

CORADDI



summer issue
1947

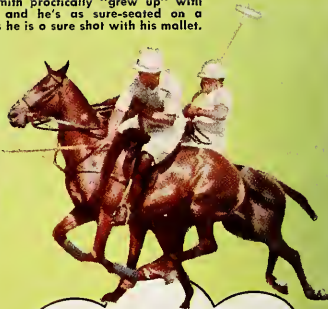
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IS THE BEST
TEACHER!**

He's one of America's polo "greats"—Texas-born Cecil Smith. Veteran of many a famous international match.



Cecil Smith
FAMOUS
INTERNATIONAL
POLO STAR

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**EXPERIENCE IS
THE BEST TEACHER
IN POLO...AND
IN CIGARETTES!
CAMELS SUIT ME
BEST!**

More people are smoking CAMELS today than ever before in history!

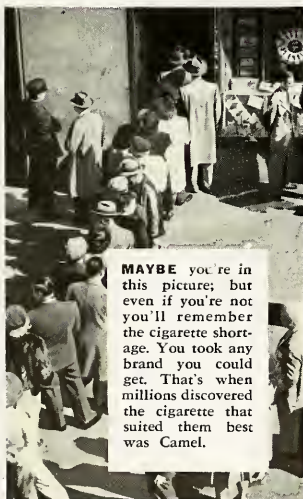
Yes, experience during the war shortage taught millions the differences in cigarette quality.

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Yes, a lot of smokers found themselves comparing brands during that

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MAYBE you're in this picture; but even if you're not you'll remember the cigarette shortage. You took any brand you could get. That's when millions discovered the cigarette that suited them best was Camel.



**YOUR 'T-ZONE'
WILL TELL YOU...**

T for Taste...

T for Throat...

That's your proving ground for any cigarette. See if Camels don't suit your 'T-Zone' to a 'T'!



According to a recent Nationwide survey:

**MORE DOCTORS SMOKE CAMELS
THAN ANY OTHER CIGARETTE**

Three nationally known independent research organizations asked 113,597 doctors—in every branch of medicine—to name the cigarette they smoked. *More doctors named Camel than any other brand.*

CORADDI

STUDENT MAGAZINE

of

WOMAN'S COLLEGE of the UNIVERSITY OF NORTH CAROLINA

GREENSBORO, N. C.

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First Words

When the summer issue of CORADDI had its birth in early spring under the supervision of the new staff, there was a discussion concerning how we should raise this child and any others that might follow. From this discussion we formulated our policy of publishing the best creative work on campus as far as it is possible to judge and also to choose this writing from a wide variety of subjects.

The fact that CORADDI was born in the spring had quite an effect on the nature of the writing that it contains, for there is a much larger amount of poetry in this issue than usual. NANCY SIFF and LUCY RODGERS offer you poetry to read, reread, and then think about.

We have attempted to have variety in this issue, and ACHIEVING WORLD GOVERNMENT THROUGH THE UNITED NATIONS by EILEEN COONEY presents the more serious side, while TO THE PUNCH BOWL by MARTY DEHONEY affords the more whimsical side in the nature of a charming play with subtle satire for those who care to look for it.

The article, AND THE FOURTH IS ART, is an interesting presentation of ideas about the nature of art by two art majors, DACIA LEWIS and MARTY DEHONEY.

In the fiction line there are three very short stories by MAC REDDING, NANCY EDWARDS, and NANCY SUTTON, that can be read in a few minutes. CLYDE MCLEOD's story of a young Negro man, who has been educated in the North and returns to his home in the South for a visit, shows nice handling of a very difficult topic.

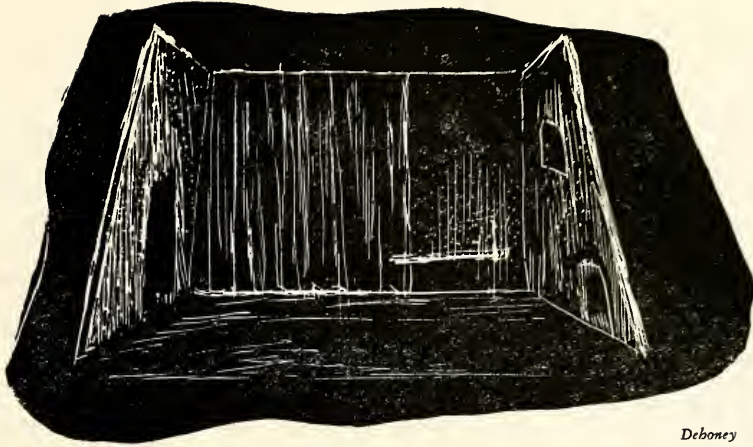


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1947

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Letitia Hutton



To the Punch Bowl

THE SCENE: A room of a house with a thousand rooms. The walls are distorted. On the left side there is a very low door resembling a rabbit hutch or a medium-sized dog house hole. High above it is a little closed door. On the right there is a regular-sized door. Some full length drapes hang on the back wall. The room is rather odious in color and mood.

As the scene opens, a very disturbed young boy is on his hands and knees in the little doorway gazing into the room. A smaller boy is skipping around the room beating two sticks together in time to distant party music. He circles the room and heads for the door on the right.

BOY: Hey, wait a minute. Help me through. *(The little one stops and turns to the speaker. He stares as children are wont to do and speaks very seriously.)*

LITTLE ONE: You want to come out?

BOY: I don't know whether it is in or out . . . up or down. Here . . . give me a hand. *(The younger boy crosses at his own speed, beating his sticks. He offers the other a hand and helps him to his feet.)* What a house! Where is my mother? She said a room here was to be mine, but I can't find it. I can't find Mother. What kind of place is this?

LITTLE ONE: This is where I live . . . you too?

BOY: Well, I hope not, but Mother says we might. You stay in this awful room? If mine looks like this, I'm leaving . . . if I can find my way out, that is. Where is mother? *(Turns about in an unhappy manner)* Oh, dear . . . I told her not to leave me. I'm sleepy and I want my room. *(Pause while he grows clever)* Is this your room, did you say?

LITTLE ONE: No, I live that way and up. *(Points. He resumes beating sticks and bums a little . . . starts to wander off.)*

BOY: Don't go . . . I'm tired. If Mother doesn't come soon, I'm going to stay here.

LITTLE ONE: You can't.

BOY: Why not?

LITTLE ONE: You're too young. You would not like it here.

BOY: Well, show me where you live. Why can't I stay with you until Mother comes?

LITTLE ONE: Oh, no . . . You wouldn't understand.

BOY: Understand what?

LITTLE ONE: *(Already at the door and very far away)* You are too old for my room. *(Exits tapping sticks.)*

BOY: Wait a minute, you . . . Hey . . . *(He turns back to the small hole from which he entered . . . looks around the room, then back to the hole. He calls into it.)* Mother . . . Mother. I'm tired of waiting. Please tell me, Mother, where I live. *(He pauses, but the only noise is the party music. He stands and starts for the big door on the right, following the small one . . . murmurs.)* I told her not to leave me.

(For a moment the stage is empty, then there is much noise to the right and a crowd of revelers bursts through the big door into the room. They wander around in opposite circles, meeting and bumping into one another or turning in the center of the room.)

WIT: Well, here we are!

STOUGE: Where?

WIT: *(Laughing)* Right back where we started from. Isn't this grand fun?

LEADER: *(With mock authority)* Now everybody concentrate. The treasure is nearby.

STOUGE: Where?

WIT: Do you think we'd be standing here if we knew?

STOUGE: Might as well stand here as any place.

(Continued on Page 18)

Tashy

RAIN . . . Always since the beginning, first came rain, then memory. Standing at the window wondering where all the water was coming from, with a vague, troubled feeling that it had happened before, that was memory — and it was rain . . .

And Noah built an ark, very drowsily — that was rain, too . . .

Later, of course, the sun had come out, though he could never remember when it first happened. But once he was coming in the house from playing, there was no rain and the laundry man was there . . . “Sing your song, Tashy, sing your nice little song for Mr. Gordon.” He had stood there for a moment staring rudely at the laundry man, whose mouth hung in a loose smile over his ragged brown teeth. His mother stood beside the man quite stiff and gentle, with one small blue-veined hand clutching the soiled string of the laundry bag. Then he had turned, running back out into the sunlight, the hot tears stinging his eyes, his dry throat burning. He had crawled at last under the biggest fig bush, where the sun did not shine and the earth had a damp green smell. He felt much better and there was a small house wren, which had lighted on the ground very close, so close, in fact, that he was filled with a desire to reach out and seize the tiny creature. As often as he saw a bird he ached with a longing to hold it close to him, to stroke its soft trembling body and carry it into his room where the old tarnished bird cage lay among the heap of other things left over from his grandfather’s time. There he would place the bird while he, lying on the small iron cot, would listen as it sang. And when it grew tired, he, Tashé, would feed it choice scraps stolen from the table after dinner.

Yet, now he made no attempt to catch the bird: instead, he sat quite still, observing its food-gathering movements—its sharp bill darting in and out of the black loam. His fist clenched tightly so that the moisture and dirt in his palms mingled into a pleasant stickiness. Then suddenly the thought came to him. He lowered his head slowly in order not to frighten the wren and folded his hands in prayer.

. . . Now I lay me down to sleep . . .

His mother had said, “Tashy, if you want something really bad, if you pray long enough and hard enough, God will let you have it.” So he prayed, but when he opened his eyes the bird was gone; he was alone under the biggest fig bush, there was no sun and his Mother’s voice was calling him in for tea. He sat there for a moment confused, and when he saw the bird again he was gripped by uncontrollable anger, and scooping up a stone, he hurled it blindly, automatically, and the bird lurched, falling into the scraggly weeds that had crept unhindered among the broken places in the flagstone. Its mouth lay open, and the food which it had gathered fell moistened by

saliva on the ground. Its pointed tongue was slightly raised, while one glassy eye stared solemnly at the terrified child, who saw that there was still a throbbing under the soft, unruffled feathers of its breast, and that one thin leg was twitching in the grass.

His mother had come to the door and stood watching him. “What are you doing, Piggy?” Memory of the laundry man returned. He left the bird and walked unsteadily toward his mother on the steps; if she scolded he would feel better . . .

All through tea he thought of the bird, and once, when it thundered, he almost cried out in fear, certain that it was God’s voice rebuking him.

Eat some more cookies, Tashy. Eat some more . . . God sees a sparrow every time it falls . . . and if you pray long enough— But the bird left! The bird left . . .

“I don’t believe God can hear,” quite dogmatically. Then fear again at the startling loudness of his voice.

Mother had been angry, and he was sent to bed without finishing tea. In his room the accusing bird cage lay—he sobbed awhile, but finally there was sleep . . .

When he first awoke there was no recollection of the afternoon. It came suddenly when he saw the cage, and he closed his eyes, biting his hands until the fingertips were blue.

“He didn’t hear, he didn’t hear . . . he didn’t see it fall . . . he couldn’t, it wasn’t a sparrow kind of bird—and if he didn’t hear, then he didn’t see . . .” He chanted this over and over, rocking himself gently so that the iron cot squeaked only a little. Finally he rose, walked with confidence to the window, puckering his lips the way Mother did when she whistled, and though he couldn’t whistle himself, it made him feel much better.

He looked out of the window into the falling rain caught in the garden and swirling crazily into the gutter near the fence by the fig bushes. Fascinated, his eyes followed the paths of the new-made streams; and when he saw the water-filled gutter with its muddy, foam-flecked surface, rollicking down the drain carrying bits of sticks and papers, he was filled with such delight that he hopped up and down on tip-toe, humming incoherently all the while.

. . . another stick, he clapped his hands, then paused inquisitively. Not a stick this time—one small feather came loose and was carried down the drain. He pressed his white face against the cold glass, feeling the happiness die in his throat. Out in the kitchen his mother was moving around, singing while she made supper noises. He watched the thing turn over and over, hitting first this side, then that, of the gutter as it went, then down the drain, wet and stiff and dead.

—MAC TAVISH REDDING

Blackboard Mornings

This is the way we learned the Time:
Watching the river clinging to unreason
Outlined in patterns of synthetic stars
Whiter than the original, and farther—
Farther from what they told us cities were:
Men grown together for safe comradeship.

We learned from blackboard morning chalked with
fear

In dirty tracks of snowplows on the snow
The geometric lies of skeletal steel
Whose formulas in converse had been true.
We taught each other painfully, we two,
Sad children huddled on a narrow bench.
In the next room the teacher lay
Weeks dead across the desk,
Slain by the logic of another who,
Admired for scholarship, thanked for our progress,
Won the prize for peace and died
Surprisingly, at a faculty tea
Of indigestion and an overdose of wine.

We read the rhymes of evening, but each time
The rhythm was wrong, the words were never pretty,
Beautiful, but hard to understand.
We gave up spelling at an early age
And wrote in pictures we had seen somewhere:
The ragdoll faces in the late cafes,
The frightened voices of the Elder Lost
Splintered in pieces at our bleeding feet,
The fingernails and sweated sexlessness
Of one-week lovers in the college street.
We learned that Stay Surrender and Forget
Were silver-slipping fish in brownish pools
That drag you down in seaweed of Regret.

Each day's assignment done,
We stretched and smiled,
Read in our bodies still undisciplined
Fantastic absolutes of antique love;
And in the unlettered pages at the back
We drew exquisite pictures of fine hands
Skilled to the art of laughter, soft and white,
Spinning the slow web through illiterate night
Of long belief and old, unlessoned hope.

—NANCY SIFF

Decision

you can not step out of the gestic world
and come to me as though you had always been
beside me in thought
I am not death nor am I life
happiness is not mine to give you
and yet I will not make you sad
I will not tie your gay locks to a barge
for I will not except that which you have made me
desire

you can not remember me
and yet you can not forget what I have said . . .

stay, dance awhile, and have a drink with me
I offer you that which my house can afford
take with you when you go my hand
and let it feel the slimy walls of huts and taverns
for you

take my feet to run your errands to the pyramids
of time

let my body sway with your emotions and yield to
your desires

take it now, and leave me
take, too, my eyes to shelter yours
and take my coat to keep you warm

but with these you will not find me . . .

you can not come to me out of the gestic world
and I can not go with you entirely from my own
for I have never been unbaptized from myself
and I must stay

—BETSY WALDENMAIER

The Drunk

He drank, they said, himself to death
Not died but simply washed himself away.
No clutch at passing plank or straw.
Good thing! For neither passed him by at all.

The stream had flushed his life along
Like charred wood from out some fire.
But, oh yes, they just forgot to say:
The backwash carried splinters which
Lodged in seven hearts.

—SARA LAYTON

Achieving World Government

HAVE you ever read the Charter of the United Nations? I have—twice; for the first time, shortly after the San Francisco Conference. At that time, the charter and the organization that it stood for seemed to me to be the salvation of the world. Living through this war has taught us all the folly of isolation. America First was a lost cause, one that Pearl Harbor proved impossible. Therefore, the nation set out upon a policy of international cooperation, the culmination of which was the ratification of the Charter of the United Nations. The Charter, with its systems of division of powers and checks and balances, seemed to set up an organization which, profiting from the oversights and mistakes of the League of Nations, was truly one of international rule.

After being exposed to the cause of World Federalism, I re-read the Charter. I found that, with all of its ethereal phrases, it was, on many points, no stronger than, if as strong, as the Covenant of the League. World Federalism proposes amendments to the Charter which would make of it the document that I had believed it to be all along. This will probably come as a rude jolt to those who have listened to politicians praising the charter—men who are, at best, guilty of reading into its provisions, conditions that they would like to see there. I admit that I am not a student of international law, nor versed in any legal knowledge. I did not have the power to see in some of the articles, clauses which were not as I believed them to be. Capable World Federalists did this for me. I will proceed to analyze some of the most often misinterpreted clauses.

One part of the Charter upon which we all seem to base our hopes for future peace is that which establishes an international police force. The common belief is that this provides a permanent international army. This, however, is not so stated in the Charter. It merely says that the member nations will "undertake to make available to the Security Council, on its call," armed forces with which to compel aggressive nations to observe the peace. According to this, the "International Police Force" might consist of an American infantry regiment, a squadron of the Russian Air Force, and complementary divisions of other types from other nations. No provision has been made as to common uniform, loyalty or command. The suggested amendment would provide for a professional military service, consisting of volunteers recruited by and for the United Nations from all over the world, regardless of nationality. It would be a permanent group, not merely on call in time of emergency. The individual members would owe allegiance directly and solely to the Military Staff Committee of the United Nations, and it is hoped that their personal feelings of nationalism would be overcome by the international purpose of the group, strengthened

by a thorough course of education on world point of view. Thus their duties could be impersonally performed, regardless of the nations involved.

Another World Federalist criticism of the United Nations Charter is directed at the present system of trusteeship. Anyone who traced the course of the recent Pacific war realizes the weaknesses of the mandate system of administration of non-self-governing territories, under the League of Nations. The system must have been bad to permit Japan to fortify her mandate possessions to the extent in which the U. S. Marines found Okinawa. The Charter provides for a Trusteeship Council to supervise territories now held under mandate and any which may be removed from the control of the enemy states as a result of this last war. On the surface, this is an iron-clad clause. The weakness comes in the fact that these territories to be submitted do not necessarily include all of those in the above categories, but only those "as may be" submitted by the nations for Trusteeship Council administration. If this is the case, a nation may keep any of its present mandates or war seizures under the new name of trusteeship; obviously there is no improvement over the League method. World Federalism would like to see *ALL* such territories governed by the Trusteeship Council.

In the clause providing for the International Court of Justice, this tribunal is granted jurisdiction over all international, but not domestic, problems. On this subject, the United States is guilty of excessive limitation of powers, by the insistence of our Senate that it would ratify the Charter only on the condition that we reserve the right to determine the domesticity or internationality of a question to which our country may be a party. Certainly the mere fact of our being involved in a question will evoke a prejudice in our decision, and destroy the concept of what the Court's international jurisdiction should encompass.

Another change that World Federalism advocates is the court power to prosecute individuals as well as states. As the Charter now reads, only nations may be a party in a case; the nation, in turn, prosecuting the guilty individual. It is not difficult for any of us to conceive of a case where a state may be reprimanded for what the Court considers a violation of peace, yet the state may feel that the individual was entirely within its own law, and may punish the person to the extent that it sees fit, or refuse to punish him at all. Prosecution of the individual by the Court would insure a penalty commensurate with the international aspect of the degree of his guilt. More important still, the reality of world law would be brought home to the citizens of the world as the reality of national law is clear to the individuals in New York, Ohio, Colorado, and Tennessee.

Through the United Nations

In the realm of economic affairs, World Federalists would strengthen UNESCO—the United Nations Economic and Security Council. This body now has the power only to recommend economic improvements in the systems used by the various states and measures for world development. Therefore, the proposed upward revision of our tariffs, which is definitely contrary to a plan of economic international cooperation, could be put into effect despite any efforts of UNESCO to the contrary. If this body's proposals had a larger degree of force behind them, we would have a better chance of achieving the ideal of a system of international economics.

Further ineffectiveness in the operation of the United Nations arises from the much-discussed veto power. However, World Federalism does not advocate immediate elimination of the power, with no substitute for it, because of the world chaos that would result from such a move. As stated in its Principles, "The Organization is based on the principle of the sovereign equality of all its Members." Yet how can its members be equal if the Big Five persist in using a power to keep even the Security Council from exercising its will? This granted right is thus a denial of one of the stated purposes of the whole organization. In a sense, it is right that nations having the most to gain or lose by a decision of the group, *i. e.*, one of the Big Five, should be able to exert a greater influence over the way that decision goes, but it should be done in a more equitable way. World Federalism proposes a bi-cameral legislative body. One house would be composed of members chosen in the same way as the present General Assembly. Each member's representation in the second house would be on a basis proportional to its power in the world; that is, on the basis of literate population, and the development of natural and industrial power and resources. In this way, a strong nation, by having a large number of votes, would be able to lend more weight to its vote than a smaller nation. At the same time, a nation's vote could be more representative of the sentiment of its people with the possibility of a split vote to show a divided national opinion. The impracticability of a one-nation, one-vote system, and its consequent misrepresentation of national popular opinion, is most obvious in our own people, whose divergence of views on all matters is legend.

The proposed change would thus make of the Security Council an executive body, comparable to our President and his cabinet, for enforcing the decisions of the General Assembly, and remove it from

its present position as a restrictive power on the legislative decisions of the General Assembly.

There are those who object to World Federalism on the grounds that we have not yet given a sufficient trial period to the United Nations as it now stands, that a plan for true world government can wait a few years. World Federalism maintains this is not so. The American public has been lulled into a sense of false security by our monopoly on the development and use of the atomic bomb. Because of this, America has assumed a role of dominance in world affairs. Henry Wallace has taken the lead in trying to warn us that we are placing too much faith in our ownership of this weapon. He has recently been joined by Henry Stimson. At a cabinet meeting, the late Secretary Stimson announced that Canada is already manufacturing plutonium, an ingredient necessary for atomic fission, and progress in production is being made also in Britain, France, and Scandinavia. This is considered 80 per cent of the work necessary to produce a bomb. It is possible that these countries may be producing atomic bombs by the end of this year.

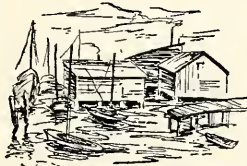
The Security Council, until now, has shown its incapacity to agree on a plan for world control of this weapon. When our "secret" is now admittedly no longer a secret, it is obvious that action for world government must come, and quickly. Organized for the purpose of promoting a world constitutional convention, World Federalism later changed its method to gradual amendment of the present Charter. Because of the above-mentioned progress in other countries in atomic research, and the consequent risk of our losing our dominant political position, the advocates of world government at their national convention in February decided to work for immediate amendment. If this is not accomplished by November 1, they will then investigate the possibilities of a convention, as provided in the Charter, to discuss proposed changes.

The chief opposition to world government today is to be found in our own country and in Russia. The United States, still believing in the security afforded by the Monroe Doctrine and refusing to submit this sphere of our power to world control, is acting in what amounts to the old-

fashioned isolationist attitude, while continuing to pay lip-service to the international cooperation concept.

As for the Russian viewpoint, it is obvious that Stalin would frown upon a system by which totalitarianism would lose any of its powers. World Federalism in the United States is non-political; it takes

(Continued on Page 23)



Jobe

Go Back, Son

Go back, son, to your mother.
she is old—I cannot tell you how old—
she is old.

See her bend carefully to find
the needle lying in the basket
at her feet.

Bend with her, son, and feel her bend;
do not groan perceptibly, for
she may hear you.

Think with her thinking fingers, son,
as she crochets for your child who
will replace her.

Remember with her stubbornly remembering
mind,
and bring her precise manners, for
you are young.

Listen to her expertly detailed words
of Great-Uncle Gene who died in his bed, after
(you add)
feeling his importance.

Watch her expertly tended sweetpeas
climbing the fence as she tells you they
have made her happy

Hear her talk of coming soon (here hide your
yawn)
to show you how to plant them on the fence
behind
your Dutch oven.

Then leave, son, and forgive the tears that hide
the color
of her eyes, for she was brave to talk
of her tomorrow.

—LUCY M. RODGERS

The Dog

The dog lies sulking under the Jujube tree;
The cricket sings in the rotly vegetation of the
marsh;

The cold star falls
In the dull grey face of evening—
Dripping water falls
on fallen leaves.

Crooked paths
Wither the crooked swamp—
The undergrowth,
nonplussed but for a moment,
Grows,
Still blows,
And sighs—
The cricket cries.

The dog grows cold,
Sees fire,
Trapped by desire
Slinks in the kitchen door
With flies and the smell of nightwind, stops,
To lick a rancid grease spot
On the floor.

Only the dawn dog
Free
To be—
What of the Jujube tree—
Or thee?

The tail wags the dog . . .
Ha, Ha, Ha—
And a whimper
World without end—
Amen.

—MACTAVISH REDDING

Benediction

Transmuted from the depths
Absorbed into deliberate mouldings of fear
(Enhanced by prognostics and the Pope)
I await your benediction.

—ELIZABETH FANT

Long Time Daid

IT was late August when James came home. As the bus pulled out of Sumpter, he watched the neat houses of the new residential section give way to the familiar rusty filling stations. Distantly on the left he recognized the old Evans place, with its sagging Negro shacks flanking the big house like unwilling sentinels. The gloom which enveloped the house seemed to emanate from some inside ghost. The four pillars stood firmly on the piazza, which was built high enough off the ground for kids to play Hide underneath; but he knew, even from the distance, that the floor was sagging on one side. From the sand yard of the big house rows of cotton stretched out on either side as far as he could see, growing right up to the doors of the shacks. The bolls, pregnant with the white mass, were spilling over. James had forgotten it would be cotton-picking time.

He pulled the cord and swayed to the front of the bus to get off where the Jordan road met the highway. He felt the driver looking quizzically at his neat summer suit and leather bag, and reminded himself that he was home. As he walked down the road, he noticed his shoes streaking with dust from the sand which lay in waves under his feet. The bag was heavy with things he had bought the day before he left Chicago—dolls for the gals and a yellow silk blouse for Ma. Just above his head the gray moss dripped from the trees along the edge of the woods. James felt a pelting desire suddenly to be home, listening in the dusk with his family to the squeaking serenade of the katydids under the steps.

Next morning he awoke to the fumes of sausage coming from the kitchen. Through the cracks in the wall, he could see his Ma's figure, tall and strong, moving easily from table to stove. He turned on his back and lay watching the sun on the quilt at his feet and remembered that he had not tasted fresh pork sausage for a year. He wondered if there were any molasses left from last winter. He used to eat "lasses in the hole" till his sides ached. Bore a hole in the biscuit the size of a little black boy's finger, and fill her up. 'Lasses in the hole. Funny how you forgot about living at home.

Busy with working during the day and school at nights, he had not had time to remember things, like all the scraps from his mother's and sisters' dresses that had been saved to make this quilt. And like fresh sausages with 'Lasses in the hole.

He heard his Pa sleeping in the other bed and propped up on one arm to look at him. In sleep the face seemed pinched, with circles around the sunken, sooty eyes. His arm was thrown over the spot in the bed where his mother's head had left a ridge. From a corner of the open mouth slid a little trickle of saliva, and dripped onto the tobacco-stained stubble of his chin. James remembered his Grandpa's mouth,

which his Mother had always made him kiss when he came to visit. The yellow mustache and beard had always been matted and the lips wet, tasting of tobacco juice. James was shocked now watching the frailty that was Pa's body sink to nothingness in the feather bed, and felt pity for this skeleton of a man, with some disgust. He sat up and put his feet on the floor, careful of the splinters.

His Ma came to the doorway.

"James, you an' Pa git up now. S'late. The gals done eat and go to de fiel'."

She looked at James, and a glow entered her hard eyes.

"How you sleep, son?"

"Fine, Ma. Lord, I'm hungry."

He watched his Pa emerge from the bed and pull on his pants, meticulously, dreamily.

In the kitchen, too warm from the heat of the stove, he ate with an eye on his Mother, busy filling cups and passing plates.

"Me and the gals going over to Evans' to pick some more. What you want do today, James?" He liked



Severson

the way she made two syllables of his name. He hadn't heard it pronounced that way for what seemed years.

"How about you, Pa?" He watched Pa saucer his coffee and blow it carefully, before he drank it in with a slow sucking noise.

(Continued on Page 21)

Mary, Mary

MR. PERRY was convinced at last. He didn't feel bitter or angry, just rather lost. Some day he would feel like crying—but today he was too empty for tears. It wasn't that Mr. Perry really thought there were silver bells and cockle shells in anybody's garden, and as for pretty maids all in a row—it was like Mr. Perry to think of them as winsome little girls in white organdy pinafores. The sky would be very blue, of course, and the silver bells would tinkle, making dapple marks on the cockle shells under them. But Mr. Perry couldn't get to the garden today. He knew now how futile it was to try. In a thousand little ways she had destroyed his small vision, shown him what a failure he was.

Now she was calling him. If he didn't answer and come quickly with some remarks about how hungry he was, and how she, his wife, always had such fine Sunday dinners, she would be hurt, her mouth would draw down and she wouldn't eat. Oh, she'd try, she always did; a few times she would lift her fork to her mouth with a shaky hand, then drop it in her plate and sigh. She wouldn't eat at all then. Mr. Perry looked at his wife. He didn't want to say anything to her. He didn't want any dinner. . . . Mr. Perry looked at his wife and hated her. Mr. Perry had never felt hatred before. Watching his wife he let it grow within him, strangely fascinated, almost excited. She called again, and he clenched his fists feeling his nails dig into his palms. When he told her he was coming, his voice rasped through his throat, tight with hate. She looked at him and drew away as he passed her.

He listened to her chatter about the difficulties of shopping, watched her wipe the perspiration from her forehead, waiting for her to sigh. The hate was growing. Mr. Perry was eager to hear how hot it was in the kitchen. He watched her, looking for familiar gestures, listening for the remarks she always made. Each one irritated him more—diabolically he egged her on. When she waved him to silence and listened raptly to some radio artist's rendition of *Liebestraum*, his hate was complete. It drove out everything else. He hated her, and as she sat there listening, her hand held up as if silencing a crowd, he knew he could have killed her. When the song finished he told her he wanted no dessert. He left the table, walking carefully, trying to hold this emotion still and intense. He sat down as carefully as he had walked, he was going to keep this new feeling. Excitement made him almost tremble. Violent emotion was

something new to Mr. Perry. He hated his wife; that made him, in his own eyes at least, a person of consequence. Not just anyone could hate his wife. He had forgotten that it was Sunday and grey and that he had nothing important to do. While she clattered dishes in the kitchen, he listened, waiting to be irritated again—maybe he would kill her. He sat still, listening and hating. . . .

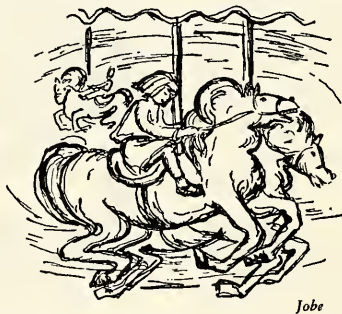
When it began to lessen, he tensed, trying to keep it, trying to convince himself he still felt it. When she spoke to him, he turned, expecting to see in her terrible familiarity something more to hate. She told him she was going to lie down—her head ached; he looked at her and waited. Nothing happened. It was gone. He felt tired, his eyes burned a little and he knew it was Sunday and a grey, rainy afternoon.

For a long time he sat still; when he looked at the clock he remembered the symphony. He didn't really want to hear it, but she was tired and had a headache—it would annoy her. Mr. Perry turned on the radio hopefully. She would ask him to turn it off, please, and maybe he could hate her again. The music went on and on and Mr. Perry waited. She said nothing.

Now he felt empty again. The garden was too far away. If he could just imagine the silver bells tinkling, it would be so soothing. But Mr. Perry knew how foolish he had been. Somehow, though, the little nursery rhyme had stayed with him, and Mr. Perry had imagined the garden as a delightful place only he knew. It was a small vision, but Mr. Perry had been so happy with it. He had turned off the radio and was walking toward the bedroom. He looked down at her. She had said, "Thank you," when he snapped off the symphony, and she looked lonely.

Lying beside her, he began to feel warm again, the emptiness was filling up. Mr. Perry touched his wife's arm and sighed a little sigh. She was tired but she was waiting on the edge of sleep for him to speak. He asked her if she remembered nursery rhymes like "Mary, Mary, quite contrary." It was silly, he said, but he had always liked to think about the garden and bells. She almost giggled and sounded very young. She told him she always thought about the cockle shells and they were pale pink. Mr. Perry remembered hating her and wondered. He sounded quite romantic when he told her to put her head on his shoulder. He liked it there.

—NANCY EDWARDS



Ten Molecules and a Pound of Flesh

IT'S a little late to give you my admiration now. I know it, and you know it. But no one else will ever know. You cannot tell, and I will not tell. But if it does you any good now, I do give it, freely and without malice.

I, who in my sophomoric attitude, laughed at you and what you stood for, I do not laugh now. Perhaps it would be better if I did. You said you wanted to do good. With the whole world crumbling around you, you wanted to do good. Do good without letting people know? Why, that's the way to become a schizophrenic. An interesting experience, no doubt. How does it work?

But you can't go there. That's a leper colony. Do you know what it does to you? Of course I pity them. Not pity, you said, but love. What is love composed of? Ten molecules and a pound of flesh. And you said greater love has no man, and I laughed. Sentimental stuff and an opiate of the people.

You said tomorrow—with a new diploma and a medicine chest? Here's a new straw hat. It's hot as hell on those islands. I think you're a fool, but go if you want to. Tolerance is one of my virtues. Me? I'm staying here at the hospital. Got a special job in the delivery room. I suppose it is an honor. First

woman to be given a job right after graduation and all that sort of thing. Oh, good luck! I'll see you off at the boat tomorrow. But I still think you're crazy. I have a positive aversion to skin diseases myself. What are you doing tonight? Church. Well, pray for my soul.

It does look like a good ship. Write me when you have a chance. So long. And you went, and I went back to the delivery room and listened to women yelling. Two years of it, and we wrote regularly. You think you're doing some good. I wasn't wrong about the heat. If I have to see another baby, I think I'll scream. You knew it was only a matter of time till you'd get it. Well, can't you come home? It's against the immigration laws. What is love? Not pity. Not ten molecules and a pound of flesh. Greater love has no man. Wait awhile; I'm coming.

A ship and a long sandy beach. This straw hat will come in handy. Where's the doctor's house? It's over the hill, but she doesn't live there now. No one does. Well, I'm moving in. Oh, where is she now? Down by the beach. She said the water reminded her of home. I think she was lonely out here. Move my things in. I think I'll walk down by the beach.

—NANCY SUTTON

Letter—March 12, 1945

Tomorrow you died
held your thought
wrote your hope
today
but tomorrow you knew.

And who knew beside,
kept her bought
sorrowed grop-
ing day?—
all while I read your you,

too long with thoughts tied,
nicely sought,
none to cope
with say-
ing you died. All, all too

intensely the lied
feelings fought
knowing's scope,
obey-
ing their deluded falsetrue.

But now I know
you wrote, "Tomorrow I go."

—LUCY M. RODGERS

Cancion

How can I tell you what I feel
Here on this spinning noonday wheel
Turned and turned like a foolish toy
Fastened fast to the hub of joy?

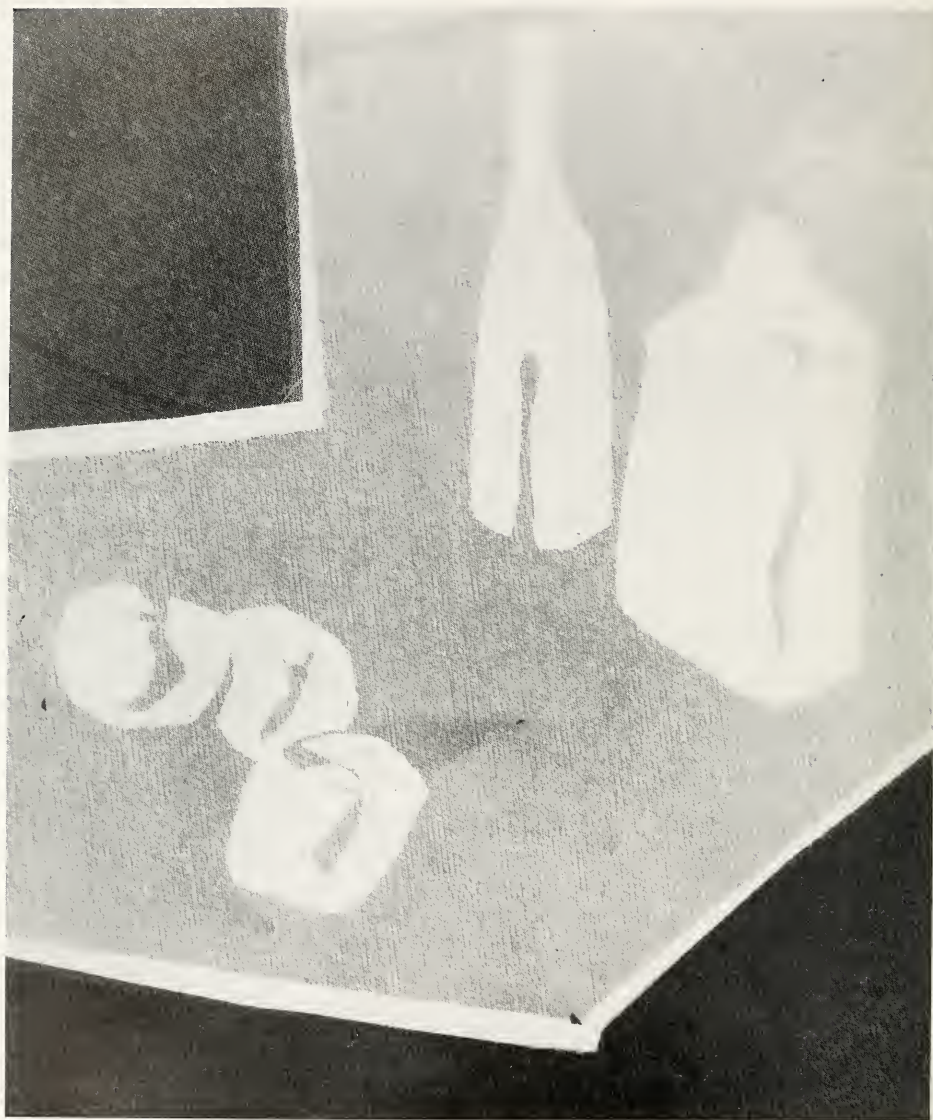
Should I say silver shredded fine
Blowing to moments left behind
Through nets of hours you gave to me—
Or maybe some sad strange litany

Pouring across a luminous page
The glittering bars of a golden cage
Imprisoning me and my silken frame?
But what am I . . . A name . . . A name!

Spelled in sunlight and bursting stars—
Or maybe the mirrors in midnight bars
Doubling the white careening mouth
Stretched for the honey-saving South—

Give me no word to set me free,
But reach your kind, fierce hands to me,
Shatter my prison with your name
And show me the winding way I came.

—NANCY SIFF



OUTSTANDING PICTURE

Peggy Finley

And the Fourth Is Art

HERE are various forms of communication practiced by the human being in society: one is gesture and facial expression, another is the spoken and written word, a third is music, and the fourth is art. Three of these lie outside the realm of vocal explanation: the first is the most elemental, the last two are the most difficult. Because art avoids such things as language barriers, the limits of polite conversation and carefully conditioned thought patterns, it is universal. This means that, like music, art is easily comprehended by all people of all cultures. It teaches the individual through emotional appeal, and the response can range from the savage to the sensitive and subtle.

To create an effective and distinct reaction, the artist must undergo much training and a certain amount of discipline. He must conquer the principles of design and become so familiar with them that he uses them unconsciously. These fundamentals are the same as the grammatical *dos* and *don'ts* of a language. The discipline will allow the artist the greatest freedom, as in jazz, where a rigid underlying pattern is followed, but each player may improvise to his heart's content within the structure. The artist must also be thoroughly familiar with his material and must adapt his techniques to its demands. Besides his principles, his discipline, and his knowledge of his materials, the artist must have a flexible mind, and a wide interest in and knowledge of his world.

Ad Reinhart makes this clearer when he writes, "All that a painting requires besides active pigments are clear, open eyes, a warm heart, an alert brain, and the four freedoms."

In the good old days, when the individual was his own potter, weaver, and general craftsman, everyone was also an artist. Each utensil was both functional and a thing of beauty. In this day of specialization, art has been removed to a remoter position. It has only fitted into our money-making world in a secondary position, and it has been relegated in our everyday lives to commercial advertising.

Methods of painting should never take precedence over what is painted, but hundreds of schools have sprung up around the conflict of style (or methods of expression). Which way can the artist best express himself, how best communicate to the people,—or need he communicate at all?

If an artist sees a white pitcher and instead of the realization of "yes, this is a white pitcher made of porcelain and manufactured in England," he senses some kind of significant response which it creates in him, he will want to paint it. Why produce a life-size, almost perfect imitation of the pitcher? Those who will see the painting are too involved in their complex, money-making world to take time out to undergo the necessary evolutions to reach the desired response.

The artist, having already experienced it, can bring the people one step nearer by painting the reaction in addition to the object which causes the reaction.

Here, the methods of all the schools contest for first place. The pitcher might sit in resplendent glory, or be broken into points of light or planes, or distorted to present all views, or it might be shown in movement, or its parts might be broken down and moved about to form interesting space relationships. Whatever way chosen, there should be a blending of the artist's personal response with the universal concept of *pitcher*. To the layman the pitcher may have no significance except its capacity for containing cream, but for the artist and a receptive audience the pitcher can open up an overpowering new world.

In art there is always something which everyone can understand and always something which no one but the artist will ever know. That is what makes art such a fascinating experience, and why there will always be those who are intrigued by the challenge to imagination and skill, those who are ready to devote their lives to the study and creation of communication through art.

—MARTYVONNE DEHONEY



MUCH has been written about the social hermit, that desolate figure isolated from the world of human relationships. A characteristic of contemporary American culture is the hermit of another type, isolated not from the social world, but from the visual world, an exciting realm of line and color, light space, form and texture. Most of us share in greater or lesser degree this kind of isolation because we are insensitive to universal principles of design which are demonstrated in nature and which challenge and discipline man as he creates his own design with the materials of his environment. A comprehension of these principles, which are rhythm, balance, contrast, dominance, proportion, and unity, is necessary for a rich experience of the visual world. Without that understanding, we pass up great creative painting for trite illustration as we pass up great symphonic music for juke-box jazz. Our aesthetic blindness is reflected in our lack of response to ugliness as well as beauty. The thrilling pattern of a leafless tree embroidered on blue, the sordid mediocrity of town and city which we have created: both are ignored.

Our world, ready made for us through the great advances in technology, may be in part responsible for our hermitage because it has concentrated man in urban industrial centers, removing him from his natural environment into a man-made world where, too

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My Cat

Midnight, that's my cat,
She sleeps on Daddy's hat,
She kneads it all down flat,
Then sleeps on it, round and fat.

Midnight, that's my cat,
She sleeps on Daddy's hat,
She sheds on Daddy's hat,
She squelches Daddy's hat.

Midnight, that's my cat,
She sleeps on Daddy's hat.

—PEGGY ELDRIDGE



Shuffler

Lizards

A Very Few Lines to a Lizard

Lizard scrunched on pine,
Febrile lid, opaque eye,
Squint at sun your gold.
Forget wood-welkin whine,
Dove mourning cry,
Hunted-hunting sigh.
Clink your money
To the spendthrift wind,
Lonely, lizard larrikin.

—VIRGINIA MCKINNON

Red Cat

red cat
brown-barred
yellow-eyed
bush-tailed
low-legged
unsmiling
hungry—
red cat
in a brown bowl
unmoving
careful ears
unseeking
knowing
red cat
flattened hairs
limber-boned
unblinking
giving nothing
red cat
with an appetite

—MARTYVONNE DEHONEY



THE CORADDI presents in this issue three excerpts from a play by Nancy Sutton called *Half Moon*. The play is a one-act play taking place in the mountains of western North Carolina or the hills of Tennessee. It is the story of a girl who becomes a witch because she has gone through life doing neither good nor bad. She led the kind of passive life that so many of us lead. The time of the play is on the night of a half moon. At this time each month, the witches, who live half in fire and half in ice, are allowed a few hours of relief in a worldly atmosphere. On this night, Viny, the girl who is becoming a witch, has her last chance to help another human being. If she succeeds, she is saved from her life of eternal suffering; if she fails, she becomes a witch forever.

In this first excerpt an old witch describes the change in her hands, which are, by the way, the first thing that changes.

"And feel the wind, so cooling to my hands
When first I touched a rose, I thought my hands
Much softer than the bloom and whiter too,
Yes, whiter than the lilies in the valley
All grown 'round with grass and clover;
Formed, they were, as statues' hands down
In the market place, but now I see and touch
Them parched and brown, with clawing nails,
Long misshapened palms, as formed by one in
Anger at the earth and at the justice given
By the earth."

The next excerpt is a speech of Viny's. She has just been told by the old witches what her fate is to be and the only way that she can save herself.

"Oh, half moon there above who brings your cooling rays
To kiss down sleeping children's eyes,
Who guards the weary wanderer when his traveling
Time is done, who leads the lovers two by two
Into a sleepful, dream-filled land; tonight, oh
Moon above, lead to this spot a person needful
Of my help, and with your age-wise rays direct
Me in the way to help, for I am over-tired and
Need your aid."

The last excerpt is a speech by a member of the snake cult. Some members of this cult have come to the glade in which the witches have been talking to conduct their service. With them is a young girl who is being persuaded against her will to join them. In this girl, Viny sees her salvation. This is a speech that is spoken right after the arrival of the worshippers in the glade, when they have just taken up their snakes.

"There, see his head, triangular
It is, and feel his bloated pock-marked body. There
See his forked tongue and see his fangs so long
And white. You do not scare me
With your venom. Feel him crawling 'round my
Arm, his coldish body wriggles as he
Moves. He squirms and writhes.

When Summer

Come down to the spring with me.
stay awhile.
see half-alive my lips
smile, and touch my imaged-eyes.
dip your hand—now
dies the smile slow away
how soon to the stream! but more
days will know
more lips reflect their too-
slow, too-fast un-smiles until
who sees summer
still with dead heat the flow?
her sky pale, bed dry, face dumb.

—LUCY M. RODGERS

Song of America

WHEN we speak of the poet of America, we usually think of Walt Whitman. His *Leaves of Grass* is something peculiarly ours; it is part of our American heritage. I find in Stephen Vincent Benet the poet of modern America, of America as she has come through this war and the first World War, of America as we think of her in her pride in her great industrial power and her high standard of living. Benet was a man who had a message to give to his people. The message was America and her freedom, her democracy.

Robert Van Gelder has gathered together in a Pocket Book edition what he considers the best of Stephen Vincent Benet's short stories and poems. There is no need to speak of their unity of theme; the man had but one message, and it is evident in everything in the book. Mr. Van Gelder has arranged the stories in chronological order; chronological, that is, as they deal with the history of the people of the United States. The first stories are about life on the new continent and its settlement. Then, he tells of the devil and Daniel Webster, of Paul Revere and his fight for freedom for himself and his countrymen, and of Johnny Pye. As America spreads, so does Benet's range of subjects. He moves west with the railroads, taking Tim O'Halloran with him. These stories are of the people of all races and creeds who have found in America the end of their quest for peace. They are of the people who have given themselves to the making of the American way of life, to the democracy, as we think of it today. They are of the bed-rock on which we build.

The technique in these stories is interesting. The stories are for the most part regional: three are of New England, one of the South, one of an Irish immigrant railroad hand, and one of a Jewish trapper. Benet does not use dialect in the strict meaning of the word; *i. e.*, he does not use colloquial words and abbreviations. He does use a phraseology that is accepted as typical for that region. For instance, there is the pithiness of New England in his sentences for the three "Yankee" stories.

"Yes, Dan'l Webster's dead — or, at least, they buried him."

In the story of the South, he does the same thing.

"He got born like the cotton in the boll or the rabbit in the pea patch."

Benet uses the idioms and thoughts of the region, not the words. This is good because it does away with any possible struggle with words that are peculiar to only one section of the country. At the same time, it makes the character more American.

Benet wrote several stories, which are included in this edition, the central theme of which is death. These are the poorest, in my estimation, in the book. The

stories all lack some of the exuberant vitality that characterizes his style. They deal more with an individual than with a type. Rather than improving his style, this seems to hamper and bind him. The stream-of-consciousness technique, which he uses in the greatest part of these, turns his style into an uninterested and uninteresting, slick mediocrity that borders on the boring.

One story stands out in the book because it deals with our civilization but is about another. "The Last of the Legions" is about the withdrawal of the Roman legions from Britain. The narrator is a centurion, who has never doubted the power of the Empire. His companion is a Greek who dabbles in philosophy. At first, there is only the thought of fighting the Germans in the centurion's mind, but through the jibing questions and allusions of the Greek to the fallen Greek glory, and by watching the reaction of wealthy Britons on seeing them leave, he finally realizes that this is a sign of the end of the Empire's power and glory. In this story, the theme changes: Benet now is preaching about the fallibility and the impermanence of a people. His mood changes from one of glorification to one of meditation and warning. His style changes to one of more dignity and calm. This fits the feeling of majesty in the story as well as the new theme. His technique here is excellent: the piling up of evidence, the voice from another epoch of glory, the unwillingness to lose faith in the absolute, the slow but final conviction of the end of all life and civilization.

This new theme is carried out in another story, having the same qualities and techniques as "The Last of the Legions." In "By the Waters of Babylon," however, he tells of the downfall of our own civilization. Needless to say, the instrument of destruction in our case is the super-mechanization of our time and its final product: the A-bomb. The carefulness of detail in this story is excellent. The adoption of what we know of pre-historic civilization to fit the beginning of a new civilization is interesting and also bears connotations.

The theme of mutability is expressed in these two stories and to some degree in the stories about death. It becomes the central thought behind most of the poetry in this edition. In the poetry, of course, it is much more evident and effective. "Notes To Be Left in a Cornerstone" suggests its contents. Benet uses a dialogue form; to have the questions put by a person living somewhere in the future is very effective. Benet describes New York as it could never be painted or filmed or understood by means of statistics. In this, it is quite plain that he is a product of an urban civilization. This can be seen, too, in his series of five poems using the word *Nightmare* in their

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To the Punch Bowl

(Continued from Page 3)

LEADER: No . . . we are very near. Everybody be quiet. (*Immediate silence*) Everybody smell. (*There is violent sniffing. The Stooze is on tiptoe with smelling. He giggles.*)

COLLEGE GIRL: I don't smell anything. I don't hear anything either, except the music back at the party. I wish we were there now.

HUNGRY ONE: I smell the treasure. She didn't tell us what it was, but I know it must be something rich and wonderful. Our hostess always throws wonderful parties . . . and if she arranged a treasure hunt there must be a prize. (*His mouth and eyes grow round and greedy.*) A prize, a wonderful prize . . . I can taste it, feel it . . . (*Sudden thought*) If I find it, I won't share it. You are all rich . . . much richer than I . . . I'm poor . . . (*Starts whimpering slightly*) I sold newspapers . . . have worked hard. My father, he . . . all my life . . . I . . . I keep all I find. I want to find the treasure now. On with the hunt, on with the hunt!

COLLEGE GIRL: Well, I want to get back. I'm sorry we left the party, and I think we've looked long enough. I bet the treasure is under the punch bowl anyway.

THE OTHERS: The punch, the punch! On with the search! To the punch bowl!

HUNGRY ONE: No, no . . . the treasure. On with the search!

OTHERS: The punch, the punch!

LEADER: Look, the rabbit hole. To the next room.

OTHERS: The next room. The treasure . . . the punch bowl . . . (*Much noise and crowding around the hole. The Hungry One pushes everyone aside.*)

HUNGRY ONE: I go first. (*The Leader follows, then the others; the College Girl is last. She hesitates, then starts to crawl through reluctantly. All of a sudden an old woman comes whipping through the big door.*)

WOMAN: Scat! (*The girl gives a small cry and darts through the hole.*)

GIRL: Wait for me . . .

WOMAN: (*Reaches back for a broom*) Scat! (*She scurries to the entrance of the little hole and begins much violent sweeping.*) Tramps, ruffians . . . trash . . . drunken trash at that. In and out . . . well, stay out. (*She sends dust flying into the hole.*) After them! After them and kill them all! Blind their greedy eyes! Why couldn't they have stayed at the party where they belonged? They are lost now, and the mistress will have a fine time looking for them. And in the meantime . . . that hungry one . . . he'll tear apart my mushrooms looking for his treasure. He will stick his fingers in my nice jams. He might rip open my lovely feather bed. Oh, quickly . . . head them off . . . protect my things. Tramps, ruffians,

trash . . . drunken trash at that . . . (*She sails out the door, broom in hand . . . the dust settling down behind her.*)

BOY: (*Entering from the same door, beats two sticks in a very determined way*) Now, let's see . . . He circled the room. Then he stopped when I called and looked at me . . . (*As he glances toward the hole, the head of the College Girl comes through.*) Oh, hello.

GIRL: (*Slightly interested*) Hellooo. (*Attending to business first*) Have you seen anything of a horrible old woman?

BOY: I passed an old woman just now. She was hurrying away.

GIRL: That's the one, I bet. I guess I'm safe. (*She crawls into the room.*)

BOY: Are you looking for your room too?

GIRL: No, my friends and I were searching for the treasure . . . I got left behind, so I am returning to the party.

BOY: I bet that's where my mother is.

GIRL: Well, let's go, handsome. I think the treasure is in the punch anyway. I was silly to have left it.

BOY: I don't know where we are, do you? The party music sounds over there, though, doesn't it?

GIRL: Wherever it is, I won't mind looking with you.

BOY: (*Taking her hand*) If my mother were here, she could tell us exactly where the party is.

GIRL: How old are you . . .

BOY: Fifteen and a little over.

GIRL: (*Withdrawing hand*) Ohhh . . . Oh, well . . . (*Sbrugs and returns it.*) Let's go, handsome . . . on to Mama and the punch.

(*Two girls crawl through the hole.*)

BELLA: I'm sorry I dragged you away from the party, Lisbeth.

LISBETH: Have you any idea where we are now?

BELLA: None at all. Only that we are in an empty room, and that I am very tired and would like to take a little ten-minute nap.

LISBETH: Let's go. I wanted to stay home tonight. If we can ever find our way back to the others, we could thank our hostess and leave.

BELLA: (*Settling down on a shelf-like projection*) Well, wake me in ten minutes. I'm absolutely useless in my present state.

LISBETH: How could you rest in such a hideous room?

BELLA: It could be crawling with snakes and man-eating plants. With my eyes closed, it's paradise. Good night.

LISBETH: Well . . . good night, Bella . . . I wish we knew where we were.

(*Enter Little One from hole*)

LITTLE ONE: Have you seen a bigger boy come through?

summer issue

LISBETH: No, I haven't.

LITTLE ONE: He took my sticks. I was playing with them and he caught up with me and took them. He was looking for my room, I bet.

LISBETH: Are you looking for the treasure, too?

LITTLE ONE: I live that way and up. I have always heard the music far away where they say grownups are dancing.

LISBETH: You live here. You're not part of the party?

LITTLE ONE: I like to tap my sticks with the music.

LISBETH: What strange kind of house is this? Where am I?

LITTLE ONE: Now . . . You are in an old, old room. I don't know anything else.

LISBETH: Wait, don't go. (*Little One exits.*) In one door, out the next . . . in and out, in and out, over and over, in and out.

YOUNG MAN: (*Who appears at high window*) Some know it and some never find out and others go to sleep. (*Lisbeth glances at both doors, but can see no one.*) Sssstttt . . . up here.

LISBETH: (*Looks up at last*) Sssttt, yourself. Have you lost your sticks, too?

YOUNG MAN: No, I'm lucky, who are you?

LISBETH: I'm tired.

YOUNG MAN: I'm sweetness and light.

LISBETH: I'm melancholy.

YOUNG MAN: I have a dozen whippoorwills in a cage.

LISBETH: I have a hundred thousand sparrows all running wild.

YOUNG MAN: Well, my room looks a damn sight better than yours.

LISBETH: I'll take your word for it.

YOUNG MAN: But why, why have you let the place fall to ruin? It was understandable when the old philosopher lived there, but it is strange taste for two young girls.

LISBETH: We are transients. It's Bella's fault. I wanted to stay home and she forced me to come to the party. We were having quite a nice time when the hostess suggested a treasure hunt and everybody began dashing about looking under this and that for nothing at all. It was like something out of *Alice in Wonderland*. Then Bella discovered a door and wanted to open it. "No, Bella, let's stay here in the party room." "Come on," said Bella. "Others have already gone through. I bet the treasure is hidden somewhere in the room beyond the door." "What is the treasure? How can we find something when we do not know for what we search?" Bella laughed, "Oh, we'll find it." Just then a crowd pushed us aside and went shrieking through the door. Bella had to follow and I came too. Now she is sorry. So am I. (*She looks up to find the young man gone and the door closed.*)

Well . . . But he was a thin young man . . . I think. Oh, Bella, Bella, wake up.

(*The revelers come back.*)

WIT: Now I do not recall these two girls. They weren't here before.

STOOGES: Maybe this is another room. Maybe the treasure . . . the treasure . . .

LEADER: Now let's not lose our heads. The last few minutes have been a trial for us all. The hungry one . . . (*All sigh*) . . . left us. A tragic accident, unfortunate circumstances. May his . . . (*All sigh again*) . . . rest in peace.

(*Enter old woman and the hungry one dressed as a chef, looking very full.*)

WOMAN: Ha! I have caught you. Pilferers! I knew you would be after my things. I am in charge here, and I demand prompt departure!

WIT: Now wait a minute. We are guests. You can't push us around like this.

LEADER: We are on an authorized hunt. The treasure is undoubtedly nearby. Who are you to . . .

STOOGES: We are going to report your rude behavior to the hostess!

WOMAN: Go right ahead, go right ahead.

LEADER: That fellow with you . . . isn't he . . . isn't that . . .

CHEF: I'm new here, but it doesn't take me long to catch on. You're up to no good, and we want you out of here. You create disorder, so go back the way you came.

LEADER: So, it's come to this. Rush them, pay no attention. On with the hunt, on with the hunt . . . (*A struggle, excitement, and the two opposing forces sweep one another out of the room.*)

YOUNG MAN: (*Reappearing*) As I was about to say, I, too, was once a treasure hunter.

LISBETH: Did you find it in your little room?

YOUNG MAN: Nooo, and maybe and lucky, anyway, which is better than no and miserable and a trifle hungry at the party.

LISBETH: Then once you came to the party, went on a treasure hunt, and have been here ever since.

YOUNG MAN: That's right.

LISBETH: My, what have you in that mysterious room?

YOUNG MAN: Would you like to see?

LISBETH: How could I?

YOUNG MAN: I believe the old man used to keep a ladder outside that door. If it is still there, it will reach this window.

(*Lisbeth finds ladder and drags it in place. Climbs up.*)

LISBETH: I'm preparing myself to face anything . . . ohhh, how lovely. How fresh and clean and gay. Oh, if I had found such a room, I think that I would have stayed.

YOUNG MAN: It wasn't like this when I came, I fixed it up myself. You could do the same thing with this old place if you cared.

LISBETH: But you live in isolation. This room is a highway for the treasure mad and the homeless . . .

YOUNG MAN: Want to get rid of them?

LISBETH: How?

YOUNG MAN: Just pull aside those drapes on the back wall . . . there . . . (*Lisbeth climbs down and draws them aside, revealing the party.*)

LISBETH: The party room. Why, we've been so near. (*Laughs*) Why, Bella could have rolled in while she slept. Bella, Bella, wake up. We're back.

BELLA: (*Sits up*) What?

LISBETH: Look, we're back at the party.

BELLA: Well, damned if we're not.

(*Shrieks in the hole*)

STOOGE: I've found the treasure. It's mine . . . mine . . . let go.

(*Noise, and in come revelers. They stop short at sight of the party.*)

LEADER: And we are found again, thank God. To the punch bowl.

(*Enter Stooze with large portrait painting.*)

STOOGE: Wait . . . for me. I've got the treasure.

BELLA: Nonsense. That's worthless. (*Enter Boy and College Girl.*)

COLLEGE GIRL: Hello, hello. The party! What are we waiting for? Let's go . . .

WIT: To the punch bowl!

LEADER: Onward, my trusty friends . . . to final victory.

(*Boy sees Stooze with picture as he enters party room.*)

BOY: Mother! There's Mother . . . (*All crowd around and with many noises, exit.*)

BELLA: Treasure . . . phooey. Back to the sane, sane world.

YOUNG MAN: They've all gone back to the party . . . to start over again if they want. A very good-natured woman—our hostess.

BELLA: Not I. I'm going home. Are you coming, Lisbeth?

LISBETH: (*Hesitating*) Yes . . . I guess so. (*Notices sticks the boy has dropped at sight of mother.*) Oh, I hope the little one finds these. (*She taps them cautiously, smiles and places them on the projection.*) Goodbye, lucky.

YOUNG MAN: You think so? (*The Little One enters from hole just as Lisbeth turns to follow Bella. She glances back and sees the Little One and the Young Man watching her.*) They're all gone now . . .

LISBETH: Yes they are, aren't they? Now that I know how to get out . . . Why not a rest? I could stay a little while, couldn't I?

YOUNG MAN: Yes.

LISBETH: Why not? (*Lets curtain fall back over party.*) But just for a little while. You think I could fix up this room?

YOUNG MAN: Of course, I've got all the colors you'd want . . . everything. Come up and I'll give them to you.

LITTLE ONE: (*Finding his sticks*) Here they are! Thank you . . . (*He listens to the music a minute, then joins in the beat and skips about the room.*)

LISBETH: (*On the ladder*) Oh, that one, that one. What a lovely shade!

(*She reaches through for the can and a brush. The curtain falls as she starts painting the wall. The Young Man and Lisbeth are singing the tune, and the Little One skips solemnly around the room with his sticks.*)

—MARTYVONNE DEHONEY

College Library

In the library they read

The restless girls, the sparrow girls,

Their telescopic eyes reaching

For Sunday towns and summer screen-doors banging

Through incidental passages of Marx and Milton,

Zigzagging points of brown heads

Spaced and still work out the weird acrostic

Of our day. It's late.

The bell will ring and take them all away.

The tables are worn smooth by blind hands

Missing each year with old content

The difficult tool once taken never loosed:

Rather the daisy stitch of lessons learned

In midnight rooms of I and Me—

Never the bleeding rag of They and We

Mended forever with raw fingertips.

Fame is the Spur and so the buses pile

Along the roads to football games.

On dormitory steps and in the jukebox joint

Ah, love, let us be true to one another!

A week is a long time to know one face.

And *Blessed are the Poor*

For they shall sew my wedding dress.

Slow, lifted smile, last minute numbers

And the racing look . . . Evening . . . By eight o'clock

They lie already in strange wooden sleep,

Curled hair crumpled in scarlet scarves

And blind hands open on bewilderment:

Why did I die? Why did I die?

—NANCY SIFF

Long Time Daid

(Continued from Page 9)

"Yo' Pa ain't been able to work none this summer. He ain't feel so spry." James looked at his Pa and wondered. His mother had done all the work for the family since he remembered. Maybe just those who worked lived.

When afternoon came, James left the house and walked over to Evans'. Mr. Evans was standing by the gin house, weighing loads. He spoke to the Negroes standing in the waiting line, their full sacks propped in front of them on the sand, waiting to be weighed. As he passed, Evans squinted at him from under the broad brim of his Panama.

"How's the educated nigger?" He grinned and Jim noticed his small fat eyes. He looked at the red hair on the thick arms of the man and nodded.

"Hear you're going to be a lawyer, huh?" He heaved another sack onto the scales and watched James, waiting for a retort.

"Yes," said James.

"Well, well," Evans' laughter heaved the fat on his chest, under the light cotton polo shirt, as he slapped his overseer on the back. "Hear that, Simmons, Buckshot here gonna be a big lawyer." This time the laugh was a rude duet. "Wonder where he figures on setting up. Over in Sumpter, I reckon."

He gleamed momentarily at James. The Negroes in line watched silently, noncommittally. James began to move in the direction of the field.

"Know a lot of people gonna be glad to see you come back home. Yessir, jest waiting for you to start your practicing." Again his laughter exploded. "Nigger lawyer. How 'bout that, Simmons? Lordy, Lord."

James walked away from the loudness of their voices along the edge of the rows till he could see his Mother's broad back bent over her row in the heat, her fingers flying from the bolls to the rough gray bag slung across her shoulders. She was probably still the fastest picker Evans had. Farther on, his two sisters worked side by side, not speaking, stopping to raise up now and then to rest their young backs, and look around. The sun steamed, and the hundred hands moved mechanically, their bodies arched toward the rows, fingers working from boll to bag, boll to bag.

James remembered stories he had heard, away from home, about cotton-picking time in the old South, with happy Negro voices blending in sweet spirituals as the gay figures went up and down their rows. Now he watched great beads of sweat rolling from the faces around. Expressionless faces. The women, their kinky hair held back in old silk stockings twisted at the foot, worked without emotion, too tired even to hum. At the end of the rows, three babies played quietly in the scorching sun, their mothers picking nearby. His Ma looked up and saw him. She waved as she wiped her face with her sleeve.

"Be home to git you' suppah, boy." As she called to him, he had the familiar pang that came often

while he was away. Some day, he thought. Some day, he can get somebody else to pick for him.

He looked again at his Mother, waved, and turned to go. As he walked off the place he had to pass Evans again.

"They must do things some different up North, Shot. Yessir, give ever' nigger in the block the big feelings. I bet you run 'round after them white gals up there, too."

James turned around sharply. Then he slowly moved his gaze from the man and walked on.

The heavy jowls twitched as Evans took a step after him. He raised his voice to a high pitch. "You watch yourself, nigger boy. Try getting smart with me and I'll take the black off you."

James walked straight ahead, crossed the highway to the Jordan road and headed toward the house. His Pa was sitting on the porch when he got there. He perched on the top step and stared out at the hot sand.

"When yo' Ma come home? I hongry."

James didn't look at him. "She'll be along soon." The flies buzzed around the lanky red dog rolling at the bottom of the steps. He watched them climb on the red flanks and fight, three deep, then separate to buzz around the head.

"You home fo' good?"

"No, Pa. I'm going back Saturday. Classes start again."

"Humph."

"Anyhow, I can't stay away from work longer than this week."

For a while they sat listening to the buzz of the flies. James felt the deadening stickiness of the late afternoon, and thought about Chicago. There the streets would be filled with cars and buses, people, jostling each other, each rushing to get home.

"You been gone long time, son."

"A year."

"Yo' Ma right proud. Her think you be big man someday."

James grinned into the sunlight. "Maybe." He turned to look at his Pa in his splint-bottomed chair tipped back against the wall. "What do you think?"

"Me? I ain't never try to leave home none. Ain't no use."

James didn't answer. His Pa had not tried to stop him when he decided to leave, he remembered. He had had nothing to say at all. Only his Ma. She said, "Go on, son. Go get yourself a job. You ain't belong hyah no longer. You one of them new niggers. I been knowing that."

And when he had found out that he could get in night school and keep up his work at the same time, he had written her. Later he had gotten a letter, a sheet of tablet paper, on which was scrawled, "I am glad."

Pa cleared his throat and looked up. He spat a long brown stream off the edge of the porch and looked down at James. "They ain't no use tryin' to be what you ain't," he said.

"You're satisfied so long as you're fed, aren't you, Pa?"

Pa grinned. "Ain't none of us long for this here worl'. Might jes' as well enjoy ourselves."

"I'm enjoying myself."

"Humph! I ain' never try to leave home. When I was like you I used ter sing. And sport wid de gals."

James looked at him sideways, and wondered how this man had looked when he was young. Maybe he had been very gay and fine looking when Ma got him.

"Yessir, I never been one to kill mysel' wid overwuk. 'Cause us gonne be a long time daid someday."

James remembered the song somewhere out of a long time past, a time mixed with dancing in the dusk on the cool sand, mixed with the sound of voices singing out of the dark on the porch, voices that belonged to his Pa and his old uncle. A time no longer real, mixed too with the stink of sweat rolling down on his stomach from his underarms, arms aching from hoeing long hours, mixed with the smell of collards cooking in the kitchen at noon.

He stood up now as he saw his Ma and the gals coming down the road. Ma walked with her head in the air, after the long day. The gals lagged behind her. He walked to meet them.

When the supper things were done up they sat in the twilight on the porch. Under the steps the katydids sang their intense brittle tunes; in the yard fireflies were starting up. The gals began to chase them.

He looked at Ma where she sat hitting mosquitoes with the Putnam Dye fan. "Sho' feel good to have you heah at evenin', James," she murmured.

He heard feet slap the sand and knew the gals were dancing, dancing with the spontaneous rhythm he had not even felt for over a year. He leaned forward to watch the flat blackness of their feet as they hit the ground in perfect tempo. Pa began half chanting, half singing in his tremulous voice, every other syllable accentuated with the beat of the dancing.

"Ain't gwine work till my dyin' day
If I ever lays up enough
I'se gwine off a while and stay
I'll be taking a few days off."

The voice was nasal and had risen to an intense pitch on the last lines. James knew rather than heard the words, for they were chanted in a gibberish mumble which wove them together into barbaric noises.

Short skirts hit skinny brown legs as the gals swung round and round, sometimes facing each other, turning away, then dancing face to face again. He was conscious now only of the slap-slap of the feet beating out the rhythm.

"Cause de jimpsion weed don't bloom but once
And when dey's shed dey's shed . . ."

Pa chanted with his eyes closed, hypnotized, his lips smiling, pulled up over his rotten yellow teeth and white gums. James detected a waver in the thin old voice. The gals laughed and swirled, faster and louder, respecting the rhythm, ignoring the words.

"And when you'se daid, ain't jes for a month
Cause you'se gwine be a long time daid."

Ma got up and walked into the house. The dancing stopped with the song. The gals fell giggling and exhausted onto the steps, their faces turned toward James, the whites of their eyes gleaming in the dark. Pa sat for a while with his head on his chest. Then he spat somewhere out into the night, and echoed his song with a "Yes, Lord."

The flicker of the lamp inside the house sprang up and shone out through the window. James rose silently and went in to his Ma.

—PINKY MCLEOD

And the Fourth Is Art

(Continued from Page 13)

often, the heavens peeping behind tall buildings or rising above dirty tenements are the only reminder of the wonder of nature. In addition, the mass production goods which constitute the dominant material aspect of our culture are little governed in their manufacture by aesthetic standards of design, but rather by the profit motive. Thus, mediocrity of taste is catered to and perpetuated. Lastly, because we purchase our goods ready made we have little knowledge of the materials and processes which go into them.

The social or educational movement which has been fostered by modern art has much to say about the aesthetic hermit. The basic assumption is that everyone by nature of his individuality has a capacity and a right to creative expression, and that the imposition of naturalism and photographic realism on art is a denial of this basic element of versatility in human make-up. This principle is extended to say that creative expression, whether in the plastic arts, painting, music, or other fields, is a basic need in the development of the aesthetic being. In art, which is the particular consideration here, this concept would lead us back to a sensual acquaintance with the raw materials of our environment so that, through a personal, direct knowledge of the qualities of these raw materials, we would gain a keener insight into the design most suited to them. For example, to process clay from its shaping through the firing and glazing gives one a richer understanding of and consequently a deeper appreciation for ceramic products. Of equal significance with these plastic skills are the mediums of drawing and painting for creative expression. Here the elements of design—color, line, space, etc.—may be manipulated purely for their own sakes, as a concerto may be concerned primarily with portraying the character of the piano, or they may be used to communicate the artist's feelings about his world.

To provide the means whereby man's aesthetic nature may unfold is a momentous task—one sorely needed to lead us away from artificial standards of material possession and display.

—DACIA LEWIS

Song of America

(Continued from Page 17)

titles. In the five, the idea of mutability is carried out to the last degree. In "Nightmare Number Three," the wrecking of New York by our almost-human machines, which have suddenly become human and have revolted against their users is an awful picture of an awful thought. The warning to America to remember its heritage and its future is here and in other poems, one of which is an ode dedicated to Walt Whitman. The warning against totalitarianism and intolerance is sounded dramatically in "Litany for Dictatorships" and several others. "Listen to the People" was written for Independence Day in 1941 and is clearly radio script technique.

There are several poems which have the same exuberant quality as the first stories. They also sing of America and its people, as do the stories. The titles, "American Names," "The Mountain Whippoorwill," and "The Ballad of William Sycamore," reflect their theme. They are all written in rhymed verse; the first has a rather unique scheme: a five-line stanza rhyming *ababb*. The other two are ballads, the first in the traditional ballad form and the second in couplets. The rhythm in all is lovely; in "The Mountain Whippoorwill" it is the same as in "Frankie and Johnie" which is also in couplets.

The last poems are of a different type entirely; they are short and humorous. One very delightful one is about the explosion of the Captain Kidd legend. Benet chose to believe that Captain Kidd was ferocious and fabulous. The others are in the same vein.

In technique, Benet uses blank verse in the majority of his poems. As I have already said, he uses the ballad form and conforms there in rhythm as well as meter. In all other poems, though, his meter is a very indefinite thing. I think it would be easier to speak of it as a delicately balanced rhythm which one feels rather than measures. He uses dialogue in several poems to dramatize the climax more intensely. His last lines are, almost without exception, the point at which meditation by the reader starts. He is, without question, a poet of the modern school.

Throughout these stories and poems and throughout the three or four themes has always run the same message: America, its heritage and its destiny. He expresses it most perfectly himself in "Freedom Is a Hard-bought Thing."

"... I got freedom in my heart . . . I got a name and a tale to tell. I got a hammer to swing. I got a tale to tell my people. I got recollection."

—BARBARA PELTON

Achieving World Government Through the United Nations

(Continued from Page 7)

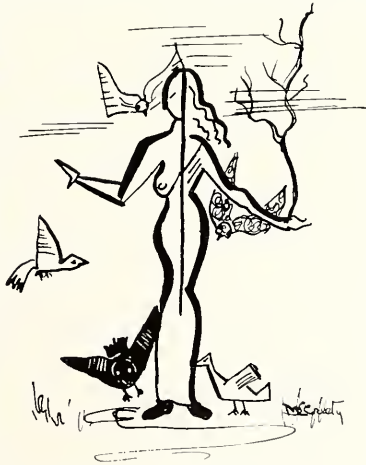
no stand on the controversial issues of the day, other than its fundamental premise. It rather prides itself on the belief that it is the only movement in our country which cannot be accused of a taint of communism, because its aims are so definitely contrary to communistic policy. World Federalism would like to see a world-wide form of government with Russia participating. If this is not possible, world government should be established without the support of Russia, in the hope that Russia would eventually see the advantages of participation, and request admission.

Other countries of the world are not quite so hesitant in accepting the idea. Both Prime Minister Clement Attlee and Foreign Secretary Ernest Bevin have advocated the cause in the British Parliament. The new constitution adopted by the French Republic contains a clause providing for that nation's participation in such a movement. In addition, there are organizations for the promotion of world government in Italy, Yugoslavia, Belgium, China, the Netherlands, and Switzerland. There have been international conferences on the subject in Luxembourg,

Oxford, and Prague. Obviously, the United States is lagging behind, and it is here that the most work remains to be done.

A demonstration of the value of the cause in the process of uniting America is the fact that it is supported wholly by those arch-enemies, William Green, president of the American Federation of Labor; Philip Murray, president of the Congress of Industrial Organizations; and Robert L. Lund, former president of the National Association of Manufacturers. It has also been endorsed by the American Legion and the American Veterans Committee, whose divergence of views on most national issues is so evident. Another of the group's

supporters is our own Dr. Frank Porter Graham, who is chairman of the Advisory Board of World Federalists of North Carolina. Other workers of national prominence, representing a cross-section of interests, are Mortimer J. Adler, Louis Bromfield, Norman Corwin, George S. Kauffman, Elliot Nugent, Thomas Mann, Norman Cousins, Justice Owen J. Roberts, Upton Sinclair, Carl Van Doren, Margaret Mead, Walter Wanger, the Most Rev. James A. Griffin, Robert Maynard Hutchins, Albert Einstein,



Owen D. Young, Raymond Graham Swing, and Norman Thomas. Endorsements of the plan have been voted by the legislatures of almost one-third of our states. According to a poll taken by Elmo Roper, the conductor of the *Fortune* Surveys, only 20 per cent of the American public was opposed to world government in August, 1946. All of this proves that the movement is one of national import, and is spreading through all phases of our society.

The chief difficulty with the progress of the world government movement is the reluctance of its followers to present a specific platform. This group does not care to submit a concrete policy, or "blueprint" by which to accomplish its purpose, because that would necessitate debate and compromise on some of

its principles in order to achieve a definite following and a united front. The above proposals are merely some of the suggested changes which would reinforce the United Nations in the accomplishment of its stated purposes.

Grotius, the father of International Law, stated that "State sovereignty is international anarchy." The present Council of the United Nations is really only a body of individually sovereign states. The Charter was drawn up by statesmen who were not truly internationally-minded, and the resulting document naturally reflects their national interests. Until these national interests are subordinated to the concept of international cooperation, permanent peace cannot be achieved.

—EILEEN COONEY

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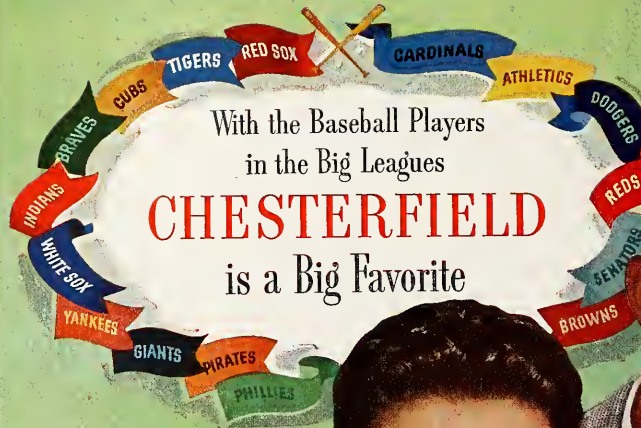
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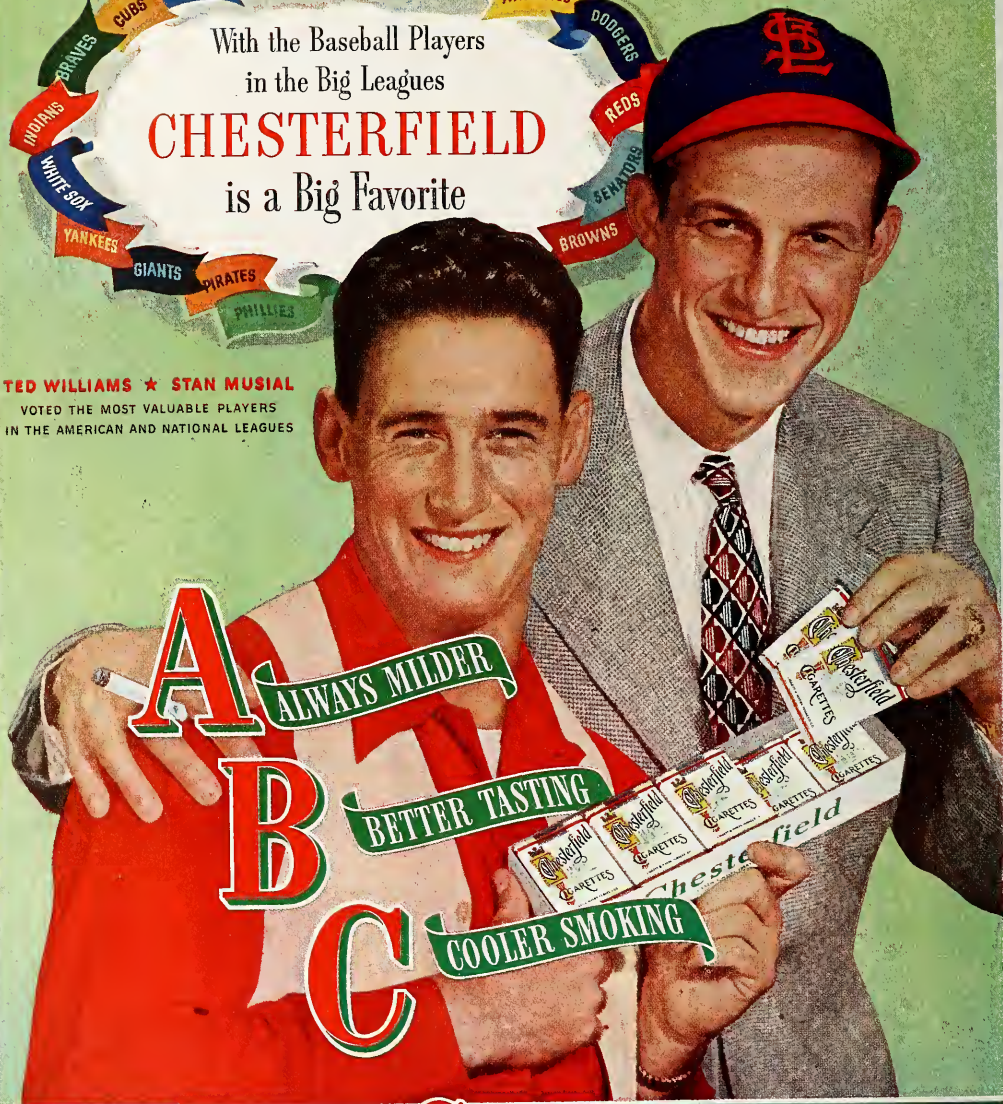
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