

CORADDI

WINTER ISSUE, 1946





MISS FLORABEL HAZELMAN, *Masquerader President*, sits one out in an evening gown of pink net from our new spring collection.

MONTALDO'S

C O R A D D I

VOLUME L

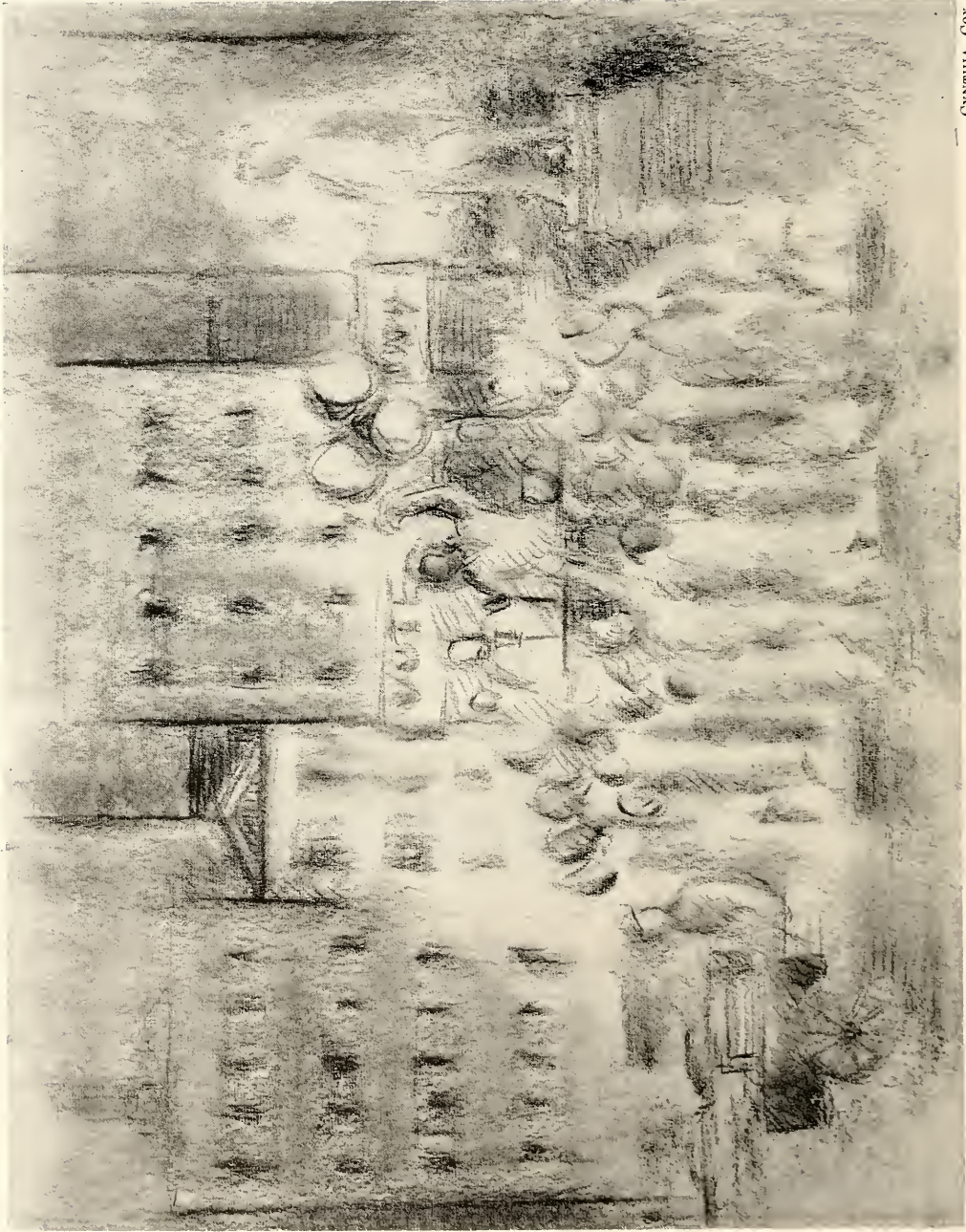
WINTER, 1946

NUMBER 2

STUDENT MAGAZINE OF WOMAN'S COLLEGE
UNIVERSITY OF NORTH CAROLINA, GREENSBORO, N. C.

CONTENTS

	<i>Page</i>
COVER	<i>Charlotte Grahame</i>
FRONTISPIECE	<i>Cynthia Cox</i> 2
BREAKING GROUND	3
SIMMONS' GENERAL STORE	<i>Lucy Rodgers</i> 4
THE STRIKE	<i>Virginia McKimmon</i> 6
THE STORY OF CADWALADER SNIFF	<i>Miki Siff</i> 8
EPISODE	<i>Florence Hoffman</i> 10
WHITE TIDE	<i>Nancy Siff</i> 12
THE NECESSITY FOR WORLD GOVERNMENT.....	<i>Janet East</i> 14



BREAKING GROUND

If communication of experience is indeed the purpose of art, the fiction of the winter edition of the CORADDI is almost completely based on artistic principles. Exceedingly intelligible and detailed description permeates the stories and sketches and gives them a realistic quality that makes the experience communicated seem either to be our own or to parallel our own.

A not unsympathetic objectivity is the method Virginia McKinnon uses in "The Strike" to tell the story of the magnified fears and reactions of a little boy whose father is involved in a strike and whose fear for the law increases as his belief that his father is bigger than everything, including the law, is shattered. Gin Gin is a junior English major, new CORADDI staff member, and news editor of the *Carolinian*; she is interested in psychology, among other things.

"Simmons' General Store" by Lucy Rodgers has its setting in a small town revealed by quantities of local color and is concerned with the conflict between the new preacher and the woman who is accustomed to managing the town's church affairs. The scene and characters are carefully and minutely drawn and combine her first-hand knowledge of a small town with imagination. Lucy is a junior English major, headline editor of the *Carolinian*, and new member of the CORADDI staff.

An echo of at least part of our experience is sounded in Florence Hoffman's "Episode," which narrates the warped and rather tainted manner in which a little girl learns the facts of life, dramatizes her certainty that she will never be the carefree and happy child she was, and forgets it all soon in a game of jump-rope. Florence is a senior English major and a member of the CORADDI staff.

Combining lyric descriptions of nature and revealing characterization of a man, Nancy Siff's "White Tide" shows the interaction of the two to reveal the quality lacking in the man's personality and his frustration in recognizing it. Nancy, a sophomore English major and CORADDI staff member, likes people, politics, and music.

Miki Siff's "Cadwalader Sniff" represents an entirely different and highly original element of fiction, that of humor and fantasy with the tracing of satire visible in it. Cadwalader is the unsuspecting victim of a planned society. Miki has never read *Brave New World*, but the similarity is obvious enough to be interesting. Miki, a senior psychology major, injects a completely mad and extreme set of psychological ideas into her story and demonstrates wherein evils might result from such a civilization. You probably remember Miki as the archetype of game enthusiasts who learned to play chess one Saturday afternoon at four and continued to perfect her game until nine Sunday morning. Her cohort was Martyvonne Dehoney, the versatile sophomore art major, whose contributions to this issue include cartoons and poetry.

Janet East's "The Necessity for World Government" is CORADDI's attempt to catch a tone of serious interest in world affairs and, also, is Janet's first try at writing for publication. Janet's interests lie in the direction of politics and history (her major), and her participation in campus activities extends as far as Aycock, where she works on lights for the Playlikers.

This issue introduces several new poets including Florence Hoffman, who has not previously shown poetic inclination, and another Rodgers, Winifred this time, with a first poem.

CORADDI departs from the usual photographic cover with an example of Charlotte Grahame's art, mostly pencil and tempera. Cynthia Cox contributes the charcoal frontispiece. (And while we are on the subject, we apologize for wrongly giving credit to Martha Posey for the frontispiece in the fall issue; Kenna Beall was really the artist who did it.) Helen Sanford photographed Masquerader President Flossie Hazelman in Montaldo apparel.

In conclusion, we hope your reading of this magazine will be an interesting if sometimes mystifying experience.

—M. R. R.

SIMMONS' GENERAL STORE

By LUCY RODGERS

An ancient stove in which no fire burned stood on a tin mat near the center of the wide-boarded floor of Simmons' General Store. Its black pipe ran straight up to the ceiling, where a wire held it, and then turned to run another six or eight feet before entering a chimney at the back of the store. Around the stove on apple boxes and chairs with sagging rush bottoms sat several farmers. A red hound dog lay stretched out beside the stove sleeping heavily.

Flour sifted through the seams of twenty-five pound sacks piled in one corner of the store, and along the wall there were bags of grain, mash, and fertilizer. Three hams hung by wires from the ceiling.

A fly buzzed lazily over the wilted heads of lettuce and lighted on the glass covering the candy counter. It paused a moment, then crawled slowly across the top and through a crack which bore the remains of a dirty piece of adhesive tape. Inside were all-day suckers, licorice, and sugared orange slices. The fly landed on the end of an orange slice.

A wagon rolled loudly down the street, and dust floated in through the screen door. Far away a dinner bell gonged. Two little boys ran by yelling to each other, their bare feet beating an irregular rhythm on the hard-packed dirt. Hiram McDonald slapped at a fly that landed on his worn corduroy knee, and Ben Humphrey's tobacco juice made a twang as it hit the tin mat. The air was still and hot.

The swinging screech of the screen door broke the silence, and the men turned involuntarily. Mrs. Elmson entered, walked across the uneven floor, and lifted her basket to a deeply scarred wooden counter. Mrs. Elmson was well past middle age. The townspeople agreed that she had grown old suddenly after her husband had passed away. It was said that he had died of a heart disease, but the gossips firmly believed it was drink. Mrs. Elmson was very active in church work, and supplied the Sunday School and church choirs with a voice that was distinctive for volume, if lacking somewhat in tone. She baked what everybody knew, without any doubt, were the best cakes in town, and considered it her duty to be on hand with one whenever there was sickness or death in a neighbor's family.

"Good mornin', Mr. Simmons," she said, as she searched her handbag for her list of groceries. Then turning to the men around the stove, "How's your wife, Hiram? I sent Liz over this mornin' with a bowl of custard an' I hope she feels better."

"Well, Miz Elmson, she's gittin' along a little better, I reckon, but you can't tell sometimes when these attacks are goin' to come back. Las'

night, she told me she hurt so much she couldn't sleep, but she felt better this mornin'. I'm sure she'll 'preciate that custard."

Ben Humphrey shifted his position, put one foot up against the cold stove, and pulled another plug of tobacco out of his pocket. "I wouldn't give a hip an' hoorah for what them fancy specialists say, if I wuz you, Hiram. My wife had a lotta trouble not fur back, an' she tried rubbin' a little mustard mixture on it, an' it helped a lot."

Mrs. Elmson reached in her basket and counted out two dozen eggs. "I've got some nice, fresh eggs for you this mornin', Mr. Simmons, and I was wondrin' if you had any good beef to make a stew with."

Mr. Simmons walked to the back of the store and came back with a white package. "Now, what else can I git you, Mrs. Elmson?" he asked.

"I'll take some of that macaroni, an' a box of salt, an' three pounds of potatoes. That's all I'll need today."

As Mr. Simmons rang up change in the cash register, the nickel trimmings of which had turned a brassy color, Mrs. Elmson picked up her basket and started for the door. Then she paused. "I hear Mr. Brown is thinkin' about retirin' an' they might get a new preacher from over at Woodville. I hope he's not that young upstart John Goodman that I heard my second cousin Matilda speak of. She said he wanted to put some sort of recreation center up for the boys an' girls in the basement of the church for games an' such. Why, all that fuss an' noise would be downright sacrilegious! Well, I'll be goin'." The door swung to behind her, and Mr. Simmons came back to his chair beside the stove.

"You reckon there's anything to that business o' gittin' a new preacher? We sure do need one bad. Mr. Brown is so ole an' sick now he can't preach a good sermon no more. An' my wife says she don't care so much fur him as a preacher now. I wish we would git that young feller from



—Martyvonne Dehoney.

"Why do you keep staring at me?"

over at Woodville. I bet he'd take the runnin' of the church outa Miz Elmson's hands."

"Well, if you ask me," said Hiram, "Miz Elmson's done a heap o' good. That woman's got a head full of sense, no matter what you say about her bossin' everybody aroun'. An' she's been mighty nice to the folks that git sick. Why, jus' look what she did for my Annie this mornin'."

"Well, she's got a voice that sounds like a hen squawkin'," Mr. Simmons remonstrated, "an' I jus' can't git to feelin' religious when I hafta listen to her leadin' the choir."

"I wuz talkin' to Alvin North the other day," put in Ben, "—you know he's doin' the fixin' up out to the parsonage—an' he said Deacon Haley had been talkin' to him, an' it looks like we might git Preacher Goodman."

The sound of footsteps made them turn, and a young man appeared at the door. He was short and wore rimless glasses. "Do you know where I could find Mr. Alvin North or Mr. Everett Haley?" he asked, as he pushed open the door. "It's very important." He did not come in, but stood with one foot on the top step and one just inside the door. He seemed to be in a hurry.

Mr. Simmons got up and went to the door. "You'll find Mr. Haley over at Mr. Johnson's hardware store. If you can't find him there, he might be down at the mule stable. Say, you're the preacher from over at Woodville, ain't you?"

"Yes, I'm the Methodist preacher over there. You're Mr. Simmons, aren't you?" glancing at the white apron covering the large man. "Well, thanks a lot for helping me out, Mr. Simmons, and if either Mr. North or Mr. Haley come in here, would you tell them I'm looking for them?"

Mr. Simmons stood in the door a few minutes and watched him walk rapidly down the road. Then, he turned to the two men.

"Don't know but as how I would sorta like that feller. He's nice an' respectable lookin', an' looks like he might be able to git in his say 'bout things."

"Wonder how he'd look behind the pulpit," mused Hiram. "Seems to be he's sorta short, an' you know how funny Mr. Brown looks when he gits up to preach."

"But," Ben put in, "Mr. Brown is short an' fat too, an' the Rev. Goodman ain't fat. He's jus' short." Ben emphasized this with a squirt of tobacco juice aimed in the general direction of the stove. "Wonder if he has a purty wife?"

"What's a purty wife got to do with it?" Hiram looked a little angry. "You ain't a-gonna look at her preach, an' 'sides, I betcha'll find a heap of wimmin'll like it better if he ain't got such a purty wife."

"Oh, it ain't gonna hurt to have somebody purty fer a change up in the choir or sittin' in the front pew." Ben's blue eyes twinkled, and the corners of his tobacco-stained, mustached mouth turned slightly upward. Mrs. McDonald had been, until her illness, a prominent soprano in the choir.

At this moment the screen door opened, and Alvin North and Deacon Haley entered. Alvin was a lanky man of about thirty-two. He wore light-colored, dirt-stained overalls and carried a carpenter's box. Deacon Haley was in his late forties, a pale man who moved quickly, and frequently smoothed the front of the black suit he was wearing.

"You got any ten-penny nails, Mr. Simmons?" Alvin inquired as he stepped to the back of the store where an improvised set of shelves was a jumble of screws, hammers, nails, glass jars, and balls of string. "Some o' th' boardin's loose over to th' parsonage."

Mr. Simmons began weighing out nails. "Then, I reckon it's true we're goin' to git Mr. Goodman fur a preacher. He wuz in here huntin' fur you all a minute ago. I tol' him you might be over at the hardware store, an' you might be down at the mule stable. Did he run into you?"

Deacon Haley spoke in a mild voice. "Yep, we saw him. Looks like we might be goin' to have a new preacher. Mighty nice feller he is, too. He don't ask much in the way of fixin' up either, an' that's purty good, 'cause the treasury of the church ain't so full now. 'Pears to me folks ain't been paying all their tenth."

"Well, I got my tenth paid las' corn crop I sold," Hiram put his hands behind his head and looked at the others.

Ben ignored the deacon's statement.

* * * *

It was Saturday morning. The sun beat down on the tin roof of Simmons' General Store and streamed through its dusty windows. Mr. Simmons paused from straightening the dark blue denim overalls, lighter blue work shirts, and straw hats that lay in a confused mass on an ornate walnut-colored table. He wiped his forehead with the hem of his apron as Hiram came in for the third time that morning.

"Seems as how I furgot to git them yeast cakes Annie tol' me to git. Cain't recollect what else it wuz she wanted neither."

Mr. Simmons moved a hand plow and leaned it up against the wall beside five rakes and a keg holding several axes. He stepped out from behind the table and crossed the store.

"Sure am glad your wife's able to be gittin' out, now. Reckon she'll be goin' to th' Sunday School picnic?" Mr. Simmons asked.

"Yep, Miz Elmson has got her to helpin' bake the cakes. It's funny, you know, but didja hear how mad Miz Elmson wuz after the Sunday School teachers had that meetin' las' Friday afternoon? Well, Annie came home tellin' me how nice Miz Goodman wuz, an' all the good things the other teachers had to say 'bout the work she wuz doin' with the children. Well, Miz Elmson, she jus' set over in the corner an' didn't say beans! Since Miz Goodman took over the runnin' of the

(Continued on page 16)

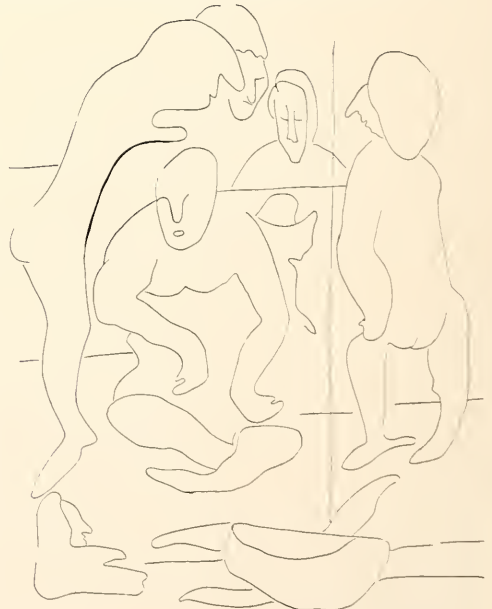
THE STRIKE

By VIRGINIA MCKINNON

The little boy came out of Locke's combination restaurant, grocery, and filling station with a loaf of light bread in his hand. He slipped it under the apron front of his overalls. Sometimes when he went to the store he had to carry a shopping bag to bring back all the things, but since the strike, his mother had only wanted a can of pork and beans or a pound of sidemeat when she sent him. He was glad because he never had liked carrying the shopping bag, and he wasn't hungry anyway what with the free soup at school for skinny kids. He liked having his father home at night, and he liked not having to be quiet in the daytime, but he didn't like for his father to be so edgy and out-of-sorts and always saying "What's the use of striking when they've closed the mill for good? How're we gonna eat, and where're we gonna go when they throw us out of the house the first of the year?"

Now that he was rid of the bread he could balance his weight evenly so that he wouldn't fall off the curb into the branch. Sometimes he needed both hands to clutch the hedge bushes that grew up from the banks. He mustn't fall. The water would not be nice; it was sewage. There was a sidewalk across the street, but he was too young to feel compelled to use it. The curbing stopped, and he turned up a red dirt road, but the rocks hurt his feet. He jumped over a bunch of Queen Anne's lace growing in the ditch and landed on the grass before the old water works plant. He stopped for a minute to look in at the window. It was a back window, too high even for his father. But there was an old rusted boiler that he could climb up on. The first day he found the window he couldn't see through the glass for the dust caked on the inside, but the next time he looked in he had pressed too hard with his nose, and the putty—dry and cracked—had loosened, and the pane had fallen with a great clatter to the floor. He had run home and hidden under the house. He was sure that he would be taken to the court house and strapped. He had been strapped once for stealing pecans from a lady's tree. The county clerk had said that the next time he was sent to juvenile court he would see that he was sent to Jacksonville Training School and that the strapping was to make him remember. The day after he had pushed the window pane out he was afraid to go to school. He was afraid of his teacher. He was afraid that somehow she would know about the window. She didn't like mill children because they smelled bad like billy goats, she said. She made children who

misbehaved stand in a closet rather than the customary corner. She had a paddle, too, with holes in it for the repeaters who laughed at the dark of the closet. He felt sick at his stomach every time he looked at the paddle thinking about a story he heard an old, old nigger woman tell once. She said that the white men every Saturday used to line the slaves up and beat them with big paddles. The holes in the paddles would raise blisters, she said, and the white men would cut off the tops of the blisters and pour salt and pepper on the raw skin. He tried to forget the story, but it kept popping up in his mind when the teacher paused between words. But no one had seen him push in the window pane, and now he could see easily. It was dark and empty inside except for two shafts of light that danced with dust particles kicked up by two cats in copulation. That was funny because he had thought that cats were different. He knew about people and dogs, but he had seen tabby cats carrying kittens by the scuff of the neck, and he had thought that cats anyway really did find their babies under bushes. But he was often wrong about things. It made him mad to find that other people had known all along and had been fooling him.



—Janice Roberts.

He climbed back down. He remembered when the plant was in use, and the reservoir was full. He had come often to look at the water and walk slowly around the narrow ledge and wonder what would happen if he fell in. Drained, the reservoir was less inviting for balancing practice. He kept hoping that someone would fill it up for a swimming pool; but no one did, and the mill used it for a dye dump. The short cut from Locke's to home went by the reservoir. He held his breath and ran. The dye smell was still there when he gave out of breath, but he had missed the worst of it.

It was out of his way, but he would go by the mill and look at the picket line. He didn't understand exactly about the strike. He had heard his mother and father talk about "five-cent increase" and "backpay" and "union allotment." He remembered that when he was very little, an ugly old man with a big hump on his back had sat with his father and talked about the Stingy Devil who built the mill and the little frame houses. He understood that stopping work was a kind of war against the people who ran the mill and that the picket line was to keep other workers from coming in and manufacturing the cotton. It all was sort of glorious to him like cowboys and bad men in the show. A few men hadn't wanted the strike and had tried to get work in another mill twenty miles away; but when the manager found out where they were from, he had said "No work for you," and there had been nothing else to do but come back. The boy was glad to see his father in the picket line. He had been proud last week when the mill owners had tried to truck off the cotton and sell it to another mill, and the picket line had stood firm and sure, and the trucks had driven away empty. The drivers had shouted that they'd be back with the law next time, and the picket line had laughed contemptuously. The Law, to the boy, was over and above the county clerk's juvenile court. He was a big corpulent man with red, liquor cheeks and a gun and holster dangling on his thigh. He had seen the Law in action once. There had been a nigger fight at Locke's one Saturday night, but the Law had arrived with two assistants. The culprits had fled into the woods, and the Law seized a couple who were attempting to leave. They were accused, and the girl tried to pull away. The assistants held her husband with a gun in each rib while the Law used his black jack dexterously. The girl, a Black Tiger the Law called her, finally lost consciousness. Her blouse was torn from her body; blood ran swiftly and in spurts from her forehead into her eyes. The boy shuddered. The blood was red like his own. Funny—he hadn't thought that it would be.

The picket line was smiling today. He could see them snickering and nudging each other. The trucks had come back. They were Ford pick-ups with *City Water Department* lettered on the sides. He was glad that he wasn't going to miss this. They drove up into the yard and turned around so that the ends of the trucks faced the loading platform. There were loaders in the back of one truck. He guessed that they were trusties. He'd seen some of them cleaning up around the jail house. His sister had a celluloid ring with a pink stone in it that her boy friend bought from one of the trusties. Some of the rings had tiny pictures of naked girls instead of sets. A boy at school had one, but he didn't wear it. Sometimes he took it out of his pocket during recess and showed it.

The drivers were getting out. The picket line's smile disappeared. This time the Law *had* come. He had a bundle of axe handles. They were new and were tied together with a burlap cord. He took a long time to untie the knot. The boy wondered why he didn't cut it. Maybe he saved string and, when he got enough, plaited them together for a noose. Now he had the handles apart. He gave each loader one, and they divided up by fours. Then he climbed into his truck, threw the gear into reverse, and rammed backwards. The line broke—first for the Law's truck and then for the three other trucks. The men stood in sullen groups and watched the trusties load the cotton.

The boy was ashamed, ashamed for his father and the picket line. He was scared, too. He ran home and hid up under the house.

THEME FOR AN EARLY PICASSO

I saw Harlequin
With a nightingale.
The diamond figure
And the shadow bird
Sang to each other
A languorous song
In the meadowed moonlight.

I saw Harlequin
And a peacock.
The lithe lean figure.
And the arrogant bird
Strutted together
In the quiet woods
Dappled with night.

I saw Harlequin
With a grey dove.
The melancholy pair
Wept in the dawn mist,
Felt the night air lift
And vanished
In the clear sunlight.

—MARTYVONNE DEHONEY.

THE STORY OF CADWALADER SNIFF

By MIKI SIFF

Degrees of conservatism and radicalism make up human beings. Those who are followers of the government are conservatives and those who deviate are radicals. Governments also may be considered radical or conservative, and radical governments may exist in conservative societies.

Whether Rippytrolup is conservative or radical is extraneous. The fact of the matter is that its citizens are conservative. They do not deviate from the law of the state. They are afraid to; because if they do, dire consequences will follow. However, no one has any desire to deviate from the law of the state because he knows that the state is only looking out for the good of the society . . . those were the exact words (perhaps I should have used quotes) which Hyram James Rippytrolup used when he wrote the constitution of the state.

J. D. Jones is the great dictator of the state. Under the dictator there are three judges: the judge of business, the judge of pleasure, and the judge of education, and all of these have courts under them. The state is run in such a way that the citizens are given the best opportunities for business, pleasure, and education of which they are capable of taking advantage. Businesses are based on talents; pleasure, on interests. Particular prowess and interests of the citizens are observed throughout their primary educational career. At the age of sixteen they are sent to secondary schools to be trained in that business for which they have shown an aptitude. A number of hours are set aside each day for every citizen in order that he may indulge in that which he finds to be his pleasure. Everyone works to his utmost and enjoys to his utmost. Anyone who does not fall into this category is a radical and is put into a concentration camp and deprived of his right of citizenship.

Cadwalader Sniff was the most conservative of all conservatives. He never thought of breaking a rule. He had progressed beautifully up until the age of sixteen and then reverted to stagnation and has been stagnant ever since.

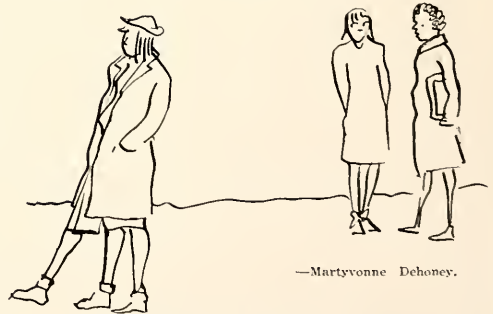
A terrible fate befell Cadwalader Sniff, and it all began during his beautiful progression. When Cadwalader was one year old, and was lying restlessly in his little crib, he heard beautiful strains of music coming through the open window from the pleasure building next door. It was *Les Preludes* by Liszt. He listened carefully to the entire piece, and then it was played over again . . . and again and again. Cadwalader listened more carefully each time. The pleasure building had been playing the piece for those who enjoyed it to the utmost; but no one ever knew that Cadwalader had listened. The next night Cadwalader again lay restlessly in his little crib, and new strains of beautiful music came through the open

window. This time it was *Gaité Parisienne* by Offenbach. Cadwalader listened to every note of the music as it was played. The third night Cadwalader was restless once more and for a third time he heard beautiful music. This night it was Beethoven's *Fourth Piano Concerto*, and Cadwalader listened very carefully. The fourth and fifth nights Cadwalader heard more music: Sibelius' *Second Symphony* and Tschaiakowsky's *Sixth Symphony*. On the sixth day Cadwalader's family had to move because of Mr. Sniff's business transfer. On the trip to the new home the Sniffs were in an automobile accident. Cadwalader's mother and father were killed and so little orphaned Cadwalader was put into the care of the state.

Many years passed—almost fifteen—and during this time Cadwalader had forgotten that he knew the five beautiful strains of music. Those were the only pieces which Cadwalader had ever known, and even he did not know that he knew them now.

Cadwalader Sniff was a shy lad. He rarely spoke to anyone even when spoken to. The state worried about him. He had gotten to be almost sixteen years old and still he showed no particular aptitudes. Nothing like this had ever occurred in Rippytrolup before. Students were usually able to street clean or rubbish collect if nothing else; or if their I. Q. as reported by the Stanford Binet Intelligence test showed them to be moronic, imbecilic, or idiotic they were given to the scientists as subjects for experimentation. Sniff showed no aptitudes whatsoever. He was not idiotic, imbecilic, or moronic; nor could he street clean or rubbish collect.

One day J. D. called in all the judges of all the departments and all the members of all the courts for a conference. In the conference they could come to no conclusions. Finally the pleasure judge, being the congenial sort, suggested Cadwalader be set free to wander the streets finding



—Martyvonne Dehoney.

"She's decided to be a phys. ed. major."

shelter and food from those who would give it to him. The next day which was Cadwalader's sixteenth birthday, he with all the other sixteen year old men was informed of his status as a citizen. Cadwalader set out on his way.

The story of Cadwalader Sniff had reached the ears of all Rippytopulites and all learned to recognize him as he passed from town to town. He wandered and wandered, being very righteous about it all, never deviating from the rules of the society. Sniff saw many sights and met many people, but he never remembered whom he met because he did not speak except to ask for room and board. He never remembered the places he saw because there were so many and they were all alike. But one Sunday afternoon three years after his sixteenth birthday, he chanced upon a building of tremendous size, and people from everywhere seemed to be pouring into it. On the top of the main entrance in big letters was written PLEASURE CITY OF RIPPYTROPUL. Cadwalader mingled with the crowds and found himself being forced into the building. There was a big auditorium on the inside and everyone was finding seats and sitting. Sniff spotted an empty seat behind five long-haired gentlemen and made his way to it. The houselights were dimmed and the curtain went up. It was a musical program for music lovers. The orchestra was seated and the conductor stood upon the platform. He signaled for all to rise and the national anthem was played. The program began. The first number was *Les Preludes* by Liszt, the second *Gaité Parisienne* by Offenbach, the third Beethoven's *Fourth Piano Concerto*, the fourth Sibelius' *Second Symphony*, and the fifth was Tschaiakowsky's *Sixth Symphony*. As Cadwalader listened he hummed the melody of each piece. He hummed every single note of the melodies. He knew where every rest came and held onto every long note. After every piece one of the long-haired gentlemen would turn around and utter: "Hmm . . . Sniff . . . Phenomenal." Sniff was too engrossed in the music to notice.

After the program was over, the five men cornered poor, ragged Cadwalader and directed him to a dark alley. The first who was Clypsofsky was a Liszt specialist; the second, Dripsofsky, an Offenbach specialist; the third Shmoosiopsky, a Beethoven specialist; the fourth Afroskyotowhich, a Sibelius specialist; and the fifth was Shultz, a Tschaiakowsky specialist."

"Sniff," Shultz said (he was the hot-headed type), "this is incredible . . . and also a federal offense. How could you know that music so well?"

"Welp," said Sniff (his first word in two days).

He was cut off by Shmoosiopsky, "Amazing, Sniff, amazing, but a federal offense unless you have a ready explanation."

"Welp," said Sniff (his second word in two days).

He was interrupted by Dripsofsky, "Utterly preposterous. I must be going mad. What have you to say, Sniff?"

"Welp," said Sniff (his third word in two days, which brought his average to an unbelievable height).

He was cut off by Clypsofsky who in turn was interrupted by Afroskyotowhich, "Give da guy a chance, fellas. Give da guy a chance."

"Welp," said Sniff, "I don't know how it happened, but I just knew the tunes of those pieces and couldn't help humming them."

"Phenomenal, phenomenal," muttered the five stunned musicians, "but a federal offense. If that is the best explanation you can give, we will have to report you for concealing hidden talents which may benefit the state . . . and you know what that means."

"Yes, I know," said Sniff, "but I don't know how I knew the tunes."

Of course, any Freudian psychologist would realize immediately that it must have been due to repression of a childhood experience; but there were no Freudian psychologists in Rippytopul. The Rippytopul psychologists were of the Gestalt school because the dictator's uncle-in-law had been related to Gestalt.

The five musicians brought Sniff to the nearest police station and he was put behind bars to await the verdict. "I'll call J. D.," mumbled Shultz, "while you all (he came from southern Rippytopul) organize the evidence . . . Hello, J. D.? . . . this is Shultz. I'm calling from a booth in the corner police station. I just happened upon something terrific . . . Sniff yeah . . . He's got a great talent for music and doesn't know where he got . . . larceny . . . he probably stole it . . . Conference? O. K. be right over."

It didn't take long for the newspaper to get the story. Corner newsboys were shouting the headlines of the late editions. "Sniff Held on Charge of Grand Larceny"; "Sniff Found Concealing Hidden Talents"; "Sniff May Be Excommunicated"; "Concentration Camp for Sniff if Talents Remain Unexplained."

Meanwhile Jones called in all the judges and all the members of all the courts for conferences. They discussed the problem from all angles. The OSI was formed (Office of Sniff Information) which organized groups to find out where Sniff had spent his past three years. All the citizens were interviewed. The OSMA was formed (Office of Stolen Music Abilities) which sent out groups to investigate all music stores to find out who listened to or bought records for the past three years. A Liszt club was formed to discover what the chances were of learning *Les Preludes* without ever having heard it. For the same purpose an Offenbach club was formed and also a Beethoven, a Sibelius, and a Tschaiakowsky Club. The best in every field were called to the capital city. Hotel rooms couldn't be had for love or money. Everyone worked to the utmost but no clues developed.

Several months passed and Sniff by this time had acclimated himself to his cell and was quite

(Continued on page 19)

EPISODE

By FLORENCE HOFFMAN

As the second hand of the big clock over the door snapped forward with its familiar spasmodic movement, the bell which meant that school was over for the day burst forth in shrill dissonance. Anna Louise bent down to return her green pencil and red eraser to their regular positions in her desk and then sat up with her folded hands placed carefully on its flat-topped surface, waiting for her row to be dismissed. Next year, when she would be in the fifth grade, she would have a desk which opened at the top, but until then she had to peer into the lower recesses of the one she did have whenever she wanted anything it held.

When she heard her teacher calling for second row to file out to the cloak room, she marched behind a chubby little girl whose hair hung down her back in heavy curls. One behind another they filed, no one breaking the continuity of the line. Anna Louise removed her coat from its hook, put it on, and concentrated on the exacting process of placing the correct brass buttons in the right button holes. Then she saw that the other girls in her row were already lined up at the door. She snatched her lunch box from the shelf above her and ran to join them, pulling her beret down on her head until the rim touched her eyebrows, then pushing it up to a comfortable position in the center of her forehead.

After the class had marched down the steps to the main door, and had chorused a perfunctory, "Good night, Miss Bicknell," in reply to the refrain, "Good night, boys and girls," soloed by the teacher, Anna Louise trotted along the edge of the walk, slowing down for a moment to balance herself on the line which divided the pavement from the grass, her arms outspread. She was about to start up the main street for home when she saw a group of the older girls crouched on the ground in an intimate circle. She heard their giggles and squeals which sounded tantalizing and important to her. These were some of the seventh graders who busted into Anna Louise's classroom sometimes to place mysterious-looking messages on Miss Bicknell's desk. They were of that select group, "the older girls," who were looked upon with awe and reverence by all the others at school.

Anna Louise wanted to hear what they were saying, but she knew that they would push her away if she tried to sit with them. They would push her away even if she didn't say anything, even if she only listened. They never let any of the fourth graders listen to anything they said. There was only one way to hear what they were saying, and that was to climb along the wall which was a short distance behind them, and hide in the bushes, the heavy branches of which covered the top of the wall. She knew that she would be

spying and that the girls would shout "sneak" at her if they found her but she was fascinated by the way they kept looking around to see that no one was near enough to listen. So she scrambled to the wall at the far end where it was low and walked along its narrow surface, carefully, so that she wouldn't fall, stopping, and crawling on her hands and knees where the bushes were especially thick. Feeling adventurous, and somewhat guilty, she stopped just opposite their circle and sitting uncomfortably forward, she strained to listen.

All the girls were talking to one, a younger girl, who kept asking questions. When Anna Louise settled herself, she heard the younger one speak, choosing her words with careful hesitation, "But my sister told me. My sister said it was different. She said, they cut your hand." She made slashing motions across her wrist. "She said they cut—and then—then a baby came out and she said that."

That wasn't the way at all. Anna Louise knew that the doctor, Dr. Wilson, brought babies in his bag, and she wanted to tell them that she knew. But the girls were laughing now, sort of mean laughter which made the younger girl blush



—Martyvonne Dehoney.

and stop talking. It was mean of them to laugh, even though it was funny not to know about the bag. She wondered why that girl didn't know it. Everyone did. Anna Louise waited for the other girls to tell her the truth, but she didn't hear anything about bags, and she was puzzled. They all began to speak at once and Anna Louise couldn't understand the jargon. Then, as they started to speak, one at a time, she followed their words, her thoughts confused, turning her head to look at the contributor of each new bit of information. It was all meaningless to her as she tried vainly to piece the snatches of conversation together. But soon, those snatches began to form a picture, grotesque in its implications; and her bewilderment became disgust.

She was cramped and stiff from sitting so long in the same position and she was cold. She didn't want to hear any more. She wanted to leave, but she was afraid that the girls would notice her if she moved. She didn't want to hear what they were saying, but she couldn't make herself stop listening. It was like seeing the freaks in the circus. Although they had been unpleasant to look at, she had kept her eyes on them, fascinated with what she saw and yet hating the sight.

She was caught so completely in the significance of their words that she forgot that she was an intruder. She forgot everything but what those words meant to her. All of it was ugly and dirty, and she hated the girls for laughing. Her throat became tight and throbbing. Suddenly, abruptly, she stood and jumped from the wall. It wasn't a long jump, but she was off balance and she fell to her knees on the hard ground. Ignoring the sharp pain, she dashed into the group, swinging wildly with her fists, hitting at random with her arms and hands. The girls turned to stare at her, anger and guilt on every face; but all of them were too amazed at seeing her to return the blows.

"You big fibbers," she screamed, "that's not so, you big fibbers—fibbers, fibbers—" She repeated the word until there were sobs instead of words. She turned to run from them, eager to be away from this thing which made her ashamed, eager to leave behind the mocking, yet self-conscious laughter which followed her as she ran.

At last she stopped, too exhausted to run, or to cry anymore. Her breathing was heavy, and her heart was beating so hard that it hurt. She shook but she was through crying. Slowly, reluctantly, she walked home. Standing by a bush near the steps she tried to regulate the rhythm of her breathing as she pulled at the leaves and crushed them in her hand. She didn't want to go in. She couldn't go in and look at Mother as if she didn't know this bad thing. And Daddy would be home later. She wouldn't be able to look at either of them without thinking bad things.

But perhaps those things the girls were saying really weren't true. Perhaps they had just made them up because they did know that she

was listening. The older girls always became angry when the younger ones tried to join their group or tried to walk with them. That must have been it. Those things couldn't have been true. And yet, they might be. She wasn't sure and could never be sure unless she asked someone who would tell her the real truth, and she was afraid to repeat the things she had heard. Mother was the only one she could ask, and she was afraid. She was afraid of what Mother would say if they weren't. But Mother would tell her that they weren't true, and that was what she wanted to hear.

She rushed into the house.

No one was home. The house was quiet and empty. And she was all alone. She had wanted Mother to be there but now she was glad that she didn't have to tell her about what she had heard. Mother would have looked at her in that way she had of looking when she was displeased, and Anna Louise would feel ashamed and want to hide, as she always did when Mother looked at her that way. She walked aimlessly about the house, going idly from room to room, and then she remembered to take off her hat and coat. She hung them up and thought about how lonely and unhappy she was, and how there was no one who would understand. Nothing was good anymore. Everything had become bad and ugly.

Her knee began to hurt, and the palms of her hands were sore. She knew that no one loved her. If Mother loved her, she would be home now. Anna Louise told herself that she didn't care, but she knew she did. She slumped down in the window seat of the study and stared out of the window. Some girls were playing jump rope and Anna Louise watched them. They were happy and laughing. Anna Louise didn't want to laugh; she just wanted to be by herself. She stared out the window and tried to forget what she had heard, but she couldn't forget. She tried to pretend that she had never hidden in the bushes, but pretending didn't help either. She kept forming strange pictures in her mind—strange, ugly pictures that revolted her. She watched the rope go round and round, round and round. Everyone was having fun except her, and she would never have fun again; nothing would be fun again. And she would never be able to tell anyone why she was unhappy. People would wonder why Anna Louise was such a quiet, sad, little girl, but no one would ever know the reason.

One of the jump-ropers was motioning for Anna Louise to come out. She had seen Anna Louise sitting at the window and had called out to her to join the game. But Anna Louise would never play jump rope again. She had decided that.

Perhaps she'd play just once more, and then, never again—just once more. She'd act unhappy and they'd wonder; but she wouldn't tell them. She'd let them wonder. She put on her coat but forgot her hat.

(Continued on page 15)

WHITE TIDE

By NANCY SIFF

It had been snowing for three days. After the second day, the city yielded to the swirling flakes and the wind double-edged with ice. For a day and a night the roofs lay silent under the weight of snow, while drifts piled up in the streets and the buses toiled slowly and alone across town. And still it fell, without sound, lightly in huge flakes, creeping steadily higher against the buildings. At dusk of the third day it stopped. The dense grey ceiling thinned and a pale light seeped down through the city wedged between twin rivers. In the park the light tipped the icy branches with gold and threw long, glittering shafts across the open slopes.

The tall man held a cigarette between his stiff fingers and smoked steadily. His hands were large and well-shaped, with heavy knuckles. In gloves, they would have been awkward, naked they had a vigorous dignity. His whole body under the overcoat was heavy and powerful, striking in its animal grace. In the sudden glare of light on the snow, his eyes looked out like bits of flint, dull and colorless. His cheeks were flat and lean, the features planed off evenly, blade-clean.

He wondered as he puffed at his cigarette, why he had come out here to shiver on a park bench in the snow. Martin Story was not given to whims. The men who worked with him had no place in their lives for idle fancies and did not tolerate them in others. They were blunt, quiet men who put away their whims when they came to Martin Story, and they understood one another. The tall man stiff with cold knew that they would not understand this—why he had left his work to walk in the park at twenty above zero. He could not have explained it to them.

When the snow had begun to fall two days before, he had watched the thermometer outside his window and reckoned grimly that if the temperature fell much lower and the storm continued, he might be forced to put off his trip to Scranton another week. He swore . . . Another week would be too late. Timing was the important thing. To plan for the precise moment, to sense it when it came, and then to act fiercely and quickly . . . This was the technique that made Martin Story a brilliant leader. This was what made him magnificent . . . And the snow would interfere with everything. The silent snow piling into the streets would defeat them all. All the tedious organization, the long months of waiting would be lost in forty-eight hours of falling snow. Men would not go out on strike in a blizzard. Picket lines could not form in drifts six feet deep. Martin Story swore again and stared bitterly down into the empty, plowed-up streets.

A heavy snowfall is different in the city from that in the country. In one night snow sweeps

over the country in a wide white swathe, equalizing farmland and forest, roads and hills, creating a new universe subject to a force silent as time and as unconquerable. In the city it is different. In the busy sections, the streets are choked with soiled snow and garbage. Cement walks are sheeted with ice and rivers of dirty water gurgling noisily into drains . . . Everywhere soot and slush . . . the rattle of tire chains and the rasp of shovels . . . stalled cars . . . ash cans piled high with snow, thinly covered grapefruit shells and tin cans . . . a whiskey bottle splintered on the snow . . . a shivering dog sniffing at back doors.

Martin Story hurried through the downtown district, brushing impatiently by women sidling over the ice. He was remarkably agile for a big man and he wove his way easily through the crowds. At Forty-eighth Street he stood near a young girl. She stepped gingerly over a roll of slush just as a taxi skidded crazily towards the



—Margaret Finley.

curb. With a deft thrust of his arm, he pulled her back as the car swerved past. For an instant her thin body rested against him. She wore a red scarf knotted around her throat and her small colorless eyes glittered.

"Oh, damn . . . my dress . . . just look!" It was splattered with mud. "Oh, but . . . thanks . . . thank you . . . I wasn't looking, and . . ." She laughed up at him. "Oh, well, it doesn't matter. It's just the snow." She looked away swiftly and they stepped apart.

His eyes were blank. "You should watch where you're going," he said coldly.

"Yes," she smiled. "I suppose so . . . Well, goodby." And she disappeared into a clump of women mincing across the street.

"Little fool." Women like that annoyed him. And why all the excitement about the damn snow? Even Jack, the elevator man, ordinarily grim and reticent, had informed him that it was three feet deep in Jackson Heights. And it seemed to Martin Story that he was almost glad. The tall man lengthened his stride and pushed against the wind which struck him as he rounded the corner. Here the crowd had thinned and he was almost alone. The sidewalk was neatly cleared and the snow swept into clean drifts along the curb. It was startlingly white. The face of the young girl gleamed in his mind, her glittering eyes laughing at him. Swerving, he tramped through a drift into the park. At once he was blinded by the glare. Great white plains stretched around him, brilliant in the sunlight, smooth and solid as thick chinaware. It made his eyes ache, and he rubbed them.

What were the chances of getting the men to go out the first of the month, now that the early walk-out had failed? They would have to work twice as hard this time . . . He blinked . . . Maybe Matson could do something. If only . . . Damn. He shrugged. It wouldn't be easy.

The silence, the immensely, strangely resonant silence. He felt its weight upon his shoulders, against his eyes. He looked around him. A fine mesh of branches laid one upon the other covered the slopes. Web upon web of black branches walled him in. And everywhere was silence, vast, barren. He hated it. Beyond the trees he could see the giant bulk of the Empire State Building, the slim Chrysler tower and the rest of the skyline descending gradually into the west and east. An immense pale ceiling pressed down upon him.

It was only a moment. He walked on, aware of the clear, thin air and the glittering fields. His attention was caught by the strange little mounds that the children had built tirelessly in the early afternoon. He saw where their footprints had beaten a ragged track back and forth across the snow. Masses of ice encased the rocks and the smaller trees sagged under the solid weight of snow. Fascinated, he noticed the mechanical symmetry everywhere about him in

the patterns of frost on dead leaves, in the flakes dusted off onto his sleeve from overhead. Martin Story was a practical man, but he was not insensitive to beauty. He felt a deep pride in the wonderful complexity of fine machinery. He marveled at the grace and silver poise of planes he had helped build with his own hard hands. Once he had watched with a terrible admiration as flames gutted a square block of factory buildings in an hour. He understood the drama in beauty. Often he wondered about the long, grey ships pulling out of the East River at dusk. There was something mammoth, primeval about them. He would stand at his window for hours sometimes, smoking cigarette after cigarette, as the light spilled gold over the city, then copper-color, violet and blood-red seeping into the narrow, cavernous streets. It was never the same and he respected the ingenuity of beauty that could reveal itself in a thousand subtle ways.

Stooping under a ledge, he broke off a tapering spike of ice. In the sunlight, color radiated from the translucent splinter. It stung his hands and he dropped it. The fine point pierced the snow cleanly, and for a moment Martin Story let his mind drift . . . whole armies equipped with spears of ice . . . banners embroidered with frost. He saw the faces of the men, blank, featureless. Only a gleam . . . a ray of light where their eyes should be. He smiled. Fantastic . . . He had read a glorious book once, something about knights and armies marching with scarlet banners. But long ago . . . Strange the things one remembered. Somewhere in his childhood there was another dream . . . a name. He groped for the filaments. The Snowqueen . . . 'An exquisite lady, with great white wings'. Great . . . white . . . wings. It almost seemed . . . He looked up. Had there been something . . .? Was there a shadow on the snow?

It was cold. The damn snow, the silence distorting, insinuating. He dug his hands into his pockets and trudged out across an open field.

The weak sunlight drained quickly out of the afternoon and without the sun, it was cold. His hands were needled with cold and he felt the snow within his body. But he did not think of going back. He felt light-headed. Turning to the work ahead, his thoughts ran sharply, smoothly. He did not think of the strike itself—that was nothing. Once it got started, it would run automatically, and he had realized long ago that the strike was uncontrollable, a force in itself. The men were part of it but it was not the men. He was part of it, but the way a pilot is part of his plane. The strike was as individual and as self-sufficient a force as the power of the engine. Once the realization of this had startled him. Jim Reed had always known it. It was in the early days at a meeting in Harrisburg. Martin Story had just finished speaking to the small group of men packed into the narrow hall. It was glorious, fierce. He had never been better. As soon as he

(Continued on page 17)

THE NECESSITY FOR WORLD GOVERNMENT

By JANET EAST

Today, in the aftermath of a second world war, man must build a world community based on thorough-going economic justice; or he will suffer inevitable and holocaustic destruction. Only by scientific planning on a world scale can we reach the fundamental economic and social problems underlying war. The United Nations Organization is a positive step in this direction. Nations can no more live in a state of anarchy than people can, a fact which nations failed to realize or refused to acknowledge after World War I. It is recognized that the world is now too small for nations to continue to exist side by side without some organization for international cooperation.

A fact which has gained less wide acceptance is that while the United Nations Organization is essential and is a positive beginning toward maintaining peace, the UNO as it now stands is not enough. The UNO is a confederation of independent national states. In the new age, the modern state, based as it is on the theory of absolute sovereignty, is obsolete. We have just come through a second world war which resulted from conflicting nationalistic aims. A truly centralized world government with final sovereignty over the individual states is the only form of government in keeping with the new age. Only a government of such scope is capable of meeting the problems which peace has brought.

Since the close of World War II, the big powers have been intent on building up a strong national defense. This policy is based on the old theory that if a nation is strong enough, no one will dare attack it. Toward this end, the big powers are engaged in an armament race never before equaled. In General Marshall's Biennial Report to the nation, he emphasized that for "national security" we must maintain the nation's armed might and its power to attack. He said that the United States must continue military conscription so that an army of four million trained men could be mobilized quickly at any time. We are continuing the manufacture of arms; work is going ahead on rocket bombs and jet propelled fighter planes. We are continuing to manufacture atomic bombs; and while it is not certain that other nations have discovered the secret of atomic energy, there is no doubt that they are working toward it. Russia and England are pursuing similar policies of peacetime conscription and armament maintenance.

Such action is evidence that the big powers are not taking the UNO seriously. While the big powers recognize it and send delegates to the conferences, they are still playing the game of power politics in an attempt to insure their national security. The success of the UNO depends upon the course taken by the big powers. Under

the San Francisco Charter, the big five—the United States, the Soviet Union, Great Britain, China and France—have permanent seats on the Security Council. The General Assembly, comprised of representatives of all members of the United Nations, elects six other non-permanent members to the Security Council from the members of the General Assembly. Each one of the big five has veto power on all important decisions of the Security Council and, consequently, can veto any action against itself. Even the barest beginning in international machinery, then, depends on the support of the big five. Yet these powers are working toward military and industrial supremacy.

We have seen armament races before and know that they bring suspicion and distrust. It is inevitable that the big powers will disagree on many points. One of the most obvious is the question of Asia. The progress of Asia has long been held back by Western domination. There can be no real peace as long as one nation owns another and taps its economic resources. The people of Asia demand freedom from foreign economic domination. Unless the imperialistic governments change their policies toward Asia, native revolts will continue among Asia's millions. Eventually, Russian, British, French, and American policies will clash over this question. The UNO would be powerless to settle the dispute since any one of the four nations could veto action against itself.

It is becoming apparent, then, that the UNO as it now stands is not adequate to meet the problems of peace. Only a centralized world government, with final sovereignty over that of the individual nations, is large enough in scope to settle the disputes which have heretofore led to war.

This world period under the UNO corresponds to the period in American history when the states existed under the Articles of Confederation. Under this system the states maintained their individual state sovereignty, joined together only in a loose federation. When this system proved inadequate, delegates from the states met and drew up the constitution of the Federal government which has final authority over the individual states. Unless such action takes place on a world scale and the power of the UNO is extended, the UNO will be powerless to stop another large scale war.

We are aware of the consequences which another war will bring in this age of atomic power, jet propulsion, and rocket bombs. With this in mind many believe that action must come now. The Charter must be amended in order that no one nation can veto the action of the Council as a whole. The power of the UNO must be extended

to constitute a world government with final sovereignty over the individual nations. Such a government could enforce a program of disarmament and abolish peacetime conscription. There can be no real trust between nations as long as the big powers continue to increase their military strength in anticipation of another world conflict. This program under way, the immediate tension would be lessened and the way opened for work on the vast and complex economic and social problems which must be solved before lasting peace can be achieved. These problems are, after all, the basic causes of war.

It is evident that the aim of a world government must be toward economic security for all its citizens. The Economic and Social Council now set up under the UNO will work toward this end. Work on these social and economic problems will of necessity be slow and difficult because of the chaotic economic conditions that exist in most parts of the world. Another impediment to this work will be the difficulty that the Council will have in directing a world economic policy when the individual nations have not yet given it full support and groups within nations still fight for economic control. It is becoming increasingly obvious, however, that a capitalistic economy is out of step with the new age. Parties that provide a planned economy are being supported in ever increasing numbers by voters.

The test of any economic system is whether or not it provides economic security in the form of food, homes, clothing, education, and a steady income for its citizens. That our own planless economy has not provided economic security for all its citizens is a fact borne out by statistics. An article of this length cannot deal with the complex problem of economic policy. It is adequate to say that the trend today is toward economic planning, and planning on a world scale must be attained before economic security is a reality. Atomic power has not yet been harnessed for domestic use; but the time is in sight, and we must plan for it now. Norman Cousins in his article "Modern Man Is Obsolete" states, "The same atomic and electrical energy that can destroy a city can also usher in an age of economic sufficiency. It is no longer a question as to which peoples shall be deprived. There are resources enough for all and the power to convert resources to goods."

Toward economic security, toward freedom from want and from fear for all peoples, the world government must work. The difficulties of such a program are apparent. A world government has never been tried, and many mistakes will be made. If the evolution from nationalism to a world government is to be accomplished, a new understanding between peoples must take the place of national rivalry, jealousy, and prejudice. It is here that the UNESCO will play an important role. As is stated in the constitution of this organization, drawn up at the London conference, the purpose of the organization is to

advance through the educational, scientific, and cultural relations of the peoples of the world the objectives of international peace and the common welfare of mankind. This organization can do much toward abolishing the myth of racial superiority and national superiority. It can work toward disseminating the ideal of world citizenship.

On the course of events within the next months depends the hope of civilization. Only if action is taken now toward establishing a world government can world peace be assured. Within this framework, the progress of the human race as a whole can be realized; without it, there is little hope for world peace.

EPISODE

(Continued from page 11)

She had to take an end because she was new. Her arm made wide, irregular circles as she turned the rope. One by one, each girl had her turn, and Anna Louise's arm went around, faster and faster until she forgot to look sad. She started to chant, "Apartment to let, apply within—" and then, someone missed and it was her turn. "Apartment to let—" Her feet scuffed on the pavement—one big jump, a little one after that, one big jump again—get in line—wait your turn—take an end when you miss. Anna Louise giggled and told the girl behind her that she would rather play jump rope than almost any other game.

Time passes and returns to space.
A sterile, catalytic probability,
Unreal until it joins the infinite,
To actualize a present abstraction.

Transcending eyes intent on sight
Eluding eager hands that grasp,
An aggregate of Shall and Was
In Now, perceptually undiscerned.

The realization of this moment
Appears alone when it is gone;
Eternal death effects its life,
Mobilized by stay of motion.

—FLORENCE HOFFMAN.

How can a clock be so sure?
A moment in pain
is long to endure,
while joy is the time
of most sublime
but briefest duration.
A clock can't explain
the passing of sorrow or length of elation.

—MILDRED RODGERS.

SIMMONS' GENERAL STORE

(Continued from page 5)

children's department. Miz Elmsen ain't hardly spoke to her, 'cept course, when absolutely necessary!"

"But, Miz Elmsen wasn't ever head of the children, wuz she?"

Hiram looked doubtfully. "No, don't reckon she wuz 'zackly head, but she did most of the headin'."

Ben who had listened to the conversation with no comment up to now, got rid of his mouthful of tobacco juice, then said, "You're dern tootin' she's bin doin' most of the headin' up 'til Miz Goodman took over, an' she ain't bin so good at it neither. She does a heap better job o' jus' runnin' the choir, even if she ain't got such a good voice. I heard Mr. Johnson tell Deacon Haley the other day that she couldn't 'spect to run the whole church by herself."

"Anyway," Mr. Simmons interposed, "ain't Miz Elmsen got charge of the Sunday School picnic, an' ain't she gotta be head of the Bible School?"

"Well, all the same," Hiram began as he walked toward the door, "I still—" Before he could finish, however, a young woman and a boy of about ten entered. The woman wore a simple green print dress and helped the boy carry a basket of vegetables. Her blond hair was done in plaits around her head, and her green eyes were lively.

"Good morning, Mr. McDonald. It's fine weather we're having, isn't it?" she said. "Are you on your way home, now? Won't you tell Mrs. McDonald if she and Mrs. Elmsen need any more eggs or sugar for the cakes, I have plenty."

Hiram took off his hat. "Good mornin', Miz Goodman, howdy, Johnny. I sure will tell her that, Miz Goodman, an' I know she'll 'preciate it." He turned to leave.

Mrs. Goodman walked to the counter. She and Johnny took several dozen ears of corn from the basket and put them on top of the counter beside the baskets of fresh strawberries and the roll of brown paper which stood high above them. "I thought maybe somebody else didn't have as much corn as I did, and I might get some lard and other things I need to fry the chicken and fix things for the picnic."

Mr. Simmons put the corn in a basket beside the counter, then went to the back to get the lard. The screen door swung open, and Mrs. Elmsen entered. Her hat was on crooked, and she seemed in a hurry.

"My land, Mr. Simmons, didn't Hiram come by here for the lard and yeast cakes I asked him to get? Seems as if it was ages ago he left the house. Annie an' me told him to be sure and get back in a hurry, or the cakes would be ruined." Then, suddenly she became used to the darker light on the inside of the store. "Good mornin', Mrs. Goodman." She put her hands up to her hat,

straightened it, walked to the counter, careful not to brush against the slightly-tilted baskets of potatoes, beans, and squash, and stood examining the labels of the canned peaches on the shelves.

Mrs. Goodman did not seem to notice the slight. "Why, good morning. No, Mr. McDonald left here just as I was coming in a few minutes ago. He didn't have any lard in his hands. I sent word by him that if you didn't have enough eggs and sugar for the cakes, I would be glad to furnish some. Do you think you will need any?"

Mrs. Elmsen did not turn. "No, I think I can get along all right alone."

Mr. Simmons had come back from the ice box. "Here's your lard, Miz Goodman. What else can I git fur you today? Oh, good mornin', Miz Elmsen, Hiram wuz jus' in here. He got the yeast cakes Annie wanted, but he couldn't remember what else it wuz he had to buy."

"It was lard, an' I'll take a pound, thank you."

* * * *

Rain ran down the windows of Simmons' General Store, and the dust on them was streaked. The air was sticky like the orange slices in the candy counter, and the floor was tracked with red mud and water. Hiram dozed by the stove, and Ben chewed his tobacco mechanically as he cut at a piece of stick with a jack knife. Mr. Simmons was sorting screws and nails in the rear.

The screen door opened, and Mr. Goodman came in. His raincoat was wet through at the shoulders and water dripped from it to the floor making little pools.

"Good afternoon, gentlemen. It's sort of messy weather outside. Have you got an extra keg I could sit down on? I've got a little matter of business to discuss with you."

Mr. Simmons stopped sorting nails and brought a chair from the back of the store. Hiram woke from his dozing, and Ben stopped cutting his stick.

"I've been talking it over with Mr. Haley, and he seems to think we have enough money to start off with, and we can earn the rest as we go along. It won't be an easy thing to do, but I think we will be able to with the help of the members of the church and a few suppers and rummage sales, maybe."

Hiram leaned forward, and Ben stopped chewing for a minute.

"What would you gentlemen say to a recreation room for the youngsters? There's an empty store-room behind the church, and all it needs is a little repairing and cleaning and furniture."

Hiram sat up straight. "That's a mighty lot of noise to have 'round a church. Them children can make enough fuss to wake the dead: an' 'sides, who's gonna have time to do all this here cleanin' an' repairin'?"

Ben's tobacco juice hit the tin with a sharp ping. "We're a-goin' to help 'em, an' they're a-goin' to do it themselves, ain't they, Preacher?"

Mr. Goodman relaxed. "Thanks, Ben, we'll need

WHITE TIDE

(Continued from page 13)

all the support we can get, because the children'll do most, but they'll need help. Now, Mr. North has already agreed to do most of the supervising, and the boys who have had some carpenter training in high school can do the work. The girls can clean up and conduct the rummage sales."

"It won't work, because you got to find somebody who'd be willin' to give plenty of time to it an' make them stop bein' rowdy when they started, an' that won't be easy."

The man turned around. Mrs. Elmsen had entered while they were talking.

Mr. Goodman got up. "That's just the thing I was worried about, Mrs. Elmsen, and I was thinking you would be the best person for the job. Now, please don't refuse me. You've always done a good job with the youngsters, and I don't see any reason why you couldn't make a grand head for the project."

Mrs. Elmsen fingered a blue work shirt on the walnut-colored table. "I wonder if Junior would like this," she murmured, and then seemed on the point of saying something else when Mrs. Goodman walked into the store. Mrs. Elmsen's mouth closed tightly, and she turned her back to inspect the shirt more closely.

Mrs. Goodman walked lightly across the floor. She smiled to the men in the circle and spoke in an undertone to her husband. "I've just been talking to Mrs. McDonald about your plans, John, and she thinks the idea is excellent. She said that she would be glad to help in every way possible, and why didn't you ask Mrs. Elmsen to be head of it. I think it would be a grand idea."

At the mention of her name Mrs. Elmsen paused in her inspection of the shirt. Mr. Goodman walked over to her. "Now see, Mrs. Elmsen, Mrs. McDonald has just suggested to my wife that you would be the best possible head for our project, and has offered her help to us. You won't refuse now, will you? Mrs. McDonald and my wife could be your assistants."

Mrs. Elmsen was not one to scorn the opinion and admiration of her best friend. She began to look doubtful. "Well, maybe the project would get along better with a little guiding if we have to have one," she said, "But I'm still not so sure we should have one."

Ben winked at Mr. Goodman. Mrs. Goodman looked radiant. "Come on then," she said, "we'll go talk to Mrs. McDonald about it."

"Now—I don't know—I might do it—don't hurry me so—"

But Mr. and Mrs. Goodman had herded her out of the store paying no attention to her protests.

"Well, I'll be derved!" Mr. Simmons exploded with laughter.

Hiram's mouth dropped open. "Well," he managed after a minute.

Ben pulled a piece of tobacco from his pocket and cut another plug. His blue eyes twinkled.

finished, he walked off the platform and left the hall immediately, as he always did, sensing the dramatics of the situation. Jim went with him. Suddenly turning to Martin he said, "There'll be a lot of men killed, if you go through with it."

"Of course." His eyes were cool. They walked on. Just before Jim left him, he turned again.

"Mart," he smiled, "you were magnificent. You always are. Nothing can stop you. Whatever you do, they'll back you to the limit." He paused. "But I hope they never find out what you really are."

Martin Story remembered that night many times in the following years and he knew that what Jim had said was true. Once he had been angry, but that was long ago, almost as long ago as the Snowqueen. And he was thirty-seven now, one of the most powerful men in the country. And Jim Reed had gone off with the Lincoln Brigade, to die in Spain at twenty-five. He sighed. He missed Jim. The younger man had not always agreed with him; but Martin Story had seen dozens of men killed in mine cave-ins, and Jim was studying to be a doctor. No, they could not understand each other, but they had been friends.

* * * *

He was surprised when he saw the child. It was strange to see another human being in the silent wastes of snow. The boy was squatting beside a hump of ice, patting it with his mittened hands, evening off the rough places and adding little bulbs of ice here and there. As Martin Story came up behind him, the child stood up suddenly and stumbled against the big man's knees with a cry.

"Well, that's a pretty good fort you've got there," Martin Story said heartily. "Make it all yourself?"

"Yes," the boy answered, a look of cunning in his face. He waited a moment, then slowly he said, "You don't know what it is . . . You don't even know what it is." And he looked contemptuously at the big man.

"Why, it's a fort of course . . . Isn't it? There are the turrets," he said, pointing to two jagged ridges running along the top. "And there is the gun . . . But you should have a flag." He pulled out his handkerchief. "Here . . ." He picked up a twig and knotted the handkerchief to the end of it. "This ought to . . ." But the child cried out angrily and struck at his outstretched arm.

"No! No! You ain't goin' to touch it! I don't want a flag! Get away . . . I don't want you to help . . . It's mine!"

The little boy, almost sobbing, was pounding with his tiny fist against Martin Story's arm. He stood up. "I won't touch it. All right . . . All right." He stepped back and the child stared at him bitterly.

"You don't know what it is," he flung back. "It's not a fort . . . It's a castle . . . a special kind

of castle . . . And nobody knows but me. It ain't an old fort." His eyes flashed. And then a secret look came into them. "You don't understand," he said, with a kind of early morning light on his face, a look of birds flying . . . His clawlike hands clenched tightly. "It don't have a flag," he murmured. "It's a castle. Like . . . like." He stopped.

"Like what?" the man asked sharply. The boy shook his head and didn't answer. "You don't know," he said quietly, and turning his back on Martin Story, he knelt down in the snow.

The thin crust of ice made a slight, crisp sound as the child moved about and the big man heard the ice-coated branches clicking against each other in the stillness. Helplessly he glared down at the boy, his grey eyes burning out of his face. His large hands stiffened and the nails bit into the palms. Then he swung on his heels and strode away.

You don't know . . . You don't know . . . You don't know what it is. Gradually he slowed up and let the tension in his body flow away. Suddenly he was tired, terribly tired. An immense weariness weighed down his arms. He stopped. "How could I know?" he said softly . . . "How could I know?" Now there was something gross, shambling in his heavy body. He stared at the huge knuckles in his hands. The skin was red and ridged with fine lines. It looked terribly old.

The snow . . . He tried to remember when he was a little boy. Perhaps then . . . All that he remembered were the blizzards crushing the clapboard houses ruthlessly. There had always been terrible cold then. It throttled the town noiselessly and lasted a long time, and the wind blew up blinding squalls like sandstorms. It seemed to him that he had always been cold, always hungry. And then the long dull days and nights when he dozed, cramped beside the rusty stove in the kitchen, waiting for it to clear. He remembered the grotesque stiff lips and stretched eyes of a man who had been found dead in the snow a few yards from his house . . . the boardlike body, the terrible clawing hands. He looked over the white, radiant fields of the park. There had always been a dirty layer of soot and coal dust over the snow. He had hated it. Summer and winter it was the same . . . coal dust and dirt and being hungry and so tired that it hurt, and nothing to do, nothing to think. Nothing. It was the same in summer as in winter, only in winter, you were colder and hungrier. Martin Story wondered at the whiteness of the slopes.

The dusk was over. The first star glinted sharply in the sky, green and shining. Pretty soon all the stars would come out. No, that's not true, he thought, disconnectedly. They're all there. You can't see them, that's all. When it gets dark enough, you can see the stars. Over the hollow blue-white shell of the park, the buttes of skyscrapers loomed around him. Deep craters of sky between the loftier buildings shone like tin-foil, made jagged by the overhanging ledges and

oblique shafts of light and dark crisscrossed one another in a complex pattern of ascent and descent. He stood still watching the broad shafts of light and the slanting and vertical lines of towers leaning together into the luminous green glaze. Then he looked away, suddenly dizzy. He was the center of a wheel, a great wheel turning slowly round and round, pulling him with it . . . Soon it would go faster and faster.

He came to the lake, curving in a white expanse through banks black with trees. The ice snapped and crackled under his weight and the little sound splintered through his ears. His thoughts were brittle as the ice, and he had to squint to keep the cold from under his eyelids. Finishing his cigarettes, he crumpled the empty package in his hands. He thought of going back to the office, but he remembered the piles of papers on his desk, the acid, disciplined silence, the intelligent faces of his men, the cool, hard eyes of Benton. Benton . . . Josephine Benton had worked with him for six years. She was indispensable to him, intelligent, amusing, capable, and tactful. She had lean, straight shoulders and faded yellow hair cut in a mannish bob, and her body was as strong and gaunt as his. Slowly, Martin Story realized that he hated her, had hated her a long, long time.

Above him, to the left, two figures were silhouetted above a ledge. One of them was a girl. Suddenly the man reached for her and pulled her to him. They stood a long time, locked in each other's arms, their faces hidden. The girl's hat fell in the snow and her bright hair streamed over the man's arm. Martin Story saw them quite plainly. It seemed that he could feel the thick skeins of hair sliding through his fingers. Suddenly the girl drew back and with a strange, high-pitched laugh, broke into a run, her hair streaming out behind her. Martin Story noticed that she wore a red scarf knotted around her throat . . . Was it? No, not the same . . . A second later, her lover scrambled after her, and laughing they tumbled down the slope, shaking the snow down from the bushes. At the foot of the slope, the girl fell headlong with a wild cry. It was a cry of triumph. Martin Story stood very still. Gently the man lifted her in his arms and set her on her feet. They were not laughing anymore. He put his arm around her and slowly they walked across the snow, quietly, shyly, like children. The tall man stared after them. The girl in the street . . . What had she looked like? All he could remember was her laugh and the red scarf around her throat. He wondered what her name was and if she had a lover. What if he had held her arm as she was about to leave, had laughed, had spoken to her? What if he had said, "Come, let's go for a walk . . . a walk in the snow . . .?" Would she have come? He stopped. He had not even said goodbye. He had not even smiled at her.

Martin Story was not the kind of man whom women love. He had never wanted to be. He had never in his whole life loved a woman. He had

respected the minds of some, and he had loved the bodies of others, but, he admitted to himself, with a smile that did not reach his eyes, somehow he had missed that adventure. He had never known what it was to love a woman. It was dark now and, curving over the city, he saw the snapping canopy of stars, a torrent flung headlong across the earth, without design and fantastically bright.

In a moment he would go back to the office and work through until morning. The pile of papers would dissolve and there would be the bitter, scalding comfort of black coffee, and Benton's straight, thin shoulders pinned against the light. He knew that in the morning it would be clear. The streets would be dirty and flooded with melting slush. He would tell the men that he had gone out of town on business for the day. They might wonder, but they would believe him . . . In a day or two he would forget how the slopes looked swollen with snow. He would forget the little boy. He would forget the bright hair of the girl and the silent way the two walked over the snow. A few years more and he would have forgotten Jim Reed . . . But there was one thing . . . one thing he knew would always be there. Wherever he went he would carry with him, deep as the blood in his body, the face of the young girl laughing at him. There was the whole bitter irony of it. He could never forget her splintering laughter, and it would always remind him that he had watched her walk away from him and had let her go. God . . . Martin Story looked out across the fields flowing like a white tide around him. He had lost valiantly. The snow was too strong for him. He smiled, listening. Yes, there was a rustling in the silence, a tiny sound, and for a glittering instant, he saw a shadow on the snow . . . the shadow of great . . . white . . . wings. Then it was gone. He hesitated. Then slowly he turned in the direction of the buildings. The web of branches closed over him.

The Story of Cadwalader Sniff

(Continued from page 9)

content. The public, however, was getting impatient and so were the judges and all the members of all the courts and, most of all, Dictator Jones. Finally on the hottest day of the year when everyone was perspiring to his utmost, the pleasure judge in his usual congenial manner suggested that Sniff be given an opportunity to exercise his talents. If he proved to be a great musician the state would not be deprived of a

great man and the society would receive the benefits; but if he showed no adeptness then it must be . . . the concentration camp.

The next day Sniff was called before the verdict committee and informed of the outcome. He was greatly pleased, because he did not like the idea of the concentration camp and this gave him an opportunity to prove himself an asset to the state and a virtuous man. The verdict had stated that he would have one month in which to show his talent in some way. He was given an office in a music building. It had in it a piano, a desk, pencils, twenty pounds of staff paper, and a chair. He was a required to be in the office on a forty-eight hour a week plan with time and three-quarters for overtime.

The days passed and Sniff could be seen arriving at his office every morning at nine, eating in the automat across the way from twelve to one, and returning to his park bench every night at six. At first he appeared very cheerful but as the weeks passed his mouth began to droop at the sides and a worried look gradually marked itself upon his face. He acquired a few gray hairs. The entire state was in great suspense. It began to go Sniff crazy. Children began to play Sniff In The Music Office, a game fashioned after the well-known game of Farmer in the Dell. Old men gave up their chess for the new game Sniff, the object of which was to checkmate Cadwalader. Quite often on the radio such things were heard as "Do you have that worried Sniff look? Try Muffies Liver Pills." Sniff made excellent bridge parley for the women and roundtable discussion for college intellectuals.

Toward the end of the month Sniff stayed in his little office all of the time. His only contact with civilization was the elevator boy who brought him his meals. Poor Cadwalader Sniff. He had no talent for music. He had slaved away for the past month but all he could do was hum the five beautiful strains of music and he couldn't even remember how he knew them. On the last day of the month a big black car drove up to the music building and four policemen stepped out. Up they went to Cadwalader's office where they found him resting his head upon his desk. They called him to his feet and escorted him to the car. He was taken to the concentration camp that afternoon and has been there ever since.

Society gradually readjusted itself to the post-Sniff world. His name is rarely mentioned now. He is getting on in age and will probably die soon and be forgotten which is a good place to end the story of Cadwalader Sniff.

Schiffman's
LEADING
JEWELERS

Certified Gemologist

REGISTERED JEWELER
AMERICAN GEM SOCIETY

Gifts

CORADDI STAFF

ANGELA SNELL *Editor*
 MARY ELLEN HODGIN *Business Manager*
 MARTHA POSEY *Art Editor*
 CAROLINE SMITH *Managing Editor*
 HELEN SANFORD *Photographer*

EDITORIAL STAFF

ELIZABETH BASS	JEAN ROSS
MARTYVONNE DEHONEY	NANCY SIFF
FLORENCE HOFFMAN	BETTY SUTTON
BENNIE LOWE	NANCY SUTTON
VIRGINIA MCKINNON	JANE THOMASON
LAURA OWEN	BETTY WAITE
JEAN REDDEN	JANIS WILLIAMS
LUCY RODGERS	NANCY NADING, <i>Typist</i>
MILDRED RODGERS	IRENE WOMBLE, <i>Typist</i>

BUSINESS STAFF

JEANNE BARBER	DORIS HIGGINS
DOROTHY BELL	ANN RAVENEL
ELIZABETH GABRIEL	NINA SMITH
CLARICE SNELSON	

In the midst
 Of clattering tea things,
 Chattering voices—
 A moment of silence,
 A voice speaking.
 I somehow knew what would come next,
 Like seeing a movie for the second time.
 Had it happened before—
 In a dream
 Perhaps,
 Or an earlier life?

Memories, thoughts, melodies—
 A picture.
 I gaze in wonder,
 But soon my eyes grow tired
 And I turn away.

—WINIFRED RODGERS.

BALLAD

Three shots, the paper said next day;
 and a man,
 discovering one Sunday noon in the late fall of
 1945
 how futile were his efforts
 to reach even the significance of insignificance,
 saw the attempt as a curse
 and rid himself of any necessity to try,
 taking his wife and daughter with him.

Shortly after
 in the crowd of soothed church-goers,
 now returning home assured of their immortality,
 I walked
 and knew how well I had hidden from myself again
 what someday would make me die.

MILDRED R. RODGERS.

The Lotus Restaurant

Chinese and American Dishes

105 N. Greene Street

GREENSBORO, N. C.

PETER S. JUNG, *Mgr.*

Phone 4224

GIFTS

ILLUSTRATED GIFT BOOKS
 CLEVER PERSONAL STATIONERY
 GREETING CARDS FOR ALL OCCASIONS

THE BOOK SHOP

115 S. Greene Street

ST. JOHN'S STUDIO

(BELK'S DEPT. STORE)

Special For College Girls

Three 5x7's for \$5.00

Originally \$6.00

Walton's College Shoe Rebuilders

409 Tate Street — Phone 2-2834

T. W. WALTON — J. R. FOGLEMAN

For Your Shoe Repairing

UNDERWEAR ACCESSORIES
 HOSIERY

GLADYS LINGERIE SHOPPE

118 N. Elm Street

SCHOOL SUPPLIES
 GIFTS

The College Shop

405 Tate Street

**A
B
C**

A ALWAYS Milder
B BETTER TASTING
C COOLER SMOKING
*All the Benefits of
Smoking Pleasure*

**THE RIGHT COMBINATION OF THE
WORLD'S BEST TOBACCOS**
Properly Aged



Always **B**uy **CHESTERFIELD**