gabr’l. Hit’s the debil,” exclaimed Siddartha, and he thereupon took to his heels.

The two objects stopped moving and looked at the queer assemblage for a few moments. One of them moved forward, and the mountain people shrank back.

“Hello, won’t some of you lend us a hand?” a strange voice asked.

“Hit’s a man,” declared Melissa, whose eyesight was exceptionally good.

The CORADDI

"Of course, we're men," stated the object, whose ears seemed to be as good as Melissa's eyes. "What did you think we were, ghosts?"

"We think yur wuz the messenger uv the Lord," explained Miss Mittie. "We think yur hed to take us to Heaben, when we heerd yur blow yur trum'et."

The man burst into a roaring laugh, and then called over his shoulder to his companion:

"Hey, Jack, they thought we were angels or something like that. I don't know what made them think so, for I'm sure we haven't any wings."

"Whut made yur cover up the sun, and blow yur trum'et fer, then?" asked "Crook-foot Jarge."

The two strange men looked at each other, then both of them laughed.

"Crook-foot" seemed injured at the attitude they took. "Plumb slap crazy. Plumb slap crazy," he muttered.

The strangers stifled their mirth and one of them explained:

"We are balloonists, and that," pointing to the wreckage in the tree, "is, or rather, was our balloon. We are entrants in the Gordon Bennett Cup race, and we left Detroit yesterday morning. As we haven't had anything to eat since then, with the exception of a few sandwiches, we would appreciate it if some of you ladies could fix something for us to eat."

* * * * *

"Ole Crook-foot Jarge" did not show himself for several days after the Judgment Day episode, and when he finally did venture to come down to the Pond again he was teased and bullied by everyone who saw him. As the weeks passed he grew accustomed to this teasing, and one Friday morning he was found dead at his little hut on the mountainside, with his geese making a raucous, honking noise—the same noise that was heard on that other Friday morning.

Travelling

I've never travelled down the Rhine,
Or sailed the Indian sea;
I've never seen the pyramids,
Nor been to Sicily.

I have not been a hundred miles
From my wee cottage gate,
But through the pages of my books,
I've shyly cheated Fate!

For I can feel the breezes blow
Across the fields of Kent,
And see auld Scotland's towers rise
In grim gray battlement.

And I have scaled the Alpine peaks,
And been to Kandabar;
And even seen the midnight sun—
Oh, I have travelled far.

Marjorie Vanneman, '29.



Chains

I never loved, lest I be caught
By love, whose shining web I thought
Would chain me—I, the wild, the free!
A snare I thought all love to be,
And never guessed that Love, who wrought
My chains, would bring my soul to me.

Marjorie Vanneman, '29.

Courtin'

EDITH HARBOUR, '30

MR. ANDREW had been courting Miss Maggie for some twenty odd years. During those years he had repeatedly resolved to ask her to be his wife, but at the crucial moment he had always lost his nerve. Tonight, as he jogged over the rough mountain trail on his rusty gray horse, he determined, as he had every other Sunday night for more than twenty years, to honor Miss Maggie above all other women, for was he not rich and capable enough to undertake the responsibility of a home of his own?

True, Mr. Andrew was rich, as riches go in a community like Dry Pond. He was rich in land, in cattle, and in money. From his father, long dead, he had inherited a vast number of acres which were noted for their roughness and for their abundance of huckleberries. On this farm he lived in the house built by his pioneer grandparents, together with his blind old mother and his fat young sister. Scattered over the rugged hills which comprised his legacy were numerous tobacco barns, built of logs and daubed with the red clay for which Dry Pond is celebrated. Roaming at will over the huckleberry-covered hills were two sleek cows; in the stable were three horses; and in the pen built of split rails were four porkers. Moreover, hidden away in the loft of his three room house were several hundred dollars in currency, for Mr. Andrew put not his faith in banks.

Miss Maggie was rich, too, and there lay the trouble, for Miss Maggie liked to spend her riches. She actually gave ten dollars each year to the minister who officiated at the Dry Pond meeting house one Sunday out of every six. Mr. Andrew thought he was generous if he gave a dollar, and if tobacco were selling low he only gave fifty cents. Miss Maggie's house was the finest one on the south side of the mountains. It was a large house of six rooms, and it had banisters around the front porch. Miss Maggie loved beauty; therefore the house was kept painted, and flowers bloomed in the yard. Miss Maggie's mother was old, but she was not blind; Miss Maggie's sister was young, but she was not fat.

The CORADDI

"Git a move on, Buck," Mr. Andrew spoke to his slow steed as it ambled past the graveyard of Miss Maggie's family. In the center of that graveyard stood a white column of marble—a monument to Miss Maggie's father, who had departed from this earth long ago. A needless waste of money, Mr. Andrew considered this tombstone as he thought of the small rough boulder which served as his own father's headstone. Buck responded slowly to his master's command, and a few minutes later Mr. Andrew was tying his horse to the hitching post in front of Miss Maggie's spacious house.

"Come in, Andy, and set down," invited Miss Maggie as Mr. Andrew approached the banistered porch.

"Thank 'ee, Maggie, thank 'ee," replied Mr. Andrew as he had probably replied some one thousand three hundred and sixty-seven times before.

For a little while the two sat in silence, then Mr. Andrew spoke:

"Seed a autymobeel down by the cross roads this mornin'. City folks, I guess."

"Lak as not," replied Miss Maggie.

"Reckon they wuz huntin' fer the road to Stuart."

"Did they 'quire uv someun?"

"Cuzzin Fred say they at his store an' wanted to buy uv him some dope. Say they sed it wuz somet'in' to drink."

"I've heerd uv it, seems lak."

"Cuzzin Fred say they sed some Cocy Cola would do jist as good."

"Lak as not they didn't know 'bout Rufe's still."

"Meybe they wuz hintin' fer to be told."

"P'raps so," assented Mr. Andrew.

"I'll go see to Ma afore she goes to sleep," remarked Miss Maggie after a lengthy silence.

Mr. Andrew made no answer. When Miss Maggie was inside the door he did some rapid thinking. He needs must think rapidly if he were to think over all that he wanted to say to his lady love when she returned. He tried, in vain, to recall what the book, *How to Make Love*, which he had ordered secretly from some place up north, advised in situations similar to his own. Was he to get down on his knees? Was he to tell her how much property he had? Must he tell her about

The CORADDI

his hidden treasure? No, she already knew those things. Should he, oh what should he do?

Miss Maggie returned with her banjo. She sat down, but she did not play.

“Play me a tune on the banjy, Maggie.”

“Whut d’yur want fer me to play?”

“Oh, *Poor Ellen Smith*, I guess.”

Miss Maggie twanged the strings and started on the mournful dirge with a high-pitched voice. Mr. Andrew joined in with a tinny tenor:

“Oh poor Ellen Smith and how wuz she found?

Shot through the heart, lying cold on the ground.”

They sang other songs, equally as sad and melancholy as the first, and when they had sung all they knew they returned to silence.

Now, thought Mr. Andrew, was his time. He would ask her to be his wife. He nervously fingered his tie. It was the only one he possessed, and he wore it only when he came to see Miss Maggie. Six years ago, when he had gone to Staunton, he had purchased that tie. It had cost him fifty cents, and Mr. Andrew parted badly with his coin, but he now reflected, when he should have been thinking what the book said for him to do, it had been a good tie, and if it lasted for six more years it might prove to be worth the fifty cents it had cost. Now he must ask Miss Maggie to become Mrs. Andrew.

But he did not ask her. Instead, he thought of his blind old mother. Would Miss Maggie come to live in his cottage and take care of her? Then he thought of Miss Maggie’s mother coming to live with him, too, for if Miss Maggie came she would bring her mother and her sister with her. Miss Maggie would not come, however, for she would want to keep living in the house she was proud of. Mr. Andrew was a little afraid of that house; he stood in awe of its immense size, its whiteness, and its banisters. Then, too, there was the money. He saw it gradually melting away under Miss Maggie’s careless giving. Mr. Andrew could not stand that, for money was hard to procure in this land of doing without, and what he had he intended to keep.

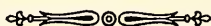
Slowly Mr. Andrew aroused himself from his stupor.

“Well, I guess I better be gittin’ home. Ole Buck is slow, and I’ve got to sukker tobaccy tomorrow.”

The CORADDI

“Well, good night, Andy. Come agin,” Miss Maggie called after him as he shambled out to his horse.

And, of course, he would come the next Sunday night and the next and the next and the next and the next. . . .



The Orphan

O! Beauty can cover her naked child.
She arms it with silver of rain,
And forges a sword for its courage
Of a bleeding sunset's stain.
And into its lips she breathes her song
To sing in the blackness of night,
And fashions swift sandals to lift him
In sure and unconquerable flight.

But Beauty's child is an orphan-child
When she freezes with icy breath
And leaves him naked and cold
To look on the greyness of Death.

Fadean Pleasants, '28.

And What Of Marriage?

FADEAN PLEASANTS, '28

COLORLESS, shrivelled old ladies shake their heads knowingly when young-eyed girls look upon marriage. Oftentimes they say, in less pregnant phrases perhaps, that one enters to find a barred door, and not a shining way out. . . . Young mothers with strength being drained from their bodies into those of time-consuming youngsters, just as often are silent when trousseaus are being planned. . . . Into the voices of new wives there suddenly comes a new tone. It is the tone of one who speaks with authority on all things. It strengthens with time, and makes of its owner an immovable block against which all the idealists of the world might beat their heads, only to dash out their brains. . . . Philosophers have questioned marriage over and over. . . .

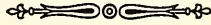
If old women who have accepted everything all of their lives, and near the end of them, cling to the church and hope of heaven because they have nothing surer, advise against marriage; if young mothers with loss of perspective cannot sing its praises; and if this new tone of which I speak is as widespread as I think it is, denoting hopeless plasticity—if these facts are true, then I am fully justified in my skeptical glances at a long-accepted institution.

There is perfect marriage, I assert, although I do not know where. I have not yet seen it in our so-called conventional marriage. The relationship commonly known as "free love," perhaps most nearly approximates perfection. For we must admit to ourselves, whether or not we so wish, that time can change our most intense and beautiful feelings. This, I believe, we are forced to accept out of our own experiences, thereby admitting the inconsistency of our natures, and the consequent inconsistency involved in such a permanent institution as marriage. Society would hold lovers apart and then clamp them together. However perfect the relationship between a man and woman, it is of a temporary nature. For that reason free love does not offer a solution to a puzzled mind, for the question of children and the accompanying necessity of "carrying-over" the relationship immediately arises.

The CORADDI

In any human relationship beauty is inevitably dependent upon the distinctly separate personalities of the individuals. Marriage must be founded, not upon likeness and the drowning of two people in each other's love, but upon differences and essential aloneness. And apparently the goal of marriage is a final merging of two people, a leveling sort of a process, which has come to work quite effectively. There are those who are happy in their oneness. The fathers of these families are no doubt presidents of Kiwanis Clubs, and their wives instigate drives for bigger, better American babies, and entertain at bridge.

There are certain people, however, whom marriage cannot dull to the point of happiness. Out of this small group alone, may come, may have already come people who can be forever alone and self-respecting, and at the same time, eternally married by beauty. At any rate I must believe this, because I am not yet married, and because I believe in a certain eternity of myself through my children.



Sea Spray

You were so still in church today
And listened quietly.
Did you not feel my surging love
Sweep over you like the sea?

From out my pagan soul there rushed
With thunder to your pew
A flying wave that hurled itself
Against the back of you.

And though you did not feel the crash
That tore the vibrant air,
You cannot dust away the spray
That's shining in your hair.

Fadean Pleasants, '28.

The Soul of a Wild Thing

ANNIE LEE BLANVELT, '30

HE PEERED timidly from behind a tall grass blade and then popped quickly out. After folding his long mullen-leaf coat and laying it carefully on a toad stool, he began to tug a heavy acorn cup to the clearing between the grass blades. Then with a run and a leap he filled his arms with pine needles. Under the acorn pot these went and as soon as a lightning-bug could light it, a bright fire was blazing. He wet his finger in the brook and touched it to the pot—Ps-s-s. Yes, it was hot enough.

Then the little elfin creature consulted his book,—“For the Soul of a Wild Creature,” the recipe ran. Quick as a firefly’s flash he leaped into the air and caught a bit of night wind’s sigh; into the pot it went. Then up the long green hair of the weeping willow, and then sliding down he came with a tear from its sorrow safe within his ear. A drop of dew, mirroring all the world in sparkling, changing colors he dropped next into the cup. Then a last ray of the dying sun and a bit of the cool, calm, stealth of the night, and the first, wistful smile of an elfin baby were mixed into the brew.

Then on he popped the cover and sat crosslegged on a toad stool with his chin in his hands, watching for the first star to light its candle. There it was! Down he hopped and off came the cover and a little of the aching void left by lightning was added, very quick, before the thunder could fill it up. After this he waited three ripples of the brook and added the fear all elves have of being caught. Then he put on the cover, added needles to the fire, blew with all his little elfin breath to make the embers blaze. Wrapping his mullen-leaf coat close about him he lay down under the toad stool and slept until the first streak of dawn tickled his nose.

Then from the fire he took the pot and cooled it in the morning dew. At last he took off the cover and turned his back, as the Soul of a Wild Thing slipped into the woods.

The Phantom Rider

He has no face, he has no form;
He is but a voice speaking to me.
All night he rides a shadowy horse
And mournfully sounds a phantom horn
That echoes over a bare and desolate lea.

Like a defeated company the hours troup on
And while the foot-steps beat, beat into my heart,
I sit forever alone.

Sara Dunn Chadwick.



Trees in Autumn

Among the gorgeous laughing trees stand the Puritan pines,
Gravely rebuking the gay trees for their frivolity;
But the colorful trees merely shrug a careless shoulder;
And dance, and dance, and dance.

Sara Dunn Chadwick.

EDITORIALS

Social isolation, we are told, may or may not be a constructive force. When social distance is built up, when an individual holds himself at arms length from the society in which he has his being, he can, obviously, see this society more clearly. From this vantage point, he may meditate upon the processes of the whole, create improvements and contribute to the accumulative cultural forces, and so benefit both himself and society. "Isolation is necessary to the development of the personality. Genius never develops without an element of privacy."

You are wondering what this has to do with a campus problem. Can you conceive of a college community as an example of isolation? "If isolation is synonymous with privacy, by all means no," will probably be your first re-action. And yet—have we not secluded ourselves from a world in which the cultural urge is submerged beneath a mass of economic strife and family relationships? Are we not a selected group, allowed to dispense temporarily with the details of making a living, so that we might have privacy in which to think constructively and so build up new ideals as our contribution to culture?

Or are we right? Can we suppose such an aim as a generality applying to all collegiate institutions? Do we, isolated, learn to think, to create, or do we, isolated, become like W. H. Hudson in his "Plains of Patagonia," who, losing all contact with the world, sank into animal-like habits and retrogressed in culture? When we observe the primitive responses of our students, *en masse*, let us say at the post office, a doubt may well arise.

This is no moral story, directed to painting the glories of our "happy college days," with a plea to "gather ye rosebuds while ye may." It is rather a suggestion that there may be (?) some waste of time during the four-year term at a scholastic institution such as this. Perhaps you are a genius in the making; perhaps this is your opportunity for leisure and privacy in which to develop your masterpiece.

Think about it!

M. Hall.

The CORADDI

We point, with considerable pleasure and appreciation, to an innovation in this issue of the CORADDI, made possible through the kindness of the college library. We refer to our enlarged book review department. Hithertofore, this department has depended for its existence upon chance. If anyone could obtain the new books, they were reviewed; if not, the department became a nonentity. Hoping to remedy this condition and believing that reviews supply a real demand on the part of our students, we consulted Mr. Stone, and through his kindness are now able to secure the new books when they come into the library, write them up, and publish the summaries so that the campus might be informed about the current literature available.

We expect this new scheme to be of worth to us, and hope you will also find it valuable.

BOOK REVIEWS

THE MAD LOVER. Richard Connell. Minton, Balch & Co.

"The Mad Lover" is three hours of the most delightfully light reading out recently. It is an Irish love story, rather improbable—but who can say that? Love makes very nearly everything probable, especially Irish love.

The plot is woven around Jerry Shannon, a rich man's son, with polo his nearest approach to work. He has all of the luxuries of life without turning a hand for them. He is the only child, and adored by his parents—yet they cannot help but be disappointed in his lack of interest in his father's big construction concern.

Then comes along an Irish lass. For the first time in his life Jerry does not get the attention he has always had—in fact, Irene refuses to marry him because of his financial dependence on his father. At first Jerry is furious, but by degrees he realizes how true are the things which Irene said to him. Quite suddenly (a little too suddenly) our hero is indeed a hero. He sells his high-powered cars, his polo ponies, and is off to make his name in the world with only a dollar and ten cents in his pocket.

His road is rough and his trials are many, but Jerry is a very determined somebody, and in a year he has made over the decadent Irish village of his forefathers, and has there a thriving industry of his own. We again wonder at the suddenness of things; but do not allow ourselves to dwell long upon this, for after all it is the happiness and success of our heroes that makes us thrill over a novel.

There are some rare spots in the book—a delightful touch of the Irish brogue, some excellent character descriptions, etc. The author is Richard Connell, and he is as yet classed as new. His style is direct, pleasing, and extremely realistic. The book is printed by Minton, Balch and Co., of New York, and is a 1927 novel—in actuality and in content. Mr. Connell seems very promising in his line, and will probably reach a more serious strain later on.

F. G. Gibson, '28.

The CORADDI

TRISTRAM. Edwin Arlington Robinson. New York: The MacMillan Company. 1927. \$1.50.

Tristram, the third long poem which Edwin Arlington Robinson has centered about the heroes of the Arthurian legends, has secured a hearty round of applause, yielding to him, according to some critics, the foremost place among contemporary American poets. The poem is an adaptation of the epic love story of Tristram and Isolde, sung with philosophical insight and moving power. In the timelessness of love; in the wisdom of Isolde of Brittany, whose heart knows the inevitable loss of the little which Tristram can bring to her need of him; in the completeness of the love of the violet-eyed Isolde of Ireland—Robinson seems to touch sure realities. In this, and in the sustained sense of fatality and the consequent helplessness of the characters, lies the poem's claim to beauty and whatever longevity it may have. The story is in blank verse, almost perfectly finished. Although there are passages of dialogue in which the power of the poem falls to a low point, there are many more descriptive and reflective lines of counter-balancing beauty and force.

Time, no doubt, must enter into the final criterion by which *Tristram*, as well as its singer's place in American poetry, shall be judged.

M. F. P., 28.

FASCISM. Guiseppe Prezzolini, translated by Kathleen Macmillan. E. P. Dutton Co., New York. \$2.50.

A concise, readable description of the rise and development of that remarkable movement in Italy. The author does not try to write a history of Fascism at this early stage, but he does attempt to regard the growth of the Fascisti from as impartial an historical standpoint as possible in order to reconstruct events in their true historical setting and to enlighten those foreigners who do not understand conditions in his country. He gives a valuable explanation of the origin and composition of the Fascist party, describes Mussolini and other leaders, and interprets the activities and attitudes of the Fascist state toward culture, Catholicism, and foreign affairs. The book is altogether a rational and impartial interpretation of Fascism, and, without going too deeply into philosophy, proves a helpful mediation between the adversaries and the

The CORADDI

ardent supporters of Fascism. Prezzolini finished his work in 1924, but the translator, Miss MacMillan, has added a chapter on important new developments in 1925-26, which brings the book up to date and furnishes a more complete analysis of the present situation.

C. Guignard, '29.

MARCO MILLIONS, a play. Eugene O'Neil. Boni & Liveright.

In connection with the sociological problem of amassed wealth, Eugene O'Neil by means of Polo Bros. and Son treats upon this subject in no uncertain terms. To be sure, Marco Polo, a typical example of the most wealthy, was a Christian and had an immortal soul; of course he had a scrupulous sense of duty; of course he never took advantage of the poor,—yea, of course he was a Christian hero in strife—all wealthy people are! Certainly O'Neil did well to modernize such a famous character in history since he presented to our present day business man the honorable way to amass a fortune! In no place does O'Neil fail to smear his blunt penned words to advantage in irritating the reader against the egoistic, all powerful, money master with the Christian soul. O'Neil indeed plays with his words masterfully.

K. Hardeman, '28.

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