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UNIVERSITY OF NORTH CAROLINA

FALL-1943

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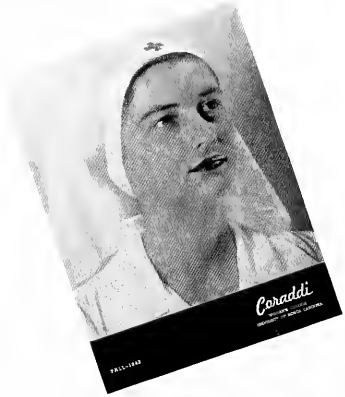
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AIR CONDITIONED

Mary McLean, junior, in her Red Cross head dress embodies the spirit with which the students have accepted the responsibilities of a campus in war time.

(Photograph by Betty Baker)



C O R A D D I

VOL. XLVIII

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No. 1

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REVII 2.8. "Go not to glean in another field."

Toni Lupton

B R E A K I N G G R O U N D

Cover Girl Mary McLean does not always look so serious; luckily the camera caught just the right gleam while Mary was musing about plans for the Junior class dance for which she is chairman. It could not have been a feeling of indecision on her part as to which of the two presidents of Student Government of neighboring universities she will ask to lead the figure with her.

This issue aims to reflect the war, with the different facets shown by various students. Biz Dilts follows through in her delightful style with an amusing and gaily satirical story of a college girl's reactions to a USO dance. Particularly pleasing to our unobtrusive brain is the title, "Its Ugly Head." Other sides of the image of war are seen in the poetry; sharply contrasted are Lea Bailey's "The Concentrate," and Nancy Kirby's "Current Events"; yet each brings close the realization of war. Jean Moomau's "Passage To God" is a completely personal interpretation of Walt Whitman's *Passage To India*.

Jean is a senior English major, and in this poem she attempts to show in the style of Whitman the gradual evolution of man in his environment. *Passage to God* is simple in language and in meaning, yet the quality of lucidity has a positive force, and the reader remains a believer in the perfectibility of man.

This issue inaugurates the new editorial board which functions in many capacities: the responsibility for the magazine is allocated, and experience is gained so that the editors of future years will approach the swivel chair with full knowledge. It is also the policy of the magazine to publish any material to which the editorial board gives its approval. This issue contains the work of several members of the board. The featured article of the magazine, "Woman's College Goes To War" was written by Eleanor Dare Taylor, junior

sociology major, who works for the News Bureau. "Camp To Campus" was compiled and edited by Andora Hodgkin and Julia Taylor, who is a sophomore English major and circulation manager for CORADDI. "Show your Medals, Mother Malone," a short story, is the initial furrow of a field we hope will be well plowed before the year is out. Margaret Bilyeu is also an editorial board member and one of the more promising writers on campus. Her approach in this story is one that we are pleased to present, for its subtle psychological impact says far more against war than any series of sermons.

"Ruby," by Jean Johnson, junior French major, is taken from an actual case history. There is an easy flow in the technique that is difficult to attain in actual circumstance, but we think Jean achieves it with a minimum of effort. Dorothy Arnett collected the merry little anecdotes for "Footnotes, Mostly Faculty," and is more than willing to receive contributions that you think are amusing concerning faculty or students.

The frontispiece, which is from a series of illustrations of the Book of Ruth, is the work of Toni Lupton, one of the art editors; this versatile senior art major also has two poems, "Laughter" and "Momentary," notable for roundness of mood. Connie Cline breaks ground in this issue with her charming illustration for "Its Ugly Head." Connie is a sophomore art major. The illustrations for "Camp to Campus" and "Faculty Footnotes" were done by Joan Weil, one of the art editors, a senior, who plans to do commercial art when she graduates. Gaynor May, also a senior, produced the sketch which aptly sets the mood for "Show Your Medals, Mother Malone."

ITS UGLY HEAD

By ELIZABETH DILTS

Jill put on earrings, finally, rose, and looked at herself in the mirror. She inspected closely—front, as she would be before the music started or during a rumba; profile, as dancing, head lifted, a khaki arm clasping her waist; back, as the stag-line would see her. I look great, she thought. She smiled, experimentally: slight smile for expectancy, broader smile for tenderness, graciousness, and indulgence; flashing smile for flirting and general morale-lifting.

She sang as she went downstairs to her mother's room, sang as she turned around for her, stopped singing to tell her that the bus would bring her to the door after the dance was over, sang again as she went into the library. She felt good, so good that she was acutely and separately aware of feeling good.

The bus honked outside. "I'm leaving, Mother!" she called. Mrs. Cochrane, the senior hostess, greeted her. She smiled at the other girls, surveyed them desultorily, and sat beside Mrs. Cochrane, who was giving the driver the next address. The other girls were about what Mrs. Cochrane had led her to expect—"Oh, they're sweet girls," she'd said, "and we couldn't get along without them, of course, but I'm so glad you're home, and I do hope you'll come down to the U. S. O. often. I mean, a better family—you won't be going just to meet men, you'll have the idea of *service*." Mrs. Cochrane had been breathing heavily, the way she always did when she talked. "It gives it more of the tone we want," she had finished with satisfaction.

The U. S. O. was a spacious, new-looking frame building. Soldiers had gathered around the entrance, and Mrs. Cochrane marshalled the junior hostesses into the ladies' room with the air of a dowager taking some refugees to an opening night. There were twenty or so of the girls, all sizes and shapes and degrees of comeliness. They were wearing flimsy net dresses and pique prints (the regulations stipulated backs and sleeves) with a small-town look, and they had been taken in by an epidemic of long, cascading hairdos. And their conversation, thought Jill, waiting to use the mirror. Well, they were probably like the girls back home, in a way, because this was, after all, back home. She reached the mirror and shared a look with her own eyes. But, she thought, I'll be different. Back Home and Somewhere Else, too—somewhere some of them haven't been, and I'll take them there.

A freckled little red-head with an aqua dress said, "Can I borrow your lipstick?" "Of course," said Jill. She watched her put it on. Her hands were pudgy, and her short fingernails looked funny under the dark polish she was wearing. She took the lipstick, said, "You're welcome," and put it back into her evening bag. They went toward the dance floor together.

"Gee," said the red-head, "That sure is a pretty dress. Is it linen?" She felt the sleeve. "Yes," said Jill, and "Thank you."

"It's so different," she added. "I wouldn't of said I'd like an evening dress with a narrow skirt, or plain black either, but that's okay. I'd like to get one like that, except I do so much jitterbugging. I don't reckon you jitterbug much."

"No," said Jill, smiling a little. They were at the broad entrance to the dance floor. The soldiers were forming a line on one side, girls on the other, for the grand march. The band burst into "The Stars and Stripes Forever," and the lines merged into ranks of couples. The orchestra leader announced a no-break, and Jill smiled (number two, medium: conducive to easy conversation) at her partner. "Hi," he said. "My name's Evan."

"Mine's Jill," she replied. "Hello, Evan." She danced closer to him.

"You haven't been down here before, have you?"

"No—I just got home from school."

"Where do you go?"

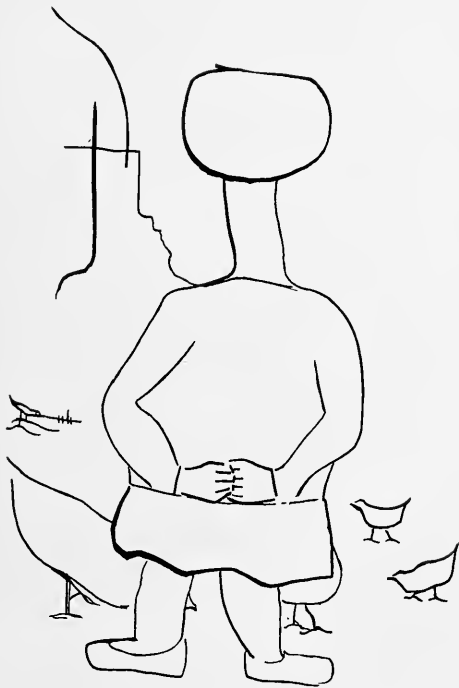
"Saint Catherine's, and I'll graduate next year—but let's talk about you. Where are you from?"

It was like that, and he enjoyed it. He was telling her about the town in Illinois where he lived when a small, dark boy cut and said, "Hello, smoothie." She smiled at Evan (number three, flashing: come-back-and-we'll-talk-some-more) and turned to the dark boy. He was thin and Manhattan-Latin-looking, and she followed his intricate steps adroitly. He was from New York City, he said, and he'd be glad when he could go back. "I'll never go any further away than Hoboken if I get back alive," he said feverently. She pouted and asked, "Won't you really? Won't you come down to see me?"

His teeth looked very white—and uneven—in his swarthy face. "Ah, baby, you come to New York sometime and I'll show you how to paint the town."

It was all like that. They were tall and short and heavy and skinny. They had girls back home and they didn't have anybody. They were from Mississippi and Massachusetts and Texas and Ohio. They talked about Southern belles and Southern accents and they talked about how slow it was in the South.

The first intermission came, and Jill was with tall and nobody back home and Ohio. He took her into the entry lounge where it was cooler and went after a cup of punch for her. Jill used the moment to feel good again. She was having a fine time just because they were, she told herself. They were sweet; they weren't handsome or smooth, mostly, but they were soldiers, and



a low dip, her forehead pressed against her partner's cheek. Now I'll enjoy this, she thought. Two, three minutes out of the evening—I owe myself that much.

Her partner's arm relaxed, so she backed off a little and looked up. The smile was the same—confident, insolent, annoyingly amused. He used it as though he knew that it was Number Six: I know everything there is to know about you. Jill felt her cheeks color. "Hello," she said. "My name is Jill. What's yours?"

His voice surprised her; it was very deep and rather husky. "Mundane detail," he chided. "Of course it's Jill, and you go to college, and this is the first U. S. O. dance you've been to." The music stopped, and he bowed ceremoniously. "The Army of the United States extends to you its deepest appreciation. Words cannot express our gratitude for the service you have done this evening." He smiled again. "You're silent. Can I have stymied you? I should cooperate better. My name is Vivar, Ramon Vivar." He gave it the Spanish pronunciation.

"I'm happy to know you," Jill murmured. "Where—"

"Am I from?" he finished. "Chit-chat, mere chit-chat. I am from everywhere. I am from nowhere. My home is in Geaw-gia."

The music began again. "What do you do—in the army, I mean?" she asked.

Vivar turned her around, swung her back to him. "I am a foot soldier. I support the Constitution of the United States. They gave me a gun." She blinked. "Paths of glory lead but to the grave," he added. "Your dancing is better than your conversation." He drew her up against him.

When Illinois danced with her again, and Texas and Ohio, she remembered to ask them whether they were having a good time and whether they were homesick and why. She saw Vivar go over to the chaperones' stand. The dowagers fluttered noticeably. She heard the sound without the words of Vivar's voice, the high laughter of the ladies. They seemed already to know him. She heard one of them call him Ramon.

He returned just before the next intermission. "What have you been doing?" she asked him.

"Watching you," he told her. "You have a beautiful body. You seem like a nymph from a Greek frieze. I should like to see you draped in transparent chiffon, standing on a grassy hill, with a spring wind blowing around you. . . . You are a nymph. I should have found you lying naked in a sylvan glen on a bed of moss."

The intermission came, and Vivar took her into the library. She noted, not quite parenthetically, that she felt easier for the presence of several other couples and the library hostess. She smiled at him. "Are you having a good time?"

He smiled back. He looks like a picture of a man smiling, she thought. He said, "Yes, I'm having a good time. Shall I tell you about my mother?"

(Continued on page 20)

it was nice to see them having a good time. She looked at the crowd around the snack bar to see how tall-nobody-Ohio was getting along; then she swept her eyes around the room.

A man was staring at her. He was leaning lightly against a column half-way across the room, over to her left, and when she met his eyes he smiled as though he had been holding a smile ready for her look. He had a powerful, chesty sort of body, and his stance was athletic, as though gravity had not much influence on him. He had a deep suntan, so that the khaki of his uniform was less dark than his face. Jill decided she didn't like his smile, so she turned her head away and made herself stop thinking that he must have a hairy chest.

She and Ohio drank their punch and went back to the dance floor. Mrs. Cochrane waved at her as she changed partners—Ohio for Massachusetts. Massachusetts was bashful and danced badly, so she told him he had a good sense of rhythm, and he said, "Oh—oh, I'm terrible." She assured him that he was not, that she followed badly. Massachusetts stammered that he was having an awfully good time—was she? "How could I help it?" she asked, and widened her eyes. I must be nice to him, she said to herself. The other girls can't like him. He was short and had a poor complexion, and his voice was too low to be heard easily above the music and noise.

Suddenly Massachusetts was gone and she was being held quite close by a very good dancer. Well, it was a relief. She followed a twirl and



THE CONCENTRATE

*There is gutted land somewhere.
A jungle, tied and wet,
Machines are crouching.
Men are waiting.
They are listening to the sound of nerve-screams,
Hot minds that wait and dare not think.
Straining to still the sound.
Life is too alive.
Intensity squats.
A rifle whistle sears the air.
Then rays of stillness,
Hot maddening stillness.
Soul suspension.
Death cannot come.
Death is waiting.*

—LEA BAILEY.

MOMENTARY

*Toss it up
Breathe it down
Lift the down
Kiss it now
But let it fly less a knot.*

—TONI LUPTON.

A POET SPEAKS

*And if I open myself to you,
If I pour this mist out of me,
If I place this fog
Onto a clean white sheet?
And lie there: naked.
What would you say?
The print is poor,
The paper's very bad.*

—NAN.

FRUSTRATION

(Dedicated to Dorothy Parker)

*She lives
Curl'd up
Like a slice of bacon
In a frying-pan
Spitting contemptuously
At frequent intervals.*

—NAN.

SURPRISE VISIT

*Beauty was there at 8:15 a.m.
In curls of smoke,
White down the line of sky.*

—NANCY KIRBY.

SALUTE

*Now the morning train wriggles and squeals
Chortling down the oiled track,
Clicking light off down its back,
Shouting to the young wheat in the fields.*

—NANCY KIRBY.

CURRENT EVENTS

*Black and high
 The headlines cry
 "U. S. Licks Jap Navy,"
 And Edgar Schreiber
 Sits there eating
 Roast beef and brown gravy.*

*"Rostov falls
 To Russian force,"
 The commentator screams,
 While calm inside
 Sleeps Miss McBride,
 Hugging her saffron dreams.*

*Sing "E Pluribus Unum"
 and "Set 'em up, Joe."
 Sic Transit Gloria Mundi.*

—NANCY KIRBY.

RECALLING *what you said,
 We told her you were dead,
 But the name was not familiar.*

—NANCY KIRBY.

NIGHTWATCH

*Darkness is thrown over and drawn around us
 And I am awake, darkness pushing against my
 eyes,*

*Knowing that you are sleeping and that the other
 Great hand of darkness is pushing you toward me,
 You, sleeping and unaware.*

*And I, wakeful, watchful, stay guard
 While darkness and your oblivion let me be with
 you.*

*Heavy graygreen cannot cover you while I watch,
 Nor loud coherent voices.*

*My eyes, wide in the dark, send you clear blue
 dreams*

With golden highlights, and thin streams of Ravel.

—BIZ DILTS.

MANNER OF SPEAKING

*Within us is a truth
 We try to speak,
 A four-seasonal truth
 Of its own kind,
 Distinct and yet the same
 In urgency.
 Spirit high and haughty
 Enough to crumble the skies
 With hands of left-over summer brown,
 Spirit yet of lowered head
 And humble knee and low
 Consciousness of size.
 The small room warmth
 With fire-grate and tea cups
 And pleasance of whole laughter,
 All of September and ebb year time.
 Perennial need to speak it,
 Perennial denial of voice and hand
 To announce on square cards
 Our knowledge which is not express
 But which is.*

*Point then to the maple's red,
 Concise expression of name and address.*

—NANCY KIRBY.

LAUGHTER

*I saw laughter tinkling, trilling
 Tripping o'er puffs of smoke and foam,
 Finding tiny feathers; bubbles bubbling blue—
 Blew the pipes of elves and air,
 Singing through the golden tips
 of snowflames. Swinging bells ringing light and
 faint
 and far beyond.*

—TONI LUPTON.

WOMAN'S COLLEGE

By ELEANOR DARE TAYLOR

Woman's College campus is a montage of war activity. Students are buying war bonds and stamps, rolling bandages, knitting for service men, easing labor shortages, attending soldier dances, training themselves for reconstruction leadership and in every logical way contributing materially to an early allied victory.

Because college women do not abandon their education for the duration and rush blindly into war industry or military service, many otherwise intelligent citizens of this nation have drawn the invalid conclusion that youth is a sleepy and thoughtless mass of fifth columnists who casually pursue "life as usual." Such a conception is far from the true picture. Believing with our dean of women, Miss Harriet Elliott, on leave of absence to the war savings staff in Washington, that the United States government would draft women for industry or military service were we needed there more than in colleges and universities, students here feel, in the first place, that we are making a singular contribution to our country by continuing our education and thus maintaining the American standards for which millions of our men are sacrificing their lives.

Yet college women are not shallow. We do not think that this one symbol of patriotism is the only logical or necessary part which we can and should play in a total war. By eliminating useless activities and concentrating on several services which have proved to be worthwhile, we at Woman's College are playing what we consider to be an important role in this world's biggest show. We are not so foolish as to feel ourselves equal to the combat forces or even the production lines, but neither are we falsely modest about the minority of our part.

As a guide and coordinator for our war activities, we have established the War Service League, which is directed by Col. Janice Hooke and which has made an excellent start this year in commanding our enthusiasm and our cooperation in a campus-wide program.

Volunteer service and purchase of war bonds and stamps are the two chief emphases of the War Service League, with bandage rolling summing the most attention in the former phase. Adelpian society has turned over its hall for bandage rolling, and Red Cross trained faculty and student supervisors oversee an average of about 35 students per day. During September, when only 457 hours were spent rolling bandages, a total of 3,947 surgical swabs were completed. The dressings center is open six hours each day in order to enable all students who wish to participate to work the essential activity into their schedules. Maximum of volunteers for one day was 72, and the most patronized hours are from 2 to 6 o'clock in the afternoon, according to Capt. Woody Hewitt, in charge of this phase of W. S. L. volunteer service. Captain Hewitt and her volunteers are directly respon-

sible to the Greensboro chapter of American Red Cross.

With a semi-military classification that inspires the competitive spirit necessary in a democracy, W. S. L. has not overlooked the fun that accompanies good hard work. "Pardon me if I seem to outrank you" was the taunt overheard near the beginning of school, when one energetic lass had worked her way up to sergeant and was none too shy about her achievements. Jeeps, rookies, bucks or whatever, are as scorned on the Woman's College campus as they are in any army camp of the country. Pfc's and sergeants proudly display their red, white, and blue stripes, while lieutenants and captains would not be caught dead speaking to an inferior who had failed to salute them. The college even carries out its ranking system on a super-democratic basis, for actual service points are required for even one little stripe. The only officers commissioned straight from civilian life are our colonel, who has already done enough work to have attained her position from the ranks, our captain members of the league, who have done and will do enough work to merit doubling of their "salary," and our lieutenant floor leaders, who have also twice earned their bars. The rest of us can join the elite only by the sweat-and-slave means. We're ambitious too! One hard-working corporal said she was striving for that third stripe mainly so she'd get more money for her dependents.

In addition to rolling bandages, we can earn our points and ultimately our bars by helping out in emergency labor situations, such as working at local rationing boards, knitting for the Red Cross, or filling in on former N. Y. A. jobs in the library, registrar's office, biology labs and other key campus spots. To supplant one of the most serious labor problems at the college, students have taken over dining hall work. When enough waitresses could not be secured to serve meals and valuable time was thus lost by students having to stand in unreasonable lines, the service league immediately stepped in the fore and set up a schedule of volunteer dining hall work. Fifty girls from two residence halls serve each evening for two weeks, at the end of which period fifty girls from two other halls take over, according to the new system. The volunteers are "as efficient as the regular girls" is the official report. Hence, we are helping to relieve the manpower problem, and by doing the jobs that paid employees formerly did, we release workers for industry and combat. Also life-savers in the labor shortage are class projects, such as keeping the grounds clean, which the sophomores have declared to be their do-or-die determination.

As for war stamps and bonds, the Woman's College can be depended on to equip many a fighting man. In the Third War Loan recently conducted throughout the nation, the W. S. L.

GOES TO WAR

in five days raised \$536. Students had been on campus only two days at the beginning of the drive, and they were in the midst of paying registration, board and laboratory fees, were buying books and other supplies and in many cases had already purchased "extra" bonds in their home communities; yet they bought stamps and bonds amounting to an average of 35 cents per student, excluding town students, who contributed through local channels. Faculty purchases, of course, were not solicited by W. S. L. Not specialized drives, however, but systematic purchase of stamps and bonds is being emphasized on campus this year, and a pledge system has been worked out that will maintain a steady weekly quota, in addition to national campaign buying. Approximately 95 per cent of the student body, or 2,126 girls, has pledged \$367.60 per week to purchase of war bonds and stamps on campus. This is an average of 17 cents per week per student. Accuracy will be a keynote in records, for a uniform system of bookkeeping has been taught all floor leaders in the stamp-selling program. These floor leaders will also see that girls fulfill their pledges. Our chapel fund campaign here is also a part of the war effort, as all contributions to the chapel fund are being made in the form of bonds and stamps.

Morale is an essential part in any war. As pleasant, intelligent, and even good-looking girls in a city where there is an army training camp, Woman's College students have an excellent opportunity to participate in this kind of war work. Work? The girls certainly do not consider it so. For about the first time in the history of the college there are more men than girls in Greensboro. Saturday evening dances, hostess duty at the USO center, and trips to the BTC No. 10 service club prove to be memorable occasions for both the soldiers and their dates. By meeting the service men in an environment that is in every way appropriate and respectable, girls here at the college do one of the most important things they could ever do for their country—they uphold the standards of decency that are so apt to wane in war times.

Although Woman's College students have a large share in entertaining soldiers in Greensboro, they do not deprive residents of the city of their usual entertainment places. Most college girls and their escorts find amusement right on campus. The usual Saturday night activities are movies at Aycock, where A films are shown, and where admission for students is by lecture tickets and for guests by passes that cost only 11 cents each, or dancing in the "Arc," our own soda-pop night club. Through the efforts of the social planning council, headed by Daphne Lewis, there is always some form of entertainment on campus for girls and their dates. One of the newest projects of the group is the setting up of a club in Students' building, where couples can dance or get a bite to eat. Student

organized and managed, the snack stand will levy a cover charge of one war stamp per couple. We also have our Tavern, where similar refreshments are sold. The Recreation association contributes to the campus entertainment by sponsoring such activities as skating in the outdoor gym. All of the social-minded groups on campus are aiming toward making ours a socially self-sufficient community in which to live.

Conservation has become one of the mores, so to speak, at Woman's College. It is just as important to lick your platters clean as it is to raise victory gardens. "Take what you want, but eat what you take" is the slogan in dining halls, the cafeteria and nearby drug stores. We take better care of our clothes now than we did in the days before Pearl Harbor (what with dry cleaning and laundering such a problem); we air them, mend them and always hang them up. We look after our health more now, in spite of the fact that there are more things to do. It's no longer a mark of esteem to "run on nervous energy." Our stepped-up scale of living requires that we eat well, sleep well, and get plenty of exercise. We are aware that wasted effort is taboo. We apply that energy to rolling bandages or receiving at the USO. We save money, both personally and in our organizations. The college finance board has cut expenses to near half for clubs, student government and societies. Publications have been affected by the national cut in newsprint and by this reduced budget and have solved the problems arising by eliminating repetitive articles and sections yet keeping up their standards by applying greater originality and artistry to the surviving stories and pictures.

Even our studies get more attention now that we realize we are actually struggling to build a new and sensible world. We attack with a new zeal the economic problems or the principles of biology. We have a renewed interest in the world and people about us, in our culture and the cultures of the other side of the earth, in our arts and the arts of central—or better still, north—Africa.

Like our non-college neighbors, we have even sacrificed a little. We have seen our dads, brothers, fiances and husbands don their tin helmets, and a few of us have even received messages from the war department that read, "We regret to inform you . . ." We have faith. We know we will win, and we're out to do our part.

* * * *

Do college students know there's a war going on? Not only do students at the Woman's College know there's a war going on—and who wouldn't, what with soldiers taking up every atom of bus and trolley room and the new simile being "as scarce as bobby pins,"—but we're proving our knowledge by the only practical means, that of making a tangible contribution to victory.

CAMP TO CAMPUS



HEADQUARTERS CAMP COOKE, CALIF.

ODE DURING A DULL DEBATE

My interest in azimuths and coulons and Trig.,
To put it quite bluntly, is very unbig.
I may seem an utterly unloyal brute,
But I give not a hoot for the title of Lieut.,
And though I'm imprisoned in O.C.S. Prep,
To slide rules and searchlights I'll never be hep,
For all of my thoughts have a single objective,
And that one's the gal who now reads this
directive.

How can I listen to tales of abscissa
When I constantly yearn to pet and to kissya?
How can they teach me the ways of a soldier
When all that I want is to hug and to holdier?

CAMP EDWARDS, MASS.

I'm learning to use the twin fifty calibre machine guns in power turrets. Some sensation. You crawl up through a maze of machinery to a narrow seat with an electric sight in front of your face, the guns at either elbow, and the power control handles and solenoid trigger switch in your lap. You look out through the plexiglass dome, set the lighted lines projected by the electric sight against the landscape, and turn the control to follow your target. The target is an electric car running on a circular track, bearing a full-sized canvas painting of an airplane. The thing runs at forty miles per, dodges and twists unexpectedly, and makes itself generally cussed. You follow it along in your sights, lead it a length or so, and press the switch in bursts. The concussion is tremendous, though you don't hear the noise inside the turret. It seems as if the whole world rocks and turns into a white blur as your head snaps back. Then, as things clear again, you hear the clink of empty shells and links rolling down the chute, like nickels coming out of a slot-machine. Funny, that noise is all the sensation you have. Everything else is so fast, and you just keep rocking back, clenching your teeth, and feeding in bursts, watching the tracers curve towards the target (if you're lucky) or kicking up great clouds of dust where they shouldn't be. Well, so much for the horrors of war . . . thought you might be interested in what things are like.

DAYTONA BEACH, FLORIDA.

The WAC Training School is here. Gad!! The lady soldierettes do everything the G. I. soldiers do, and more. They thumb rides, and when they go to town they stand around on the street corners, just like the soldatti, making eyes at the few men who go by! Darling, don't ever become a WAC. There's no glamour at all in the uniform, or perhaps it's their all being the same, and en masse, that they tend to become completely de-sexed, or something. Me, I like my women as *women!*

SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS.

I was in town last week when the Hollywood Bond Parade took place. I was right in the front row of the crowd, and both Judy Garland and Mickey Rooney said "hello" to me as they rode by in their individual jeeps. Mickey Rooney is quite fat, and I was surprised to see the lack of real beauty of the actresses.

SOMEWHERE IN AFRICA.

When you read about this place in books it sounds pretty swell, but when you're actually here, what a let-down you get. The place where we are is nothing more than a dust bowl. We live in tents—six men, a million flies, and a few thousand bugs and mosquitoes thrown in for color. For relaxation I take a swim in the Mediterranean or visit the city of Oran, where they speak French, Spanish and Arabic.

SOMEWHERE IN AFRICA.

The Arabs are the dirtiest clan alive. The folks back in America don't know what the word "poor" means, thank God. There are two classes of people here—the poor and the poorer.



FORT ORD, CALIFORNIA.

It's true that people here can't visualize what it's like over there, for I never realized myself until I came back from Guadalcanal. And one forgets so easily. At times I seem to have almost forgotten, but then an unexpected noise or explo-

sion sends that familiar chill through my stomach and I wonder if I'll ever forget.

I don't begrudge a minute of the time we were away, though I'll be satisfied if I never go again, unpatriotic as it may sound. When you're out there for awhile you realize how artificial all this flag-waving is. It gripes us to see and read about the glory of war. They try to make it romantic and exciting instead of portraying it as the ugly thing it is.

I've seen enough of the army and war and would like to live my own life once more.



(The day this letter was received, news was received that "Billy" was "Missing in Action.")

SOMEWHERE IN THE PACIFIC.

I was interrupted last night by "Charley" (that's what we call the Japs). They turn out the lights whenever he comes over. And now it's Sunday afternoon, oddly quiet. It has taken the events of the last few days to make me realize what I've been just a little afraid of. I'm quite sure now that I haven't even got a 50-50 chance of getting home alive. (You're the only one I have told this to, so don't go spreading rumors.) We've lost 40% of the pilots in our squadron alone and we're one among many. This war will take a long time to finish—two years of hard fighting anyway.

They have promised that we will come home soon. I should be there just about the time that red leaves cover the front lawns in little North Carolina towns, and little boys have to come home from school and rake the beautiful things into heaps, so that the grass underneath can stay green a little longer, and show the world that there is a hope of good things to come, even though blood out here is tarnishing the good things of the past. Then when I leave again, the grass will have turned brown too, as if to say, "Goodbye, Billy, when you return we'll make a green bed for you to lie in."

CAMP HOOD, TEXAS.

We have another of those fool night problems coming up. The way I understand it our squad leader goes out and gets good experience and we tag along wishing we were back in bed dreaming about nice places and nice people.

FORT MEADE, MARYLAND.

I think we both agree that children are out of the picture until after the war. You've never said much about that, but I've more or less decided myself. After the war, darling, we will have as many children as you want. I'm kind of partial to four—boys of course.

NASHVILLE ARMY AIR CENTER, TENN.

I'm now a Southern boy, just as far—perhaps twenty-five miles farther—south of the Mason-Dixon line as you are. We've got thousands of Rebels here and lots of playful rivalry. We're being subjected to every conceivable kind of test for classification as pilot, navigator, bombardier or (God forbid) wash-out. I've taken eight hours of mental exams, and two hours of "psychomotor tests." The latter are amazingly reminiscent of a penny arcade. You have to line up rows of lights in front of you by pressing the proper switches at the psychological moment, or by shoving a stick or foot pedal a certain degree in the right direction, or turn around square pegs in their slots and a conglomeration of other strange gadgets that test our body-brain coordination, or finger dexterity, or resistance to being rattled under pressure. This is a gargantuan place—complete with some twenty-thousand air cadets—the first real ordinary G. I. army base I've run into. By this I mean that my barracks is a low wooden, tar paper, fire trap on stilts. Have no idea how long I will be here—the shorter the better—I want to get going places.

LAKELAND, FLA.

"... Look, woman, how am I doing? Your last letter sounded about as amorous as a Sears and Roebuck Catalogue... Under the new pay plan a married cadet gets one hundred dollars a month. If you will accommodate my little scheme I'll split the extra twenty-five dollars with you. Subtle, ain't it? Don't take me seriously, I couldn't support a flea circus, although Florida does her darndest to bestow upon each and every occupant a complete entourage..."

"We have our graduation dance Saturday week. How's about chances of coming down? You would be just what the doctor ordered. We are trying to get Harry James and the Lieutenant seems to think that we will. We have to date a waitress at least one night a week to ward off starvation and a mechanic if we want our ships started within half an hour after we get in, but I think I could work in a little time for you..."



SHOW YOUR MEDALS, MOTHER MALONE

By MARGARET BILYEU

Mrs. Elvira Wilson hoed away, covering the seed potatoes which her son, Charley, was dropping at intervals into a furrow of dark red clay. Her garden patch was a vacant lot between two weathered houses that stood on a slope of hill rising to the west. The sun was low, and its strange light accentuated the color of the earth and the deep greenness of oak trees in full leaf.

Charley dropped the quartered potatoes slowly and disconsolately. He was over forty, but his face was young. His underlip drooped, and his large grey eyes seemed never to focus. His skin was pale as a woman's, as that of a child compared with the rough, reddened skin of his mother's hands and face.

Mrs. Wilson covered each potato hurriedly and stood waiting for Charley to drop the next one. Her large features were pinched into a scow. She watched Charley's slightest movement critically and irritably. Mrs. Wilson was hurrying to finish laying in the potatoes before dark.

A street car stopped at the corner to let off a half dozen men and women, tired from their work. An old man hitched himself along up the hill. He walked bent a little, his coat thrown over his shoulder. A saw clattered against the pavement as he stumped down on his right foot, which was swollen and bound up in a frayed carpet slipper. Four girls in silk dresses and high-heeled shoes walked ahead of him chattering loudly.

Charley watched the girls as they passed the house and the patch of ground. One of them waved to him and they all laughed. Charley waved back, flapping his big hand awkwardly above his head.

"You Charley! Start droppin'! It's gettin' late. You hear?" Mrs. Wilson frowned at the thin girls teetering along on their spike heels.

Charley stared uneasily as they passed over the top of the hill where the sun was going down.

The old man stopped at the end of the row. "Getting your potatoes in, I see."

"Yeah, we could a been through if Charley, here, was any 'count." Mrs. Wilson wiped her sweating, callused hands across her stomach.

Mr. Gottschalk nodded to Charley, who came limping up behind his mother. "Well, Mrs. Wilson, my boy joined the Navy this morning. I

didn't like to see him go, but he wanted to, so I signed for him this morning."

"The Navy's as good a place fer a boy as any I know," she said. "Charley, here, got his trouble in the last war. Maybe the Navy u'd a' been better, but none of 'em ever listened to anything I advised 'em."

"Well, good evening, Mrs. Wilson, Charley." Mr. Gottschalk took a fresh hold on his tools, and stumped on up the hill, his saw clattering behind him.

Charley stood frowning to himself. The final rays from the sun glanced against his white hands and face. He moved his lips as though to speak to his mother, but he remained silent. His eyes were uneasy. Mrs. Wilson waited impatiently to cover the seed potatoes with the fine clods of clay.

Mrs. Collins stepped across the lot. She planted her feet firmly between the furrows, and Charley slipped around the back corner of the house.

"Mr. Gottschalk's been tellin' me Freddie's in the Navy. Maybe he'll be with your boy, Miz Collins."

"Well, he might be at that." Mrs. Collins's stiff legs were braced against a slow rising wind which blew her apron out to one side. She pulled a strand of hair away from her face. Her voice was frail in the stillness. "I'll bet the Navy'll get some of his wild ways out of him. Discipline's a good thing for a boy. An' when they get away from home, they begin to appreciate all we done for 'em. Howard's wrote me five good-sized letters an' three post cards since he left."

"Yes, Miz Collins, I guess they realize what a good home is when they get off in the Navy or Army away from their people that's always done fer 'em. Charley here's a big growed man an' he just goes around childish like never thinkin' a' all the work he makes fer me. He's different than he used to be, though. After he come home from the war hospital, I've set up many a night with his door locked an' him yellin' and beatin' against the wall, an' my health gettin' impaired with the worry and no sleep an' the shame of havin' my neighbors hear 'im I like that. But I've took the best care of 'im I knowed how. An' now he's more quiet-like, an' I'm grateful 'cause I'm not as strong as I was." Mrs. Wilson drew herself up under her weight of flesh.



Gaynor May

"Well, it's been hard on ya'," said Mrs. Collins, "hard on all of us raisin' our children up, without much recompense neither. I worked in the laundry to get my children a good high school education, an' ever one of 'em quit before they got through. So I just told 'em when they quit, they had to work."

Mrs. Wilson agreed. "Children's got to have some responsibility, Miz Collins, they can't depend on their elders to do fer 'em all their lives."

"I worry some about Howard, though," said Mrs. Collins. "He never was much on takin' care of hisself."

"The Navy'll tell 'im what to do," Mrs. Wilson said grimly. She looked down the row at the bucket half full of quartered Irish potatoes.

"Seems like the boys don't have the same spirit they had when we was growin' up. They don't go to church like the young men used to. I remember we had prayer the night my Brother Jake left fer the Spanish War, an' him in his uniform. He said he was goin' to fight them Spanish with God in his heart, an' he kissed us all goodbye that night, an' he never come back alive."

"Yes, Miz Collins, but your mother had the satisfaction a' knowin' that he died a saved man, not reckless and ornery like these younguns. No, I've lived through three wars countin' this

one, an' the boys don't have the same spirit they had then."

The women looked at each other, remembering Jake who had been handsome in his uniform, remembering all the young men in their uniforms, and how the band had played at the station, and how short the war had been; and there in the grey half-light they remembered weddings and the beautiful sad songs. Farewell, Molly Malloy

"Well, Miz Wilson, it's about dark. I got to get my sheets in 'fore the dew settles."

"Goodnight, Miz Collins." Mrs. Wilson stood alone in her garden patch. Her shoes were embedded to the tops in the soft earth, and her open hands were cracked with dirt. Her body was only a deeper shade in the twilight. The wind pushed her dress flat against her, and blew dust through her hair.

"Charley!" She called irritably, putting her face forward to peer through the dusk as Charley came around the house. He was stuffing biscuits into the hip pocket of his sagging pants. "You put them potatoes in the shed. You'll have 'em to drop in the mornin'."

For a moment Charley stared vacantly at his mother; then he lifted the bucket and limped toward the back of the house.

Mrs. Wilson padded into the living room and dropped into the overstuffed chair. She switched on the radio and turned the dial until she heard the sound of a man's voice singing.

She sank back in the chair. The tone of the song in the mysterious half-light trembled in her mind and carried her back to her wedding day when her Matthew had shown everybody that she was pretty and that he loved her. She could not picture him as Charley's father now.

She thought of Matthew when he still wore his uniform. She felt the girlish tightening in her throat, she felt again her joy in his nobility and bravery. Matthew and Jake had fought the Spanish with God in their souls, but her Mat had come back to love her.

Mrs. Wilson heard the clatter of tin, then quick thudding sounds; Charley was throwing those seed potatoes into the garbage can. Her fingers tightened angrily around the chair arm as she rose half out of the chair. But she sank back down again. She wasn't going to move or turn on the lights or scold Charley. Charley could just dig those potatoes out with his bare hands in the morning. She was going to sit there and listen to that man singing "Show Your Medals, Mother Malone" until it got dark and darker, until it got pitch dark and she could go to sleep.

PASSAGE TO GOD

By JEAN MOOMAU

Once, there was a spark, and it flickered yellow
and purplish blue,
And the thunder roared, while foamy lava oozed
and bubbled all around.
Then, from out of the black pit of space, the
invisible arms reached.
They circled the succulent white mass and rounded
it into a glimmering ball.
Soon, warm and penetrating, the sun streamed
on this ball,
And the green shoots, the moss grew and
blossomed,
While overhead, a veil of blue sparkled and draped
itself over all.
For this was the New World.
Passage to earth.

II

Huge-limbed were the new trees, shaggy the
plants,
And beneath them, their roots clung to the pebbly
earth.
The dirt was brown and streaked with yellowish-
red clay.
Wind, rain, sun, the icy breath of December, the
cruel lightning of July,
All touched these growing plants and they grew
and nurtured themselves.
Then a man came, a woman too, they made things
from the trees and ate the plants.
More men and more women came, they too made
things from the trees and ate the plants.
Hammer, and bowl, they wrought, and lean-to,
Then grander things, shelters and boats, they
formed.
They learned about the plants, sowed the seeds and
cultivated the seedlings.
And nobody was either cold or hungry.
For man coöperated with nature.
Passage to nature.

III

The forests were thick and mossy, but brown
paths crept through the fallen leaves beneath
the branches.
Man walked and explored, stood on the hills, dis-
covered the sea, and the land beyond.
Across the plains and the water, the other land
seemed more fair.
There the clouds were fluffier, and the wind carried
the scent of sweet clover.
And man crossed the water in the boat he had
built.
He felt the damp sand on his feet as he touched
the farther shore.
But the piquant smell of spring grass, the whistle
of the birds was the same as it was on his
bank.
The forest was tangled, the paths winding and
brown, and he liked them.
He wandered and inspected, peered and wondered.
For man began to explore.
Passage to new lands.

IV

Years passed, man crossed and recrossed the shim-
mering water.
He traded things in the lovely land, the hides of
his animals, the bark of his trees.
He learned, gathered ideas in abundance too, how
to print and how to weave,
How to harness a stream, how to build a steam
engine.
He brought back powder and metal.
He taught his people to mould the malleable sub-
stance and the flimsy powder.
They buried the old bow and arrow under the
moist earth now.
Then the powder sputtered and belched long
streams of light from the grey metal,
And across the water the forests crackled, and the
hot powder made a sizzling sound in the damp
sand.
More boats crossed and recrossed, following each
other like a school of birds over the turbulent
waves.
On the other shore, the people had moulded metal,
flickering fire and powder.
And they thrust the ruinous blasts of their handi-
craft everywhere too.
For man had learned a new art of war.
Passage to destruction.

V

Above, the sooty film of smoke and shattered metal
at last floated away.
Again the heavens were silvery blue, and the
glorious sunset mirrored pink in the West.
Man hoed his cornfield and pinched the puffy cot-
ton from the boll,
But man was thinking, learning about his pota-
toes and about his boats, even about the wind
and the clouds.
He could cross the water in half the time it had
taken him many springs ago.
He could send messages to far distant places on
a black rod that wound snake-line along the
depths of the ocean.
He could dig through huge strips of land until
the water filled up the gap, and boats could
sail through the opening.
He was meeting and greeting his neighbors.
He was trying to know them: the strange lan-
guages, the peasant blouses, the sun-tanned
skin, the ancestor worship, the obedience, the
submissiveness, the arrogance.
For man was endeavoring to understand man.
Passage to friendship.

VI

Beneath a glossy palm leaf, the black man sipped
the cocoanut milk and took his siesta,
A yellow man stood in the marshy land and gath-
ered the tiny grains of rice;

(Continued on page 19)

RUBY

By JEAN JOHNSON

We come to work early in the morning, walking to the plant in cool green freshness to the accompaniment of numberless singing birds. We turn down the dirt lane to the factory, stop at the high barbed-wire fence to greet the night watchman with "Good-morning," and he glances at our buttons as a preliminary requirement. Then we are allowed to saunter into the great, barn-like packing room, through a machine room to the time clock where we punch our cards and deposit them in the proper container. Now we are ready for ten minutes of friendly chatting with others who are coming in on our shift; still others, tired and dirty, are getting off the graveyard shift.

The various girls who work at our long inspection table piled high, helter-skelter, with boxes, rags, gauges, odd machinery, empty coca-cola bottles, come in two by two and drape themselves over high stools, leaning their elbows on the table and talking to the men who gather around. We are new in machine shops, and the men find us especially attractive. They have gotten over the first shock of our invasion, and they are pleased with the change. Grizzled old veterans, cross-eyed and homely lads, boys debonaire in spite of eight hours of dusty, greasy work—all flirt with us, make eyes at us, nudge us in the ribs, or even discourse earnestly like moths drawn toward the bright light of interested feminine eyes. I have my beaux, but Ruby is the skilled one at picking them up, and small wonder, for she is the most vibrant personality at our table, and men are her vocation.

Ruby's end of the table is a traffic junction. She sits, her slack-clad legs propped up on her bench or on some box, and toys all day long with little screws, poking them into various gauges. The work requires no attention and she is always available for conversation. Men—women too—stop to joke with her, and her effortless friendly laugh spurs them on to further remarks. Sometimes her eyes shine up at her admirers with coy stardust and sometimes they crease in laughter.

We were packing small machine parts into big boxes, Ruby and I, and chatting.

"You don't have to be good-looking to get around and to have fun, thank goodness," I observed. "Brains take the place of a lot of good looks."

"You're damn right, ducky," Ruby answered me. Her long "i's" are curiously flat, her "r's" hard, and her speech rhythmic and Southern. She paused with several pins in each hand and rearranged her legs, straddling the bench on which she was working. "The girl I used to live with, my bes' frien' when I was a young-un, was a real purty blond-headed girl, and she thought just because she was so damn purty she oughta have ev' thing she wanted. Her ma was always braggin' on her an' tellin' her how she was gonna be a killer when she growed up.

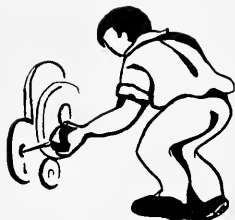
Me, I wasn't nothin' but a scrawny kid and didn't have no boy frien's when I was in school. But the older I got the better lookin' I got, an' I begun to run around with my brother an' his friends. Mamma said she wasn't gonna have me sneakin' out on the sly and so I brung all the boys to the house an' we had good times. Mamma hatn't had no fun herself; she got married when she was fifteen an' commenced havin' babies right away, and she said us kids wasn't gon' have the same kinda life she had.

"Well, anyway, the first boy I was ever in love with, Olline, this blon-headed girl came in an' snaked on me and took him away. When I started to tell her off she started cryin'—she always cried when I had somethin' she wanted—an' I said to mysef, 'I'm gointa get even with you.' She got to runnin' around and she had a baby but it was born dead; an' my brothers didn't want me to have nothin' to do with her, but I was kinda sof'hearted an' kep' on seein' her.

"Well, I begun to visit a girl I knowed here in town an' she'd visit me, an' I had such a good time I wanted to come here an' stay. My brothers said I'd have to have a job or it wouldn't look right, so I got me a job in the dam see-gar factory, a helluva place to work, let me tell you. I roomed with this here Olline, and we had us plenty of boy-frien's. She was purty damn selfish, and I got tired of her, but I didn't know as much then as I do now, and I kep' on humoring her. Then she begun to go aroun' with Charlie. He was too good for her an' she fell in love with him. I mean she was really crazy over him. He liked me too, an' he'd talk to me and take us both places. She was dumb even though she was purty, and I was gettin' better-lookin' all the time, an' he fell for me. I didn't want to marry him; I just wanted to get even with Olline. So I took her Charlie, an' I mean to tell you, was she mad! When she got mad she'd throw things and break all the china an' then go an' get drunk, really plastered. Well, she was snivellin' around over Charlie, an' I tole her I'd done swore I'd get even with her, an' by Gawd I had. I couldn't stan' no more of her kinda trash—I got too much pride to let any damn man think he meant anythin' to me—an' she's always tryin' to get me to come back an' room with her, but I ain't yet, and I ain't never goin' to, neither."

Just then the welder, a nervous, gay fellow who flirts with all of the girls, puffs nervously on cigarette after cigarette and trots all around the shop, came into sight and with brown sparkling eyes and twitching brown mustache began joking with Ruby. "Tell ya what," he grinned, "M gonna divorce m' wife an' marry you, an' we'll adopt this sweet li'l thing here," he said, pointing at me. Ruby straightened her thin shoulders a little, shook back her dark frizzy hair, and smiled at him with her full painted

(Continued on page 18)



OIL FOR THE WHEELS

Open Letter to Sergeant Duszynski

(Below are excerpts from a letter to Mrs. John Ingraham, Jr., from Staff Sergeant Devens Duszynski, commenting on last spring's issue of CORADDI. We print the following with Mrs. Ingraham's permission. Sergeant Duszynski is now stationed somewhere in the Pacific war theater.)

"Receiving the magazine was in itself a delightful surprise, but its contents even more so. It shows remarkable talent and is indicative of many interesting personalities on the loose at W. C. The cover merits special commendation—very attractive, but certainly even more commendable by reason of its symbolism. Add to that the fact that all of it—the subject, the setting, the photography and all—is home product and you have my idea of real accomplishment. Particularly to the point is the idea ingrained in the photo: a young woman-teacher in company of two youthful students . . . a perfect sublimation of the aims of any woman's college!

"With that to its credit, CORADDI shows some startling shortcomings—shortcomings which I feel may be more the fault of the teachers rather than the students. If the magazine mirrors the thinking and the development of thought among the students of W. C. it shows a marked lack of contact with the realities of the day. Outside of the rather small awareness of war in the "Heckamann" story and some references in the poems, you might say the material of the magazine was created in a scholarly vacuum completely out of the confines of the world of reality of today. It's up to the college students of these days (particularly women whose college careers are less apt to be hampered by the war) to dwell on the world of the post-war era; formulate plans, apply their native talents and capabilities to practical purposes in alleviation of the people's plight.

"Chances are that the magazine is supposed to be a product of the English department only and material of this other kind would be beyond its scope. But if it is the mirror of all departments of W. C. then it is lacking in roundness and awareness of the war. Either the faculty or the students are at fault. Possibly this May issue is the last of the term but I shall look forward to other issues. Thank you again for CORADDI."

CORADDI is pleased that you liked the issue of last spring. The things that you said wreathed the faces of the editors with glad smiles, and the pertinence in your discussion concerning our "faults" we read and absorbed. We have thought about the things you said and we think that it would be a good thing to have you and others like you know that W. C. is conscious of the war. The fact that CORADDI does not come forth armed for battle and draped in bunting does not necessarily signify that we are in the "scholarly vacuum" of which you spoke. Primarily the magazine is a literary magazine, put out by the students, with no assistance from the faculty. Although the magazine is not intended to be a "product of the English department only," it is natural that many of the people interested in writing are English majors; we do not feel that the type of material that you would like to see in a student magazine is "beyond its scope," as you do. A degree in the liberal arts, whether the major be Art, English, or Greek, gives the student a rounded course, with the number of hours that she can take in her major restricted so that she may not graduate with so narrow a concept and unawareness as you seem to feel among us. I hope you will notice that the material in this issue is produced by French majors, sociology majors, and home economics majors as well as the English department.

For topical matters we have another student publication, *The Carolinian*, a weekly newspaper. While their aim is to present the facts of the story, ours is to weave the fiction; if our fancy wends itself away from the war, then it is just as well, for we function not to reflect the thinking but to publish the best writing done on campus.

However, as we approach the anniversary of our second year in the war, it is without hesitation that we dedicate this issue to you, Sgt. Duszynski. We are trying to show you that we, as college students, do realize how much is intrusted to us, and that we are "applying our native talents and capabilities to practical purposes" by rolling bandages, buying and selling bonds, doing our own work, drafting our own peace plan, and entertaining the soldiers. Yes, we are busy doing these things. Woman's College has gone to war but still we hold to the dream.

—C. C. and J. B.

FOOTNOTES—MOSTLY FACULTY

One of the home economics faculty was eating a quick lunch at a railroad station restaurant. The cuisine was not too good; by the time she ordered dessert, our heroine had grown quite skeptical about the whole business. The waiter, one of those nice pullman-porter darkies, recited the variety of desserts.

"Is the lemon pie good?" asked the home economist.

The waiter looked hurt. "People eat it," he said defensively.

A hermit was one of the characters in a story the French class was reading. After a short discussion on the nature and history of hermits, Miss Taylor remarked: "We still have a few hermits up in the mountains; only they don't stay there for religious purposes!"

On the day of Ambassador Grew's lecture, Miss Draper let her fourth period class out early so that her students could be sure to get to their places in time to hear all he had to say. The following class period, she apologized for having had to cut her class hour short. "I don't want to get too popular, you know," she said. "I once asked a freshman what subjects she was taking, and who were her teachers."

Miss Draper said the freshmen then proceeded to go into ecstasies over one particular member of the faculty. "Oooh," said the freshmen, "he's wonderful, he never comes to class!"

Then Miss Shivers tells the story of her aunt's maid, Lindy, who had been "sanctified" by her church. Now Lindy did go to meetings regularly, but she also went out nightly with the yard man and others while her husband was working in another town. One day, the aunt decided to ask Lindy about her conduct.

"Lindy," she said, "didn't you say you had been sanctified by the church?"

"Yes, Ma'am."

"And didn't you tell me you were married?"

"Yas, Ma'am!"

"Well, does your religion permit you to go out with other men?"

"Lawdie Ma'am," Lindy panted, "dat ain't religion, dat's life!"

We know that there's a war on, and that there are about as many diamond rings on the left hands as college rings on the right. But the limit came the other day when Miss Shivers received a note saying that *Marriage and the Family* had sold out.

However, the situation will be relieved soon, as there will be more *Marriages* in the Book Store in a few days.

She glanced at the first question on the chemistry test, gulped, and stared first at the walls and then out the window. She pondered over the question: "If you were given a bottle of carbon monoxide gas and a bottle of carbon dioxide gas in laboratory, how would you tell which of the

two bottles contained the carbon monoxide?" The only thing that she knew about it was that carbon monoxide gas was poison, so she put down that she would inhale the gas from each bottle; then the bottle that contained the gas that killed her would be the bottle of carbon monoxide.

Two days later when the test paper was returned to her, she found a note from Dr. Endicott in the margin beside that question: "But if you got your information this way you might not get your laboratory report in on time."

Dr. Hooke was calling the roll. Everyone was there except Lillah Link. He repeated the name several times. Still no answer. As he was marking the absence in his little red book, a voice piped up, "Gee, now we have 'The Missing Link'."

Twenty years ago, says Dr. Hurley, the novels dealt with young love and ended with the fairy-tale type of conclusion, "And so they were married and lived happily ever after." But modern fiction and moving pictures explore the more mature phases of life. Some of them even begin after the characters are married.

Dr. Hurley told this story to emphasize his point: A little girl three years old had been going to the movies with her mother several times a week. She was very much impressed with the pictures she had seen. So one day when she was "playing house," her mother heard her pick up her imaginary telephone and say, "Hello, is that you, John? Well, come on up, my husband's just gone down town."

Woman's College was founded back in the days when bobbed hair was something radical. One of the new teachers came to the campus then with her long tresses trimmed off. At first she was afraid to show her new coiffure, and she carefully camouflaged it under a big hat. But, knowing that she must be seen sooner or later, she finally ventured out bare-headed. When she saw the President of the College, who was greeting her enthusiastically, the first thing she said was, "I've got bobbed hair."

Mr. Johnson was showing how certain traits such as jealousy vary in different cultures. "You take the Zunis, a primitive tribe," he said. "They don't even know what jealousy is. Why a Zuni man might work hard to build a home and then take a wife and maybe come home some day to find another man raking his leaves. He'd know right then that he'd been jilted, but would he be mad? No. He'd just go somewhere else.

"But in America, we're different. We even go to extremes over jealousy. What's that song—" "Lay that pistol down?"

Theseus and Ariadne may be characters in Mythology, but Miss Taylor has discovered how Ariadne is really "hep" with her technique. Those that remember that gruesome twosome remember that Theseus had to go into the Labyrinth, a tunnel of confusing passages, to kill a

dragon. Now Theseus was big and strong, and he knew that the dragon would be just another victim. But once he had killed the dragon, he would not be able to find his way out of the Labyrinth. But Ariadne was not so dumb: she gave him a ball of string to unwind as he went into the Labyrinth. To get out, he could just follow the string back to her. "See," Miss Taylor says, "she caught him by handing him a line!"

The blackboard was crowded with figures and statistics, and the atmosphere in the classroom was thick both inside and outside of the girls' heads. Miss Douglas was in the midst of clarifying the material when she noticed the uninspired expressions of stupor on the girls' faces.

"Good heavens," she exclaimed, "you look about as interested as if you'd been reading a dehydrated version of 'Little Orphan Annie!'"

Overheard in passing the photo lab:
"It is so imperceptible I can't perceive it."

Dr. Rogers was very eager as a cub professor to get pedagogical pointers of the head of the department during his early days at University of Wisconsin, so he approached the old gentleman on the subject of his teaching tactics. The master pursed his lips, and said in small affected voice, "Well, I think that you are going to do all right, but you need to mellow."

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RUBY

(Continued from page 15)

lips and her green-grey eyes. He jogged on his way, whistling merrily, and banged a wrench on an iron pipe making a loud crash which made us all jump.

Then Bessie entered from the machine room. Bessie is a buxom girl in her early twenties, a sloppily dressed girl with bright eyes and curly hair. She gets more oil and dust over her than does anyone else in the plant, and seems to enjoy dirt like a five-year old.

"Seen yore boss-man this morning?" asked Annie wickedly.

"Naw, he ain't hyear. He's went to Philadelphia. Hey, don't say nothin' about that—he might not of wanted me to say nothin' about it. But ef he ditn't he shouldn't of tole me, I reckon." And she grinned vacantly. "Well, I got to git on upstairs," and she left, swinging her body rhythmically and easily as she walked.

"I can't stan' that girl," Ruby remarked positively as she left. "She ain't nerver done nothin' to me, but I can't stan' her."

"How did she know about Collins being in Philly?" I asked.

"By golly, don't you never hear nothin'?" said Annie. "He's been takin' her home at nights."

"When a rich man like him takes a girl like her home it ain't for nothin'," said Ruby. "She must pay him good. Although I don't see why he don't get somebody that washes their underwear. She's the dirtiest slut I seen in a long time. I hope she gets that lyin' rascal into plenty trouble. She could, too, with her loud mouth. Dam if it don't make me feel a little insulted to have him ask that filthy thang to go out with him instead of askin' one of us. But I ain't nerver had to go out with the damn boss-man yet to hold me my job. Not that I ain't been asked plenty of times."

Several big executives passed by our table on their way to the machine room, which was noisy with rumbling machinery, hissing air-guns, clanging metal, shouting men, and various unidentifiable scraping and clattering and knocking. As they waddled past us Annie bent over her gauge, working furiously; I followed suit, and Ruby began humming a popular tune. Ruby knows all of the popular songs of the last twelve years from dancing so much and from listening to the radio, and she hums and sings to herself whenever she is not dominating the conversation. She loves movies.

"I seen a real interestin' short las' night about a fella lived four or five hundred years ago what invented airplanes an' parachutes like them quilted lookin' jobs that fly over London, an' all kinda machinery, an' he drew pitchers of 'em an' wrote ever'thing down in notebooks; only ever'body was skeered of him because he was so smart. An' they wouldn't use none of his inventions because they thought he was a witch or something. I fergit what his name was."

"Was it Leonardo da Vinci?" I asked.

"Yeah, that was it." She looked at me for a

minute wondering about my knowledge. "I love to hear about things like that. Sometimes I'd like to go back to school an' read history books."

"No you wouldn't," I said in a resigned tone. "Listen, kid," she said quickly, "school is the easiest and happiest time of your life and don't you forget it."

"I thought you said you had more fun the older you got."

"Well, I do, but I got worries now that I didn't have when I was a kid."

Annie looked up. "How are you and yore number one problem gettin' along?" Annie was talking about a big, sexy-looking young worker at the shop who had been thrice married and who had been dating Ruby regularly. She had described in detail and without reserve their dates, including the parting kisses, which had been enough to make her "toenails curl up."

"Listen," said Ruby seriously, "he come over las' night an' we got things straight. He'd got a little sobered up from his three-day drunk an' I mean to tell you I really told him off. I told him, I said, 'Looky-here, you think you got me fooled but I'll tell you how damn smart I am. I know you been out with Rozelle; I seen you comin' out of one of them rotten hotels on South Street at two in the mornin' with her, drunker'n hell, hangin' all over you. (I hadn't seen him really. Someone tole me about it.). Listen,' I tole him, 'if you want to go somewhere like that, why don't you take your wife with you? Do you think I'm goin' to be your girl friend if you carry on like that? You think you're so damn smart,' I said; 'well, I'll tell you how smart I am. I been with another man ever' night before I been with you, an' they've left each time just about ten minutes before you got there.'

"He had his head on my lap then an' was a-cryin' an' sobbin', 'Why don't you kill me, hon-ey? Why don't you take a gun an' shoot me dead? Don't tell me all this, hon-ey, pleeze.' An' him cryin' all over my knees. I told him if he ever took that girl out again—she's married an' got a coupla kids—him an' me was through. An' he promised he wouldn't an' he cried some more an' he wanted me to wait for him two years an' marry him when he got a divorce; but I told him I wouldn't make no promises."

She paused a moment and looked me over. "You might as well listen to all this, ducky. There's some things you ought to know anyway."

"Don't never let no man think he's sure of you. If he's sure he's got you he don't need to worry none about keepin' you, an' he gets bored an' looks aroun' for another woman. An' I don't care how good a man is, he'll be out with another woman sooner or later, an' the only thing you can do is to beat him to it by stepping out with some other man. Do it to him before he does it to you—it's the only protection you got."

"And if you want to hold him, keep purty an' sweet. These women up in the mountains where I come from—they get married and they think they've got him, and they let themselves look awful and they nag and beat at their men, and the first thing they know, some other girl has come around and is sweet to the fella an' he'll leave. Then the wives want to go an' beat

hell out of the girl; but I figger that they have it comin' to 'em. I don't blame the men none nor the girls."

"An', ducky, have your fun now. That's why I stay out here inspectin' instead of goin' in yonder on a machine an' makin' a nickel more an hour. I like bein' out here an' I don't see no reason for workin' mysef to death; I get along okay here. An' that's one reason why I nerver have got married. Why should I get married and have a whole litter of kids an' lose my looks and miss out on good times? I can always get married if I want to, an' if I get too old before I do get married, well, what difference will it make? I'll have had my fun anyway."

PASSAGE TO GOD

(Continued from page 14)

While, under a snow-capped hill, the Vermont farmer herded his cows one brisk February morning.

And over all, a great spirit watched, kindling the seeds of tolerance, of understanding.

The black man lifted his shining face to the dazzling sun and gave thanks,

In the spongy rice field, the yellow man paused, and gazing toward the great mountain, now pink with blossoms, gave thanks.

And the Vermont farmer, milk pail in hand, smelled the sweet hay that filled his loft, and hesitating on the threshold of his barn, gave thanks.

"How magnificent is the sky, the land," they thought, "how small a man."

For man now craved a soul.

Passage to God.

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ITS UGLY HEAD

(Continued from page 5)

She was a little relieved. "Yes. Tell me about your mother."

"The older generation. The world is ours. This is today. Our orbits cross—perhaps never to touch again—and you want me to talk about my mother."

"Well—what shall we talk about?" she asked, feeling as though she were stepping off into darkness.

He laughed as though she had said something very funny. Then he looked at her intently. "How old are you?"

"Nineteen."

"Nineteen is the age for you. Too bad you can't be nineteen forever. You are like a flower that is best as a bud—firm and tender and pliable." He was unsmiling now, and she felt herself stiffen mentally. "You're a virgin, aren't you?"

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I won't be shocked, she shouted silently. He can say anything he wants to, but I won't be shocked. "Yes," she replied quietly.

"Always make men think you are. You are a nymph, and nymphs should always seem like virgins. But you shouldn't waste your youth. These are your years—other women have theirs at thirty or forty, but yours are twenty. . . . Have you ever been in love?"

"Yes."

He smiled again, but differently. "Did you love him passionately—physically, mentally, and spiritually?"

Jill was staring across at the library hostess, who was talking to a be-spectacled sergeant. "I guess so," she said.

"You guess so," he mocked softly. "You haven't given yourself to him—but you guess so." He stared at her again. "Do you think you're an idealist?"

She blinked. "Why—no. No, I'm not an idealist. I'm a realist."

He pounced on that. "You don't know what you are. How could you, when you've never—never—" I dare you, she thought. I still won't be shocked. He finished "—when you're a virgin?"

"Well, what difference—" she stopped, hoping she wasn't blushing.

"What difference? All the difference. No woman knows herself until she has tasted life." He grinned as though life tasted good.

"Life?" Jill echoed, bewildered.

"Yes—what is life? Life is love, physical love, man and woman."

"But that's—there are other things, too—I mean—"

"Other things? What other things? This life is physical. Why are we put here? To find joy—with our bodies. That is why we were given them. It's the perfect physical experience. It's living." While he paused she noticed that the intermission had ended. She felt helpless and uncomfortable. He seemed, without moving, to lean toward her. "I think I could make you happy," he said.

Her mind sang listlessly with the orchestra, "—blue of evening—when crickets call—" She said, faintly, "That's an interesting philosophy." He was watching her.

"You need to be loved and admired and helped. Patience, perhaps, and gentleness—you must remember to look for that. And firmness, too—never a man who isn't masterful."

Jill remembered smiling at herself in the mirror and groaned mentally.

"Don't save yourself for too long," he said. "It must be soon, while you are still pliable and tender. . . ." She found herself staring and realized that he was laughing at her with his eyes now. "Perhaps you don't like for me to talk that way," he said briskly. "Perhaps you'd rather discuss something else. We could talk about Schopenhauer or Spinoza or the OPA or the campaign in Russia—or perhaps the classic question on the essential character of Falstaff?"

Jill told herself that this was her chance to make her way back to firm ground, but she felt mesmerized. Vivar was twinkling again. "I'd like to see you rhumba," he said.

"Oh, I love the rhumba," Jill answered too quickly.

"You can tell a lot about a woman by the way she rhumbas."

"What can you tell?"

"You can tell how sensual, how passionate she is . . . I imagine you rhumba beautifully."

"Let's go back, shall we?" Jill suggested stiffly.

Vivar came back for the last no-break. "I shall call you," he said. "Mrs. Cochrane told me who you were. But this is wrong. I should ask you. May I call you?"

"Yes," Jill said, "I guess so," and thought, how does the man smile like that? It never faded; all the insolent amusement held, all the confident gaiety.

"Will you go out with me? Really?"

Jill swung her head back and met his eyes. "I might," she said coolly.

"Aren't you afraid? Aren't you afraid I'll seduce you?"

"I can take care of myself," she said, and thought, why did I say that?

The last chorus of the number swirled up,

and Vivar was dancing wonderfully well, holding her hand. His body was muscular and warm. They twirled around, and her skirt swung away from her legs.

In the bus going home Jill met Mrs. Cochrane's enthusiasm with uninspired monosyllables. When they arrived at her home she mumbled that she would come back, that it was nothing, really, that she had enjoyed it. She walked slowly into the house and up to her room.

When she was ready for bed she sat on the vanity bench and stared at the pattern of the rug. "No," she said softly, "no, that's—" She stopped and frowned. She looked at herself in the mirror and scowled, then went slowly toward the bed, her lips pursed.

Slowly her face relaxed, grew earnest and argumentative. "No," she said. "That's not true. It's for a purpose—like eating." She reflected, then almost smiled as she climbed into bed. "No," she said again, more clearly. "I don't agree with you at all, Private Vivar. Sex, as such, is functional—for the propagation of the species." She frowned, then nodded. That's it, she thought, and buried her face in the pillow.

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