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Greensboro, N. C.

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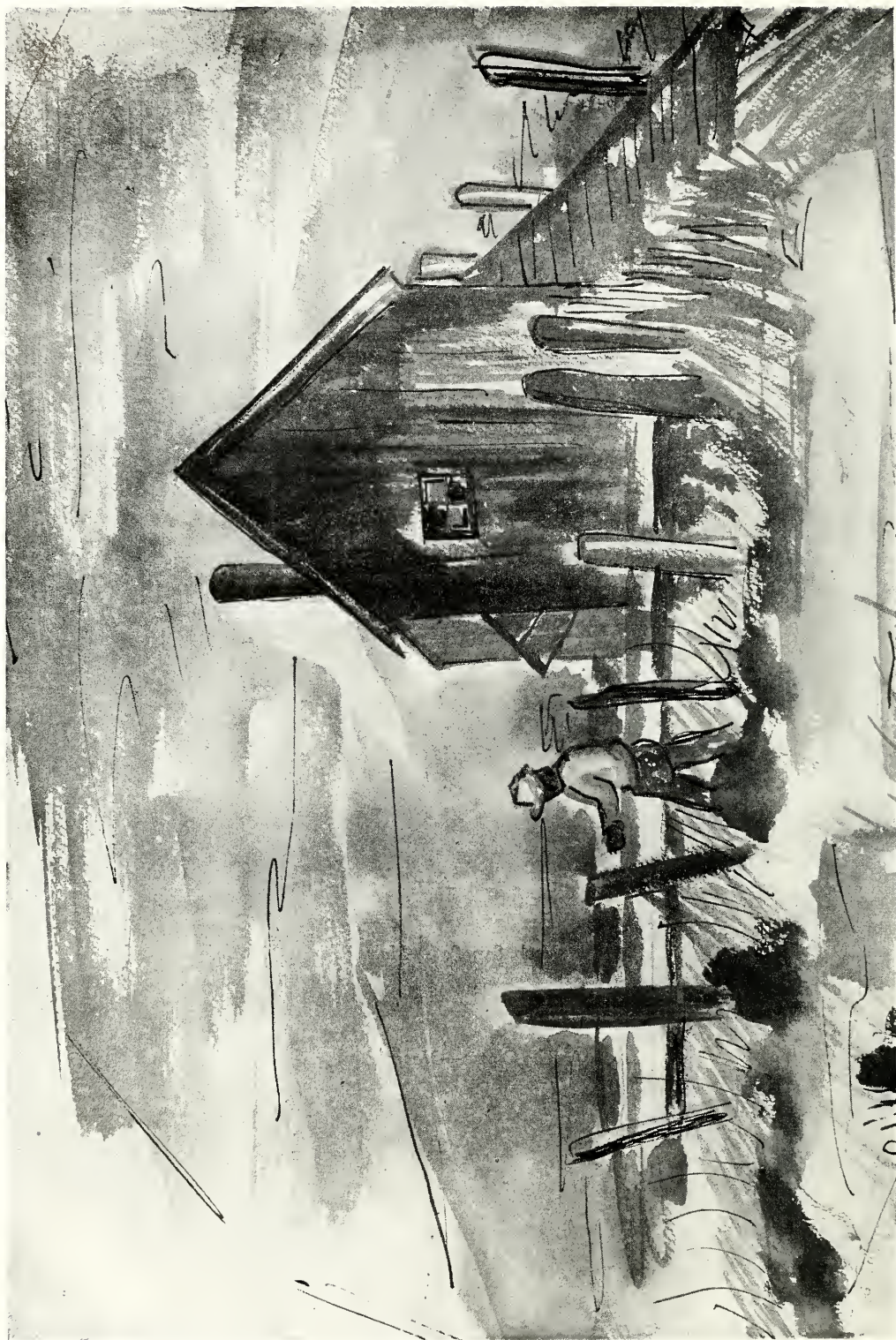
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"Happy Days"

Barbara Stonghton

My Mother's Aunt Mabel

By PATRICIA HUNSINGER

WHEN Mother came home from her Uncle Richard's funeral she told us all it was the saddest thing she ever saw. Mother wore a black dress with black stockings that day and dabbed at her eyes with a white linen hanky while she talked. It was tragic she said, just tragic the way Aunt Mabel took it so hard. He wasn't what you'd call an old man, barely past his prime. It was a terrible, terrible thing. She and Father looked at each other and shook their heads slowly from side to side.

You'd never believe, Mother said, how awful she aged that last week before the end. Why at the funeral you could almost see her decline. Poor soul, she just gave way at the last and collapsed. We had to carry her to the car as limp as a rag. I took her home and put her to bed, and she didn't say a word to anyone for forty-eight hours.

Mother had gone to stay with Aunt Mabel because she was her favorite aunt. Rannie and I watched and listened without saying a word, though I couldn't help wondering in just what way Aunt Mabel had changed in such a short time.

It was a beautiful funeral, Mother said, lovely flowers from everybody, sprays of gladiolas and carnations, lilies, and several baskets of roses, enough to fill a whole car, and all the relations that I had never seen were there. She said the body was wonderfully laid out so he looked like a young man. He must be very proper and stiff I thought and I imagined him lying in a box with a do not touch sign on his chest like the exhibits in the museum, and all the relatives peering inside, sniffing into their white handkerchiefs. Aunt Mabel was there, crying harder than anyone else, but I couldn't imagine how she looked because she was so horribly changed.

I was fourteen when Aunt Mabel came to live with us. She had been living with her brother Arthur in Pennsylvania until his daughter Sue who Mother said was cheap as she could be, came home from her second attempt at married life. Mother thought it was only right that she should ask Aunt Mabel to live with us considering how close they had always been. And Father told her to do what she thought best.

Rannie and I had to move into one room and because we hated each other then we both cried when Mother told us. Rannie moved into my room because hers was smaller and she didn't have very much. We divided the closet in two and I remember once when I found a dress of hers on my side I threw it on the floor. She took it to Mother who thought the just punishment would be to make me iron all of Rannie's dresses for a week. On top of that Rannie purposely broke a bottle of my gardenia toilet water. Mother always used to say she didn't believe any other mother

she knew had such problems with her children and Aunt Mabel always told her she knew we'd grow out of it, which I suppose we did though Rannie and I have never been what you'd call really close.

Aunt Mabel was like that, making excuses for Rannie and me. She liked to mother us because she had no children of her own. I asked Mother if the fault lay with Aunt Mabel or with Uncle Richard and Mother said she was sure she didn't know why Aunt Mabel hadn't been blessed or otherwise, but it hadn't kept her from having a long, happy married life, which like everything else had to come to an end. But she assured me that she would have no desire to go on if Father were taken away like Uncle Richard.

I remember very well the day Aunt Mabel arrived. I went with Father to the station to get her. We had to wait an hour on the platform, which was quite interesting for me because I liked to observe the people saying hello and goodbye, but Father kept looking at his watch and running to the information desk to make sure nobody was playing a joke on him. When the train came he wasn't there and I had to look for Aunt Mabel myself. A stream of blank faces passed by until there was no one left but a few stragglers. Then I saw her coming towards me, from the far end of the platform, moving with quick waddling steps, as if she were being pushed from behind. Two suitcases sagged at her sides and I could see that she was heaving from the strain. Before I could get to her Father came leaping past and grabbed the suitcases. "Mabel," he roared, "why didn't you get a redcap?" Then he kissed her on the cheek. For a minute she could only make tiny gasping noises that sounded like "Dear me, my, my," while she pushed at her fuzzy, wiry grey hair. She was wearing a black cloth coat with a raccoon collar that rose up around her head. I wondered if she had on a black dress underneath, if she was still in mourning, but when she moved I caught a glimpse of something purple. A feathered bird nestling in her hat wobbled every time she shook her head. When she stopped sputtering she spied me and flung open her arms. Her cheek was soft and flabby against mine and I could smell her powders very strongly. I got loose as soon as I could. Father started ahead, and we followed, Aunt Mabel hanging onto my arm, chattering about her awful trip, and the insurance man across the aisle who flirted with her all the way to Harrisburg.

Aunt Mabel moved into Rannie's room and brought with her a lumpy white crocheted bedspread, a set of perfume bottles with pink atomizers, a picture of all of her relatives taken at a reunion, Uncle Richard was in the back row, and a huge red cedar chest that hardly fitted in the room. She thought it would be convenient to keep all of her belongings together.

Rannie cried when she took her horse pictures off the wall so Aunt Mabel put them back up again. I wouldn't have them in my room. Rannie had a passion for horses at that time and always smelled like a little beast.

I eventually became reconciled to living with Rannie, and we soon got used to having Aunt Mabel around the house. She insisted on doing her share of the housework and since Mother didn't have a maid, Aunt Mabel was a wonderful help. I would come in from school in the afternoon and find them down on their knees in the kitchen, their skirts pinned up to their waist and stockings rolled around their ankles, sloshing water around the floor and talking about the times when Mother was a little girl and Aunt Mabel was a bride, gossiping about all the people they ever knew as though they were the most absorbing subject in the world. Aunt Mabel's sister-in-law Minnie relayed her all the latest news from home.

In the evening Mother, Aunt Mabel and Father would sit and listen to the radio. They never missed the Lone Ranger and even though I had my door closed I could hear the great man yelling "Hi-Ho Silver." Rannie listened too, naturally. They sat there all evening listening to the radio. Aunt Mabel was making a patchwork quilt out of odds and ends of colored material that were stored away in her cedar chest. She promised me I could have it for my hope chest which I didn't own as yet. She always left bits of brightly colored thread all over the carpet, and Mother told me privately that she wished Aunt Mabel crocheted instead of making patchwork quilts.

By the time Aunt Mabel had lived with us for a full year everyone in the neighborhood thought of her as one of the family. She joined a church which was a block from the house, and she and Mother attended services Sunday mornings while Father stayed home and read the newspaper. Aunt Mabel became so popular that she was elected president of the Ladies Aid and they used to meet at our house every month to discuss their project of supporting two missionaries in the heart of India. She put her small savings account in a local bank, and established credit in a department store where she spent all of her widow's pension checks for frills and jewelry which she loved. She said the way she felt was that she couldn't abide a woman who didn't make people know what she was.

Of course it wasn't enough for a woman to be just pretty. To be really attractive she must know how to make a home. Aunt Mabel liked to practice her arts around the house. She liked to collect families of China animals, a mother dog and three little dogs, or a mother elephant and three little elephants. She also liked to cook. She was known at home for her cooking. She loved to see the expression on a man's face when he had good food in his stomach. Every new dish she tried Father would say, Mabel, you're a coker, or, Mabel, you ought to be cooking in one of those big hotels. And Aunt Mabel would fluster and apologize because it wasn't as good as what she

used to make. She seemed to have lost her touch, she said.

When spring came around Aunt Mabel got terribly interested in baseball. Mother said she never had shown any interest before. Every Sunday afternoon during the season Aunt Mabel and Father sat by the radio and listened to the games. Father had always been a Giant fan. Aunt Mabel decided to support the Dodgers. Mother started listening too, but every time she asked what was going on, something spectacular happened and Aunt Mabel bounced on her seat and cried "Whoopee" in a squeaky voice. The first day Father took her to see a big league game she was so excited she told me her heart was turning flip-flops. Mother said she'd much rather stay at home than sit out in the sun and watch some foolish grown men run around in circles playing a child's game.

Baseball got to be the main topic of conversation, which meant that Father and Aunt Mabel did most of the talking. I sometimes wondered if Aunt Mabel didn't figure out batting averages late at night in her room. Mother got very stuffy when there was a ball game on the radio and sometimes in the middle of it she would go to the piano and begin to play "Home on the Range" or "My Bonnie Lies Over the Ocean" which she liked to play with a syncopated rhythm. Father would glare daggers through her back. Then he would explode and yell, "Please cut out that racket" and Mother would turn and say "Am I disturbing you, I'll try to play more softly" and then go on with a second chorus.

They were very amusing to watch. Father sucked in his breath and clutched the arms of his chair, and Mother sat stiff-backed, flourishing her hands over the keys, looking straight ahead, ignoring the mistakes she was making. Aunt Mabel puckered her lips and said nothing. That was her chief virtue she always said. She knew when not to talk.

I suppose I was the cause of the first real spat between Mother and Aunt Mabel. I never dated much, because the boys I knew were too adolescent, but I decided once to accept an invitation to a school dance, to see what they were like. This made Mother and Aunt Mabel ecstatic. I'm sure they had come to the conclusion that I was abnormal even though they were always saying that I was passing through a very difficult time of life. Everyone was terribly excited the night of the dance. Father gave me a dollar and told me to tuck it away because a girl should always carry a little money with her just in case. You never could tell. Marvin might imbibe too many Coca-Colas. Mother sprayed some of her best scent around my head and gave me three kleenex and two safety pins for emergencies. Rannie wanted me to wear some of her silver arm bangles of which she was making a collection, so I told her that Marvin was irritated by jangling noises. This made her look at me with pitying eyes. Aunt Mabel took me into her room, shut the door and put a dab of rouge on each of my

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Fish Every Friday

By LEE HARPER

THE MEN at Harmon Smith's Filling Station often speculated about Sam Jones and his wife Florrie. Did she or didn't she? Did he know or didn't he? And as they became convinced that she did and that he knew since he wasn't blind, they next wondered what he would do about it. Sam and Florrie had been living on old "Captain" Venter's place for about five months when the talk really began spreading. They had moved from a community around twenty miles from Richfield so nobody knew much about them. "Cap" had only heard that Sam was a hardworking, non-drinking, good sort of a fellow, easy to get along with and a prime hand with machinery. He soon found out for himself that this was true, and told his wife in fact he'd be blamed if he knew why anybody would let such a fine hand get away from them, and then he'd add maybe Sam had reasons of his own for moving.

Florrie and Sam went to Walston on Saturdays in their old Ford, shopped together for the few groceries that they couldn't buy at Smith's and perhaps overalls for Sam or a dress for Florrie or a dishpan. Then you could see them walking down the street toward the Oasis Theater around three o'clock. Sam, forty, was a little over middling in height and weight, rather clumsy with his heavy shoulders and long hanging arms, his face not exactly solemn but with a sort of wiped-off look, as if he had just stopped smiling or frowning. You couldn't tell which. Then too, his eyes almost always had the same blank look. He might have been doing some heavy thinking or none at all. Only during the movie would his expression really change. There he would roll in his seat with deep laughter at the antics of some cowpoke clown, or sit tensed with his strong, hard hands gripping the seat arms during the many desperate rides; and his eyes gleamed as justice triumphed once more or filmed over as an innocent suffered.

Florrie enjoyed shows immensely too. She didn't get out much, couldn't go and sit around Smith's the way her husband and the other men did, drinking soft drinks and talking, joking and sometimes condemning. There were no women close by that she could visit; the other tenants were Negroes and she wouldn't have felt right in "Cap's" parlor or in the living-rooms of his daughters-in-law. The Holiness Church nearby where they might have met the white sharecroppers was closed during the winter. So she depended on going to town, an occasional visit to her relatives miles away, and the radio for amusement. When Sam came back from his almost nightly trips to Smith's, she asked eagerly what he'd heard. He told her about Jeb Waller's buying a tractor and about the time Elwood Carson fell in the well trying to get away from an angry sow; but she didn't know the

men and the names meant nothing to her at all. She just wanted to hear somebody talk more than anything else.

It got lonely being in the house, yard or little garden all day long by herself. She couldn't even be with Sam in the fields like the wives of the regular tenants. Sam didn't rent land for that very reason: he didn't want her to have to work so hard.

Because Florrie was so starved for talk she gave the peddlers that came a much warmer welcome than they got anywhere else. Not too many came; most folks in Richfield were spent out by Christmas, but the "Watkins Man" learned that Florrie would buy her soap, cake flavoring, roach powder and pie mix from him, so he stopped rather regularly. Such occasional peddlers as the broom man, the young man working his way through college by selling illustrated Bibles, and the woman who sold beautiful stockings at a sacrifice all found a perfect customer in Florrie. She had money to spend and the time to listen to their sales spiel. Often after she bought something they stayed in her warm front room and just talked for a while.

The men particularly found it easy to talk to her; she was so easy to look at. Just turning thirty, she had a round yet firm figure that appeared to best advantage in her fresh starched dresses. Her hair while rather a commonplace brown was always shiny clean and plaited neatly in a coronet fashion. But apart even from her curves, Florrie's chief assets were her soft fair skin and her glowing brown eyes that were so appreciative, that took in every word you said hungrily. Being around her just made a man feel more like a man.

Odd in a way though, Florrie wasn't altogether aware of her own charms. She had never been a flirt or tried to stir up men, had never felt romantic yearnings even toward her husband Sam or toward her first husband killed in an accident. She felt only, well, maternal comes as close as anything else. The great disappointment of her life was not having children to care for. She lavished some of her tender sentiment on her dog and on injured chicks sometimes. If Sam didn't carry off stray animals as soon as they turned up, she would make them members of a family that could grow alarmingly in size. Though she hated to see anything or anyone suffer she made a warm, sympathetic nurse. Delighting in making people happy and comfortable, Florrie really married because Sam and her first husband wanted her so much, not to fill any need of her own.

The winter months passed away somehow with the trips to town and the visits of the peddlers. With the coming of spring Sam's attention centered one day on food. You get tired of pork and beef mighty quick

in the spring and chicken as well if you have it too often. He wanted some fish especially, but they couldn't buy any on Saturday before the show—they wouldn't stay fresh—and the fish market closed before the movie let out. So he asked "Cap" to bring him some from town one Monday and the old man asked him in turn would he like to have a fish man stop at his house every Friday afternoon. Sam was pleased at the idea and Florrie too. Then Joe Banks began coming around in his red pick-up.

About five weeks after Joe first stopped at Sam's the speculation started. Florrie's behavior did look a little suspicious at that. Asking peddlers in to demonstrate their wares when it was cold was one thing, and inviting the fish man in on warm spring afternoons was something else. He certainly didn't carry in a panful of fish for her to compare. It all began gradually enough. Joe first just pulled off the highway, and Florrie would go out with her pan; but as their conversations grew longer Joe drove in the yard up to the front porch. Then one fine spring day of the kind that makes you feel good just to be alive Joe drove up in front as usual, but after talking to Florrie for a few minutes, got back in and wheeled around the house, almost completely concealing the truck from the view of passersby. It was a good hour before he came out of the house and cranked up his truck.

People soon began noticing his long visits naturally enough and the talk started. They couldn't understand it in the first place. Joe Banks was old and ugly, a dried-up fellow that scarcely deserved the name man.

The men at Smith's commented upon this state of affairs but not when Sam was there. Some were afraid to and others were too kind though no less curious. Those with more malice threw out veiled barbs at times, however. Do you remember that old song that went like this:

There's a man that comes to our house every single day;

He always comes when Papa is away.

Oh, Papa does the work and Mama gets the pay,

And he only comes around when Papa goes away . . .

Well, one smart aleck got so he would hum that tune every time Sam came in sight, and the ones who knew it couldn't help but laugh. Sam didn't know the tunes or the words but the grins made him feel uncomfortable. They could never tell from his behavior whether Sam knew about Joe's long visits. He revealed no agitation or the like but was his usual quiet self, laughing at something funny but having that blank look otherwise. It made some of them a little uneasy. What was the man thinking of?

Spring grew into summer and Sam didn't change. Summer waxed hot and fruitful and Joe Banks still parked behind the house. The Holiness Church put on a revival and though Florrie had looked forward to it all winter she didn't go. The revival gave the gossips a new topic, and the talk simmered down about Florrie. The men at Smith's still wondered about Sam, however. Did his blank look mean he was so dumb that he did not know what was going

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Surprise

By DOLLY DAVIS

To wake in darkness out of fear and know
That to fall all the way finishes dream,
Vanishes terror and tall stair,
And the chair is only the chair,
Is to lie safe in pleasant prison, sure
Shutter is latched against wind and unreal world.
My world sleeps safe in the next room.
Let day be slow if sun discover
The fire turned cinder,
Cobwebs on the important pillow,
Doors locked from the wrong side.

Book Review

THIS I SAW, by Antonina Vallentin

Translated by Katherine Woods
Random House, New York

Spain, the man Goya, and his art, are the subjects of Antonina Vallentin's biography, *This I Saw*. The title is a quotation of Goya's own words written beneath an engraving depicting a group of terror-stricken people fleeing from war. This war Goya saw, with an artist's eye, as he saw the color, life and people of Spain in the eighteenth and the beginning of the nineteenth centuries.

But it is not as a recorder and preserver of Spanish culture that Goya is to be remembered. While French art was under the domination of David and neoclassicism, Goya's genius was contributing to the foundation of modern art. He became a master in the fields of realism and romanticism, and his concern with the formal qualities of a painting associates his work with the moderns.

As a giant in his field of art, much has been written about Goya. He is often described as a man of many appetites, living sensuously and recklessly, engaging in daring escapades. Much attention has been paid to his twenty legitimate children, his patient, nondescript wife, his "flaming" romance with the Duchess of Alba. He emerges from this colorful description as a striking, swash-buckling character.

Antonina Vallentin has presented a painstaking but equally vivid portrait of the artist. Instead of dwelling on his many rumored adventures she seems to have confined herself to illustrative incidents as close to the truth as possible. She makes a point of distinguishing between fact and fiction.

She pictures Goya as the ambitious peasant who exhibited little prodigious talent as a child, who easily adapted himself to the established school of painting, puffed up with pride at the least recognition and strove earnestly to become a successful man. He is the Goya who becomes painter to the King, the weak and tyrannical Charles IV, dominated by the harlot Queen, Maria Louisa.

He is the man who much of his life was a mediocre, indifferent painter. His true creativity flowered after a serious illness which left him deaf. Melancholy was a stimulant to his imagination and when he recovered his vigor, deafness only sharpened the keenness of his visual observation. He entered a period of rich production. He ceased to be a docile seeker of patronage at the doors of the nobility and became a vibrant personality of his times.

He became disgusted with the stupidities and artificialities he found in the people around him. He reacted to the invasion of Spain by Napoleon's armies as a patriot and a man revolted by the bestiality of war. What he saw and felt he painted, and recorded in his etchings.

Antonina Vallentin has put into her book much more than a biography of Francisco Goya. She has also included sketches of almost all of his contemporaries. She has tried to present the essence of Spanish culture in Goya's time as well as the historical events. Her method of tying this large bundle of assorted material together is to divide her chapters

into subdivisions which frequently have no direct continuity. Her central theme is the artist, but she may begin a section by discussing a certain Duke, or a new fad of Madrid and then bring Goya into the discussion as he is related to it. Her descriptions are always charming, her method, for the most part, successful. The panorama is very rich and impressive if somewhat overcrowded.

Much time is devoted to descriptions of Goya's paintings. In the case of his portraits this is especially interesting. Since his originals are previously discussed, each analysis is turned into a character study. While descriptive words are comparatively ineffectual beside an actual painting, Miss Vallentin manages to be extremely eloquent. However, the repetition of this device is the fault of the lone note of monotony.

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"COMPOSITION"

Anne Wall

The Sunday School Picnic

By JOANNE McLEAN

MRS. CARRISTER told us the Sunday before that she was sorry, but she just couldn't come this time on our class's Sunday School picnic, the one that was planned for the next Saturday—but we should go on and have it anyway. We were all pretty sorry. Mrs. Carrister was a swell-egg, we thought; and the last time she had had the picnic out at her house in the country and fed us all from long tables. We had fried chicken and stuff, and we liked it even if it was greasy. But we decided, like she said, to go ahead and have the picnic anyway. Our parents couldn't quite understand, though, why we had another picnic the very next Saturday, and then a third picnic the third Saturday after. And then there never was a fourth Sunday School picnic.

That first picnic really was fun, though it didn't start out to be. It was the first time we had all really been together in a long time since we had all been quarantined at home from school for a week on account of the scarlet fever epidemic. Betty Dorsey's mother didn't want to let her go because of that and because she had a cold. But I went in and talked to her, and told her Betty would be all right. The rest of us were going wading, but Betty didn't have to. Mrs. Dorsey made her promise, and later on it sorta' hurt her to break it when she did go in, and she turned awful blue. I guess that's one of the reasons she didn't go on any of the other picnics besides the fact that she was the modest type anyway. Josephine Barker was the modest type, too—only moreso—and we were all glad from the start that she couldn't come even the first time. She'd probably have told her mother everything, and her mother was president of the Missionary Society.

Anyway, it was one of those days toward the end of March that was still cold, but it seemed like spring, and it ought to have been spring. We started out with the lunches our mothers had packed for us—all seven of us in the "Eleven-year-old Girls' Class"—and picked up Betty Dorsey at her house, and then we hiked the three miles out to Callie's house in the country.

Callie was my best friend, and she lived on a farm that had acres and acres of woods and pasture and a wash-hole that was hollowed out deep and even had a diving-board. It was the only place to go swimming after the regular pool got closed a long time before because it was full of glass and people got sick from swimming in it. Well, Callie's mother had fixed lots more food, and we took it with our own down to the pasture by the wash-hole. We took the long, secret path around through the woods, so that if there was anyone at the wash-hole, they wouldn't see us. And there was. There was a whole crowd of the neighbor boys who were going in swimming naked.

Callie had her sister's field-glasses, so we all just sat up on the hill, hidden in the trees, and watched them. We couldn't see much, though. We laughed because none of them could dive, and they just held on to their noses and jumped in. After awhile they finally left. We posted look-outs to make sure.

I guess we all thought of the same thing then about the same time. Some of the girls didn't think it would be quite right, and Betty Dorsey kept saying, "My mother made me promise—not even my feet!" But we told her she didn't have to, and I said I was sure Mrs. Carrister couldn't mind since none of us had brought our bathing suits. "Besides," I said, "the boys do it." We stripped off all our clothes then and ran down the hill, whooping like Indians, and jumped in the water. It was awful cold, but it was fun. We played "Air-raid." We would all just be resting on the bank or walking in the bushes when somebody would go like a siren, and we would all run for the water and duck under, holding our breath until the siren went again and we knew the bombers had passed over and gone. If anybody came up before the siren, she was counted dead and had to float like a dead man and get pelted with mud bullets for the rest of the time. Callie won, of course, because she was the best swimmer and it was her wash-hole anyway.

After that we all went back to the woods and cleared out a place for our picnic. We were all cold, and as I said, Betty Dorsey was blue although she was one of the first killed. Then we all lay down and pretended to be taking a nap, and we got warm again. It felt good, the sun shining down through the trees and us lying there on the pine needles. We sang for awhile and told stories. But things were getting kind of slow. And then's when I had the idea. I guess I'll have to admit it was my idea. After all, I'd seen Dorothy Lamour in that picture about the hurricane in the South Sea Islands three times. I told Callie, and she thought it was fine; so we knocked for attention and told everybody. Betty Dorsey was the only one who hesitated, and she never did take off all her clothes, but kept on her shoes and shirt. The rest of us undressed and paired off to play Jon Hall and Dorothy Lamour. Callie and I were partners, and she was Jon Hall because she was taller.

First we dressed ourselves in leaves. We made lei-wreaths of leaves to wear around our necks. The skirts were harder. We got it worked out, though. We twined a vine around our waists and looped branches of leaves on to it—except the girls who were boys didn't do that. We all looked like South Sea Island princesses, but Barbie Havershire looked the best. She was tall and blonde and had taken dancing lessons. She had danced in satin tights for the Civic club, and

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Workings

By JEAN FARLEY

For his neat pasture and his pleasure
a farmer has arranged
a grove of wide-spaced trees.
Gravely they touch and change.
One is knighted by lightning,
laid out in thick bark and peace,
and the same place taken by a seedling
that never need rise by crooked thrusts
for its beginning is noted
and there is no underbrush.
Thus they quietly change
while the man keeps his land arranged.

A head is full of tentacles curled
all moist and lapping together.
Slowly they separate, unfurl,
rise and finger along each other,
but finding no root or tip, recur
into the workings of their smother.
Sometimes one works up a wiry strength
and stretches itself into a tendril
to wind around and clamp on others,
but overreaching its length
is broken loose as though brittle.
Thus they tangle, twist and bore
as any tentacles dark on ocean floors.

The Ganges is a lubricant to bathing-ghats,
to grimacing, withered arms and all Benares.
Elbows gimlet through the city
and come at last to the holy bathing-ghats,
where every pool of air floats up
its mass of frantic, fragile gnats.
Or, at another end of the Great Land Mass,
a delicate hum has brushed one signal ear
the night is spent on racks
three-tiered against a darkening wall,
on straw as damp as grass
thinning against a concrete floor—
when, say, the sky is frantic with its war.

When first from the socket of the skull,
wires lie few and close with bone,
then carefully fork and fork
until flesh feels itself intricate wires alone.
Or cities lie wired like contracted nations:
every street from suburb to wharf
is interlaid with spindling nerves.
A switch is pulled at a power house
and street lights darken like some misplaced
ovation.
All night the wires sing of detonation.

Frog Went a-Courtin'

By JEAN FARLEY

Yesterday the bait was frogs,
and bits of membrane on bone
are dried now by a chrysalis on a log.
You lower them on a weighted string
—to spring and lure and drown—
then twitch the end to make them spring.
*Frog went a-courtin' he did ride,
sword and pistol by his side—*

Fish ease gaping up to eye,
to mouth and judge the hook.
The green is soaked and sucked out like a dye
until skin sloughs or is scraped from the hook
and another bright green frog is tried—
seventeen frogs and the catch was small.
*Frog went a-courtin' he did ride,
sword and pistol by his side—*



"WOMAN"

Eleanor Griswold

The Fabulous Cones

By MARTYVONNE DEHONEY

IN FEBRUARY a fragment of what has been termed "the fabulous Cone collection" arrived at the Department of Art of Woman's College in sturdily constructed crates. In them were many large green portfolios containing the work of such well known artists as Picasso and Henri Matisse. Ten crates of magazines and catalogues had already arrived and a number of art books were expected. This was the gift of Miss Etta Cone who died in August 1949 while on a visit in North Carolina.

Miss Etta was the last of a trio who had for over forty-five years amassed an art collection valued today at \$3,000,000. Miss Etta, her sister Dr. Claribel and brother, Mr. Fred Cone, comprised the group; Dr. Claribel being the enthusiastic and lavish purchaser, Miss Etta collecting with equal enthusiasm, but with a more thoughtful and coordinating approach, and Mr. Fred more a "silent partner"—sympathetic to his sisters' endeavors and acquisitions. His contributions to the collection were not large in number but important, for he tried to fill in any gaps which might impair the continuity or representational aspect which the paintings assumed through the years.

Henri Matisse was the central, most prominent figure represented, the artist dearest to the hearts of the Cones. The rest of the collection could not represent the other artists as comprehensively as with Matisse. It was Miss Etta's idea of owning paintings which would serve as examples of the kind of work done before Matisse as well as during his lifetime. From this, one would gather that the collection was comprised of mid and late nineteenth century art and of the twentieth century.

The Cones considered Baltimore their home. Dr. Claribel was one of the first women to graduate from Johns Hopkins medical school. The dates would indicate that she attended the school at the time that Gertrude Stein "passed through." The Cone and Stein families were apparently friendly; for when in 1905 Dr. Claribel went to Europe to do some advanced study and research, it was the Steins—Gertrude, her brother Leo, and Sally and Michael Stein—who guided her through Paris and into the then very radical circles of the arts. Dr. Claribel was accompanied that year by Miss Etta and from then on the two sisters were together in all of their travels.

It might be of interest to mention the changes which were taking place in paintings and painters at that time. The year before, 1904, a retrospective show of the work of Cezanne in Paris had been received with greater enthusiasm and appreciation. Paul Gauguin was another artist whose new treatment of color and mass had excited the young generation of painters. A new interest in the arts of the Near and

Far East, of Egyptian, Negro and Oceanic sculpture, and European folk art was displacing the artist's concern for the Classical and Renaissance themes and masters. It is said that Matisse himself was profoundly affected by an exhibition of Near Eastern ceramics and miniatures held in Paris in 1903. He abandoned his more academic style for one of flat surfaces, bright color and dark outlines. He kept the traditional subjects of nude and still life, transforming them with new patterns and textures and color planes.

It was around 1905 that a group of painters named the *Fauves* had their first exhibit. The group consisted of Matisse, Georges Braque, Derain, Dufy, Vlaminck, and Renault. The *Fauves* or "wild men" as they were called by their critics had broken away from the style of the Impressionists, and stimulated by painters like Van Gogh and Gauguin and the exotic tapestries and pottery of the Near East, were experimenting in a newer emotional or "expressionistic" manner. Their styles were individual but the prevailing bond was one of rich color and pigment, textured surfaces, emphasis on design to the point of distortion of subject matter and expressive use of line (trying perhaps to give it the prominence and feeling which the Chinese so well understand).

It was in this new and exciting period that the Cone sisters found themselves. They met Matisse and bought sketches and paintings from him. They were introduced to Picasso who was in his "blue period"; and, discovering his interest in American comics, they collected several comic sections from their Baltimore *Suns* for him. While he looked at them, they wandered through his studio choosing this or that sketch or painting which appealed to them. It is said that the Cones bought these early paintings from the artists for practically nothing, but the painters more often presented their work to Miss Etta and Dr. Claribel as gifts. Later the sisters would dispatch a messenger to the studios with a 15 or 20 franc note . . . a gratifying experience to beginning and impoverished painters. The price of their paintings increased with the artist's development and fame, and the Cones paid accordingly, of course.

It was Matisse rather than Picasso, however, whose work pleased the sisters through the years. As Picasso turned deeper into his cubist and following styles, the sisters apparently found that they could not "live comfortably" with his paintings. In spite of their wide interests in the painters of the period, the prime requisite for a purchase was whether they could be happy with the picture. Unlike other collectors, who keep the valuable works of art in separate rooms or for special occasions, the Cones lived with and were a part of their collections. In Matisse they found

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From the Co



"MADELFAINE"

bronze sculpture by MATISSE



"LANDSCAPE" by VLAMINCK

Collection...



color lithograph by VILLON



"STILL LIFE ON TABLE"

color lithograph by PICASSO

photography by DORIS BYRD

The Fabulous Cones

(Continued from Page 11)

someone who satisfied their love of color and of decoration. They also were interested in the East and in things eastern. In fact, their collection was not limited to painting and sculpture, but grew to include textiles, oriental rugs, Indian shawls, Arabic metalwork, African carving, and European folk textiles—all the things which stimulated the *Fauves*, if you will notice. All this did not happen in 1905. After several long stays in Europe and travels around the world where Miss Etta and Dr. Claribel did on-the-spot purchasing in native markets and shops, the sisters developed the habit of going every summer to France, Germany or Switzerland and staying until October. Each year they increased their store of art objects, which included Italian Renaissance furniture and antique jewelry by this time. Each year there would be a visit with Matisse and the artist would help them select the best of his work.

Their purchases would be shipped to Baltimore and installed in their apartments. Miss Etta and Mr. Fred had adjoining apartments, and Dr. Claribel maintained two apartments in the same building, for she was the most voracious collector and soon outgrew one apartment. It was she who loved the Indian and Spanish shawls. She would fill one chest with them and buy another so that she would have more storage space. She bought fine art books and literary publications. Except in the case where the expense would prohibit it, she bought three copies of each—one for herself, one to lend, and a spare copy to have on hand in case anything should happen to the others. Such a practice would soon call for an extra apartment. When she went to concerts or the theatre, she liked to obtain two seats so that she could have an extra one for her shawl, packages, and handtooled leather briefcase bag she carried with her. When buying cast bronze objects or etchings and lithographs, the sisters always got duplicates, for it was not enough that the treasure should be in the same building. Each wanted one for her apartment.

The picture of Dr. Claribel is of a delightful kind of haphazard person, surrounded by beautiful things in a confused and colorful array. She has been described as "completely disorganized"; and as proof of the statement it has been pointed out that she always kept three calendars on her desk, none of which was for the current year. In one respect, she was not at all disorganized, and that was in what she expected from others in regard to art—and especially modern art. She died in 1929 leaving her collection to Baltimore, but to be transferred only after the death of her sister, Etta, and then only "in the event the spirit of appreciation for modern art in Baltimore becomes improved."

After her death Miss Etta did what she could to help educate and advance Baltimore's taste in art. Until the last few years of her life the apartments

were always open to anyone genuinely interested in modern art. She would conduct the visitors through the small rooms which were by this time crammed to capacity with diverse and valuable treasures she had gathered around her. Even the bathroom walls were hung with paintings which "any museum would envy." Although she was more retiring and less picturesque than her sister, her life is not without entertaining stories. One of them has to do with her music teacher. Up until the time of her death (she was 78) she enjoyed playing the piano. She studied for a number of years with a former pupil of Liszt, a Miss Gaul, who lived to be his only surviving pupil. Near the piano in her apartment was a bronze nude of Degas who stood balanced on one leg. Miss Gaul complained that she could not play in the same room with the statue as its pose was too tiring. Miss Etta refused to move it. As a compromise, a linen cover was made for the statue and every Monday morning it was the maid's duty to cover the nude with the linen cover. In this way the lessons persisted.

The Cones' friendship with Gertrude Stein continued. In a box of family letters was found two first proofs of stories by Stein corrected and signed by her. Also, a typewritten manuscript corrected and signed by her. This was Stein's book, *Three Lives*. It had been typed for Stein by Miss Etta. The first proofs and manuscript have been sent since to Yale University to be added to their collection of Stein originals.

After Dr. Claribel's death, Mr. Fred Cone and other relatives and friends accompanied Miss Etta on her annual excursions to Europe. She continued buying paintings and added to the Matisse collection to the extent that she had a complete chronological record of that artist's work. Other artists represented were Corot, Manet, Monet, Van Gogh, Gauguin, Cezanne, Bonnard, Vuillard, Renoir, Derain, Roualt, Braque, Picasso, Laurencin, Degas, Redin, Vlaminck, Dufy, Daumier, Ingres and Delacroix. In sculpture—mostly bronze pieces—the works represent the artists Rodin, Renoir, Degas, Maillol, Matisse, Picasso, Zorach and Boas. All the original *Fauves*, in other words, are represented plus the artists who preceded them or who were their contemporaries. It is this compact and orderly sequence of painters which places the Cone collection outside the realm of the dilettante and into a visual record of great value.

At the time of Miss Etta's death, Baltimore had by all appearances, "improved its spirit of appreciation," for the entire collection was willed to them plus \$400,000 for a new wing in which to house it. Woman's College received the duplicate prints, lithographs and etchings, and the duplicate bronzes. Miss Etta wanted some of her art treasures in Greensboro. It was, after all, from the income of the mills that she had made her purchases. Included in the Greensboro gift are six Matisse bronzes, nine etchings by Matisse, fifty-nine Matisse lithographs, three etchings by Picasso, ten color lithographs of Picasso, one color

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Verb. Sap. Sat.

EDITOR'S NOTE: This is an abbreviation for *Verbum Sapienti Satis* which, I am told, means "A word to the wise is sufficient."

By MARY ELLIOTT

LATIN—you see, one cannot mention the name without a near instinctive disinterest on the part of the reader. An "Oh, I don't want to bother about this page." Applied psychology tells writers that to combat this possible attitude, the word should not be mentioned until the reader has gotten about three sentences down. By then, he is started and should be thoroughly fascinated, unable to tear his eye from the page.

The above reaction is closely associated with the general feeling towards the classics and the classical department. The professor is always old and ugly. (Dears, you're wrong here from the start. Look at Frank Laine.) Latin subject matter deals only with Cicero, ablative absolutes, long marks and subjunctives, "none of which I got too clearly and which I've forgotten now." And the best way to discourage a too eager date is to say, "Look, I've had six years of Latin."

Classics are stopped before they're given a chance. We are told early, "Latin disciplines you. It makes your mind quick and thorough." No one ever pays any attention. But there's the true story of the lass who was not able to swallow a pill. She'd tried and tried but it wouldn't go down. She took Latin in college and fondly remarked that she had learned much. To challenge this statement, she was asked if she had acquired enough discipline to swallow a pill. Being annoyed at such a petty question, she seized a nearby vitamin, drank water heavily and down it went. Just give Latin long enough is the obvious moral.

However, the benefits and results achieved come as extras. The question of pleasure is more fundamental. Unfortunately the linking of Latin with such a word is mildly scandalous. Even the emphasis in high schools is on the *it's good for you* plan. Maybe this attitude is a combination of some remaining Puritan traits and the grammar of Latin itself which is, admittedly, a mess to get through with. But most basic grammars are. We don't go around saying, "I just love English. Its parts of speech are so fascinating." At best, Latin is set apart. Out of necessity we have a grudging respect for it but never a liking.

The odd part about it is that so many of the Latin writers have such likable qualities. There's a good deal more to be found than Caesar having built a bridge. If there were not, this paper would have little justification. Take Catullus. He fell desperately in love with a married woman; she toyed with him a while, then took another lover. The charm of their

love at first—when he wanted to give her so many kisses that they themselves would lose count and the old gossips wouldn't be able to tell how many either—through the period when he realized her unfaithfulness but was not able to let her go—*Odi et amo*. A rather sour reconciliation took place and finally in despair and bitterness, he realized that she was utterly worthless and never would return his love.

Catullus also wrote several epithalamiums (marriage poems). One is on the order of a song with alternate verses to be sung separately by boys and girls. "*Vesper adest, invenes consurgite. Vesper Olympo expectata diu vix tandem lumina tollit.*" (Evening is here. Youth gather together. Long awaited, the evening star is just now rising over Olympus.) The boys praise marriage, the maidens are shy and say that the boys' songs are rehearsed. Another of these poems could well have been written for a particular marriage. Catullus gets a very real mood of joyousness into this poem. Each part of the ceremonial is pictured—the bride being decked out in her veil and flowers, the attendants singing as they wait for the couple, the procession that escorts her to her new home.

Moreover, Catullus delivered stinging attacks on rival poets or anyone he did not happen to like. One of the funniest of these is on Arrius, an uncultivated gentleman, who would say *hinsidias* for *insidias*. (Note resemblance to London cockney.) After he had sailed over the Ionian Sea, Catullus expected any day to hear that its name had been changed to Hionian.

And Ovid. He wrote other things of greater importance but he was banished for his *Art of Love*, parts of which, if the unmentionable words can be found in a Latin-English dictionary, make interesting reading. In some respects, he could easily be considered the Havelock Ellis of his day.

Plautus is another. He was the Shakespeare of the early Roman stage. His broad farce, rollicking humor, puns, witty retorts all mixed in with a sweet tempered outlook make him easily comparable and as charming. Incidentally, Shakespeare's *Comedy of Errors* came directly from the *Menaechmi* of Plautus. Although his plots usually are involved—many revolve around the jokes and tricks of a slave or parasite as he gets himself into impossible situations that, today, only Mighty Mouse could get out of—the plays are, for the most part, basically simple. They were presented before a standing audience at liberty to walk around, talk, and throw things. Therefore the action was often summarized so that the newcomers as well as those who hadn't listened previously

would be sure to get everything. The language itself goes along in its own way—slang, cuss words and all. Plautus's plays must have been essentially how the people spoke. They were not worrying one way or the other about subjunctives.

There is truth in a typical Tennyson statement about Vergil. "All the chosen coin of fancy flashing out from many a golden word." Books and books have been written on this matter, but, briefly, there is fun in looking at moonlight on the water and thinking that *splendet tremulo sub lumine pontus* sounds much prettier than just plain "there's moonlight on the water."

I'd like to change the lines scribbled in the back of every textbook:

Latin's a dead language,
as dead as it can be.
It killed all the Romans
and now it's killing me.

to read:

Latin's a real live language,
as nice as it can be.
It pleased all the Romans
and now it's pleasing me.

(When I can translate it, that is!)

For One Who Made the Mistake Of Making Love to a Writer

By MARY IDOL

And little good for me to call you *cad*,
When every lad in town laughs up his sleeve
Because you say my love is easy had
And there's no limit to the things I'll believe!
And little good it does to beat my breast
And bellow loud in angry indignation,
And vow the things you say are lies, at best,
Designed for tearing up my reputation!

But, sweet, I yet shall have my little hour
The day you learn *I* am the one to win.
Oh! such unholy joy to watch you cower
When, glancing through a book, you see therein
Your prize technique, exactly as perfected,
Set down in words that *I*, my dear, selected!

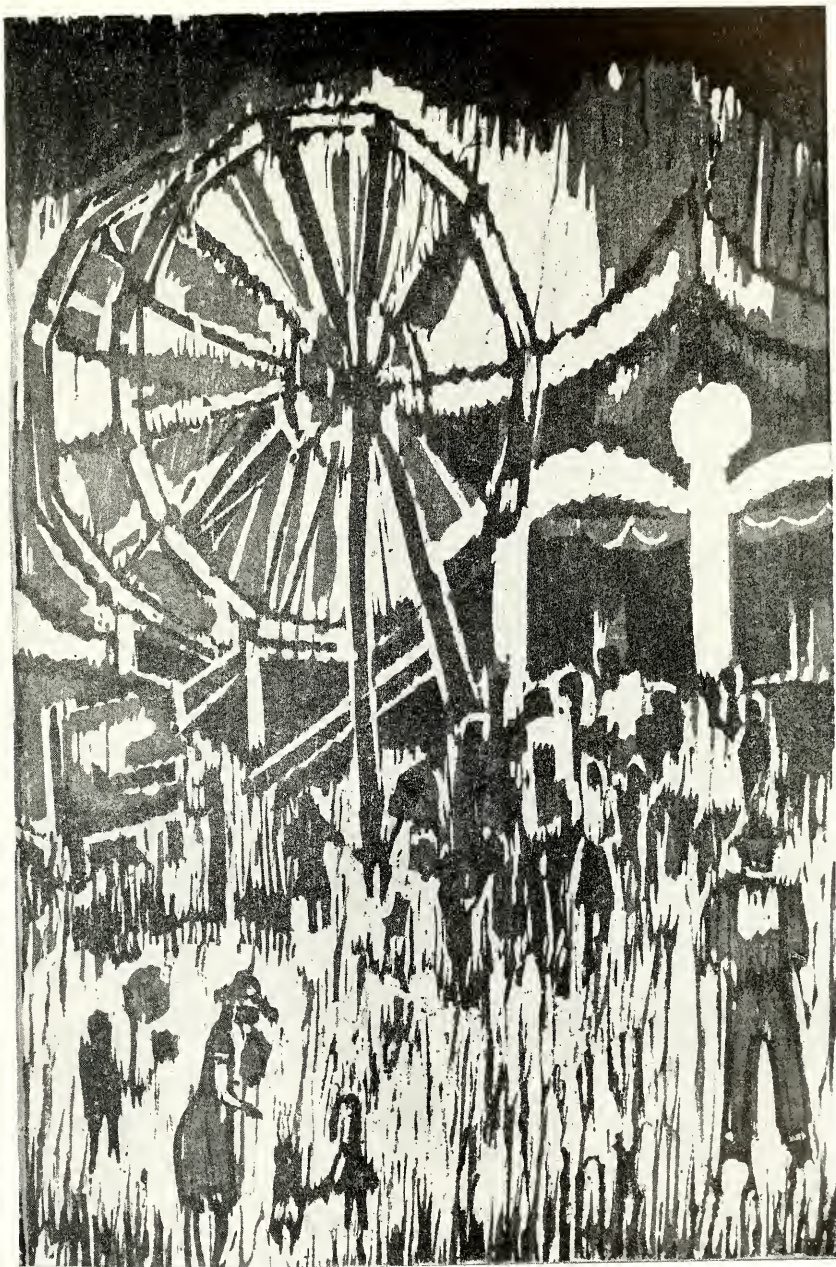
This I Saw

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Considered as a whole, the book is a fine biography, fascinating in its language and content. Its interest is increased by the inclusion of twenty gravure reproductions of Goya's paintings and etchings. Antonina

Yallentin who wrote this book originally in French, has already proved her merit as a biographer in her treatment of Leonardo da Vinci, Heinrich Heine and Gustav Stresemann. *This I Saw* is a worthy addition.

Patricia Hunsinger



"CIRCUS"

Anne Wall

Fish Every Friday

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on? Didn't he have enough pride to be jealous of his wife's taking up with another man?

Sam knew all right. Not that Florrie said anything to him or acted any differently, but he could sense it. And as for what he was going to do about the situation, his course lay clear and familiar before him—nothing at all. Sam could no more be jealous of old Joe Banks than he could of Florrie's pet terrier. He knew what she was like before he married her, knew that more than he had been favored by her generosity. There had been times since their marriage, too—one reason why they moved to Richfield Township. Florrie with all her simple generosity just didn't have the heart to refuse herself, but it wasn't the passes of the red-blooded young that she most responded to. In fact she seemed unconscious of theirs; the young fellow selling Bibles didn't get to first base.

Sam knew what was going on all right and what he was going to do about it. As long as Florrie was happy with him and slept by him at night in their big bed, as long as she cooked such good meals, washed his clothes, rubbed his back with liniment and wanted to hear him talk, Sam didn't care what she did when he wasn't there, whether she petted stray cats or old Joe. He knew what she was like, couldn't be jealous of old sick men she made more happy; he wanted her deeply and loved her and while he was infinitely sorry she didn't love him in a like manner was contented just to be near her.

Joe Banks continued to come, but one day when Florrie heard a motor outside and went to the door, it wasn't Joe in his fish truck but a stranger in a flashy car. When the man saw her he flashed an even broader smile than his practiced one. He opened the door quickly, got out and introduced himself with a flourish, "I'm Harvey Johnson, representing the American Candy Company. Wouldn't you like to sell candy for us on commission and get some fine prizes, too, Miss—ah, ah."

Florrie smiled and said, "Mrs. James—Florrie—. I would like to O.K., but I don't know many folks to sell it to and besides Sam wouldn't want me going all over the neighborhood. I'm sorry."

Johnson had been looking her up and down with side glances, but he was aware of her words. "Well, it would be mighty nice. Maybe you will think it over some. How about buying some candy yourself?" He had never sold candy by the piece before but he wanted to stay longer on some pretext. And when Florrie decided on the coconut bars, came close to pay him, and he smelled her cleanness and her rose-scented dusting powder, he knew it couldn't end there. "Mrs.—ah—Florrie, I tell you, I'll be around again on Tuesday. You think it over." He would have added more, but Joe Banks drove up with a clat-

ter. So he got under the steering wheel and threw an even whiter, broader good-bye smile.

Joe drove on around; Florrie went back through the house, got her pan and selected the fish she wanted at once. When Joe smiled imploringly and patted her on the hip, she looked at him as if for the first time. She didn't melt and show by her soft smile that she was willing, but pulled out the money for her fish and said she'd better start dressing them in time for supper. Joe, puzzled but not hurt, tried again, was ignored and so gave it up and left.

Florrie felt strange. She had seen a man as a male for the first time, not as some almost childish creature to be fed and comforted, made warm and satisfied. At thirty after being with perhaps a dozen men, she had seen one that she didn't want to mother. Instead of cleaning the fish she sat down and tried to straighten things out. What had happened to her? It wasn't the man's looks particularly; tall and almost fat with heavy jowls, he was no better-looking, cleaner nor neater than Sam. She didn't clearly realize it then, but the difference lay in that Johnson held the promise of giving instead of just taking. None of her old men ever considered her, and the young fellows she had been with in her teens had been just as selfish and more demanding, but never giving in return. Sam was gentle and good, but she felt no different toward him than toward the others. She only liked him much more. But this Johnson man, his smile had made her feel weak and his glances had stirred up queer prickles.

Sam came home to eat his supper. She told him of the candy-man but said nothing of selling any herself. Sam was tired that night and didn't notice her preoccupation or the fact that she didn't ask for any news. The Tuesday after that Friday though, he felt that something was in the air. Florrie's eyes sparkled as they never had before; she was gay, laughed harder at the jokes he had picked up. She almost danced over the floor and at the table her every move had a grace of its own.

He became excited too, but was frustrated for the first time in their married life or before, for that matter. Florrie burst into tears. Of course Sam went no farther, but patted her shoulder as if she were a child and pretended to go to sleep. It was many hours before the pretense became an actuality. He felt something choking rise within him and did not know what to name it. It was jealousy but he knew nobody to be jealous of; he only knew that something had happened.

Sam had less cause for jealousy the following two weeks than ever before. Harvey Johnson had come back as he had promised to ask about the candy selling. Florrie didn't invite him in but stood by his car instead. They talked about the candy, the wonderful premiums for selling it—lamps, pots and pans, dresser sets and the like—about the weather and his car. He told her it would be two weeks before he could come by again. She missed him from the moment he left. Joe Banks was disappointed yet another time, and

while Florrie didn't cry any more, Sam understood that she didn't want him to touch her.

The two weeks dragged by for both Florrie and Sam; she, because she was waiting for the one person that mattered; he, because he was bewildered. Johnson did return. Florrie could no longer hide the way she felt under chat about the weather; it was in her very eyes when she looked at him. He felt about her too in a way that he'd never felt toward women before and when she refused to invite him in, saying that she couldn't, it wouldn't be right, he didn't selfishly press the matter. But their strong emotion couldn't go on unslacked. He came afternoon after afternoon, neglecting his work; but though she trembled she denied him. Then he asked her to go with him, even promising her marriage. It was arranged. She was to be ready the next day.

Meanwhile Sam lived in a welter of doubts and confusion. He saw the tire tracks in the yard and Florrie said nothing of who had made them. She cooked the food he brought home and sat with him to eat it, but she seemed to be in a kind of daze. When he returned from Smith's she either didn't inquire for the news or showed an artificial interest. And one day as they walked down the street, she stiffened when she saw a man that Sam recognized as the candy salesman coming to Smith's; he knew who his rival was, at least. If he hadn't been in such a turmoil he could have guessed from hints thrown at him by Elwood Carson. Carson, half-drunk, had said on seeing Johnson speed by one day, "Bet he gets more sugar than he leaves at your house, eh?" But Carson was afraid to make it plainer when Sam gave him that blank stare.

Sam thought he knew that Florrie was being unfaithful, but he was wrong. She was being true to both him and Johnson in her way by denying both. He didn't know what was going on and he didn't know what to do, but he knew he couldn't stand the waiting much longer.

One morning he felt that the waiting was over. Florrie served him his breakfast as usual; but when she sat down across the table from him, her own sausages and eggs went untouched. She sat stiffly, finally probed at her food desperately, then noticing that his cup was empty, jerkily jumped up to get more coffee as if she had been reprieved. He stared at her tense back and still had his fixed gaze when she turned around.

Florrie wasn't good at lying; there had never been any necessity for it. Now her words of explanation sounded feverish and strained.

"I don't know why I'm not hungry this morning. It might be that barbecue you brought last night. It certainly was good. Did you say it came from Zack's place?"

She spilled coffee on the oilcloth, laughed almost hysterically.

"Don't let me scald you, Sam!"

He finished eating while she scrubbed fiercely at the coffee and slowly rinsed out the dish cloth. His

head throbbed, his hands were clammy, but his face was as stolid as ever.

He left the kitchen, repeating their old favorite joke, though it stuck in his throat, "Keep my dinner hot, I might be late." He invariably came home by 12:20 every day.

Her expected answer was, "You'd better not hang around anywhere, man, or it won't be on the table." This morning she repeated it once more though her voice trembled and her mouth twisted a bit.

Sam went down the highway toward the sawmill till he was hidden from her sight by a turn in the road. Then he cut across a field, worked his way behind a thicket of small trees and heavy brush to within two hundred yards of the porch, sat down and waited, well screened.

The time passed slowly. By ten Sam felt like a fool. How was he going to explain his absence from work to "Captain" Venters? Three hours of watching for nothing, and now Florrie had built a fire in the wood stove. The smoke curled upwards. She was getting ready to cook his dinner and here he was being suspicious with no more cause than spilled coffee. Well, he was a damned fool and that was that.

He saw her go out toward the pump in the back yard with a pan and some beans to be washed, and having nervously smoked up his cigarettes, decided to ease in the front door, get some and go to work. He could think of some excuse on the way.

At the pump Florrie was trying to plan a simple note to leave for Sam. She knew he suspected something but neither had been able to say anything. Was "Sam, I hate to go but I have to. Don't feel bad.", gentle enough a blow? She didn't see Sam come in the front door and go into their bedroom, two hours before he was supposed to come home and one hour before she expected Johnson.

In the room, Sam saw their clothes-closet door open first and then on the bed their old battered suitcase with her dresses and her sweet-scented nightgowns neatly packed inside. He knew despair ever so much colder and harder than jealousy. Why couldn't she stay with him and even go along with that Johnson fellow like she had Joe and the others? He knew it was different, that he resented Johnson and hated him, but Florrie couldn't go. He'd take anything just to have her close by. She couldn't go. He fingered one of her crisp dresses lying folded there and then one of her smooth soft nightgowns. Damn it, she wouldn't go! He suddenly turned, steelled with sudden rage and fear of the future, strode to his trunk and took out of it his pearl-handled pistol. He stood there a moment, gun in hand, heard Florrie at the pump and his face blanker than ever, walked out, gun hand shielded by his side.

Florrie looked up, startled. "Sam, why are you home early? Is anything wrong at the mill?"

"Just a breakdown." He stood there looking at her, his face a mask. She nervously rinsed the beans. It was so typical of Florrie that she had to cook Sam a good dinner even on the verge of deserting him.

For a minute the only noise was the beans rubbing against each other. Then Sam said, his voice flat with as little expression as his face, "Florrie, you can't go. You just can't go!"

She glanced up, not knowing what to say, and when their eyes met, Sam's face at once contorted, his whole body shook, his voice trembled and his eyes were like those of a wild hurt animal.

"You can't go! I won't let you! I'll kill you first!" He hadn't thought of it at all really. He'd thought of nothing; he just wanted to keep Florrie any way he could and maybe threats would do it. But when he saw the shock and amazement on her face he turned the gun toward himself.

"Sam, Sam—don't!" Florrie grabbed his arm. She hadn't been afraid for herself. Sam, kind Sam, couldn't shoot a dog, much less her. She felt as strange now as when she first saw Johnson. Sam could have such feeling for her when he'd never told her he loved her even. It had been Johnson's smooth talk

that was most appealing, his compliments more than his caresses. Why hadn't she let Harve have his way? Because she knew Sam would care there where he didn't so far as old Joe was concerned. None of these thoughts was very clear as she jerked at his arm, as she heard the bullet thud. It hit his shoulder instead of his heart. Sam fell and Florrie was pulled along with him. But she soon sat up, cradling his head on her breast. His shoulder was bleeding and as he revived from the shock she tried to stop the flow of blood, half moaning, "Sam, Sam."

The wound hurt sharply, but Sam looked into her face, saw the tenderness, the sympathy and a new awareness of him. He groggily wondered what she would say to Johnson, and he knew with a deep satisfaction that he had little to worry about there or about old Joe either.

His blank look was gone forever; let them say what they would at Smith's about the shooting. He could say it was an accident, or he and Florrie could move again if they had to.

My Mother's Aunt Mabel

(Continued from Page 4)

cheeks, to bring out my natural color, she said. Then she put an arm around my shoulders and squeezed me tightly with an approving smile on her face. The entire family stood at the door as I left the house.

I didn't return until two the next morning. Mother and Aunt Mabel were sitting in the living-room. Aunt Mabel was awake but Mother's chin was resting on her chest and she was snoring slightly. Father was nowhere in sight. Mother must have heard some noise because she suddenly jerked awake and focused her eyes on me.

"Young lady, do you realize . . ." was her beginning and she ended with, "You never learned such actions from me." Aunt Mabel patted Mother on the shoulder and said to me, "You really should be more thoughtful of your mother. You could have called . . ."

Mother didn't let her finish. "Called! She could have come in at a decent hour, that's what she could have done."

Aunt Mabel began to plead my case, "But it was a formal dance, Alice." She explained to mother about formal dances and how I couldn't come home before the rest left and what a nice boy Marvin seemed and that you were only young once. I don't believe Mother heard a word she said.

When she was done Mother was silent for a second. Then she began very slowly, "That dance was over at twelve." She looked at us to see if we dared to argue the statement. "All I want to know," she said, "All I want to know is where do two young kids

like that go from twelve to two and what do they do? That's what I want to know. Now tell me."

"Alice, haven't you got any faith in your own work? You brought her up."

I think Mother must have taken this as a reflection on her motherhood. Or perhaps it was the hour. She was used to going to bed at ten. Anyway she grew very indignant. "My daughter is a good girl, the way I brought her up to be," she said, "but if you're going to encourage her in such wild ways, I'm not going to hold myself responsible."

"Exactly what do you mean, Alice?" Aunt Mabel stood up. The pink nightgown she wore showed every bulge in her figure.

"I'm sure you intend all very well, Aunt Mabel, but you must remember you haven't had the responsibility of bringing up children. Just one wrong step, that's all it takes, just one wrong step to set a good girl on the bad road for life. Now is the time when she's just got to have the proper sort of guidance . . ." "If I'm such a bad influence on your children I guess I better remove the danger right away," and Aunt Mabel stalked out of the room.

"Now, Aunt Mabel . . ." Mother said to her back.

Father yelled from upstairs, "What's going on down there."

I remember I said, "I went to a party, Mother, I simply went to a party." Then I left too.

Aunt Mabel packed her suitcases the next day. She told me she was writing to her cousin Clara in Pitts-

burgh who had begged her many times to come and stay with her. As soon as she got an answer she would be off and out of the way. I had to explain to Father what had happened because every time he opened his mouth he made a *faux pas*.

I'm not sure if Cousin Clara never wrote or if Mother and Aunt Mabel made a secret pact or just what happened, but Aunt Mabel lived out of her suitcase for about a month and then she unpacked it. Mother and Aunt Mabel went back to gossiping, housework, listening to the radio, and going to the movies. But if any family disputes came up Aunt Mabel had nothing to say. She wasn't going to interfere, she said. She knew when not to talk.

Mother and Father were really shocked one night at the supper table when Aunt Mabel announced that she had got herself a job. She had been installed that day as a saleslady in the BonTon dress shop located in our main business district.

"What made you do it?" was all Mother wanted to know. Father wanted to know if she thought she could stand on her feet all day and if she knew all the different types of people she would be in contact with. Aunt Mabel assured him that she knew all about the job. She had been buying long enough she ought to know a little bit about selling. She was going to earn twenty-five dollars a week.

Every morning Aunt Mabel left the house with Father and he dropped her off at the BonTon. She carried with her a sandwich wrapped up in a wax paper bag. Mother was grimly waiting for the day Aunt Mabel would give it all up. A woman that old has no business working in a commercial place like that, day after day, she told me. At the end of the week when Aunt Mabel got paid she presented Mother with five dollars which Mother gave her back. But Aunt Mabel just followed her around until she forced her to take it.

Aunt Mabel seemed terribly enthused about her job. She talked constantly about mark-ups and mark-downs, rude customers, smelly customers, her good boss, her bad boss. She got a ten per cent discount on everything she bought, so she always picked out the prettiest things she could find just as they came out of the boxes. Every night Father and she would discuss their day at the supper table. Anyone with eyes to observe the situation could see that Mother wasn't happy. When Aunt Mabel and Father were discussing business conditions at the table she never interrupted once. She only rattled the dishes louder.

When Aunt Mabel got a raise to thirty dollars a week and tried to make Mother take ten, Mother said it was an insult. Aunt Mabel said she wasn't a woman that liked to take charity, she wanted to pay her way,

and if she got another raise she'd pay fifteen. Mother asked her if she wanted a receipt. And Aunt Mabel said that wouldn't be necessary. Then Mother went to the place in the China closet where she kept the house money and counted out the exact sum Aunt Mabel had paid her since she began working and told her to take it. She wasn't going to be made a fool of. Aunt Mabel said nobody was making a fool out of her except herself, and Mother threw the money at her. The bills fell scattered on the floor between them. Aunt Mabel didn't say anything or even look at the bills. She just walked away and Mother went in the kitchen and began to cry over the kitchen sink. I picked up the money.

For a few days I really wasn't sure exactly what would happen. Aunt Mabel must have wired her brother Arthur and whatever he answered she left on the afternoon train the next weekend. Mother cried most of the time and told me there was no use asking her to stay. She was absolutely going and perhaps it was all for the best. Father took her to the station by himself. We shipped her cedar chest after her the next week.

When the telegram came last Saturday saying that Aunt Mabel had died of a heart attack Mother sobbed and sobbed. It was two years ago that Aunt Mabel left us. Mother and she didn't write for six months and then they started exchanging greeting cards. Aunt Mabel got another job, selling hats.

Mother was completely prostrated. Working the day she died, Mother said, faithful to the end. The pain must have crept up without a single warning. She was much, much too old to be doing that sort of thing; she should have quit a long, long time ago. Poor, poor Aunt Mabel, it's such a pity.

Mother got a new black dress to go to the funeral. Father couldn't get away from his business, but Mother insisted that Rannie and I go with her. The funeral was on Wednesday. We went to see the body that morning. Two cousins that I had never met were there at the same time. I heard them whispering to Mother that it was God's will and all for the best. I looked at Aunt Mabel very closely and wondered if she could see herself. Her skin was sunk in withered pockets. It was white and powdery. She was wearing a grey silk dress with white lace at the throat and wrists. She looked very quiet, and empty.

Mother spouted tears. I wondered if they were wet. Mother was very upset when I told her I didn't believe I would go to the funeral services. She couldn't understand how I could be that way. We argued for awhile, but she finally gave in when I told her I felt so bad about everything that I just couldn't go. After all, Aunt Mabel was almost one of the family.

The Sunday School Picnic

(Continued from Page 8)

the Lion's club, and the Rotary club since she was three years old, and they were always asking her back. Her mother had been a dancer, too; and a lot of people said she had got married "in haste." That was so Barbie would be born all right. Barbie led us all in the hula-hula and in a conga line from "house" to "house." That was, of course, after we built our "houses." Callie and I picked the best place—the "question-mark tree." It was a low, baby pine tree that had had its main trunk knocked off by lightning so that its one branch curved out and looked just like a question-mark. It was a wonderful place to sit and swing your legs if you didn't mind the scratchy bark, and we didn't. We swept out a place for a living room and a bedroom and a kitchen, and piled up pine needles for the walls. Then we made the paths to each other's houses and visited each other at parties—at least the women did while the men were out hunting. But after awhile the girls who were boys got tired of being boys and hunting all the time, so we were all just women, and we talked about our husbands all being washed away in the hurricane and how hard it was to bring up our children on just coconuts with no wild deer meat to eat. Betty Dorsey said she didn't think there were wild deer on a South Sea island

anyway. But I told her she just had no imagination, and it didn't matter much anyway because she was an old maid and didn't have any children—she never had had a husband, not even when there were still men. When it got late afternoon, we all got dressed and went back to town, after we had solemnly pledged to have another picnic next Saturday—only Betty Dorsey said she didn't think she could come. Her mother wouldn't like it, and she hadn't had much fun anyway, she said.

The second and third picnics were like a ritual, following the first. The second time I didn't even put on any underclothes since I didn't see any point in it till Mother saw me, and she said, "Marge Addams, you don't leave this house till you put on your under-vest!" So I did. I didn't see it would do any good to explain to her that I wasn't going to wear it long anyway. Our mothers didn't quite understand either why we invited the two Methodist girls from across the street and the Jewish girl. (That was Jody, my second best-friend, next to Callie.) But I explained, "We're just broadening ourselves"; and I invited my cousin Dolly, who was a Presbyterian, too. It was lots more fun those second and third times because everybody already knew what we were going to do. And we organized a secret society and met at recess during the school-week to plan strategy. Betty Dorsey was mad because she wasn't invited to join; but

(Continued on Page 24)



"WATERFRONT"

Wendy Ward

The Editor's Page

¶ The "Art Edition" of *Coraddi* came into being by just happening. It is the work of WENDY WARD, Art Editor, who brought together our engravings; MARTYVONNE DEHONEY, who has written an excellent article on the Cone collection; DORIS BYRD, who photographed the two color lithographs and the bronze sculpture from Woman's College's "fragment" of the Cone collection; and PAT HUNSINGER, who has reviewed the new biography of the artist Goya, *This I Saw*. The "other" feature, "Verb. Sap. Sat.", by POLLY ELLIOTT (*Coraddi's* "ex") concerns the written arts, the benefits and pleasures of Latin prose and poetry.

The fiction — LEE HARPER, who is a senior, has written her first short story in "Fish Every Friday," which is, by the way, a non-writing class product. PAT HUNSINGER's "My Mother's Aunt Mable" is an interesting story with a double edge. In relating the story the narrator also gives a satirical picture of herself. "The Sunday School Picnic" is a story that was written "just for fun."

The poetry — JEAN FARLEY's "Workings" is a poem of contrasts, the artificiality of order and the reality of confusion. Her "Frog Went a-Courtin'" is a poem in a lighter vein. DOLLY DAVIS has pictured night awakening terror in "Surprise." MARY IDOL says her poem, her first to appear in *Coraddi*, was written during her "Dorothy Parker period."

¶ There is something ominous about starting out a new staff year with an apology; but that is what *Coraddi* wishes to offer, deeply and humbly, to PAT HUNSINGER who worked efficiently as fiction editor for 1949-50, only to be left off the masthead all year long. . . . And the complications, the headaches of make-up (even with a second-year make-up editor) make for another apology, to LOIS BUCK, whose story "Rachel's High-Top Shoes" was accepted for publication, but wouldn't fit—we tried throwing out everything in the magazine, even this page, and each time ended either with blank pages or extra pages (which the budget doesn't print). We are sorry.

¶ And now . . . we of the new staff would like to thank all the seniors who worked with us this year, and especially POLLY ELLIOTT for her work in putting out some excellent *Coraddis*, and for her invaluable counsel in putting out this one. Thank you.

J. M.

The Sunday School Picnic

(Continued from Page 22)

we couldn't very well let her, especially since our slogan was "All or nothing at all." (My cousin Dolly thought that up. She always was smart, winning prizes for slogans and things. Once she even got Honorable Mention in an Ivory soap contest.)

But, like I said, the second and third picnics were like the first except it was warmer for swimming and Callie wasn't my partner anymore. She went with Barbie Havershire, and I was with Jody. And then, too, by the third picnic our mothers made us pack our own lunches, so they weren't as fancy, but they were better in a way. I made a sandwich I remember especially. It was all dill pickles and olives and even some California dates left over from Christmas.

But it was that third picnic that was the most important because it was the last. We had gone swimming, and eaten, and cleaned out our houses. And then Jody and I started having family troubles. We didn't agree about some of the house decorations, and then Jody wanted to fancy up her costume like a girl's. I think she was just tired of being a boy, but she said why didn't I be the husband since I was trying to boss everything. I said I had a right to boss since it was my idea to begin with. And she said how did I know she might not have thought of it first if she'd been on the first picnic? She'd seen the Dorothy Lamour movie, too — only four times instead of three — and she was always thinking up things before I did, besides. Anyway, it ended by me going off on

a secret scouting expedition all alone. I thought I had heard some noises up at the top of the hill. So I went off through the woods, brushing along against the scratchy scrub bushes. I was quiet and pretended I was stalking the enemy until I came to a clear place. There weren't any trees, nothing but the bright sunshine all around and low weed-grass.

And that was when I met Aaron Hawkins, the boy who lived across the road from Callie — face to face, standing there in the field across the barbed wire fence. He had on an old blue shirt and jeans. All I had on was that lei around my neck and a twine of branches around my middle for a skirt. When they asked me afterwards what I did when I saw him, I tried to think. I guess I just stood there and stared at him, hard and mean-looking. But it didn't seem to do much good. He wasn't looking at my eyes much. Then he sort've snickered. I gave him another mean look and turned around then and made back for camp and told the others. At first they didn't believe me. Barbie said, "Marge, you're just making this up, and it's not funny." I said I wasn't and I didn't think it was funny either. But we all put on our clothes as fast as we could and left.

After that, we all sorta' kept together in our own group and away from the boys, but we heard they were talking about us. Anyway, that's about all except one of the boys gave Barbie a bra for her birthday a month later (She sent it right back.), and that's why there never was a fourth Sunday School picnic.

The Fabulous Cones

(Continued from Page 14)

lithograph of Renoir, one etching by Marie Laurencin, six color prints by Marie Laurencin, and several very fine editions and folios of reproductions and prints.

For the most part the praise has been high for the general excellence and discrimination exhibited in the choice of the paintings, furniture, textiles, and the rest, but there was at least on one occasion, a voice of dissension. The Cone lawyers, fearing that the publicity which the Cone collection had caused might induce theft, kept a "Pinkerton man" on eight-hour shifts to guard the apartments. Relatives had come from Greensboro to Baltimore to assist in the disposal of the estate. They were admitted into Dr. Claribel's apartment by the detective and spent several nights there. When they were leaving, one of them stopped to instruct the man to let no one in except the maid.

The detective was sitting in Dr. Claribel's foyer. He had removed his coat and sat in his shirt sleeves and suspenders, a revolver on a little table beside him. He agreed, then asked if they would mind doing him a favor. He had been sitting in the foyer, he said, for three days and he had been trying to "figure out" one of Matisse's landscape paintings hanging on a foyer wall. After the garden, the road and the sea had been clearly pointed out to him, he was satisfied. He was led then in front of one of Dr. Claribel's most controversial pictures, *The Blue Nude* by Matisse. The Pinkerton man looked at it for some minutes, then exclaimed, "A job's a job, but it's no use having us here to protect these things. No one would want them!" It is a wonder that Dr. Claribel did not materialize on the spot to defend her picture.

Needless to say, the Department of Art does not share in the feelings of the Pinkerton man.

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