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CORADDI

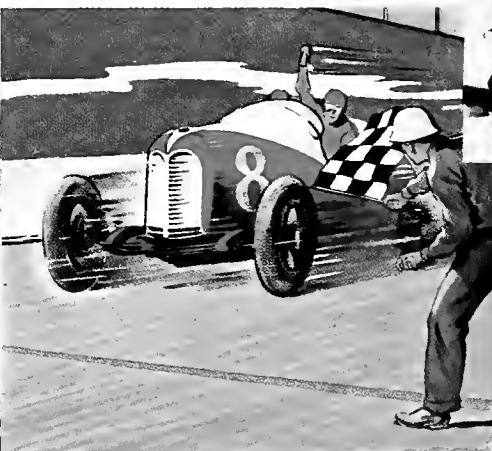
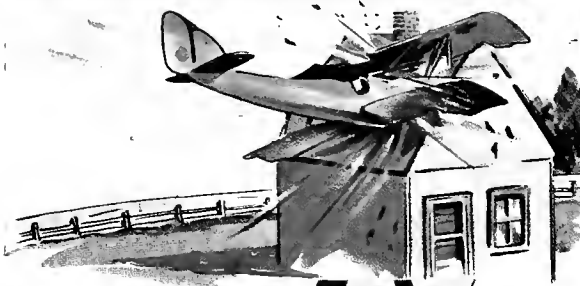
IT'S A THRILLING LIFE!

Folks who risk their lives as a matter of course are careful in their choice of a cigarette. They say:

"CAMELS NEVER GET ON YOUR NERVES"



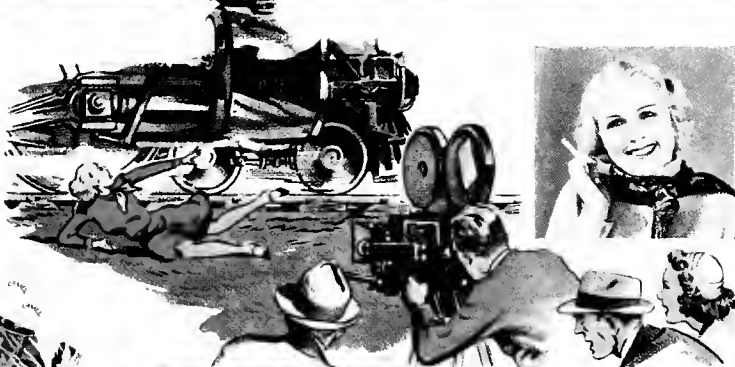
MAN THROWS LION! Mel Koontz, noted lion and tiger tamer, schools "big cats" for Hollywood films. Sketch (left) shows Mel meeting the lunge of a savage 450-pound beast. That's where nerve-power tells—as Mel *knows!* He says this: "Camels don't jangle my nerves—my mind is at rest as to that! Camels are *milder*—the natural mildness that's *grown* right in the tobacco. We animal tamers stick to Camels!"



(Right) CRASHING A PLANE through a house is the spectacular specialty of Stunt Pilot Frank Frakes. And, at this writing, he's done it *53 times*—on movie locations, at exhibitions. Time after time, with his life actually in his hands, it's easy to understand why Pilot Frakes says: "I take every precaution to keep my nerves steady as a rock. Naturally, I'm particular about the cigarette I smoke. And you can bet my choice is Camel. I can smoke as many as I want and feel fresh; never a bit jittery or upset."



(Above) **THREE TIMES** Lou Meyer won the Indianapolis auto-racing classic—only driver in history to achieve this amazing triple-tes of nerve control. He says: "My nerves must be every bit as sound as the motor in my racer. That's why I go for Camels. They never get on my nerves a bit. Camels take first place with me for *mildness!*"



(Left) **THRILLING STUNTS** for the movies! Ione Reed needs healthy nerves! Naturally, Miss Reed chooses her cigarette with care. "My nerves," she says, "must be right—and no mistake! So I stick to Camels. Even smoking Camels steadily doesn't bother my nerves. In fact, Camels give me a grand sense of comfort. And they taste so good! Stunt men and women favor Camels."

Camels are a matchless blend of finer, **MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS**—Turkish and Domestic



PEOPLE DO APPRECIATE THE **COSTLIER TOBACCOS** IN CAMELS

THEY ARE THE **LARGEST-SELLING** CIGARETTE IN AMERICA

Copyright, 1938, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.

Meet these men who live with tobacco from planting to marketing—and note the cigarette they smoke



"Most tobacco planters I know prefer Camels," says grower Tony Strickland, "because Camel buys the fine grades of tobacco—my own and those of other growers. And Camel bids high to get these finer lots. It's Camels for me!"



Planter David E. Wells knows every phase of tobacco culture... the "inside" story of tobacco quality. "At sale after sale," he says, "Camel buys up my finest grades at top prices. It's natural for most planters like me to smoke Camels."



"I ought to know finer tobaccos make finer cigarettes," says grower John T. Caraway. "I've been smoking Camels for 23 years. Camel pays more to get my finest tobacco—many's the year. Camels are the big favorite with planters here."

CORADDI

STUDENT PUBLICATION OF THE
WOMAN'S COLLEGE
OF THE
UNIVERSITY OF NORTH CAROLINA

OCTOBER, 1938
VOLUME 43 NUMBER 1

Rose Field is a special student who takes only courses in writing. Her Patty Simmons, "Will's" wife, gives a humorous and artful account of a trip to the city. You haven't read it before.

Gwendolyn Gay, Junior, writes a poem almost every day—for the practice. And they aren't of the Edgar Ghastly style.

The staff members have been here before and you probably know them. Eleanor Ross has turned from poetry to short story writing for a while. Mildred Howell is from Asheville and heard some of the storm that followed the publishing of *Look Homeward Angel*.

The art work in *Coraddi* this year will be included for its own worth and not for illustration. Nancy Stockard and Elizabeth Holt are Freshmen. "Right Passage" has to do with the auditorium—not with your morals.



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All-American Honor Rating

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THE DUNES
Mary Burgess

Thomas Wolfe and His Home

By Mildred Howell

“**T**HEN the train, running always with its smooth, powerful, almost noiseless movement, has left the station and the square behind it. The last outposts of the town appear and vanish in patterns of small, lonely light, and there is nothing but huge and secret night before us, the lonely, everlasting earth, and presently Virginia.

“And surely, now, there is nothing, nothing by night but darkness and a space we call Virginia through which the huge projectile of the train is hurtling onward in the dark.

“What is it that we know so well and cannot speak? What is it that we want to say and cannot tell? What is it that keeps swelling in our hearts its grand and solemn music, that is aching in our throats, that is pulsing like a strange wild grape through all the conduits of our blood, that maddens us with its exultant and intolerable joy and that leaves us the tongueless, workless, maddened by our fury to the end? . . . We hurtle onward driven by our hunger down the blind and brutal tunnel of ten thousand furious and kaleidoscopic days, the victims of the cruel impulse of a million chance and fleeting moments, without a wall at which to thrust the shoulder of our strength, a roof to hide us in our nakedness, a place to build on, or a door.”

Thus Thomas Wolfe wrote in *Of Time and the River*, describing a trip from Asheville, North Carolina (called Altamont in the book) to Baltimore, Maryland. Back over this same route recently came Thomas Wolfe's body, silent and unknowing. It is unbelievable that the vibrant, never motionless man should be silent forevermore.

For Thomas Wolfe was coming back to the place of his birth to be buried. To the Altamont of literary fame, they were bringing him; to his family and his friends for the last time. He had died on September 15, 1938, at Johns Hopkins Hospital in Baltimore from a cerebral infection brought on by pneumonia. And Asheville, the South, the nation had lost a man of let-

ters, still immatured, but already singularly outstanding.

Asheville felt keenly the loss of her native son. Shocked, stunned, she grieved over the death of Tom Wolfe. Proud that such as this man had come out of her hills, ashamed at her misunderstanding of him, and self-reproachful that she had not recognized him sooner, Asheville bowed her head in homage. Tom Wolfe's funeral was held at the First Presbyterian Church, which the author had attended as a boy, and he was buried in the Riverside Cemetery. It is fitting that he was buried here, near the grave of William Sydney Porter, better known to most as O. Henry. At the funeral, Dr. Robert F. Campbell spoke, telling of how he had known Tom Wolfe as a boy. During the service, Dr. Campbell said, "He gave promise of a star of the first magnitude, had he lived to reach the maturity of his powers."

Different indeed, was Wolfe's last reception from the one promised him several years ago. In 1929, Thomas Wolfe's first book, *Look Homeward, Angel*, came out. Rumors reached Asheville that a book had been written based on that town; and, immensely flattered, the tourist town had its book stores immediately stock up. The books were sold. All went very well; that is, until the book was read. Did I say read? In his publication, *The Story of a Novel*, Mr. Wolfe said: "I thought that there might be a hundred people in that town who would read the book, but if there were a hundred outside of the negro population, the blind, and the positively illiterate who did not read it, I do not know where they are. For months the town seethed with a fury of resentment which I had not believed possible. The book was denounced from the pulpit by the ministers of the leading churches. Men collected on street corners to denounce it. For weeks the women's clubs, bridge parties, teas, receptions, book clubs, the whole complex fabric of a small town's social life was absorbed by an outraged clamor. I received anonymous letters full of vilification and abuse, one which threatened to kill me if I came back home, others, which were merely

obscene. One venerable old lady, whom I had known all my life, wrote me that although she had never believed in lynch law, she would do nothing to prevent a mob from dragging my 'big overgrown karkus' across the public square. She informed me further, that my mother had taken to her bed 'as white as a ghost' and would 'never rise from it again.'" The reception in his beloved homeland of his first novel hurt Tom Wolfe.

Outside of Asheville, there was a different reaction. Enthusiastic approval was the general keynote of the reading public as well as of the critics. Round after round of warm applause was followed by real recognition of the man's ability. *Look Homeward, Angel* and *Of Time and the River* have both won a high place in American Literature, but especially the first named has been read and acclaimed by millions.

Asheville's bitter resentment came from the presumption that the characters in *Look Homeward, Angel* had been drawn from real life and were representative of the persons in real life that they resembled in the book. Yet in the preface to *Look Homeward, Angel*, there are these words: "But we are the sums of all the moments of our lives—all that is ours is in them: we cannot escape or conceal it. If the writer has used the play of life to make his book, he has only used what all men must, what none can keep from using. A novelist may turn over half the people in a town to make a single figure in his novel." No one could deny the truth of this statement. But what of the startling similarity of names, events, and places? The life of Eugene Gant, central figure of Tom Wolfe's first two books, is quite apparently that of the author, Thomas Wolfe. Chapel Hill must be the Pulpit Hill of the novel; Asheville, Altamont; Biltmore, an estate and a suburb of Asheville, Biltburn; Durham, Exeter, also a cathedral town in England. Names that peopled his pages had been changed only slightly from the names that peopled Asheville and Chapel Hill.

Yet the identification of characters and incidents by readers was certainly overdone. Thomas Wolfe said further, in his *The Story of a Novel*, "It was my experience to be assured by people from my native town not only that

they remembered incidents and characters in my first book, which may have had some basis in actuality, but also that they remembered incidents which so far as I know, had no historical basis whatsoever. For example, there was one scene in the book in which a stonecutter is represented as selling to a notorious woman of the town a statue of a marble angel which he has treasured for many years. So far as I know, there was no basis in fact for this story, and yet I was informed by several people later that they not only remembered the incident perfectly, but had actually been witness to the transaction. Nor was this the end of the story. I heard that one of the newspapers sent a reporter and a photographer to the cemetery and a photograph was printed in the paper with a statement to the effect that the angel was the now famous angel which had stood upon the stonecutter's porch for so many years and had given the title to my book. The unfortunate part of this proceeding was that I had never seen or heard of this angel before, and that this angel was, in fact, erected over the grave of a well known Methodist lady who had died a few years before and that her indignant family had immediately written the paper to demand a retraction of its story, saying that their mother had been in no way connected with the infamous book or the infamous angel which had given the infamous book its name."

Wolfe's own statement of what happened is: "... the young writer is often led through inexperience to a use of the materials of life which are, perhaps, somewhat too naked and direct for the purpose of a work of art. The thing a young writer is likely to do is to confuse the limits between actuality and reality. He tends unconsciously to describe an event in such a way because it actually happened that way, and from an artistic point of view, I can now see that this is wrong." Thomas Wolfe was still in his twenties when his first book was brought out. Still further on, he said, "all serious work in fiction is autobiographical."

Thomas Clayton Wolfe, like Eugene Gant of his novel, was born in Asheville, North Carolina, on October 3, 1900. According to his own words, he was "completely equipped with all appurtenances, dependences, screws, cocks, faucets, hooks, eyes, nails, considered necessary for completeness of appearance, harmony of parts, and unity of effect in this most energetic,

driving, and competitive world. He was the complete male in miniature, the tiny acorn from which the mighty oak must grow, the heir of all the ages, the inheritor of unfulfilled renown, the child of progress, the darling of the budding Golden Age—." This package of potentialities was the youngest of several children of William Oliver Wolfe and Julia Elizabeth Westall, the Gants, it has been said, of Altamont. Eugene Gant's father was described as vigorous, huge in size, explosive in temperament, a wanderer at heart, clashing violently with his wife, who had the acquirement of property so ingrained in her that it became her aim in life to have the security that she felt would come from the ownership of land and operation of a boarding house—she had little faith in the ability of her husband to provide security for her. Eliza was shrewd, ruthless in driving a bargain; and her faculty for knowing real value was looked up to and relied upon by all the men in the family.

Some of Mr. Wolfe's best writing was done when he was describing the passionate quarrels and battles of spirit that blazed forth between the members of the Gant clan. Eugene's father's awkward and rare attempts at tenderness or affection, his vitriolic outbursts upon waking in the morning, his rage that mounted to savagery when his body and mind were subjected to the ravages of the fiery liquor he craved, furnish emotion that fills page after page of magnetic prose.

What sort of a person was Wolfe to produce such as this? What elements in his life converged in his books? Tom Wolfe had his first education in the North State school in the heart of Asheville. From there he went to a private academy to prepare himself further. Even at that early time, his flair for literature and creative composition were apparent. The boy read everything that he could find at home, in the city library, and at school. Nor did he limit himself to the conventional type of boyish books—he read classics, fiction, non-fiction. Through the personality of Eugene Gant in *Look Homeward, Angel*, the reader gets a glimpse into the personality of Thomas Wolfe. Sensitive, impressionable, Wolfe's mind was imprinted by his extensive reading. He felt oppressed by the personalities by which he found himself surrounded. One feels, in reading Wolfe's story of his youth, a sense of yearning

for something unknown but sharply needed, something for which his very soul reached. Throughout his writing, Thomas Wolfe manifested a thwarted youth, a heartrending inner struggle with himself and the elements that opposed him.

From the academy, Thomas Wolfe went to the University of North Carolina. There, the emotional, gangling mass of personality that was all of six feet seven inches tall and had not yet filled out to his later maturity of about two hundred and fifty pounds was miserable during his freshman and most of his sophomore years. Awkward and not used to the traditional university life, the lad was the butt of many cruel jokes, innocent and otherwise. "An awkward mountaineer," some of the boys of the campus called him. A graphic, though probably exaggerated account of his sufferings is to be found in the make-up of his first book. The worm turned, however; and by his senior year, Thomas Clayton Wolfe was recognized a man of brilliance, and was one of the most popular men on the campus at Chapel Hill. His hard labors on the college paper and magazine, his commendable plays and acting, and his ability as a student, with his increased capacity for making and holding friends, won for him his high campus rating. Among his classmates and friends there, were Paul Green and Jonathan Daniels. Having finished at the University of North Carolina in 1920, Thomas Wolfe then went to Harvard for his Master's Degree. This he obtained in 1922. Two years of teaching English at New York University and two years abroad culminated in his first book.

In *The Story of a Novel*, Wolfe tells of the struggles a young writer has to get started. "I think that is one of the hardest times a writer goes through. There is no standard, no outward judgment, by which he can measure what he has done. By day I would write for hours in big ledgers which I had bought for the purpose; then at night I would lie in bed and fold my hands behind my head and think of what I had done that day and hear the solid, leather footbeat of the London bobby as he came by my window, and remember that I was born in North Carolina and wonder why the hell I was now in London lying in the darkened bed, and thinking about words I had that day put down on paper. I would get a

great, hollow, utterly futile feeling inside me, and then I would get up and switch on the light and read the words I had written that day, and then I would wonder: why am I here now? Why have I come?" It took about two and a half years of such racking effort for him to complete *Look Homeward, Angel*, which was three hundred and fifty thousand words long before it was cut. At the time of his death, Thomas Wolfe had published two long books, several shorter ones, numerous articles on current affairs and literature, and had written over a million more words, as yet not published.

Time moved on, as time must, and by the first of 1937 Asheville had forgotten her grievances and honestly welcomed Tom Wolfe back to his home town. On his way to Asheville, Mr. Wolfe stopped off to visit Chapel Hill. Students and faculty swarmed about him as he went about the campus and town exchanging greetings. He was especially eager to see Prof. Koch, Professor W. S. Bernard, and Professor Horace Williams, whom he regarded as among his most stimulating teachers. And then he came home. He was glad to be there. He was seen again walking about the streets by day and by night,

an arresting figure, a giant in body and in mind. Among the places that he visited was the Asheville Citizen-Times office. That was the paper the boy Tom had carried a route for, and he had never lost his affection for it. He would go there and talk, often, to the newsmen, who listened spellbound to the streams of fascinating words he spoke. For Thomas Wolfe talked as prolifically as he wrote.

Away from Asheville once again, Tom Wolfe travelled, and taught, and wrote. There was news that he would return to North Carolina to live and work, but in the summer of 1938 the fatal illness began. He was unable to fulfill "the sense" that he belonged to North Carolina, which Jonathan Daniels says "seemed to be growing in Wolfe and in the state."

Mr. Daniels adds fittingly, "There will be no homecoming nor welcome now. Only a body went home, home to the hills of the Pentlands, home to the Altamont of the Gants. But it went properly home to his earth. Restless and wandering as Tom Wolfe was in his living, the chance is that he would have been restless and unhappy dead in any earth but his own."



MADISON AVENUE
Elizabeth Root

Granny

By Eleanor Ross

THE school bus travelled up the red hill and stoppd in front of a two-storied pine house before it reached the line of woods at the hill's crown. A white-haired child swung herself from the high step so lightly that her freckled feet made a smooth imprint in the dust; then scuttled across the clay yard and through the dark doorway into the house. She passed a door with a white china knob and a flight of unbannistered steps, turned into the last door on the left, and set her feet down carefully on the splintered floor.

The kitchen was warm and smelled of pepper and gravy. Victoria jerked up the cloth that covered the food on the blunt-legged table and stuck her head partly under it. She dropped a purple reader beside the wall and reached underneath the cloth.

There was a light sound of feet in the back bedroom.

"I wouldn't a thought 'twere time for that e'er schooltruck." Granny stood in the doorway, sucking her snuff-brush. Her head, with its abundant hair and the broad nose flanked by a black mole, moved unsteadily on her round shoulders.

Victoria pulled a thick skin, with some of the ruddy flesh clinging to it, from the sweet potato in her hand. "Where's Mamma?"

"She's coming, out by the crib. Ya daddy had a piece of work down at the new ground he wanted to get shed of, and she's been down to help him out."

But Victoria had already jumped off the high back porch and was running to meet them. Her mother was walking with long soft steps along the path, her head slung forward. Her brown hair was pushed behind her ears onto her neck, her thick eyebrows pulled down over her squinting eyes. Up the path from the woods Charley came suddenly running, his stomach and lower lip pushed out, his fists clenched, his mouth making a noise like a motor. He ran to Victoria and reached up for the potato. She peeled another strip of skin and let him bite with his front teeth and wet young lips.

"I just now got chere," she told her mother.

"You better pull off that-there dress, and save it." Her mother walked softly on. "Your old red's good enough for here at home."

"I won't hurt this-here."

"Well, be careful."

They followed her to the house, Charley kicking the gravel against his toenails, and accelerating the engine noises.

Granny had pulled the fan-backed rocker up to the window and was rocking while she rubbed her gums with the snuff-brush. A green butterfly flew through the window and hit against the ceiling. Charley spoke to it, running about the room, and jumping up towards it.

"Little old cabbage butterfly," said his mother, slapping it down.

Charley burst into tears.

His mother pulled the cloth off the table and hung it on a nail by the window. She looked over the dishes and jars and frowned.

"I reckon I'll have to cook biscuits. . . . Dry up, Charley!"

Charley cried out loud, touching the butterfly with his toe, but his mother raked the ashes out of the stove-box and clanked the door shut.

"Twon't nethin' but jest a little old cabbage butterfly. Now shut up. Old green cabbage butterfly, come from a worm."

Charley laid his face on the floor and sniffled. Victoria sat down beside him and began to turn pages in the purple primer.

"Mamma used to always want a little hot supper," their mother said, "if it won't nethin' but hoe-cake." She was lighting a kindling splinter, her voice dolorous. "But I can't be makin' fires in the stove ever night of a year." She stood looking down at the blaze. "But if it was to do over again and I knowed what I know now, I'd do it. I'd of pampered her more if I knowed what I know now."

She put the wooden dough tray on one corner of the table and began sifting flour.

"Now, Mae, you couldn't be expected to know she was really a-sufferin'," Granny said from the window. "Allus complainin'. Ever day of her life complainin' of her health." She looked at the crows that were flapping about the edge of the woods. "Why, when ya mammy was a baby, looked like she jest wouldn't live. Many a time I thought she was dyin'. Allus sickly."

"Maybe she'd lived longer if I'd of fed her right," Mae kneaded the dough with bent fingers. "Jest fussed at her complainin', and her suffering all along," she mourned. "And do seem like she set more by me than e'er other of the younguns."

"Now, Mae, you got to stop grievin' yourself over what's done; can't be helped. No use thinkin' about it no more." Granny took her toothbrush up from where she had laid it on the window sill. "Nobody spected you to give in to all her notions."

"I fussed at her," Mae said. "No call for a lot of it." She shifted her heels toward Granny, bent her head over the dough.

A dirty cat walked in from the doorstep and sat down under the table. Charley reached toward it, stretching himself across the floor. The cat shut both eyes and kicked itself under the chin with a hind foot. Mae snuffled, and cleared her throat, then spoke half to herself. "Got to send for some soda next passing to town."

"Aah?" Granny stopped rocking.

Mae's eyelids flicked. "Nothin'." She unhooked the biscuit pan from its nail behind the stove. Granny spat weakly out the window.

"Jest spit all over yourself!" Mae knocked the pan against the side of the stove. "Takes some soap to wash clothes."

Granny dabbed at the brown spots of her skirt. "Wa'n't noticin'," she whispered.

Victoria fixed her green eyes on Granny. She got up from the floor. "I'm going to go to the scuppernon' vine." Charley got up too. "You stay here, Charley," she said authoritatively, "them old seeds'll make you sick."

Charley tightened his lips and dived into the hall.

There was a rap of knuckles on the floor of the back porch. Mae stepped to the door. A bald man stood in the yard, his hat in his hand, and his shirt unfastened at the cuffs and collar. In the road behind him a shiny black car was stopped.

"—You-all got any apples to sell?"

Mae rubbed dough pellets from her fingers. "How many'd you count on getting?"

"Could you spare me a bushel?"

"I don't know as we could get a bushel," Mae said. "Been selling, off and on. Might get two or three pecks."

Granny walked out. "Two or three pecks what?"

The man hesitated, then put his hand into his pocket.

"I'll take many as you got."

Granny, one arm thrust behind her back, stopped her toothbrush before it reached her mouth.

"Many as you got what?"

"Apples," Mae said shortly.

Granny closed her mouth over the brush. She looked at the man. "You Tom Biles' boy?"

He grinned. "Naw, ma'am, he's my uncle."

"Aah?"

"My uncle," the man said.

"Uncle. I knowed they was kin in there. Seen the favor. Well, now, who was your daddy? Joe Biles?"

"Yes, ma'am, that's right."

Mae had returned to the porch with her arm around a splint basket.

"Why, I remember Joe Biles just as well," Granny was talking fast. "We used to go to school together. Went over to Wharftown, and had to cross the river on a footlog. Sometimes the river'd rise so high outen its banks, school'd close."

"You better git in the house, Granny," Mae said.

"Aah?" Granny took out her toothbrush and listened with her mouth open.

"I say, keep Charley while we git apples," Mae said loudly. "Victoria! Come down to the trees, help pick." She bustled around the corner of the house and the man followed.

Granny turned slowly to the kitchen, and, after laying her brush beside the shiny snuff-box on the water-stand, washed out her mouth with a swallow of water from the tin dipper.

She stood over the dough a moment, her thin hands twitching.

"Twon't please her," she said to Victoria, "but I'll make 'em out anyway."

Victoria walked to the front porch slowly, stopped there, and rubbed her toe against the top step. The road descended along the left side of the house and went up into the wooded hill to the west. From the steps a path ran to the spring at the foot of the hill, circling the unfenced garden on the slope. The dry black-berry briars were thick around the spring, and the crickets and grasshoppers buzzed in the grasses there.

Victoria jumped off the steps and ran to one of the apple trees below the garden. Her daddy was there, picking with the other two. His blue eyes were bold and sparkling between his bearded cheeks and the bill of his old brown cap.

"Howdy, gall!"

He took a large apple from the tree.

"Oh, my, George, ain't that a pretty one?" Mae said.

He tossed it to her, and she wiped it on her skirt and bit eagerly.

Victoria walked from one tree to another, picking the apples from the lower limbs. Under some of the trees brown cores were lying; they gave a sweet smell to the air. She walked back to the basket, her skirt full. Mae was there talking with the man.

"Naw, that wa'n't my mother." Mae paused. "Ma died back in the spring." She studied the apple, then bit it slowly. "Thought a whole lot o' me, I reckon Ma did."

Her husband flung a couple of apples into the basket. "Old folks git in the way." He reached for another apple. "Don't you think she was e'er bit crazier about you than Granny is, and you wouldn't do n'e'er bit better by her if she was to come back tomorrow."

Mae stood mute. The beautiful apple dropped from her hand to the ground and lay there, bitten side up.

George looked at it. "Well, I'm damned," he said. "Don't you know they bring two dollars a bushel?"

Candid Campusite

By Ellen Meade Wilson
And Jean Church

*The air is bright. It's filled with fall, and youthful hearts are burning
To live and love and laugh along the rocky course of learning.
The campus is alive again with mighty minds abounding,
With thoughtful theses, learned lore, and football cheers resounding.
A multitude of maidens seek their studies, never weary,
And girlish laughter rises like the shrieks of the Valkyrie.
Succurrant on intent upon the super lux of knowledge;
Amabant much the thrill to be at last attained to college.
And glancing from the flashibus of education's lampus,
The younger generation forms the Spirit of the Campus.
This mighty spirit, racing on, through classes, games, and dorms,
Is manifold, and oft assumes the most prosaic forms.*

*For instance note this hearty lass
Whose much bewildered gaze
Is fastened on the players
Of the current hockey craze.
Her reasoning so bracing;
For suddenly she screams, "I see!
The ball is what they're chasing!"*



*Theatric splendor owes its all
To those behind the scenes
Who labor long in overalls
Devising ways and means,
With aid of paintbrush, grease and oil,
A hammer and a nail,
To make a piece of cardboard seem
A wondrous woodland vale.*



*This lover's knot entangled here—
A strange and wondrous sight,
Is quite the natural thing in school
One sees it every night.
So look not on the odd array
In horrified malignment.
It's just an enterprising child
Preparing her assignment.*



*This maiden has been set the task,
With deeper probes and deeper,
To analyze and ostracize
The innocent amoeba.
With learned frown and archéd brow
And countenance benign,
She calmly states in blasé tones
"There ain't no nucleus in mine."*



*That bloom of youth, that fresh appeal
That seems so unaffected,
Is not accomplished in the way
That poets have suspected.
It comes about as slow result
Of lengthy concentrations
On curls, and creams, and lengthy tomes
Of beauty innovations.*

*"The mail goes on!" was once the cry,
But P. O. regulations
Are not in fashion here it seems;
Hence all the lamentations
Of "What! No mail again! Ye Gods!"
But having found no letter,
She heaves a sigh as she concludes
A dust cloth would be better.*



*Behind a tree, beneath the bridge,
Or plastered on the ceiling,
Those maidens majoring in art
Lend atmospheric feeling.
In them, if we can look beyond
This embryonic stage,
We'll see a new conception of
A new artistic age.*

No Remedy Yet

By Elizabeth Pettigrew

NOT long ago Uncle Sam was troubled to note that in spite of his large expenditures for expert advice and treatment, the gout in his right foot was growing steadily worse. The infection was spreading to other parts of his body and slowing down all of his activities. After all, why make shoes if he could not wear them? And if his condition got much worse, he would soon be unable to enjoy the shiny new cars. So the patient old gentleman gathered up some more money bags and resolved this time to obtain, if possible, a full diagnosis of his major illness and to consult more specialists.

The head physician, President Roosevelt, insisted that all of Uncle Sam's ailments were mental, and were the result of worries over his economic status. His chief worry, economic problem number one, the President insisted, was the South. He decided to begin his treatment of the patient by having a committee of Specialists, representatives of each Southern State, and headed by North Carolina's own Dr. Frank Graham, prepare a report on this major problem. In due course, these specialists gave their report. It was a brief one, but it seemed to touch upon each problem of the section and gave short analyses of all. The problem was further illuminated by the appearance of Jonathan Daniels' book, *A Southerner Discovers the South*, in which an outstanding Southerner gives a frank discussion of the conditions he found while traveling through the section.

The picture these men give of the South is not a pretty one. Absentee ownership, lack of sufficient credit and capital, poor educational facilities, high taxes, bad housing, and ill health have made many people lead lives of abject poverty. Soil erosion and lack of crop diversification, low prices for cotton and tobacco, a shrinking foreign market have almost ruined others financially. The tenancy system and woman and child labor have been ignored too long. These leaders asked that the people of the nation face these problems, realize their significance, and help work out a solution.

It was agreed that the South's greatest assets are her population and her natural resources. The birth rate is the highest in the nation, although a great many native born persons later move to other sections. There is a super abundance of such natural resources as soil, forests, naval stores, fish, game, minerals, soft coal, crude oil, natural gas, hydro-electric power. However, the people have not had the necessary capital to develop and use these resources. With the lowest average income of the nation Southern people could hardly build up either credit or capital. Banking laws which require marketable securities for loans make obtaining credit too difficult. As a last resort financial help has been obtained from other sections to develop the South's resources and supply credit. This has given important policy-making powers to these outside investors. For this reason, the businesses are often operated for personal gain rather than for the good of the people as a whole.

The tenancy system which developed after the War Between the States has left the South a large number of shiftless, poverty-stricken, ignorant people. It has encouraged the two-crop economy, because it is easier to divide cotton and tobacco than dairy products, poultry, vegetable crops, and fruit crops. The tenants move often, sometimes once a year, and their environment is seldom benefited by these changes. Their homes are usually tiny hovels without any modern facilities. Many suffer from malnutrition and its resulting diseases. The tenant must still depend upon his landlord or a merchant for credit, and, therefore, when the crops are sold, he has only a small amount of money left after these debts are paid. The economic report gave the number of tenant families as 1,831,000, of whom about two-thirds are white people.

Although the Southern States devote a much larger share of their taxes to school than do states in other sections, the average amount spent on each child in the South is much smaller than the amount spent in other sections. New York spends about five times as much per child, as Mississippi. The South has one-third of the chil-

dren in the nation to educate, but only one-sixth of the school revenues. The teachers in the South are generally agreed to be as good as those elsewhere, although their salaries are smaller. Overcrowded conditions in many Southern Schools, however, present a difficulty hard for even an excellent teacher to overcome. In the field of higher education Yale and Harvard together have greater endowments than all the colleges and universities in the South.

While this report was being prepared, the new drive for economic equality in the freight rates case was initiated. The two reasons for rate differences, which were given as the higher cost of construction in the South as a result of natural barriers such as swamps, and the small loads furnished by the young industries and the farmers, are no longer existent. Wage differences can no longer be used as argument since the wage-hour law will soon level off the differences. No decision has been reached yet in the case.

After having obtained his diagnosis, Uncle Sam was surprised to notice that most of his doctors could suggest few new remedies. They seemed inclined to continue the old treatments with a possible change in the strength of the medicine or the methods of application. Then other doctors began a critical analysis of the effects of those medicines.

Last spring chief surgeon, Henry Wallace, had described his plan of treatment as one leading to a "balanced abundance" for both consumer and producer. He greatly emphasized soil conservation. No one could deny that this is needed, as the South has about twenty-two million acres of soil which was once fertile, but is now irreparably ruined. More land is being destroyed every year. Special provisions were made for the production of corn, wheat, cotton, tobacco, rice. A system of allotments was, of course, prominent in the program. Storage loans were provided for farmers with a surplus on hand, so that these farmers could store their excess produce until prices go up, and there is a greater demand. Marketing quotas are given these farmers to keep the surpluses off the market. This was subject to the approval of two-thirds of the farmers taking part in a referendum held to determine their position on the program. Wallace and his advisers hoped that farmers with

surpluses would refrain from planting the same crop the next year and would plant in its place legumes to help the soil.

Crop control produced rather painful effects. Most people agreed that it was beneficial when applied right; it certainly had worked well for some other pains. So during the past year Uncle Sam spent nineteen million dollars for crop control in North Carolina alone. When marketing time came, however, protests were heard from all over the tobacco belt. One farmer with a small acreage got a large allotment, whereas his immediate neighbor with a large acreage got a much smaller allotment. Similar cases were numerous. The cotton farmers were complaining as loudly as the tobacco growers. In spite of controlled production, the prices were disappointingly low.

Objections to the whole prescription were voiced by some. They pointed out that it was causing the American farmer to lose his place in the world market. For example, since the government has tried to reduce cotton acreage, world production of cotton has increased seventy-five percent. Instead of supplying sixty-three percent of the world's supply as formerly, American farmers now only raise forty-six percent. In spite of these facts most farmers continue to believe in a fair system of crop control.

Better marketing methods are unquestionably among the most serious needs of the farmer today. Of all the money spent on crop control in North Carolina, only one-half of one percent is spent on marketing. Last year the buyers walked off the floor of a large North Carolina tobacco warehouse because the piles were improperly graded. The efforts of those particular farmers to get their loads to market were wasted. They had to regrade their tobacco as best they could and clear up the floor before selling could be resumed. Some farmers lose whole piles of tobacco in warehouses where the people are careless. The farmer who knows how to prepare his produce for market carefully and attractively can get better prices. Furthermore, many more products could be kept from one year to the next if the farmers knew the proper method of putting them away.

During the past summer North Carolina tobacco farmers were given courses in grading tobacco. These sorting schools were held in the

different counties so that interested farmers could more easily attend them, and were under the direction of W. P. Hedrick, tobacco marketing specialist for the North Carolina Department of Agriculture. It is hoped that this beginning in marketing aid will develop into a marketing program which helps the farmers with many other products such as pork, poultry, dairy-foods, vegetables.

Tariff, a favorite grudge of the farmer, is being discussed as much as ever. The government has experimented with artificial trade stimulus in the exporting of wheat. The domestic price is kept high, but the export price

is made very low. A moderate government subsidy now makes up for this loss, and export trade does not shrink. This plan is too expensive, however, to be applied to other products.

Uncle Sam has indeed tried many tonics, but he still has a very bad case of gout in that right foot. For the first time, however, he really seems determined to exhaust every possible cure until the pain lessens. Perhaps he will eventually work out a prescription that will transform the South so that it will no longer be economic problem number one, a colony exploited economically by the other sections, but will again assume its rightful position in the nation.

Tide-Out Calm

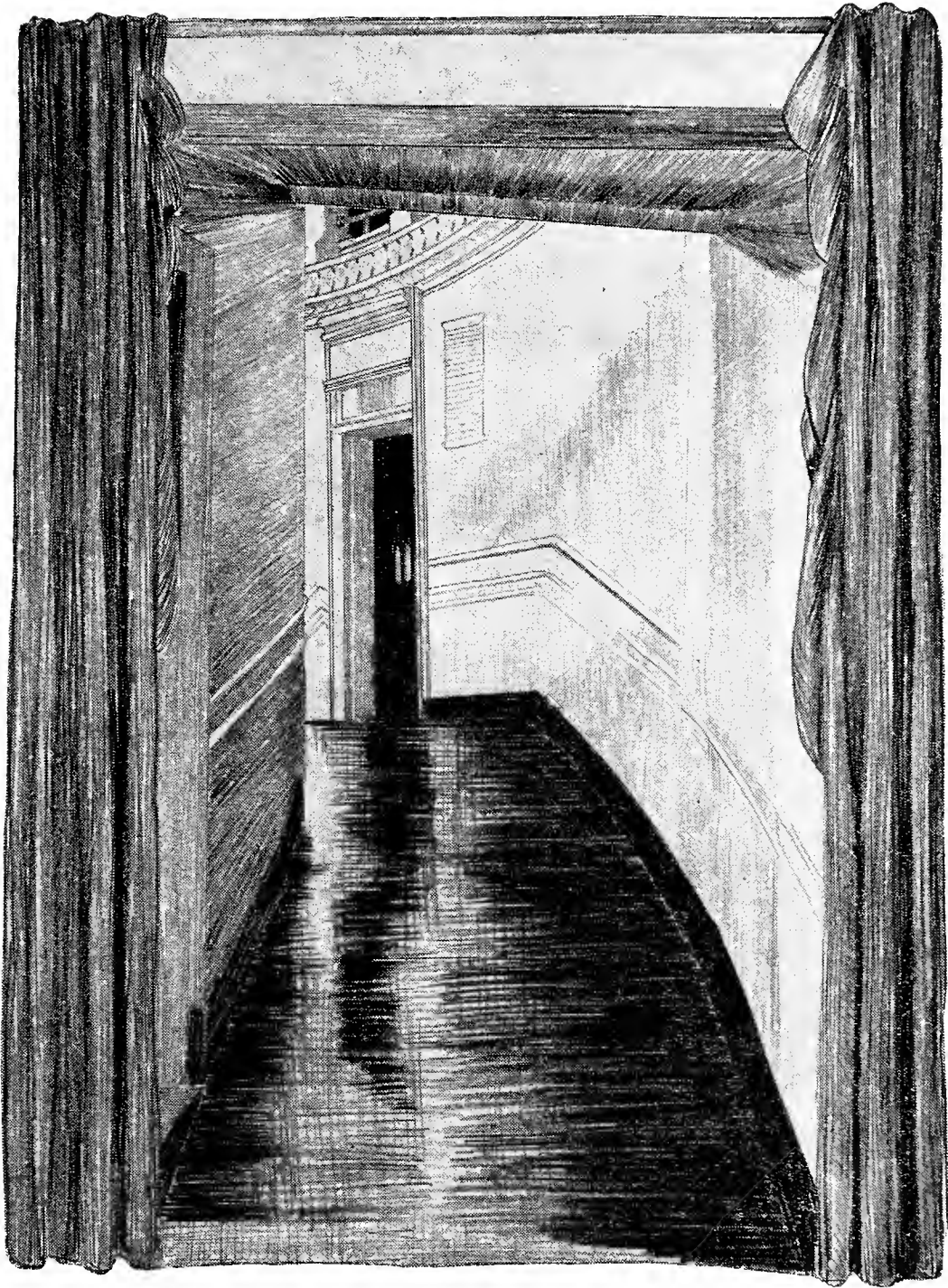
Gwendolyn Gay

*Tide has bared the beach of waves
That splashed and trembled.
Rounded rocks had tumbled in the wash
But now lay dry and baking;
The sand on which they rested
Shed its moisture gradually to the sea.*

*Sea-weed, green, brown, and glossy,
Where crescent edges of the waves
Slackened with the tide.
Scallop shells, deserted,
Where transients picked the whitest for
Memories of a lover's words—
And forgot the sea.*

*Barren post—mooring to a forgotten boat—
Inched into the sun and
Dried the barnacles that clothed it;
Sharp shells that scratched deep
When swimmers clung for breath.*

*Bubbles on the widowed shore:
Sandflies, perhaps a quahaug.
And a sandpiper screamed as you neared
Its eggs in the sand.*



RIGHT PASSAGE
Jean Church

And the Day After

By Elizabeth Brown

THE two Misses Evans, Miss Rosa and Miss Genevieve, and Mr. Bridges, who had courted Miss Genevieve for fifteen years without her family's favor, stood with the minister and the pall-bearers under the canopy that sheltered the grave. Miss Rosa was at the left of the grave near the head. Miss Genevieve and Mr. Bridges were directly in front of her. Miss Genevieve was pulling at her veil absently. The minister was reciting the funeral services in a droning voice. The others were listening to the rain splatting evenly on the canvas.

Dust thou art, to dust thou shalt return . . .

There was silence and someone started a hymn to hush it. The pall-bearers began to lower the metal coffin box jerkily. The words of the song struggled with the beat of the rain and lost; the rain went on. The metal box hit the water in the grave and splashed through to the bottom. No one moved until the first shovelful of wet gravel-clay had settled into that water. A few loose pebbles hit the box first and the copper toned flatly till the dead clay pedaled the sound. Someone sobbed aloud.

Startled, Miss Rosa turned her head toward the spectators. There was quite a gathering of people that she had been too embarrassed to look at when she was following the coffin to the grave. She noted with contentment that most of the best families of Marlboro were represented in the thin semi-circle of persons nearest the canopy. Behind them, crowding the rose bushes, she saw the black fuzzy umbrellas of the poor white trash, who had come to look at the flowers; and to her left, beyond the roses, the negroes, who stood bareheaded despite the rain.

A little closer than the others, on the sawed-off stump of an old water oak, Miranda, the Evans cook, a fat wet seal in black satin, rocked, moaning. Miranda had never liked Cousin Brackett; she had even threatened to leave the family if Miss Brackett should ever set foot in her kitchen again. Miss Rosa wondered at her tears and was contemptuous of them. Shortly after, a brittle-looking young negress wearing

glasses came and embraced Miranda and led her through the parting crowd to an old Chevrolet touring car.

Miss Rosa turned her attention to her sister. Miss Genevieve had so far forgotten herself as to allow Mr. Bridges to put his arm about her waist and support her against his side. It was as good as a public announcement of the engagement Marlboro had been expecting for years.

Miss Rosa was irked by the scene. She turned away from Mr. Bridges and her sister to appraise the flowers on the mound. There were enough; and the headpiece was quite impressive. People were already passing by the foot of the grave, counting the wreaths, and going home to supper.

Cousin Brackett was buried, was out of the way.

Fifteen minutes later Mr. Bridges was driving them up Oak Street toward the family home. Miss Genevieve sat beside him on the front seat. Miss Rosa sat alone in the center of the back seat. She watched the approaching cars nervously over Mr. Bridges' shoulder. Occasionally her eyes dwelt on the patch of skin that showed above his dark blue coat collar. It was freshly clipped and very white. His hair was dark. The line of his cheek lay flat from the cheekbone to his mouth, then curved a little, so that he seemed, from behind, always to be smiling. He sat back in his seat with his shoulders square against the cushion.

It occurred to Miss Rosa that he was probably holding Miss Genevieve's hand. She did not trust one-handed driving. She leaned forward suddenly.

"Mr. Bridges, do you recall the provisions of my father's will?"

Mr. Bridges did not remove his right hand from wherever it was; but his voice, when he answered, was as methodical as if he were behind his desk.

"The will stated that all of Mr. Evans's property should be in the hands of Miss Brackett

till her death, if she should assume responsibility for his daughters. If she should not—”

“She did, Mr. Bridges,” Miss Rosa cut in.

“Briefly then, the estate as it now stands is to be divided equally and impartially between you and Genevieve,” he said.

“I can remember when Papa died,” Miss Genevieve said. “The biggest wreath of all was pink and white carnations.” She lifted her veil and laid it back over her hat.

Miss Rosa felt that it was necessary to interrupt.

“How much of the original estate remains, Mr. Bridges?” she asked.

“Look, Rosa,” Miss Genevieve exclaimed, “the Poes have a new car!”

Miss Rosa refrained from looking and waited for Mr. Bridges to speak. He was throwing the car out of gear for a stop-light at the Breeden Street intersection.

“There is the town house, about eight hundred acres in the river tract, and about thirty around the grist mill. There may be a thousand dollars left in bonds.”

“Why I thought Papa left fifteen hundred acres of land and goodness knows how much cash,” Miss Rosa said.

The car jerked a little as they started again.

“The cash was lost when the banks closed after the war,” Mr. Bridges said. “Not much of it was in bonds—a few thousands, I think. Most of the land was sold to save the rest. Taxes have gone up, and land values have gone down, you know.”

There was no answer for a moment; then Miss Rosa said, “Of course, there’s no need to divide the property. I’m sure Genevieve and I will never want to be separated.”

Mr. Bridges pushed the gear into second and let the clutch out violently.

“Under the terms of the will, Miss Rosa, the property must be divided equally and deeded to the individual owners.”

“How far away is Bermuda, Henry?” Miss Genevieve queried.

Miss Rosa closed her mouth consciously. Her

teeth clicked, top on bottom, when Mr. Bridges let the car into high gear. Then she fixed her face in indifference. There was a green car with much shining nickel on the front of it coming toward them. She wanted to see who was in it, but the drops of water on her window blurred her view.

“About a thousand miles, Genevieve,” Mr. Bridges said gently as he steered aside for the green car.

“They have pictures of it in the magazines. I’ve always wanted to go.” Miss Genevieve looked at him as she spoke, and he wrinkled his nose at her.

For an instant Miss Rosa saw them in profile: Henry Bridges, his virile Roman face bent, the sharp bone of his nose shirred with unaccustomed wrinkles, his mouth arching into a strong, possessive smile; Genevieve, her head back, vague, soft lips parted, her grey eyes disgustingly guileless. Miss Rosa felt herself growing dizzy with anger. She held herself stiff, with her feet braced against the footrest and her back pressed into the seat. She turned her ring on her finger so that the cameo sat upright on her knuckle; she pulled a loose thread off her lap. When the muscles in her throat stopped twitching, she let herself say a few calculated words.

“It wouldn’t be proper for us to take a pleasure trip before next spring, Genevieve.”

Miss Genevieve pinkened and looked at her lap.

“Oh,” she said, “I didn’t know you wanted to go, too.”

They were at the house. Mr. Bridges stopped at the pebbled path that led to the main walk. The drive had been laid for carriages. Mr. Bridges walked around the front of the car, hopped over the precise tulip border, and opened the doors for Miss Genevieve and Miss Rosa. Miss Rosa handed him her umbrella, and he opened it. She got out and took it from him.

Miss Genevieve came out spryly. Her hat was awry and the soft loop of blond hair pinned low on her neck had slipped down to the collar of her black dress. Her cheeks were still pink, and her nose had a soap and water shine through her powder. Miss Rosa observed Mr. Bridges watching her.

"You look a mess, Genevieve," she remarked.

She stepped toward the house, but Miss Genevieve hung back a little for Mr. Bridges.

"Come under the umbrella, Genevieve," Miss Rosa said. "May is a bad month for colds."

Miss Genevieve's heels slipped in the wet pebbles, and Mr. Bridges offered her his arm. She put her hand on it, and they walked to the front door. Miss Rosa did not ask Mr. Bridges to come in.

Miss Genevieve stood at the glass door and watched him go. Miss Rosa walked up behind her and spoke.

"Genevieve, go upstairs and change your clothes before the dampness strikes through."

Miss Genevieve pivoted to her right and walked up the wide stairway without looking back at her sister. Miss Rosa followed her as far as the first step and then stopped to rearrange the flowers on the Pembroke table against the wall. She did not like spirea mixed with tulips. The vase was too short and too slender for the drooping wreaths; it was perfect for tulips alone. But she only shook them slightly to loosen them. The flowers would have to go out tomorrow anyway.

She went up the stairs slowly, with her hand on the polished mahogany rail. When she reached the landing she looked back and saw her palm print at intervals down the rail. She took off her hat and walked the rest of the way with it in her hand.

The top of the stairs was opposite the door of the sitting room. Cousin Brackett had made all her clothes, since she could not buy ready-made the styles she favored. But neither Miss Rosa nor Miss Genevieve could manage a sewing machine. They would use the room as a sitting room now.

Miss Rosa stepped from the top step into the long hall that ran from the back to the front of the house and cut the second floor in half. Where she stood, the deep carpet was worn with years of grinding feet turning down the hall to the bedrooms. There were four rooms opening directly into the hall; all the doors were closed. Cousin Brackett's room was a front room, and the smallest bedroom in the house.

Miss Rosa went down the hall quickly and

entered her dressing room. The door to Genevieve's dressing room beyond was ajar. Miss Genevieve was sitting in a big wing chair, reading. She had on a blue satin negligée that Miss Rosa had never seen before. Miss Rosa did not approve of it.

"Genevieve," she said, "where did you get that thing?"

Miss Genevieve jumped.

"I didn't hear you coming, Rosa," she said.

"I presume you would have gotten out of that—garment, if you had!" Miss Rosa accused her.

"But, Rosa . . ."

"I suppose you're just trying me, today!" Miss Rosa said coldly. "Standing there in front of all those people and letting that man put his arm around you. Talking about Bermuda when Cousin Brackett is hardly cold in her grave. What will people think, Genevieve?"

"Henry and I are going to Bermuda on our wedding trip," Miss Genevieve said obstinately.

"Wedding trip! Genevieve, you cannot marry Henry Bridges," Miss Rosa said.

Miss Genevieve began to cry. Miss Rosa faced about on the threshold and stood reflected in the full length mirror on the back of her dressing room door. She walked toward her reflection with prim steps, and stopped an arm's length from the mirror. She looked at herself. She was thirty-seven years old. Her hair, that had been auburn and luxuriant, had greyed and dried. There was a line between her brows that made her nose too long. The skin on her neck sagged like tired crepe. Her collar bone protruded. Twenty years ago she had waltzed with Henry Bridges at Jane Weatherly's ball, and he had swung her onto the terrace and kissed her.

She brushed a strand of hair off her forehead and looked at Genevieve over her shoulder. Miss Genevieve was still crying.

"Genevieve," Miss Rosa commanded, "get up and put your clothes on. It's time for dinner."

She crossed the room, opened the door, and went into the hall, closing the door behind her quietly. The hall was dark, and she walked with her hand on the wall till she came to the light

switch. She pushed it up. The light flickered. She waited at the top of the stairs until it burned steadily. She always did that. Her mother never quite recovered from a fall she had down those stairs.

Miss Rosa took the steps carefully, crossed the entrance hall and turned on the floor lamp in the corner. The study door across the room from her, at the right of the stairs, was open. There was firelight reflected in the front window.

She walked across the big parlor in the path of light that came through the door from the entrance hall. The dining room and the kitchen were joined to the house by a passageway that had been boarded in before her father died. It was cold, and she hurried to the dining room.

The table was covered with one of the best crocheted cloths. Four tapers were lighted and stood wavering in the draft from the open door. The amber holders burned more brightly than the flames. Miranda had used the amber plates and water goblets. She had set places for three. Miss Rosa removed one plate, one goblet, one set of silver, and put them in their places in the cabinet at the head of the table, between two windows.

She went into the kitchen.

"Miranda, we are not expecting a guest for dinner," she said.

Miranda had changed her clothes. She wore now a blue uniform and a dirty white apron. She always cooked in the apron she had served in yesterday, and changed it when she served.

"Ain't Mr. Bridges coming back?" she asked.

"No," Miss Rosa answered.

She heard Miss Genevieve enter the dining room. Miranda pulled off her dirty apron and took a clean one from a nail on the back of the door into the dining room. She tied it behind her. Miss Rosa walked in and sat down at the head of the table. Miss Genevieve sat down at her right.

Miss Genevieve ate little, and uncritically. Her eyes were fixed on the lights that played inside the amber candle-sticks. Miss Rosa decided that something was wrong with the beans.

"Genevieve," she said, "don't eat those beans.

They taste as if they were grown in soda."

Miss Genevieve stared at the beans.

"Oh, do they?" she said, and pushed them to the side of her plate.

Miranda came in with Miss Rosa's coffee. She set it down and went out again. Miss Rosa liked her coffee brought about the middle of the meal. She drank it luke-warm after dessert, with cream and no sugar.

"Genevieve, how would you like griddle cakes and honey for breakfast in the morning?" she asked.

"Could we—I mean, we've always had poached eggs—" Miss Genevieve said.

"That was because Cousin Brackett's digestion was so poor. There's no reason why we should go on having them," Miss Rosa answered.

"I like griddle cakes," Miss Genevieve remarked.

"Perhaps the griddle-iron is in Cousin Brackett's closet," Miss Rosa went on. "I'll look after dinner."

She pressed the buzzer under her foot and Miranda came in for the dishes. She put them on the silver tray she carried and sidled out.

She returned with the dessert. They finished the meal in silence. Miss Genevieve toyed with her napkin while Miss Rosa drank her luke-warm coffee.

Miss Rosa went immediately to the "closet" after they left the table. It had been the dining room before the kitchen-house had been partitioned and the passage covered. Cousin Brackett had kept her gardening and house-keeping tools and her working clothes in it. Miss Rosa switched on the light before she entered. She looked around the well-ordered shelves that ran on three sides of the room, but she did not see the iron. She stepped aside, pushed the door to in order to look behind it, then started and exclaimed, "Oh!"

For a moment it had seemed as if a figure, Cousin Brackett herself, were standing behind the door. But it was only Cousin Brackett's striped smock, hanging from a hat rack. It had leaped forward in the suction caused by the door. It was still stirring a little, and the hook

of the coat hanger was scraping on the metal arm of the hat-rack. Miss Rosa backed away with the blood prickling in her thighs. She sat down in a rush-bottom chair on the back porch. In the house, Miss Genevieve was playing the organ. The music vibrated through the solid timber of the floor, and tickled Miss Rosa's hand as it rested on the chair post. Finally she got up. She had to go through the parlor to get to the study. The light was still on in the entrance hall. It glinted red on the metal-shot fabric of a Chippendale sofa and left the arch in shadow, like the hump of a dragon. She forced herself to measure her steps across the room in the pattern of the rug. It had circles of flowers in it.

She reached the door. Miss Genevieve had stopped playing. Miss Rosa started to go into the "music room" and then stopped. She thought she heard someone talking in the study. When she entered the room, Miss Genevieve was hanging up the telephone receiver.

"Were you talking to someone, Genevieve?" she asked.

"Henry called to see if we wanted anything," Miss Genevieve replied.

Miss Rosa made no comment, but took *Dombey and Son* from the bookcase and sat down in her father's old Morris chair on the other side of the fireplace.

"I'm going on up, Rosa," Miss Genevieve said. She left the study.

Miss Rosa read on conscientiously. When the Grandfather clock struck ten, she finished a sentence, pulled the threaded ribbon marker into place, closed the book, and returned it to the case. She walked over to the clock and opened it. She leaned over and drew a little three-step ladder from the left side of the clock to the front, and mounted it, then felt for the clock key on its hook under the face. She wound the clock and hung the key back on the hook, put the ladder in its place and closed the clock. Afterward she cut off the lights in the study and in the entrance, and went upstairs to her room.

Miss Genevieve was already in bed, breathing as if she were asleep. Miss Rosa wondered how she would explain to her sister about the griddle-cakes in the morning. She undressed,

hanging each garment up as she took it off. She put her hose in a bag marked "Handkerchiefs" and her shoes in the bottom of a tall wardrobe, took a nainsook nightgown from the wardrobe and put it on; then she plaited her hair mechanically and went to bed. As she cut off the light and turned over in bed, the rain was still patting the windows quietly.

She was awakened suddenly the next morning. Miss Genevieve was tiptoeing out of the bedroom into the hall. Miss Rosa took her hand from under her pillow and looked at her watch. It was twenty-five minutes past five; Genevieve was up an hour earlier than usual. In the bathroom water was running into the tub. Less than fifteen minutes later Miss Genevieve came into her dressing room. Very soon after, she went out and did not come back.

Miss Rosa lay in bed a long time, drowsing and thinking about the cost of the funeral, and taxes, and a thousand dollars worth of bonds divided in half. The funeral had cost nearly five hundred dollars. It was a lot of money to bury in the ground. She wondered if they had any steady income from the grist mill or the plantation. She would rather not have to ask Henry Bridges, but there was no way out of it. Perhaps it would be easier to telephone him.

The engine of a car was running down in the drive. A moment later the door banged and the car backed out. She supposed it was the milkman. It was six-thirty. She got out of the bed and made it up. Miss Genevieve had left hers unmade, and Miss Rosa decided not to straighten it. She always turned the sheet back over the blankets before she pulled up the spread; Miss Genevieve did not.

She padded into her dressing room bare-footed to get her slippers and her robe. The slippers were of black felt, with red yarn balls on the instep. She liked the red on them. The robe was black flannel and tied about her middle. She went across the hall to the bathroom. Miss Genevieve had not washed the tub and a fluff of soap suds lay over the drain. There was a hole in the center of them where the water was dripping from the spigot. Genevieve had become very irresponsible during Cousin Brackett's illness, when they had had an extra girl to do the housework. Genevieve would bear speaking to. Miss Rosa scoured the tub with Bon Ami,

rinsed it, and plugged the drain. While it was filling she brushed her teeth, then bathed briefly, dried herself, scoured the tub again, and returned to her dressing room.

She put on a yellow and green print house dress with a white collar and white cuffs, took a pair of tan cotton hose from one of the drawers on the left side of the wardrobe and a pair of firm brown Oxfords from the bottom. She sat down in a straight chair and put them on, rolling her hose below her knees. Without getting up she unplaited her hair, then went to the bureau for her comb. It lay on a piece of paper.

The paper bore a penciled note:

Dear Rosa,

Henry and I have gone to Sumter to be married this morning. When we come back, I will go to stay with him. Please don't be angry. We will not go to Bermuda till September.

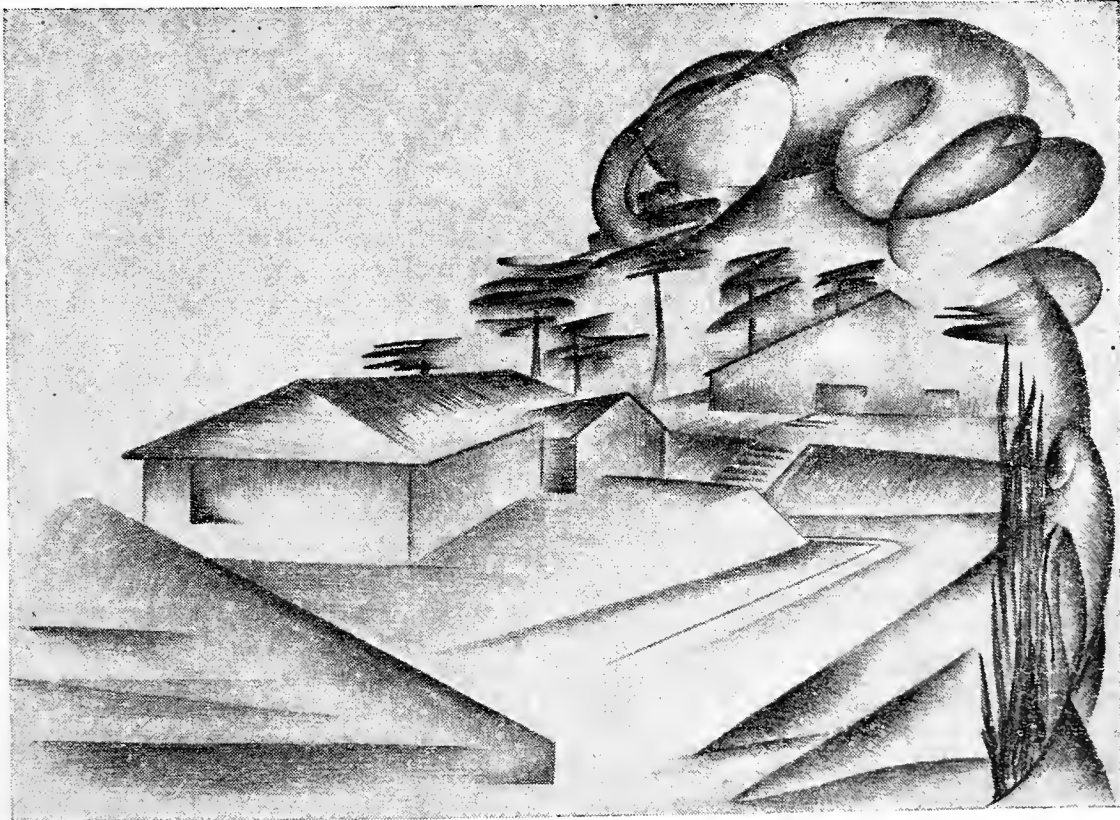
Love,
Genevieve.

P. S. I am leaving all my things except the negligée. You may have them.

Miss Rosa creased the note neatly and dropped it into the bureau drawer. She pushed down the lid of a powder box on top of the dresser and set the box in a corner of the drawer. There was loose powder on the bureau. She blew at it, and it rose in a little cloud. She drew back, and throwing her head up, met her own eyes in the mirror. She stared into them, and moved her lips soundlessly as she made her plans.

She would call Jane Weatherly and Bernice MacOliver, and later in the morning she would telephone the *Marlboro News* explaining that the wedding had been kept very quiet because of Cousin Brackett's death.

She combed her hair and pinned it in a hard knot on her neck, then went downstairs to arrange fresh tulips on the Pembroke table in the entrance.



PENCIL SKETCH
Hilda Brady

Dupont Through Cellophane

By Ellen Meade Wilson

I.

BACK and forth, back and forth, along the glossy tiled floors of the hospital paced a haggard young man, immaculately dressed, and extremely nervous. He had been pacing thus for hours, back and forth, back and forth, all the while smoking countless cigarettes. At last the door opened. A nurse slipped out. She carried a tiny bundle quietly in her arms. Frantically eager to gaze upon his first born, the father dashed across the corridor—then stopped and stared in stark amazement at the exquisite mass of pink blankets and satin ribbon. With horrified contempt written all over his face, he looked at the nurse and gasped, "What! No cellophane wrapper!"

Such is the plane which that glistening, synthetic product known as cellophane has reached in our modern age. We lived peacefully along for years, thinking in terms of mica, fish scales, and sequins. Then suddenly, cellophane gleamed out among us, with that different look and a world of personality. Since, it has been fashioned into everything from wigs to hula skirts, and in the process wrapped everything on the market. It has life and fresh vitality; it is singularly spectacular—in short, it is modern. Look back with pity on our ignorant forbears, who got their Christmas spirit from uninspired tissue paper wrappings and flat ribbon; who sipped their cold drinks through, horror of horrors, the prosaic thick paper straw; who never were lured into buying things they would never want by the iridescent siren-like quality of the package. Look with pity on these, our forbears, for verily, they knew no cellophane. We of the present generation, have seen a century of progress. We eat, drink, and are merry, simply and esthetically in a shining transparent fairyland of cellophane.

Among recent developments in the field of decoration, cellophane has seemed the answer to the artist's prayer. It came like manna from the heavens to interior decorators. Textile manufacturers wove it into new fabrics with a beautiful shimmering quality unlike anything on the market; and decorators, with screams of

joy, festooned exotic draperies over all fashionable windows, diffusing sunlight luxuriously into rooms, and arranging graceful natural folds. These draperies flatter the windows of Hattie Carnegie in New York; they adorn the Hotel Madison Bar. The lamp shades in Peacock Alley at the Waldorf-Astoria are of knitted cellophane. In the bedrooms of the new Masonite House, visitors to the Chicago World's Fair saw cellophane fabric in the drapes, the rugs, and the upholstery. We could as well decorate without color as without cellophane.

Fashion experts wink knowingly at decorators as they, with one accord, follow them to the shrine. They have dressed the nations of the world in brilliant, mysterious, gleaming cellophane. Short woven jackets, artistic evening gowns, daring "lastex" bathing suits owe their all to cellophane. Sophisticated, worldly wise, pleasure seekers gasped in utter astonishment at the American Follies, when the chorus pranced on the stage in costumes of cellophane subtly arranged with silver glazed designs.

Housewives use cellophane smeared with glue for fly paper because flies don't see it until they are stuck on it. In Oregon, a fisherman found that cellophane twisted on the end of a hook fools trout and bass. It looks like nothing at all to flies, but just like flies to fish.

Then, marching on, conquering and dazzling the world, cellophane has invaded the field of science. Students at Mount Holyoke college, in the throes of mastering the vascular pattern of the thymus, suddenly saw a light and projected the sections on sheet cellophane. Different parts were represented by different colored inks, and mistakes could be washed out easily. It was a new, quick, inexpensive method, and Mount Holyoke rejoiced in its discovery. Experts in minerology and petrology caught the point, and frowned menacingly at the money and time they had spent on mica, as they marshalled cellophane into use.

Next, photography began to make rapid strides. Photographers exposed panchromatic plates to the camera and made the prints on three cellophane sheets, each impregnated with

a different solution—red, yellow, greenish blue. They fastened the whole three-layered picture to a paper backing with adhesive, and *viola*—three-color photography! At Battle Creek college, students imbued with the idea of reproducing permanent records by an arc projection lantern typed them on cellophane, and they came out clear and distinct. The Constitution of the United States and the Declaration of Independence, after years of threatening to fall to pieces, are now safely preserved in folders of cellophane in the National Museum.

But whence this remarkable product? It began back in 1900, in the Vosges district of France, when a Swiss textile worker got disgusted with dirty table cloths. Every morning J. E. Brandenberger ate his eggs and snails from a dusty tablecloth, and every evening he ate his snails and eggs from the same dusty tablecloth. Tablecloths with dust haunted him. He grew morbid and resolved to do something about it. So he labored long and planned a plan by which he would coat tablecloths with the liquid viscose from which rayon is spun. He produced a fabric—lustrous, smooth, dust-defying, but too stiff to be practical for anything less fragile than the knife of the guillotine. So, with a martyr's sigh, he fell to again, and produced a thinner material. But this kept flaking off into his coffee. This the chemist could not stand. After a month of coffee nerves, he gave up the idea of revolutionizing tablecloths. Then, practically on the verge of suicide, he turned and stared in wild surmise; for there, flaking off of his tablecloth and into his coffee, was—cellophane!

Others had stumbled over this strange substance before, but Brandenberger picked it up. He designed machines and took out patents. He appealed to the Comptoir de Textiles Artificiels for capital, and in 1923 he brought it to this country. He cast about for a market, and his eye fell on Eleutheric Irenée Dupont of Delaware.

He closeted himself with "Colonel Bill" Spruance, Dupont vice-president. A deal took shape. In exchange for exclusive North American rights to the process and the name "cellophane," Dupont agreed to give Brandenberger and the Comptoir a forty percent stock interest in the cellophane subsidiary.

French engineers were hired, French machinery was imported, Monsieur Brandenberger took over complete supervision of the manufacture, and cellophane was produced in the French manner. But as naturally as night gives way to day, French influence gave way to Dupont influence, and Dupont bought out the Comptoir.

In 1924 the Americans opened their campaign with a great and mighty advertising salvo. High-powered salesmen called personally upon manufacturers. Every manufacturing concern in the country became cellophane-conscious. The world of trade was a seething, boiling mass of cellophane! cellophane! cellophane!

The campaign was a flop.

It was undoubtedly a flop. The results were exactly nil, because the price of cellophane was \$2.65 a pound. Nothing but the highest priced luxuries could afford wrappers at this price. One customer kept his supply in his office safe and guarded it as jealously as though it were the United States mint. Whitman's candy and a few expensive perfumes were the only *big accounts*.

So Dupont put its chemical efficiency experts to work, and the price of cellophane came down to \$1.75 a pound. At this rate, cookies capitulated, and prices soared again. Dupont was happy; was at peace with its soul.

But cookies dried up. Plain cellophane was less moisture-proof than waxed paper, so cookie manufacturers cancelled their orders. Once more Dupont betook itself to the laboratory, and in 1927 came forth with a new moisture-proof variety at \$1.00 a pound. The substance used to waterproof it was a nitro cellulose material, essentially a modified form of Duco lacquer.

The field widened. Mr. Clarence Birdseye of the frosted foods became an enthusiast. Moisture-proof, transparent jackets began to outmode tinfoil overcoats for cigars. Next, the world looked up to see that the Camels were coming hurrah, hurrah, in the new "Humidor Pack," closely followed by Lucky Strikes in the "Lucky Tab." The bakers fell in line, and Dupont sales mounted. Cellophane was a craze. To Brandenberger it had been a novelty; to the Comptoir, a fad; but, in the hands of the Duponts of America, it became a commercial enterprise.

II.

So it is with every item that finds its way into the hands of Dupont. Their touch is the touch of Midas. They are the money kings of the day, they are still in ascendancy, and their ascendancy is threatened by no other rival. For six generations these descendants of a Huguenot watchmaker have lived in America, where they have multiplied and increased their progeny and millions without a single return to shirt sleeves, and lived in feudal splendor, unchallenged. The history of this remarkable family reading like a chapter from a dime romance, is a story in itself. It goes like this:

In the year 1735, well along in the reign of Henry XV, Anne Alexandrine de Montchanin was living in Paris, the ward of a wealthy French nobleman. She was the daughter of an ancient and noble house, then desperately impoverished because of stubborn adherence to the Huguenot Faith. Her father, a widower with six children, was custodian of the estates of Jacourt-Epencilles in Burgundy. Twelve years before, Madame Epenielles, visiting the Burgundy estates, had been attracted by the unusual beauty of the child Anne, and had taken her back to Paris as a playmate for her own daughter. There she was entirely happy and was treated as a real daughter in the house.

Then one day—her fifteenth birthday—Madame summoned her to her boudoir and told her coldly and calmly that she could no longer stay there in her present position. She added, however, that the girl might be allowed to stay on, if she would assume certain duties, for which she would be paid a small salary. Young Anne was completely overcome, but collected her thoughts, stuck out a firm little chin with a dimple in the center, and answered as a true daughter of the house of Montchanin.

"Madame," she said proudly, "it is quite out of the question for me to remain, under such circumstances. I shall leave at once. You have been kindness itself, and I shall always remember that, but it is impossible for me to become a servant here."

So saying, she left. Madame le Marquis de Jacourt Epenilles and Anne Alexandrin de Montchanin never met again.

Dropped suddenly from an environment to

which she was accustomed and entitled, Anne took refuge with her brothers in a narrow street in Paris. They were heart and soul engaged in the fashionable art of watchmaking. There she was taught to make and gild hands for watches, and she soon became expert at the work. But she was far from happy.

Then one day, intent upon gilding the minute hand of a watch, she glanced up to clear her eyes, and saw through a window across the way a strange, unearthly apparition—a young man, brown, handsome, scantily clad, practising in turn the art of fencing, and the flute. She was bewitched out of her usually level head by the handsome young stranger, and stood there gazing in wonder. Before long, he spied Mademoiselle. He, too, was a watchmaker. Introductions were arranged, and a courtship began. His name was Samuel Dupont.

Anne and Samuel were married when he was twenty-nine and she seventeen. They continued to live in Paris. Samuel Dupont established himself in a business of his own and gained thirty-five pounds. In 1740 a son was born. He died in infancy. Two years later there was another son—Pierre Samuel Dupont, Jr. He had his mother's dimple and his father's blue eyes, and all was well in the house of Dupont.

Then the question of little Pierre's education came up, towered up. Anne was determined that he should have a good education and become a gentleman. Her bourgeoisie husband was just as determined that he should be a watchmaker, and like it. But Anne, by much strategy and serving of Samuel's favorite food, finally did succeed in educating their son well. He then entered upon a checkered career of medicine, dramatics, verse writing, and finally politics. The height of his success came when he was entrusted with the preliminary negotiations for the Peace Treaty of 1783 with England. As a reward, the king raised him to the ranks of nobility.

Pierre was well liked and had many and varied friends over and through France. One of his favorites was Madame Doré, a sentimental enveloping soul, who took great delight in mothering him. In the little Siene-et-Marne town of Nemoors, she had a cousin, Marie de Dees, several years younger than Pierre. She arranged to have this child, Marie, married

against her will to a fat, unattractive, but wealthy widower of fifty-five. When Pierre heard this, he descended on her in great and mighty indignation, insisting that if the match was not broken off immediately, he would marry Marie himself.

He did.

They lived in Paris—Pierre and Marie with their two sons, Victor Marie, and Eleutheric Irenée. They had a printing establishment, and were doing nicely until the French Revolution. Then profits waned disastrously, and they became less and less prosperous.

Irenée, the younger son, fuming to help balance the family budget, found a place in the services of Monsieur Lavoisier, a famous scientist. This was really the beginning of the "Dupont Dynasty," for he learned to make gunpowder.

During the Reign of Terror, Monsieur Lavoisier got mixed up with the guillotine, and lost his head. Irenée Dupont was so close behind that the whole family—father, mother, and two sons—wisely struck out for America. They had a fantastic scheme for taking land in Kentucky and establishing an estate, more on the order of a state, called "Pontiana."

They were sidetracked in Delaware, and there more than realized their dreams in another form. For Irenée went hunting with Colonel Sussard. He ran out of gunpowder, and was forced to buy some at a country store. The quality was terrible; the price, sky high. It inflamed Pierre's French temper. He exploded much more effectively than the gunpowder. He raged and expostulated at length to the long suffering Colonel Sussard. As a result of it all, he set up a gunpowder factory of his own on the banks of the Brandywine. This was in 1804.

It was a small beginning, but eight years later the war of 1812 brought an enlargement. They reveled in night shifts and puffed profits. The discovery of gun cotton and nitro-glycerine opened new fields. During the War Between the States, the Duponts fell from glory but rose financially by furnishing ammunition for the Northern army. Through the seventies and

eighties, their mills were kept busy helping the railroads and mining companies blast the way to new wealth in the west. While this country was expanding in an explosive way, other countries occasionally went to war, and Dupont orders increased. Then, during the World War, their enterprises was catapulted into world wide prominence. They drove bargains with the British, the French, and the Russians, and delivered the goods. Each day new plants were built, capital leaped from \$83,000,000 to \$308,000,000.

In the meantime, with typical Dupont shrewdness and sagacity, they had prepared for peace in time of war. They bought into General Motors, Puralin, Viscoloid, Rayon, and finally—Cellophane. Now cellophane and rayon are the family's biggest money makers. It is rumored that if man should never take up arms again and if the duck season were closed the year round, Dupont fortunes would not languish.

In the past few years they have spent great sums on roads and schools in Delaware, and have taken active parts in charities, politics, and domestic scandals. John K. Winkler, in his book, "The Dupont Dynasty," remarks that "the school children in Delaware chirp George Washington, Abraham Lincoln, and Pierre Dupont in the same breath, while their impartial elders have long since given up hope of seeing honest elections in the state."

Yet, with it all, the dominant Duponts have remained rather retiring, exercising a tremendous power without shouting, and contriving to produce enough new Duponts to fill their shoes when death demands their resignation.

The reason for their success in this land of democracy and equal opportunity remains a mystery, but the Duponts are born to be mysterious. They have now put cellophane in the hands of the American people, and it is through cellophane that we see them—a long line of strange, erratic, whimsical people. They are different and exciting, they live entirely outside of the conventional American mode of living, but they have one thing in common with the poor and the ragweed—they are always with us.



W. P. A.
Nancy Stockard

Will and the President

By Rose Field

“HEY folks!” Mrs. Patty Simmons called to the group sitting in the shade on the back steps. She turned to shut the gate, and walked on up the dusty path leading to the steps. On her arm she carried a water bucket.

“Well, if it ain’t Miss Patty! Come right up and set down. Glad to see ya. How’s Mr. Will?” Curiosity edged Annie Meekins’ cordiality to her neighbor from the adjoining farm.

Old Mrs. Johnson, Mrs. Meekins’ mother, leaned forward in her rocking chair on the porch, with her left hand cupped over her ear. “When’d you git back, Miss Pa-aty?” she quavered.

“Night fore last. My! ain’t it hot? And ain’t this drouth something awful? I was jest going down to the spring for a bucket of water. Well’s plumb dry. And I seen you folks and thought I’d cool off a little. Did ya ever see anything like it for the time of year?”

“Well, come on up and set down,” said Annie Meekins. “Sarah, git up from there and give Miss Patty that rocker. You kin set on the steps there with Emmaline. Here you are graduated from the big high school down the road and don’t know enough to give anybody a seat. I declare if I’d done that when I was your age my Mammy’d a-wore me out. Now tell us about your trip, Patty, and about Mr. Will.” And Mrs. Meekins resumed her seat on the steps.

Mrs. Simmons threw her old straw hat on the floor and made herself comfortable in the rocker. “Could I have a dipper of that cool water, Emmaline? Your well’s deeper’n our’n.” She pulled from her apron pocket a small round tin box and a dry little stick, the end of which she moistened in her mouth. The others watched her as she slowly removed the lid from the box.

“Have some?” she said, proffering the box first to Mrs. Meekins and then to Mrs. Johnson.

“No, much obliged,” Annie Meekins said; “jest got through with some.”

With her mouth comfortably filled, Patty

Simmons leaned back with a sigh. She was a tall, thin woman, with black eyes set in a sallow face, whose expression rarely changed.

“Well,” she said, “me and Will and the President all went down to Charlotte the same day. And while the President was rolling down them mountain sides between them big rocks in his private car, we was riding down on the train; and there was rocks rolling along with us.”

Her black eyes darted from face to face. “They was inside of Will,” she explained.

The older women exchanged glances and made sympathetic clicks with their tongues.

“This was the second time we’d been down this summer. You know about that. But the first time them doctors didn’t seem to do nothing but make them rocks git harder, it looks like. Funny how some people think that the doctor that takes the most rocks out of your pocket is the best one to take rocks out of your kidneys.

“Well, we was riding down on the train, and I don’t think either one of us had give it a thought about the President a-bearing down from from another angle, Will’d been so sick. But we was riding along in a fine car—Pullman they calls it—and enjoying it the most. We thought we might as well ride with the rich folks this time.” She paused and smiled. “No,” she hastened to say, “them seats was just softer for Will.

“They was the laziest folks on that train! It was nigh seven o’clock then, and some of them hadn’t even had them green curtains that was hung round the ones that was snoring taken down. But we found two natchul looking seats, and Will takes one and sets down sorta slow and easy like, and I sets in front of him. Thought we’d have a seat to ourselves because it looks bigger.

“I says, ‘My! ain’t it cool and nice in here?’

“Will was explaining to me about that little pipe hung above the window where cool air was coming from—Will knows about everything—when some lady comes along and gives one look at us and marches by with her head in the air.

And Will says maybe I'm taking her seat, so I moves over with him, careful like not to touch him. When she walks by again, I throws my head in the air big as her.

"We was having a good time laughing and all, least Will was having a good time telling me about things, when along she comes again and sets down across the aisle from us where the curtains have been taken down, and a little girl about nine year old sets with her, and her Grandmaw sets facing 'em. I knowed it was her Grandmaw because she kept calling the little girl 'Baby.' When I first seen her, I thought she was a nice old lady, but I know now she wa'n't much. She talks and talks about New Ham'shur tell she knowed we knowed where she was from. Then she looks outa the window and says:

"'Wheah ah we this mawnin' anyhow?' and give a yawn like she'd not been usta gittin up this time all her life when I knowed from the looks of her hands that she'd been gittin up with a factory whistle maybe.

"'I think we're in Nawth Carolina,' the daughter answers.

"'Nawth Ca'lina?' she says, the old lady, and every time she'd say 'Ca'lina' instead of 'Carolina'.

"'Well, it was about nine o'clock then, and we was getting on down the road close to Charlotte, and they kept talking about how things looks here and in New Ham'shur. But the daughter didn't talk much. She had more sense than the old lady.

"'Well,' Grandmaw says, "if they don't have no houses to live in like they says, why don't they cut down some of these cedahs and build 'em some houses? They *could* do that. Why I nevah seen so many trees in my life!"

"Will and me looks at each other. The 'cedahs' she was talking about was pines. Will looked so disgusted!

"'Bout that time the Baby sneezes. You could tell they hadn't been usta much air, and I bet they had set up all the other nights they'd been coming.

"'Oh!' says Grandmaw, 'Baby must have a asprin. Giv'er a asprin'.

"I knowed then they wa'n't nothing but asprin fiends. Giving that child asprin when she wa'n't sick to 'mount to nothing! The

mother trots off to that little cubbyhole I seen when I was looking around, with looking glasses all around it nearly and a little wash pan setting up in it to wash yer face in, to get some water for Baby. The little girl starts to open some candy she has, and Grandmaw says, 'No, don't eat no cawndy lessen your mother says so. But I see,' she says, 'you just wahnt a piece to take awter your asprin. But, Baby, keep your cawndy wrop up good, and you must be very careful not to put your hands about your face while you're down here in the South, you might git germs.' And she looks at us! Just like she thinks that hookworms was flying all around us."

Mrs. Meekins could not hide the grin on her face. "Now, Patty, you're making that up!" she said.

"Naw, I ain't. She wanted us to hear it.

"Well, I looks at Will and says: 'Did ya hear that?' and he nods and looks at them hard as everything. I says to him: 'Them tales was all written by people coming down here from the North that had no business of their own to 'tend to.'

"'Yes,' he says, 'they make me so mad.' And he fidgets tell I knowed he was mad through and through. But he always said that he wouldn't argue with no woman.

"I says, 'Well, don't you go gitting too mad about it now 'cause it mout make ya worse. Don't pay no attention to 'em.'

"The houses on the outbursts of Charlotte was beginning to pass by, and people was talking in the car and getting ready to git off.

"'What little town's this?' asks the old lady.

"'I think it must be Charleston,' the daughter answers.

"Me and Will looks at each other again, and he says to me: 'That shows they don't know nothing. That's three mistakes they made,' he says, and I was feared he was going to have another them spells. He gits up quick like he wants to hurry and git off, and neither of us looks that way, except I says kinda loud like, 'Well, I'm glad we're getting off here.' I knowed if I said one word to her I woulda been down to Burmingham before I could stop."

Mrs. Simmons leaned over the edge of the

porch and took aim and several yards away ashes spurted up in little puffs about the wash pot.

"It looked like that engineer was kind of excited when he got there because he run us clean off'n the platform. We told the doctor here before we left that he didn't need to have no rolling cheer sent to the station to get Will to a taxi with, but when we seen where we'd been set down we wished we had. He said he could walk it all right, to the taxi I mean. But I was scared about him 'cause the doctor had whispered to me maybe he'd have to be operated on. But I never let on to Will, of course.

"We seen our suitcase setting in the sand where they'd all been set in a row, and I told that nigger with a red cap and a two-way cart which one was our'n and to take care of it because it was new and belongs to our son.

"Well, the first thing we seen when we looks up is some men wearing uniforms and toting guns, standing over 'crost the track looking sleepy like.

"'They musta knowed we was comin,' I says to Will. 'Wonder where the band is?'

"'Oh, they're here for the President's coming,' says Will. 'Doncha remember?'

"'Well, for goodness sakes,' I says, 'I wish you'd told me sooner,' I says, 'so's I coulda told that old lady.'"

"I'd like to tell her something," grunted Annie Meekins.

"Well, we started walking up the platform kinda slow like—had to with Will in the shape he was in. We looked mighty important, I guess. Anyway, folks kept looking at us. Maybe they thought we had just got married or something, walking along in the pretty sunshine just as slow like and laughing and talking, and the nigger with the suitcase cart coming along behind us. I seen he wants to pass and nudges Will. He pushes it in front of us then, kinda fast-like, tell he seen we wa'n't in no hurry to catch up with him. I knowed he didn't want to lose sight of us because he's expecting a piece of money. Then he kinda slows down and keeps looking back like he wishes we would hurry. We gits so tickled we don't know what to do at that nigger trying to get us to hurry. But I keeps a eye on that suitcase. I told Will a nickel was

enough to give him but he give him a dime anyhow.

"We finally gets inside the depot, and Will looks around for a door with a sign over it. I shows it to him, and he shuffles in there as fast as he can. Then we goes out to find a taxi, and while we was waiting to get in one here comes about ten men in uniforms on motorcycles a-popping and snapping and turn around in front of the station real fast and ride right back. You never seen such airs. Then I looks down the street and see flags flying everywhere. I'd heard there was going to be a parade when the President comes, and I ask somebody when he is expected, and they say not till four-thirty.

"So, after Will gits all fixed up in one them hospital beds, which it scared me to look at for fear he'd fall out, he says he wants me to go see the President.

"I goes across the street and finally finds a room. I engages it and puts my suitcase in it; and as I come out, I stopped to hear a man talking over a radio. He just wanted to say a word, he said, about the revival he was holding in a tent somewhere down town, I forget the street, 'and, folks,' he says, 'there's a big crowd in this here town terday a-milling up and down the streets. They's come to see the President. But, folks, I'm a-telling you that ain't nothing to the crowd there's going to be when Jesus comes. Now that's going to be a crowd, and I'm going to be there, glory halleluia! Just come right down to the tent and jine us in this here meeting, and be ready to meet Jesus when He comes!'

"So I lights out up town to find where the President's going to speak and see a crowd getting on street cars. I climbs aboard and ride tell the others git off and I git off too. When we come to the place, I never seen such a crowd of people in all my days. I walked around looking for a seat tell finally I spied a 'simmon tree with nobody setting under it on the side of a bank over them cement seats. There was one of them WPA signs up there the governmint's sticking around now. Stadium I think they said it was. The bank is full of people 'cause you kin see right down on the platform, but I'd ruther set under that tree anyhow than one them seats. So I goes up and sets down and leans back to cool off.

"There's a great crowd standing around and lots of them keep looking at me and walking round and looking at that tree, and after a while a little girl all dressed up from the country comes to me and says:

" 'Thar's pisen oak on that tree.'

"And I looks around and shore nuff there is, but I says: 'Thanks for telling me, but I got on my jacket and I don't believe it'll go through that.'

" 'Bout that time a green 'simmon hits the girl plunk, and three four boys laugh hard as they kin in that tree.

"Well, there was all kinds of people milling around there, some in fine clothes and some in overalls, and we was all tired and hot as we could be, waiting for the President to come. They said he'd been delayed. And some them farmers got to kidding one another, thought they had a chanct to show off a little. One of them had been hankering to climb that 'simmon tree I could tell and git up there with them boys. And finally he sticks his head down close to me and says real perlite like:

" 'Would ya mind if I climb up here? I mout shek some tresh down on yer.'

"I says, 'Well, I'm already about covered with green 'simmons and dirt out of that tree, but I don't mind the trash just so you don't fall on me!' He weighed two hundred, I guess."

A giggle escaped Sarah Meekins from where she sat on the steps. Mrs. Meekins and Emmaline smiled. "Hey, what'd she say?" begged old Mrs. Johnson, leaning forward with her hand closer to her ear. Mrs. Meekins explained, and Patty Simmons smiled. "Go on, Miss Patty; go on," Emmaline said.

"So then he gits up there and begins to jaw down to another farmer. 'Hain't you from down Union county?' he ask. 'Yes,' the other one says surprised like. 'I thought so,' says the first one. 'Yes, and I bet you wishes you was from there, too, hey, hey,' he answers right back at him.

"They jaw back and forth and holler a lot with the man on the platform hollering through one them big horns, trying to keep the people cheering so's they won't know how long they's waiting. It was past five o'clock then. The man

kept telling us whereabouts the President party was and how they had been helt up with a cloudburst. And the man from Union county said if he had known Franklin would be so long gitting there he'd brung his dinner along in a haversack or something. I guess he was getting pretty hongry, seeing he musta et breakfast 'bout daylight, and the way he kept chewing tobacco.

"The bands kept playing the prettiest kinda music and nobody was thinking of leaving, and then it begins to rain a little, just light clouds floating over. But the newspaper boys was doing good business. Lotsa folks come standing under the tree where I was, and the rocks and red mud where them PW men had been working come rolling down around me.

"Bimeby that farmer in the tree got to asking for a cigarette, and the boys up there didn't have none but wanted some mighty bad too, so he tries to borry some from different ones down underneath, but seems like don't nobody have no cigarettes. Finally, he said to a boy to go over to that stand across the street and git them some, and give him some money. And the boy went, but he never come back.

"Then there was a great commotion and everybody craned their necks to see the President. And here comes a big red car busting up like there was a far, and the far chief gits out. They mighta knowed the President wouldn'ta come in no big red car.

"Well, it begins to shower down pretty hard, and they's so many newspapers over heads that you can't see nothing. And I was glad I wore my jacket frock, if it was a little hot. This fellow from Union county gits right under the 'simmon tree, says he ain't feared of no pisen oak, and keeps saying he hopes Frank'll git wet, that he ain't no better to git wet than he is. Said it twict. He oughta been ashamed of himself. And somebody says 'You bettah shut up,' and give him a little push and down the side of that hill he slides in the red mud. Well, everybody just give him the horse laugh, and back he comes up all covered with mud and asking who pushed him, and I guess we'da had a fight right there if we hadn't heard a great roar, and we knows he is coming.

"We seen him drive right up to the platform, with them guards of his all around. And,

Sir, it sets in to rain hard and the sun shining at the same time just as he gets out'n his car and starts on the platform. He is smiling and speaking to everybody and everybody saying how fine he looks, and one of the men offers him a raincoat for to keep the rain off him, and we could see he says something. What he said was: 'No, thank you. If they kin take it, I kin.'

"I guess that fellow from Union county felt kinda cheap when he read it in the paper what the President said. And he goes up on the platform wet through and stands there and makes a speech. I guess you read in the paper what he said about the rainbow was a good omen. And it did look pretty.

"Well, 'bout that time I thought about I didn't bring no dinner neither, and I thought about Will by himself all that time, and I starts for the hospital. I knowed I couldn't hear nothing nohow with them kids running round there hollering and me hard o' hearing anyhow. I went right back to where I got off that street car and there was two standing there but you couldn't get them to budge till the President come back, they said. So I light out walking, and I guess I heard the speech lots better'n some them right there from the radios 'long the way. . . . Bring me another dipper that water, Emmaline, if you don't mind."

Emmaline rose and crossing the porch to the water bench, returned with the dripping dipper. Having rinsed her mouth with a small portion of it, Patty Simmons drank what was left and went on with her story.

"I felt kinda bad 'bout leaving Will so long. He said the doctors had been examining him and

probing him. So I tries to amuse him telling him everything that happened. Well, sir, he laughed and laughed over that farmer, and me telling him how funny some of them was dressed.

"You know he didn't say that about the President!" Will says. "Well, I'm glad that fellow pushed him."

"And he gits to laughing and me telling him all over again and adding to it a little maybe just to see him laugh, 'bout how funny he looks when he can't stop sliding and comes up all covered in red mud and swallows his chew of tobacco and gits choked. Well, I never seen Will laugh so much. And I was getting worried about him when it seems like he can't stop. And then he gets an awful pain, and I sends for the doctor quick, and what do you think happened? He said Will had shook that rock till it had come out! Yes sir, and that's what give him the bad pain, and he wouldn't have to be operated on."

Patty Simmons leaned back triumphantly in the rocking chair. The girls stretched their legs. Old Mrs. Johnson removed her hand from her ear and emptied her mouth over the edge of the porch. Annie Meekins heaved a sigh and said, "Well, Patty, you do beat all, going off and having a trip like that! But of course you had to go with your husband," she added quickly. "What happened then?"

Mrs. Patty Simmons reached for her hat and water bucket and gathered herself out of the chair, with the calm satisfaction of one who knows what is proper. "Then," she said, "we come on home."

Mr. Chamberlain and Peace

By Anne Hiers

IS "peace at any price" worth the price? On the answer to this question hinges Mr. Chamberlain's popularity in the history of the future; on the answer to this question hinges Mr. Chamberlain's unpopularity at the present time. Granted that the maintenance of peace is desirable at any price, the British people are justified in their commendation of Mr. Chamberlain in the recent crisis; granted that the upholding of principle is to be desired at all costs, the rest of the world is justified in its reprehension.

To the idealist, Mr. Chamberlain's recent activities represent a cowardly submission to force rather than our final attempt to lengthen peace's rather precarious lease on life. Neville Chamberlain is not the idealist's hero. But the seventy-year-old, gouty, Mr. Chamberlain is not himself an idealist; he is rather the symbol of the practical English business man, relying upon expediency rather than principle.

Until the negotiation of the Anglo-Italian treaty, Mr. Chamberlain had remained somewhat in the background of English politics. Lacking the color necessary to a brilliant national figure, Mr. Chamberlain was overshadowed by the youthful charms of Anthony Eden. Most of his life, it seems, Mr. Chamberlain had been overshadowed by someone. In his youth, Neville Chamberlain stepped aside while his brother Austin was pushed into the foreground and prepared for an active career in Parliament. To Neville fell the management of the family income and estate; no provisions were made for Parliamentary training for him.

In 1915 Chamberlain became Mayor of Birmingham, as his father and uncle before him had been—not an exalted position, merely one that commanded the respect of those in the community. When England entered the World War, David Lloyd George appointed Chamberlain Director General of the National Service, but this position held very little attraction for him, and after a year's trial he gave it up.

Neville Chamberlain's first entrance into Parliament came in 1923 when he entered as a member of Stanley Baldwin's cabinet. His

political career was not an outstanding one, and very little was heard of Neville, son of "Old Joe" and brother of Austin, until his rise to Prime Ministership in 1937 as the curtain was being rung down on the brief reign of Edward VIII. To his wife Mr. Chamberlain gives credit for his entrance into, and his success in, public affairs.

The elderly successor to Stanley Baldwin was ushered into office amid the din that followed Edward's abdication, and remained in comparative obscurity for almost a year. With his negotiation of the treaty with Fascist Italy, Parliament stirred out of its lethargy and began a scathing attack led by Anthony Eden and Winston Churchill. For his submission to repeated Italian affronts, Mr. Chamberlain suffered a great loss of prestige at the hands of the opposition. His vacillation was costing him the confidence of the British people. Compromise with the dictators was degrading to the "splendid isolationists."

Yet to a certain group of very influential people, compromise with the dictators was the lesser of two evils, presuming there were only two alternatives—Fascism or Communism. Chamberlain, representing the middle-class business man, shared the middle-class dread of Communism, and hence turned to the other alternative. With the aristocratic Cliveden set in Parliament, Chamberlain's policies found hearty support; that clique openly expressed its admiration for the dictators.

Within the past month the grave, reticent Prime Minister of England has emerged from obscurity and become the alleged champion of peace—peace at any price—in a world of megalomaniacs. On Tuesday, September 27, his calm, rational speech impressed the world listeners with his sincere desire for peace; for the moment he seemed a world saviour. His reiterations that Britain "would not yield to fear of force" were reassuring, and the world was waiting for reassurance.

On the next morning, September 28, Mr. Chamberlain's address to the House of Commons was interrupted by a message from Adolph

Hitler, suggesting a Four Power conference at Munich on Thursday, September 29. In the early part of the year 1938 Mr. Chamberlain had openly expressed his desire for a Four Power pact, providing for the isolation of South Russia. The arrival of Herr Hitler's message came as a godsend; only later did speculation arise as to the possible origin of this proposal.

Mr. Chamberlain's welcome upon his return from Munich was that accorded a conquering hero. It is fitting that his wife too was acclaimed by the crowd. The tension of the past few weeks was relaxed; the morbid digging of bomb shelters in the park was ceased. Britain had once more "muddled through."

Overjoyed by Chamberlain's present of peace, Britain had failed to notice the pricetag. She was not long allowed to ignore it. Censure

began pouring in from all sides. Chamberlain was classified with Judas Iscariot. The betrayal of Czechoslovakia was soon taking its place among the outrages of history. And yet, had not Britain, who had helped give life to Czechoslovakia, also the right to deprive it of life, provided the end justified the means? With the end as world peace, although it may be of only short duration, was the means justified? Until the actual price paid has become known, we cannot say. Perhaps, today, as the British people, after knowing the nearness of war and feeling its scorching breath on their necks, can refill the trenches in their parks and can lay aside the gas masks that were so frantically fitted and distributed several weeks ago—perhaps, today, they feel that Mr. Chamberlain's peace is worth the price.



EUROPEAN CRISIS
Elizabeth Holt

CORADDI

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Comment

AS we once more tire of our studies and turn to pleasure reading, we realize that the literary arts are in a bad way. That they are, is, we believe, not from lack of excellence, but from lack of critical appreciation in their audiences. The arts are being produced in two qualities: a cheap grade for the general public, made small to fit small minds; and a better grade, the best a given artist can create, for the artist and the discerning reader.

Students learn to read and to "appreciate"; and the word "appreciate" becomes the rusty hinge that sticks the door to full perception of literary worth. For in its most common connotation, "appreciation" means "enjoyment"; and so students forget that the word also means "setting a price on," or "evaluation." To read

and evaluate is to read and criticize; it is to measure a work by a set of standards not wholly conditioned by personal emotion, temporary morals, and partisan politics—or any other of the reader's pet interests.

Just where students are first taught to read with "appreciation" and not with criticism, we don't know. It probably begins down in the grades when the blameless little things are fed Longfellow with their codliver oil and are told that both are good. In high school, these victims are dipped in Shakespeare and the Romantics. They memorize "Out, out, brief candle . . ." and "All the world's a stage . . ." and Shakespeare's other so-called "philosophical" speeches. Out of the process come two types of students: those who, from general

weariness or a sense of humor, never read anything that is labeled "good" or "great" if they can help it; and those who learn a few "great" names, devour them with indigestion, and then become maladjusted personalities because nobody else is interested. It is often that way with people who have the only true light. The pity of it is that some of them turn back into literature for explanation of life, others for poetic cries of pain that will make them feel less forlorn. They echo Byron's "I have not loved the world, nor the world me"; with Shelley they "fall upon the thorns of life"—and bleed; they climb up on a hill with Edna Millay and look down at all the little people trotting about in biological sequence and conclude that it doesn't matter anyway. Through it all they become more and more convinced that all great poetry has some "metaphysical"—obscure, nobly nonsensical—purpose, some message to carry to mortal men, some philosophy to teach. They believe that the sole meaning of great poetry is the crude statement of a moral.

A great poem may, and frequently does, have a moral. It is usually infused through the best poems, though Coleridge went so far as to tack a couple of comparatively unrelated stanzas on—to the "Rime of the Ancient Mariner"—"He loveth best . . ."—to satisfy his period's demand for a lesson. He did not spoil the rest of his poem, and he did not add to the value of it. It is still a great poem; and the reader can always cut those two stanzas in the reading—though the student may have to memorize them.

The notion students have of the poet as teacher and preacher is, however, detrimental to them and to poetry. It causes them to approach a work with a stubborn misconception of values; it leads them to read bad poetry uncritically and good poetry without understanding. For example, these students hear so much of Wordsworth, Shelley, and Tennyson—outstanding poets of the much-taught Romantic and Victorian periods—that they overlook the "minor" poets whose work is better, though it is treated more or less summarily in anthologies and text books. Further, only students taking special courses in poetry ever know the best modern

poets; and even they are faced with the problem of bad selection in anthologies. William Butler Yeats, for example, is represented in Louis Untermeyer's anthology of modern poets only by his early poems and not by the later works that have entitled him to the place of greatest present-day poet. And students are inclined to greet the modern poet coldly, because they do not understand him. They do not understand him because he appeals to them through an apprehension of experience foreign to their habits of mind.

Readers should withhold their condemnation of a good poet who, being unfamiliar, is difficult, until they can free themselves from doctrinate or dogmatic habits of thinking, and train themselves to see exactly what the poem says. Most readers expect a new poem to stimulate their habitual associations of feeling and thought, not to give them new ones. The following stanza from "The Garden," a seventeenth century poem by Andrew Marvel, will illustrate the difficulty:

*"Meanwhile the mind, from pleasure less,
Withdraws into its happiness;
The mind, that ocean where each kind
Does straight its own resemblance find;
Yet it creates, transcending these,
Far other worlds, and other seas,
Annihilating all that's made
To a green thought in a green shade."*

It is not legitimate to criticize a serious craftsman on any other grounds than of comprehension; though we sometimes find otherwise reasonable psychologists psycho-analysing an author through his work and pronouncing him a bad case—which is beside the point. Not only is such criticism beside the point, but by ignoring, or being incapable of accepting the author's challenge to intellect, it encourages the production of level-of-the-thirteen-year-old writings. It is by critical reading, or, in the words of John Crowe Ransom, by the "attempt to define and enjoy the aesthetic or characteristic values" of it that the standards of our literature can be raised.

The Barrel Organ

Time to Kill

AS the six girls sat in Barbara's room, they formed what is known, in college annuals, as "the typical dormitory scene." The four playing bridge were sitting on Barbara's bed, cross-legged. Anne hunched over Billy's desk writing letters. The girls knew by the scratch of her pen that she was writing letters, and not themes. When Anne wrote a theme, her pen was more often in her mouth than on the paper, and she always asked people how to spell words like "psychopathic." But this was an hour of relaxation, just after lunch, and Anne's pen kept up a steady scratch.

The other occupant of the room was Ruth, who sat in the one "easy" chair and knitted. The sweaters that Ruth made were always beautiful, and one felt, looking at them, that they were as much a part of Ruth as her arms and legs. She always wore these sweaters—she had made sixteen—with pearls, and a narrow belt.

Barbara was talking about Freud in that cynical way she had. Barbara looked like a full-lipped cherub, but she spoke like a New Yorker who knew all the sophisticated supper clubs and who had heard Tommy Dorsey so many times that he smiled when he saw her dipping by. She had just said something funny; everyone was laughing, even Helen, at whom the laugh was directed.

Anne, who had just written, ". . . and so you see how impossible it is for me to come, much as I'd love the dance and seeing you . . ." heard the remark, just faintly cruel, and thought, "I hope Helen didn't mind that one too much. I would have. But I suppose the wit compensated for the sarcasm. . . I wish I were clever." She turned the page, filled her pen with some of Barbara's brown ink (thinking, "Why hadn't I thought of brown ink with this paper?") and wrote, "There are only thirty-seven days left until spring vacation. I'm living for that. My life here is nothing but one test and one book-report after another. . ."

Sounds filled the hall, and echoed up and down so that, if one listened for them, they took on hollow, gigantic proportions. At intervals, doors banged. The water for someone's bath ran hard from the spigots. Voices called back

and forth: Could Jean wear Grace's gloves; she had a date with Bud. The amplifier announced, in too loud tones, that Mary Louise's date was downstairs. A squeal followed this statement, indicating that Mary Louise probably wasn't ready. Then a demand came, frank and unabashed, "Somebody lend me their mascara!" she yelled.

In 314 the rubber was over, and the girls sat on the beds and floor, cracking pecans, and talking about Dr. Russell, their psychology teacher. Anne and Ruth had joined the others and were both eating nuts. Anne liked to dig the pieces out and pop them into her mouth, with her head thrown back. But Ruth waited until she had a little handful and then ate them slowly as though they were the rewards of labor.

Barbara was saying, with her mouth full, that Dr. Russell had a one-tracked mind. Helen, very positive, declared that he had nothing of the kind. Barbara said, "Well, you see, Helen, if he hadn't, he wouldn't be a good teacher, which he is." Helen sat and cracked a nut, trying to think of a rebuttal, and wishing she wouldn't always say things that could be contradicted so easily. She supposed it all came of speaking before thinking. Or maybe it was just that Barbara would always *be* right because she *thought* she was. Confidence was the thing . . .

Ruth was showing a new stitch to Billy. Billy was unimpressed, but promised to use it when she made her first baby sweater, in ten years. "We won't be able to afford one for ten years," she murmured apologetically, and blushed.

Everyone was so tired of hearing Billy digress on the subject of how many children she would have, and whom they would look like, that someone asked the time, suggestively. Alice looked at her watch. "Time to go to class," she said. "Who's got a sixth?"

They got up, stretched, and walked out of the room, laughing and wise-cracking. Billy called, "Anne, will you mail a letter for me!" and ran down the hall. Barbara went next door to borrow "Thais."

The room was very still.

LOUETTE GLASER.

THE WOLF HUNT

"W-W-wolves," I muttered to the card catalog.

"May I help you?" The librarian stood at my elbow.

"Please do—I'm looking for *wolves*."

"Wolves?" She was mildly astonished.

"Yes—you see, I'm writing something about wolves, and I've never seen any. I need some *graphic* information about them."

I left the library with two animal books in my school bag. I went to McIver building and watched a history class file out of my sociology room. My fingers were crossed when I stepped into the room.

"Miss G—, what does Kansas look like? Does it have any mounds—especially by a creek?" I asked desperately, as I became vaguer with every word.

"We-ell, now—what do you want to know that for?"

"Uh—I'm trying to write a short story that takes place in Kansas, and I've never seen Kansas."

"That's a pretty hard assignment, isn't it? Don't you think you better ask if you can't have it changed to another setting—one that you're familiar with?"

"But nobody's making me write a short story about Kansas. I'm—I'm just doing it. It has to be in Kansas because it happened there."

"Oh, I see. Well, it's pretty hard to describe Kansas if you've never seen it. You have to see the miles and miles of flat land—just bare flat land."

"Are there any scrub pines along the creeks, and mounds and rocks?"

She looked at me a bit dazed. "But there aren't any scrub pines there. You're more apt to see wild cherry trees and—why don't you ask Dr. H—? He's lived in Kansas. I've just ridden through there."

"Y—es—, but he snaps people's heads off."

Miss G— laughed. "Oh, no, he's really very kind. You tell him I sent you."

"All right," I replied uncertainly. "Thank you—thank you very much."

Out in the corridor again, I relaxed against the wall. I decided to postpone Kansas for a while. I took a deep breath to steady myself, and then walked down into the psychology department in the basement. I made mental reviews of my next question. My courage was splashing around in my shoes. But, I told myself, he can take it. Psychology serves as a good shock absorber, and he's studied it for years. I paused in front of his office door. I raised my hand to knock and then let it drop again. I walked down the hall and came back again. An older girl passed by.

"Pardon me, do you know whether Dr. B—is in or not?" I asked suddenly.

"No, I don't. Have you looked in his office?"

"No, I haven't," I said, frankly. "I'm afraid to." She opened the office door and announced:

"Someone to see you, Dr. B—" I groaned inwardly, but I managed to say:

"I'm sorry, Dr. B— are you busy?"

"No, come in." I went in.

"Won't you sit down?" I sat down.

"It's a very queer question. It's not about psychology at all."

"Is it about your experiment?"

"No-o—have you ever seen the carcass of a cow—ravished or ravaged by animals—wolves?" I watched him fearfully. But he rubbed the corner of his desk quite calmly and said,

"That *is* a queer question."

"Yes," I admitted. "Have you ever seen the carcass of a cow? I need to know what one looks like."

"You do?"

"Yes. You see, I'm trying to write a story with the carcass of a cow in it, and I've never seen the carcass of a cow."

"Oh, I see. And you want to know what it looks like when the wolves get through with it. Is that it?"

"Yes," I breathed, relieved.

There was no doubt that he had seen the carcass of a cow. His description was so realistic that I squirmed. But I was very grateful for the information.

When I left the office, I returned to the library. I took down three "K" encyclopedias and browsed over them for an hour. Kansas—climate, geography— I found *graphic* information about the undulating plains in general and the prairie plains in the northeast. Then I went home.

My roommate was looking out the window.

"O Ruby, Ruby," I sighed, settling into a chair.

"What's the matter?"

"Nothing—I've just been getting *graphic* information. I feel groggy."

"*Graphic* information for what?"

"For my short story. I'm rewriting it—I needed some *graphic* information."

"Let me read it—may I?"

"If you want to." I gave her the manuscript. It was ten pages long.

"The Wolf Hunt?" she read the title in surprise.

"Mm-hm, there's nothing but men in it. I've got to put a girl in to complicate the plot."

I took some scrap paper from my desk drawer while Ruby read. Suddenly she laughed.

"What part are you laughing at?"

"Page 3. I like the conversation. It's funny."

"Well, good—the whole thing's supposed to be funny." She laughed several times before she had finished.

"I like it," she said as she left for class.

I sat down at my desk to rewrite. I read the first sentence of my story:

"About sixty years ago, when many Kan-

sans were Easterners, and Kansas was still 'new land,' wolves roamed the Kansan countryside."

I grunted. About an hour later, Lib B—came in.

"How are you coming along?"

"Terribly; I've written only one sentence."

"Let's hear it."

"It's supposed to be *graphic* information."

"O. K."

I read: "A little like a drain board, Kansas slopes toward the Mississippi River at about an average of seven feet per mile." I looked up.

Lib grinned. I grinned back.

"Aww, Lib, look, suppose we just skip this whole thing. I'll write another short story later."

"But this one's good. Why don't you start in the middle of the action."

"I think I better try another one."

"Well, suppose you let this one cool a while and then work on it later."

"O. K."

"I'll be seeing you."

I put the scrap paper back in my desk drawer and pulled out some stationery. I wrote home:

Dear Aunt Winnie,

I wrote you that I was doing "The Wolf Hunt." I have a wild imagination, but I can't imagine the west in 1878. I think I better practice on some place I've seen, for the present. Do you think you can send me the maps and pamphlets of the Thousand Islands? I think they're in the bookcase out in the country. I hope you haven't closed the house up for the winter yet, and I hope it won't be too much trouble. I'd especially like the ones about Devil's oven—I've got an idea. . . .

HELEN D. ALBRIGHT.

x

REVIEWS

Books

The Fathers. By Allen Tate. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1938.

THE students of the Woman's College are fortunate in being able to claim as a member of their faculty the author of one of the most beautifully written and widely reviewed novels of the year, *The Fathers*. Mr. Allen Tate, distinguished poet, critic, and now novelist, is a native of Kentucky, and has spent most of his life in that state, in Tennessee, and in Virginia; but, during the writing of the last third of his newly published novel, he has been a resident of North Carolina.

Reviews of *The Fathers* have already been reprinted in our newspaper, *The Carolinian*; therefore *Coraddi* presents, instead, a resumé of Mr. Tate's account of the genesis of his novel.

The first premonition of *The Fathers* came to Mr. Tate with the constant reappearance in his mind of two characters. One of these characters was an old man, and the other was a young man: both were in nineteenth century dress. Their voices were audible, but, for some time, their words were not distinguishable. Mr. Tate noticed also that these two characters never appeared together. Soon he realized the reason for their separation: the two personalities would have conflicted had they come together. The characters were old Major Buchan and George Posey.

At first, Mr. Tate had difficulty in bringing to dramatic focus the materials of a novel of the period denoted by the dress of the men—that of the War Between the States—since he could not at first discover a point of view that would permit the subject to be viewed with “authority”—that is, the point of view of an “observer entitled to an immediate knowledge of the action.”

This difficulty, however, was solved with the next step in the process. One day, a complete sentence came to Mr. Tate's mind: “It was only today as I was walking down Fayette Street towards the river that I got a whiff of salt fish,

and I remembered the day I stood at Pleasant Hill, under the dogwood tree.” The reader will recognize this as the opening sentence of the novel. The phrase, “Pleasant Hill,” in the sentence suggested a meeting place for the characters because it was the name of an ante-bellum place in Virginia with which Mr. Tate was very familiar.

In the immediate scene, was a boy named Lacy, whose presence under the dogwood tree raised for Mr. Tate two questions: “How did the boy get under the dogwood tree, and how could he get away from there again?” In order to get Lacy out from under the dogwood tree, George Posey was brought into the yard. From the answers to these two questions, was developed the plot of *The Fathers*.

VIRGINIA WOOD.

I Like America. By Granville Hicks. New York: Modern Age Books, Inc., 1938.

“MY thesis is not that I am as good an American as you; that is too modest a claim; I maintain that I am a better American. And I shall try to prove it to the jury of our peers.” It is imperative that every “middle, middle class” American, to whom this book is written, shall read *I Like America*. For, says Hicks, “We need the kind of patriotism that can look at all the facts and still say, ‘I like America.’” And he proceeds to present all the vital facts about American life too often buried in census reports, economic surveys, and books in various limited fields, from the “Chart of Plenty” to “America's Sixty Families”. But not in a ponderous style; no, his style is simple and straightforward, as easy to read as a current “best-seller” and every whit as interesting.

Even from a conservative viewpoint this book is significant. The case is presented, unbiased; while the author makes known his convictions, he does not command that the reader adopt them. His appeal is to the professional and small business men whose incomes range between \$1500 and \$6000 annually. Those are the men to whom this comprehensive survey will mean something, the men who will form their own attitude toward the America of today and the future America.

Granville Hicks sets down statistics in terms of human living—a literary accomplishment in

itself. His sincerity is reminiscent of Defoe's and Swift's, though he is less dogmatic.

The book is constructed around the author's deep-rooted love of America and its traditions, from which it progresses to the description of America as it is today, and the possible one of tomorrow. It contains a valuable discussion of "individualism" as it is defined today; and points out that America, though collectivist in production, is not so in distribution.

Granville Hicks not only points out the existing faults, but unlike the professional economists, gives us his plan for the solution of these faults. Whether you agree or not, it is refreshing to find a writer who can do this in readable language, and who is speaking to us on our own level, sans dogmatic doctrine, reactionary ideas, or propaganda.

BETTIE HARWARD.

Humor and Humanity. By Stephen Leacock. New York: Henry Holt and Company, 1938.

HUMOR AND HUMANITY: AN INTRODUCTION TO THE STUDY OF HUMOR is not a text book of humor, but, as Mr. Leacock says, an introduction to humor. This book is not a thorough analysis of humor; it is not, the author says, written after the manner of "scientific people, philosophical analysers who feel that they must make something serious, something real out of it, and show us that humor can, in the proper hands, be made as dull and as respectable as philology or epistemology." It is, rather, written to emphasize Leacock's opinion that "the essence of humor is human kindness". Humor is a leading factor of human progress, and is destined further to enhance its utility to mankind. With this in mind Leacock gives us a kindly explanation of humor in the typical Leacock style.

The nature of humor is divided into two streams. In one direction flows the humor of human kindness; in the other flows the polluted waters of mockery and sarcasm. Mr. Leacock sums it up like this: "Here tears and laughter are joined, and our little life, incongruous and vain, is rounded with a smile." Who else could parody this familiar phrase without causing us to grit our teeth?

And with this introduction humour is

treated in all its phases—not in a dogmatic fashion, but admitting of errors. Mr. Leacock develops humor as it was developed historically, from puns to sublime humor, and by so doing gives us a far richer insight into humor than we ever had before. His illustrations are appetizing morsels, chosen with a view to making us seek further. Through it all we hear the same old thesis—that "humor is akin to tears"—but in a refreshing manner. Though the axiom is rather self-evident, as most of us think, Mr. Leacock puts the finishing touches on it, and makes our previous understanding of it seem superficial. He widens the scope of our comprehension of humor by proving his underlying thesis that "humanity has as a whole grown better, and its literature has grown also from simpler forms to higher meaning and complexity".

BETTIE HARWARD.

Tides of Mont St. Michel. By Roger Verceel. Random House, 1938.

MR. VERCEL'S novel of human aspirations gained and thwarted, of ideals won and lost, of character sublime and earthy, is dominated in every thought by the strange abbey-fortress of Mont St. Michel.

André and Laura, victims of the financial crash, come by necessity to what seems to them the dropping-off place of the world. Mont St. Michel, to them, had been only a place where every tourist made his way to gaze in rapture at the rooms, the towers, the steps of carved stone, and at the archangel guarding its massive glory.

Though André, at first, is humbled by his position as tourist guide on the half-isle, his pride is forgotten as the Mont casts its spell over him. The ever-changing appearance, the history, and the mysterious beauty of the Mont have their natural effect upon the highly sensitive character of the brilliant young Frenchman. But Laura, his spoiled, insensitive, Parisian wife, is incapable of feeling the enchantment of the half-island. In spite of her quarrels with the fishermen's wives, her friendship with an ex-prostitute who promised to help her leave the Mont, and her uncompromising attitude toward her husband, we can still understand Laura's beauty and her power over André.

The characterizations are sharp and powerful: the Chief, Plantier, and André's colleague,

Hulard, live for us, and the old prostitute, in addition to her very human qualities, portrays a social attitude of the day. The cockle-gatherers represent both a vocation and a character strange to most of us.

The forces of Nature are ever present in the story, often in the most violent form, and, with the thrall of the Mont, they shape the characters and fortunes of André and Laura.

The translation flows in simple, easy style, suggesting similar fluency and grace in the original French. The reader, however, who is looking just for plot interest will feel unsatisfied and even baffled. The charm of the book arises not from plot complications, but from graphic description of a uniquely beautiful island and from gripping revelations of human character.

JEAN BAILLIE.

WE RECOMMEND ALSO

Fiction:

ALL THIS, AND HEAVEN TOO. Rachel Field.

SLEEP IN PEACE. Phyllis Bentley.

THE BUCCANEERS. Edith Wharton.

THE NOISE OF THEIR WINGS. MacKinlay Kantor.

Non-Fiction:

A SOUTHERNER DISCOVERS THE SOUTH. Jonathan Daniels.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN. Carl Van Doren.

FANNIE KEMBLE. Margaret Armstrong.

LILLIAN WALD. Duffus.

LISTEN! THE WIND. Anne Morrow Lindbergh.

THIS IS LIVING. Gordan Aymar and Donald Culross Peattie.

U. S. CAMERA, 1939. T. S. Maloney.

SCREEN

AMONG the newer pictures, *If I Were King*, directed by Frank Lloyd, shows promise of being one of this year's biggest box-office attractions. In the picture the story of Francois Villon, poet, lover, and rogue, is once again brought to the screen. This time in the

main role is Ronald Coleman who has seldom given us a disappointing performance. With him are Basil Rathbone as Louis XI, Frances Dee as the Lady Katherine, and Ellen Drew (whom we saw in *Sing You Sinners*) as Huguette, the tempestuous little Paris street girl.

We can be glad perhaps to know that Coleman will make the picaresque figure a gayer, more vibrant person than the cynical, fear-haunted rascal that Villon really was. A certain vitality and humor has been given to the historic rebel who was mockingly made ruler of France for one week; and since history can not tell us what really happened to Villon, the picture has him escaping from Paris before his execution, followed by Katherine.

Because most of the familiar Villon stories are pure legend anyway, we do not regret any discrepancies in the picture and can enjoy it for its magnificent characterizations and stirring "Robin Hood" theme. Next to the performance of Villon himself, the most outstanding part of the picture is the pathetic death scene of Huguette, which gives Miss Drew her chance to prove herself a genuine actress.

In theme *If I Were King* is a lighter version than Dennis King's *Vagabond King* which was one of the earliest Vitaphone productions, but it has an added quality of pageantry and robust adventure that typifies the modern trend towards the spectacular vehicle.

MAUDE STATON.

ABUSY little community, far remote from the accepted social centers, named Boy's Town, Nebraska, is finding itself suddenly, but surely catapulted into the willing public eye, through a noteworthy film production released recently from the self-styled silver screen. "Boys' Town," done with anything but the usual Hollywood postmark, is a picture that will move the sentimental to tears, the hard-hearted to reluctant tolerance, the churchmen to a fervent "Amen," and the sociologist, perhaps, to an expression of gratitude for a certain amount of opportune propaganda given them by Hollywood—that much discussed industry with so many possibilities for spreading worthy sentiments.

As a drama, as characterization, as a brilliant plot, the reviewers and the critics are quite likely

to be saying soon that "Boy's Town" has nothing that is really great to offer the field of drama; and perhaps that is true. Pictures inferior to this one have withstood the same casual comment without having anything to compensate for it.

But "Boy's Town" does do one thing thoroughly and well. It takes an institution, a purely American development, natural and human, and places it on the screen with little or none of the customary fabrication and veneering, still thought demanded of a film that attempts to portray something tangible, something true. In this story (which is, incidentally, quite good) there is no great magnification of facts; it is logical and sincere, and it is also astonishing in its unfeigned simplicity. Somewhere in the conglomerate absurdities known as Hollywood, someone had, no doubt by chance, the genius to think that "Boy's Town" would grow into a bigger box office attraction if it were kept perfectly natural, the story perfectly true.

Because it is a sincere and worthy filming of Boy's Town, Nebraska, "Boy's Town," Hollywood, has another interesting accomplishment to its credit. It introduces Father Flannagan, a quiet, hard-working Catholic priest, into the play, his life-long work being interpreted in an hour and a half by a deeply sympathetic actor, Spencer Tracy. Father Flannagan is on one side of the stage, and Spencer Tracy on the other;

both of them are keenly interested in re-creating dirty members of potential "gangs". That visionary tableau is singularly impressive, for Father Flannigan has commended Tracy's thoughtful presentation of himself, and endorses the screen's treatment of his development for boys.

Perhaps it is because of a slight movement of revolt on the part of the more intelligent audiences that "Boy's Town" has been made into something distinctive. It has no fast-moving plot, no romantic episodes, none of what Hollywood likes to call spectacles, and yet it rouses enthusiasm as greatly as any of the "collossals" and asks questions as dramatic and powerful as any of the film epics in the history of the screen.

And even then, Hollywood is not undertaking, by this film, so noble a task as improving the taste of its supporters in giving them good, real drama. They are presenting a true story which is, in a way, a credit to the social status of the country. Far more than that, "Boy's Town" is a shining tribute, created in a fashion worthy of Father Flannagan, and dedicated to men devoting their lives to building homes for boys who, through no deserved fate of their own, have been deprived of a right to physical and mental development, spiritual and emotional expression.

ELIZABETH BURROUGHS.

CORADDI will award a prize of five dollars to the person who submits the best short story for the December issue. All stories must be in by November twenty-fifth.

CORADDI also gives a five dollar prize each for the best critical article of the year and the best poem. These two prizes are given in the spring.

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smoked Luckies for 15 years