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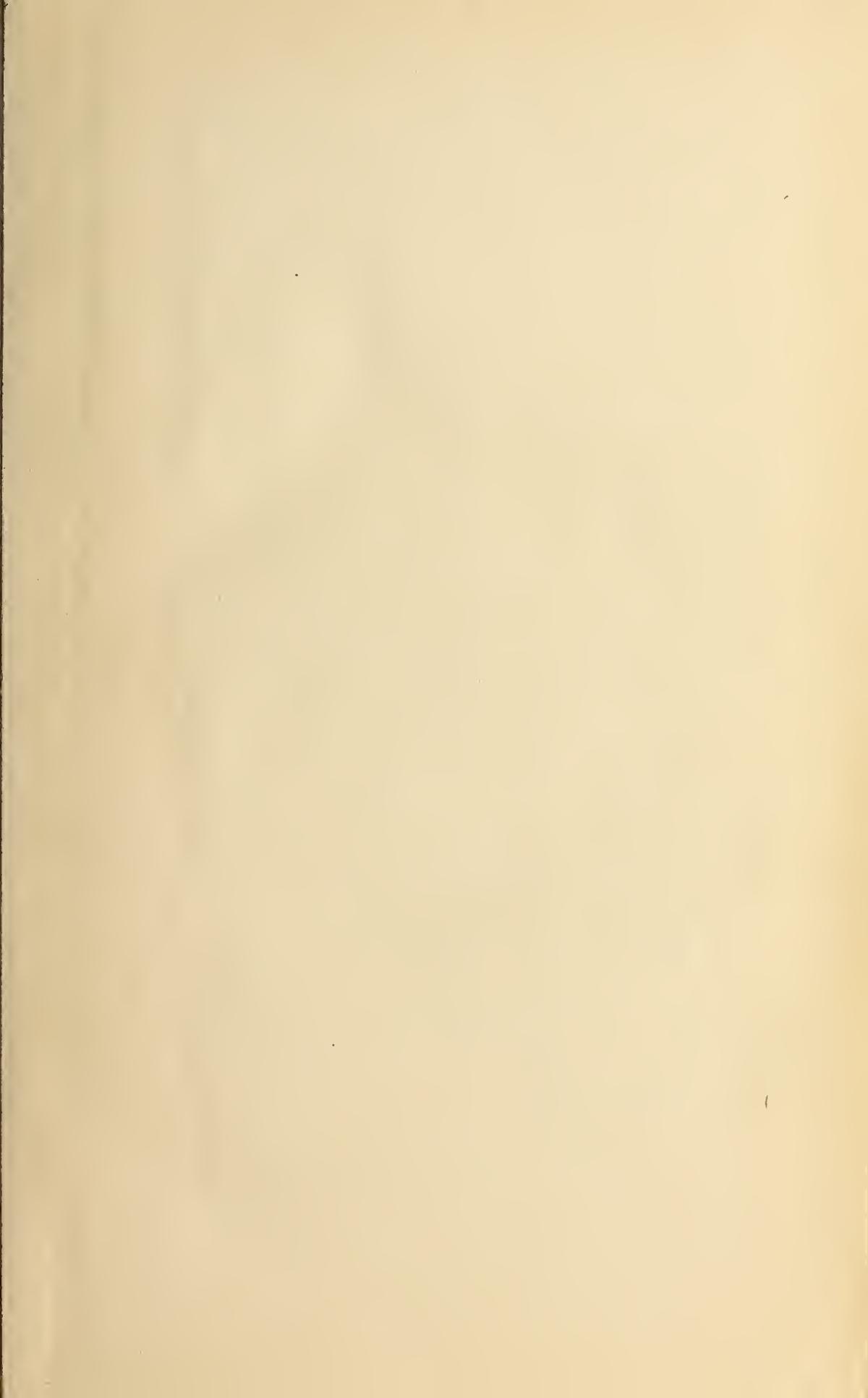
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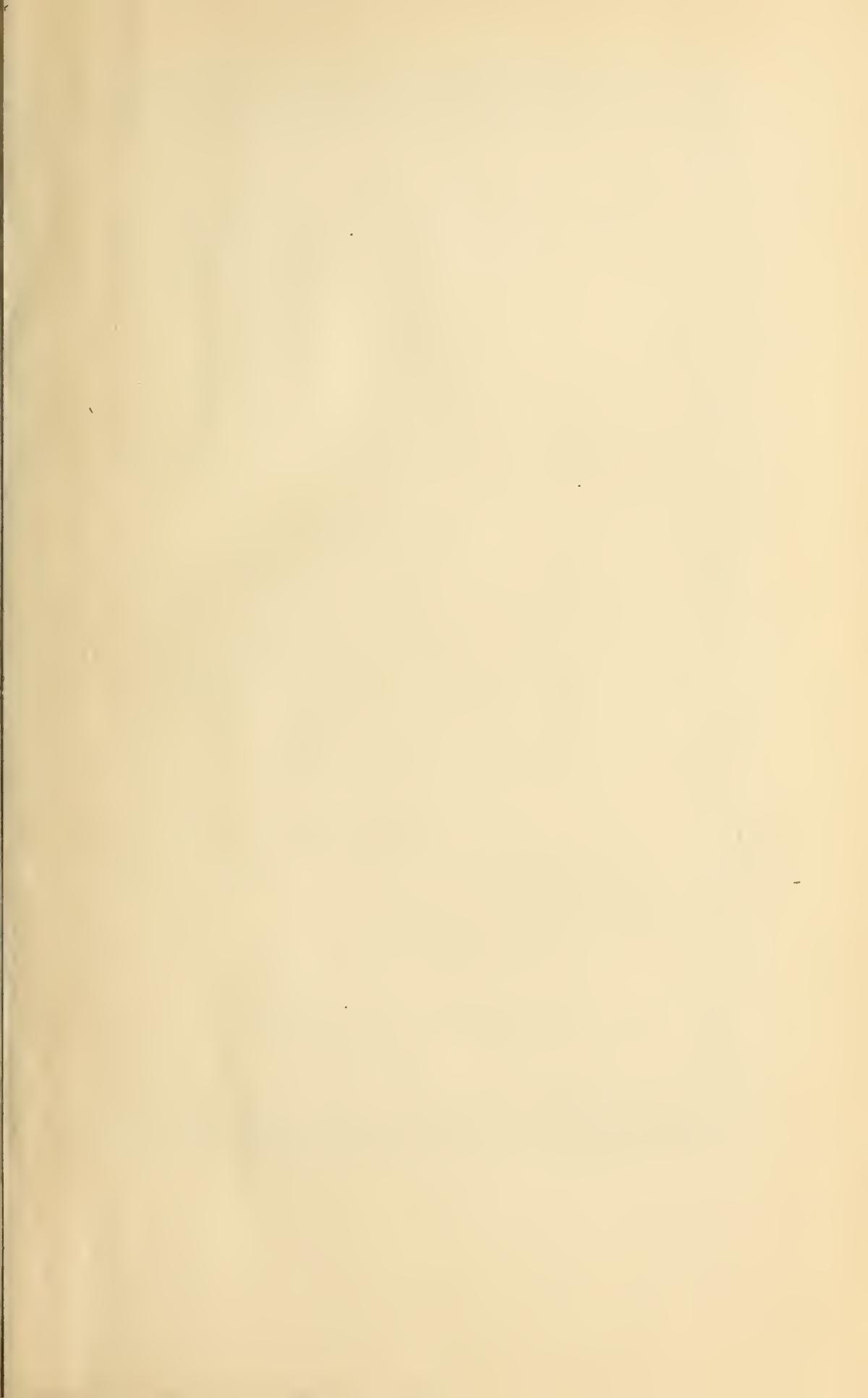
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The
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THE OFFICIAL LITERARY PUBLICATION OF THE STUDENTS OF THE
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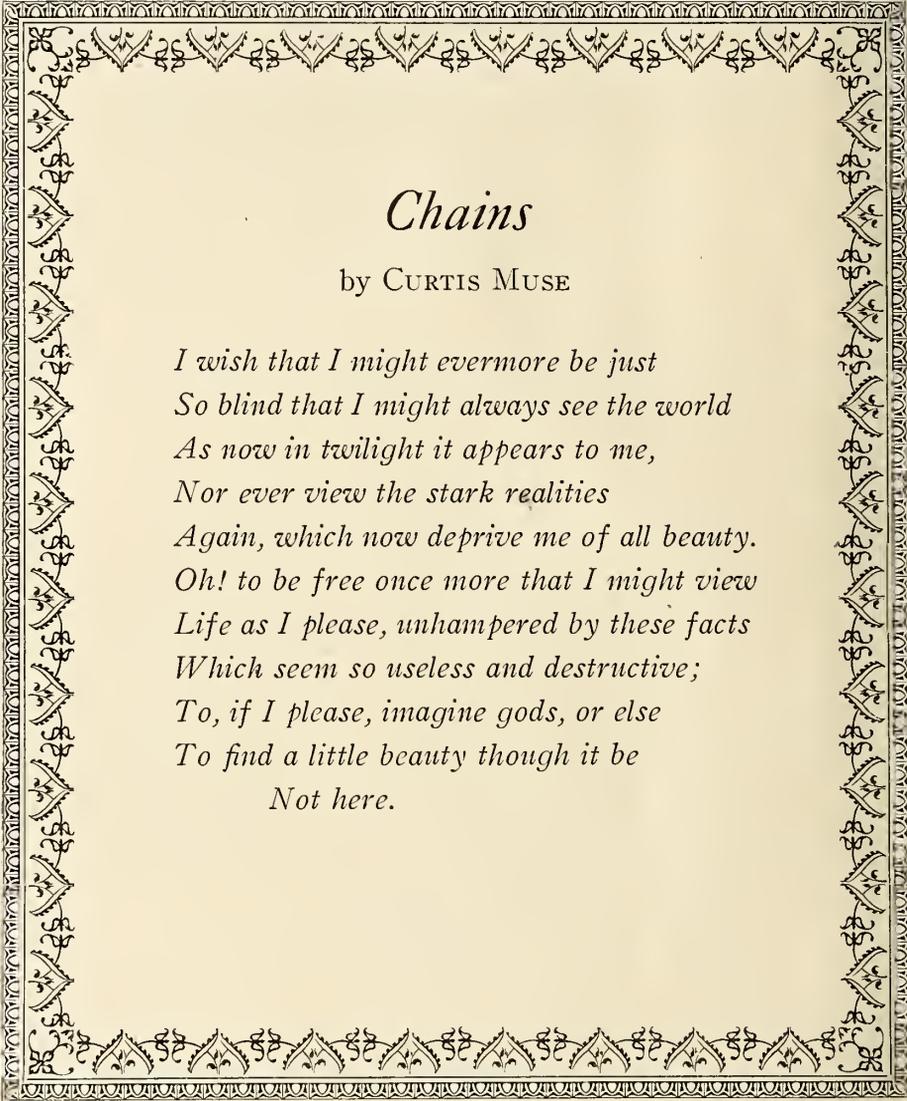
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NUMBER 1

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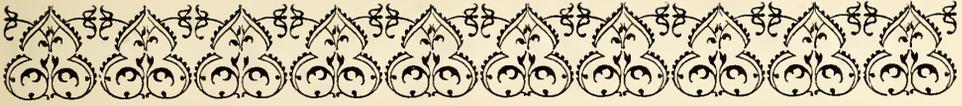
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Chains

by CURTIS MUSE

*I wish that I might evermore be just
So blind that I might always see the world
As now in twilight it appears to me,
Nor ever view the stark realities
Again, which now deprive me of all beauty.
Oh! to be free once more that I might view
Life as I please, unhampered by these facts
Which seem so useless and destructive;
To, if I please, imagine gods, or else
To find a little beauty though it be
Not here.*



Library, Univ. of
North Carolina

THE CAROLINA MAGAZINE



VOLUME 58

NUMBER 1

Three Chinese Maidens

by JOHN W. HARDEN

Gathering from all parts of North Carolina, neighboring states, and even distant countries, the student body for the University's Summer School this year was indeed an interesting group. Among those registered was a Japanese girl, two Indians from North Carolina's Cherokee School, two blind boys who are graduates of the State School for the Blind and who are sophomores here this fall, an elderly teacher who had five children here with her—all taking work in the Summer School, an old gentleman 71 years old who had been following the teaching profession in North Carolina for 40 years, another old gentleman who is 52 years old and who has attended 22 consecutive sessions of the Summer School, and three pretty maidens from far away China. These and many others made up the cosmopolitan group that studied in Chapel Hill this summer.

John W. Harden, of the University News Bureau, met many of these interesting people and gave them and the University considerable publicity with stories and pictures that appeared in the newspapers of the State and were later bought by syndicates and spread to all corners of the United States. He re-tells here for THE CAROLINA MAGAZINE some of the interesting things that he learned from the little Chinese girls.

AMONG the 1500 students who enrolled for University of North Carolina Summer School in June were three delicately tanned girls, slight of build, short of stature, with almond eyes, and very dark glistening hair. They were from far-away China and were here to study and be free from the turmoil that raged in their homeland at that time.

The young women were Misses Vesta Wu, of Harbin; Zang Pung Zein, of Shanghai; and Ling Nyi Vee, of Soo Chow. The first two had been at Randolph-Macon College, of Lynchburg, Va., for the past two years, and the other at Wesleyan College, of Macon, Ga., for the same time. All three took work here that will give them credit toward the diplomas that they expect to get at their respective institutions next spring. All three will graduate in three years instead of the usual four.

After only two years in America they speak excellent English, are clever conversationalists, and think American colleges are "so good."

The young ladies moved about the campus always wearing curious looking native Chinese costumes. These were usually brocaded silk dresses with high collars, long sleeves, and skirts that reached within eight inches of the ground. Two of them bobbed their hair in true flapper fashion, but they would not wear American clothes. Miss Vee explained that one day with: "Such fashions simply are not becoming to us, and no girl wants to wear anything that is not becoming to her."

The one thing that the three liked best to talk about was the present condition of their home country. Miss Vee, perhaps the freest talker,



Above are the three Chinese girls who were students here this summer. They are (left to right) Misses Vesta Wu, of Harbin; Zang Pung Zein, of Shanghai; and Ling Nyi Vee, of Soo Chow.

is positive that American newspapers have very much exaggerated the whole thing. "We get letters from home, and are regular readers of the Chinese newspapers that are sent to us, so we can tell just what the situation is," she declared. "I do think that the situation has been grave, and still is, but not nearly so serious as correspondents of your newspapers would have you believe. There's nothing that can be done about it from the outside, either. China will have to work out these problems alone. Other countries are only aggravating the situation, when they attempt to help—send warships to guard the coast, for instance," she added with a smile.

Miss Zein compared the present situation with the American revolution. "It's not exactly the same," she said, "because America was a new country and it could work out its difficulties so much easier than China, it being the old country that it is. It might be better to say that this is a renaissance in China, or something like the second French revolution."

"The whole situation will work out all right and China will really be benefited by what is going on," was the comment of the third member of the party, Miss Wu.

All three agree on which of the two contending factions they favor. And the party they favor is the popular party throughout China, they say. At the time when the young ladies came here to begin their summer's work the two divisions known as the "Right Wing" and the "Left Wing" were fighting bitterly. The part of China that was on the University campus at that time favored the "Right Wing."

"We believe that they will succeed and that a stable government will soon be established in our country," said Miss Vee at the time. "The 'Left Wing' is the communistic element in China, and our country is not ready for that. We must have the 'Right Wing' in power because they are the conservative element, and it is the steady hand of this party that will finally put China on her feet again.

"Americans do not get a clear picture of the situation," Miss Vee continued, "because it is reported to you from the viewpoint of the missionary and the business man. Missionaries and business men have their view, but sometimes it is biased."

Miss Vee is the only daughter of a wealthy Chinese nobleman. Her father is Z. S. Vee, advisor to the cabinet of former President Yuan, of



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China, who succeeded Sun Yat Sen in 1912. She missed the sheltered life of the Chinese lady, because of her desire to get out and help guide the New China out of its present quagmire. "China's main fight is against ignorance—for all her troubles grow out of that," she says.

In the early summer a letter came from Miss Vee's native land that brought her much anxiety. The radical party, which had come very much under the influence of Soviet Russia, had proposed the confiscation of property, and among those of the aristocracy who were to be dispossessed was Miss Vee's father. This would have been a terrible loss, for the family home itself covered a city block.

All of the Vee family lives under this one great roof. "Sometimes we hardly see each other during the whole year," said Miss Vee. "There is one time when we do all get together, though, and that is at New Year's. On that day each year we all have a big reunion. Each part of our big family has its own quarters and servants, but they are all in the house of the head of the family, and must obey him. If the head of the family has conservative ideas then the whole family is conservative."

The three girls gave many of their ideas about America and American customs. Here are some of them: "In America, custom and tradition do not so completely rule things as in our country. The young people have more pep, and mingle together more than in China. Americans know how to play and be care-free one hour and get back to work with all their attention the next; in this way they are able to accomplish more."

"To be sure we're going home," they all chimed in when asked that question. "We are here to study, and we like it fine, but after all there's no place like home."

"Would you be afraid to go now, with things as disrupted as they are?" they were asked.

"Well it might not be safe, but we would go," said the plucky little Miss Zein. "We wouldn't be afraid to start home right now." And the other two nodded their assent.

The three were very amusing the first day they were in Chapel Hill. They were tired after a whole day of standing in line to get registered, and running about the campus and town getting themselves established for the summer.

"Chapel Hill is very fine," said one—and they all agreed. "The

only thing is that you have to walk so much. All day we have just walked, walked, and walked. The campus 'is pretty and we like it fine—only for the walking.”

One look at their tiny feet, which are perfect in shape, but more of a size to carry a little child about the campus than these young ladies,—even if they were diminutive in size—and it was not hard to understand their objection to the fact that the University has grown and grown until it spreads over considerable territory.



The Loan

by YOUNG M. SMITH

I was walking in Atlanta past a church decayed and dim,
When slowly through the windows came a plaintive funeral hymn;
And my sympathy awakened as my wonder quickly grew
Until I found myself environed in a little negro pew.
Up in front a colored couple sat, in sorrow nearly wild—
On the altar was a coffin,—in the coffin lay a child.
I could picture him while living,—kinky hair, protruding lip;
I'd seen perhaps a thousand such on my Southern trip.
But no baby ever rested in the soothing arms of death
That fanned more flames of sorrow with his little fluttering breath,
And no funeral ever sparkled with a grandeur more profound
Than in these glistening tear-chains that clasped the mourners round.
Rose a sad old colored preacher from the little wooden desk
With a manner grandly awkward, with a countenance grotesque.
He said, "Don't youse be weepin' for dis little bit o' clay,
For the little boy what's been dar done gone and run away.
He was doin' mighty finely and he 'preciates yo' love,
But his sho nuff Father wants him in the big house up above.
He didn't give you dat baby, not by a thousand mile,
He just thought you need some sunshine, and He lent him for a while,
And He let you keep and love him, just the same as 'twas your own
And these silvery tears youse sheddin' is just interest on the loan."

Ode VIII

(Odes of Horace—Book I)

by D. S. GARDNER

Being a translation in the manner of a pedant in the classics, a translation that would probably be very satisfactory, if given on class.

Say unto me, Lydia, by all the Gods, I entreat thee,
Why dost thou hasten to ruin Sybaris through love?
Why does he enduring dust and heat detest the sunny plain?
Why does he neither in martial array ride with friends?
Nor manage the mouths of Gallic steeds with wolf-teeth bits?
Why fears he to touch the Tiber yellow?
Why shuns he the wrestler's olive oil more cautiously
than if it were viper's blood?
Famed for the discus often cast, for the javelin
Often hurled beyond the mark, nor shows his arms
Purple with too much warlike exercise?
Why does he lie hidden, as they say
The son of the marine Thetis did before the tearful
burning of Troy,
Lest a manlike dress should hurry him
To slaughter and the Trojan bands?

Ode VIII

Being a translation in the manner of a Sophomore, who was delighted with the cleverness of Horace and his intensely "modern" attitude of life, but who resented the cut-and-dried translations poured forth laboriously on class.

Lyddy, you've certainly thrown Sybby—

It's a thing that I sure do hate to see—

Now he slings more bull than Armour or Lybby,

But—what a champion he used to be!

He used to whip any boxer, ride any prancer,

As a track man or a wrestler—*quite* sublime,

But now he's just a talker. He thinks a dancer

Is one who shakes the most in the least of time.

He used to have a cauliflowered ear.

His eyes looked like he'd come from a very close election,

But now he's quit that sort of thing, my dear;

He's swapped his coat of tan for a peach-and-cream complexion.

He used to be a handsome, fighting he-man.

Now, by all that's high and mighty up above,

You've made of him a prissy she-man,

And—you've ruined a damned good fellow with your love.

Dental

by DIRL BLETHERS

Tooth paste divorced them.

He would squeeze the tube from the end
And neatly roll it up
As it was emptied.

She squshed it in the middle,
And left it dumb-bell shaped
Without a cap.

Now she uses her mother's Pebeco,
And he his father's Forhan's.



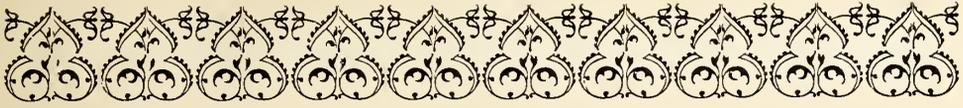
Romanticist and Realist

(Tired Farmer Speaking to a Poet)

by JOSEPH MITCHELL

Yes, spring comes
As other seasons do,
And what it means to me
It does not mean to you.

Skies are beautiful,
I grant you that,
But only three
Of my hogs are fat.



The Kind of Animals We Are

by ELIZABETH BRYAN ROSE

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CHARACTERS—Since most college girls are types, not individuals—striving to imitate each other, assuming protective coloring, they are similarly dressed in striped pajamas, rolled up at the knees and elbows, their hair much disarranged, traces of make-up still on. As their personalities are disclosed to us we find they are:

Mary, frankly what she is

Lib, not quite so much

Barbara, frankly (to others) a bluff

Gladys, total indifference

Jane, full of self-importance and indecision

Hilda, a would-be cynic

TIME—Any night after dates have left in any co-ed summer school.

PLACE—Any room in the Woman's Building.

SETTING—The typical room of a college girl, pausing for six weeks in her flight from place to place. There are two iron beds against the back center wall, a window between them. On the right is a door leading into another room, and on the left is a dresser littered with the paraphernalia necessary to the conventional make-up. Also several pictures of boys.

AUTHOR'S FOREWORD—I haven't any lesson to teach because I haven't learned mine well enough yet. I haven't any morals to point out, because I'm not sure what they are. I haven't even any great truths to uncover—sager minds have and will do that. But I hope that I can write a picture that will give the average girl just as she is to you.

As the curtain rises the girls are sitting on the beds, much general conversation is so prevalent that nothing can be distinguished. (A low roll of thunder is heard off-stage.)

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MARY

Shut up, you fools! Don't you know we'll get reported?

LIB

Oh, who cares about that?

BARBARA

I care about it! I can sure think about things I'd rather do than get put on probation.

GLADYS

Well, if all the dates I have are as boring as the one I had tonight I don't care if we do get put on probation. Boys just make me sick!

LIB

Aw, come on off that stuff, Gladys. Be yourself; you know you like Sammy.

GLADYS

The Hell I do! He gripes me to death!

MARY

O you're just a lot of Bull anyway. Oh Lord! I'll tell the cock-eyed world that Mason don't make me sick! Oh boy, but I like him!

BARBARA

He told me he sho' did like you.

MARY

Lord no! Did he really? I'm afraid he kinder likes Tessie though; 'cause I answered the phone up on the third last night when he was calling her up, and I listened when I found out it was for her. She talked so cute (*mimicing her.*)

BARBARA

Me-ow, dearie! Don't get too catty, or you'll have kittens!

MARY

Well, you'd have done the same thing yourself only you won't admit it.

BARBARA

The Hell I won't! I'll admit anything I've ever done!

LIB

Bologney!

BARBARA

Well, since everybody feels so damn inquisitive, let's have a truth meeting.

GLADYS

I'll not get in any truth meeting!

BARBARA

Oh, be a sport, Gladys. You didn't get necked down tonight, did you?

GLADYS

With that tame little, old boy! Why he don't even know how to hold hands gracefully. He acts like an infant!

BARBARA

I hate amateurs, too. Some boys think they have to neck to be sophisticated. All they think about is how much liquor they can drink, and how hot a date they can get. You can lose your last penny on me, dearie, I haven't kissed a one.

LIB

Truth, Barbara?
(*Distant Thunder.*)

BARBARA

I swear by that thunder, that I haven't kissed a one.

LIB

Go easy on that thunder, dearie. You don't crave storms, you know. But how 'bout their kissing you?

BARBARA

Oh, count it all the same.

MARY

I swear I don't see how you keep from it.

BARBARA

Oh well, there are lots of ways. If you are with very young boys say that you hate crudeness and how much you adore sophisticated men—and they'll be scared to try.

LIB

But how 'bout one of the handsome brutes that thinks he can grab you and make you like it?

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BARBARA

Oh, just laugh at him. No man likes to be laughed at, and anyway he can't kiss you when you're laughing.

MARY

But Summer School's so short—why not get a little pleasure. You can't kiss your home-town boys.

BARBARA

Of course now, if you want to neck it's perfectly all right with me. But I think this promiscuous stuff is DISGUST! Anyway, I'm being true to my B. F. (*Meaning "Boy Friend."*)

LIB

Sarcastically.

Well, dearie, since I have so much IT I'd better prick up and get this. I can't keep the men off.

BARBARA

Well, haven't any of them tried to kiss *me!*

LIB

Sarcastically.

That, of course, is because you know so well how to keep them from it.

MARY

I'd be ashamed to admit that no one had tried to kiss me. I'd write to Dorothy Dix.

(*Thunder.*)

GLADYS

Was that thunder?

LIB

No. Just Barbara choking over her last stammer.

BARBARA

No, you are quite *mistaken*. It was my sudden exclamation of astonishment when I noticed your eyes turn green.

LIB

And why green, pray?

BARBARA

Because you couldn't make a similar statement probably.
At this point, Jane—looking rather gloomy—comes in.

JANE

I'm griped as Hell!

LIB

Hardly Hell! It wouldn't have just that frozen look. Here, take a "cig" and smoke your trouble away. Who's got a match?

BARBARA

Rising.

Can't seem to find one.

MARY

Be a dear, dearie, and go up to your room. You'll find one there.

BARBARA

Go yourself!

MARY

But you are standing up. Can't you see the logic of my statement?

BARBARA

Since I'm so kind-hearted, I'll go.

LIB

Keep it up. It's your surest virtue.

BARBARA

Walking out of the door rather stiffly, attempting hurt dignity, but unable to resist a parting shot.

I wouldn't brag, dearie. I'm not so sure you have any!

Slams the door.

LIB

How's that for a dirty dig? She makes me so God-damn mad! Chanting about her "I won'ts". Believe me, there are two kinds I don't trust and she's one of them!

JANE

Oh, I know about her.

ALL

What do you know?

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JANE

Well, I don't exactly know, but Bob said that his room-mate said that she was some kinder hot and—

Door opens and Barbara comes in.

All look rather guilty and start talking fast.

BARBARA

What are you all talking about now? (*Thunder.*) God, did you hear that?

Here are the matches.

They light up.

LIB

Who has become natural again.

We were just talking about different things.

BARBARA

I bet they were different things if you were doing the talking.

LIB

In sugar-sweet tones.

Well, frankly, dearie, we said that there were two types we did not trust—the one who keeps quiet, and the one who says, "I don't!"

BARBARA

If you were insinuating—

LIB

Sarcastically.

Oh, not at all. I never resort to such subtle means.

MARY

Oh, come on off girls. Kiss and make up.

JANE

Why fight? If you'd had happen to you what happened to me there might be a reason.

Lib and Barbara continue to glare at each other but curiosity gets the best of them.

TOGETHER

What?

(Louder thunder.)

JANE

Well, you know I had a date with Jack tonight. We are supposed to be engaged, you know. I have his pin.

HILDA

Entering.

Greetings! What about a pin? Merely a privilege to neck.

BARBARA

Sour grapes!

HILDA

Sour grapes Hell! Had twelve!

Barbara, who has tried many but never succeeded in getting but one, subsides.

JANE

Anxious to get on with her story.

I won't argue; but he was coming over tonight and here I am and there he is. Stood up when I could have had six dates. (*Thunder much louder.*) Of course, the storm may have kept him away but I never intend to speak to him again. I won't be treated that way by any man. He's not the only one in my address book.

LIZ

That's the spirit, old top! If you mean it. Stick with 'em and fight it out. They sit off and rave about the pure and innocent clinging vine, but just look who steps out. I'm going to have my fun where I find it. And you are pretty apt to find it in a bottle.

GLADYS

Yes. I am, too. I'm going to play until I get tired and then go find some little old boy who don't drink, or neck, or smoke and marry him. (*Thunder.*) God, listen to that! It's getting worse!

HILDA

You'd better save your breath, dearie. God don't know you.

BARBARA

How sacrilegious!

HILDA

You would be so ignorant that you believe in the Bible and all that rot. You better read it before you go to bed. Nice fairy story.

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(*Thunder.*) Well, good-night. I'm going to bed. Maybe, Barbara, you'd better ask this God of yours to call the storm off.

BARBARA

She'll get punished for that.

LIB

And you'll get punished for some of your lies.

BARBARA

You are a damned cat! And I'll have you know—

GLADYS

Girls, girls! Lib, let's go to bed before you two get in a scrap.

JANE

I'll go too.

Exit.

BARBARA

I'll bet she's a hot number.

MARY

About like the rest of us, I imagine.

BARBARA

Of course, if you mean to insinuate—

MARY

I didn't mean to insinuate anything. Brush that chip off your shoulder and let's go to bed. (*Thunder.*) I want to go to sleep. I'm scared of storms.

BARBARA

So am I. But I loathe her! Old hypocrite! Let me tell Bob good-night. (*Goes over to picture. Looks at it and smiles.*) Bob, I'm being true to you.

LIB

Apple-sauce.

BARBARA

Turns out light: crawls in bed.

What did you say?

LIB

I said I wish I had an apple and some salt.



Why the salt?

BARBARA

LIB

I like apples that way, and then one needs a grain of salt around some people.

BARBARA

I think—*(she is interrupted by a loud clap of thunder.)* Oh, Lord! Let's cover up our heads and go to sleep.
(A violent clap accompanied by lightning.)

BARBARA

Lib! Oh, Lib! Please get in bed with me!

LIB

I'm coming!

BARBARA

Oh, shut the windows too. A draught is bad. *Lib closes the windows and gets in bed with Barbara. More thunder.* We ought not to be in this iron bed. I'm going to take off my watch and rings, too. Take those hair-pins out of your hair. *(Door opens suddenly and Gladys and Mary enter. Barbara and Lib scream. Gladys and Lib talking at once.)*

GLADYS AND LIB

We are scared! It's an awful storm.

BARBARA

Come in and keep quiet!
(Lightning.)

MARY

Oh, Lord! Did you hear that?

BARBARA

Don't say that in a storm! The lightnin' may strike you.
(Another flash.)

LIB

Oh, Hell!—done—

BARBARA

Don't Lib! Please, oh, please hush! Don't curse in a storm!
(Crash.)

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GLADYS

That struck somewhere near here!

BARBARA

Let's get on the rubber mat. That's a non-conductor of electricity!
All the girls stand huddled on rubber mat in the middle of the floor.
Another flash throughout the room.

Oh, Lord! Forgive me—please forgive me—

LIB

What's the matter, fool?

BARBARA

Nothing! Oh, Lord!
(More thunder.) Jane and Hilda come in.

HILDA

Jane was scared, so I had to come with her.

JANE

So are you!

HILDA

What am I scared of?

BARBARA

Let's pray!

HILDA

To whom?

(Bad clash of thunder.) (Automobile horn is heard outside.)

BARBARA

For God's sake! Don't get sacrilegious!

(Worse thunder and lightning.)

Come on, let's pray! *(Even Hilda kneels.)* Oh God, forgive me—forgive me! Oh, God, please, please! Let this storm stop. Forgive me! I'll never—

LIB

Barbara!

BARBARA

Don't speak to me!

(Bad flash.)

Forgive me, Lib!

LIB

Barbara, I'm sorry I said what I did. I swear I am.

BARBARA

Oh, don't swear. I'm sorry too, Lib. We were both wrong.

They put their arms around each other. The storm gets worse.

An automobile horn sounds at the same time.

Oh, God! Judgment day! Forgive me for what I've done!

HILDA

God, I'm sorry I blasphemed! I do believe! I'll never say I don't!
Save me, God!

BARBARA

Crying.

MARY

What's the matter, fool?

BARBARA

Oh, please! Stop saying fool! Can't you see God's punishing me.

MARY

What have you done?

BARBARA

Hesitates. (Bad clap of thunder.)

I lied tonight. I haven't been true to Bob. I've kissed every boy
I've had a date with but two and they didn't try. Oh, God, forgive me!
I'll write Bob about it!

LIB

You'd better be asking Bob to forgive you!

(The storm is beginning to subside.)

MARY

You'd better not tell him in the first place.

GLADYS

(Horn sounds again.)

What's that?

BARBARA

Oh my God! It's Gabriel!

All fall in fright.

VOICE

Jane!

JANE
What shall I tell him, Hilda? You talk for me.

HILDA
I'm afraid I won't be going that way. Oh, God, save *me!*

VOICE
Hilda!

HILDA
Yes, Lord!

VOICE
Where's Jane?

JANE
Nervously. Powdering her nose.
Here I am.

VOICE
Louder.
Can you slip out?

HILDA
Sighs.
Oh, Hell! It's only Jack!

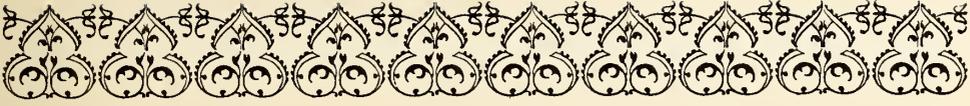
JANE
Yes, Jack. I'll be right down. Will you wait for me?

VOICE
If you hurry!
Jane slips in coat and goes out of window.

BARBARA
And she said tonight she wouldn't ever see him again!

HILDA
That's the kind of animals we all are, dearie!

CURTAIN



A Catalogue Examination

“Ask Me Another?”

by TOM CAPEL

SINCE the cross word puzzle craze passed away publishers have constantly sought to start other crazes; for instance, psychoanalysis and the “Ask Me Another” books.

Certainly the most valuable of these sugar-coated methods of testing our knowledge is the last of these. Strange to say, it has not become so intensely popular.

In the old days every freshman was given the privilege of taking a catalogue examination. That excellent custom, like many others, is little more than a tradition today.

All the freshmen should try their hands at this questionnaire; we dare say, many of the questions will “stump” the learned “Sophs.”

QUESTIONS

1. Who founded the University?
2. What is the founder called?
3. Who was the first president of the University?
4. Did the University close during the Civil War?
5. When was President H. W. Chase inaugurated?
6. When did student government begin here?
7. When was the *Carolina Magazine* founded?
8. When was the *Tar Heel* founded?
9. When was the honor system first adopted?
10. When was our first inter-collegiate debate held?
11. What happened of significance to the University in the year of 1776?
12. What place among state universities does this give us?
13. When and where was the first summer school held?
14. Who was Hinton James?
15. Name five secretaries of the navy who matriculated at the University.
16. Name some famous North Carolina governors who matriculated here.
17. Have we any presidents of the U. S. Senate?



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18. Give the names of one president and one vice-president of the United States who have been University alumni.
19. What chief justice of state supreme courts went to Carolina?
20. Have we had any United States senators?
21. How many presidents of colleges and universities have we had?
22. How many foreign ministers and consuls have we given to the nation?
23. What is Golden Fleece?
24. What is Phi Beta Kappa?
25. What does Tau Kappa Alpha signify?
26. What does Sigma Upsilon signify?
27. What is the purpose of Amphoterothern?
28. Are there any professional fraternities?
29. What is the Pan-Hellenic Council?
30. Who arranges inter-collegiate debates?
31. Where is the only place in Chapel Hill a student may find the best literary productions, and may comfortably read and smoke as much as he likes? Who was it organized by?
32. What book of recent years concerning the south today gives an entire chapter to the University and Chapel Hill?
33. What recent historical novel has its setting in N. C., and mentions the University of other days?
34. For what things is Archibald Henderson noted?
35. William DeB. MacNider?
36. Collier Cobb?
37. Horace Williams?
38. H. V. Wilson?
39. F. P. Venable?
40. Addison Hibbard?
41. Howard Odum?
42. What member of the faculty was elected to the American Academy of Scientists with Thomas A. Edison last spring?
43. What member of the faculty recently wrote the life of Henry Ford?
44. Who is editor of the nationally important "Social Forces"?
45. What column of literary criticism published weekly in twenty-odd newspapers is edited by a Carolina professor?
46. Who founded the University's widely known Bureau of Extension?
47. What former professor is now a noted journalist?
48. What professor is a nephew of Woodrow Wilson?
49. Who first filled the position of Dean of Students?
50. What does it mean to be a Kenan professor?
51. Who was our first professor?
52. What are the nick-names of these professors: Carroll, Bernard, Noble, T. J. Wilson, Jr., H. V. Wilson, Bradshaw, Hibbard, Coffin?

ANSWERS

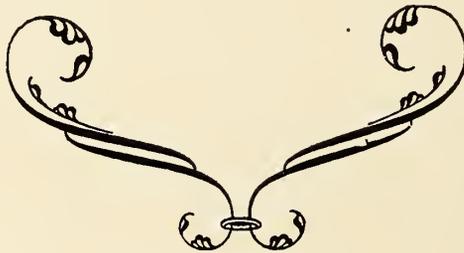
53. What dean of a school has there been who has not an A.B. degree?
 54. Who has gained national recognition by the Carolina Playmakers?
 55. Who is Hatcher Hughes?
 56. Who is Paul Green?
1. Davie.
 2. Father of the University.
 3. David Caldwell.
 4. Yes. 1870 and 1875.
 5. April 28, 1920.
 6. 1795 in literary societies.
 7. 1844.
 8. 1893.
 9. 1876.
 10. 1897.
 11. University required in state constitution.
 12. Oldest state university.
 13. Here, 1877.
 14. First student here.
 15. Branch, Mason, Graham, Dobbins, Daniels.
 16. Branch, Swain, Graham, Scales, Aycock, Kitchen.
 17. Yes; Willie P. Mangum and W. R. King.
 18. James K. Polk, president; W. R. King, vice-president.
 19. Walter Clark, North Carolina; A. L. Fitzgerald, Nevada; T. E. Cooper, Mississippi.
 20. Yes, 16 served for a total of 175 years.
 21. Fourteen including presidents of North Carolina State, Davidson, Wake Forest, Virginia, Tulane, Antioch, Miami, Texas, Wofford, Georgia A. and M.
 22. Thirty.
 23. Senior honorary organization composed of most representative men.
 24. National scholarship fraternity.
 25. That a student has been in an inter-collegiate debate or oratorical contest.
 26. That a student has shown literary abilities.
 27. To study problems of citizenship and extemporaneous speaking.
 28. Yes; two or three for each school.
 29. Council composed of one member from each fraternity.
 30. The debate council composed of four students and three faculty members.
 31. Bulls Head book shop organized by H. M. Jones.
 32. "The Advancing South," by Edwin Mims, of Vanderbilt, formerly of Carolina.
 33. "Marching On," by James Boyd, of Southern Pines, N. C.
 34. Letters and mathematics.
 35. Medical research.
 36. Geology and shore lines.

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37. Philosophy.
38. Biology.
39. Chemistry.
40. The foremost southern literary critic.
41. Sociology.
42. H. V. Wilson.
43. J. G. deR. Hamilton.
44. Howard Odum.
45. The "Literary Lantern," by Dr. Adams.
46. L. R. Wilson.
47. Gerald Johnson.
48. George Howe.
49. Frank Graham.
50. Recognition and extra salary.
51. David Kerr.
52. "Dud" Carroll, "Bully" Bernard, "Billy" Noble, "Tee Jay" Wilson, "Froggy" Wilson, "Mother" Bradshaw, "Pop" Hibbard, "Oc" Coffin.
53. M. C. S. Noble of the School of Education.
54. F. H. Koch.
55. Famous dramatist. Winner of Pulitzer prize. Formerly a student of Carolina.
56. Author of "In Abraham's Bosom" which won Pulitzer prize. Philosophy professor.





Hell's Bells
or
What Keeps The Bell Boy Busy

(Being the true confessions of a summer resort bell hop)

by WALTER SPEARMAN

The scene begins in hotel lobby but, following the bell boy, it changes as the bells demand. Bell boy sits twiddling his thumbs, reading College Humor, and kidding the hotel stenographer. One eye is on the bell board and one ear inclined in a listening attitude for the buzz that means business.

Buzz! Buzz! Buzz! goes the bell—Bell boy wanted in Room 119. With as much deliberation and dignity as can be mustered, off goes the bell boy up the stairs and along the hall.

Room 119—"Ice water, please."

Buzz! Buzz! Room 35—The door opens in a modest crack and there appears the head of a woman—if one might so name the possessor of that bony, angular face whose hardness of outline was unbroken, save for the large, hairy wart on one cheek. With the left hand clasping the high collar of a woolen bathrobe close about her heavily wrinkled neck, and the right holding a jewelled lorgnette to her eyes she stood looking the bell boy over from the brass button on his cap to the brand new shine upon his shoes.

"Humph," she ejaculated, "you took long enough to get here! I want you to raise that window. How do you expect me to sleep without any air in this room? Well, don't stand there staring like a fool! And tell the maid to bring me four more towels—I never saw such abominable service anywhere in all my life! Oh—er boy, who—er—occupies that room next door? A gentleman, you say? Well, you

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needn't stand there and tell me he's a gentleman! Do you know what that man did last night? Why I caught him looking through the key-hole into my room! I want you to stop up that keyhole tonight so his unpardonable behavior will not annoy me again. What can you use? Why you might use that big wad of chewing gum which you are smacking with such vulgarity! Now that's done—perhaps I can sleep in peace tonight—if those horrid mosquitoes don't bother me again. Well, what are you waiting for? Oh, I suppose you want a tip, eh? Everywhere I turn there's somebody trying to get money out of me. All right, here's a nickel—but it's just highway robbery!—Now what in the world made that boy leave?" But only the slam of the door answered her, so she pocketed her nickel again.

Buzz! Buzz!—Room 25—"Bring me some hot water and make it snappy!"

Buzz! Buzz!—Room 311—"Here, boy, take these shoes and get them shined."

Buzz! Buzz!—Room 405—"Boy, call me at 5:30 in the morning and be sure that I get up—I've got to make that 6:00 train. Damn these early trains anyhow!"

Buzz! Buzz!—Room 91—"Bring me an apple, boy."

Buzz! Buzz!—Room 39—"Run downstairs and get me two packages of Camels and a bottle of ginger ale."

Buzz! Buzz!—Room 138—"Say, Boy, I want some cracked ice and the quicker you get it here the bigger tip you'll get. See this here dollar bill? Well, it's yours if you jus' hurry that ice up a lil' bit. Unnerstan? Lishen here, boy, you look like a bright shorta chap, d'you think I'm drunk? Why I never have been more sober in all my life and this bloomin' cuss sittin' here on the bed 'cuses me of bein' drunk—*me*, William McKinley Briggs, Esq. Me thash always been an honest to goodnesh hard working man ever since I wasn't no biggern you, kid. Why I can member jus as plain way back in the days—SAY, boy, have you got that cracked ice? Well, whynhell don't you get it?"

Buzz! Buzz!—Room 41—"My dear, I wonder if you could find me a toothbrush? You know I packed in such a hurry that I just left mine at home."

Buzz! Buzz!—Room 3—"Can you get me something to read? I don't care what it is if it just has a red cover to match this dress."

Buzz! Buzz!—Room 48—“Run over to the postoffice and get me a two-cent stamp.”

Buzz! Buzz!—Room 314—“See that my breakfast is sent up to me in the morning—and tell the girl to have the coffee good and hot.”

Buzz! Buzz!—Room 139—A quaint old Dutch-German couple greet the bell boy with a look of consternation on their simple friendly faces—“Ach, eet vas a meestake, my poy, ve deen't vant notting at all. Bertha, she vas chust alooking for de ting vot makes eet light oop—und she heet on dis lettle bell. Put vy don't you coom on in and share dis nize Limburger cheese und beer und pretzels mit us? You look like a nize poy—vere you from? Nort' Ca'lina? Vy my poy worked in Nort' Ca'lina once! I vunder eef you know heem—hees name vas Jeemy Gung —”

Buzz! Buzz!—Room 9—“Here, son, take this dollar bill and get it changed for me.”

Buzz! Buzz!—Room 157—“Hey, have you got a bottle opener? Well, here, open this bottle of beer for me. Have a drink?”

Buzz! Buzz!—Room 71—“For Gosh sake, get me a needle and thread quick; I've got to sew up this hole in my pants in time to catch a date!”

Buzz! Buzz!—Room 85—“You tell that damned chief that I don't want any more roast beef like he served today. Why, that's enough to ruin the digestion of an elephant!”

Buzz! Buzz!—Room 48—“Oh, little boy, will you get me some bird seed for my canary? The little dear is *so* hungry.”

Buzz! Buzz!—Room 36—A tired but rather sweet feminine voice: “Can you open this door for me? I'm locked in and can't get out. How did it happen? Why—er—I must have—well, the truth is my husband went out and locked the door. I wish you would go out and find him, too. He's probably up on the third floor in a poker game. Tell him that I am sick and need him right away. No, come back here—don't bother—it's no use. I know he won't come—not even if he thinks I am sick. But I do get so lonesome here in this room all day and all night by myself. Won't you come in and talk to me for awhile? I've simply *got* to talk to someone or I'll go crazy!”

Buzz! Buzz!—Room 15—“I wish you would tell that orchestra not to play 'Carry Me Back to Ole Virginy'—My husband's first

wife was from Virginia and that piece always makes him think of her."

Buzz! Buzz!—Room 99—"Say, boy, find me a can opener, will you?"

Buzz! Buzz!—Room 123—"Come in here and sit on these trunks to help me get them closed."

Buzz! Buzz!—Room 210—"Send these shirts to the laundry, and see that they get back by Wednesday."

Buzz! Buzz!—Room 241—"Boy, see if you can stop those blamed cats from yowling all night under my window."

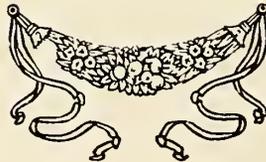
Buzz! Buzz!—Room 301—"Get me a mustard plaster for my chest, boy."

Buzz! Buzz!—Room 109—"Say listen, hoppie, we've just been having a little argument and we want you to settle it. How many bottles of beer can a camel drink?"

Buzz! Buzz!—Room 5—"Look here, buddie, what's the name of that little blonde who stays in the office? Here's a dollar for you if you get me a date with her."

Buzz! Buzz!—Room 72—"Ice water, please."

AND SO ON, FAR INTO THE NIGHT!!





*The Geisha**

by TOM QUICKEL

A FOGGY mist of rain was putting a drooping, sordid look on the street as John Stephens strolled out into the depressing mid-winter night. This was one of those typical mid-Pacific rains which affected one's spirits as it did the earth. He had just come from the light of the long low building. He worked his way in and out among the cosmopolites of the night life, intent upon their own pleasures. His head drooped, his cap was pulled low to meet the up-turned collar of his coat. As he walked thus in the rain and chill of the evening he seemed to be but a part of the depressing weather and the darkness of the night. Further up in the narrow street the crowds were slighter, he walked with more ease; the streets that he passed had grown less dim and woe-begone, but his spirits were depressed; his heart and thought were far away, and duty was odious to him tonight.

At last he crossed a low arched, rustic bridge and walked up a nicely graveled path, bordered with the warm glow of dimly lighted, Japanese lanterns. In a large, many-gabled house in front of him he knew that a low-toned buzzer announced his coming, as his foot falls met the gravel of the path. It was not always that he ambled aimlessly along this walk up to the door of "Masaki's." Tonight he seemed to dread it; to be as depressed as the night was dreary.

The front door was held slightly ajar as he crossed the broad, dimly lighted porch. Inside was warmth and the coziness of home, a faint entrancing odor of incense, wine, tea, and beautiful women. As he stood adjusting his vision to the lights, the twang of a steel guitar and the soft, throaty notes of a murmuring ukulele floated on the fragrant mist of incense from behind the mystic, silken hangings—the partitions of many rooms. All of this seemed to be more real and

* A Japanese singing and dancing girl.

alive tonight than it had before, so much so that he was about to forget his customary salutation to the old doorman.

"W-e-e-ll M-e-ster 'Chaun' have not his one coat off?" It was Chong, the old doorman, the keeper of the admittance bar, and the identifier of each man who came up the gravel walk, who called "Mr. John" back to life. Without a word he slipped out of the yellow oil-skin that he wore and left it with his cap in Chong's keeping.

From behind one of the gorgeous hangings of heavily embroidered, black silk stepped a lovely oriental girl of about nineteen "Cherry Blossom Seasons." The soft yellow light of the room behind her, as she stood for only a moment framed in the light, gave one the thrill of beauty and charm that soothes and tempts one's very soul. She moved to meet "Mr. John" as he lifted his head and stepped toward the lounge, or Tea Room.

"My fri-e-nd sad tonight? For why?" O Hana's soft, sweet voice set "Mr. John's" jerking nerves at rest. She laid a delicately long-fingered hand on his shoulder and led him to the matting and the comfortable coziness of the cushions on the floor in the lounge. O Hana softly recited an accompaniment to the floating music from one of the by-rooms. As she gracefully sat down upon one of the cushions, she reached for a mandolin that lay near. "Mr. John" watched her with half-closed eyes; there was grace, subtle charm, and attraction in O Hana's movements. Without a word he laid his hand on her arm, slowly, by a nod, restraining her.

"Mr. Chaun, h-e no like?"

"O Hana, I do like your music, but not tonight."

With a sort of coquettish nod, O Hana dropped her eyes and smiled. She was content to sit and look up at "Mr. John"; he was glad, for tonight he was excited; he wanted peace.

Why was he there? What was it the chief had said? Ah, yes, he remembered now! How could he forget? Yes, he was there to spy, to stab from the rear, to slip up behind these whom he had learned to love—Chong, Haruko, Misao, O Hana, and the rest. O Hana—yes, he had learned to love them; now that the time to hand them over to the law was drawing near he realized it. How it stunned him, this realization that he was a rat, a sneaking spy, winning only to betray to the heartless clutches of the law, a hypocritical law, an unfair, a mock justice.



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The girl beside him rose, with her hand on his shoulder and her lips close to him. "Mr. John,"—caught in the midst of his reverie—, had to put a supporting hand at her waist. Languid brown eyes, kin to black, were close to his now, seeking, speaking with emotion. Tender stroking fingers found the line of "Mr. John's" stern, hard set jaw, his hair—then with a quick little twist O Hana was gone.

The words of the chief rang again in his ears, "Stephens, we've got to get the goods on 'em. Masaki's place has got to be closed. It's up to you!" The thought struck a chill to John Stephens' spine. A raid! That dainty little body, O Hana seared, crushed, was she guilty for Masaki's crime? What would it cost the big boss of the Japanese quarter? Only a few of his many dollars. Years of service with the "force" could not kill his consciousness of duty. He must get the evidence tonight,—he would!

Silken curtains parted, the fresh odor of tea, and the gliding of sandaled feet brought O Hana back to "Mr. John's" side. The tea was left on a taborette, O Hana sat again beside him. Without fear or doubt she slipped an arm through "Mr. John's" and laid her pretty, sleek, black head on his shoulder, drew the folds of the light blue kimono closer about her. As she looked into his face the soft light and the charm of her eyes seemed to grow cold, to freeze. John Stephens saw himself again as "Federal Agent," heard the words of the chief in his ears again. Now he saw the treachery of this geisha, if once roused to slay, if once her confidence were broken, her faith shattered. His sense of duty revolted against this attachment for O Hana; conscious struck as he looked down into her eyes the Oriental beauty that was there turned to poison fangs. Anguish clutched at his heart! His glance at the dim lantern on the low, teak table changed to a stare of horror;—the lamp was alive! In it he saw O Hana's face, cold as steel now, the love was gone, there were daggers of hate instead, cold curved daggers, phials of poison were in her eyes now! If she only knew why he was there, why he had been there so often these past few weeks,—but she did not know,—the image of horror slowly faded, the lantern became what it was.

Soft lights, entrancing odors of incense, the charm of the room, the flowers, Hibiscus and Syria, the tall vases set here and there on taborettes of mellowed fragrant wood, the simmering tea urn, O Hana;—all this held John Stephens.

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Without a word O Hana rose from the floor beside "Mr. John" and with graceful swinging steps whirled into the center of the room. The flowing folds of her kimono parted with the dancing steps; a perfect form peeped through, an elusive flash and it was gone—round and round the room it whirled, then came back to stop in front of the man who still sat in solemn quietness. From the grace of the dance O Hana swung into the slow, sensual movement of the hulu hulu. Every muscle, every fibre of her body quivered, nearer and nearer she moved! "Mr. John" was on his feet now—with one sweeping reach he caught her, drew her close, and read the depth of her eyes. As suddenly as he had caught her up, she sank to the floor. "Mr. John" moved the tea urn near and sat again beside the geisha.

As he looked around the room, his eye caught the rustle of a curtain, which was one of many that hung from the high mysterious ceiling to the floor—light grey, red, gold and purple. Behind each of these was a scene similar to that to which he had just been a party. Each of the curtains of beauty hid an opium pipe, a decanter of "bootleg" wine or whiskey. Why not, was it not as men desired? Were these geisha girls, the odor of opium, the faint breath of sandalwood incense, not the longing of those who had nothing more? Thousands of miles from loved one's, if they ever had any, social outcasts, all of them. Here they found their only recreation, their only pleasure, in this lonely mid-Pacific city. Could he, a man who desired as much as they, rob them of their only relief from loneliness? Could he keep faith with his chief or should he keep faith with O Hana? He was torn with doubt, indecision, and fear.

"I'm a cad, a rotter! Why am I in this plot to trap these? If I could only deliver the goods and keep O Hana out of the raid; but I can't do that,—No, impossible. I say, John Stephens, what about it, jail, ruin for O Hana, Old Chong, and the rest, or—?"

"M-e-e-ster Chaun verr quiet tonight,—O Hana—want h-e-e-m to smile,—wine?"

"No, I must go now."

"Mr. Chaun can no go—O Hana she no like hem go." Her little body was in his lap, her pretty head close to his heaving chest restraining him.

"Ma-b-e-e he-e-m want pipe, want sleep,—dream,—forget." She moved as if to rise.

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For a single instant John Stephens thrilled, here was the evidence he wanted, an opium pipe offered to his care. Yes, he wanted a pipe. O Hana moved without a backward glance toward the mystic walls of the silken room. Ha, he was about to win from the struggle that was burning within his soul.

Suddenly with no warning sound there came a cry of horror from somewhere among the by-rooms; into the light of the lounge flew the disheveled and terror-stricken form of a half crazed, half-clad geisha. Close behind her staggered an attacking American patron; a beast in human form, mad with lust. John Stephens with a single step came between the pair; the girl disappeared. With vice-like firmness and a suddenness of rushing wind one long sweep of a maul-like fist found the point of the fiend's chin. A hollow thud—a groan—on the floor a limp form.

"Well, that's that. This place ought to be closed—it will be." He called, "Chong!"

The kindly old doorman, with his hands crossed on his pouch, head cocked to one side and with admiration in his slant eyes, came to the huddled form of the unconscious man on the floor.

"M-e-e-ster Chaun h-e h-e-ap b-e-e-g man—" then pointing with a talon like finger to the man on the floor, "H-e-em sleep now." With a cracked chuckle Chong drew the limp man from the lounge back into the hiding curtains of the by-room.

O Hana, too, had stood in the door and had watched with admiration in her eyes. Now she came to stand with upturned face, pursed, rose-bud lips, and with love in her soft eyes. She laced her fingers behind "Mr. John's" head—"Than-k-e-e, Chaun, O Hana sh-e proud for h-e-e-m.—Pipe now?" John Stephens made no move to kiss the tempting lips so fully offered.

"No, not tonight, I must go now."

From pursing, tempting lips they changed to pouting; disappointment, wonder, and doubt transformed O Hana's eyes to narrow slits. As he moved toward the door the pretty little temptress tripping close at his heels, her soft sandals seeming to plead as he walked, plead with him to stay, to say that sweetest of things, to hold her close, or to take her with him. Did the patter of her sandals say all that or was it his own emotions that tempted him?



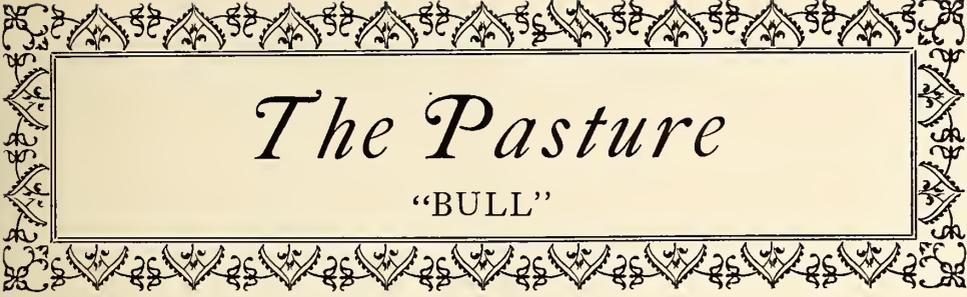
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Chong, with admiration and joy, helped him with his oilskin; the little geisha, with questioning, worried eyes, seemed to hold him. Something snapped in the soul of John Stephens, in an instant he had turned, held the pretty upturned face in his big hands—softly—and long—he kissed the curve of her rosy lips. “Tomorrow I come again, Watashi-no-hana,” (My little flower).

Outside the night had changed, the moon hung low, just above the white cap waves of the Pacific, the stars studded the dome of night and found their reflection in the rain drops that hung hesitatingly on the broad, waxy palm leaves, like diamonds here and there. The air had lost its confining, soggy feeling; the west held in the arch of the sky one of the rare treats of the mid-Pacific, the awe-inspiring splendor of “Lunar Rainbow,” as “Mr. John” walked briskly back to the low building with “Rooms for Rent,” straggling faintly across the front.

John Stephens was forgotten by the department. Tomorrow never brought “Mr. Chaun” to O Hana, but memories of him will never fade from the heart of the geisha.





The Pasture

“BULL”

All the world's a pasture,
And the Editor,—just Bull.



“Come right in and park yourself! Busy? Sure, but did you ever see us when we weren't? There is always time though to tear off a few minutes of the old bull.” “What?” “Certainly, lie down on the bed, if you want to, but keep your feet off the counterpane and those cigarette ashes off my pillow.” “How is the MAGAZINE coming along, did you ask?” “Tolerable, just tolerable.” “No, it hasn't any ‘policy’—watch out or you'll get me in a bull-session.”

“We have no great mission in life, no gospel of campus salvation, no universal cure-all, no positive panacea, no blue-print for humanity. Nothing gripes us more than a glaring headline ‘Editor Changes Policy.’ Editors have always changed ‘policies,’ and ‘policies’ have always remained relatively unchanged. Every editor, almost, has had some scheme or plan for revolutionizing the campus, and revivifying intellectual and literary interests on the campus. There have been momentary outbursts,—flutters of adolescent genius,—then back to the even tenor of our plodding ways. We do not expect the student body to turn as a man to writing, nor do we expect to hear the names of E. M. Roberts, E. A. Robinson, Ellen Glasgow, Louis Bromfield *et al.* bandied casually back and forth by undergraduates generally. We know that ‘The Road to Xanadu’ is more likely to suggest a Rand-McNally map than a fascinating, a delightful, contemporary masterpiece dealing with the ever-interesting figure of Coleridge; ‘Time of Man’ does not suggest itself by its title as being the successor to ‘Tess of the d'Urbervilles’; few students would recognize ‘God's Trombones’ as being an excellent volume of negro sermons in verse; ‘Shadows Waiting’ would fall as meaningless words before the majority of students. However, if the students do not wish to turn to these rich treasures, far be it from us to bully and harangue them. For those who take pleasure in creative writing, who dabble in literature, who are striving to express their moods, emotions and attitudes with grace, or power, the MAGAZINE is ever waiting. The MAGAZINE is here as a laboratory for the undergraduate with literary inclinations; eternally encouraging those who delight in literary craftsmanship, the MAGAZINE believes that, if you are *sincere* and portray *truthfully* what you have felt or seen, you are on the right road toward good writing.”



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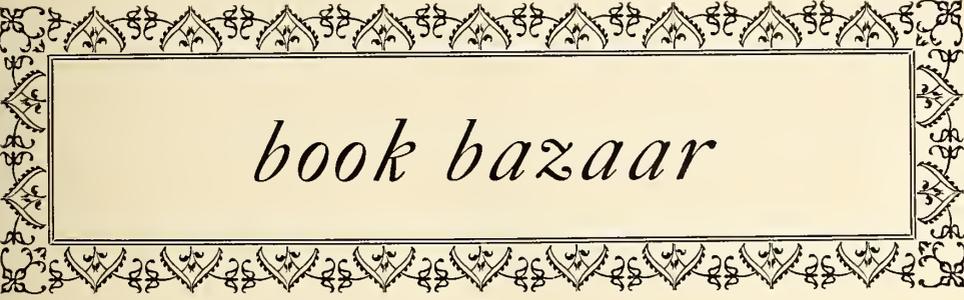
"What is the criterion of good writing?" "Watch out, don't burn my pillow. Hold that match 'til I get a light. Thanks. Well, *truth* is the only real test that I know, and truth is relative, varying somewhat with each reader. Does the work ring true to life? Is the author honest and frank, or is he ejecting flowery bombast and writing conventional, sentimental rot? How much *sincere feeling* is there in the writing, that is, do you *feel* with him, or his characters? These are the only standards I know.

"No, never write just to toy with words and build delicate or colorful phrases. Sophistication too often makes monstrosities of literary creations. Don't write simply to write; write only when you have something to say. If you have something to say, and want to say it bad enough, style will follow as a matter of course. Don't imitate styles, for styles are simply the personalities of the writers expressing themselves. Seek your own style within you; let your words be in accord with your subject matter, seeking ever simplicity and clarity. A perfect style is always natural; there is no exaggeration or straining for effect. Style is simply your *writing* personality."



"What is literature, but the diary of humanity? If it is no more, then its test is *reality*, the truthfulness of the depiction. Literature, just as life, is often robust, more often gay, sometimes meditative, sometimes even romantic. The swashbuckling romances speak as no man ever spoke and are filled with violence, though the life of man generally has little bloodshed, force, and violence. They are untrue, just as the conventional love stories are untrue with their fusty 'lived happy ever after' atmospheres. These are warped interpretations of life. In the same way sex is being overdone. 'It is sex o'clock in literature.' The fashionable insistence upon sex is producing a distorted view of life by its overemphasis. This is no defense of mealy-mouthed false modesty, but shouldn't sex in literature have about the same emphasis as in actual life? We are neither monsters of virtue, nor are we human billy-goats. Perhaps the stress of modern literature upon sex is a result of our national prudery conflicting with modern youth, but sex is so elemental and the reader is so easily stirred that perhaps W. D. Howells was right when he referred to it as the cheapest of literary sports. It is certainly true that the best undergraduate writing here is shot through with sex; unless well handled too much sex becomes revolting. One becomes satiated with even a good thing, if there is too much of it.

"Without being an enthusiastic realist, can one not say that the 'true to life test' is the best test we have for literature? Certainly, dilettantes and would-be, ultra-modern connoisseurs too often desert the real for the artificial, making pretense of a great relish for highly seasoned literary condiments, meanwhile smirking at the turnip greens and corn pones, which appeal to the ordinary man of the streets."



book bazaar

Romances of Yesteryear

MARCHING ON. By James Boyd. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York City. \$2.50.

"Watch James Boyd," says John Galsworthy. Hereafter, "Read James Boyd" is going to be the word with us. We have just finished the second volume of what we hope, and trust, will be a trilogy. The first was *Drums*, which dealt with the Revolutionary War. This one, *Marching On*, is a story of the south, of romance, of youth, and of the Civil War. Boyd's work has the range of an opera tenor, from the deep, stirring tones of drama to the melodious aria of love and young blood.

The book held a double interest for us. James Boyd is a North Carolinian, whose home is at Southern Pines. The story has North Carolina, principally, for its setting, the action never getting further north than Richmond. The Frazer family figures in *Marching On* just as it did in *Drums*. James Frazer, the hero, is a descendant of the Franzers of *Drums*. The locale is familiar. Several scenes are in Wilmington; Bingham's old Academy, and our own Chapel Hill are mentioned.

Here is a vibrant, colorful, sweeping bit of writing with some humor deftly handled; here are remarkable character etchings and descriptive passages that reach a high level of artistry; notably, the funeral of Sal Scroggs and the word pictures of the southern plantations. Boyd's pen is as versatile as it is facile. One can smell the smoke of his battle scenes, the apple pie in his kitchens, and the jasmine in his gardens. He juggles a bloody sabre in one hand and gently strokes a dew moistened rosé with the other. Here is a gallery of human portraits so penetrating and vivid, so real, that one forgets that their blood is printer's ink. The lovely heroine, Stewart Prevost, must take a high place among the women of literature.

The story? Well, the Franzers are honest and hard working, all but "po" white. James is young, handsome and husky. The Frazer place joins Beaumont, the Prevost plantation. Once on an errand of protest (one of the Prevost "niggers" had trespassed), James hears the voice of Stewart speak one word—"hush"—and though he does not see her, the voice haunts him. His first sight of her proved that her charm of person far exceeded her vocal charm. Love assails him; queer emotions beset him; his actions puzzle his plodding, prosaic parents. Here is the

old problem of social status. Finally, James goes to Wilmington and becomes a railroad man. Years of longing and loneliness; then the Civil War. James welcomes it, joins the Cape Fear Rifles, encamped at Beaumont and under the command of Stewart's brother, Charles. He sees Stewart once more, then off to the war. Marching! Weeks, years, centuries and eons, it seems, of hot, sore, sweating, dog-tired men who march, their brains too numb to think and their muscles too stiff to do anything but march,—and that solely because they are in a mob that moves forward by its own inertia. Living Hell in a prison camp, the surrender, and then—but that's what you read the book for.

Anyway, when a fellow wants us to read a book (whether he is from "Thoitythoid Ave-noo" or not), he will offer us a real inducement when he says,—“It's a Boyd.”

William Burton



He Is Risen

BROTHER SAUL. By Donn Byrne. The Century Company, New York. 487 pp.
\$2.50.

Color! Imperial power! Vivid portraiture! Donn Byrne has breathed into the figure of Saul of Tarsus the warmth and the glow of life. The alchemy of Byrne's story-telling gift has transmuted a theological oracle into a living, vital power. Here is a brilliant mosaic done with consummate artistry, an epoch spread before us in a single panorama, an epic of early Christianity.

The author has an unerring sense of the dramatic—Saul before the master navigators seeking a cadetship in the Roman navy; Saul, the cleverest of Gamaliel's students, arguing concerning the subtleties of the Law; Saul, the youngest member of the great Sanhedrin, furiously hounding out the early Christians, driven by the courage of convictions that marked his every move; Saul, loved by Peter, feared by Jew and Christian, admired and respected by all; Saul, the apoplectic, struck down in a desert storm on the road to Damascus; Saul, the casuist and philosopher, thinking his way to Christianity; Saul, who alone held true to the teachings of Christ, preaching the gospel to Greek and Roman in spite of the church at Jerusalem; Saul, the orator, swinging poet, dreamer, philosopher, common man into his faith, ever in the shadow of the daggers from the Temple at Jerusalem; Saul, a man who underwent scourging, stoning, imprisonment, and shipwreck, only to die quietly at Rome believing himself a failure;—these are unforgettable pictures.

Saul of Tarsus, tentmaker (son of a Persian woman of culture and of a Roman Jew), himself a Roman to the core, later became a great Roman Jew, and still later a greater Roman Christian. The overpowering faith of the man, the power of his personality, his fearless courage,—here are elements which made him the first, and probably the greatest, of all great early Christians. The life of this man

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The
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set against the great, hard, brilliant world of pagan Rome, the clean, cultured ease of Greece, and the narrow, provincial, fundamentalism of Jerusalem—there is *Brother Saul*. Two words, we believe, summarize the book—Color and Power.

D. S. Gardner

October
1927

Seven Sermons and a Prayer

GOD'S TROMBONES. By James Weldon Johnson. The Viking Press, New York, 1927. 56 pp. \$2.50.

God's Trombones opens with an enlightening preface by the author, an authority on Negro folk contributions to American culture. Until the publication of this slender but significant volume of poetry, Negro sermons had passed unnoticed. I have heard numerous old Negro divines preach, but it took these seven sermons in verse to make me realize that their exhortations were oratorical poems. I now recall that their words flowed with a rhythm and cadence inexpressible.

The title of this collection of poems is particularly apt. The likening of the Negro preacher's voice is a very happy simile. The trombone is the one wind instrument possessing a complete chromatic scale, and, therefore, the only one capable of symbolizing the wide and varied range of emotions encompassed by his voice. As the author remarks in his preface, "He intoned, he moaned, he pleaded—he blared, he crashed, he thundered."

Johnson acted wisely in discarding dialect in his poems. Negro dialect has been prostituted to such an extent by popular fictionists of the Octavus Roy Cohen type that it now has only two possibilities—humor and pathos. Then, too, as the author observes, the old Negro exhorter transcended his corn-field dialect when he entered the pulpit. The Bible being his sole source of knowledge, he was imbued with its King James English as well as its cadence and rhythm.

Heaven and hell were vivid realities to the Negro preacher of past decades. He never tired of painting graphic pictures of the joys and bliss of the former and the pains and miseries of the latter. He knew the Bible from cover to cover, interpreting it literally and coloring its mysteries with his fertile imagination. He was a master of emotions, moving his congregation to a high pitch of fervency with his eloquence and sweeping it before him with his rhythmic intoning.

God's Trombones is another of Johnson's distinctive contributions to literature. He has performed an inestimable service in salvaging these sermons. He has transmuted the essence of them into original and moving poetry. The collection opens with a prayer—the manner in which a Negro service usually commences. It is difficult to say which individual poem excels. All are excellent. "The Prodigal Son" and "Go Down Death," however, strike me as being the most forceful. H. L. Mencken calls the latter "one of the most remarkable and moving poems of its type ever written in America." The eight impressionistic interpretations were done by Aaron Douglas, the well-known Negro artist.

H. A. Breard

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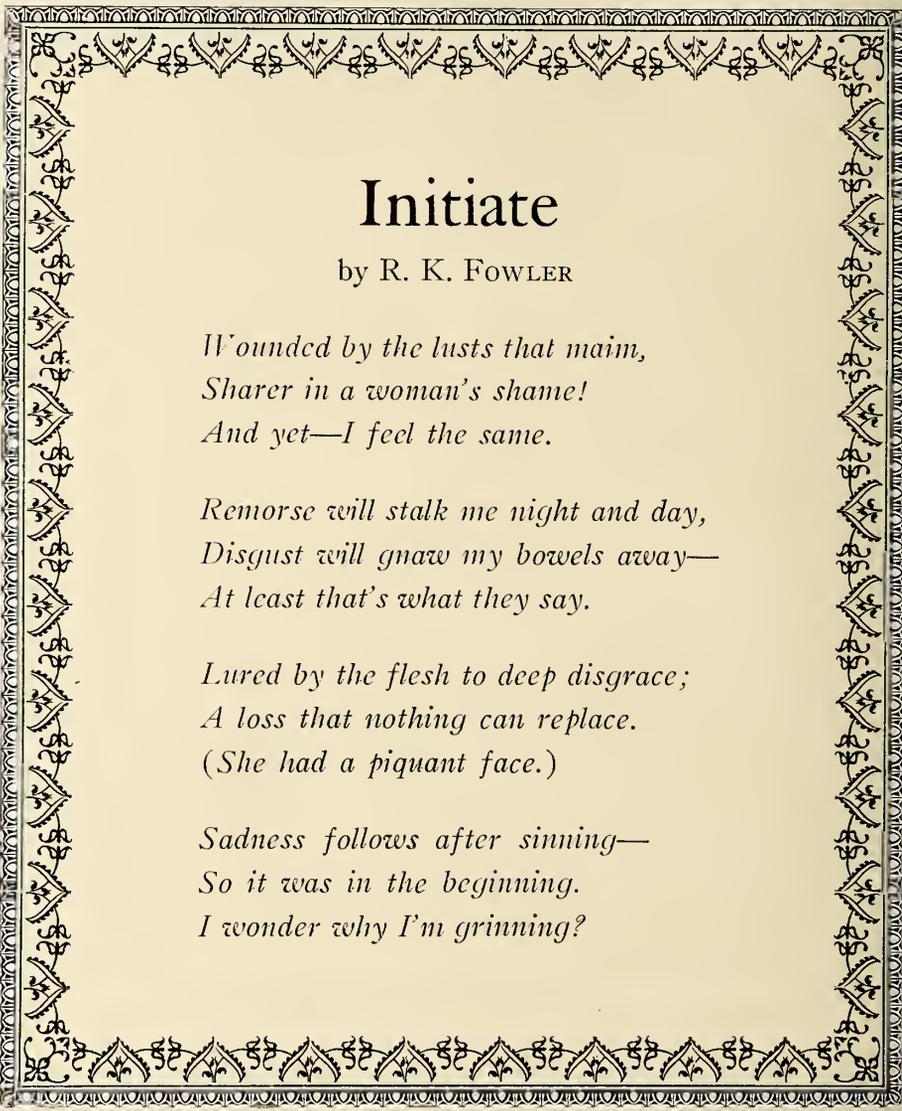
NOVEMBER, 1927

NUMBER 2

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Initiate

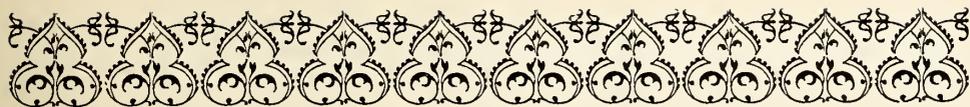
by R. K. FOWLER

*Wounded by the lusts that maim,
Sharer in a woman's shame!
And yet—I feel the same.*

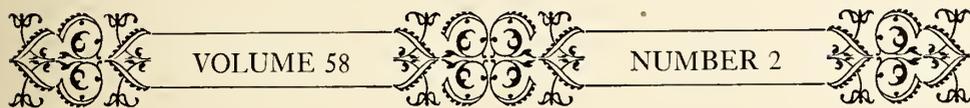
*Remorse will stalk me night and day,
Disgust will gnaw my bowels away—
At least that's what they say.*

*Lured by the flesh to deep disgrace;
A loss that nothing can replace.
(She had a piquant face.)*

*Sadness follows after sinning—
So it was in the beginning.
I wonder why I'm grinning?*



THE CAROLINA MAGAZINE



VOLUME 58

NUMBER 2

Carnival

by HENRY BRANDIS, JR.

LONG LINES of cars are parked in front of the carnival lot; we have to drive another block before we can find a vacant space. Walking toward the lot we can see the vari-colored lights which add glitter and seductiveness to the sluggish revolutions of the ferris wheel, and we hear the wheezy, accordion strains of the merry-go-round, supplemented by the still faint but steady undertone from the raucous voices of the barkers, those oil-tongued sirens who would seduce the public's money. As we come nearer, the lights, sprinkled about in a profusion of gaudy splendor, lend form to a crowd which shifts heavily upon the soggy sawdust, a monotonous line of booths, and a galaxy of tawdry canvasses which depict the various grotesqueries of the side shows.

"All right, boys, how about a ball game? Hit 'em in the eye! Knock off three cats for a box of candy or a pin-cushion baby doll for the girl friend. It's easy! It's easy! Watch the man in the brown cap win a ba-a-aby doll." The man in the brown cap has a rather experienced air. He knocks off the cats with apparent ease and, after graciously accepting a baby doll for which he has no obvious use, he strolls nonchalantly toward another booth. He is a little too plainly "on the inside" and only a drunk student is willing to be a sucker. He is handed three balls by the shrill-voiced woman who wears a shiny-slick fur coat,

a prominent factor in her greasily fat appearance. The drunk fails to touch a single cat and the hard lines on the woman's face are temporarily softened by a grin of genuine amusement; but they return with sudden harshness a moment later when, grasping the possibilities of the situation, she flashes her professional smile at him. We elbow our way out of the crowd of awkward rubber-necks gathered to watch the farce.

The booths are monotonous. They are all merely variations of the same game, the game of "never give the sucker an even break." Even the barkers grow monotonous, standing before the drab background of their weather-worn tents, braying their mechanical cycles of words, their mouths hardened by tight lines and their eyes etched with cold wrinkles. The men are all possessed of rasping voices, their words alluring, their faces dispassionate; the women are uniformly tawdry, their voices cracked and shrill, their clothes flashily cheap, and their faces forcibly twisted into a trade smile.

Perhaps the merry-go-'round will furnish a more diverting spectacle. A country swain with laboriously brushed hair and "high-water" pants rides gallantly beside the girl in the gingham dress and the cotton stockings. The girl is conspicuously proud of a box of candy which she clutches—conclusive evidence of her escort's prowess. Three dirtily dressed little girls careen around, their faces transfigured with the pleasure of an unaccustomed thrill and their mouths clasped contentedly around the eternal lollypop. A tipsy customer stands on the edge of the revolving platform and leers dizzily at the changing crowd. Five mulattoes and a coal black wench comprise the rest of the load. We turn away, only to be met with a torrent of glibly fluid words from the ticket-seller, a conventionally red-nosed, comic-faced Irishman. Ironically, the wheezy organ is rendering an asthmatic semblance of "It's a Long Way to Tipperrary."

An unescapable blare from the end of the lot lures us by the majority of the side-shows with only a passing glance at their grotesquely ludicrous portraits of the curiosities. The blare emanates from the front platform of the minstrel tent. On one side is the original jazz band, dominated by the pseudo-musical, brassy antics of the trombone; on the other side are three permanently black-faced comedians and three mulatto dancers who remind us, with their eccentric coiffures and stoical stares, of the well-known cigar store Indian. In the center sits a perspiring, flabby looking nigger who fumbles with a banjo as if always on



November
1927

the point of giving a selection. Instead, he begins to address the audience: "We is mighty glad to see all you good people here and we is also glad to uhnounce dat we performed for de pleasure of 'bout fo' hundred of de colored population dis afternoon. Now we wants you all to know dat dis show is presentin' itself under de auspices of de American Federation o' Labor. We is greatly opposed to all de scalawags what'll work more cheaper dan de union men and consequently keep de honest subsistence from our wives and babies. We is glad to point out dat de Federation has donated us its approval by sendin' one o' its members in good standin' to take up tickets at de door. You can see de white genman standin' right back dere who is so kin' as to exhibit de little white ribbon on de front of his coat. And now, good people, . . ." We are elbowed out by the fast gathering "colored population" and forced, for olfactory reasons, to forego the remainder of his eloquence. We leave still musing upon the unique rôle of this union soap-box artist.

"See Aloma! See Aloma, the girl responsible for the composition of 'Shake That Thing!' See Aloma! See Aloma! Can shake for forty-five consecutive minutes and never shake the same thing twice." The collegiate element at last finds something to its liking and we join the rush for tickets. Long before the performance begins the audience has the atmosphere hazy and heavy with the smoke of many anticipatory cigarettes. Anticipation proves to be more enjoyable than realization. Aloma is a middle-aged, flabby hag whose greasy body has been trained to go through a laborious series of wriggles and wobbles but is no longer youthful enough to shake. The lustful strain dies from the men's faces; their bodies relax. They are disgusted and alcoholic—and hence vocal. But despite the gibes and wise-cracks, the applause is furious. All the inebriated ones want their money's worth.

Unable to stomach another such spasm we slide out, taking leave of the barker with the disgruntled and caustic suggestion that he buy himself a decent hootchy-kootchy.

Later, in the lobby of a downtown hotel, the nice people stand aloof and gaze with supercilious curiosity at the "carnival crowd." A man pulls from the pockets of his topcoat two canvas bags, heavy with their sagging burden of silver coins. The fool and his money have been parted.

Two Poems

by SAMUEL SELDEN

The Old Violin

An aged violin—once mine—I found
Where dusty dream-webs clothed it as it slept
A wistful sleep. Then, as again I drew
The bow across the mouldering strings, it wept
An old, old lyric tune of dead bygone days.
But time had worn its frame,—the pain, too sweet,
Of ancient yearning choked the songs it longed
To sing. Sobbing, it crumbled to my feet.
—Once, once you touched my heart strings, made them throb
A deep, full harmony; but in the years
You cast aside, Time warped their ancient tone,
And when again you drew the bow, old tears
Choked fast the song. You touched what once had been
Too hard, and left—a broken violin.

My Memory

My Memory's a little stage
On which in quiet melancholy moods
Old phantoms steal to act awhile
Their interludes.

And many are their passing roles;
An ancient whispering seems
To stir, as dim ghosts hem and strut and dance
Through half-forgotten dreams.

The Wild Rose

by SHEPPERD STRUDWICK, JR.

The
CAROLINA
MAGAZINE

CHARACTERS—A Boy, a Girl, a Youth.

TIME—Summer Night.



November
1927

The curtains stir slightly in order to attract your attention, poise a moment on tip-toe, and then steal softly apart, holding their fingers to their mouths and whispering a warning "HUSH!" They disclose their secret cautiously, half afraid to trust you with it. You must not breathe or they may rush back again and cover it up. When you see it you wonder why it is so carefully guarded. It is merely a large, semi-circular, stone seat, the back of which is about five feet high and two feet broad. Its top is in deep shadow. Since it is on a hillside there are two long steps leading up to it. Beyond and above it on the crest of the hill you see through the tall pines a miniature stone castle, out of whose Gothic windows sifts a soft, golden-yellow glow. You don't hear a sound for a moment, and then, as if it were quiet born of stillness, a whisper sighs and wakes more whispers, who speak to the pine needles gently, so that they stir and moan in their sleep as if they were having bad dreams. After a while they become quiet, and you are just about ready to let your breath out when you hear a sound that makes you catch it again. You recognize it as the whistle of an owl. It dies away almost, then begins again. No, that is not the owl; it is voices—human voices. They are getting louder and coming this way. Suddenly you jump almost out of your seat. From out those Gothic windows flares the roar of a dance orchestra in full fox-trot swing. You collect yourself to find that this is the Gimghoul Castle and that the curtain tricked you by letting you first see it during the lull between dances.

As you adjust yourself more comfortably the voices get nearer. Around the corner of the bench come a boy and a girl. He is the typical, college shiek—brutal. She, although dressed in the garb of a flapper, is just a little unusual, perhaps in her bearing more than her looks.

Boy

Good 'nuff! There aint nobody here.

GIRL

Wonder how that happened? (*She seems tired.*)
They go up the steps.

BOY

Guess it's too early. They don't generally leave 'fore intermission.

GIRL

'Preciate your coming out here with me.
They sit on the bench.

BOY

Aw, hell! I ain't doin' you any favor. Altruism ain't usually part of my make-up. I guess I profit as much as you do.

GIRL

I'm just not feelin' so hot, that's all. Kind o' tired, I guess.

BOY

Want a drink?

GIRL

No, I don't believe so. Thanks.

BOY

A cigarette?

GIRL

No, it's not that exactly. I mean I don't need any physical bracing.

BOY

Here, kid, I know what's the trouble. (*He pulls her rather roughly across him so that she is lying in his arms, her face toward his.*) Come to your daddy; he knows how to cure you. (*He kisses her.*) Your lips ain't so hard to kiss, and I guess I don't mind being the one to do it. (*She does not respond, and, as he continues, he notices it.*) Come on, dearie, you're too damn sweet for me to waste one minute while I'm with you. (*He kisses her again but she is still listless. He looks at her.*) What's the matter, hon?

She tries to sit up; he holds her a minute, starts to kiss her again.

GIRL

Don't, please. I don't want to.

BOY

Lets her up and stares at her a moment with his arm still around her shoulder.

What the hell's the matter with you, Becky?

GIRL

I don't know. I just don't feel that way, that's all.

There is a pause in which he regards her distrustfully. He takes his hands from her shoulders and slumps down, his elbows on his knees, gazing off sullenly. Occasionally he glances at her.

BOY

Hell!

GIRL

I don't know what's wrong. I couldn't stay inside. I wanted to get out here.

The orchestra stops and the whispering begins again in the pines. The girl begins to shift and look around restlessly. Suddenly the low whistle of the owl again. The girl starts and grasps his arm.

What was that?

BOY

Nothin' but a damned old screech-owl!

GIRL

It sounded like somebody laughing. (*Her eyes are wide, but not exactly with fright. She looked around.*) It really did—I wonder if it was!

BOY

Taking her hand and trying to take her in his arms again.

Of course not, you little fool! Don't look so scared. It makes you too damn pretty.

He tries to kiss her, but she pulls away from him, angrily.

GIRL

I told you not to do that, damn it! I don't want you to start your damn necking tonight. I'm sick of it!

BOY

Looking at her in surprise, then getting up angrily.

Well, by God, I'll see that you don't get it then. If that's the way you feel about it, I'm wastin' my time. I'm goin' back to the dance.

GIRL

Go ahead; see who cares.

BOY

Goes down steps and turns.

You're a hell of a fine parade, kid, but a damn poor show. An' I ain't going to forget it neither.

GIRL

All right. Suits me.

BOY

As he goes off.

Well, I hope the screech-owl suits you as well.

At the mention of the owl, she starts a little. She looks as if she would call him, but evidently decides not to. She glances around uneasily, listening. The whispers grow in volume. The cricket's jangle surges and changes slightly—almost a tinkling tone. The lights in the castle seem to fade, the orchestra becomes fainter, until the whole background is misty and unreal. The girl, alert, stares and listens. One moment she is puzzled, the next worried, the next very much afraid. She crouches close against the stone wall, half scared, half dazed, expectant, waiting. The whispers lull—Then that low sound again, this time close and clear, but different. Not exactly an owl's whistle, but rather like weird laughter. It is gay and mournful at the same time. It is all the mystery of things unknown, and yet it is musical, and harmless like a child's laughter.

The girl shrinks back against the wall to the right and looks up. The shadows on the top of the wall move with a whisper, and reveal a Youth lying on his side and leaning on his elbow, looking at the girl. His face is bright and childish; his hair, abandoned curls; his costume, tatters. You can't tell the color of his eyes, but you won't forget the way they look. His smile betrays him as the one who laughed. The girl gasps and half rises as though to run. But his smile vanishes, and he holds up his hand to stop her.

YOUTH

Don't be afraid. (*His voice is that of a little child's. He smiles again.*) I won't hurt you.

GIRL

Who are you?

YOUTH

Still half in shadow.
You must trust me.

GIRL

Are you real?

YOUTH

You must stop being afraid.

GIRL

You are very vague. I can hardly see you.

YOUTH

You must forget.

GIRL

Moving a little closer to him.
But I don't understand.

YOUTH

Sitting up.
Don't come too close. Sit there. (*She sits down, watching him.*)
Have you ever seen me before?

GIRL

I don't know—it seems as if—I can't remember.

YOUTH

You are right. You have not seen me for a long time. But you used to know me.

GIRL

I think I did.

YOUTH

You loved me, too.

GIRL

I loved you?

YOUTH

Yes. Whenever I called, you would come running out doors to play with me. And we danced, too.

GIRL

Did you ever take me to a dance?

YOUTH

No. It was before you went to dances that you knew me. Since then I have called, but I couldn't make you hear me, 'til recently.

GIRL

Recently?

YOUTH

Yes. Do you know why you left the dance tonight?

GIRL

No. I just couldn't stand it inside; I had to come out. Tired, I guess.

YOUTH

You've been breaking dates recently, haven't you?

GIRL

But how did you know? (*The youth laughs again softly. The girl stares.*) Who are you?

YOUTH

When you woke up last night at the noise of that acorn falling on the floor, did you hear someone whisper in your ear?

GIRL

I—I heard the wind.

YOUTH

You didn't go back to sleep. Why did you sit in the window 'til nearly dawn?

GIRL

There were lots of stars—I—

YOUTH

This evening you walked in the arboretum alone after supper, and you stopped three times to look around, back of you. Did you see anyone? You watched the red clouds at sunset until tears came into your eyes. Why did you cry?

GIRL

I—I—don't—When I looked at them—my eyes just—

YOUTH

Listen! (*The sound of the whispers.*) Do you hear? (*The crickets tinkle.*) What do they sound like? (*He slips down on the*

bench near her.) Look! (*The shadows move.*) Do you see? (*They take forms and shapes.*) What do they look like? (*His voice fades almost to the whispers, and yet it has the silver musical tinkle; the shadows play over his body; he looks as though he were made of shadows.*) Do you hear the owl whistling? (*He laughs softly.*)

GIRL

Gazing at him, hypnotized.
Who are you?

YOUTH

Ask the acorn that fell on the floor, ask the wind that whispered to you, ask the stars that winked 'til dawn, ask the thing that was back of you, ask the tears that welled in your eyes, ask the owl that whistled to you.

She takes a step toward him, he springs noiselessly and gracefully back to his position on top of the wall.

GIRL

Irresistably attracted.
You are so—(*She comes nearer to him.*) Let me kiss you. (*He becomes fainter.*) Tell me, quick, who are you?

YOUTH

But tell you I cannot; it would not be true. Ask the wild rose wet with cool dew.

She reaches toward him but her hands grasp only the wild-rose vine on the wall. He has vanished. Slowly her amazement changes to wonder and fright. She shrinks back against the wall, sitting in the same position she had been. The whispers die down and the crickets loose their tinkling sound. The noise of the orchestra gradually increases to its former blare. The voice of the Boy is heard calling, "Becky! BECKY!" In a moment he appears.

Boy

For God's sake, kid, are you drunk? What are you doin' still here? (*She does not answer.*) You're worse off than I thought. Come on, we got to go home. (*He lifts her to a standing position.*) What's that you get in your hand? (*Takes it from her.*) Humph! A wild rose! (*Drops it.*) God damn it; that thing's got thorns!



November
1927

GIRL

Here, let me have it.
She looks for it feverishly.

BOY

Grabbing her arm and dragging her off.
Come on! The orchestra's stopped. Don't waste time trying to find it. It's hopeless. It's too dark.

GIRL

But I want to know, and it can tell me.

BOY

Know what! Aw, a damn rose can't tell you anything.
He has dragged her out of sight toward the castle. Their voices can be heard faintly a moment. Dead silence. And then, as if it were quiet born of stillness, a whisper sighs and makes more whispers, who speak to the pine needles gently, so that they stir and moan in their sleep as if they were having bad dreams. After a while they become quiet, and you are just about ready to let your breath out when you hear a sound which makes you catch it again. It sounds like the whistle of an owl, but as the curtains creep cautiously back together, you wonder whether it really is or isn't.



Elizabeth

by SHEPPERD STRUDWICK, JR.

You say you are not cruel;
And yet you live and breathe and move
Before my eyes.
You say you are not cruel,
And the red twist of your lips as you say it
Is exquisite torture.

Nigger Night

by JOSEPH MITCHELL

The
CAROLINA
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◆◆◆

November
1927

BY THE side of the dusty, rambling road stand two tobacco barns. All day the negroes have been in the fields pulling leaves slightly yellowed, placing them in crude burlap-covered crates, pulled by mules to the barns. There the leaves are strung on sticks and laid across horizontal poles in the curing rooms. Two makeshift furnaces are built on the dirt floor, and these are kept running till the life is out of the tobacco leaves and they are turned dry and dark yellow, ready for market.

On a bench under the lean-to shed of the barn a mulatto girl is lying stretched out on a pile of dirty quilts, her head pillowed on a tow-bag stuffed with corn shucks. She is barefooted and her loose dress hangs closely on her body. She has been out of the fields since noon, resting at the cabin. After cooking supper she comes to the barn and watches the heat until midnight, when a man will come and relieve her. She is tired and half sleepy after drowsing through the hot afternoon. It is hard work for the negro women working in the fields with the men. They must keep their backs bent for the length of a long, dusty row. Even when the row is finished they must straighten up quickly and pull with all their strength on the rough plow lines in order to jerk the contrary mule around in the right direction and start him with the load of tobacco leaves toward the barn.

The flies have left the lean-to and the mosquitoes are kept away by the smoke from the pine wood used in the furnaces. Watermelon rinds have been thrown carelessly on the ground, and a large, ungainly pile of pine logs, cut during the winter, have been stacked by the barn. Earlier in the day a snake was found under the logs and killed. It lies dead, curled up in the ashes. The negroes believe that the snake will not die until the sun goes down. The children are cautioned to keep away from the coiled-up object. They are told that it still has life in it until the dark comes.

When night comes the air is cool, and the mulatto girl is pleased with the friendly warmth under the lean-to. She is happy. A week ago something new happened to her. She was sitting on the floor of the second story of an old cotton gin, grading tobacco, separating the

green, burnt leaves from the yellow. The son of the white man who owned the farm came up the stairs. He was superintending the affairs of the farm for his father. The room in which the white boy and the mulatto girl met was dark, light coming only from the stairway, and from a hole sawed in the partition. The room had to be kept dark so the tobacco leaves would not lose their color and quality.

The young man saw the girl in the dim, warm afternoon light, and she was beautiful. Her brown skin entranced him. The looseness of her one garment showed the clean, firm mold of her breasts. Her father, a white man, must have been of good blood, because her nose was not broad, but narrow and straightly set.

The afternoon was hot. The wood-shingled roof kept little of the heat out and they were both lazily tired. The young man leaned over her work, picking out leaves she had missed. He spoke to her quietly and avoided her eyes. He moved about in the room, smoking a cigarette, and her hands ceased moving through the dusty leaves while she watched him. Finally he sat down on the floor beside her and placed a hand on her shoulder. She waited for him to say something, but he was silent. She looked up in his face, and he took her in his arms.

The mulatto girl is pleased with the warmth and she curls up under the dirty quilts. The fire in the furnace grows brighter. Its light spreads, reaching into the field which huddles close to the barn, and colors the green plants. Shadows rise and fall. Smoke from the furnace curls out of the flues and hangs suspended over the barn. In one of the cabins a phonograph has been playing a scratched blues record for an hour or more, and now it is stopped abruptly. The negroes are preparing for bed. There are no stars in the night and the fields are dark. The girl is not alarmed at the darkness though she pulls the quilt up over her body.

Sounds come from the fields and the darkness: animals in the stables near the cabins, frogs in the ditches, things prowling in the woods, crickets and night birds. All make sounds in the darkness. Sounds in the night, strange and discordant and melodious, like the muffled undertones from a jazz band with all the players half-drunk, reach for the mulatto girl with light brown skin and perfectly formed breasts, lying curled up under soiled quilts on a bench under a tobacco barn.

"Oh Lawd," she sings, "I got happiness in my soul."

Two Occasions

by H. A. BREARD

The
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November
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I

ST. MATTHEW'S was arrayed in its gala, Confirmation attire. The altar shone in solemn splendor, electric lights blazing forth from the brazen arbor which arched itself above the ungainly statue of St. Matthew, the lambent flames of cream-colored candles in the altar candelabra flickering fantastically. The late morning sun penetrated the stained panes of the Gothic windows, projecting multicolored shafts into the dimness within. The corpulent bishop, resplendent in his pontifical robes, sat dozing beneath the scarlet canopy of his episcopal chair. Altar boys busied themselves assisting in the holy sacrifice of the high mass, the priest's resonant baritone chants soaring up into the choir-loft and the responses rolling back in melodious waves, flooding and ebbing and finally rippling away into the depths of the sanctuary. Flowers, clustered upon the major and minor altars, exhaled a heavy sweetness, and the censer in front of the tabernacle effused mystic odors of the ritualistic East.

With the termination of that mass, I would be a soldier of God, an accepted combatant of the Church Militant. The sacredness of the approaching sacrament had been impressed upon me, but I meditated not upon it. In the pews on the other side of the main aisle were grouped the girls of the class, some of whom I had never seen before. Those young maidens, all bedecked in bridal regalia of virginal white, were destined by apostolic anointment to become the servants of the bride of Christ. Glancing obliquely across my left shoulder, I beheld in their midst a vision of supernal beauty. There among them was the most beautiful girl I have ever seen, her golden hair falling in gentle undulations down her back and drooping about her slender shoulders. The blue veins of her temples were almost visible through her soft, smooth, transparent skin, and her cheeks were radiantly rosy, blooming with the health of youth. Her features were of classic regularity, her large innocent eyes of limpid blue being well spaced and arched by raven brows. And her incarnadine lips—they were not meant solely to touch the Host! To look upon her was an ethereal experience.

It was time for the requiem mass. I was thoroughly depressed by the heavy atmosphere of the dimly lighted sacristy. Stale odors of incense added their weight to the oppressiveness, drenching the vestments. A listless languor possessed me. I stepped slowly into my black cassock and slipped on my surplice and went out to light the altar candles for the somber occasion.

The solemn procession entered the vestibule and continued slowly down to the communion rail. There the snow-white coffin was gently lowered upon two square ebony rests, flanked on either side by three sacred tapers. The cover was removed, and the six agitated tongues of fire froze into so many golden stalagmites in the motionless air.

The service commenced, the priest singing doleful chants and the choir responding with sorrowful dirges as the organ sobbed the accompaniments. When the former came down from the altar to bless the abode from whence the soul had fled, I followed him, bearing the censer from whose vents arose white coils of soothing, redolent smoke. As we slowly circled the bier, I glanced into the coffin. I almost recoiled. There lay that beautiful creature I had seen for the first time only a brief month before. She was vibrant with life then; she was now recumbent in calm, eternal sleep, enshrouded in the robes in which I had previously seen her. Her head was pillowed in her luxuriant hair, her long, lovely eye-lashes rested gently on her marble-white cheeks, and her once ruddy lips were now a lifeless purple. I returned to the altar, but my mind wandered back to that Sunday she sat there across the aisle all atremble in her happiness. The priest frowned as he prompted me several times.

The sad rites came to a conclusion; and the pall-bearers, lifting their precious burden, passed slowly from the variegated lights of the cathedral, the disturbed dust-particles frequently assuming new hues as they lazily floated through the purple, emerald, sapphire, and crimson shafts of sunlight which seeped into the duskiness. One by one I extinguished the candles. The ticking of a clock in a remote part of the edifice reverberated through the emptiness, and the flame of the sanctuary lamp lapped the throat of its scarlet casing.

Violence

by D. PEIRSON RICKS

The
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November
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BALTIMORE to the visitor is a rather quiet, sleepy city—night or day. In the three hours between nine in the evening and midnight she seems to wake up and move about somewhat actively. But after twelve she yawns and begins to nod. In a half an hour she is fast asleep. No one would suspect innocent looking old Baltimore—rather smug and respectable in her history—after she has gone to bed. And Baltimore proper is above suspicion. But the visitor may be unaware that all of Baltimore is not proper.

There is a certain suburb of the city—frequented by sailors—which does not wake up until the rest of Baltimore has gone to bed. And this suburb, like most similar places, seems most lifeless when it is wide awake. It is the only section of Baltimore that ever actually wakes up.

It was around one o'clock at night that a street car came to a noisy halt on a dark, deserted corner. The only passenger, a man, rose from his seat with a loud yawn and listlessly moved down the aisle to the open door. He halted for a moment to ask the motorman the time. On receiving the desired information, which he acknowledged by not so much as a nod, he leisurely swung to the cobblestone street below. The motorman called out a sleepy, unanswered "Goodnight" as the door slammed. The car shrieked and went on.

The man, left alone in the middle of the street, yawned again and seemingly having nothing better to do watched the street car until it had clattered down the street and disappeared around the corner. He yawned again and made his way over to the sidewalk.

In the abrupt flare of match light as he lit a cigarette his face showed up grotesquely in harsh, shadowed angles. His face was ugly—repulsively so. And the flaring match made the man look like a devil.

The streets were absolutely deserted. Now that the street car had disappeared there was no indication whatsoever that the whole neighborhood was not soundly sleeping. This, however, did not seem to reassure the stranger, for he leaned up against the corner building, a small store, from which position he could command, by turning his head, a view up any of the four streets that here came to a point. There were the two directions of the street which the small store faced and which

had the street car line; there was the street directly across which opened into the former; passing beside the store and behind it into silent blackness was the fourth, a narrow, unpaved alley. It was this last that seemed to concern the stranger mostly. Standing there, slowly turning his head from side to side, the man resembled some sentinel. Once, hearing an approaching automobile, he slid into the alley and remained there until he was certain the machine had turned down another street. Then he cautiously returned to his post.

Time passed slowly. The fellow yawned repeatedly. This was no indication of sleepiness—his unceasing watchfulness had not the dull stupor of a half-awake man. Over an hour passed thus.

It was almost half past two when he started and swiftly stepped into the alley. Someone was crossing the street two blocks below him. He regarded this man for an instant from the alley and turning, rushed precipitously into the darkness. He ran, not wildly, but with a careful, steady stride. Near the end of the alley he cut across a vacant lot. He passed between two buildings and into another alley. As before he cut across and into a third alley. Apparently very familiar with this section of the city he did not search for a short cut this time but steadily ran until he came to the street below. He cautiously peered up the street. There was someone walking briskly—in his direction. He turned and ran back until he came to the street above. It was deserted. He crossed it rapidly. And on to the next corner. Here he stopped and waited.

He waited for almost fifteen minutes. He suddenly appeared very worried. Evidently things were not exactly as he had expected. With the ever increasing minutes his nervousness increased also. It was almost impossible to conceal himself on this corner. There were no alleys.

He peered in the direction from which he had come. Empty. He looked up and down the street on which he stood. Empty. He looked back in the direction from which he had come. Someone had just turned the corner.

He ran very quickly this time and not quite so collectedly. He was losing his control. He turned up another street. Suddenly he gave way. He rushed desperately, without discrimination, up one street—down another—through this alley—across that lot. This kept up for almost forty-five minutes.

At the end of this time he found himself in a rather sparsely settled residential section. He did not know the place. Evidently it was a suburban development. He suddenly realized that he was very tired and also bewildered. He had let himself become terrified.

He pushed through a hedge and into a small back yard. There was silence everywhere. He sat for a long time and peered through the hedge. He had no idea of where he was. He could not even remember the direction from which he had come other than that he came for a block up the street below. He knew it must be around three o'clock. If he could conceal himself until daylight he could take a train or a boat. He thought for a moment and decided on the former. He could get out on a freight train. Once out he could buy a ticket without fear. From then on it did not make much difference. If he could get out.

He began to examine the yard. A small garage stood at the back left-hand corner. Directly opposite him was the house, a medium-sized, unpretentious, two-story affair. He looked more closely. There was a basement window.

He looked into the street. It was empty. He crawled to the window—pushed it. It opened. He slid into the basement. Almost simultaneously a man turned into the street.

Once inside he threw himself on the floor and gasped unrestrainedly with great, weary pants. For the first time since nightfall he felt safe. Perspiration poured from his face and body. He buried his face in his arms and closed his eyes. His entire body was trembling with terror. He relaxed weakly with a monstrous relief. He was safe.

Whosoever has played that famous children's game of "Hide and Seek" knows what terror a harmless game can supply. When one is hiding alone in a dark corner knowing that someone he cannot see is silently searching for him, he is filled with a terror that grows with the minutes until he is almost ready to scream out, "Here I am!"

This man had been playing a more dangerous game.

He lay without moving for many minutes. He fell asleep.

Suddenly, without knowing why, he sat up—fully awake. He did not recall having heard anything. He sat and listened. He heard nothing. But he felt something. The very air seemed alive with danger. He suddenly knew that he was not alone. He knew it. He

could not have explained why—there was no noise. But he knew it. *There was another man in the basement.*

The little light that came through the window did not illuminate. It only made a rectangular gray blotch in the absolute blackness.

For a long space of time there was dead silence. Not a breath—not a movement—could be heard. And then, with a sudden start, he realized that the other had moved. He had heard a brief, soft swish as of moving clothing. Silence. He could not tell from which direction it had come, but he had heard it, an almost imperceptible rustle. An awful horror filled him. His mouth and throat grew dry. He could not move. It seemed to him that the noise of his rapidly beating heart filled the whole basement with its hollow tattoo. He found it difficult to breathe. He could not move. And then he slowly, very slowly, felt about for some weapon. He did not dare move his body. Only his arms. He grasped what was either a large stone or a piece of coal. He gripped it tightly in his fingers. He knew that the other must be closing in on him. He had not the slightest idea of the direction. He waited in awful terrified suspense. Nothing but silence. Silence. A horrible dead silence. He waited. Silence. Blackness. Nothing but silence. He strained his ears. He strained his eyes. It was no use. He could stand the thing no longer. He suddenly hurled the piece of coal. It struck the furnace with a shocking crash. When the sound had died away—silence. He wanted to lie down and weep—he wanted to shout—he wanted to pray. It was impossible to do any one of them. Silence. Somewhere in this small basement there was another man moving toward him—silently, carefully. He lowered himself to his hands and knees and slowly began to crawl. He must get away. He *must*. He stopped. Which way should he go? Perhaps he was proceeding straight toward the other. He felt surrounded by a mob of silent, crawling men. He gasped with horror. He lay down and drew himself into a small, quivering knot. He covered his head with his arms. He wept silently. He suddenly felt the man was very close and lifted his head. The other heard the movement. There was a straggling, grunting noise. After awhile—silence.

Washington, D. C.

by W. W. ANDERSON

The
CAROLINA
MAGAZINE

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November
1927

I

MIDNIGHT. Two boys walk hastily from the rear entrance of a hotel on lower Pennsylvania Avenue holding tightly the inside pockets of their coats. A car is waiting in the narrow alley and at the wheel a negro sits, leisurely smoking a brown cigaret. He glances up as the boys approach the weathered car and opens the rear door.

"Where to?" he asks.

"Where do we want to go?" the taller of the two inquires. "Tenth and H?"

"Might as well. We can catch a car there for the apartment, can't we?" from the smaller.

"Yeh."

"All right. Go there."

"Where?" The driver turns uncertainly in his seat.

"Tenth and H."

"Be there in a minute."

The motor starts with a low whirr and the car swings out of the paper strewn alley and up the Avenue. Lights blink off in several of the cramped buildings; a figure meanders hesitantly down the damp pavement, hands in pockets; an auto turns a corner in front of the weathered car, narrowly missing the bumper.

The streets are practically deserted. The theatre crowd has long ago hailed its taxis and town cars; the sight-seer has found his little group and returned to the hotel, marveling over the wonders of the Capitol; the drug store clerk is polishing his fountain, his arms lagging after the day's rush.

Suddenly the car commences a series of jerks. The boys look over the side of the worn leather upholstery. Funny why the driver should take this cobble-stone alley. Why didn't he go straight on up the Avenue? Oh, well, suppose he knows his business. Wish he'd hurry, though. Don't like this eternal dodging around corners and side streets. A flare of light attracts the attention of the passengers.

A window, lighted with many electric lights, advertises a brand of pen-knives—a window that sticks out from the remainder of the unlighted store fronts like a musical comedy advertisement among a group of grocery store posters.

The car slides over smooth concrete and slows down beside the curb.

“Here you are.”

“Yep. Thanks.”

“Say, does yours juggle? Mine does. Wish it had been full to the top. Don’t suppose anybody’ll hear it, though.”

“Nope. Mine’s full. God, it’s cold. Here comes the car.”

“Is that the right one?”

“Yep, Mount Pleasant.”

The trolley screeches to a stop and the two step into its nauseous warmth. There are other passengers. Funny looking bird across the aisle.

“Say, look at that fellow across from us. Funny looking, ain’t he?” in a whisper.

“Uh-huh. Looks like some damned two-by-four shoe clerk.”

“This stuff is juggling again.”

“Aw, nobody’ll hear it. Wonder if the stuff *is* Scotch? Looks like it.”

“Can’t tell. Smelled like corn to me.”

The trolley labors on its way. The street lights are dimmed and the power is weak. At all the little elevations in the street, the electric car slows to a bare crawl, seeming to breathe an unburdening sigh of relief as it tops every rise. The bell by the motorman rings and the “shoe clerk” gets off at the next corner. The street lights become fewer and as the car turns from the business into the residential section, trees loom ahead like giant moths plastered over the surface of the moon; the two ribbons of iron glimmer as the silver rays of the moon glance off the worn surface; the motorman crouches on his seat, his head pulled down between two bony shoulders. He touches the power bar mechanically and stares straight ahead into darkened houses and corners.

The bell rings again and the two boys step cautiously between the folding doors. They stand silently and wait for the car to pass and then walk slowly up the steps of an apartment house.

II

Noon. Hurrying figures brush swiftly by the promenaders and stop at corner drug stores to eat a hasty lunch. Pie, coffee and a tomato sandwich, then back to towering office buildings to thumb worn ledgers or ponder over a wavering line of figures. Men and women yoked to the service of the Great God Progress.

Lunch hour passes and the kaleidoscope of humanity becomes brighter. Office workers have disappeared and afternoon strollers mince their way down the wide sidewalks that lie submissively between bulky buildings. Pretty women in beautiful clothes; beautiful clothes on women. Men idling away an off afternoon; out-of-towns stretching soft collared necks, scanning the heights of some imposing structure; clerks lingering at the entrance of haberdasheries, bounded on both sides by windows displaying gaudy shirts, dress clothes, sport shoes, brilliant cravats, watching the struggling mass fighting for right-of-way.

Men with trimly cut Van Dykes stride swiftly up the street; coatless men hurry from one store to another and back; window dressers gaze longingly from their glass prisons at the long grey and green motors that slide by in the snaky line of traffic—sport cars carrying bare headed boys and bobbed-haired girls to play; town cars with haughty dowagers caressing a spaniel or a chow with one hand and directing a chauffeur with the other; roadsters and sedans with precise business men at the wheel. All free, sitting complacently behind purring motors that carry them to an afternoon of golf, tea or jovial business. A window dresser curls a cravat around a collar and flicks off a speck of dust.

Trolleys halt beside raised platforms of plank, temples of safety in the ruthless stream of honking automobiles. A heterogeneous mob pours from the confines of an electric car, shoving the waiting passengers to the perilous edge of the safety platform. Traffic stops and the crowd pushes across the street to the sidewalk and the waiting people rush into the car, holding tokens or nickels and pennies between thumb and finger. They seat themselves hurriedly, black beside white. A negro places himself beside a white boy, who eyes him questionably and moves closer to a fat-old woman holding a dirty baby.

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F Street. Lights blink on in the gathering night and giant buildings cast grotesque shadows over the lingering line of office workers. Workers who walk slowly home or to the car station with some friend; workers who stop hesitantly before windows displaying evening dresses or new business suits; workers who drag carelessly along the paperstrewn sidewalk, thinking over the day's work, thinking of the bills that must be met on the first of the month, mentally checking the bank account—wishing.

Electric signs flare intermittently proclaiming the worth of shoes, clothes, theatre bills, drugs. Show windows gleam across the passing figures, picking out the imitation diamonds and pearls, gleams of light that glance hazardously off the spangles of a piece of dress that has not been enfolded by a broad-cloth coat.

The streets begin to fill quickly as theatre time approaches. People emerge from the black velvetness of the night as silently and quickly as the stars that appear over them in the deep void of opaqueness.

“Shall we go to a show tonight?”

“Might as well. Nothing else to do, but let's walk about a little while yet. Plenty of time and nothing else to do. Good Lord, the streets fill quickly.”

“Where'll we go?”

“Most any place. There's a stock company at the National and a good movie at the Imperial.”

“The Imperial. *The Alarm Clock* is on at the National and I've seen that. Pretty good.”

Through the thronged streets hundreds of movie-goers move restlessly toward some theatre. A few step up to a ticket office, purchase slips of paste-board and disappear past the doorman. Others linger in front of the lithographs, debating. Crowds gather before the octagonal offices standing uneasily on one foot and then the other, some laughing with acquaintances, others staring ahead with lusterless eyes. The crowd thins out into a long line that extends along in front of brilliantly lighted stores. It moves slowly. Here and there, a figure detaches itself from the line and moves impatiently off toward another theatre.

Finally the last man purchases his three hours of amusement and

walks into the sparkling lobby, gently pushing his wife or perhaps his sweetheart before him.

The streets are less crowded. Over there is a couple hurrying to a show. They have not been so successful as the others in parking along the motor-lined curb; perhaps some meticulous house-wife who has insisted upon washing the supper dishes.

"We're a little late. Suppose we can get a seat though. Two please. Orchestra."

The crowd settles in the cushioned seats as the orchestra stops. The trailer flashes on the silver sheet, announcing the entire working staff of the producing studio. People glance to the right and left. After an interminable wait, figures appear on the screen. The spectators hitch themselves and lean a little forward. The picture runs on. *The Imperial Thanks You.*

Seats are snapped back, programs are shoved carelessly into pockets or thrown on the floor, coats are thrown across arms and hats re-created. The throng pushes into the street, some to find a little worn roadster; some step into taxis; some wait impatiently for chauffeurs to open doors of big sedans; some walk around the corner to catch a car that will take them far into the depths of the residential section.

"I'm hungry. Let's go to Childs'. You've no idea the type of people that go there after the theatre."

"Might as well, I could eat something, I suppose."

Childs' is crowded. Waitresses in white starched dresses receive orders indifferently. The room is hazy with smoke from masculine and feminine cigarets. The coat hooks are over-burdened with top coats, scarfs and hats. A waitress stops.

"What'll you have?"

"Let's see. Coffee and wheat cakes. And a package of Pall Malls."

"Bring me the same, but no cigarets."

The door is slung open and eight girls troop in. They are wearing white sweaters on which are sewed block P's. A basketball squad from Palatka. They wear black bloomers, voluminous as balloons. Noisy girls, champions of Florida, who have just been defeated by some Washington team.

At a table next to them is a party of young men and women. After theatre crowd. One of the men is hideous. His face is olive green.

He sucks self-assuredly on a cigaret, adding a word now and then to the conversation. He extracts another cigaret from a silver case and obtains a light from one of the women. He puffs contentedly. Repulsive faces—like snakes.

People sip their coffee and munch bits of buttered bread. A drunk comes in with a friend and slumps in a chair near the door. The friend gives an order and lights a cigaret. A few boys get up, seach the coat hooks for their coats and after much pawing, attempt to put on the garments. Each helps the other. They file by the cashier's desk and pay their checks. Another party makes preparations to leave. The air has grown almost stifling with smoke. Blue-grey smoke that hangs over the table like a dirty cotton blanket; smoke that hesitates and then dissolves itself into spirals and threads which vanish into the ceiling.

Chairs and tables are empty. Perhaps, somewhere, a few more couples have been added to a dance; at an apartment door a boy is bidding a girl good night; a hand is raised from silken covers to snap out a light. The streets have become desolate for it is after midnight.

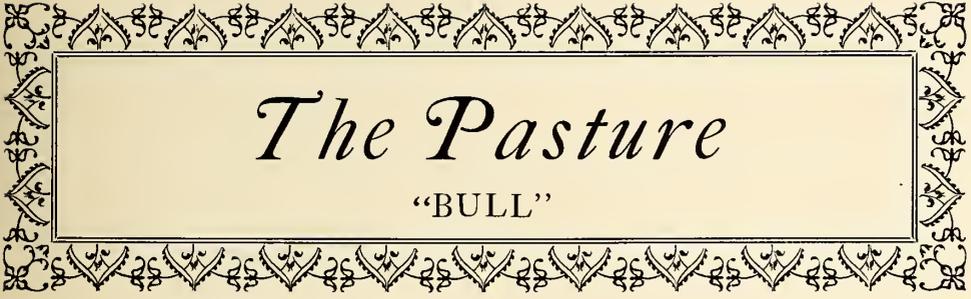
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Washington fascinates one. There are so many things. Everything is so interesting.

Amusement

by SHEPPERD STRUDWICK, JR.

Why do I play games with you?—
I am a coward.
I do not wish to suffer terribly.
You are cruel; you would laugh at me.
You could not help but laugh at me.
I would be ghastly humorous
If I should throw away my mask,
Reveal to you the agonized hue
Of a torture-twisted face,
Desirous, yet shrinking,
Timid, grotesque—
Therefore must I play games with you,
Or you will laugh.



The Pasture

“BULL”

All the world's a pasture,
And the Editor,—just Bull.



For a dream cometh through the multitude of business; and a fool's voice is known by a multitude of words.

Ecclesiastes 5:3.

Several days ago we stood, gazing down into the immense bowl that soon will be dedicated as the Kenan Memorial Stadium. What magnificent waste! What a glorious monument—to what? Once every two years, for three hours, it will be actually *needed*. Three hundred thousand dollars for a playground to be used by twenty-two men during one afternoon every two years. To what purpose? To advertise the school to fond parents who will be amazed by the *greatness* of Carolina; to attract social climbers and ne'er-do-wells from the high schools, boys who want a high class of amusement by men whom they know; to “pat the ego” of alumni who get drunk and sentimental over the “old school,” which they think should give its undivided attention to athletics, business training, and the development of pep and personality,—these are its justifications. “Athletics advertise a college.” What a bromide! As if colleges exist to train athletes. Such an advertisement doesn't bring the men to whom a university can render a genuine service—the intelligent high school graduates; it draws men seeking athletic Valhallas and “glorified country clubs.” But, why protest? “Beggars should not be choosers.” Thanksgiving Day the cheerleader will call on us to “split Carolina for William Rand Kenan, “as he will call on all of you,—and we will” split Carolina for William Rand Kenan.” After all, he has bought, and paid for those yells,—at a pretty penny.

Somehow though we can not forget another piece of construction which was well under way our freshman year, but which still remains unfinished—the Graham Memorial Building. It will be used partly to encourage creative work on the campus through the publications, to furnish a comfortable reading room, to direct the religious life of the campus, and such incidental fringes of college life! Such things can not for a moment expect to receive any notice, so long as that glamorous hero—athletics—is on the stage. Though we enjoy athletics as much as the next

one, we are sometimes tempted to wish for a long series of athletic reversals such as overtook Harvard some years ago. Being athletically a weakling, Harvard was smitten with a decided inferiority complex, and turned to intellectual development as a means of self-justification. Recently the Harvard football manager sacrificed an "H," by resigning, in order that he might receive an "A" in his studies. When that happens here Graham Memorial will be completed, the *Tar Heel* will run a front page story on the millennium, and Gabriel will succeed *Kike* Kyser as orchestra director.



We are heart-broken. Great gobs of lachrymal excretion flow down our youthful cheeks. The *Tar Heel* reviewer, *alias* editor of the *Buccaneer*, *alias* Prometheus, *alias* Weary Willie Anderson, doesn't like our magazine one bit, and doesn't think a thing in it belongs in the *American Caravan*. Well, *we* haven't forwarded a copy to the Pulitzer Awards Committee. But,—critics are *so* positive, especially when they have a definite mental set. The *Tar Heel* reviewers have a tradition. Some of the most perfect work of the Playmakers, work that has been lavishly praised by discerning critics all over the United States, has been blunderingly ridiculed by sophisticated *Tar Heel* reporters; *Magazine* work that has been dismissed with the word "mediocre" has been re-printed in excellent anthologies. Our tears are almost dry, and we have ceased sobbing. To you who paid for a *student* magazine, we gave a student magazine. To the *students* who submitted the best material, we gave recognition. We are acting in a fiduciary capacity, responsible only to you, the students of the University; we seek only your verdict, not that of an unsympathetic, indiscriminating reviewer. We invite comparison with any other North Carolina college monthly which publishes only student material; we can only smile at the superficiality of criticism which ignores the fundamental purpose of a publication and persists in setting up professional standards for amateur work. As well compare the telephone directory with Lafcadio Hearn, as judge the work of schoolboys by the finished productions of mature specialists. Anyway, here's your child; if you don't like its looks, you can deny its paternity, but—you're its daddy just the same!





book bazaar

“The Ladies: God Bless ’em”

A GOOD WOMAN. By Louis Bromfield. 432 pp. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co. \$2.50.

“To all the ‘Good Women’ of America, which has more than its share of them”—the blandness of this sarcastic thrust, in addition to an obvious statement of the author’s theme and purpose, clearly suggests the potency of his attitude. This neat bit is the informal dedication carried by the catch-the-eye yellow jacket of *A Good Woman*, Louis Bromfield’s last “panel” in his “screen” of American life. Although the novel is in no sense a pause in the uninterrupted advance of America’s most promising young novelist, it is hardly comparable with his maiden publication, *The Green Bay Tree*. Yet, by virtue of its precisely concerted action and appropriate characterization, it is easily superior to his last year’s novel, *Early Autumn*, in which he polished off Boston’s desiccated Puritans, and for which he was awarded the Pulitzer Price in grateful appreciation of the satiric attention paid a scene so truly American.

Mr. Bromfield’s theme is the “good women” of America and their three basic obsessions,—Sex, Work, and God. His protagonist is Emma Downes, leader of the Women’s Christian Temperance Union, a good-intentioned and tyrannous “good woman,” whose obstinate goodness precipitates tragedies unshared by her into the life of all whom she touches. His hero is her son Philip, a pale, unconscious youth whom she attempts to steer through life with a motherly jealousy and a godly zealotry. She abruptly cuts off his early friendship with Mary Conyngham, telling him brutally that “he had done a shameful thing—lying beside Mary in the hay-mow—that boys who behaved like that got a disease and turned black.” She marries him off to Naomi, a pallid virgin before the Lord, swearing them to a life of strict celibacy, and sends him away with his unlovely wife as an African missionary. While there he spies upon a group of tall Negro virgins as they worship in strange ritual about a potent old idol, and he is filled with a desire to paint the fecund spirit of the jungle. But the none too gullible natives revolt against the spoon-fed Gospel, and the two barely escape with their lives to return to the Ohio town. He takes up painting, goes to work in the mills, meets



Mary again, and accepts Naomi—under the machinations of Mrs. Downes—as his wife. Naomi bears twins in an effort to hold her man, but Philip is again in love with Mary. His wife resolves the impasse by eloping to Pittsburgh with a sex-starved minister, where they both commit prayerful suicide. Jason, Philip's father, a handsome little fop, returns after 26 years of supposed death for no better reason than to bolster up the catastrophic sagging of the end of the book with comic relief. He is killed on his return trip to Australia, where he had acquired freedom from Emma and a left-hand wife and family. The irony thickens; Emma marries a Congressman and is carried to her grave amid an obviously sarcastic amount of righteous, Y. M. C. A. glory.

Although Emma Downes is almost as much a monstrosity as the Rev. Elmer Gantry, Mr. Bromfield's characters, for the most part, have the common touch and saving grace of humanity. As a novel there is only one possible fault to be found with *A Good Woman*,—the author is too narrowly intent upon his satire.

John Marshall



Naughty, Naughty!

THE TRIUMPHANT RIDER. By Francis Harrod. Boni & Liveright. 319 pp.
\$2.00.

Another sex novel but the subject is merely subordinated and has no direct bearing on the story proper. The novel is modernly audacious, but it has a depth and maturity that is lacking in some of the modern fiction. In *The Triumphant Rider* we have a generalized character study of English men and women, intimate glances into the *exclusive* circles of London's social group, and Mrs. Harrod's complete vocabulary, although she does wield her words with a dexterity that diminishes that sometimes boring element in novels.

We read the story of a young girl, whose mother is a prostitute because she can get no work. Marcia, the heroine, grows into sensitive and beautiful womanhood, and, at her loveliest flowering, is sold to a rich acquaintance of her mother. But instead of pursuing the *same* profession that her mother has been forced to follow, she escapes and finds her way, incognito, into the innermost circles of London's smart but unmoral society. She is an innocent but brilliant conversationalist, beautiful and has an unsurpassed personality. She becomes the idol of all the men in her circle and eventually, at a reception given by her host, meets the man to whom she was sold. It becomes known later that she is the daughter of a prostitute and after a time she returns to her mother.

Mrs. Harrod has kept away from the conventional ending for the heroine does not marry. The story, though rather improbable at first glance, is remarkably well done and continues to grow upon the reader and to give out a sense of conviction of its realistic portraits of the souls of modern men and women. It is a reflection, perhaps, of London's society of which Mrs. Harrod is a notable figure; a social group that parallels ours of America.

W. W. Anderson

Dr. Dodd's Soothing Syrup

The
CAROLINA
MAGAZINE

THE GOLDEN COMPLEX. By Lee Wilson Dodd. 171 pp. The John Day Company, New York. \$1.75.

November
1927

Here is a tidbit for the civilized two per cent. Mr. Dodd—lawyer, poet, novelist, essayist—writes cleverly and intelligently. With his tongue in his cheek and a twinkle in his eye he takes psychology on a picnic, and—psychology gets sunburnt. Just when free will has disappeared from our behavior and Freud has become a half-forgotten dream, Dodd rescues a swiftly vanishing concept—the inferiority complex. Here is a man who obviously does not believe in Santa Claus but still hangs up his stocking; he claims that he has found another way to get his stocking filled.

Here is no pretentious psychology, no partisan defense of Watson, of the Gestalt school, or of any other school. His words, keen and sure, ripple in alternating witticisms and up-to-date psychology. Dodd hands us a new, an intelligent, gospel of salvation—with a smile. As soon as he has made a brilliant case for his thesis, he immediately reduces it to absurdity, but meanwhile we are learning much—from a charming teacher. However, at no time does the reader know whether to take him “straight” or *cum grano salis*. Just as Houdini once demonstrated spiritualism while denying the existence of spirits he presents an excellent case—and smilingly tells you not to believe it.

The intellectual today believes in no high purpose, sees no high purpose in life; without a god, a purpose, or a goal his inertia increases enormously. Dodd gives us a new purpose. All Success he reasons comes from the Inferiority Complex. From the first jelly-like amoeba and flagellated volvox to H. L. Mencken and Calvin Coolidge the feeling of inferiority and discontent with the personal *status quo* have been the causes of advance. The Purpose in life has always been Superiority, a feeling resulting from this nettling discontent within us. Just as Life (so he pretends to believe) was the result of the unconscious protest of matter, what we need today is a conscious protest of Consciousness against its own insignificance. The working of his pet complex he demonstrates in the lives of Cain, Lord Bryon, St. Francis of Assisi, America herself, and in our own humdrum selves. Not only that but he shows us how to prove that all the great and near-great are but products of this all pervasive complex. What are we to say of such a man? Why he almost convinces us that all of our social sciences are taking a few, weak, fragmentary bits of *datum*, are magnifying them into concepts and cosmic processes, and are peddling them to a gullible public, which driven by a feeling of inferiority, is ever ready to accept anything *advanced* and *modern*. Gracious, there *we* go. . . .

D. S. Gardner

The Four Hundred Join the Y. M. C. A.

◆◆◆◆◆

November
1927

TWILIGHT SLEEP. By Edith Wharton. D. Appleton and Co., New York.

Writing with consummate irony, Mrs. Wharton, in her latest novel, gives a picture of the new leisure class, sometimes spoken of in the Sunday Rotogravure sheets as New York society. In the words of the enthusiastic young writer of the cover blurb: "The figures in this story are a group of moneyed men and women who, fearful of suffering pain, either mental or physical, live in a world of self delusion. They are dwellers in a realm of twilight sleep." As Mrs. Manford says, "Of course there ought to be no Pain . . . nothing but Beauty. . . . It ought to be one of the loveliest things in the world to have a baby." Mrs. Manford, herself, millionaire and self-appointed philanthropist, is a portrait worthy of the woman who spoke of women's clubs as composed of those women who hunt culture in groups as though it were dangerous to be met with alone.

What with meeting this committee advocating birth control, that advocating a return to the traditions of the American home, attending the teachings of the latest Hindu mystic, reading somebody's "Beyond God," and above all helping serious ladies draw up "resolutions," Mrs. Manford spares neither herself nor her family. Mr. Manford is one of those people who regard "golf as a universal panacea in a world which believed in panaceas."

Tarkington's "Plutocrat," Hemingway's "The Sun Also Rises," and this book throw three contrasting lights on the so-called leisure class. The expatriate of Hemingway's are all for escape: Paris, Spain, sickening bull-fights, drunkenness, and fancy fornication. Tarkington's plutocrat is a super-Babbitt, a magnificent Goth, self-crowned, go-getting the world, to whom futile intellectuals must eventually bow. Mrs. Wharton's group is neither magnificent nor emancipated. One evidently does not escape one's own debacles by attending to every one's else with resolutions and checks.

Twilight Sleep closes with the note of disillusionment without which no novel today is *au courant*. Manford's affair with his daughter-in-law is patent to all. But what the family must escape, it ignores. Nona, the daughter, has lost her only chance of happiness, because she lacked the courage to elope with her married lover. Turning on her imperturbable mother she shocks her by wanting to go into a convent.

"A convent!"

"Oh, but I mean a convent where nobody believes anything."

Rupert B. Vance

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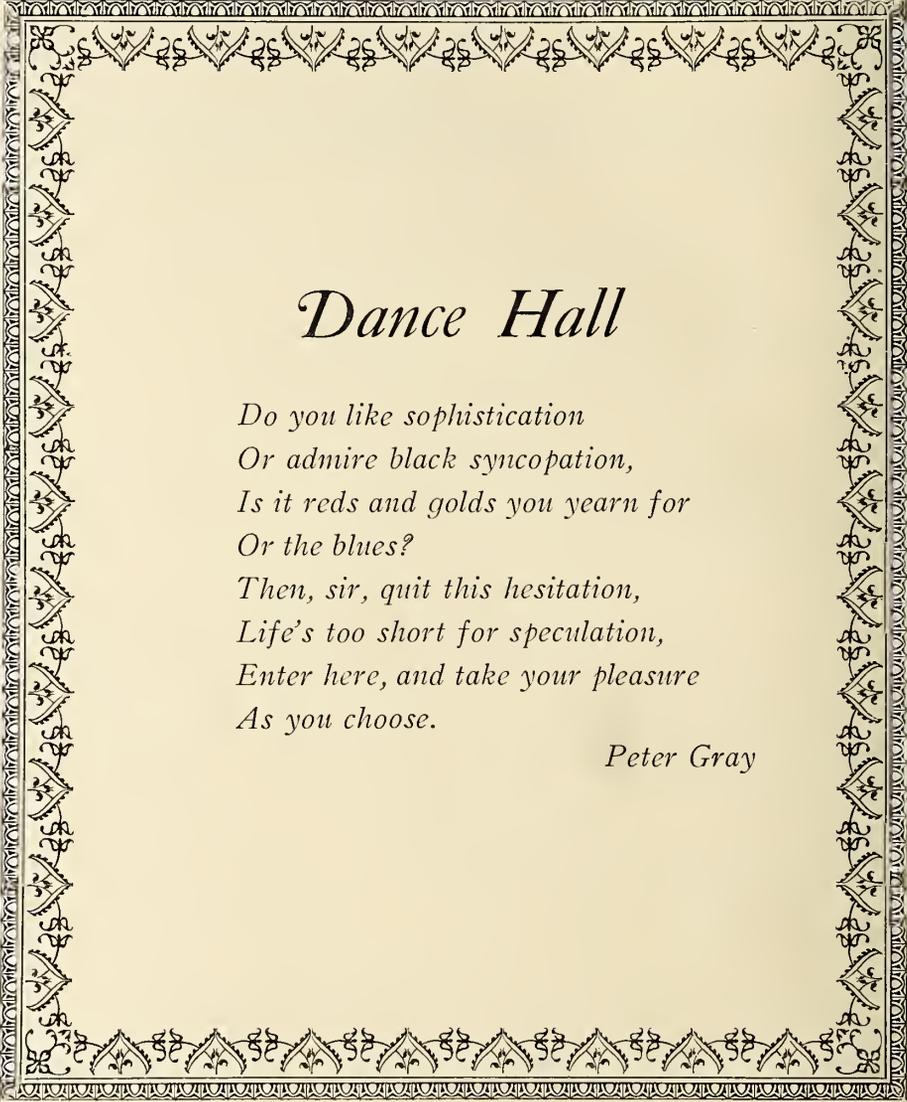
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Dance Hall

*Do you like sophistication
Or admire black syncopation,
Is it reds and golds you yearn for
Or the blues?
Then, sir, quit this hesitation,
Life's too short for speculation,
Enter here, and take your pleasure
As you choose.*

Peter Gray



THE
CAROLINA
MAGAZINE



VOLUME 58



NUMBER 3



College, Collegians, and the Scholar

by JOHN MARSHALL

IN THIS essay I have no solution to propose, nor any suggestions to offer upon that painful case which is the subject of this article. I gladly leave the postulation of such unfortunate inadequacies to the sewing circles (both male and female), urban and rural weeklies, state legislatures, and college faculty committees. It is surely quite obvious that, if quantity is a positive quality, there is a somewhat more than delicate sufficiency of these experts for the task. Moreover, if in my conclusion some precocious reader discerns, however faintly, some ineptly suggested remedy, he may safely ignore it as an unconscious lunacy.

Despite all this, I do have a conclusion. No one who has ever driven through that line of yellow-slickered bummers who invariably adorn the curbs of any college town, can avoid the acquisition of one. And I did not ride through at fifty miles per hour, securely aloof in a passing motor. To proffer my only excuse for the writing of this paper, I descended, contributed to the Y. M. C. A., admired corner-stones and venerable oaks simultaneously, registered for Math I, and expressed a mild desire for graduate work sometime immediately after that dim and future day of cap, gown, sheepskin, and Bible. Let me call your

attention to that principle of evidence which holds as valid the credulity of one who testifies against his own interests and safety, in preference to that of one who presents testimony in support of his own welfare.

II

Contrary to the general bland assumption that a college is a fifty-fifty proportion of faculty and student, the usual American college of today is composed of an administrative building, a stadium, and an "old well." Go into the office of any college president, and you will find there an executive of "big-business" ability. Comfortably settled in an easy swivel-chair, behind a huge and impeccable desk of quartered-oak, and surrounded by stenographers and steel-case files of the latest patent, he will astound you with his efficient command of modern business diction. His right hand man, the one with whom he spends the greater part of his eight-hour day, is the business manager. This is the figure who stands behind him while he delivers his welcoming address to the freshmen, and who hands him the diplomas as they are passed out on Commencement day. With the exception of possible appearances at pep-meetings, this is the ordinary student's second, and last, glimpse of his academic chief. There are two easily apparent reasons why the stadium follows the administrative building so closely in actual importance among our educational firms. The great American public that ultimately supports our education systems has a more vital appreciation of football—and all that it symbolizes—than it has of scholarship. I know of no way in which to trace down or fasten the blame for the general lack of respect for scholarship in this country. It is probably an intrinsic quality of the American mind. No one can deny that the father's, sweetheart's, and future employer's preference for distinction in athletics carries a more important and far reaching influence over the collegian and the collegiate policies in general, than some unique mother's less effusive pride in her son's scholastic achievements. The second obvious reason for the stadium's importance is its hand in hand—and helping hand—association with the business department. Athletics advertise the college wares. They also pay. Close as is the administrative building to the stadium, the "old well"—the traditional element of the college—is closer. Upon "traditions" is the freshman papped; upon "traditions" is the faithful alumnus fleeced; it is, in fact (as has often been perorated) "the fountainhead of that ineffable something which is the abiding spirit of every true son of our dear old Alma Mater."

The real reason behind this three-fold disproportion is the frankly demonstrated desire of the American university or college to deal out an exactly democratic and entirely impartial equality of educational opportunity to all. This incongruous disregard of former preparation and native ability is no more tolerable than are the present ludicrous standards of educational achievement. When the colleges strive toward a set of educational standards as rigorous as the requirements and ideals of their athletic coaches; then, perhaps, the vigor of their intellectual life may approach, in some slight degree, the obstreperous virility of their athletic interests.

The optimistic intent of that statement perceptively pales, however, when I remember the obstinacy and purpose of those two unwieldy factions that force from the mold the educational policies of our colleges—the American public and the collegians themselves. In the mass, the boy who comes to college is not interested in a liberal education. He is not there to follow truth, or to read the best that has been written, or to admire and try to find wisdom,—or to acquire any of those qualities of the mind which have for so long been known as humanistic, intellectual, and cultural. According to his own desires—and the strict admonition of his parents—he is there to “get off” the prerequisites of a professional school, or to train himself for business, or to play football. The American people support the college; their sons make up its actual back-bone; what wonder that the college administrative board has gone over weakly to the popular cause. The first rule of every business has always been: “Give the customer what he wants!”

III

These “customers” readily resolve themselves into two groups, which I shall term, in accordance with their actual numbers, the ninety-eight per cent. and the two per cent. The collegians, the ninety-eight per cent., are not quite what the comic magazines would have them—though they do dress, speak, and act in much the same way. In the first place, the collegians are never cynical, for that would imply a lack of faith in an institution created by their forefathers, supported by their fathers, and patronized by themselves. They respect and rely on the business honesty of their college. Have they not a receipt for their tuition? It is true that they are sometimes bored. It is not yet possible to obtain a degree merely by passing courses in business psychology and salesmanship, and since they feel no need for any impractical, soul

smoothing wisdoms, they can hardly be expected to evince any interest in such soporific studies as the *Katharsis* idea of Greek Tragedy or the *Mysticism* of the Middle Ages. Briefly, the collegians are not only satisfied, they are also content—and in most instances happy.

A happy *student*. The statement seems essentially absurd and false, a true paradox. Yet I believe the adjective to be fitting in the case of the ninety-eight per cent. All the laws of education, if I may venture an opinion, insist upon a discriminating and intelligent receptiveness to any and all ideas; a refusal to accept, until the curiosity of the mind has satisfied itself, any tradition or written or spoken judgment as final; a freedom from any inherent or acquired emotional bias; and, above all, a hearty scepticism of any of those hobbies or panaceas that are the cheap refuge of the little mind. In the face of this, the only time during my three years of college that I have ever observed either receptiveness, or curiosity, or scepticism in those of the great majority was upon the mention of that open-sesame to the college degree—"crip" courses. Of course, the collegian has his moments of interest. Probably more than "moments," for three hours a day of sedate educational pursuit fulfill all the college requirements. He performs, and quite happily at that, turns to the rewards of fraternity and campus activities, the exciting pleasures of the football games, and the ginned-up warmth of the college dance. What matter if the situation is farcical? or, perhaps, tragic? He is happy, satisfied. And youth satisfied is youth imbued with the desire to sell that satisfaction. In all probability—in the form of bonds.

The whole point to all this is that under the unthinking democracy that is the present day college, the real student body has atrophied into a particular type that fits exactly into the formless mold of homogeneity. The pale, one-surface characteristics that are its confines are business ability, business alertness, and business efficiency—and all three of these are modified by that typically American term, "high-pressure." I would not dare say that this mass-production could, or should be stopped. It cannot. It is too firmly established, too well suited to the present needs and wants, and too—satisfying.

IV

The situation of the collegian is beyond remedy and without hope, but at least there is a dissenting group, the two per cent. These are

the men who oppose the present trend, who resent its inadequacies, and who waste four years in an honest pursuit of a respectable but counterfeit education. And at the end are more vitally disappointed than the collegian, if he should lift his head, should be. Yet the idea that these men should meet in college the ideal environment, and that the college should endeavor to give these superior minds the maximum opportunity for development has become a trite nothing from too much mouthing. All the attempts to reform this situation, from those of the intellectual faculty committee to the vacuous editorial writer, have resulted merely in the further impression upon the mind of the upper two per cent. man that the only education to be got from four years of college is the education of disillusionment. I cannot believe that this bit of understanding is worth the four-years' worship of false gods that the American college exacts.

The two per cent. student, dubbed one of the *literati*, or more sarcastically, "that poor grind" by the fraternity-pin-monogram-seeking majority, enters college expecting certain definite benefits. He realizes the colorlessness of his ambitions, but he is conscious, *verbalized*. He knows what he wants. And he knows that in his effort to attain his desires lies education. The experience of man is his field and the enriching of his own experience his task. He agrees with Voltaire that *il faut cultiver nos jardins*, but adds,—and also the gardens of others. He would examine all knowledge, and embrace all the arts. But modern education is put up for a different sort of customer. After four years of constant fighting against an almost infallible system for disheartening individuality and destroying originality, he is ready to declare the college both incompetent and dishonest. And generally does before that time.

I see no place for the superior student in our educational system. I have nothing to suggest for the collegian. Let him prosper along with the college. But I am convinced that the two per cent. students do not belong in college. There are great cities, sleepy towns, and broad fields. There are opera houses, museums, and libraries. Let him wander, foot-loose and free, casually in and out of these places. Let him attend to the theme of the symphony rather than to the music of the band. Let his receptiveness, his curiosity, and his scepticism guide him and lead him in a lifelong search for education.

Two Poems

by J. K. MOONEY

Pan

This piping, piping, pagan Pan
Calls softly down the breeze
Of lovely wines and loves and man
Who drains them to the lees—
Faint voice, insistent in its claim
Is this which urges all;
And we who cry "For shame! For shame!"
In righteousness grow tall
And to ourselves admit that we but envy those who fall.

Don Quixote

At misty windmills fast I ride
And know as knowingly as they
That laugh at me, that I but ride
At misty windmills.

They scoff and laugh at me, for they
Are grave in life, and so deride
My taste in thinking life but play.

At least in life I have described
The madness of my crazy way;
They sanely ride at aims—I ride?—
At misty windmills.

Intermezzo

A Study In Disgust

by JOSEPH MITCHELL

The
CAROLINA
MAGAZINE



December
1927

I. "ALL THE DISGUSTED YOUNG MEN . . ."

IN LAST YEAR'S college annual, under the photographs of five members of the intelligentsia, one may find statements denouncing venerable alma mater, pointing out that its foundations are athletics and debating societies, and that its purpose is as hollow as the proverbial wine-barrel in March. One man, retiring editor of the literary magazine, explained in the egotistical blurb under his picture, that he looked forward with great pleasure to graduation, which would end his stay at the "despicable education-factory." Here is the notice in full:

Profoundly tired of attending classes and having small cut and dried doses of pure knowledge shoved down his nauseated throat, while he dreamed of other worlds to conquer, S. hails the end of his college existence with genuine relief. For his four years at the University have only served to prove to him that dissatisfaction will ever be his bed-fellow, and in leaving the sacred portals, to which sancity he is always agnostic, he can only grin at the symbolism of the sheepskin—the ultimate goal of 2500.

And here is another man who has played on the same fiddle.

He has realized the truth—that the enormous value of a college education is largely mythical, and he is more than willing to shake the dust of machine learning from his feet. W. leaves this domicile of knowledge with the doubtful talisman of degree, and a pervading feeling of disgust. He was born with a gift of seeing through shams, and education has proven no exception.

A few weeks ago when the mid-term reports were posted in South building one man, another member of the literati, intelligentsia, or what have you, packed his trunk, and careful not to let his parents know his plans, hastened afar off to barter for a newspaper job. When he entered college, two years ago, he was rated as one of the twenty most intelligent members of his class. He published several stories in the

Magazine, and a play of his was produced by a leading state high school. By the beginning of this quarter he had become disgusted, and until the time of his departure had met no classes. When the mid-term report was sent to his parents he was hundreds of miles away trying for a job, "attempting to shake the dust of machine learning from his feet." In his own words: "I'm just disgusted with the damned place. I can't get one thing here that I couldn't be getting while I'm working, and I'm tired of classes and having to write dam-foolish papers on required subjects. If I'm going to write I may as well get paid for it, and also I won't have to hand in reports on everything I learn." Another man, editor of a prominent campus magazine, is leaving school in January unless the authorities in power allow him to register without specifically required courses. He, too, is "disgusted."

This year, more than before, the most civilized of college men are becoming discouraged and disgusted with the *status quo*. They are cynical, disillusioned, and sometimes belligerently so. The reason is not always clear. In fact, it is plainly an individual matter. Each man has his own case to present before the omnipotents occupying the morris-chairs on high.

II. THE REASONS WHY

Usually it is the age-old matter of curriculum. The value of a degree is balanced side by side with the work, tedious and valueless, monotonous and useless, which one must conquer before the simple abbreviation with its magical connotation of worth and importance becomes one's own. The cynic belabors the worship of diplomas. To him the knowledge and enjoyment, if any, that he has acquired from his books and instructors are reward a-plenty. There are ways out of the curriculum problem, of course.

If one is old enough, twenty-one to be exact, one may register as a "special student." Which means that one is allowed to follow the courses one likes best. But most students have already made a note of their age at the registrar's office before they find out this arrangement, and few of them are twenty-one. Be that as it may, the registration of special students is limited.

And, too, at this university, a few of the most intelligent students, after completing their first two years of required work, are allowed to

ramble around as they wish within a reasonable range, and at the end of a set time present themselves with their carefully preserved knowledge before a board of examiners. If they have remembered enough they may, of course, attach to their names with all gravity the password to a position as a teacher. This is a civilized method, but for some men it is also far too inelastic. They wish, it seems, to slam the door on all academic restriction, and to make the university a place where they may sprawl headlong in whatever subject calls them with most insistence.

The men who want this freedom with no entanglements are for the most part temperamental individuals—the chaps, usually, who utter the goddamns for the intelligent two percent. This long-haired, epicurean-minded, too-radical minority is quite often merely posing. Oftentimes they haven't the ability to acquire the required knowledge; so they rebel against all knowledge, except that which they may show off easily and flashily. You will find them studying journalism, majoring in English, dabbling in psychology—constantly shifting, never still, never satisfied. Which is perhaps a long point in their favor. Here we are, they will mutter to the high-ups, doing just as we wish despite your foolish requirements. We'll get what we want. We don't give a damn if it rains or freezes. . . . And they find loop-holes in the curriculum, deriving legitimate, yet intense, enjoyment by defying the registrar.

But one does not find the men in this group alike. Their very problems make them individualists. Types exist, of course, but most of them have one quality, one speciality, which makes them differ. That is why they rebel. They feel themselves superior—and almost every time they are—to the usual, average college student. They wish something from college that the others do not, and no reservation has been made for them. Take the case of the man who wishes to become a dramatic critic. He registers for journalism, and finds he must wade through mathematics, economics, geology or chemistry, and languages before he is allowed to study the things he needs. He regards the first two years of college, then, a waste of time. And they are. The courses are justified on the grounds that they "broaden one's mind." Which is perfectly all right if one wishes one's mind broadened in that particular way. People wishing to be dramatic critics usually do not.

And, from being told that they are "different," to be different becomes a virtue. So the intelligent two-percent must not under any circumstances look or act like one of the "gay young collitch boys." If they do, they are tin-soldiers, marching men. This affair of being different grows into a pose. Oftentimes hair grows long, artist-caps are donned, and razor-blades are forgotten. This is an offering placed on the altar of the great god Individuality.

So here they are: the disgusted young men. They know exactly where they wish to journey, but if the gate is opened, will they know which road to choose?

III. ONE WAY OUT

Every man finds a different solution. The tendency now is to follow the terse advice of Horace, of Thoreau, and of Horace Williams: "Live with yourself." Instead of finding things wrong with the system, recognizably corrupt, men are finding things wrong with themselves. The above-average men are secluding themselves: reading, studying, thinking. The intelligentsia have decided to become intelligent. The literati have discovered the library. The sleds were put under the classics in favor of the moderns only a few years ago. Now the moderns are pushed into the snow, and Euripides is almost as important as Eugene O'Neill.

The development of one man is an index to the growth of the others. Let one man tell his story, meanwhile keep in mind that the others are similar:

Once I imagined that in college I was becoming educated, and that I was also learning how to make a living. With genuine enthusiasm and even with reverence I studied books which were supposed to hold "all the best that has been said and thought since time's beginning," the essence of orthodox culture and civilization. Professors I regarded with the utmost respect, believing as a matter of fact that they knew of what they talked.

Then a time came when illusions bumped heavily against reality. Are these things I am told truths, and does it make any difference if they are truths, and why know them if they are truths? These are questions I asked myself. Put to the test, sifted out, certain things about this University fell flat, flopped on their sides. I became iconoclastic, belligerently so. The German philosophers, the French novelists, and the English and German scientists interested me mightily. They lined my book shelves. My view of life became obscured and muddled by the opinions of terribly clever, yet diabolically insane, men. I, influenced by experimenters, and warped by theorists, found myself almost taking these men at their face values.

Then I worked in a tobacco warehouse for a summer, and became engaged to an impulsive woman. These are the experiences I value: The negroes with whom I worked in the warehouse, and the woman, cruel and beautiful. They taught me things young men should not know. Terribly wise are negroes and cruel women. Young men must be strong and cynical to understand them. And only young men may understand them.

Now I begin my third year of University life. It is not pleasant. I have something to work for, but the privilege is not granted me. Too many football games; too many dances; and too many Y. M. C. A. secretaries making speeches. They tangle up things. I would live where no one watches others play football, where there are no student jazz orchestras, where no assistant pastor bleats about salvation. I would live where strong men and women live. Beer, and books and music, operas and exhibitions, and where one works, where one is allowed to work. Here life is artificial. Saccos and Vanzettis' are electrocuted, state legislatures pass bills prohibiting this and that, ten thousand vital affairs unravel themselves in the world, and here one studies about "the best that has been said and thought."

But I am not intolerant. I am tolerant of everything except assistant pastors. I wish to know things, but I am not allowed to say just how I shall go about finding them out, for somewhere there is a syndicate of nincompoops who demand that I take a course in mathematics, a course in English, a course in French. I take the courses and become amused. This is only intermezzo, this college affair. Later the real music will be played.

His statement is more or less sophomoric. The young man takes himself too seriously. He should have learned from the paradoxical French novelists that one is better humoured if one takes one's work instead of one's self seriously. But this student decided there were things he wanted to know, things he should know. He has made no distorted appraisal of his own intelligence.

His way out was to engage rooms in a professor's home, far from the din of the dormitories, headquarters of the football team's supporters. There he reads and reads, and does just enough work on his courses to be allowed to continue registering. And that is not difficult. It is notoriously easy for a man to pass through college with a surprisingly meagre amount of work. But learning things. . . . That is a different matter.

Inwardly this student has no aching desire to leave University life. He has worked on a newspaper, and knows that beer and skittles do not make up the life of the laboring man. The students who are abruptly detaching themselves from college and beginning the high-

hearted pilgrimage to the work-a-day world are laboring under a delusion which those who have already worked are eager to dispel. They do not realize that the American university is the easiest place in the world in which intelligent people may spend vacations. Lodging is cheap; food is terrible; however, it is also cheap; libraries are full of beautiful volumes. Which is surprising for America. The disgusted young men must not take themselves too seriously. But the requirements are still bothersome. There is no getting around that. . . .

IV. "SKIMMING, SKIMMING OVER THE CRUST OF THINGS . . ."

Here is the underlying cause of disgust: Men are realizing that they are fooling themselves. The intelligentsia is thinly veiled. Most of the books they prate of are really no more than covers, formats. The penchant for remembering book-titles and authors' names, and repeating them glibly and frequently is wide-spread. It is a pretense typically American. To men of discernment and depth this attitude is particularly distasteful.

The knowledge of the most intelligent of the cognoscenti is, more than often, plainly gilt. One mentions music, and a look of understanding comes over the faces of the group. They will chatter away interminably, bandying musical terms and the names of composers indiscriminately. A few will think, "Damn, I don't know what I'm talking about.—But do any of us?"

They are skimming, skimming over the crust of things, these extraordinary young men. They hardly ever get underneath the works and examine the motivating forces. Yes, but ask them why, and they will say, "So has every man since education's beginning." And are they far wrong? Take any learned doctor of philosophy and look over the thesis he turned in for the honor that is his. Did he know so much after all. Did he show that he understood any of the mysterious things which even ditch-diggers wonder about? Not always. No, not by any means.

So all the intelligent young men are becoming disgusted. And some are becoming disgusted with themselves. Since the war college men have been rebelling against the college. Now they are rebelling against themselves.

All they ask is to be left alone. "We will get what we want, if you'll allow it," they say to the colleges. But the colleges will not leave

them alone. Education is directing a jazz-band and every one must dance.

Those who do not wish to dance are cautioned: "Hold on, good fellows, you are in the minority. Beggars must not be choosers. If you don't like it, if you don't belong, get the hell out. You are listening to someone else's music. So dance, damn you, dance. We're fox-trotting, and if you must waltz, go ahead, but don't get in our way, and remember: if one dances to please one's self, one must not look for applause."

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Rag-Time

On the level,
Little blue devil,
I'm in love with you.
Don't know why,
But I sometimes cry
And often I feel blue.

If you'd be kind,
I wouldn't mind,
(Maybe I'd soften, too!)
'Cause on the level,
Little blue devil,
I'm in love with you!

Peter Gray



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The Legend of San Felipe

by KATHARINE JOHNSON

ON THE BORDER of southwest Texas, a little Mexican town called San Felipe Del Rio lies huddled beneath Sugar Loaf Mountain, and totters along the banks of the blue-green San Felipe River. It is a squalid village, overrun with hairless dogs and fat pigs. Yet it treasures in its heart a romantic legend of its proud beginnings when Don Miguel de la Casa Blanca pitched his camp at the foot of the hill, and built the great hacienda, the ruins of which you can see, outlined in purple against the sunset.

Don Miguel had a daughter, and it was she that really ordered the village. She was as beautiful as the white blossom in the heart of a spanish bayonet, and as unattainable; as graceful as a wind-blown poppy and as heartless; as slender as a Damascus blade and as swiftly cruel. The desert never bloomed until she came riding, riding across the sand.

And it is no wonder that the Senorita had only contempt for men other than Don Miguel, for he adored her and devoted his life to her entertainment. So when she chose to stop beside the blue green river that flowed from the heart of a mighty spring, there was nothing he could do, but order his servants to dismantle the great covered wagons, put up the tents and await further orders from the Senorita. Eventually, because she demanded it, he built the great hacienda on top of the hill, and the servants took wives from the Indian tribes across the River, and a little colony grew up under the dominion of Dolores.

For a time all went well. And then the spring came, and never was there such beauty.

There were rains that year. The desert bloomed in a riot of flame poppies and scarlet wine-cups. Cactus and sage were heavy with blossoms. Huisache trees were hung with little gold balls. The mesquite trees put forth tight-curved green fronds. Yet to the hacienda on the hill that spring brought tragedy.

For one night as the full moon rose over the top of the hill, and Dolores laughed at her father from the heap of pillows in the courtyard, there came a quick clatter of hoofs, and in the servant's quarters, where there had been no noise save the soft throb of guitars, a sharp

excited babble arose, and through the light of the camp fire many shadows flickered. Before Dolores could question him, Don Miguel had slipped away. And soon the tumult ceased, and Don Miguel returned to Dolores, bringing with him one who called himself simply, "Felipe." He was very dusty, and hot-looking and his right arm hung limply. There was a clot of blood on his shoulder. Dolores' heart was troubled for him.

It is not the policy of the desert to ask questions. From that moment, Felipe became the honored guest, but no man ever knew his name, or his home, or his parentage. He was young and glorious as only a lithe young Spaniard can be. And he was evidently a don, for his accent and his speech betrayed him. Soon, he was the closest companion of Don Miguel, and even her duenna thought that at last Dolores had found a man she might love.

The moon rose many times. Felipe's arm healed quickly, and soon the stars found him always playing softly upon his guitar to Dolores, who sat above him and bent upon him a glance that even a man could fathom. And the wind would rustle through the purple sage and blow her hair across his cheek. And then his voice would catch a little, before he could continue the wistful crooning. And there were flowers that he brought her from the desert, wine-cups, and poppies and pale blue larkspur. And some Dolores wore next her heart, and some she pressed in her Bible.

One night they strayed down beside the river, where the great trees cast black shadows over the sequined water. Very silently, hand in hand, they followed the path to the great spring from whence flowed Dolores' blue-green river. In her heart there was foreboding—he was so quiet and stern.

And on the wall, he told her that he loved her; she smiled and kissed him. But he drew away, and sighed. There were tears in his eyes when he told her that he must go—he had no right to love her—he could not tell his name. She protested, and clung to him, and wept a little. And he kissed her hair and her eyelids and her white hands. So they met their tragedy. Dolores leaning against his arm, which tightened around her in spite of himself. But he must go, and sometime she would understand.

Dolores turned to go. Slowly she started down the dark path.

Once, she looked back, and saw Felipe standing motionless beside the wall. She walked wearily on, and turned again, but Felipe was gone. Frenziedly she hurried back. And as she thought, Felipe had cast himself into the spring. Even as she looked he was being sucked down into the very heart of the water from which no object could ever return.

Don Miguel found her lying unconscious upon the grass. And only too soon the whole colony knew the woeful story. For Dolores' sake they named her blue-green river the San Felipe. But it did not give back her lover, and she sickened and died for want of him.

So now, on a June night, when the noises of the squalid village are quieted, if you walk silently down the black path which follows the course of the moon spangled river you can hear Dolores as she leans over the great spring and calls softly "Felipe!"



Jacqueline

I heard a half-whisper of brown leaf-skirts
And a crisp tinkle-patter of fast-falling beat;
And a smile, I saw, as it paused, autumn-sad,
In a brief brisk sigh at the edge of the street.

She flashed in a brown, gold-dusty wind-whirl
Of a dance that sped 'til it swirled so fleet
That she could not sustain it, but vanishing left
A handful of leaves, quite dead, at my feet.

Shepperd Strudwick, Jr.

The Pineville Episode

by JUDAH SHOHAN

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ADA MOORE sat in her living-room rocker facing Louise Cummings. She was leaning forward in a way that made her gaunt form look particularly ungraceful. From the very angle of her posture it was evident that absorbing confidences were being exchanged.

Mrs. Cummings—spouse of Al Cummings, Insurance & Real Estate—had just run over to borrow a Vacuo Ice Cream Freezer from Mrs. Moore—help-meet of Charley Moore, Hardware—who naturally was possessed of such adjuncts to luxurious living.

The untidy hair, carelessly bunched in knots, and the dingy house-dresses betokened the morning hours of women intimately occupied with the care of their households. They addressed each other by their first names with the simpering familiarity of two neighbors whose husbands had been school-mates and considered it unthinkable that their wives should be on any other terms except completely intimacy.

Ada Moore, however, had always looked down slightly on Louise Cummings. Or rather, she had pitied her, as one who had not had the good fortune to be a Pinevillian born and bred, as she herself was, and as were also their respective husbands.

Mrs. Moore was rather tall, taller, in fact, than her husband, to whom this was a constant source of secret mortification. Her figure was very spare, which further accentuated her height. In spite of the fact that her eyes had always been weak, her native vanity had prevented her from wearing glasses until the early middle age of her small town life had reconciled her to them. She never became altogether accustomed to her spectacles, which curiously gave her stern, unyielding features a mild, inquiring expression.

Her visitor was much smaller, a well-rounded blonde. A worn pair of frivolous, French-heeled shoes, separated from her uneven dress-hem by a foot and a half of sheer silk stocking gave an inkling of her quite un-Pinevillian nature.

The sound of the hall clock industriously counting off twelve recalled Mrs. Cummings from the enchanting discussion of the minis-

ter's wife's management of the Ladies' Aid Society. She jumped up briskly.

"I must be off, Ada. Al will be home directly, and I haven't half started the dinner. Thanks so much for the freezer. I'm ashamed to come borrowin' again. I've been telling Al all along we ought to get one—but you know what men are. . . ."

Mrs. Moore evidently knew very well what men were, as her deep sigh and her wifely "Oh dear!" attested.

She followed her visitor to the door.

"Don't mention it, Louise. I always tell Charley there's nothing like being real neighborly."

They stood facing the door for a moment, chatting idly, when the drab village street was suddenly enlivened by the swift passage of a showy and sporty automobile. Although this affront to tranquility had come and gone in a flash, the women were evidently quite acquainted with its nature.

Mrs. Moore spoke first.

"Well! There goes that Blake woman again. Now she's buried one husband she doesn't do a thing but ride around watching out for another. I don't know what made her come back here anyway. She thinks she's too good for us, you can tell."

"Didn't you know her before she left for up North?"

I should say so! Let me tell you, Cynthia Parker What-ever-it-is—Blake—needn't put on any airs around me. The other day, up town in front of Mr. Merrimon's bank I passed right by her without speaking! Of course she was talking and laughing and carrying on with Mr. Merrimon and didn't look right at me, but I know she expected me to speak."

"You don't say! Right in front of the bank! And Mrs. Merrimon such a nice woman, too, and such a good wife and mother!"

"Oh, that wouldn't stop Cynthia Blake. She's not that kind. But I'm really surprised at Mr. Merrimon. We're not rich and all, but at least I'm glad Charley would never carry on like that. But with a woman like that around—why, the town's just not the same. And Charley used to know her real well at one time, before she left here. Though I can't understand what men see in that woman, anyway." Mrs. Moore finished with the pathetic, uncertain note of a woman

who knows that her own charms are long faded, and cannot help a slight uneasiness as to the unwavering loyalty of her mate.

"Well—"

There was a pause, an awkward moment for the two. Both were afraid that they had confessed too much of themselves in talking about the third woman.

Mrs. Cummings made a determined break.

"Well, I must be off. Thanks ever so much, Ada."

She opened the screen door, and hurried away. Mrs. Moore remained standing in the door-way, taking delight in critically observing her neighbor and best friend while she was unobserved.

That night, Mr. and Mrs. Cummings went out. Mrs. Cummings hadn't mentioned this engagement to her neighbor, for they were going to play bridge, and Mrs. Moore disapproved highly of all card-playing. She considered it a great waste of time. She herself virtuously employed her leisure hours in crocheting miles of thread lace, for which she was always racking her brain to find some use.

While Mrs. Cummings was dressing, she called out to her husband.

"Al?"

"Yes, Lou."

"Don't call me Lou, Al Cummings. You know I despise it."

"Sorry, Louise. Well, what is it?"

"That Mrs. Blake is pretty rich, isn't she?"

"Yep, expect so. Why?"

"Just thinking. Me and Ada Moore happened to be talking about her."

"Say, you women seem to find her a good subject for gossiping all right."

"Now, Al, you know I never gossip like other women do!"

One half of the Cummings menage chuckled, taking care not to be heard by the other half.

Looking critically at the back of her head in a hand-mirror, Louise continued, "Can't see what all you men see in a woman like that." Then, as an afterthought, "I do believe Ada is scared for her Charley."

Al laughed uproariously at the thought of the insignificant Charley in the role of a Don Jew-on. His wife joined in his mirth at the idea.



"Ready, L-Louise?"

"Why, I've been ready five minutes, Al Cummings. I didn't know you were dressed. You're always so slow."

As she took one last reassuring look in her mirror, Al glanced at her doubtfully. But long experience caused him to put a check on his tongue.

He had to wait at the wheel of the Ford for another five minutes while she adjusted her hat and scarf. Finally they drove off, their elderly Ford coughing phthisically.

When they reached their destination on South Orchard Street, Louise looked up resentfully at the plain house set far above the street on a high terrace. "I don't see why the Hubbards keep on living in such a dingy old house. If they want people to visit them they ought to have an elevator. Must be a hundred steps."

The sound of the car stopping had roused the watchful Hubbards. A light flashed on the porch. Mrs. Cummings, already embarked upon the journey of the steps, turned purposefully to her husband.

"Al Cummings, don't you dare overbid your hand!"

They finally achieved the last step, and set foot on the porch. Their host and hostess had both come out to meet them.

Mrs. Hubbard overwhelmed them with cordial and exclamatory greetings, talking very fast, as if to forestall interruptions. She was given to dark clothes, which, with her dull brown hair and sallow complexion, gave her a drab, neutral effect. This was for her a sort of protective coloring, and gave her the advantage of being able to talk about almost every other woman she knew as being either loud or overdressed.

The two men embarrassedly shook hands with severe formality, as though they had not met for some time. As a matter of fact, Mr. Hubbard's dry goods store was right below the office of Al Cummings, and the two men saw much more of each other during the day than they thought wise to inform their wives.

The labored breathing of the guests prompted Mrs. Hubbard to deprecating apologies about the steps. But Mrs. Cummings met these with saccharine sweetness. "Why, honey, it isn't anything at all. You know I'd go just anywhere to see you-all. And I was just telling Al that I think you folks have such a nice quiet house. It's so noisy living right on the street."

Al proved his years of matrimonial training by not blinking an eye-lash. From his knowledge of Mrs. Hubbard, too, he was thoroughly sure that she had just been making remarks to her husband about the "Cummings' old smelly Ford", or something of the kind. As a matter of fact, Al didn't imagine the half of it, even though he knew Abby Hubbard to have the most active and vitriolic tongue in Pineville.

The four played bridge steadily and persistently for two hours, in spite of the heat, the mosquitoes, the uncomfortable chairs, and the sporadic wailing of the latest Hubbard addition. Bridge was, for Abigail Hubbard, a shrine at which she worshipped with ecstatic fervor. It was the one time when she gave her tongue a much-needed rest, and she always insisted that this truce be maintained by all the players, no small talk, except that bearing directly on the game, being allowed.

Mrs. Cummings had already made mental notes of four heinous errors about which to goad her husband, when the bawling of the youngest Hubbard reached such a crescendo that they all willingly called a halt.

Mrs. Hubbard returned from her mission as pacifier to find her guests casting impatient glances at each other and at the clock. As soon as she appeared, they rose to go.

But even when they had progressed in their departure as far as the door, the visit seemed as interminable as ever. After several aeons of chatting, mostly an uninterrupted monologue by Abby Hubbard, she bethought herself of the Moores.

"And how is dear Mrs. Moore?"

Al Cummings clownishly lengthened his face. "She's pretty sick, I'm afraid," he said, shaking his head lugubriously.

Wondering what piece of buffoonery her husband was up to now, Mrs. Cummings cast him a warning look, but she was too late to stop him.

"Sick? I'm sorry to hear that. What seems to be the matter?"

"Oh, she's worrying that her Charley is going to run off with Cynthia Blake."

And Mr. Cummings slapped his knee, and laughed uproariously at his own witticism. But Mrs. Hubbard, who possessed no such sense



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of humor, suddenly assumed an intent, eager expression. "You don't say! Charley Moore! And—"

Mrs. Cummings hastened to intervene. "Al's just playing the fool, Mrs. Hubbard. Something I said about Ada Moore struck him funny. Though she did say that Charley used to—well now, I wonder—"

Her face assumed a puzzled expression, as if she was probing her memory, when her glance encountered Abby's avid eyes. She hastily made their good-byes before the scene could go any further and made a precipitate departure with her husband.

As they drove home, Louise cut loose. First and foremost, she took Al to task for his silly remarks about the Moores. "You know what Abby Hubbard is. It don't take much to set her off on some trail, like a blood-hound." Then she started on his bridge tactics. Exhausting that topic, she began blaming him for letting them in for staying so late.

Meanwhile another conjugal scene was being enacted in the home of the Hubbards. The sleepy husband was allowed no rest under the fire of his wife's cross-examination.

"No, I won't let you go to sleep. You always aggravate me so, when I want to ask you something. Is that right about that Blake woman going with Charley Moore before she ran off to New York?"

The lord of the house groaned. "Aw, I don't know anything about it."

His wife changed to a wheedling tone. "Won't you try and remember, Ed, just to please me. Just see if you can recollect anything about it. Come on, Ed."

"Oh Lord, what a woman! All I can remember is that they always used to go around together. Seems like they were understood to be engaged, but she got high-falutin' notions, and up and left Pineville. Now leave me sleep, won't you."

"Well, I declare. I wonder if she didn't come back here on account of him. Do you know if they've been seen together lately?"

No answer. "Ed, do you hear me?"

"Can't you let me be? All right, all right, don't start sniffin'. I didn't mean nothing. Someone did say, sorta joking like, that she decided she couldn't do no better anywhere else, and came back here to get Charley. Now that's all I know about it, and don't you bother me no more."

Mrs. Hubbard permitted him to sleep, but she herself chose to stay awake for some time, thinking. She was in her own special seventh heaven. Her worst, or rather her best, suspicions had received what she considered sufficient, and indeed complete, confirmation.

Next morning she could hardly wait until her husband had finished breakfast and was out of the house, before seating herself at the telephone. She remained there the greater part of the morning.

When Charley Moore drove home for lunch two days later not a ripple was in sight on the placid stream of his domestic tranquility. In fact, Charley was in the best of spirits that particular day. He had just closed the deal to handle the "Zenith" line of locks, the most popular on the market. As he parked in front of his house, he was gaily humming a snatch from a new dance piece that Harvey, the delivery boy, had been whistling all morning.

Charley Moore was shortish and rather slender, but he always managed to hold himself erectly, with a certain swagger grace of bearing that gave the illusion of height, even beside his tall wife. His hair, although tinged with gray, was entirely intact from the ravages of baldness, and was carefully groomed. He still prided himself upon the neatness and modishness of his dress. Charley was that rare exception, a middle-class, small-town man, whose sense of humor and enjoyment of life had not fallen victim to his drab environment, his worried middle-age, or his crotchety wife. His face retained a youthful naivete of expression, and his eyes a boyish wistfulness that made all sentimental old maids long to mother him.

His comradery, with his friends, which was instinctive with him, had been a constant source of vexation to his wife. Taking himself rather for granted as an ordinary specimen of man, and not realizing that he might have a special appeal for women, his wife's continual remonstrances convinced him that he must in some way be "making up" to the wives in their social circle. Hating all domestic "ructions", he had begun to take a course most unlike his real self. He went so far as to be purposely cool and aloof with all of Ada's women friends. For a long time now his domestic life had been untroubled, and as he entered the house he crossed with sprightly step to where Ada was sitting in a dark corner of the living-room, to administer his customary kiss.

But this time, as he leaned over her, he was rudely, violently pushed away. Then, as he noticed his wife's tear-stained, tear-reddened face, his heart sank.

"Why Ada! What's the matter? Aren't you feeling well?"

"Don't you make fun of me, Charley Moore! It's not my health at all! You know very well what's the matter. And you coming into the house whistling a jazz tune—after—Oh, God—But you needn't think I'm going to put up with it!"

Her voice, after reaching a high hysterical note, died down, and she took refuge sobbing behind her damp handkerchief.

Charley Moore's face took on a woe-begone expression, and he stood pulling his lower lip thoughtfully, contemplating the wife of his bosom. He winced as her voice made itself heard, and felt, again.

"I have to have catty women come here, making believe to be so sorry for me, and then insult me to my face, all on account of your goings on. Why, it's all over town. Everybody talking behind my back, and me with a man like you, coming home singing, too. And no wonder! Me cooking and darning and working my fingers off, and you singing and going off to that woman—"

"Listen, Ada. Now listen. It's all some mistake. Stop it, Ada, and listen. Why, I don't even know who you're talking about. So you see. You know spiteful women'll start up most any kind of talk about a person. I'm surprised at you believing things about me. Now, honey, stop crying. Who did they say I'd been going after?"

His wife's quavering voice went up again.

"Don't you act the innocent, Charley Moore. This isn't the first time. I saw for myself the other times, but I let you pull the wool over my eyes. Now you've been acting so nice lately, I never even thought—and then that sneakin' card-playin' Abby Hubbard came over here this morning, and talked so sweet—said she thinks as a friend of mine it was her duty—and I know I looked so surprised that she could tell in a minute I didn't know anything about it—"

"Ada Jennings Moore, listen to me! I swear I don't even know who you're talking about—"

"Well, if you don't know, everybody else in town seems to. All except me. That awful Blake woman! She came back here just to get you away from me. I just believe you've been writing and keeping

up with her all the time her husband was alive. And now she's got rid of one husband she comes right back here with a green auto and a made-up face and takes you away from me. Oh, God! Oh, God! Oh-h-h—"

Here Mrs. Moore gave way completely under the stress of her feelings, and sobbed violently against the back of her chair. Charley Moore, with a set, resigned expression on his face, drew up a chair, and putting an arm about her convulsed shoulders, began to soothe her. At first she tried to shake off his arm, but gradually became quieted by the low hypnotic tones of her husband's voice. But he had been talking to her for several minutes before she became aware of the meaning of his words.

"—and you know Abby Hubbard tells tales on everybody in town. You wouldn't believe a woman with a tongue like hers, would you? And you've lived here long enough to know that when she says "everybody in town", it only means a few busybodies like herself. Lord knows, I expect I'm not perfect, Ada, but I've been a pretty good husband to you, haven't I? Now, haven't I?"

Her scattered wits slowly responded to the suggestive power of his voice and words, and her weeping became less convulsive.

"Haven't I, honey?"

She nodded affirmatively.

"Well now, Ada, it's not like you to be so unreasonable as to believe anybody like that Hubbard woman right away like that. I know if she hadn't upset you so, you'd not even have listened to her. Won't you just believe me, Ada. Ada, you wouldn't doubt my word like that after all these years against the word of a few old gossips that are just jealous because we get along so well, would you? Come now, you wouldn't, would you?"

He turned her around gently until she was looking up at him, her lips and eye-lids still trembling, but an expression of uncertainty appearing in her eyes.

"Well—well—but—"

"I really am surprised at you, Ada, listening to such things about me. You should have spoken up, and told that woman where she got off. Now I suppose she went away thinking that you believed her, believed such things about your own husband—"

"I don't know. Maybe I did. Maybe she did. But she must'a known something, found out something, or she wouldn't dare—"

"Well, what did she say, exactly? Did she say she could prove anything?"

"No-o, not exactly prove anything—but she just said that everybody knew that you and that Mrs. Blake were going together—deceiving me—"

"I see. Just nothing but silly gossip. And you believed her right away. Well, all I can say is that I'll never forgive you for believing her, Ada."

He pushed her back, strode over to the window, and stood looking out, his shoulders squared, his hands thrust deep into his pockets.

Ada began to look frightened. "I never thought—I never meant—oh, that gossipy old woman—coming around here to make trouble. I'll call her up and tell her what I think of her. But Charley—you give me your word—there wasn't anything in it—just gossip?"

Charley only remained standing at the window, his stern profile and squared shoulders the picture of righteous indignation. Then he turned and strode purposefully toward the door.

Ada jumped up in a panic, stumbling towards him and throwing her arms around his neck violently, so that he almost staggered under her considerable weight.

"Oh, Charley, Oh, Charley, where're you going—I didn't mean anything—I believe you—I believe you—"

"You sure you're finished with all this foolishness?"

"Yes—Oh, yes—"

As if still reluctant, he slowly put his arms about her.

"Well then, that's all right, dearie. Only never let me hear another word about it!"

"I don't know how I ever could—you such a good husband—the best husband—"

He waved his hand magnanimously.

"Let's forget about it. You've just not been feeling well lately, that's all. You better take that trip to Breaker Beach with the Cummings you been wanting to take. I guess I can afford it, all right. You know that contract with the Zenith people? Well, I put it through this morning."

"Oh, Charley! I really don't deserve this. After—after. . . . All right. I won't say another word about it. But how I could. . . ."

"Well, then that's all right. Let's see, they're going Monday, aren't they? Now, how about some dinner?"

Ada hurried to put the finishing touches to the meal, and then they sat down to eat, Ada Moore a more tender, sprightly table companion than she had been in many years.

When he had finished with his meal, Charley looked at his watch.

"Got to get right back to the store, honey. Lots of work today."

He kissed his wife, and, still the well-trained husband, waited until he had crossed the threshold of the house to light a cigarette.

He leisurely drove down town, and, parking a block from his store, made his way to a drug store. There he entered a telephone booth.

When he got his number, he cupped his hand around the mouth-piece and spoke into it softly.

"Hello. Yes, this is Charley. Listen, my wife got wind of something. All right now, but I better not see you for a while. Oh, I'll get her out of town in a day or two."



III

A wind-swept garden.

Pale leaves shivering under a white moon.

An elf painted with bits of scarlet, bits of gold.

Hair a-flying.

Lips a-laughing.

Slender fingers reaching for a yellow tulip, reaching for a
silver star, reaching for my throat.

Peter Gray

Fate

fate knocks about
clumsy as a drunkard
who shouts
Omnipotence
and overturns an inkwell—
or braggart
like a cock
crows
atop a dunghill
then scratches
for buried seed.

thus fate
braggartly kills
to prove his own
grim, horrible sway,
reels, reeking with polluting blood,
and laughs—
Nauseously.

J. K. Mooney

A Study In Pairs—

by HENRY BRANDIS, JR.

The
CAROLINA
MAGAZINE

••❖••

December
1927

I

TWO LIVES

EDDIE had made money hand over fist selling whiskey way back in the days when breweries were considered legitimate enterprises. When the state went dry Eddie went into real estate; he believed in playing safe. Then he married Anne, and people wondered why she ever married such a fat, vulgar, moon-faced bird. Anne bore him three children, and people wondered if she knew why a certain, scarlet-lipped woman from "the hill" drove a Nash roadster around town. Anne sometimes told her bridge club how wonderful Eddie was; and people wondered whether she knew why the city always paved the streets running by Eddie's newly purchased property. Once Anne praised Eddie for his success as a Sunday School teacher; and people wondered if she had ever heard a bartender chatter when he dispensed drinks. Then one day Eddie's Cadillac turned turtle and Anne wore black and the children refused party invitations for sixty days. People still wonder if she has ever heaved a sigh of relief.

II

TWO RACES

Jerry wasn't a coward as niggers go, but he shrunk whimperingly as the grim-faced crowd of white men burst their way into his cell. The night before someone had taken a rusty axe and spattered out the brains of a whole family in a lonely, farm cabin on the Milldam road. The police collared Jerry as a likely suspect, and the mob adjudged him guilty. The sheriff stood aside and let the whites vent their righteous wrath upon his charge. There were two hundred in the crowd that marched Jerry out to the creek. Somebody shot him through the stomach, and his legs crumpled weakly just before they pulled his feet clear of the ground. They watched him kick convulsively for ten minutes before they riddled him with lead slugs. "I walked right behind him," bragged one greasy mechanic, "and

every time he'd show up I'd jab him in the leg with this knife and twist it around—like this. We'll learn them damn niggers to mess with our folks."

III

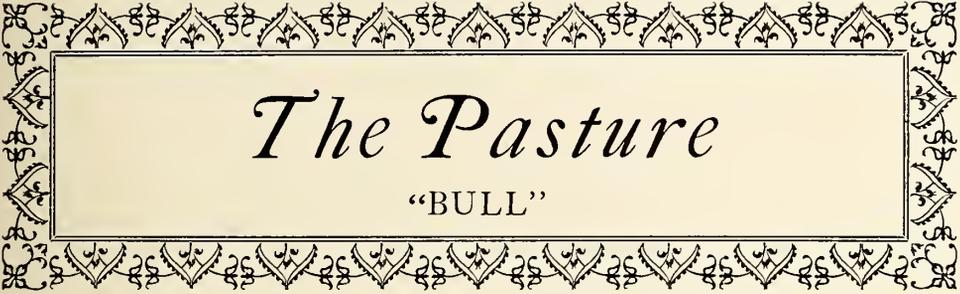
TWO DOORS

Tully had lots of whims that his money enabled him to take advantage of. And so, when he built the new house, he had a whim about the doors. He had the front door made of glass, and the panes were separated by beautifully grained strips of valuable wood. And beside the door was a brass knocker in the form of a latchkey hanging always on the outside. That door was for his friends, the wise virgins. The back door was solid, heavy, panelling, and beside it stood always a pile of wood and a saw. That door was for the tramps, the foolish virgins. And then things went to pot and the house went under the hammer, and Tully drifted out of town. Years later the new owner, coming hom one beak afternoon, found a weather-beaten and thoroughly bedraggled tramp eyeing the back door. "Do you have many foolish virgins along these days?" he asked, grinning sardonically. The new owner stared blankly.

IV

TWO LEVELS

Rose had always showed younger sister Tess how to do things. In pinafores, Rose gave Tess her first lesson in the use of a handkerchief; in hair ribbons, Rose gave Tess her first dorine; and in evening dresses, Rose took Tess on her first wild party. Tess tried hard but she never could quite imitate Rose; she didn't have the material to work with. Then Rose went away to the city and Tess had to shift for herself. At first there was an occasional letter, but then only the rotogravure sections gave Tess news of her sister. She was bitter and envious, and she followed her sister. She held a job in a cabaret just long enough to turn professional. One night a hard-faced Tess stood near Broadway and 42nd Street and watched a fur-coated Rose handed into a taxi by a nice-looking devil who gave the driver the address of Miss M—'s apartment. Rose gave her an unrecognizing stare. She turned away. A sailor stood behind her.



The Pasture

“BULL”

Behold! The shovel is mightier than the sword!
The bull is mightier than the bullet!



You remember those boyhood days! How long it seems since you wandered the city streets a barefoot boy, or the country roads a carefree truant. Remember the thrill of Christmas morning,—a sled,—an air rifle,—or maybe, a bicycle? Then one day the sophisticated, older boy next door sneered knowingly, when you told what Santa Claus had brought to you. Remember how patronizingly he took you into his confidence? You did not believe him at first. Then memories awakened doubts,—whisperings Christmas Eve, sent you early to bed,—your awakening in the night (the room was too hot),—blundering footsteps and mumuring voices downstairs. Remember how it all dawned upon you? The older boy was right! You were sad, at first. Perhaps, you cried a little. Soon you realized that you had been deceived by your friends, by your parents. You resented it. Now you look back and smile at your *naivete*.

Next, you found *the girl*. She was wonderful, embodying all the virtues that your mother possessed,—and many more. The Oedipus complex still gripped you, and you worshiped at the shrine of this angelic creature, just as you had always adored your mother. Then you found that she was like the rest, that *she* was *human*. Again,—sadness,—then the realization that you had been deceived,—resentment. Now you smile at your former lack of sophistication.

One after another in an endless parade those glorious illusions pass before you now. They are dead things, dim ghosts out of an half-buried past. College as the Olympian abode of perfect gentlemen. Education as the key to social and financial success. Professors as minor prophets and omniscient demi-gods. The Bible as the ultimate and unquestionable authority, *ne plus ultra*. The churches as the anointed, terrestrial representatives of the Trinity. You remember them,—and many others. Now you are probably facing, if you have not already faced, the Great Disillusionment. Sooner or later it comes as the summation of those that have gone before,—the realization that there is no omniscient oracle. Parents

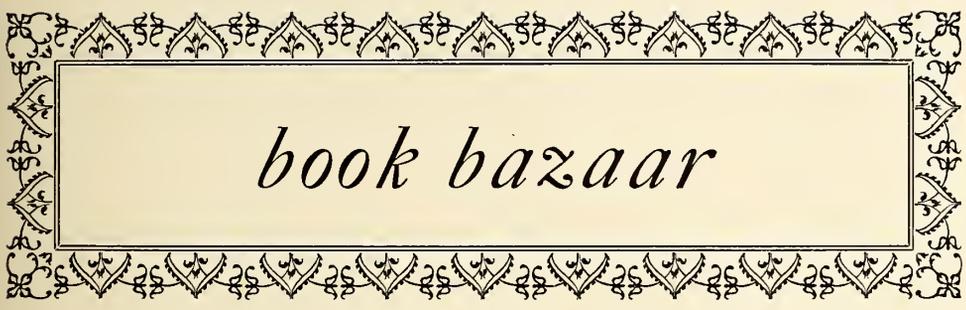
don't know everything; the preacher can't tell you all about God; the teachers are not masters of the facts and problems of the world. How soothing it is to have supreme faith in someone superior to ourselves; how saddening it is to discover that "there ain't any Santa Claus."

We believed in Santa Claus, because we accepted unquestioningly what the children about us believed and what our parents said was true. We were in the grips of crowd-mindedness. Have we yet learned that to look behind the dogmas and shibboleths of crowd-thinking is a moral gain. Every delusion destroyed is a much needed bit of frank dealing with ourselves. To liberate one's self from illogical inhibitions is to approach that much closer a genuine personality, a free agent.

Disillusionment is very painful to the neurotic and the crowd-mind, but the gain is worth the shock of the pride. The ego freed of illusions can face facts squarely; by so doing becomes more conscious of itself as an individual, and better able to adapt itself to the demands of others. We are pampering ourselves with Santa Clauses that make life easier; we are kidding ourselves with crowd mummeries; we are taking refuge from realities behind such generalities and systems of concepts as the "double standard of morals," *American Magazine* standards of success, democracy, and fraternities. How many of us are still hanging up our mental stockings expecting Santa Claus to come and fill them with "education" and "culture?"

With each fresh disillusionment we wonder how we were deceived so long. Always that touch of sadness, always that glimmer of resentment,—as we stumble onward amid other illusions, murmuring, "There ain't no Santa Claus."





book bazaar

Ole Virginny, New Style

STUFFED PEACOCKS. By Emily Clark. Knopf. \$2.50.

It would be a bit difficult to place Miss Clark's kind of book if the blurb did not so kindly enlighten the somewhat puzzled reader. Not that there is anything obscure about it. On the contrary, it is very lucidly written, about very simple—almost too familiar—things. What is it, then, that makes classification so difficult? The pieces, it seems, appeared originally in *The Reviewer*, the short-lived Southern literary magazine which Miss Clark founded and edited for a few years. They grew out of James Branch Cabell's *Advice to a Young Editor* to write a little exercise for every issue. They are, then, editorial gymnastics of a very pleasant sort, very expertly done.

They have to do, on the one hand, with the unemancipated freedmen of a plantation near Richmond, known to the author in her childhood, and on the other, with the decayed aristocracy, equally bound to the old régime. Not stories, not mere descriptions, they partake of the nature of both, belonging to that somewhat archaic form called "character sketches," and revered for their "insight," which was often more frequently mere sentimentality. Well, these have insight. The character drawing is done with understanding. But they are sentimental—sentimental in the new way. And that is the key to the mystery. You have none of that Mammy-way-down-in-Dixie stuff. But you have a certain wise amusement, a certain sophisticated superiority, the sort of sentimentality that disguises itself under a thin veil of irony. We moderns must be simple with simple folk—simplicity is so smart—but we must be simple subtly, or subtle simply, I don't know which. We don't have any red bandannas or Aunt Jemimas smiling all over the pancake box, and we admire ourselves a little for seeing these curious old hangers-on in our amused way. Above all, we must write about them in a mock heroic style which is our chief humorous device.

Do not misunderstand. This is good writing and a definite proof of the author's "connoisseurship," as the jacket says. But everything that makes good magazine material is not worth permanence, and one wonders why the astute Mr. Knopf should let his high-bred Borzoi lunge across its front and end pages. One suspects

that he acted on the advice of that Southern gentleman, Mr. Mencken, who could not bear to see the tradition of Southern chivalry die as the civilization in the Ancient Commonwealth seems so rapidly to be doing.

B. J. Z.



Exit Shavianism

DUSTY ANSWER. By Rosamond Lehmann. New York: Henry Holt & Co. \$2.50.

After reading *Dusty Answer*, I found myself, quiescent and satisfied, indulging in the calmest of day-dreams—a critic's day-dream, half questioning. And it is upon that note that Miss Lehmann closes her first novel.

*Ah, what a dusty answer gets the soul
When hot for certainties in this our life!*

It is a character study of little incident. It traces the emotional development of its heroine, Judith Earle, through a quiet childhood in a remote house; through a disturbing four years at Cambridge, with her strange and passionate friendship with Jennifer, a restless, terrifyingly significant woman; through the delicate, burning intensity of her love for Roddy, a dark, voluptuous dream, whom she never knew, though he had known her, completely, and then had gone away into the unreality from which she had the power to drag him only once, reluctant and uncurious. It leaves her thinking, quietly, dustily, but calmly about the part of her life that is over:

"She was rid at last of the weakness, the futile obsession of dependence on other people. She had nobody now except herself; and that was best.

"This was to be happy—this emptiness, this light uncoloured state, this no-thought and no-feeling.

"She was a person whose whole past made one great circle, completed now and ready to be discarded.

"Soon she must begin to think: What next?

"But not quite yet."

I have never read a more complete novel; yet the story never ends. In Miss Lehmann's prose there burns a flame, an ecstasy, of such personal, sensitive comprehension that the beautiful moments which make up the life of Judith are welded into a poetic whole. Judith is not left, alone and wondering, with her dusty answer. Defeated, perhaps, but intact—more, fuller than she was before. It is like that moment of resting, thoughtful calm which follows the climax of Wagner's love-piece, the Prelude to *Tristan and Isolde*.

There is a literary significance, I think, in the appearance of *Dusty Answer* that can hardly be ignored. During the past several decades literary Britain has been definitely divided into two coteries: that of the political and economic intel-

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The
Book Exchange

lectuals, like Wells, Shaw, and Galsworthy; and that of the *literati* group, like T. S. Eliot, Aldous Huxley, and James Joyce. But the new writers are as far from being dutiful poet laureates as they are from philosophy and social reform ideas. Young literary England has retired to caress its youth, to write its diary, and to refine its style,—all through the medium of creative imagination.

John Marshall



The Seven Veils Unfold

SALOME. By Oscar Wilde. INVENTIONS. By John Vassos. 57 pp. E. P. Dutton & Company, New York. \$3.50.

At last we have found a justification for "gift editions." Wilde's haunting tragedy, written objectively for the mauve decade, has long deserved such a treatment. The symbolism of Vassos transfers all the hidden expressionism of the play to the theater of the imagination. Vassos is right in calling his drawings "inventions." He is no mere illustrator; he is an interpreter. And what brilliant, clarifying, interpretive symbolism! It is a new thing in the world of books; possibly Vassos brought it from his work in theatrical designing. Certainly he learned there the blending of design, drama, mood and thought, for his drawings are not mere decorations; they are integral parts of "Salome." The work is not only extraordinary, it is alive. He is not departing from the conventional manner of representation simply because he wishes to be different; he is seeking a more vivid interpretation and the fact that *it* is different is merely incidental.

Vassos works with simple tools. With the use of white, black and the various grays he secures impressive effects, dimensional and spatial.

From the first drawing one feels the swirl of emotions and moods, the interplay of feelings and impulses, which the artist has striven to pour into his creations,—a minute Salome hypnotized by a cloud-wrapped moon, almost enveloped by myriad whorls of whites and intermediate grays, a little girl helpless in the hands of Fate composed of a host of conflicting impulses and motives. And so throughout the book, genuine creative interpretation giving to us new artistic forms of fresh beauty and symbolic meaning.

Wilde's play is for actors; Vassos' drama of symbolized forces is for the creative mind, the imaginative reader. Vassos in a very real sense is collaborator, rather than illustrator. There is an harmonious blend; the play and the inventions fuse into an associated work of art.

D. S. G.

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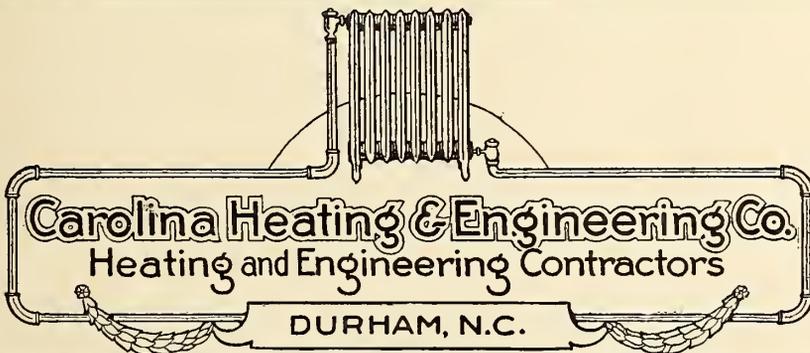
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The Man With the Typewriter

A NEW TESTAMENT. Sherwood Anderson. New York: Boni and Liveright.
118 pp. \$2.00.

..❖❖❖..
I SHALL STATE it as precisely as I can. I have read things that interest me far better. But there are things that mere man cannot fathom. They are the secret thoughts of another man.

He may mean nothing or everything. What he writes may be the idle thoughts of an idling brain. I have sat down and I shall state it as precisely as I can.

It would be strange if, by some freak chance, I had set down all my thoughts. It would be stranger if I could assemble them in a book and obtain money for it. Nothing seems more simple. Nothing seems easier. Five minutes a day to scratch a few lines on a bit of paper. In the end, I collect them. I have written books. They have brought me money. I compile my thoughts and someone publishes them. People whom I do not know buy my thoughts. Thoughts that mean little to me. They are illegitimate sons of wasted hours. But not wasted hours . . . I have money in return for them.

Could that I might emulate he who I have read. For a minute I was in his place. Now I am back among all that is real and tarnished. I am a mere man, gazing in awe at celestial lights. I stare at the blank wall that is my future. I am pregnant with ideas. But I am not known. No one will buy my books. I have built a temple unto myself. I have stated it as precisely as I can.

W. W. Anderson

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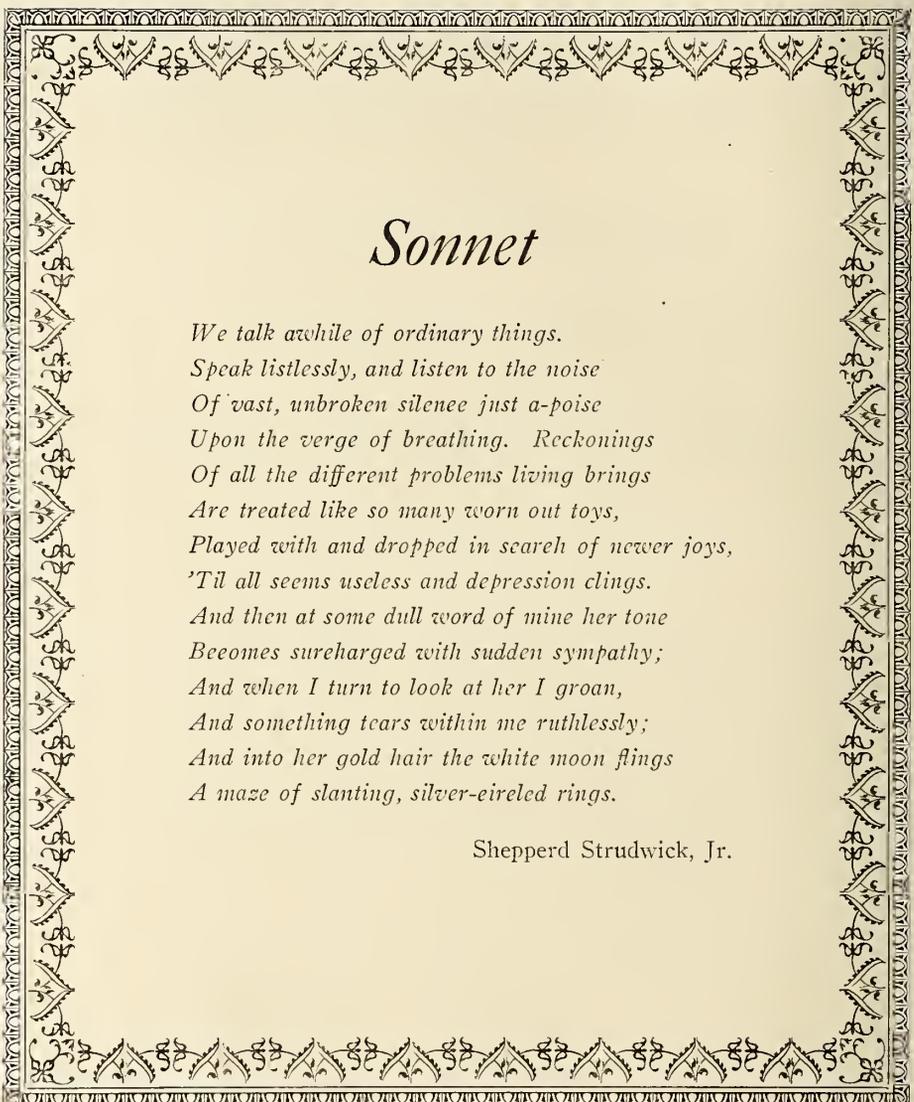
FEBRUARY, 1928

NUMBER 4

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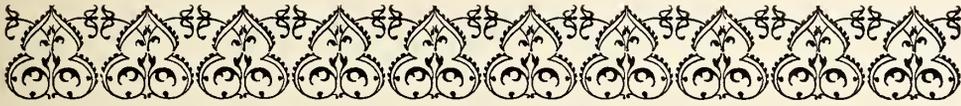
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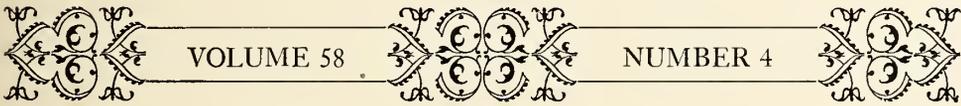
Sonnet

*We talk awhile of ordinary things.
Speak listlessly, and listen to the noise
Of vast, unbroken silence just a-pace
Upon the verge of breathing. Reckonings
Of all the different problems living brings
Are treated like so many worn out toys,
Played with and dropped in search of newer joys,
'Til all seems useless and depression clings.
And then at some dull word of mine her tone
Becomes surecharged with sudden sympathy;
And when I turn to look at her I groan,
And something tears within me ruthlessly;
And into her gold hair the white moon flings
A maze of slanting, silver-eireled rings.*

Shepperd Strudwick, Jr.



THE CAROLINA MAGAZINE



VOLUME 58

NUMBER 4

*The Blues: Negro Sorrow Songs**

by GUY V. JOHNSON

Co-author with Howard W. Odum, of *Negro Workaday Songs*

NEXT to the spirituals the blues are probably the Negro's most distinctive contribution to American art. Yet they have never been taken seriously. Perhaps that is because they have never been understood.

The blues are as much a part of the Negro's soul as the spirituals are. Indeed, they serve the same purpose in the secular realm as the spirituals serve in the religious realm. They are anything but religious in content, to be sure, but who will say that there is not as much sorrow in "I looked down dat lonesome road an' cry" as there is in "I'm a-rollin' through an unfriendly worl' "? Or as much plaintiveness in "I got de blues but I'm too damn mean to cry" as in "Nobody knows the trouble I see"? The blues may be thought of as the secular sorrow song of the lowly Negro upon whom hard luck and disappointment in love have descended.

Behind the popular blues songs of today lie the more spontaneous and naïve songs of the uncultured Negro. Long before the blues were formally introduced to the public, the Negro was creating them by

* Portions reprinted by permission of the University of North Carolina Press.

expressing his gloomy moods in song. To be sure, the present use of the term "blues" to designate a particular kind of popular song is of recent origin; but the use of the term in Negro song goes much further back, and the blue or melancholy type of Negro secular song is as old as the spirituals themselves.

Take the following song, for example.

I'm gwine to Alabamy, . . . oh,
For to see my mammy . . . ah.
She went from old Virginy, . . . oh,
And I'm her pickaniny, . . . ah.
She lives on the Tombigbee, . . . oh,
I wish I had her wid me, . . . ah.
Now I'm a good big nigger, . . . oh,
I reckon I won't git bigger . . . ah.
But I'd like to see my mammy, . . . oh,
Who lives in Alabamy, . . . ah.

This sounds like a 1926 model "mammy" song, but it dates back to the time of the Civil War. Allen published it in 1868 in his *Slave Songs of the United States*.

Very few of the Negro's ante-bellum secular songs have been preserved, but there is every reason to suppose that he had numerous melancholy songs aside from the spirituals. At any rate, the earliest authentic secular collections abound in the kind of songs which have come to be known as the blues. The following expressions are typical of the early blues. They are taken from songs collected by Odum in Georgia and Mississippi between 1905 and 1908, and they were doubtless common property among the Negroes of the lower class long before that.

Went to the sea, sea look so wide,
Thought about my babe, hung my head an' cried,
O my babe, won't you come home?
I got the blues, but too damn mean to cry,
O I got the blues, but I'm too damn mean to cry.
Got nowhar to lay my weary head,
O my babe, got nowhar to lay my weary head.
I'm po' boy long way front home,
O I'm po' boy long way from home.
Ever since I left dat country farm,
Ev'body been down on me.

Here are blues in the making. This is the stuff that the first published blues were made of, and some of it sounds strikingly like certain of the latest blues records issued by the phonograph companies. About 1910 the first published blues appeared, and since that time they have been exploited in every imaginable form by music publishers and phonograph companies. The inter-relations between the formal blues and the folk blues will be discussed later. At present it is necessary to take up certain questions concerning the nature of the blues.

What are the characteristics of the native blues, in so far as they can be spoken of as a type of song apart from other Negro songs? The original blues were so fragmentary and elusive—they were really little more than states of mind expressed in song—that it is difficult to characterize them definitely. The following points, then, are merely suggestive.

In the first place, blues are characterized by a tone of plaintiveness. Both words and music give the impression of loneliness and melancholy. In fact, it was this quality, combined with the Negro's peculiar use of the word "blues", which gave the songs their name. In the second place, the theme of most blues is that of the love relation between man and woman. There are many blues built around homesickness and hard luck in general, but the love theme is the principal one. Sometimes the dominant note is the complaint of the lover:

Goin' 'way to leave you, ain't comin' back no mo',
You treated me so dirty ain't comin' back no mo'.
Where was you las' Sattaday night
When I lay sick in bed?
You down town wid some other ol' girl,
Wusn't here to hold my head.

Sometimes it is a note of longing:

I hate to hear my honey call my name,
Call me so lonesome and so sad.
I believe my woman's on that train,
O babe, I believe my woman's on that train.

At other times the dominant note is one of disappointment:

I thought I had a friend was true;
Done found out friends won't do.
All I hope in this bright worl',
If I love anybody, don't let it be a girl.

A third characteristic of the blues is the expression of self-pity. Often this is the outstanding feature of the song. There seems to be a tendency for the despondent or blue singer to use the technique of the martyr to draw from others a reaction of sympathy. Psychologically speaking, the technique consists of rationalization, by which process the singer not only excuses his shortcomings, but attracts the attention and sympathy of others—in imagination, at least—to his hard lot. The following expressions will make the point clear.

Bad luck in de family, sho' God, fell on me,
Good ole boy, jus' ain't treated right.

Poor ol' boy, long ways from home,
I'm out in dis wide worl' alone.

Out in dis wide worl' to roam,
Ain't got no place to call my home.

Now my mama's dead and my sweet ol' popper too,
An' I ain't got no one fer to carry my troubles to.

If I wus to die, little girl, so far away from home,
The folks, honey, for miles around would mourn.

Now it is apparent to anyone familiar with the folk songs of various peoples that the blues type, as it has been described above, is not peculiar to the Negro, it is more or less common to all races and peoples. As far as subject matter and emotional expression are concerned, the lonesome songs of the Kentucky mountaineer, of the cowboy, of the sailor, or of any other group, are representative of the blues type. If this be so, then why was it that the Negro's song alone became the basis for a nationally popular type of song? The answer to this question is, of course, far from simple. For one thing, the whole matter of the Negro's cultural position in relation to the white man is involved. The Negro's reputation for humor and good singing is also important. Perhaps, too, the psychology of fads would have to be considered. But, speaking in terms of the qualities of the songs themselves, what is there about them to account for the superior status enjoyed by the Negro's melancholy songs?

To begin with, the Negro's peculiar use of the word "blues" in his songs was a circumstance of no mean importance. Much more significant, however, was the music of the blues. The blues originated, of course, with Negroes who had access to few instruments other than the

banjo and the guitar. But such music as they brought forth from these instruments to accompany their blues was suited to the indigo mood. It was syncopated, and it was full of bizarre harmonies, sudden changes of key, and plaintive slurs. It was something new to white America, and it needed only an introduction to insure its success.

But there is still another feature of the blues which is probably responsible more than any other one thing for their appeal and fascination, and that is their lack of conventionality, their naïveté of expression. The Negro wastes no time in roundabout or stilted modes of speech. His tale is brief, his metaphor striking, his imagery perfect, his humor plaintive. Expressions like the following have made the blues famous.

Looked down the road jus' far as I could see,
Well, the band did play "Nearer, My God to Thee."
Well, I started to leave an' I got 'way down the track;
Got to thinkin' 'bout my woman, come a-runnin' back.
Wish to God some ol' train would run,
Carry me back where I come frum.
I laid in jail, back to the wall;
Brown skin gal cause of it all.

There is no doubt that the first songs appearing in print under the name of blues were based directly upon actual songs already in existence among Negroes. In his preface to *The Book of American Negro Poetry*, James Weldon Johnson tells how he and his brother, Rosamond Johnson, several years ago transformed a vulgar folk song, *The Rambler*, into one of the most popular songs of the day. *The Rambler* was not a blues, but it illustrates the ease with which folk productions can get into formal expression. W. C. Handy, as Miss Scarborough relates in her book *On the Trail of Negro Folk-Songs*, admits that folk songs or folk expressions have formed the bases of practically all of his blues. Handy, himself a Negro, is often referred to as the father of the blues, which really means that he was the first to attempt to interpret the folk blues to the public.

Beyond a doubt, then, many of the most successful popular blues have come from folk sources. At least one of the prominent phonograph companies encourages its star blues singers to make their own blues, and it keeps them out as much as possible on tours which force them into constant contact with the ordinary Negro folk. This is one

reason why the phonograph records sometimes bear a striking resemblance to the songs which have long been familiar to both whites and negroes in the South.

But the commercialization of the blues has led to the production of hundreds of pieces which bear not the slightest resemblance to the folk type. The term "blues" is now freely applied to instrumental pieces, especially to dance music of the jazz variety, and to every vocal piece which by any stretch of the imagination can be thought of as having a bluish cast.

Blues are manufactured today on a large scale. Their unusual popularity is closely related to the popularity of the phonograph, for the phonograph obviously has certain advantages which sheet music can never enjoy. The writers of blues have faded into the background, for it is now the singers who hold the center of the stage. Every important phonograph company now has its "race artists" and its "race record series", while several lesser companies are devoted entirely to the production of "race records".

Some of these productions are spirituals and classical pieces, but the majority are blues. For example, the company issuing the largest number of Negro records lists a total of 600 titles, of which only 34 are religious or classical. Practically all of the remaining titles would be classed as blues, according to the popular usage of the term. Another company lists 430 titles, of which 340 are secular. Still another lists 300, of which 254 are secular. So loose has the use of the term "blues" become that nearly every non-religious piece is advertised as a blues song.

A survey of the titles of these formal blues yields interesting results. For example, there are dozens of place or locality blues, such as *Memphis Blues*, *Alabama Blues*, *Ole Miss Blues*, *Dallas Blues*, *Virginia Blues*, *St. Louis Blues*; *Salt Lake City Blues*, *London Blues*, and *West Indian Blues*. These titles are, of course, not to be taken as accurate indices of the contents of the songs, for most of the songs bearing such titles are really based on the man-and-woman theme.

The man-and-woman theme is indeed the heart and soul of the modern blues. "Sweet mama", "sweet papa", "daddy" and similar appellations have been thoroughly popularized among certain classes, white as well as Negro, by the blues. Here are a few of the "mama-papa" type of titles.



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Leave My Sweet Papa Alone
I've Got A Do-Right Daddy Now
Slow Down, Sweet Papa, Mama's Catching Up With You
Sweet Smellin' Mama
He May Be Your Man, But He Comes To See Me Sometimes
How Can I Be your Sweet "Mama" When You're "Daddy" To
Someone Else

You Can't Do What My Last Man Did
If I Let You Get Away With It Once You'll Do It All
The Time

Daddy, You've Done Put That Thing on Me
Do It a Long Time, Papa
Big Fat Mama
You've Got Everything A Sweet Mama Needs But Me
If You Don't Give Me What I Want I'm Gonna Get It
Somewhere Else

If You Sheik On Your Mama
Mean Papa, Turn In Your Key
Take It, Daddy, It's all Yours
Can Anybody Take Sweet Mama's Place?
You Don't Know My Mind

Then there are miscellaneous titles innumerable. There are *Poor Man Blues*, *Chain Gang Blues*, *Jail House Blues*, *Crazy Blues*, *Stranger Blues*, *Through Train Blues*, *Goin' 'Way Blues*, *Don't Care Blues*, *Salt Water Blues*, *Mountain Top Blues*, *Sinful Blues*, *Basement Blues*, *House Rent Blues*, *Coffee Pot Blues*, *Police Blues*, *Reckless Blues*, *Undertaker's Blues*, and even *A to Z Blues*. It is doubtless only a matter of time until we have *Prohibition Blues*, *Radio Blues*, and *World Court Blues*.

"Isn't there a lot of filth hidden in these blues songs that everyone sings today?" we asked an experienced black knight of the road.

"Yes, sir, cap'n", he replied, "You can bet yo' life they is. Why, they's jes' lots o' them latest songs that I been hearin' for years around the sportin' houses. Most of 'em is too dirty to print when they first start, but these writers get a-hold of 'em an' doctor 'em up, an' ev'body thinks they is good songs. Yes, sir, lots o' these blues started that way."

It is doubtful whether the history of song affords a parallel to the American situation with regard to the blues. Here we have the phenomenon of a type of folk song becoming a great fad and being ex-



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ploited in every conceivable form, with hundreds of blues, some of which are based directly upon folk productions, being distributed literally by the millions among the American people. The blues have a tremendous appeal for many whites, it is true, but they are the meat and drink of hundreds of thousands of Negroes.

When a blues record is issued it quickly becomes the property of a million Negro workers and adventurers who never bought it and perhaps never heard it played. Sometimes they do not even know that the song is from a phonograph record. They may recognize in it parts of songs long familiar to them and think that it is just another piece which some "songster" has put together. Their desire to invent a different version, their skill at adapting verses of old favorites to the new music, and sometimes their pitiful misunderstanding of the words of the new song, result in the transformation of the song into many local variants.

In other words, the folk creative process operates upon a song, the origin of which may already be mixed, and produces in turn variations that may later become the bases of other formal blues. A thorough exposition of this process would fill a good-sized volume, but the following instances are cited to illustrate generally the interplay between the folk blues and the formal blues.

Not long ago the following song was captured from a Negro girl in Georgia.

When you see me comin'
Thow yo' woman out de do',
For you know I's no stranger,
For I's been dere once befo'.

He wrote me a letter,
Nothin' in it but a note.
I set down an' writ him,
"I ain't no billy goat."

Standin' on de platform,
Worried in both heart an' soul;
An' befo' I'd take yo' man
I'd eat grass like a Georgia mule.

I love my man
Lak I love myse'f.
If he don' have me
He won't have nobody else.

Now this song is a mixture of several popular blues. The first stanza is from the *House Rent Blues*, and is sung the same as on the phono-

graph record. The second stanza is from the *Salt Water Blues* and is like the original except for the repetition in the original of the first two lines. The third stanza is also from the *Salt Water Blues*, but it is a combination and variation of two stanzas which go as follows:

Sittin' on the curbstone,
Worried in both heart an' soul;
Lower than a 'possum
Hidin' in a ground-hog hole.

I wrote my man,
"I ain't nobody's fool;
An' befo' I'd stand your talkin'
I'd eat grass like a Georgia mule."

The girl does not worry over the lack of consistent meaning in the third stanza of her song. Furthermore, as far as she is concerned, "soul" and "mule" rhyme about as well as "fool" and "mule". Her fourth stanza, finally, is taken from *Any Woman's Blues*, there having been, however, a slight variation in the second line. The original is:

I love my man
Better than I love myself;
An' if he don't have me,
He won't have nobody else.

Thus in a single song we have examples of the processes of borrowing, combining, changing, and misunderstanding through which formal material often goes when it gets into the hands of the common folk. The composite of four stanzas presented above has no very clear meaning in its present form, but at that it is about as coherent as any of the blues from which it was assembled.

As a further example of misunderstanding or deliberate twisting of the words of a record, take this instance. In the *Chain Gang Blues* one finds this stanza:

Judge he gave me six months
'Cause I wouldn't go to work.
From sunrise to sunset
I ain't got no time to shirk.

A Southern Negro on a chain gang recently sang it thus:

Judge he gave me sentence
'Cause I wouldn't go to work.
From sunrise to sunset
I don't have no other clean shirt.

Who shall judge whether the corruption is not superior to the original? The plaintive "I don't have no other clean shirt" is full of meaning for the chain-gang Negro, but when he hears the word "shirk" he probably thinks of a big fish!

Black workers and knights of the road have song repertoires fearfully and wonderfully made. One fellow who had worked in no less than thirty-eight states sang more than a hundred songs without reaching bottom. He called all of them blues. All of them showed the influence of the formal blues, yet he never sang a single stanza which was an exact copy of a popular blues stanza! He borrowed titles and refrain lines from the popular blues, but his songs were otherwise of his own making.

Thus it has come about that the relations between folk blues and formal blues have become so complicated that there is no unravelling the tangle. The song collector can no longer speak with certainty about the origin of any of his captures. He may find an apparently informal piece in some out-of-the-way place in the South and think that he has discovered a folk gem. Then he may find that the song was written several years ago in New York City and has been on the "race records" for two or three years. Still, how can he tell but that the composer picked up the ideas for his song from the common folk?

After all, the best blues do originate with the common folk themselves. What writer of formal blues can equal the wails of the Negro worker who sings while he digs:

Every mail day,
Mail day I gits a letter,
Sayin', "Son, come home.
Lawd, Lawd, son, come home."

That ol' letter,
Letter read about dyin'.
Boy, did you ever,
Lawd, Lawd, think about dyin'?

I can't read it
Now for cryin',
Tears run down,
Lawd, Lawd, can't go home.

I don't have no,
Have no ready-made money,
Can't go home,
Lawd, Lawd, can't go home.

What could be more plaintive than this song of a wanderer who pictures his own funeral?

Look down dat lonesome road,
Hacks all dead in line;
Some give a nickel, some give a dime
To bury dis po' body o' mine.

Or more sorrowful than the chain-gang Negro's story?

I laid in the jail wid my back to the wall,
I laid in the jail wid my back to the wall,
Prayed to the Lawd that
Big rock jail would fall.

The judge he sentence me, Lawd,
Give me twelve long months.
The judge he sentence me, Lawd,
Give me twelve long months.

Den captain come take me to de road,
I ask the captain what I gonna do,
Captain told me to pick an' shovel too.
I rather be dead, Lawd, an' in my grave.

These folk blues will always reflect Negro life in its lower strata much more accurately than the formal blues can. For it must be remembered that the folk blues were the Negro's melancholy song long before the phonograph was invented. Yet the formal songs are important. In their own way they are vastly superior to the cruder folk productions, as they have all of the advantages of the artificial over the natural. They may replace some of the simpler songs and thus dull the creative impulse of the common Negro folk to some extent, but there is every reason to suppose that there will be real folk blues as long as there are Negro toilers and adventurers whose naïveté has not been worn off by what the white man calls culture.

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Fragment of A Pastoral

Argument: In the guise of two shepherds, *Dulcineus* and *Pedanticus*, are represented two types of professors or instructors. They converse at length on the best methods of handling their sheep.

- D. Good brother, prithee tell me why
Folk find such pleasure in the sky
And flaunt its beauty in iambic
Stanzas purely dithyrambic.
Its blue expanse is naught to me
But a concrete fact. I only see
That it contains of stars a plenty,
The names of which I know but twenty.
A man whose interest lies in duty
Should waste no idle thoughts on beauty.
I am content to guard my sheep
With righteous zeal and strive to keep
Them closely penned within a fence
Of uninspiring common sense.
- P. In sooth, kind friend, I sympathize
With your dislike for gaudy skies.
Their beauty is a subtle snare
To catch the foolish unaware
And make them waste their precious time
In dalliance with the siren, Rhyme.
Out upon poets and the stuff they prate.
I far prefer to calculate
And get an idea fixed and clear
Of the total rain that falls each year.
All such ideas I keep in stock
And use as fodder for my flock.
- D. For thirty years I've tended sheep,
Enough to make a weak man weep,
But I stick fast and never shirk
The graver aspects of my work.
'Twas hard at first, but that condition
Was remedied by repetition
Until at length 'twas all smoothed o'er
By saying things I'd said before.

- From books I gathered salient facts
On deeds and deaths and art and acts ;
Of each I made a careful note
Till soon I knew them all by rote
And could impart them word for word
When opportunity occurred.
Indeed I am exceeding chary
Of any effort made to vary
The course of knowledge. I never try
To use new thoughts when old apply.
It only makes your labor double,
And sheep are scarcely worth the trouble.
- P. I too have long and staunchly sought
To guide my fleecy charges' thought
Along the lines of least resistance
With originality in the distance.
Your methods I would loudly laud
Except they're just a bit too broad ;
In seeking erudition's marrow
One must be narrow and more narrow.
I state one fact and only one,
And then from sun to dismal sun
I tear this lonely fact asunder.
I view from above—then I crawl under
And view below, from whence with pride
I pass to view each single side.
Into its very soul I pry
And rip it to minutiae,
Thus one fact serves to keep my sheep
From sinking into slothful sleep
And I am spared necessity
Of learning two or even three.
- D. Worthy Pedanticus, shake my hand.
We are of those who understand
That rocks and rivers and skies and seas
Are nothing compared with P. H. Ds.
- P. Brave Dulcineus, your words are true.
Nature is naught to me and you
But a setting wherein we earn our keep
By wasting our wisdom on stupid sheep.



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The Poet's Song

The moon is an orange boat
In a black-blue sea afloat,
A clear-curved certainty
In a vast smooth mystery.

I am a naked tree,
Lean arms endlessly
Strained in a twisted croon,
Reaching for the moon.

Shepperd Strudwick, Jr.



Creed

I will of Heaven nothing take;
With Him that for my sake
 On cross has died
 Not willing abide.
In God there's naught that's fair;
But only love to spare
 By all those three
 Of Trinity.
Not loving mercy do I wish—but equity.

J. K. Mooney

Blue Jim and Black Buzzard

by BOSWELL BLACK

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*Sing,
Represent your race.
Sing, Africans, sing,
Out of a million jungle throats, out of a million brown, black throats,
From red lips like watermelons, from teeth white like sun-kissed bones.
Sing your work-songs, weary-songs, coon-songs, jazz-songs, blues.
Chant your rhythms, Africa, moan your long, delicious rhythms,
Go to it, strut your stuff,
Music physicianers, howl out your loud notes, quaver out the plaintive
notes,
That we may remember, always remember.
Big black niggers, coal-black niggers, hell-black niggers, singing, you
ramblers, bad men, creepers, cotton pickers, roustabouts, brown
boys,
Sing, you chain gangs, rattle your chains to the prison guard blues.
Hear that banjo? Hear that saxophone? Your throats are banjos,
your throats are saxophones,
That we may remember, always remember.
Conjure the buildings up out of black earth, conjure the railroads into
steel-blue snakes with singing,
Conjure the cotton, conjure the shovel, conjure all the mule teams,
conjure all the scrapers.
Tunnel your song into the earth, dig under our cities with singing,
Into the primitive earth, the brown, black earth, show us where we
came from,
Sing, Africa, sing to America, conjure her, conjure her, that we may
remember, always remember.*

Had first cousin married Enoch Slack's sister an' Enoch been tellin' me 'bout fellow called Blue Jim an' I seed fellow by that name when I was in Norfolk, place where Enoch come from.

Nobody never knowd whut this fellow's name was 'cause he live in one-room cabin off to himself an' never mix wid other folks. He was black as tar an' his eyes was red as tarrapin's an' he was regular pro-



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fessional road hustler an' desperado. He could set down by feller an' feller be skeered o' him soon as he set down by him but he would say, "That's all right Buddy, don't you be skeered o' me 'cause you jes' got thirty dollars in yo' pocket an' I don't fool wid no little money lak' dat. I want money only from fellow got thousands o' dollars."

Never could tell how he knowed how much money fellow had, but he could. He could see fellow an' tell him where his money was, whether in his han', in his shoes, or hid in clothes someplace.

This big boy stayed by himself an' had licker in barrels an' jes' kep' it all 'roun' place but nobody never got none of it whut he didn't sell 'em. One day he heard officers was comin' to git him an' po' out his licker so he set down in do' of his cabin wid Winchester 'cross his knees. When officers come up they say, "Is this where Blue Jim live?" "Yes, dam' you, this is Blue Jim hisself." "Well, we got orders to git you an' yo' whiskey an' po' it out." Blue Jim says pleasantly, "Well, God dam', the idea is to do it then," an' he point to barrel whiskey settin' behin' door. So they start an' git hold o' barrel to po' out licker an' gits stuck like it was 'lectric wire or sumpin. Nobody don't know whut Blue Jim do to barrel neither to the whiskey, all they know is officers git stuck an' can't git loose. An' so they say fer Blue Jim to come an' turn them loose an' they won't 'rest him. An' so they stayed until he let 'em loose an' never could po' licker out.

Officers never could 'rest Blue Jim 'leastwise 'less'n he let 'em, an' when they did an' put him in jail he'd be out time they was. Fust time they knowed this he was 'rested an' put in jail an' he say to jailer, "That's all right, Cap'n, I don't mind it, I'll be down street time you do." An' sho' 'nuf he would meet jailer comin' down town an' be all dressed up in fine clothes. Blue Jim sho' was fine dresser when he was out if he wanted be sporty.

Sometime he let 'em send him to chain gang but he wouldn't never work. He go on like other folks an' start workin' til 'bout nine o'clock then he say, "Well, white folks, I ain't gonna work no mo'" an' jes' walk off. Foreman say to him to come back an' he jes' grin an' say, "that's all right Captain, I never works mo'n till nine o'clock." Foreman git mad an' begin shootin' at him, but he jes' walk on calm like. Never could hit him. An' so he would go on up town wid stripes on an' go on to his shack an' nex' time you see him he be all dressed up sellin' licker.

Blue Jim had two big diamonds right in his front teeth. Nobody never knowed how he come to have 'em but there they was. If he wusn't sellin' licker or loafin' streets or wid wimmin or settin' in door o' his shack he was always gamblin'. Must o' had three black cat bones. He would go in pool room an' bet eve'ybody out o' money.

Had suit case pack full o' money an' little boy hired to carry it 'roun' fer him. When he come in pool room would say, "I bet one hundred dollars, dam' you niggers." Eve'ybody skeered of him, skeered to bet an' skeered not to bet. Could take quarter an' make ten dollar gold piece out of it an' would give man twenty dollar bill or gold piece an' beg him to swap it for ten dollars. Niggers skeered to give it to him an' skeered not to, but sho' 'nuf it would be good money. Blue Jim could go in bank an' talk with cashier an' git \$5 changed. Then he could git out two or or three thousand dollars an' nobody see him. Officers come in to git him an' he say, "Here I is, dam' you," but never could git him 'lessn' he wanted 'em to.

Blue Jim wid his diamon' shinin' teeth, red eyes an' blue black skin an' big handsome fellow nigh onto six feet high was powerful fellow wid ladies. If he wanted girl he would jes' say, "Well, I believe I'll git her." She would fall in love with him an' leave husband or anybody. So he would take her an' when he was tired of her he would leave her.

Mos' generally ladies want high yaller or brown and don't like no black man, but they like Blue Jim jes' same, only mo'. Nobody else didn't have much show when he was around. Other niggers skeered of him but if hadn't been wimmins all like him an' skeered of 'im too. Dat nigger had mo' sweet mamas than he could be sweet papa to, an' sho' could strut 'roun' like big banter rooster. He would bring wimmins licker but never would give 'em no money, jes' stay wid 'em an' they feed him up good an' be soft wid him. 'Nuther thing, niggers couldn't shoot him when he go meddlin' wid their sweethearts an' wives, jes' couldn't ketch 'im.

Blue Jim could go in any house or wherever he want, even if house be locked he would jes' go in an' lie down an' rest. If folks come or maybe big white folks, he jes' tell 'em he's restin' a little. They can't hurt him.

Blue Jim could go out anytime o' year he want, even' wid two foot snow on groun', could go out an' call up any kind o'snake anybody

ever heard of. Jes' come crawlin' up. Maybe he would make little hole in snow or sumpin an' do little trick or maybe he didn't, nobody never knowed, but snakes come creepin' up an' out any number an' all sorts an' kinds.

He was regular devil himself an' make yo' flesh creep to tell 'bout him. Believed in hants an' carried scorpion head, toad frogs, baby hands, buckeye, snake skin an' sumpin' look lak red ground puppy.

Never would talk much, sometimes take spells keepin' his mouth shet. He could be setting in pool room wid back to door an' street an' all sudden he would say I bet anybody fifty dollars nex' street car comin' 'roun' corner jump track. Sho' 'nuf did happen jes' dat way an' he could bet nuther fifty dollars he know whut number nex' street car was an' what number motorman come to help out an' he know exact number repair car. Sho' must a had three cat bones.

Blue Jim taken sick one day, wont in no misery but jes' sick. Boys come to see him, an' he say, boys, I'm gonna leave you. In mo'nin' when you come you gonna see buzzard on gate post out there. That's Blue Jim.

So nex' mo'nin' when folks inside say Blue Jim dyin' sho' 'nuf was big buzzard settin' on gate post but wus peculiar black. An' when folks in room see Blue Jim dyin' an' they screamin' an' carryin' on, buzzard flew off to swamp. So folks walked out o'room, was jes' one-room shack, in yard talkin' 'bout whut to do wid his body 'cause didn't have no relatives an' friends. An' so when they went back in room there was his clothes where he died but his body was gone. Nobody couldn't a come an' got it. And to this day nobody never knowed whut come of it. Recon buzzard mus' a been devil hisself jes' come an' took it.

I got sumpin' to tell you, honey,
Make the hair rise on yo' head.
I sho' am a Blue Jim man
Come right straight from the devil's lan'.

The Everlasting Hills

An Episode

by HARRIETTE WOOD

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Seated on the lumber pile is an attractive young woman—no, perhaps we had better leave off the adjective, young, and describe her merely as attractive. Her personal appearance may be anything you please as long as you retain that quality. She is dressed in any prevailing style suitable for a railroad journey. Her hat is jaunty and becoming and every detail bespeaks good taste and suitability. Evidences of rouge and lipstick are noticeably absent, because any form of camouflage does not accord with the sincerity of her mental equipment, and besides, she knows that they never deceive anybody anyway.

Because we are only spectators and do not know her real name we will call her Anne.

Sitting on the lumber pile she has removed a pair of rather heavy sport shoes and is knocking them against the boards to remove the clay clinging to them. She takes out from a Boston bag a pair of neat slippers of a color harmonizing with her costume and puts them on, placing the soiled shoes in the bag.

While she is thus occupied the noisy approach of a lumber wagon is heard, accompanied by the cracking of a whip and shouts of "Whoa! whoa! I say, dad burn ye! Ain't ye had enough, er air ye goin' right on to Georgy!" The wagon evidently stops behind the box car.

Presently a man appears from behind the box-car station carrying the usual feminine travelling equipment of

a suit case and a large hat box, and approaches the lady on the lumber pile. He is a tall, lank, lean mountaineer and his age—since he is a man—we might place somewhat definitely, say anywhere between 35 and 45. He is dressed in corduroy trousers, high boots, a blue shirt, black coat, much the worse for wear, and the inevitable wide brimmed slouch hat of the typical mountaineer. A revolver is in his hip pocket. As he later reveals his identity we will call him by his name which is Hensley.

HENSLEY

Air ye the lady as had these things sent over the mounting on the mail wagon?

ANNE

Yes, thank you so much. I walked over myself and couldn't carry anything but my small bag.

HENSLEY

Sets bag down in front of the pile of lumber. Turns and looks behind the station at his team and comes back.

What time ye got, lady. I generally makes it about an hour before train time.

ANNE

Looks at wrist-watch.

Well, you've just about made it this morning. The train is due at 9:40, isn't it? It's 8:45 now.

HENSLEY

Seats himself on the lumber a little below and at one side of Anne.

Wal, I reckon I'll set a spell. Hard ja'nt over the mounting atter so much

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rain. (*Looks at her with interest.*) So ye walked, did ye? Could jest as well have rid with me.

ANNE

I know I could have, but I'd rather walk than jolt over the rocks on the wagon. Besides when I walk I take all the short cuts and get here quicker.

HENSLEY

Hit's rough goin' on the wagon all right. Hit's only my third trip, reckon I'll get used to hit.

ANNE

I thought you were a new man on the mail wagon. I don't remember seeing you before.

HENSLEY

I jest come up t'other day to spell Jason Cox fer a week whilst he went off to git married.

ANNE

Shocked.

To get married! Why he and Phronie aren't divorced are they?

HENSLEY

No, not yit, but they's goin' to be.

ANNE

Much interested.

Well, I knew they didn't get on very well, but what's the trouble between them?

HENSLEY

Wal, ye see he makes Phronie buy her own tobacco out of her aig money. Says hits enough fer a man with a family on his hands to buy his own. Says hits a needcessity fer a man but a frivolity fer a woman and if any o his women folks want hit they can pay fer hit theirselves. They been quarrelin bout hit ever since they was married and he says he won't bear hit no longer.

ANNE

Who is Jason going to marry?

HENSLEY

Gal over Jackson way he met last week and done fell in love with. Right pretty gal too, most 16. He'll git a divorcement whilst he's over thar. I done lent him twenty-five dollars to git hit with. That's what the jedge charges fer a decree.

ANNE

I'm sorry. We have two of the children in school. I suppose they'll have to go home and work now. What will Phronie and the children do?

HENSLEY

Oh, they'll git along all right.

Jason don't spend nothin on them nohow. Besides he's fell in love with this here gal. Goin to bring her over fer me to marry em.

ANNE

Oh, are you a magistrate?

HENSLEY

No, I foller preachin as a reglar thing. My name's Hensley, Wils Hensley, ye've probably heard o' me. Hev a big fun'ral meetin next Satudy and Sundy over on Devil's Run.

ANNE

With feeling.

Well, I'm sorry about Jason and Phronie, for the sake of the children, you know. I'm so afraid they'll have to give up school.

HENSLEY

Now don't ye fret bout that lady. They'll do well enough.

(He seats himself on a level with her and draws a little nearer.)

Air ye from that air settlement school on yon side the mounting?

ANNE
Yes.

HENSLEY
Been over thar long?

ANNE
Four years.

HENSLEY
Thet's a long time. Ever been married?

ANNE
No.

HENSLEY
Ye don't aim to teach school all yer life, do ye?

ANNE
Evasively.
Why not? Lots of women do.

HENSLEY
Hit don't seem natral fer a woman to go right on teachin school that-a-way. Seems like you'd orter git married.

ANNE
Well, I have thought of it some-times.

HENSLEY
Hit jest ain't nat'ral fer a sweet pretty woman like you not to git married. Why just bein round where ye air makes a man feel good. The good book says t'aint right fer man to live alone an I reckon t'aint fer women either.

ANNE
A woman isn't alone when she's in a school full of children.

HENSLEY
Shaking his head.
Wal, t'aint no ways natural. Here I am in the same fix. Been thinkin bout hit all the way over on the wagon this mornin. I ain't hed a wife fer some time, an I tell you, taint natural. I aint never so happy as when I'm in the comp'ny of good people, specially

good wimmen. (*He edges a little nearer.*) I been prayin over this thing lady. (*He half closes his eyes and gestures upward with his hands as he prepares to give himself up to religious eloquence and fervor.*) I been prayin' over hit. I've been prayin' fer the greatest of all blessins this side a paradise—a good woman to come into my life to love an to cherish, to hold in my arms an call my own fer ever an ever while life shall last. To be my help meet in trials an tribulations an to lead me by the hand at last along the paths of glory up to the throne o' god!

(*He makes eloquent gestures skyward. ANNE has kept her face turned away to hide her amusement at this flight of oratory.*)

An lady my prayers is answered. When I looked in your face I knowed you was the one.

ANNE
She composes her features and turns toward him.

How many times has the Lord answered your prayers?

HENSLEY
He allus answers them.

ANNE
I mean how many wives have you had?

HENSLEY
Coming back to earth.
Only three, lady.

ANNE
Sweetly.
Don't you think one of them would be willing to—to lead you up the paths of glory—like you said?

HENSLEY
Land, no. The last two is married to somebody else.

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ANNE

Well, what about your children?
One of them, perhaps, might—You
have some, of course?

HENSLEY

Yes, ten. Oh, I'm a young man yet,
but ye see I was only 17 when I got
married the first time.

ANNE

Don't you think you have enough to
take care of without—without having
any larger family.

HENSLEY

Hits a fair start all right. I heard
a feller from one o them colleges say
a man hed ought to wait till he was
twenty-five and hed a home fore he
married, but seems like that's awful
old fer a feller to git married the fust
time. An ye know, there's somethin
quare about hit, the more a man gits
married, the more he wants to. An
we got the scripfer fer hit thet its
right an nat'ral.

On a pretty day like this with the
flowers, abloomin' all around and the
birds a-callin' to their mates and the
sky so blue up thar, hit come to me
strong that hit ain't good fer man to
be alone, an so I prayed to the Lord
to lead me to my mate, an he lead me
straight to as comely a woman as ever
set on a lumber pile awaitin fer a train.
Here you air awaitin to be a light unto
my feet an a guide unto my path. Why,
lady, we can take the train down to
Pikeville an git married an ketch the
up train back and go over on the mail
wagon at the reg'lar time. The Lord
removes all obstacles an stumblin
blocks from them that loves. Blessed
be the name of the Lord!

ANNE

Bringing him back to earth again.

Well, you see I had started home

today and I'm afraid I can't change
my plan. Don't you think you could
find someone else. There are plenty
of women looking for mates, too, you
know.

HENSLEY

*Momentarily checked, but not dis-
couraged.*

Well, ye see that's the trouble,
they'se lookin' too hard, an them kind
don't make good mates after ye git em.
But me an you now, I calkilate we was
made fer each other, an what God hath
joined together let not man put
asunder!

*An automobile that has been heard
approaching (unnistakably a Ford)
stops behind the station. At the word
asunder a man rushes on the scene
carrying a suitcase. He is tall,
strong, well dressed, vital and manly-
looking. Age indeterminate. If there
is such a thing as a professional type
he may be that, at any rate he is a
good deal of a man. He drops his
suitcase and extends both hands to
Anne, who gives him hers with a little
cry of surprise and joy and steps off
of the lumber pile into his arms.*

ANNE

Why, Howard, I never dreamed of
seeing you until I got on the train!

HOWARD

*Who has kissed her and taken plenty
of time to do it, before replying.*

You see, dear, I knew you'd be here
waiting for the train an hour or so be-
fore it arrived, so I decided to beat the
train to it. Wonderful chance out here
to make up a few minutes of what
you've cheated me out of all this time.
Lovely setting for a love scene, spring
sunshine, birds, flowers, and these in-
fernally beautiful mountains all around
that I can't endure because they've
kept you away from me. So I hired

a man and a Ford and here I am. Rattling good car, that Ford.

ANNE

I know it. I heard it coming.

During the first moments of this dialog the PREACHER sits without moving, staring blankly, but he soon recovers, and pulls out from his left hip pocket a plug of tobacco and proceeds to bite off a generous chew. He deposits the plug in his hip pocket again and chews thoughtfully never once removing his eyes from the two who are entirely oblivious of his presence.

HOWARD

He has released Anne, but still holds her hands.

Now, young lady, before we get on that train, tell me, is this final? If you are still going to have a hankering for these everlasting hills (*waving his hand over the landscape*) and the immured scions of the noble Anglo-Saxon race who inhabit them, not one step do we go. I'll go back with you over that mountain and stay there until you've had enough. You can set me to washing dishes in your blooming school until you're sure.

ANNE

Why, Howard, I *am* sure. You know I had to get it out of my system before we were married and it took time. I knew I would marry you all the time.

The PREACHER moves leisurely over to where they are standing and pauses, a little behind and at one side of Howard. When another embrace seems imminent he taps Howard on the shoulder.

HENSLEY

Stranger, I want to give ye notice that ye air interferin with the works o' the Almighty. This here lady air ordained an' destined to be my wife

so ye might jest as wal drop proceedins at this pint.

There is a dramatic pause as the lovers become aware of the preacher's presence. Howard is the first to recover.

HOWARD

Excuse me, I don't understand you. Anne, what is this man talking about. Do you know what he means?

HENSLEY does not give Anne a chance to explain.

HENSLEY

Hit means that if ye want a fight you're in a fair way to get hit. Me an this lady had jest decided to take this train to Pikeville and git married. She air my promised wife an'—

ANNE

Hastily.

Oh, but I'm not! I didn't promise you!

HOWARD moves toward Anne and puts his arm around her very much puzzled, but instantly on the defensive.

HOWARD

You hear what this lady says? If you offer here any further insult you can have all the fight you want.

ANNE starts to speak but HENSLEY disregards her.

HENSLEY

Naow, stranger, thar ain't nothin' fer you to git het up abaout. The arrangements was all made fore you stepped in. She said she didn't promise, but I know women. When a woman don't say no hit means yes, an mostly hit means yes when she does say no. The scripiter says that silence gives consent. Hit air jest as much a promise as if she said the word. An what's mine I don't give up without a fight.

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HOWARD *flings his coat on the ground and tears open his cuffs to roll up his sleeves.*

HOWARD

You can certainly have it!

He turns to face his rival and finds himself looking into the muzzle of a revolver. With a cry ANNE steps in front of Howard.

ANNE

Mr. Hensley, you don't understand, let me explain.

HENSLEY

Calmly.

Thar ain't no explainin' to do. If he's willin' to give up peaceable he kin go. If he ain't, I'm afeared I'm goin' to let my finger drap on this here trigger.

HOWARD tries to push Anne to one side, but she clings to him.

HOWARD

Anne, this is outrageous! Is this the way they pull a gun on a man up here! I won't—

ANNE

Placing her hand over his mouth.

That won't do any good. You must let me handle this, Howard. I'm going to talk to him and you musn't interfere, no matter what he says.

(She turns to Hensley.)

Mr. Hensley, let's sit down and talk this over. We just haven't understood each other, that's all.

HENSLEY

Ye kin talk if hit will do you any good, but I reckon we'll stay here. I don't run no chances of him gittin the drap on *me*.

HOWARD

Why I haven't even a gun!

ANNE

Quickly placing her hand over Howard's mouth.

Hush, Howard!

HENSLEY

Haow do I know that? Go on, lady.

ANNE

You remember, Mr. Hensley, when you asked me to marry you, I told you I was starting home this morning and couldn't change my plans. Wasn't that refusing you? I said it that way because I didn't want to hurt your feelings. Of course, it's a great compliment to be asked to be your wife, but I—

HENSLEY

Lady, this is diff'rent. When the Lord leads a man an a woman together in answer to prayer she air a instrument in the hands o' the Almighty an thar ain't nothin' else fer her to do.

ANNE

Mr. Hensley, don't you believe that if the Lord brought two people together that they would recognize each other by the way they felt? The Lord would reveal it to them both, wouldn't he?

HENSLEY

Forgetting Howard for a moment.

He shore would. I knowed by they way I felt, all soft like, when I sit daown by ye that you was the one.

ANNE

But you see, I didn't feel that way, and you said they would both know. I've been in love with Mr. Howard for four years, and I've been as good as promised to him almost that long.

During this speech HENSLEY looks at Anne and slowly lowers his revolver.

HENSLEY

You mean to say that you've loved him fer four years?

ANNE
Yes.

HENSLEY
An you an him not married?

ANNE
Why, yes. Why not?

HENSLEY
An you up here, an him off some-
wheres?

ANNE
Why, yes. Of course we always
wrote to each other, and saw each
other when I went home or he came
here.

HENSLEY *turns to Howard.*

HENSLEY
So you waited fer her fer four
years?

HOWARD
I asked her to marry me four years
ago, but she wanted to come to the
mountains to teach so I had to wait.

HENSLEY
Wal, I'll be daggone. Thar ain't no
man in his senses would wait fer a
woman four years.

*He walks away a few paces and
spits with deliberation and then comes
back.*

Wal, all I kin say is hit's time ye
was married, an may the future make

up fer the past an redeem hit fer both
of ye.

*Howard and Anne are very much re-
lieved. HOWARD extends a hand and
HENSLEY takes it.*

HOWARD
That's fine of you, Hensley. I don't
blame you for falling in love with
Anne. It's only natural for a man to
want—

*(There is an imperative honk from
the Ford.)*

Gosh! I forgot to pay off that Ford.
Come on before the train comes.

*He takes Anne by the arm and hur-
ries her away with him behind the
box-car.*

HENSLEY *watches them disappear,
and spits reflectively. He walks away
a few paces and comes back and stops,
looking down at the suit cases which
he pokes thoughtfully with his foot.
Then he unburdens his mind.*

HENSLEY
Wal, all I kin say is, nobody but a
light woman would ever fool with a
man fer four years, an' her not mar-
ried to him. But the Lord saved *me*
from her—as a brand snatched from
the burnin'. Blessed be the name o'
the Lord.

Train whistles in the distance.

CURTAIN



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A Night Cry

by HOWARD W. BAILEY

Voluminous, gloomy, sultry clouds
Drifting lazily by,
Passing o'er a plaintively brooding
Blue-black sky.

Night-birds chanting ghastly,
A weary, haunting call;
Gruesome pines, silhouetted,
Abrupt, gaunt and tall.

Christ wept, in Gethsemane,
When He found His disciples sleeping—
(I know now why!)
This gloomy, sultry night
Rends my heart; I am weeping
One continuous cry
For you.



Search

A while ago
My search was desperate
After a thing called truth.

But now
I am a madman
Snatching wildly
At every mystic lie
That faintly hints of you.

Shepperd Strudwick, Jr.

The Pasture

“BULL”

Green pastures *may* lie across the hill, but damn!
I rather choose the certain stubble where I am



“He was drunk, drunk on the campus. He ought to be shipped.”

“Ought to be shipped? Why the kid is a freshman who never touched a drop before in his life. A couple of upper-classmen ridiculed him into taking a drink and ‘being a good fellow.’ He was quiet, never left his room. Who reported him? A freshman whom he dumped the night before. Consider the circumstances. Shipping a man is a hellaciously serious proposition.”

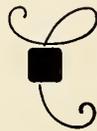
A case of this sort might come before the Council tomorrow. Doubtless cases similar to it have arisen this year. It is clear that the Council should have wide discretionary powers in order that it may deal with such cases. Suppose there were a clear-cut rule in black and white? The Council would become a fact-finding body with no discretion as to punishment; judgment would follow the verdict as a matter of course, and once the facts were found the prescribed punishment would *necessarily* follow.

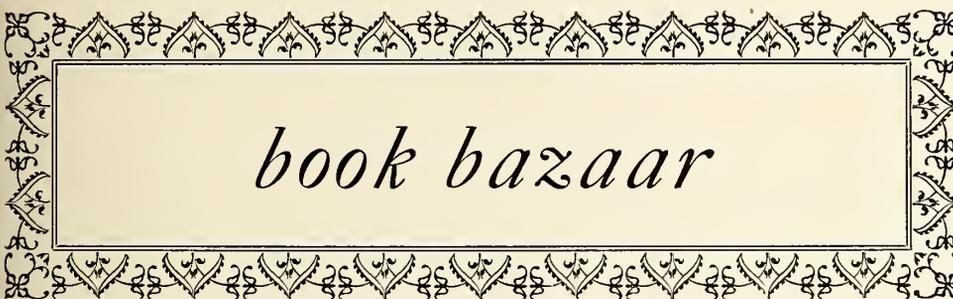
In considering the matter of a written constitution for our student government we must deal carefully with this particular point. A constitution, if worth a tinker’s dam, must define. To define is to limit. Who is to construe the limitations? If the Council itself does it, there is a vicious circle and nothing is accomplished. If another body is set up to interpret the meaning of the limitations we are rendering the system dilatory and complex, needlessly. If the limitation is so clear that no interpretation is needed, it must narrowly restrict the power of the Council within definitely limited bounds. It matters not whether we (1) limit definitely, or (2) limit vaguely and allow either (a) the Council to interpret its own limitations, or (b) set up another body for this purpose, *if the limitations are to accomplish anything, they must set bounds beyond which the Council will be powerless.*

The evolution of codes governing human conduct is the story of the relentless conflict of two human impulses; namely, the desire for certainty and the desire for individual justice in each case. Doubtless the Cro-Magnon, or the Heidelberg, man or some of their immediate descendents began to realize that it was useless for one of them to die over a petty dispute, and turned, naturally enough, to some

older man to arbitrate their dispute. That started it and the group awakening to the benefits of law and order soon encouraged it. Those first judges were without law. Soon the power fell into the hands of one who used his absolutism in reckless disregard of obvious justice. Rules appeared, possibly voted by the group, but more probably arising through the conservatism of some judge relying upon the precedent of a former judge rather than run amuck of the will of the crowd. Relying upon precedent allowed him to charge his own errors in judgment to dead judges. Extreme following of precedent and enactment of meticulous rules made the law hard, fast, crystalized. The rules stood like the law of the Medes and Persians, unalterable; judges were hot-bent for categories, dragging cases within "the rules." An old story tells of the bed of Procrustes in which men were forced, even at the price of amputated legs in the cases of tall men. In the same way cases were forced into pigeon-holes; the fine points of justice and the minor circumstances of equity in the individual cases were neglected in the arbitrary sorting out of decisions. Society revolted; back again to discretionary power in one man. Back and forth between these extremities the pendulum of justice has swung. From the code of Hammurabi and the Roman Law of the Twelve Tables through the Civil Law and the Napoleonic Code, or through English Common Law and Equity, we see the successive reactions back and forth between these extremes. Our Student Government falls almost mid-way between these extremes. By direct election we choose our councilmen; they are immediately responsible to the student body. They are not bound by rules, though they respect precedent, which fact lends a degree of *certainty* and *predictability* to their decisions. Close contact with the constituency avoids *gross injustice to the individual* or *improper motives* in their decisions. Precedence gives them *the wisdom of the past*. Being students themselves they know the *ethical standards* of the generation adjudged; being elected fiduciaries their *pride of office* and *love of the school* assure us that they will act for the *ultimate good of the school*.

Princeton has recently abolished its constitution. Everywhere constitutions are causing endless complexities. Schools are everywhere looking up to ours as almost an ideal student government, as President Jonas found when he attended the Student Government Conference a short time ago. England is no failure; there is a bare possibility that we too can manage to survive without a written constitution.





book bazaar

Naïve Sophistication

ENOUGH ROPE. By Dorothy (Rothchild) Parker. Boni & Liveright, New York. 110 pp. \$2.00.

Dorothy Parker's rope is twisted from several strands. There is a heavy strand of traditional light verse, another wire that appears strangely like Edna St. Vincent Millay's, a hair that resembles Elinor Wylie's, but—undoubtedly the core is that of Mrs. Parker herself. It's a shaggy rope, rough with strong humor and coarsened by disillusionment, and—it reeks with the tar of reality.

In this delightful volume we see two poets; one is the old Dorothy Parker, humorous poet and disciple of F. P. A.; the other is a new, vivid poet with a bare, sharp, acrid style. At her best she is spontaneous in her point-blank frankness and originality. This is love poetry such as a clever, "experienced" flapper would write—bright, peppy, completely disillusioned. Her weakest poems are the transition poems which straddle between her old loaded-cigar—trick-matchbox "surprise" poems, burlesque sentimental lyrics, and her new and vigorous Cupid's-labor-lost poems of disillusionment. These weak poems show bits of the jargon of poetic females, touches of "red stains on velvet gowns" and "likely lad," hints of her old following of F. P. A. and her later following of Miss Millay. In her better poems she ceases to be the wise-cracking versifer; she succeeds in making her comic anti-climax leave us with an echo of the tragic. She is still supreme in her use of the surprise ending, but even her humorous poems give us a smile, and an afterthought—of seriousness. It is this element which has transmuted the maker of delightful doggerel into a clever poet of some promise. Her epigrammatic irony is made more pleasing by its youthful lightness. Only a genuine enthusiast would call her "brilliant"; however, she is extremely clever, and all of her poems are very readable.

Her titles are strikingly original—"Words of Comfort to be Scratched on a Mirror" and "General View of the Sex Situation," are examples. "Unfortunate Coincidence" is typical of her in many respects:

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By the time you swear you're his
Shivering and sighing,
And he vows his passion is
Infinite, undying—
Lady, make a note of this:
One of you is lying.

Her surprise endings give us such burlesques of the sentimental lyric as the description of an old-fashioned garden in the moonlight, with the girl leaning wistfully on the lilac-covered gate—"The gate her lover gave her," and the realistic portrayal of the cottage small, with its delight of the daily duties and the welcome of hubby at six, only to end with this:

Ah, clear to me the vision of
The things that we would do!
And so I think it best, my love,
To string along as two.

The bulk of the poems is light; all of them are entertaining. Her attitude is nonchalant, flapperish, cynical. Every line of it could be quoted in some type of love-letter; the whole poems furnish excellent material after you have broken with the young lady so that you would not have to give her a Christmas present. Each of the poems has just the correct degree of sophisticated, "interested" coolness.

D. S. G.



"No Less Lovely Being Dark"

COPPER SUN. By Countee Cullen. Harper & Brothers, New York and London.
89 pp. \$2.00.

Again Mr. Cullen has selected a perfect title. This collection of lyrics is a study in personality, the personality of a negro poet who has grown beyond, or perhaps never been greatly concerned with, the idea of becoming emancipated. Instead of writing blurbs about the hue of his race, he makes you forget it to gaze in startled wonder at the colors of a fire whose flamings are so brazen that they seem to flare from the heart of a copper sun. Each of his poems is a smouldering heart, breaking now and then into such flashes.

The poet concerns himself with hearts and flesh and pain and earth, and tries to find in them the meaning of the stars. Yet he does not for a moment deceive himself into believing that he will. He is far too amazingly the modern sophisticate for that. The earth holds for him no illusionary promise of recompense for his worship of it.

She will remain the earth, sufficient still,
Though you are gone and with you that rare loss
That vanishes with your bewildered will.

And there shall flame no red, indignant cross
For you, no quick white scar of wrath emboss
The sky, no blood drip from a wounded moon,
And not a single star chime out of tune.

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But here we encounter the startling thing about Mr. Cullen. Unlike his contemporaries in the field of modern sophistication he does not turn aside to stand behind a wall of cleverness and lash at the dull, stupid things that pass by, but, being made of stronger fibre, he scorns the weakness in such security. Rejecting the pitiful illusion that he is greater because he holds a whip in his hand, he prefers to associate himself with those who go stumbling by, following an endless road of which they know nothing except that it is painful.

And Cullen refuses to regard his search as either ridiculous or futile, but, like his 'colored blues singer' he 'makes of his grief a melody and takes it by the hand', for he finds that :

We who take the beaten track
Trying to appease
Hearts near breaking with their lack,
We need elegies.

So he goes on, writing his 'elegies' in language which nothing describes quite so well as Charles Cullen's decorations—dazzling whirls, points, curves, angles, contrasts, drawn in an arrangement that startles and pierces with a clear-carved beauty—, until we come to see with him that :

The night whose sable breast relieves the stark
White stars is no less lovely being dark.

Shepperd Strudwick, Jr.



Futile Flight

ESCAPE. By John Galsworthy. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 94 pp. \$1.00.

God save, not the king, but the British people—and from themselves.

Galsworthy, as always, sets before the public the phenomena of society and character, free of fear, distortion, or prejudice, a thoughtful selection and combination of not unusual social happenings, leaving the public free to draw its own moral—if any. In nine short episodes and a prologue to boot, he etches a series of English society characters, combining De Maupassant's vigor of thought and economic clarity of expression with the essential wisdom and philosophic breadth and tolerance of a Tolstoy. "Art for man's sake,"—to present the truth as the artist sees it and to produce not revolutions but an enlarged vision and a clearer, more thoughtful social consciousness,—is his only aim. Unlike Ibsen, the great protagonist of his early life, he is entirely without severity, contempt, or indignation. Let Messrs. Shaw and Wells preach. With the impartiality bred

of a "long and intricate brooding" over the inequalities of class, the general lack of real happiness, and the striking injustices of modern life, Galsworthy's whole work is a deep, pertinent, but never indignant, questioning of Society's acceptance of itself.

Escape is practically free of plot. A well-dressed young man is accosted by a prostitute; a plain clothes man who has been watching her "work" attempts an arrest, but the young man takes the girl's part and knocks him down. In falling the plain clothes man strikes his head against a railing, and is killed. The young man is arrested, tried, and imprisoned. He escapes, and it is the reactions of the various classes through which he passes to an escaped convict that make the play. With few exceptions, they are sympathetic,—but incapable of any open assistance. "A convict's a convict; you can't play about with the Law."

With his usual brilliant dialogue and typically Galsworthian flavor, the author uses the episodic construction to present a cross section of English society. He achieves a disturbing *drame à thèse*,—not of one particular injustice or imprisonment, but of man's inhumanity to man.

John Marshall.



Without Benefit of Black Magic

TRISTAM. By Edwin Arlington Robinson. New York: The Macmillan Co. \$1.50.

Mr. Robinson's *Tristram* is a story of the subtleties of love rather than of the largeness of passion; indeed, the opinion might be defended that the poet has written his version of the immortal story by leaving the love out. It is rather the consequences of the love of Tristram for Isolt as it affects the important characters of the tale—rather this than the direct presentation of the story which has interested the poet. The result is a study in character and not in fate; of character seen through the penetrating eyes of a great poet who reads men's frailties with keenness but also with charity. The tale is told more simply than is usual with this mannered poet; and passages, escaping from Mr. Robinson's love of over-refinements in style, have the true Shakespearian largeness. Unfortunately there is not room to quote.

Two comments are pertinent to Mr. Robinson's presentation of this famous tragedy. The first is that he has omitted the magic element altogether—something that Masfield in his recent version has not done. The reader is confronted with an accomplished fact—the love of the two for each other—to which he and the characters must adjust themselves. The second is his study of King Mark, by all odds the most interesting figure in the book. Mark learns too late a larger charity, sees that these lovers are not of his world, and steps aside from their path, but not until his henchman has caused their deaths. Both ideas make for freshness in handling. Mr. Robinson easily justifies himself in *Tristram* both as to style and method. He is certainly the most distinguished living American poet.

Howard Mumford Jones.

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PUNCHES

An Epic of the Soil

TIME OF MAN. By Elizabeth Madox Roberts. The Viking Press, New York.
382 pp. \$2.50.

It is frequently said that we are too young, that our economic evolution from pioneer to industrial giant has been too rapid, to develop an American peasantry. Miss Roberts has found that peasantry with her first novel; she has given us an intimate picture of the hard, narrow life-pattern of the tenant farmer. She has done more. She has found there in the tenant's life a strange pathos and a rosy-cheeked beauty that grip the readers with their vitality and freshness.

Ellen Chesser, poor white, wanderer upon Kentucky roads, is as fresh and as real as the soil which she turns up with her hoe. The book opens with Ellen sitting in a wagon bound for new land; it closes with Ellen, a middle aged woman, her goods and children about her, driving off in search of new land,—and a home. The theme is the instinct for home-making constantly thwarted,—and constantly renewed. Again and again she settles, at first with her parents and later with her husband, draws to herself a cow and a few chickens, plants a garden and fruit trees and flowers, only to be driven forth by a sense of failure in permanent adjustment—the lack of ownership of the soil. Always there is one retreat—the open road. The quiet insistence of the open road, the inviting beckoning of the road with its new promise of a permanent home, is the siren call that lures her on. The rhythmic clucking of the wagon is a song of hope to Ellen Chesser; too, it gives us the meter of Miss Roberts' prose style—strong, lucid, poetic.

The book is real; one can almost feel the warm, damp, clinging soil underfoot. But its realism is not documentary; the author is no casual observer, she has lived too close to the soil to give us mere description. Her poetic imagination gives us not only the life itself, but the meaning of it. She gives us an abundance of material, but only to serve as an homely but intimate background for the characters which she portrays with a deep sense of humanity. One can detect no false note, no exaggeration; the unity of tone is perfect, conveying a feeling of completeness which is rarely achieved, even by more experienced writers.

Here is a novel with a distinct rhythm,—the rhythm of human life beating in harmony with nature. Birth, love, marriage, betrayal, child bearing, death—all of these submit to the patterns of nature, to the seasons and the immutable law of growth and decay. Too, there is in these people something of the sturdiness, the deep, quiet satisfaction, the patient resignation, which one expects to find in nature. Miss Roberts is more poet than novelist; not satisfied with painting a picture, she creates a mood. She is original without being experimental, powerful without being crude or harsh, tender without being feeble, poetic without being sentimental.

D. S. G.

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VOLUME 58

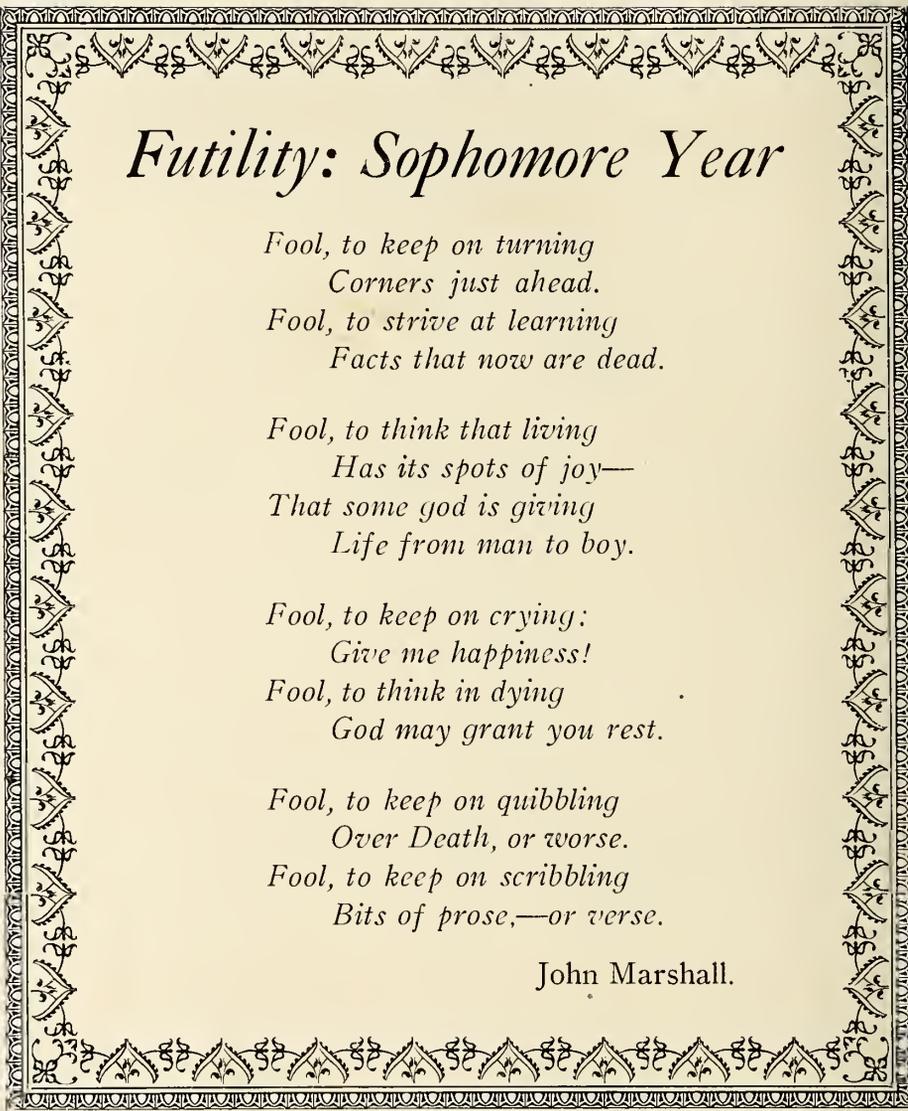
MARCH, 1928

NUMBER 5

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DESIDERATUM	Byron White
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Futility: Sophomore Year

*Fool, to keep on turning
Corners just ahead.
Fool, to strive at learning
Facts that now are dead.*

*Fool, to think that living
Has its spots of joy—
That some god is giving
Life from man to boy.*

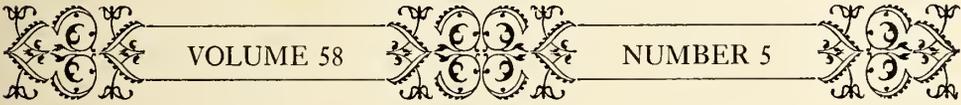
*Fool, to keep on crying:
Give me happiness!
Fool, to think in dying
God may grant you rest.*

*Fool, to keep on quibbling
Over Death, or worse.
Fool, to keep on scribbling
Bits of prose,—or verse.*

John Marshall.



THE CAROLINA MAGAZINE



VOLUME 58

NUMBER 5

Try Again, Dean

by JOHN MARSHALL

A COLLEGE education should begin by prodding the student's mind into thinking. It should end only when he has acquired, definitely and finally, the ability to think. The mind should be so thoroughly informed and trained that the student will be perpetually incited to the effort of understanding life. There should be so genuine a quickening of intellectual interest that the student will prefer, for the remainder of his days, to find, choose, and travel as he sees fit, his own road through life. May we ask, then, if the average American college is graduating men so trained, informed, and incited that they may be counted on to travel this road of the eternal search and of attempted understanding.

The answer must be No. It is woefully apparent that the American college of today is not in any considerable measure succeeding in its attempt to "educate." You may be sure of one thing: the alumnus of the great majority is not settled in the way of intelligence as a life-long goal. He is off the road of understanding. Was he ever on it? No: in college he was given three one-hour blocks a day of pre-arranged and therefore pre-digested, cut and dried facts. Extended over a period of four years, he was expected, both by the check-writing father and the grade-giving faculty, to accumulate sufficient blocks to pave a narrow way through life. So he is not established in the way of understanding; he is not interested in that sort of life. He has passed

his courses—received his degree. College,—that more or less dear four years of sentimental loyalty, of activities, of comradeships, and of all sorts of fun and pleasure,—is behind him—except for the day of the “big game.”

Intellectually, the results of the present system are neither pleasant nor satisfying. So it is that among a certain portion of the faculty and student body dissatisfaction is rife. These few, dominated by the one compelling, central motive towards intelligence, find themselves controlled, obliged, and ruled by a system which they can do no less than adjudge a total failure. Faculty men of ability and zeal, of scholarly fertility, find themselves and their interest swamped under a deluge of mediocre, family-sent-to-college boys who cry weakly for training, a tool,—but never for understanding. What matter if he thinks the student who appreciates attention most should receive it most? Giganticism, educational democracy,—these are the order of the day. He is forced to turn a deaf ear to those with whom the results of stimulation are most apparent. As for the unusual student, no matter how brilliant, ambitious, independent, he also feels the deadening effect of the system, and quite often goes down beneath its disheartening and enervating influence. He may often waver for a time between the two questions: Were these masters of detail once fresh, ambitious, and sympathetic instructors, that have exhausted their human geniality and energy on the dullness of student indifference? Or are these stolid, formal, and mechanical instructors failing to arouse the dormant curiosity of the student? Even such questions as these do not last long. Quick to realize his mental advantage over the average student, shielded from any real responsibility by the very requirements of the course, he is more liable to drift lazily through to a meaningless degree than to demand more satisfying attention. In short, the present scene is one of mutual deprecation, the professors blaming the indifference of the students, the students reviling the faculty for their retirement into the pedagogical shell.

II

This displeasing and unsatisfying condition has not gone unnoticed. The many various developments in college education in this country definitely prove that not only have these educational deficiencies been remarked by the thoughtful, but that vigorous efforts have also been made in an attempt to combat and correct them. The most frequent

of these attempts is that under which a group of strictly selected students chosen for their proved ability and interest are released from the usual course requirements in order to read, both intensively and extensively, under the tutelage of the regular professors. The second of these systems, the one now being used at Harvard, is that of the general examination in a field for all students who specialize in it. Unlike the first system, which requires little or no addition to the regular teaching staff, the general examination system makes necessary a large body of tutors to supervise the students' work and help them in their preparation for this examination. The most important, probably, of these systems is the one now being tried at Swarthmore. Students of strong and original interest are allowed to "read for honors." They are told that the part of the professor must always be to some extent passive, and therefore that the best of all teachers is the student himself. No matter how artfully the professor displays his facts; no matter, even, the amount of stimulation and encouragement of which he may be capable; in the final analysis the student can succeed only in proportion to the sources of educational development within himself. At Swarthmore honors work is designed to give energy and interest and unimpeded flow, for it is exclusively dedicated and extended to that "blessed minority whose interest is original, strong and authentic, and to whom the ordinary text-book and lecture are a weariness to the flesh."

The whole basis upon which all of these experiments have been attempted is that in any group of students a certain few are merely hampered by that lecturing, quizzing, assignments in text-books, and general academic red tape, which make up the necessarily incessant stimulus required to graduate the average student into the adoring mother's arms and unexacting employer's office.

III

The presence of such a group of interested students on this campus has not gone unremarked. One dean of more than usual interest in the genuine student and his problem began a discussion of this type of educational development in an attempt to work out and put into practice some more satisfying plan. These discussions were not confined to faculty committees; a student discussion group was selected, and the situation and its possible solution were discussed from every known

angle of experience. Both the faculty and the student group came to the same general conclusions. The first and most pressing, of course, was that there *are* students of both ability and ambition who are unable to work most effectively under the present system. After that came the realization that it is not a larger range of facts, but the acquisition of that power that enables one to go through things by himself that is most desirable. No matter how many times we have been led over a road, it will remain a perfect mystery until we have guided ourselves, made every possible experiment, and searched out every by-path to the fullest extent of our unaided ability. Even the "adaptability to the needs of the individual" and the "abolition of alarm clocks" were discussed. It was decided that the student should be freed from all mechanical requirements, and also that he should not come to the faculty for help until he had done his best to master the problem alone. Out of these decisions came a philosophy of education, the true heart of the new plan: personal experience derived from individual effort alone can bring forth understanding from a basis of knowledge and skill.

Out of the general desire of several students and faculty members for a better system, and under the insistent demand of the vitally interested dean the Honors Group plan was formulated and accepted. But tempering influences were innumerable. Professors were openly, and antagonistically, conservative. Students were timid, fearing the security of their right to a degree for "four years' of college." A disastrous rush of lazy students, hunting for the easiest way, was feared. And then, what of the expenses? It was impossible to arouse the students to the immense opportunities offered by the plan, or to convince the professors of its educational possibilities. The whole idea was watered down.

One afternoon a group of faculty members selected from the various departments of the Liberal Arts college met in the dean's office. A long afternoon of consideration, occasional acceptance, and numerous rejections was expected, although many restrictions had been imposed. The candidate must have a Phi Beta Kappa scholastic standing, all his required work "off," a pretentious "major" and a discreet "minor" carefully in mind, etc., etc. This thing is new, radical. It must be entered into not hastily, but soberly, and in the fear of the Lord. Six students applied; three were chosen.

Slow,—but sure. We are getting along nicely. But the dean, and some few students, were disappointed, fearful.

IV

Their fears were well-grounded, their disappointment real. Exacting campus activities, the halo of honorary fraternity membership, intellectual timidity, the stability of the established system,—all took their toll. At the opening of the following year, one of the three men was denied admission to the plan because he had not completed his Sophomore required courses. Another, his eyes fixed upon the presidency of the scholastic fraternity, preferred to continue à la three hours a quarter. As for the third, the only one to begin under the new plan,—he is busy editing the college year-book.

However, the fault lies not wholly with the students. In general the professors resented this disturbance of the regular order. Their attitude, even when one of interest, was always sceptical. It is hard to remain an idealist, or susceptible to ideals, after long and dreary years of pounding the “comma fault” into Freshman classes, as never-ending as they are indifferent. Even those who were willing to assume the additional duties connected with the Honors Group, did so, since in all three cases they were the most heavily burdened members of the faculty, with a clear realization of the difficulty of finding adequately sufficient time to carry out their part of the plan.

This first move is apparently not a false one, but an unfortunate one. There seems to be no possibility of an intellectual relation between the student and the professor that is at the same time a genial, informal, and human companionship. The agile, independent mind has not yet pushed its way through the average student mass up to an intimate relation with the broad, ready scholarship of the inspirational professor. Even among the gifted students, in the place of industry, genuine intellectual interest, and actual mental independence, there is still nothing but affectation, superficial cleverness, and an airiness that fails entirely to conceal the weakness beneath the swagger.

So far, this first attempt is an obvious failure. As will be all other attempts if taken up in so half-hearted a way. Hard work is as much a necessity as is a persistent faith. The Honors Group system will never succeed, either here or elsewhere, until both students and faculty have caught the infection, demanding, by the very insistence of their interest and vigilance, the support of the course-giving professor, the course-taking student, and the college administration.



March
1928

O Lawd

O, Lawd . . .
Ain't there nothin' in life
 But blue?
Sky blue,
I blue,
Mebbe you blue,
 Tgo!

O, Lawd . . .
Take this aggravatin' curse
 Away!
I bad,
I sad,
Lemme be glad
 Some Day!

O, Lawd . . .
Ain't you got no light
 Up there?
Night time,
Dark time,
Send a little shine
 Down here!

O, Lawd . . .
Thank ye, Lawd,
Thank ye for a-hearin'
 My prayer.
Better now,
Brighter now,
Reckin' you are
 Up there.
 Amen!

—Peter Gray.

*Below A Hundred**

by WILLIAM NORMENT COX

The
CAROLINA
MAGAZINE

•••••

March
1928

Characters

DAN TOWNSEND (Danny): Youngest son.

MRS. TOWNSEND: Mother of Jim and Danny.

MR. LONNIE BETHEA (Mr. Lon): A neighbor, father of Margaret.

SAM STONE and WALTER WILLIAMS: Partners in the tobacco business.

JIM TOWNSEND: Eldest son.

MARGARET BETHEA: Jim's fiancée.

Place: The Townsend Farm, Robeson County, North Carolina.

Time: July, 1922.

SCENE: *The front side of a tobacco barn, located in the far corner of a large field and right on the edge of a swamp. It is about eight-thirty in the evening in mid-July. We see the weather-beaten log barn cast against the sombre blackness of the pines growing close to it. A quiet, peaceful silence envelops the scene. This is accentuated by the cool dampness from the nearby swamp and the flood of soft moonlight. We know from the light so soft and white that the moon is full. Even small objects are recognizable.*

It is tobacco curing time.

A sloping shed about nine feet deep runs across the front of the barn. It is covered with rough shingles and supported by four rough posts (one at each corner and two about six feet apart near the down stage center of the shed). Two low rough board counters have been built from the center posts to the corner posts. In the play they are used to sit on. In the center of the six foot opening we see the furnace to the barn. It is about three feet high and two feet wide. A glass window a foot square is seen to the right of the furnace and about shoulder high. It swings inside of the barn and is used to insert the thermometer. The testing of the temperature goes on throughout the play. Near the little window a lighted lantern hangs on a wooden peg. To the left of the furnace is a pile of wood. The thermometer tied to a slender stick about a yard long is on the left hand counter.

There is a quiet peacefulness over all things. The barn is in full heat. The fire in the furnace casts a red glow through the cracks in the worn out door.

DANNY

(A boy about 22 years old has just closed the furnace door. He straightens up and cleans his hands by rubbing them together. He is well built, roughly but neatly dressed in work

clothes and obviously very tired. Something in his red hair and blue eyes suggest a quick temper; ready to fight, ready to forgive, very human and loveable. He casts a serious glance towards his mother; then says):

* Re-print and production rights reserved by the author.



March
1928

Mama, you ought not to be traveling over the place like this. (*Pause*) How many times have I told you about staying out of the fields at night?

MRS. TOWNSEND

(*Is sitting on the low counter directly across from the furnace. She is found gazing out across the moon swept fields. She is a comely woman, past middle age. She wears a percale dress of white with small black figures printed on it. It shows evidence of frequent and careful laundering. A loosely crocheted black shawl is about her shoulders. Her soft naturally wavy hair is parted in the middle and brushed becomingly away from her face. Her hands are crossed in her lap. Tragedy, much sorrow and hard work have not been able to dim the light in her countenance. She turns patiently; then says:*)

Well, Danny . . . I . . .

DANNY

(*Interrupts*).

The heat around the barn and going back to the house in the night air will bring on your spells again.

MRS. TOWNSEND

(*Draws her shawl a little closer; and says:*)

Don't worry about me, son . . . Why, I haven't been sick since Jim came back home. (*In motherly tone hoping to soothe his impatience*): I left him eating his supper. He'll be down to relieve you in a minute.

DANNY

All right 'um.

MRS. TOWNSEND

(*Looks out across the fields; and says quietly:*)

I like to get out when the nights are pretty like this . . . Makes me feel young again. (*Then directly to her son*): But, how's it curing today, Danny?

DANNY

(*In tired voice*).

Oh, pretty good . . . but it's been powerful hot down here today. So hot along about 4 o'clock it nearly drove me crazy. (*Pause; . . . then breaks out*): It ain't worth it, Mama . . . God knows it's hot as hell.

MRS. TOWNSEND

(*Seriously*).

Danny!

DANNY

(*Quickly*).

Oh, I wasn't cursing, Mama . . . don't take it like that.

MRS. TOWNSEND

(*Gently corrects him*).

How else can I take it. You wasn't raised to any talk like that. (*Pause; then with strong feeling*): And I wish Jim would quit takin' the name of the Lord in vain.

DANNY

Oh, well.

MRS. TOWNSEND

(*Continuing*).

And you know this afternoon instead of sleeping and resting, he sat there at home arguing religion with Preacher Evans for three hours.

DANNY

(*Is looking after the furnace but glances up and says; in thoughtful tone*):

I don't see how Jim keeps going. (*Then straight to his mother in*

quicker tone): Since the curing season came in he ain't averaged five hours sleep a day.

MRS. TOWNSEND

(Acknowledges this as the truth. She then indicates the thermometer and the barn; and says):

Better test it, son.

DANNY

(Carefully inserting the thermometer through the little window)

Yes, mam.

MRS. TOWNSEND

(Sadly happy).

The Lord sent him back here to take care of us after the slump came and wiped everything away. *(Pause)* I don't know what we would have done without him.

(She looks at Danny who has just read the thermometer. He smiles to his mother who acknowledges his confidence).

MRS. TOWNSEND

(Continues in her reverie as Danny walks to the edge of the shed, directly across from his mother. He is looking out across the field at the same time listening).

Yes, I thank God over and over for Jim. I didn't know how it would be when he left New York to come back here and take care of us . . . But he's brought us safely through these terrible times. *(Pause)* Seems like the Master is punishing our section for some great sin. Short crops . . . No money for them . . . Bank failures . . . Sickness and suffering everywhere . . . But Jim saved us, Danny.

DANNY

(Quickly)

And you know I can't see how he's done it. He never gave a hang about farming. *(Pause)* Even before he went to the University he always had his head in a book and was writing stories . . . in place of paying attention to agriculture.

MRS. TOWNSEND

(With slight show of uneasiness in her voice).

Yes, that's right . . . And he's took to reading again lately, just like he used to. *(Slowly)* And it seems to me he's been powerful nervous over something the last week or two.

DANNY

(Cheerfully)

Oh I don't think it's anything like what you are thinking of, Mama. Don't you worry about Jim . . . He's all right. *(In reasoning tone).* He's just working too hard. *(With joy and relief in his voice; says):* This is the last barn and the last night of curing. We will be all through tomorrow . . . Then Jim will be himself again.

MRS. TOWNSEND

(Doubtfully).

I don't know . . . Danny.

DANNY

(Confidently and cheerfully).

Maybe he's all keyed up 'cause Margaret's coming home tonight . . . You know she's been off to summer school nearly two months now.

MRS. TOWNSEND

(Unconvinced).

Yes . . . I reckon you are right.

DANNY

(Confidently).

Sure . . . Wait 'til Margaret gets here. I know Jim.



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MRS. TOWNSEND

(With strong, quiet feeling).

I don't know, Danny . . . *(Pause)*
He's mighty like your father was in
some respects. I see them in him now
and then and sometimes I pick up
things he's written and hid away . . .
And sometimes when I see him wan-
dering off to the swamp with his head
down . . . I see in him your father . . .
just like he was long ago.

DANNY

*(Caught by the tone of her voice
comes nearer to his mother and is lis-
tening closely).*

Yes . . . Yes?

MRS. TOWNSEND

(Looking far away).

Those were the days when settlers
were going somewhere out West. He
wanted to take me and settle out there
. . . as he often said "hew out a
home-stead on the plains." *(Pause,
glances at Danny; says slowly):* Your
Uncle Willie went and never came
back. I got your father to see that it
was best to stay here. *(Quickly)* But
even long years after, I could see times
when your father looked just like
Jim has looked the last few weeks.
(Calmer) Yes, we stayed here and took
over the home place . . . We stayed
here and he died with property and his
own folks about him.

DANNY

(Soothingly).

Yes, that's right, Mama . . . *(In-
quiringly)* But what's this got to do
with Jim?

MRS. TOWNSEND

(Haltingly).

I can't say exactly, son. I can't

tell you my feeling . . . I guess I am
wrong, for Jim has worked like a dog
here for you and me and put us on
our feet again. *(Proudly)* Lonnie says
he never saw a better business man in
all his life. *(Hesitantly)* I hope now
since he has made such a success of
farming, that he's lost his notions
about becoming a writer . . . Just like
your father did about going out West
. . . And when him and Margaret . . .

*(The sound of people approaching
causes her to stop. Danny goes to the
edge of the shed and looks out into
the night).*

MRS. TOWNSEND

Who is it?

DANNY

(Hesitates; then says):

It's Mr. Lon and two men . . .
Wonder what they want?

MRS. TOWNSEND

(Relieved of her expectancy; says):

Guess they are fruit tree salesmen
of some sort . . . Lonnie's always
putting in something.

*(The first to enter is Mr. Lonnie
Bethea. He is a man past middle age.
He has always been a farmer and has
always lived . . . just over the swamp.
In days gone by he represented Robe-
son County in the State Legislature.
However, there is nothing of the sena-
torial type about him. His tall, gaunt
figure is slightly stooped. His mus-
tache, of the old school, is white as is
his hair. His black trousers are held
in place by suspenders. His white
shirt is open at the neck. He does
not wear a coat. His hat is black felt.*

*Close behind him come Sam Stone
and Walter Williams. They are typ-*



ical tobacco men. Seen against a background of average farm folk they appear at great advantage. They have at their finger tips all sorts of big news, stories, staggering figures, hearty handshakes and always . . . always the fascination of romance, for they soon move on to other markets. Their yearly return is awaited with much expectancy.

Sam Stone is about 42 years old. He is pudgy. His palm beach trousers of dark material are gerted around his ample middle by a belt. His shirt, collar and tie are neat. His cuffs are turned back. He wears a stylish stiff brimmed straw hat. He does not have a coat. He is the very active partner.

Walter Williams is much the same, only he is a year or two younger than his partner and he wears a full suit of palm beach. He too has a stylish straw hat. He appears to be the brains of the partnership while Sam sees that the work is actually done).

(Mr. Lonnie Bethea walks in ahead. The two men follow close behind. They remove their straw hats on seeing Mrs. Townsend and pose with the easy smile of salesmen in good standing. Mrs. Townsend rises and Danny stands by the furnace. Mr. Bethea advances).

MR. BETHEA

(Heartily).

Good evening, Mary . . . Hello, Dan. (Danny acknowledges the courtesy).

MRS. TOWNSEND

Hello, Lonnie . . . how are you?

MR. BETHEA

Spry as ever for an old man . . . but here, I want you to meet these

gentlemen. They are tobacco men out looking over the territory. (Stone and Williams advance) Mr. Williams, this is Mrs. Townsend and Danny, her son . . . And this is Mr. Stone. (They shake hands and acknowledge courtesies).

MR. BETHEA

(Proudly).

I told 'um you all are the best tobacco raisers in this country.

MR. STONE

(Heartily).

Yes mam, we heard about your tobacco before we left South Boston! . . . didn't we, Sam?

MR. WILLIAMS

(Says easily).

Shore did, Mrs. Townsend . . . mighty fine grade you all get. I've noticed a lot of it in the Rowland warehouse . . . (Pause) Looks like you folks are about the only ones in this section what knows how to cure real tobacco. (Mr. Bethea, Danny and Mrs. Townsend accept the compliment with smiles).

MRS. TOWNSEND

(In matter of fact tone).

Well, I reckon that's so. My boy Jim knows how to handle it all right . . . but it's just plain hard work on his part. (Proudly) Why, he won't trust any one with his barns at night . . . He tends them himself.

MR. STONE

(Graciously).

That's the only way to get the grade in it, Mrs. Townsend.

DANNY

(Breaks in).

How's the market today?

MR. WILLIAMS

(In business like air).

Oh, pretty steady. *(Pause; then confidently)*: But, I saw a telegram from the London-Liverpool headquarters and they have instructed their buyers to lay off on some grades.

MR. BETHEA

(Seriously).

Is that so?

MR. STONE

(With all the confidence of big business in his tone; says):

Yes . . . overstocked!

(Williams supports his partner's statement by serious nods of his head. Mrs. Townsend and the others say nothing for an instant. They seem to be thinking it over. Finally Danny breaks the silence).

DANNY

(Doubtfully).

I don't know whether they are or not. Those big fellows get together sometimes like that . . . to set the prices.

MR. BETHEA

(Ready to agree).

I always held that belief too, Danny.

MR. STONE

(With a hearty smile).

Well . . . Mr. Williams and myself ain't connected with any company . . . We are free traders. We buy at a fair price . . . regrade our tobacco and then resell it.

MR. WILLIAMS

(Beaming).

Yes . . . That's our business, Mrs. Townsend, but I think it's just like Mr. Townsend says about the big

companies. *(Very confidentially)*. We farmers don't know what's going on up there in New York . . . You can't tell about the folks what's handling the money in this country.

MRS. TOWNSEND

(Quietly).

Yes, there may be something in that.

MR. STONE

(Business like).

We drove by to see if we could trade with you for some of your tobacco, Mrs. Townsend.

MRS. TOWNSEND

(Quietly and to the point).

Well . . . You will have to see Jim about that . . . I don't pay a bit of attention to it now. *(Pause)* Seems like he says he'd sold all of it . . . and this is the last curing we've got. *(Indicates the barn).*

MR. STONE

(Graciously).

Perfectly all right, Mam. We will wait on him . . . we have plenty of time.

(Williams picks up a sample of tobacco called a hand. It is made of eight or nine well cured leaves, tied together by a single leaf wrapped around their stems. He examines it . . . smiles and starts to pass it to Mr. Stone when his action is interrupted).

MR. BETHEA

(Casually).

Any news of special interest in town?

MR. STONE

(Is about to break into a real piece of news when Williams suddenly comes

to life and starts forward).

No . . . nothing . . . I . . .

MR. WILLIAMS

(*Interrupts*).

Sure . . . I nearly forgot . . . something that looks pretty bad took place this afternoon.

MR. BETHEA

(*Eager in his expectancy*).

Why . . . What was it, Mr. Williams?

MR. WILLIAMS

(*Gravely*).

Don't happen to have any money in the Planter's Bank, do you?

(*Mrs. Townsend, Mr. Bethea and Danny suddenly brace as if cut by a whip*).

MR. BETHEA

(*Excitedly*).

What did you say?

MR. STONE

(*Paying more attention to his story than to the three horrified people before him; says*):

We was in such a hurry to get away after the sale was over that we never got any real particulars, but Sandy Johnson, President of the Planter's Bank . . . drove his automobile off the Yadkin River bridge this afternoon and was drowned . . . From the papers found in his pocket something must be wrong . . . and from the way it happened it looked like a plain case of . . . suicide.

(*All three people are struck dumb with a fearful premonition*).

MR. BETHEA

(*With horror in his voice*).

My God . . . what did you say?

MR. WILLIAMS

(*Hurries on with the story*).

(*Neither does he realize the intense emotional reaction in those listening to him*).

They say the directors have met and Old Man Graham has had a court order sworn out sealing the bank until the examiners can come. Now, we left town about three thirty and don't know any of the real particulars but the cashier of the National told me. (*Pause*) It was no surprise to him . . . the way things had been running at the Planters.

MRS. TOWNSEND

(*Slowly*).

Mr. Johnson . . . dead . . . the bank closed . . . gone?

DANNY

(*Going to his mother and putting his arm around her shoulder*).

Mama!

MRS. TOWNSEND

(*With a mother's premonition realizes the significance of what she has heard and her first thoughts turn to her son Jim upon whom the thing will fall hardest; she says as if in a trance*):

Don't tell Jim. (*Quicker*) Don't tell Jim . . . let me go to town.

MR. WILLIAMS

(*Amazed*).

Why . . . Why . . . What's the matter?

MR. BETHEA

(*Helplessly*).

Matter . . . that's our bank . . . Sandy Johnson was out here to see Jim day before yesterday . . . good God!

The
CAROLINA
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•••••

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DANNY

(Takes charge of his mother who has risen).

Mama I will go . . . I will go . . .
Come on Mr. Lon, we better get to
town as quick as we can.

MRS. TOWNSEND

*(Pitifully, as Danny puts his arm
around her).*

Don't tell Jim tonight . . . not to-
night . . . I don't know . . . I don't
know but I believe it would kill him
. . . tonight.

MR. BETHEA

(Starting away).

Danny! You come with me.

MRS. TOWNSEND

(As Danny is guiding her away).

All he's worked for . . . Gone . . .
Don't tell Jim, let him finish up his
barn, he need not know 'til tomorrow.
(Weakly) If it's like that he can't do
anything anyway.

MR. BETHEA

(Quickly).

Yes, it's bad enough without being
made worse . . . Mary, you go on
over and stay at my house with Sara
. . . 'til we get back.

*(Danny and Mrs. Townsend start
away. She makes a mechanical cour-
tesy to the tobacco men who stand
aghast and nervous before what is
taking place before them. Mrs.
Townsend, now at the edge of the shed,
just within the pale of light, turns and
says):*

MRS. TOWNSEND

(With moving passion).

Jim . . . my child . . . it will! *(A
thought comes to her, she turns quickly*

to Mr. Bethea and says): Lonnie, Mar-
garet will be home tonight and if any-
one has to tell him . . . let her do it
. . . She's closer to him . . . let her.

MR. BETHEA

(Mechanically).

Yes . . . Margaret can . . . She can,
Mary . . . She will.

DANNY

*(Fearfully, as he leads his mother
away).*

Come by as soon as you can.

(Mr. Bethea nods agreement).

MR. STONE

(Sympathetically).

I'm sorry, Mr. Bethea . . . Is
there anything we can do?

MR. WILLIAMS

(Quickly).

We stand ready to do all we can.
Mr. Bethea . . . Here . . . We will
take you to town in our car and bring
you back.

MR. BETHEA

(Thinking fast but speaking slowly).

Thank you, gentlemen . . . I guess
we could make more time that way.

MR. WILLIAMS

(Starts away).

Sure, we will go right now.

MR. BETHEA

(Takes command).

No . . . You all stay here with Jim
a few minutes . . . Go ahead and talk
to him, but for God's sake don't tell
him anything . . . He had just as well
stay here and finish up his barn as go
with us. *(Helplessly)* I'm afraid none
of us can do anything.

MR. STONE

(Trying to appear at ease).

All right . . . Good . . . We will do just what you say.

(Someone is heard approaching from the other side of the barn).

MR. BETHEA

(In low tone).

Drive by my place in about five minutes.

(Mr. Williams and Mr. Stone are caught nodding to Mr. Bethea as Jim enters from the other side of the barn. They stiffen as they recognize him in the flesh.

As he comes on we see a man about 27 years old. He is tall and wiry. Rather than the farmer, he lends the appearance of being more of an athlete, cast as a working man. And yet there is nothing boyish about him. His features are cleanly chisled. His mouth is sensitive. His gray blue eyes are steady but most expressive. He is dressed in neat but rough, serviceable work clothes. His blue shirt is open at the neck. His hair is in order but is not plastered down. He takes in the scene with one quick glance; then says):

JIM

(Cheerfully).

Hello, Mr. Lon.

MR. BETHEA

(Nervously).

Hello, Jim.

(They watch him as he goes to his barn. He is examining it with the careful air of one going over a high powered piece of machinery. He has recognized the strangers but has paid no attention to them, however his in-

difference is not antagonistic, he is simply looking after his business. He lends the impression of one who knows what he is doing and how it must be done. He inserts the thermometer through the little window).

JIM

(Looking away).

Beautiful night, isn't it?

(He withdraws the thermometer. The three men are watching him intently. He reads it and smiles).

JIM

(Happily).

Yes sir . . . Danny is getting to be a pretty good farmer. He has this barn right on the dot. *(Satisfied, he places the thermometer on the low counter and turns to his visitors).*

JIM

(Sincerely).

How are you feeling tonight, Mr. Lon?

MR. BETHEA

(With increased, suppressed nervousness).

Just so-so, Jim, but come here and shake hands with Mr. Williams and Mr. Stone.

JIM

(Cordially).

Glad to meet you, Gentlemen.

(Stone and Williams force themselves as best they can into their customary patronizing attitude and shake hands . . . rather mechanically).

MR. BETHEA

(Forced).

They drove out from town on a tobacco survey.

MR. WILLIAMS

(Instantly).

Glad to meet you too, Mr. Townsend . . . We've just been talking to your mother and she told us to talk to you about the weed.

MR. BETHEA

(Nervously edging away says assuringly).

That's it, Jim . . . these gentlemen want to figure with you on your barn.

JIM

(Casually).

Good . . . but don't go and leave us Mr. Lon.

MR. BETHEA

(Uneasily).

Yes, I got to be going along. *(Convincingly to Jim)*: Joe hasn't shown up with that load of weevil poison yet. *(Casually)* Drop by and see me, gentlemen, when you leave Jim.

(Mr. Stone and Mr. Williams nervously answer by nods that they will).

MR. BETHEA

(As he goes off).

Will see you later, Jim.

(Mr. Bethea vanishes into the darkness. Jim starts to speak . . . he stops . . . he remembers something . . . he takes a step towards the off-side of the barn and calls).

JIM

(Happily, smiling lightly).

Oh, Mr. Lon?

MR. BETHEA

Yes.

JIM

(Hesitantly).

If Margaret gets in soon enough,

(Pause) tell her . . . I'm down at the Castle.

(Something in Jim's impenetrable mask cuts deep into the two tobacco men who stand frozen).

MR. BETHEA

(His voice comes through the darkness with forced cheerfulness).

I won't forget, Jim.

(The two tobacco men left alone with Jim move close together. They are striving for support in numbers. They nervously watch Jim as he walks with easy, sure steps to the other side of the barn and sits on the edge of the counter. He appears to be thinking his own thoughts. His shoulder is hunched against one of the center posts. He turns quickly to the visitors; and says):

JIM

(With mirth in his voice).

Out making a survey . . . Eh?

MR. STONE

(Agreeably).

Yes, and we have been wanting to talk to you for a long time, Mr. Townsend.

JIM

(Casually and with a slight smile of amusement; says slowly):

Pin-hookers . . . aren't you?

MR. WILLIAMS

(His dignity touched; says with feeling):

Now . . . well yes . . . that's what they jokingly call us in some places, Mr. Townsend.

JIM

(Sincerely).

Having much luck this year?

MR. WILLIAMS

(Relieved at this opening for stock conversation; says warmly):

We've been doing pretty well.

JIM

(Quizzically).

Your line about the big companies shutting down on the price . . . setting prices . . . and all that . . . Still working, eh?

MR. STONE

(Nervously).

Well . . . if you want to put it that way . . . Yes. *(Hurriedly)* But the big money in this country is in bad hands . . . We do an honest business and . . . I could tell you . . .

JIM

(To avoid arguments interrupts).

Oh, I know you could, gentlemen, but don't you suppose I see through all that back slapping stuff at the warehouses . . . buyers bidding against one another . . . comic . . . bellowing auctioneer . . . and all that. Now your ideas are right to a certain extent . . . and although this farming country is in terrible financial condition, lots worse than you have any idea . . . even granting you that . . . I don't blame our bankruptcy on the big industries.

MR. WILLIAMS

(Nervously).

What's your idea, Mr. Townsend?

JIM

(With a ring of power and conviction in his voice says casually but forcefully).

There are only two or three farmers in this whole county. The rest play

at farming . . . although most of us were born right next to the soil . . . we weren't born farmers . . . most of us spend our lives playing at farming and letting our land slip from us . . . we are playing at plowing . . . harrowing . . . cotton picking . . . tobacco curing. *(With this last statement he indicates the barn. The two tobacco men follow his every move. They are drinking in his eyes, his voice. They suddenly jerk back as Jim says directly to them)* . . . We are playing for damn high stakes, too . . . for we depend upon highly organized business interests to buy our crops . . . and they aren't playing . . . they are in the business . . . that's the difference.

MR. WILLIAMS

(Agreeably).

That's right.

MR. STONE

(Quickly).

Yes . . . you shore know what you are talking about.

JIM

(Continues. His reasoning is too powerful for the two tobacco men. It makes them extremely nervous under the circumstances. He is speaking quietly and forcefully).

The trouble is we do not work hard enough or intelligently. *(Pause)* You gentlemen say I am a success . . . the best tobacco farmer in this section . . . In fact, I don't know much about it . . . I even went to the University and took an A.B. degree in literature . . . I know very little about the science of farming. *(Slight smile.)* My success is due, as they say in the magazines, to fighting, working. *(Bitterly.)*

. . . Day and night . . . and eternally watching my barns . . . I know the temperature every hour for every different barn on my place . . . take this one . . . This barn comes out best at seventy-five degrees. When I started running up the heat it hits the top at a hundred and forty-five. Now . . . if a hard rain or hail storm comes up, chilling the atmosphere outside, the temperature falls in there. (*Motions toward the barn*); very easily to a hundred and twenty-five degrees . . . I have to watch it closely. (*Quickly and in matter of fact tone*): If it gets down to a hundred and fifteen my tobacco loses its grade . . . If it gets below a hundred . . . It's ruint.

(*Jim goes to the barn and examines it*).

MR. WILLIAMS

(*Uneasily*).

That's the only way to do it, Mr. Townsend . . . But . . . now we . . .

JIM

(*Sincerely*).

We could talk all night and I certainly appreciate company . . . but you all got to go by and see Mr. Lon.

MR. STONE

(*Half heartedly*).

No hurry, Mr. Townsend.

JIM

(*Steadily*).

Well. (*Pause*) This is the last of my crop. (*He turns away from them and says in a voice they cannot comprehend*): My work is nearly done . . . it is the last in many ways. (*Then directly to them again*): Now, I've got about eight hundred pounds in there and it will probably average the same

grade as this. (*Tosses them a hand of tobacco*): Give me twenty-four cents a pound for it and haul it to town and it's yours. (*With a quick burst of nervousness*): I want to get rid of it . . . get it off my hands . . . I'm sick and tired of fooling with it. (*Realizing his sudden nervous outbreak, Jim quickly regains his composure, but Williams and Stone did not notice it, for they are examining the tobacco.*)

MR. WILLIAMS

(*Professionally*).

That's a fair trade . . . We will take it.

MR. STONE

(*Assured*).

Yes . . . and we will come after it Friday. (*They are moving away*).

JIM

(*With air of conclusion*).

All right, it will be here for you . . .

MR. STONE

Good night, Mr. Townsend.

MR. WILLIAMS

I certainly am glad to have met you, Mr. Townsend.

JIM

(*Good naturedly*).

Glad you came by. (*Frankly*): And I don't want you to feel badly about what I said about your being pin-hookers . . . why that's legitimate business . . . and besides I knew you before Mr. Lon introduced you . . . Why Sandy Johnson and myself went over your references before we allowed you to operate on our market.

(*The tobacco men are staggered at the mention of Johnson's name. They cover their nervousness as best they can and vanish into the night*).

JIM

(Calls after them).

Good night . . . drop in and see us any time you happen to be through here.

(They answer a hasty good-bye and can be heard going away. Jim watches them in the darkness for a minute. By the time he is sure that they have gone, he mechanically turns to his barn, he examines the temperature, he throws open the furnace and throws in wood. The red glow from the furnace fire shows that his face has undergone a complete change of expression. There is something there no one in the world has ever seen. It only comes when he is alone. Serious thoughts have instantly lined his face with a deep sadness that betrays a foundation deeper far deeper than tobacco, tobacco curing, farming or money. And then he straightens up; he walks slowly to the front edge of the shed, where the moon light falls upon him; he leans against the post. His upturned face, staring into the sky, shows a pitiful lonesomeness. We see in it the features of one who has fought a death battle with his conscience. Then there is a flash of triumphant strength. Then again the pitiful sadness as his lips move, as one hand grasps the post in a powerful grip and his whole body seems to be praying to the night sky. His lips are moving, they only seem to be moving, it seems that they are saying):

JIM

Jesus . . . Father . . . God have mercy.

(But then the movement of someone coming is heard. Something snaps in him. His expression has gone. It

has changed completely. He has recognized the footsteps and now we see him turn towards the coming visitor and we see in him all the dear anticipation, all the dear expectancy of the lover, as Margaret's figure steps into the pale of moon light and the flickering glow from the furnace fire outlines her against the darkness.

She is about 24 years old. In place of any striking beauty in her we find an attractively dressed young woman, of well formed figure, slightly larger in proportion than the average, with dark brown eyes, and her chestnut hair neatly done in an old fashioned way. She wears a dark blue dotted Swiss dress, with neat and becoming white organdie collar and cuffs. She still wears her black silk stockings but has changed her oxfords for heavier and more serviceable ones.

She stops for an instant and does not move. Jim takes a step towards her).

JIM

Margaret!

MARGARET

Jim!

(As they meet we see in her expression all the joy of one once again with the only one she loves. We see this shot through with a deep fear; it is the soulful mask of a mother keeping her tears from her child. Of a woman shielding and keeping from her loved one, some grim and awful reality. We see all this mingled with her sweet smile as Jim takes Margaret in his arms . . . and kisses her).

JIM

(Smiling tenderly).

And you are well and you were not

too tired to come to the castle in the fields?

MARGARET

(With deepest and sincere feeling).

No, Jim. I will never be too tired. *(Pause)* It was a hard trip though, so hot everywhere today. I left Chapel Hill this morning and came to Lumberton on the bus. Ruth was coming down too . . . her father met us and we came on out.

JIM

(Looks at her and says with whimsical sadness).

How is everything up to the Hill . . . Did you ever go by and see my old room?

MARGARET

(Quickly).

Oh yes . . . but you wouldn't know it now.

JIM

(With mocked severity).

And you studied hard . . . and learned lots of things?

MARGARET

(Eagerly).

Yes, Jim . . . and Dr. Lewis told me that my diploma from Flora McDonald will have A grade standing now. *(Pause)* That means more money for me. *(She happens to notice Jim who at her last few statements has turned away. For an instant his face is hidden from her and appears with a mark of deep sadness. She says with a catch in her voice):* Why Jim, aren't you glad for that?

JIM

(Mechanically, then back in his usual tone).

Yes . . . I reckon I am . . . Oh certainly! more money . . . sure . . . yes.

MARGARET

(Unconvinced).

That's the reason I went to summer school this year, Jim. You know we talked it all over last June.

JIM

(Vaguely).

Yes . . . I remember.

MARGARET

(Unable to fathom him and worn out by her obvious emotions, sweeps on trying to take him from his mood; she speaks cheerfully):

It was hard for me up there . . . but now that it's all over it doesn't seem so long . . . But it was hard and your letters, Jim, were beautiful . . . They made it lots easier. *(Her voice and attitude at this point changes to that of the eternal mother, anxious for her child, as she nervously inquires):*

But you would never tell me things about yourself.

(Reproachfully) I only learnt from your mother that you hurt your hand. *(Anxiously)* Is it well?

JIM

(Mechanically . . . then in hopeful tone).

Oh certainly . . . but you did . . . my letters did?

MARGARET

(Not moved by his questioning; continues in practical vein):

Yes, you are well . . . Look at me Jim . . . for, I'm so glad this hard work hasn't made you sick.

JIM

(Slowly hopeful).

You did see something in them?

MARGARET

(With a faint sincere smile).

Yes, I could almost hear the wind in the pines in them. And that conversation you wrote me you overheard, between the leaves in the old corner oak and the blossoms in the young field apple tree . . . made me home-sick. *(Pause, and then with more enthusiasm and interest; inquires):* But how are you? . . . How has the tobacco been selling? Did the railroad pay you that claim?

JIM

(Nods. Then remembering his barn, slowly inserts the thermometer. Margaret watches him closely. He turns to her and says; vaguely):

I'm glad they helped you . . . I'm glad they helped you . . . for I had to tell *someone* . . . the nights are long . . . the nights listen to me.

(He withdraws the thermometer, examines it and comes forward again).

But I had to tell *somebody* . . . about those things I was hearing . . . I'm glad you loved them . . . I thank you for it.

MARGARET

(Unable to stand the extreme emotions playing within her says with fearful expectancy):

Jim . . . Jim . . . What is it? . . . What have you heard?

JIM

(Closer to her and with all sincerity).

Margaret, I don't know . . . I've got something I don't want to tell you

. . . It's tearing my heart out of me to tell you . . . but I must, I must.

MARGARET

(With fearful expectancy).

Do you know? . . . Have you heard?

JIM

(Swept by his emotions fails to recognize the fear in her voice; he continues):

I have heard, Margaret . . . for the six weeks you have been away from me . . . in the heart of these long nights when the world was sleeping around me . . . I have heard . . .

MARGARET

(Interrupts with some show of relief).

Yes, Jim?

JIM

Something, Margaret, in me. *(Pause, then slowly and tenderly):* That you can never hear. *(Faster)* It came to me night after night . . . through the darkness of the waning moon . . . through the softness of the moon light . . . from the birds crying in the swamp, early in the morning, over there.

MARGARET

(With suppressed terror).

Jim . . . I . . . I don't.

JIM

(With gripping sadness continues):

It came in the odor of the jasmine blown to me across this baked earth cooling in dew . . . I have heard something spoken *out loud* . . . that my spirit has known since long, long ago . . . and would not know . . . for I love . . .

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MARGARET

(Interrupts).

Look at me . . . You are torturing
me . . . You don't understand.

JIM

*(Speaks with hidden conviction and
power. The pace is quicker).*

It came to me night after night . . .
Now, I realize the truth in it . . . The
truth has strengthened me . . . 'til
now . . . I can tell you . . . tell you . . .

MARGARET

(Impetuously).

What is it? . . . You must tell me
. . . What is it?

JIM

*(Slowly, quietly, hesitantly, utterly
sincere).*

Sweetheart, I love you . . . love
you . . . and you love me. . . I know
it . . . you know it. *(One pace
quicker)* But you do not love me . . .
you cannot love me . . . as I must be
loved, or not at all.

MARGARET

(With fearful astonishment).

You know, Jim. *(Pause)* . . . Why
I don't understand.

JIM

(Sadly).

No darling . . . you can't under-
stand. *(Pause)* And I doubt that Mama
could understand either . . . and I
cannot explain something that should
not be explained.

MARGARET

(Passionately).

But I do love you . . . don't put it
like that . . . don't play with some-
thing sacred. *(Pause)* These years . . .

you . . . nothing but you . . . Jim
. . . you. *(Pause)* Why right now.

*(The hidden pathos in her last words
is not recognized by Jim).*

JIM

*(With deep feeling. He is strug-
gling to put his thoughts into words
without hurting her).*

Yes, I know that even better than
you do . . . But Margaret, do you re-
member? . . . No do not go back that
far. *(Quickly and directly to her):*
Take what I have given you this sum-
mer. I poured out a part of my soul
to you . . . I gave it to you . . . and
you never saw what I was giving and
you never gave me back something to
keep that well from drying up.

MARGARET

(Hurt).

I wrote you. *(Pause, then quicker)*
Don't say that, Jim. *(Pause)* I love
you.

JIM

*(Hesitantly, but driven on by con-
viction).*

I know you wrote me . . . dear.
*(Then tenderly explaining by simple
examples; he quietly says):* And do
you see this farm built up . . . taken
from the wreck of ruin and made
over by me . . . There . . . you see it
. . . beautiful and fair.

MARGARET

(Quickly, convincingly).

Yes . . . you . . . you have done
what no one else in the world could
have done. *(She hesitates, the mockery
of the actual reality cuts through her
throat; she continues):* You have abil-
ity along that line, Jim . . . I always
knew . . . look at me . . . look at

me . . . I am proud of you . . . I love you . . . I knew you would build up your mother's place again . . . Even when the others laughed when you left New York and came back.

(Jim has half turned away. He is staring far out across the fields. We see in his face the terrific emotions that are bursting in his heart and choking in his throat. He slowly turns to her; and tenderly explains):

JIM

Yes, Margaret, you see that . . . You see the blood that ran from my hands in rebuilding this place . . . But there is something else you should have seen. You missed the blood that ran from my soul when I had to come back to this that I honestly hate with every fibre in me . . . You cannot understand what I have given to build this place over again. *(Pause)* Yes, the realization of that came to me while you were away, Margaret. *(Pause)* And now my affairs are in order. My mother has her place back. I can turn over the place to Mama and Danny now . . . And you must give me up. *(Pause, a pace quicker)* Not for my sake, sweetheart, but for your sake . . . While I was doing this work you could see you were happy . . . But tomorrow is a new day . . . tomorrow the sun rises on a new world for me. *(Pause)* You have never seen me in that world . . . you cannot understand me there . . . I must go without . . . For you to walk by my side in it would make you unhappy . . . it would be torment for you . . . It would kill me to see you suffer that for me . . . You must let me go . . . go.

MARGARET

(Bursts out).

You can't . . . You can't . . . I will go with you . . . it matters not what happens . . . wait . . . listen . . . don't . . . Jim. Jim . . . listen to me . . . we must go on now . . . we must for . . .

JIM

(Painfully).

We can't, Margaret . . . it can't be . . . now. *(Hesitantly continues his frank reasoning):* Do you remember darling, when I graduate from the University five years ago and went away . . . I begged you, begged you to go with me . . . I had no future . . . so it was said . . . Yes, I guess I didn't. I was a dreamer and a writer of things no one would buy . . . I worked on the thirtieth story of a building punching a machine for an insurance company . . . for money to live on . . . while I fought for a break of luck to do what I wanted to do . . . and finally it came . . . I grant you, in a small way. *(Pause)* But that is not the question. You would not go with me, Margaret . . . You never did believe in me. . . . You wanted me to stay here near our own people and our own land . . . You failed . . . you do not love that other part in me . . . that part to me the most important. *(With suppressed relief)* Now, my affairs are in order . . . Mama and Danny have their place back. *(Then with his heart breaking through his voice)* You are young, Margaret . . . you are . . . you have your school work . . . you have your home . . . you can forget me . . . I must be on . . . sunrise is before me.

The
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MAGAZINE

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March
1928

MARGARET

(Speaks, the eternity in her voice causes Jim to forget his own feeling and he stands listening for once to her).

Jim . . . You know this is not all so . . . listen to me now . . . I have something to tell you.

JIM

(Moved).
Yes.

MARGARET

(Gathers together the two terrific emotions playing within her and says with the deepest of her feeling):

I will go with you . . . we shall go on, now . . . together.

JIM

(With all of his heart).

Margaret . . . Margaret . . . God in heaven . . . you are beautiful when you speak like that to me.

MARGARET

(Fighting).

I am going with you . . . I do understand . . . I do understand.

JIM

(Painfully, with a mixed tone of conclusion and pleading in his voice).

No . . . no . . . this is the end . . . Can't you . . . Can't you forgive me and see . . . understand . . . see what I am doing.

(He turns away. He has told all. He has done the right thing).

MARGARET

(With a burst of horror).

Jim, Jim . . . you can't leave now . . . Oh! oh! . . . Jim . . . the Bank in Rowland closed up this afternoon. Everything's lost . . . gone . . . lost

. . . Mr. Johnson committed suicide . . . your mother is at our house . . . Papa and Danny and the tobacco men have gone to town . . . they would not tell you about it . . . Now . . . listen if you ever loved me.

JIM

(Is stunned, her words begin to form pictures in his tired brain, he starts toward her, she shrinks before him, for the horror in his countenance is terrible).

You . . . You are . . . you are . . .

MARGARET

Jim!

JIM

(Refusing to believe her and suffering deeply).

You are lying to me . . . You are lying to me. *(He turns away)* No. No . . . it can't be. *(Helplessly)* Gone . . . gone? *(He is looking with quick glances from object to object)* Mama . . . my mother . . . Margaret?

(Jim turns away from Margaret who is transfixed where she stands. She cannot move. She only stands pleading, suffering, pleading. Jim is moving with the mechanical motions of the well poised man he represented when we first saw him talking to Mr. Bethea and the two tobacco men. He is moving towards his barn. He remembers automatically that he has not tested it for some time. His eyes are staring before him, he is speaking in monosyllables, not seeming to hear Margaret who is calling all the while to him)

MARGARET

(Holding tightly to the post for support).

I will stay with you . . . you need not love me . . . but take me . . . I love you Jim, . . . I can't stand it.

(Jim has placed the thermometer in the barn and is frantically heaping wood into the furnace. The red glow flares up).

MARGARET

There is no other way . . . We will fight together . . . We will go on.

(He closes the furnace door. He removes the thermometer. He reads it. His face slowly betrays the black message conveyed by the testing. He realizes by this omen the truth of all that has happened. He realizes that what he has in his hand is a symbolic echo of the clank of doom over all things. He turns slowly to Margaret. He holds up the thermometer helplessly; and says):

JIM

(In a whisper).

Below a hundred . . . Below a hundred . . . Margaret! . . . Margaret!! all gone . . . ruind! . . . gone!! . . . everything.

(Suddenly he becomes deranged with the horror playing within him. He clasps the thermometer in his two hands and with one deep suppressed cry, one mad thrust he twists the thermometer 'til it is mangled. He stands with the twisted thing held lankly in his hands. He takes a step forward. Margaret has given way and is on her knees by the counter. She watches him take up his coat in his other hand. She sees him move as if in a trance towards the off side of the barn. She sees him moving like an automaton; she calls):

MARGARET

Jim . . . Jim . . . Take me . . . Take me. Nothing else matters.

(She tries to rise. She tries to beat her way towards him. She falls to the ground before the furnace door and becomes as still as a dead body.

Jim moves to the edge of the moonlight. To the corner of the barn. He is about to go. He stands there transfixed. He turns slowly. He sees the prostrate figure outlined in the moonlight. He see it move. He starts walking slowly towards it. His coat falls loosely from his hands. He is near the figure. His face is now in the full moon light. It shows the agony of a living soul scorched by torment. He takes a step nearer. His lips move. His expression changes for a moment to one of awful tenderness. He sinks to his knees by the figure. His free hand is touching the figure. His face is straight into the night sky. The twisted thermometer falls and clanks against the ground. The moon light slowly begins to go black; he is praying):

JIM

"Mercy father . . . Mercy Jesus . . . Gentle Jesus . . . Have mercy . . . Have mercy on us . . . Have mercy dear Christ . . . on me."

(By the middle of his prayer the moonlight has disappeared leaving nothing but the faint light from the dying furnace fire casting a feeble red glow upon the figures in the darkness and then,

The curtain falls)

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March
1928

Three Field Sketches

by JOSEPH MITCHELL

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March
1928

I. RAIN

SINCE EARLY morning the negro tenant farmer has been in the fields plowing. It has been weeks since a rain wet the fields. Dust covers the broad tobacco leaves, and rises from the topsoil as his plow cuts through the dry earth. At the end of rows, next to the scrubby oaks and short-leaf pines, the plants are becoming wilted. The trees send their roots far out into the field, and steal underground moisture which belongs to the cotton and tobacco plants.

The negro is worried. Leaves from sickly tobacco plants do not show up heavy and yellow at sale time, and this year his account at the store in town is greater than ever. The dry air makes him impatient with the tired, heavily-breathing mule. He jerks fiercely at the plow lines when the animal lowers its head reaching for a mouthful of green Bermuda grass at the end of rows. At the house his wife is illhumored. The baby is sick, cutting its teeth. A new galvanized-tin roof over the cabin keeps little of the heat from the small rooms and the baby is becoming even too fretful. A symptom of malaria when babies act like this, his wife had given him to understand.

The whole county, big Robeson County, is drying up like a cottonseed meal sack. The leaves on the poplar trees in Great Ashpole Swamp are becoming yellow. . . . But now the sun is shining with less intensity. The tops of the tallest pine trees move slightly as wind comes from the south, and he is not certain, but the sky in the southwest seems to be growing darker. The newspaper which comes to him weekly said that it would rain this week . . . very probably it would.

The negro preacher has made it clear that the dry weather is punishment. Too much briarberry wine and peach cider; and Sis Caroline shooting the nigger who ruined her daughter; and niggers dynamiting the swamp streams for fish; and Carraway Pittman poisoning white people's dogs because his setting-hen's nest had been broken up; and Conny Bryant's tobacco barn and corn crib burned, so it was whispered, for the insurance money. The Lord is not pleased with these things, he had told the negroes in his last sermon.

Saturday night, walking home from town where he had gone for the week's supply of molasses, corn meal and white-side pork, the preacher had prayed loudly to God that He might give them a period of wet weather. On his way home the old man had to pass through a grove of trees where an artesian well had been sunk by a rich white farmer. He found that water had ceased flowing. Farmers often watered their mules here, and now the tub placed under the spout lay overturned, empty and dry. Moss growing on the pipes and in the tub, green when water flows, had turned yellow as rust. This made the old preacher angry. He dropped his packages and waving his hands in the air, demanded that God send rain at once. Then, astonished at his own boldness, he dropped humbly to his knees in the dust of the grove and in broken and meaningless sentences prayed fervently for forgiveness.

Sunday after church Aunt Edna Nance's new husband went home and took a jug of corn whiskey from his barn, intending to pour it out. The sermon he had just heard frightened him. But instead of destroying the raw liquor, he drank it and in a few minutes stumbled out into the midday heat. Becoming insanely drunk, he hitched his mule to a plow and cursing and singing at the top of his voice, cut deep, crooked rows in his corn field, destroying the yellow, undersized plants. Aunt Edna ran out to stop him, and he struck her with a plow line. . . .

II.

The negro plowing in the field is certain now that it will rain very soon. In the west clouds have changed from a light, smoky hue to dull grey, and they are moving. Now and again thunder rolls low, foreboding sounds into the dry air. The sounds are repeated and echo like empty barrels being rolled crazily about in a deserted warehouse. The negro looks questioningly into the sky attempting to unravel the puzzle of thunder echoes. Breezes rustle leaves and, sensing a change in the atmosphere, birds start hunting shelter, flying from ditchbanks and oatstacks to the darkening swamps. The mule becomes lively as the last few rows are finished. When the sweat-streaked harness is taken from his back, the tired animal runs into the lot adjoining the stall, kicks up steel-shod hoofs, and fiercely shakes his head, heavily dust-caked, in a vain attempt to rouse the flies from his body, and at

the same time show his resentment at being forced to pull the heavy plow up and down the dusty rows.

The negro starts whistling and lights a cigarette. Finishing the chores at the barn, he goes to the swamp to run a cow up from the lower pasture. It is raining before he reaches the gate. Large, pelting drops put out his cigarette, and the field dust is washed from his face and arms. Water runs down the back of his neck between his shoulders, plastering the cheap blue shirt to his body. With pagan earnestness he tells himself that there is a message in the rain. And to him there is something whispering, insistent, demanding attention. He holds out his hand and the rain covers it, washes it. He cannot be certain just where his hand ends and the rain begins. He feels that he is part of the rain; part of the fluttering, streaming wet leaves of the poplar trees growing beside the shallow ditches, which carry the water from the fields to the swamp streams. One may see an experienced rider astride a swiftly loping, spirited horse, and think, The rider seems a part of the horse. Just so the negro thought himself one with the rain and one with the new life the rain is giving freely to the fields and trees.

He chases the cow under the shed and starts milking, holding the bucket under the animal's belly to keep the water from dropping off its back into the milk. The negro thinks, A nigger's life is like a cow's teat. . . . When you bring a cow into the barn it's like bringing a child into the world, and a man is like any one of the cow's teats. Full of life, and large, and sound at the beginning—then Life or God or the storekeeper starts pulling, and at the end a man's just like the cow's teat after milking time, limp and shrivelled, no life, a sad looking thing. So the negro thinks as he milks the gaunt cow under a leaky shed.

He finishes milking and starts toward the house. As abruptly as it began the rain ceases. The birds keep to their shelters. A sign, his father had told him when he was a boy, that it would rain again before the night was over. Going into the open he feels clean and washed; and the fields, the house, the air, all have undergone a definite change.

There is something disturbing, too, about the transformation. He wants very much to run up the wet corn rows; feeling the ribbony leaves stroke his face would comfort him . . . but an automobile passing in the road a quartermile away brings him back to the path from the cowshed to the cabin. He can see the automobile's dark shape flash

through a row of peach trees which line the road, and he wonders how the white man driving it likes the rain. Perhaps it annoys him, and he curses as he fingers the windshield-wiper. Maybe he feels the tempestuousness and insinuating caress of the rain, too, but the tenant farmer is positive that no one feels it the way a nigger does.

The negro, still dominated by the quiet passion in the air, enters the kitchen and places the milk bucket on a table. His wife, not affected in the least, is quietly preparing supper. She only says that the rain will make the grass grow in the bottom acres and there will be plenty of hay after all.

Then the man sees her eyes. There is something shy and terribly wild about his wife tonight. After supper they will go into the living room, and if he kisses her tenderly she will beat on his chest with strong little hands, demanding the fierceness of the rain on dry corn before she will come to him. All the while rain will fall on the new tin roof.

II. NEGRO GIRL GAZING WISTFULLY AT A DEPARTING TRAIN

IT IS half past five in the afternoon and in a field near the river six negro men and women dressed in faded blue overalls or dull colorless dresses are cleaning the grass from between tobacco plants with long, unwieldy hoes. At the end of a row two children play in the dust. A woman calls from the field and warns them not to get dirt in the water-jar which is near them on the ground. While she calls they keep their impassive silence, but one child, his throat made husky by the dust and heat, croons a soft and imploring melody to himself.

One of the men, big and broadchested, with melancholy eyes, has been trying all day to win the admiration of a young girl who has caught his attention by her shy, reserved manner. He sings verses from a blues song:

“Oh, honey, don’ yuh cry,
Yo’ clo’es I buy,
Yo’ hous’ rent pay.
Baby, don’ yuh cry no mo’.”

But the girl does not notice him.

The workers are becoming tired of the long, hot afternoon, and are waiting impatiently for smoke to come from the chimney of the cabin

squatting across the ditch towards the pine woods, which will announce that supper is being prepared and that they will soon be called from the fields.

Through the woods adjoining the field runs a railroad track. Away in the distance the train is coming and a long shrill whistle shatters the monotony of the afternoon. The negroes cease to droop and their movements are quicker. They begin to talk. Soon, through the woods in a crazy rumble, the train comes in sight and the pine trees are thrown into the back ground. Suddenly the fields and forest seem only a setting for an engine and five cars which lumber disjointedly across the landscape.

The negroes look up and lean on their hoes, gazing intently at the train. A fat, dirty fireman puts his head out of the cab window and waves a greasy hand at the workers, and they all throw up their hands. The train moves by and recedes in the distance. The negroes go back to work, except the young woman who still gazes in the direction of the departed train. . . . In the towns along the railroad white people hire negro girls for cooks and nurses. Here the women must work in the dusty fields, hoeing cotton, stringing tobacco, pulling fodder—men's work. White people's kitchens are clean and cool. . . . The polished tracks beckon; and as strangely moving and dim as a half-forgotten tune which refuses to leave the ears, smoke from the train cuts a zigzag across the field, and one strand of the filmy stuff is snatched from the sky by the topmost branch of a tall maple tree.

III. *SLANT AT A COTTON FARM IN EARLY EVENING*

THE SHADOWS of early evening have thrown a haze about the clumps of pine trees which fringe the fields, and it is becoming hard for the negro laborer at one end of the cotton row to see his mate working at the far corner of the patch. The cotton plants are becoming damp with the light dew which falls early in the night. Across the field smoke comes from a chimney, spreads out and assumes fantastic shapes, and from the cabin comes a warm, exulting song, pagan as the lone pine tree which rises above the crooked line of the others and stretches its weird outline against the sky. The front door of the cabin is open, and the mild flames in the fireplace used for cooking throw shadows through the doorway into the porch. Two children move in front of the fire and the shadows split, and are changed

into parallel forms flickering on the wood floor. Frogs in the ditch, which runs in a crazy way across the farm, cutting the fields in two, cry for rain with alarming insistency.

A woman appears on the porch of the cabin. She calls for the men with a husky, half feminine, half masculine voice. The two men finish their work, drop the hoes where they stand, and walk with tired, satisfied movements toward the house. When they reach the ditch the murmur of the frogs bring dim memories to their minds, and one whistles a clear, sweet tune. The other croons to himself a sympathetic song, and reaching a bend in the path, turns and gazes over the fields with an air of peaceful detachment, like a patriarch looking through the filmy mist of years to the full, ruddy days of his youth.

Their steps quicken as they approach the house, the younger man still whistling. The eldest laborer has forgotten his song, and is immersed in reminiscence. They walk through the shadows and are changed into red and yellow men by the fire inside. The young man stops for a moment in the light; then he ceases to whistle and the door is closed.

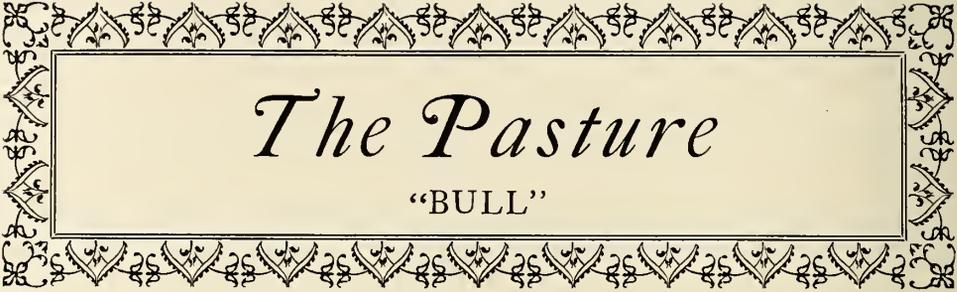
The porch becomes dark. Inside fat-pine wood is thrown on the fire and as it roars, the quavering cries of the frogs slowly move out of hearing and die in the distance. From the barn, which huddles close to the pine trees, comes muffled animal movements.



Desideratum

by BYRON WHITE

My Love, let's not grow too old;
Education, ambition, debts and
No gold leaves hearts a trifle cold.
But listen, to Fate we'll not bend.
Sweetheart, I have loved only you,
And you only me, you state;
Good, strange God can grant us
Infinite happiness, in a way so safe.



The Pasture

“BULL”

Minerva is stirring restlessly in her sleep. Higher education is in a state of agitation. At Wisconsin freshmen in Dr. Meiklejohn's Experimental College have thrown over the old system of prescribed prerequisites; they are spending the year studying every aspect of Greek civilization at its height. At Harvard upperclassmen are all at work under the supervision of tutors, each man doing intensive work in one particular "Division" of human knowledge. Twice each year for the month just prior to examinations there are neither classes nor conferences; these are the Reading Periods. At Stanford a system similar to our "honors plan", the Independent Study Plan, is offered the exceptional Juniors and Seniors. Here again we find great freedom, a tutor (if he is wanted), a general examination (oral) and a thesis. Both Harvard and Stanford are raising their educational standards. Both plans lean strongly toward the Oxford system; both remind us of Woodrow Wilson and his Princeton proctors; at both schools athletics have been hard hit,—and the alumni are growling. Even earlier than these schools Johns Hopkins had set its face toward the stars. Swarthmore with its honors course has made such a favorable impression that Western Reserve University is now busy working out an adaptation of it.

At other schools the lecture system seems to be breaking down. At Hamilton College a faculty symposium was sharply critical of the lack of intellectual enthusiasm, and of the lecture system, which had failed to create a scholastic *esprit de corps*. After a two-year faculty survey recommendations were made that teaching be more "gripping, compelling, and fascinating," in a recent report at the University of Colorado. This report also lamented the increasing attention given extra-curricula activities, to the neglect of scholarship. Harry Elmer Barnes suggests "civilizing factories" with such men as Will Durant, Lothrop Stoddard, and Will Rogers as teachers for students who want the "college stamp," but who have no desire for education.

Out of this ferment two trends seem apparent. One tends to eliminate the liberal college by bridging the gap between high school and university with a junior college, where children may "Grow up." The other tends to put new life in the old liberal college. Educators have departed from the traditional lines. We are passing through a period of transition. We are leaving the old; all seem convinced that it is unsatisfactory. As to what the new will be we are displaying a great deal of trial-and-error behavior in an attempt to discover it.



Just where does the student come into the program? Wherever he comes in he will have to be shoved. Few students have any vital urge for culture. "The system" forces a great deal of uninteresting, routine reading upon us; there is little time left in which to "educate ourselves", even if we want to do so,—and as a matter of fact we do not want to do so. There is amazingly little of the creative urge existent on the campus. Not one undergraduate writer of any real promise has made his *debut* this year. The work of the Playmakers is carried on by a handful of young enthusiasts. Three or four handle the *Buccaneer*. The *Tar Heel* would have difficulty in showing many more. The *Buccaneer* is far too heavily loaded with "exchanges"; the *Tar Heel* pads frequently with "clippings"; the MAGAZINE is forced at times to turn to the faculty in order to secure well-written and interesting "copy."

The enrollment of American colleges has increased 25% in the last five years. The increased prosperity has brought with it a rising standard of living; the higher the standard of living the higher its incident, the cultural level of the group. The financial check is no longer a reliable check upon the influx of incompetents. Many students come to college simply to avoid going to work; many more come for the social prestige which has become attached to the "college man." The genuine *students* are in the decided minority. For this reason the undergraduates generally are "arch conservatives." This tendency on their part is strengthened by the formalism of the class-room. Both student and teacher prefer this line of least resistance. As Charles Horton Cooley says in *Life and the Student*, "How comfortable for both to deal only with patterns and systems which all can learn and be answerable for at examinations. Live truth is the most troublesome thing in a class-room." As between instructor and student, professor and pupil, the students are the more smug, the more complacent of the two. If there is ever to be a genuine intellectual life on the campus, if the library, not the athletic field, is to become the true center of the campus, the change must come from above; it will not come, as it should, from the students themselves.

Soon our expansionistic program here must cease. With it must come a limitation upon the numbers of students accepted. Is it at all inconsistent with our democratic theory of education to accept them on the basis of intellectual, rather than financial, ability? Let us have more, and more intensive, placement and psychological tests. Let us save from the narrow formalism and deadening pedantry of our system those few *individuals* who have not been "killed" by "the system" in our secondary schools. We can only say, "Try again, Dean."



book bazaar

Pepys, the Wife and the Wench

AND SO TO BED. By J. B. Fagan. New York: Henry Holt and Company. 145 pp. \$2.00.

Another popularization! Not Helen of Troy, or Adam and Eve, or Sir Galahad, but this time it is Samuel Pepys. This gallant old fellow of Restoration days, this grave and sober Secretary of State and father of the British Admiralty, known by so many intellectuals and bibliophiles through the subtlety and naïveté of the intimate confessions of the famous Pepys's diary, is presented by Mr. Fagan "as an amorous rogue on an afternoon that was all comedy." And so to "the people." Mr. Pepys has been pepped-up, made glib, colorable and plausible for audiences—the play was written to be acted, and has been produced in London and New York. And so Mr. Pepys, if one may judge by the effects of recent "popularizations," is in a fair way to lose his reputation among the scholastics as a hearty old gallant, acquiring instead, among the people, a certain amount of celebrity as a Restoration routé with an overdeveloped taste for eating, drinking, and wenching.

However, and sacred to the *educabilia* or not, *And So to Bed* is good comedy. One gets a fairly living portrait of Pepys at home, banquetting, kissing the maid, arguing with his wife,—still in love with her, but quite ready to be faithless. Then Mrs. Knight, one of the mistresses of Charles II, happens along. Pepys tucks his flageolet and "Beauty Retire", his latest song, under his arm and calls on the lady, determining to make a night of it. As for original sin, "'tis damned unoriginal by now, i' faith," says Pepys. From then on Pepys grows steadily clever,—too clever. Mrs. Knight is surprised, and asks, "You play the flageolet?"

"Aye, faith! I play . . . on many instruments," comes back Pepys.

"Beauty Retire!" exclaims Mrs. Knight, upon seeing the new song. And again Pepys: "Retire—and let me follow."

Thus goes the play,—clever, amusing and interesting comedy. In Act III, Pepys and his wife swear mutual conjugal felicity—"God helping," adds Pepys. And so to bed.

John Marshall.

On the Sunny Side

The
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SOUTHERN EXPOSURE. By Peter Mitchel Wilson. Chapel Hill: The University of North Carolina Press. \$2.00.

Between the pleasant, green-clad covers of this slender book, dwell much charm and much gayety. One opens them to discover a delightful tale, a tale that is gentle and merry and full of hale and mellow wisdom. It is called *Southern Exposure*, and its pages reveal the reminiscences of a Southern gentlemen, whose fortune it was to have been born before the Civil War, who was educated at the University of North Carolina and the University of Edinburgh, and who, later, after having edited a newspaper and practised law in his native state, went to the Capital to live. Mr. Wilson has viewed the game of life as he has watched the game of history, as an interested spectator, not as a player; for as he says: "I have been an onlooker at life—an eager, interested onlooker. Not for a moment of my seventy-odd years have I been bored with it. It is a good game."

Southern Exposure, first of all, is an "impressionistic record of life by a confessed onlooker over a period of seventy years or more, from a comfortable, reasonably sheltered bleachers, with a southern exposure." Further, it is a portrait of personalities, which is a far more interesting way of transcribing history than merely setting down long rows of facts and figures.

Margaret Beaufort Miller.



"Bumming" During the Renaissance

RENAISSANCE STUDENT LIFE: The Paedologia of Petrus Mosellanus. Translated from the Latin by R. F. Seybolt. University of Illinois Press, 1927. 100 pp.

Mr. Seybolt has translated this amusing sixteenth century colloquy into the simple unadorned prose of the modern American student. The student of today may well look in this little book for interesting allusions to and anticipations of everyday student experiences that have proved to be universal among school boys and college men.

Although the original work (1518) proposed to characterize German student life, it is no less representative of typical student experiences throughout Europe during the century. And do you wonder how we differ from students four hundred years ago? If you read Seybolt's translation of these dialogues, you will find something about all of the following: reasons for going to college; getting money from home; methods of reporting offences and punishments for same; being broke; celebrating; being blue; getting orders from home; conferring with the master; "bumming" food, eggs, etc.; student excuses; student criticism of curriculum; student criticism of sermons; student complaints; students who enter-

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tain with "vocal compositions"; student "discussions" (not bull sessions!); sleeping "beyond the limit"; free baths; drinking; games and other amusements.

A very comprehensive bibliography anent Renaissance student life is appended.

John Walker McCain, Jr.



"Bought and Paid For"

COPY—1927. New York and London: D. Appleton and Company. 339 pp. \$2.00.

Copy—1927 is the fourth annual anthology of the professionally published works by students, or former ones, in the advanced creative writing courses offered—and extensively advertised—by Columbia University. Such a book got together under the supervision of college teachers is indeed an odd innovation.

As immature endeavors the short stories, essays and special articles, verse, and one-act plays in *Copy—1927* are, on the whole, good, and particular instances extraordinary.

It is unfortunate, perhaps editorially unfair, that 251 of the book's pages are devoted to short stories, some unsound, most mediocre, four truly excellent. Only thirty-nine pages are granted essays and special articles, the field in which most youthful word artists are going to make their first and generally continuous success. It is axiomatic that saleable short stories are only written by lucky or unusually talented people early in the game,—or by laborers in daily journalism or sweat shop ad writers later. Short stories, however, make the book more vendible.

"A Departure Delayed" by James W. Bennett is, on account of the nice use of oriental derived vocables, blessed with excellent local color—the setting is Shanghai—, and a nigh-perfect plot; the characterization is weak. "I Just Couldn't Stand It" by Mella Russell McCallum, though simple in its naïve first-person presentation, is a sympathetic and nondidactic portrayal of a social commonplace of urban life—a healthy woman's revolt against a corpulent, middle-aged husband and the four room flat; it is superior to many *American Mercury* and *Dial* masterpieces. "Zinnias" by Mary Wolfe Thompson is of the same order; here, strangely, the protagonist is a sex starved trained nurse who has let romance slip by while caring for her querulous mother and fatuous brother; the psychological characterization of Jean, the nurse, is remarkable. "Warf Rats" by Eric Walrond, thanks to Boni & Liveright, is a cinematographic picture of unrequited passion and tragic adventure in broiling Panama; the quality is not as sustained or as subtle as Bennett's "A Departure Delayed". While it is of little import, I disagree with the judges in awarding Margaret Raymond's "When Christmas is Toward". It is too dependent on the denouement.

"China's Fight against Illiteracy" by Frank B. Lenz is the best written and most informative of the feature articles. "The Immigrant Press at Election Time" by

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Albert Parry, should be a lengthy lead article instead of the short filler that it is. Southern editors actively opposed to the 15th amendment would revel in Parry's article.

The plays are a disappointment. The first, "Close to the Wind" by Eleanor A. Barnes, is unreal and silly. The second, "Yellow Roses" by Alice L. Matthews, is worse. The characters are a Wife, a Nurse, a Husband, and a Doctor; it is built around a pathological condition of the Wife. Such research work should be handled by Havelock Ellis, not by playwrights.

A couple of poems are childish. With one exception, "Portrait" by Parmenia Migel, most of them are without rhyme, some without reason.

Byron White.

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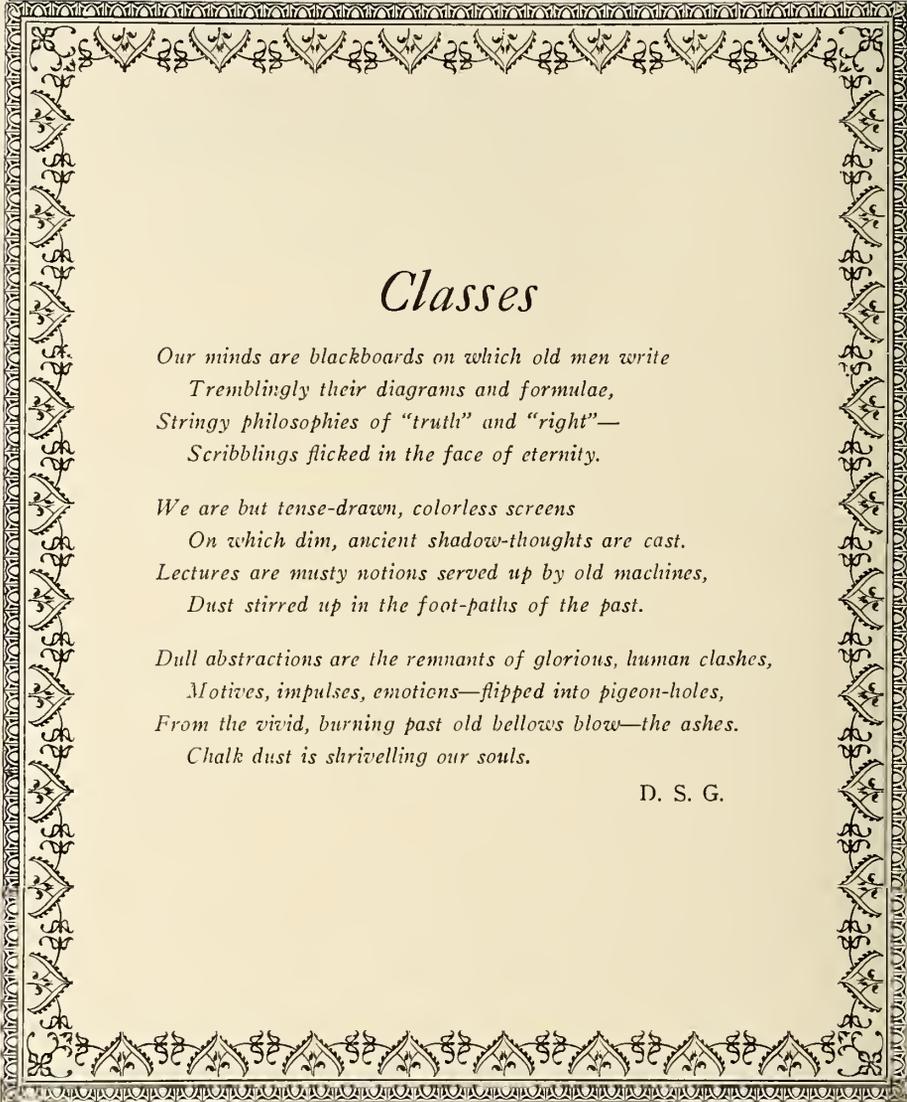
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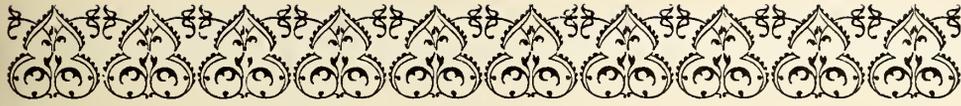
Classes

*Our minds are blackboards on which old men write
Tremblingly their diagrams and formulae,
Stringy philosophies of "truth" and "right"—
Scribblings flicked in the face of eternity.*

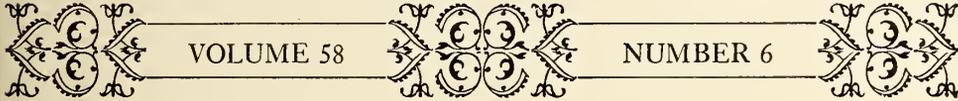
*We are but tense-drawn, colorless screens
On which dim, ancient shadow-thoughts are cast.
Lectures are musty notions served up by old machines,
Dust stirred up in the foot-paths of the past.*

*Dull abstractions are the remnants of glorious, human clashes,
Motives, impulses, emotions—flipped into pigeon-holes,
From the vivid, burning past old bellows blow—the ashes.
Chalk dust is shrivelling our souls.*

D. S. G.



THE CAROLINA MAGAZINE



VOLUME 58

NUMBER 6

The Man Who Liked Horses Better Than Women

by JOSEPH MITCHELL

EARLY in the morning the old man goes to the barn and feeds his hogs. Then he putters around the stalls, throwing the corncobs out of the boxes where the mules are fed and looking in the hay-loft for eggs. If the hens have laid, he goes back to the house and places the eggs on the kitchen table, and then sits on the back porch in an old chair with a bottom made of twined corn shucks, spitting tobacco juice in a circle around him until his son's wife comes and worries him away.

Down the road a short distance from the house is a tobacco barn. During the winter months unthrashed oats are stored on the floor of the barn, and the old man keeps a stone jug of corn whiskey hid under the grain. Before the morning is old he goes to the barn and after spitting out his tobacco, tilts the heavy jug up to his mouth, and drinks a swallow or two of the yellow liquor. The whiskey is medicine, he says, and his son's old lady won't let him keep it at the house.

The old fellow is indolent and shiftless, but he makes the negro tenants work unmercifully. If there is nothing in the fields for them to do, he commands his son to set them clearing new-ground, or cleaning off ditchbanks, or patching the barbed-wire pasture fences. He

was a splendid cotton farmer before he quit work completely, and his bales always came two to the acre, but now he does nothing but drink and talk to himself and walk stiff-legged around the place, bothering his son and the negroes with excellent advice. The son superintends everything, but ever so often his father takes a notion to have something done a certain way, and if his commands are not listened to he flies off the handle and no one but the woman at the house can quiet him down. All day he walks around the fields, in the pine woods and huckleberry patches, muttering nervously to himself. Negroes have seen him standing in a clearing looking wistfully and intently at the pine trees as if he expected them to move. They decided long ago that he was a wee bit insane, touched in the head. But the old man was only counting those trees which were erect and tall enough to be sawed into lumber.

One Saturday afternoon in the spring he came to town driving two plug cart-mules to a mud-slinging double-seated buggy. He had been drinking, and he went to sleep in a rocking chair by the stove in the newspaper office. He liked Bryant, the editor, and always visited the shop when in town. Toward night Bryant told me to take him out, hitch up his mules, and get him started back home. The old man thought it was decent of me to help him hustle his "damned old plugs" between the buggy-shafts, and when he drove off cracking his whip, yelled for me to come to see him sometime.

Later Bryant told me about him. When he was young he worked in town for a horse trader, who taught him how to drink and swear and how to ride any horse in the races. In those days there were race tracks in almost every county seat in North Carolina. In the towns along the state line in lower Robeson county, in Fairmont, or even across the line in Dillon, South Carolina, they raced the horses with buggies oftener than they did saddle-on. The old man was one of the trickiest drivers in the section. The wise men with cigars in the corners of their mouths always put their liquor-bet on his horse. Almost everybody liked him when he was sober, and he fell in love with the only daughter of a rich old woman. The girl slipped out to meet him, and they planned to run away to South Carolina and marry, but the old lady persuaded the girl to mate with the hard-working son of the biggest merchant in town. Everything went wrong for the old fellow after that. Once he tried to put a bridle on a young mule. He was drunk; the animal kicked him, and he walked stiff-legged after that. In about a year the



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horse trader, his boss, died, and so the boy went back to the farm. He married a farmer's daughter, beat her regularly, and she loved him.

The girl who left the old man in the lurch still lives in the town, and her husband owns the largest store and most of the poor whites and negroes. I looked her over closely after I heard of the affair. She might have been pretty when she was many years younger. . . .

One afternoon near Christmas-time about a year after I helped the old fellow with his mules I went hunting for partridges in a broom-straw patch on his farm. In the middle of the afternoon I was sitting on a tree-stump picking beggar's lice from my trousers, and he walked up and asked my luck. I pulled two shot-shattered birds from a pocket; he grunted.

"Ain't you the boy what helped me hitch up once when I was in town drunk?" he asked, and I told him yes.

"Like a drink o' good whiskey?" he invited, and I thanked him, unloaded my shot-gun, and we walked across the sedge field toward the barn. He questioned me about my folks as the custom is. He knew my grandfather; told me of horses he had played for my uncles. When we finished drinking he sat down on a stringing-table under the shed of the barn. While I knocked the mud off my boots with a tobacco-stick the old man bit off a corner of ragged cut-plug, and I asked him about his horse races:

"Yeh, we had races shore enough when I was young's you. They had a fine circle track near where the school house is stuck in town. I played around horses a good bit. I liked it. The men were fine . . . good drinking men. We had fine stock in them days . . . now they ain't nothin' on the roads but a bunch o' damned automobiles. My son wan't even keep a good horse out heah. Nothin' but damned old long-eared plow mules. His old lady says they ain't no necessity of keepin' a horse to feed, an' he damn' right listens to huh words. Mighty like a woman not to want a horse 'cause yuh can't work him like a mule. I found out a long time off that I could git along smoother with horses than with women."

It was cold sitting still under the bleak shed. The old man asked me to walk up to the house with him . . . his son and the woman were visiting neighbors. It was warm inside and cheerful by the open fire. The whiskey clouded his brain and opened his mouth. He looked

dignified and aristocratic, sitting in an easy chair. When he took his hat off his hair shown heavy and white, neatly combed. . . .

"Yeh, son, when I was jus' a little older'n you I was playin' 'round the tracks and getting along fine, but I ran up with a girl who took my notice, and I got myself known to huh. When she finished with me I always had bad luck. My horses began to break on the stretches, and I couldn't take a drink 'less'n I got up to my knees in trouble. . . . I never seen but one woman like this gal, and she was from way off. She was a gypsy and I ran across huh down in South Carolina at a fair. She was brown-skinned and mean-eyed and huh teeth were white and shiny as young roasting corn. . . . When she laughed I didn't know whether she was goin' to slap hell out of me, or kiss me. . . . Great Saviour, she was a wildish woman and I liked huh, but I didn't mean a thing to huh. We slept together for two nights . . . then she tip-toed off natural-like as a young deer. . . . This gal o' mine over to town was like the gypsy gal only she didn't have the backbone. She was little and flashy, and the skin was brown around huh eyes. Made me want to pick huh up and hold huh . . . grab huh up in my arms. . . . I don't know; just a feelin' came over me like I had to hold huh and take good care of huh. . . . She took a likin' to me . . . slipped out to meet me, makin' the old lady think she was goin' to a church meeting. . . . We'd walk down by the old Floyd mill pond, and son, she'd burn my lips. She was that kind, but she was like a mule. She'd kick up huh heels and rear and pretend, but she didn't have no backbone. We was all fixed up to be married. . . . Nigh on to Thanksgiving o' that year I went back to the farm for awhile to git over some evil drinkin'. . . . That mornin' a nigger said he saw one of Pa's sows come up from the lower pasture toting some pine straw in huh mouth. That was a shore sign of rough weather, and we was down in the pasture, Pa and me, throwing up a shelter for the hogs. My boss came ridin' up in a little red road-cart and he came over and in his slow, easy way told me that this damned girl of mine had married a sto' keeper there in town last night. And he was right. This gal threw me as slick and pretty as a young colt on a frosty day. I acted plumb foolish about it, but I didn't say no words to nobody. Just got drunk and cut up . . . and they put me in the lock-up over to Lumberton. I reckon that was how it had to come out. This little slut kept sayin'

she'd marry me . . . wanted to marry me so bad I thought I'd given huh a young'un . . . then she up and runs off with this sonofabitch clerk with a belly's big as a pickle-keg . . . but he could give huh fine clothes and a house and I couldn't get huh nothin' but a brass bed and a kitchen stove. . . .

“. . . There was somethin' fine about huh at first. It was damn' shameful to see huh marry this sto' keeper. . . . Like me sellin' a little fool ponyhorse to a damned po' white cotton farmer. You do that and in a few Saturday's the pony comes to town with his belly draggin' the road, back-broken. The gal was the same way. Huh life is lousy with young'uns now. . . .

“. . . But I got over it—drinkin' and carousin' about with other women . . . mean women. Son, women is tricky as mules. Yuh can trust a good horse, but yuh can't trust women and mules. A mule'll be rubbin' huh nose at yuh wantin' feed, and then kick yuh quick as a flash . . . throw a rear-leg at yuh when yuh ain't lookin'. Yuh don't know what to expect. That's a good lesson for yuh to learn, boy.

“But yuh can trust good horses and whiskey. . . . Sometimes I get lonesome for a fine, strappin' horse, but they don't have 'em in this country no more. Nothin' but goddamned automobiles.

“Boy, yuh needn't hunt no mo' in that old broom-straw patch. Hunters drove all the birds down on the swamp-edges and in the old-field pines. They's plenty of 'em down there.”

It was time for me to leave. I could hear the old man's son and the wife coming in the back door. In the kitchen someone was preparing supper and the noise of plates banging against the side of a wash-pan stirred him. His shoulders straightened as the smell of fried bacon reached the room. He ran a gnarled hand through thick, silvery hair; reached for his hickory walking-stick and went with me to the door. As I walked down the steps I could hear the woman come in, scolding him for not trimming the dead limbs out of the pear trees in the front yard. In a gruff, kindly voice his son reminded him that neighbors were coming tomorrow to help saw wood for the tobacco curing barn furnaces. Then the voices became indistinct. . . .

In the warm, dim room the whiskey had reached my head and now my feet were light. I felt strong and pleasant and free in the new darkness, in the cold night.



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Half Past Two

Jazz band's got a pain in its belly. Whimpering like all hell. Jazz band limping along, faltering, with a broken-heart and a throbbing pain in its belly. Stuttering and angrily mumbling, tingling all over, talking to itself. Tired of going 'round and 'round, up and down, with a pain in its belly, squealing and snorting. Jazz band whimpering like a sleepy baby with a stumped toe, with a bee sting. Damned tired of going da-da, da-da-da, da-da. Tired as hell.

*da-da, a little nest,
de-de-dum, where the roses bloom, da-da.*

A big, tall man with face scrunched up, holds tight a pretty little girl with a Spanish shawl. He swings too slow, his feet are tired of once forward and twice back. He wants to waltz. He has been drinking. The man with the slow feet holds tight the pretty little girl. The jazz is spiked. The girl feels flat, as if she'd smoked too many cigarettes. She's aching for a long breath of morning air. She's tired of clicking and grating French heels on a polished floor. The man with lazy feet has his hand around the girl's shawl and he's holding the little girl up tight. She's weighted down with the weary blues. She'll go up the stairs two-a-time and sleep with her silk stockings on.

The jazz band's got a hell of a pain in its belly, whimpering and sobbing all over the place, going da-da, da-da-da.

Joseph Mitchell.

At Sea

by JOHN MARSHALL

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THE sun that morning rose red as blood from a quiet sea. In the whale-boat, Big Jim told his new pardner, a negro boy from an inland town, "Red in de mornin', 's a sailor's warnin'." They had caught no fish that morning. Beneath the long, slow swells that built-up over the fishing banks thirty feet below, behind the grey fog that collected on their oilskins and dripped, dripped from the leg-of-mutton sail, the two fishermen sensed the threat of a coming squall. Big Jim fished alone, swaddled in his wet oilskins at the stern of the boat, for the boy sat amidships, clumsily stripping bear-grass into fish-ties. The ground-swells slipped along under the boat easily enough, but the boy from the inland was young and squeamish. Nauseated by the odor of the stale shrimp, irritated by the slow drip-drip of the wetting fog, and baffled by the obstinacy of the great dried blades of grass, he sulked beneath the sharp directions of the older fisherman.

The boy was about sixteen. Undersized, thin and gaunt from the ravages of malaria and hook-worms, he looked strangely out of place in the bottom of the long whale-boat. His bony wrists protruded from the sleeves of his sou'wester jacket, and his bare feet, their whites soles showing as he sat with wide-spread knees and feet turned together on edge, were wrinkled and drawn from the action of the water. Out of his element, he looked it. The sun had risen above the horizon, a breeze had sprung up, the fog was lifting, and the whole sky lightened. The youth stopped his work, watching the slow change of the sea. He remembered the early mornings on his father's farm,—the trip through the narrow garden to the cow-lot, the damp warmness of the stable, the sudden warmth of the Jersey cow's great udder on hands chilled by the handle of the tin milk-pail, and the breakfast that followed milking time in the smoky little kitchen of the farmhouse. How he hated the sea, Big Jim, everything, even the breeze that now fanned his wet face; it was going to get rough; he would be seasick again.

Still no fish. Big Jim drew in his heavy, tarred line with its chunk of lead and barbed hook—its bait hanging limp and white, washed out by the sea. No need to put on another. He watched the boy. Loafing,

dreaming again. He doubled a section of the wet fishline, and cut him viciously across the face.

"Git goin'!" he commanded. "Haul in dat sail closer, an' shake yo'se'f wake. Nigger boy, what yuh think I got yuh heah fo'? Git out some o' dem lines, an' git dese fish in out de wet, I tells yuh. Git goin', git lively!"

The boy got up slowly, swayed weakly for a moment with the motion of the boat, and then sat down. "I'se sick to my stummick."

The big negro laughed harshly. "Doan do it, 'cause he ain't got no guts. Stay on de hill an' hoe corn wid de wimen-folks, dat's all he kin do," he said. The boy did not move, and the big one jeered, "Ol' fish-mouth sick, sick to de stummick, ha-ha. Doan ketch no fish a-tall. Want tuh feed 'um free. Better ketch uh catfish, bite he belly out. Git dat line out, boy. You hyared me, no-count boy!"

The boy got up defiantly: "I can't, I tell yuh, I'm sick. Water, nuthin' but water, leakin' in, drippin' on yuh, pullin' at yuh, slappin' up side de boat,—tryin' to git yuh! His voice rose to a shriek. He picked up the big steering oar and knocked the bait-pail over, scattering the shrimp along the bottom of the boat and into the bilge-water.

Big Jim stared dully at the upturned bucket; then began angrily, "Yuh dam' lubber, git dem shrimp up. Hatin' de sea, yeah, when it feeds yuh, and feeds yo' people. God dam' yuh,—yuh puking land-lubber!" He cut him about the face and neck again and again with the stinging line.

The smaller negro cringed, fell back under the sting of the salt-hardened hemp. Big Jim left off, stepped back, watching the boy as he hung crying over the big oar. The boy got up, swung the heavy oar in a half circle, and struck the big fisherman sharply across the side of the skull with the blade end. At the sound of the impact, like a single clap of gloved hands, the stricken man flung up his arms, tripped over the tangled anchor line, and slipped across the gunwale half into the water. He hung for a moment; the boat rolled with the swell of the sea; his finger-nails rasped down the side of the boat. Burdened and hindered by his rubber boots and oilskins, he sank silently into the sea.

The boy stood alone, frightened. The limp sail still dripped the collected moisture of the fog like the beating of a frightened heart, though the morning sun shone now on the blue-green water. The oar fell, clattering along the bottom of the boat, and shattered for a moment the calm of the sea.

Tic Toc

A short, but compendious, novel

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(Translated from the Spanish of Pedro Antonia de Alarcon* and slightly, but unavoidably, mutilated by J. J. Slade, Jr.)

Arturo, (a beautiful young man who, judging by his conduct, had neither house nor home) had attained the privilege one night, after innumerable entreaties, of staying in the apartment of a friend, one Matilde, no less beautiful than he, who, in this way and others, was a charitable soul—during her husband's absences.

But lo! on this night, past the middle of it, were heard loud knocks on the only door that led into Matilde's suite, loud knocks followed by a thunderous voice—"Open, señora!"

"My husband," muttered the poor woman.

"Don Jose," stammered Arturo. "Did you not assure me that he never came here?"

"Alas, the worst of it is not that he does come," added the hospitable beauty, "but that he is so ill-minded that he will never believe that you are innocent."

"Well, Darling, you must save me," said Arturo. "First comes the first."

"Open, my lamb," insisted don Jose; the janitor had notified him that his lady was lodging a pilgrim in her rooms that night.

"Get yourself in there," said Matilde to Arturo, leading him to one of those ancient wall clocks, with pendulum and weights, that resemble coffins standing on end.

"Open, my Dove," bellowed the husband, who had been trying to demolish the door.

"Goodness, man," cried the woman, "what a hurry; will you let me throw on a robe."

Meanwhile, Arturo had got himself, as best he could, into the pendulum case of the old clock and, I need hardly say, his position was cramped. The clocksmith had made no allowance for the introduction of so large a body into the clock's interior and it stopped.

* Pedro Antonio de Alarcon was a Spanish novelist and miscellaneous writer and member of the *Real Academia*. Born, 1833; died, 1891.

"Do not stop the movement of that clock, unhappy creature," exclaimed Matilde, "else we perish, you and I. My husband can sleep but by the lulling sound of that pendulum and its companion in his room. If he should fail to hear it he will attempt to wind the clock and . . ."

Don Jose, who had managed to break the lock on the door, entered the bedroom, flames leaping from his eyes.

"Where is he?" he thundered in an indescribable manner.

"What is it, Jose?" asked the woman with surprising calm; "Did you lose something?"

"I have lost my honor," roared the husband, looking under the bed.

"Surely, you do not expect to find it there."

"Where is he?" continued don Jose, "Where is your infamous accomplice?"

And the clock—the clock ran perfectly; there might have been nothing in the case to impede the motion of the pendulum, it seemed to swing freely as in a vacuum. That is, a sound issued from within, "tic . . . toc . . . tic . . . toc . . . tic . . . toc . . .," so that not for an instant did it occur to don Jose to look therein.

Unable to find another person in the room, the man fell on his knees before his wife, whose indignation, eloquence and choler were rising beyond bounds, and he cried, "Your forgiveness, my Matilde. I have been deceived by a drunken porter. No more will he serve at my door. And you—oh, believe that my love, my rejuvenated love, will demonstrate how remorseful I am that I doubted your innocence."

Matilde made unheeded efforts to have no peace that night; she complained of what had befallen, she protested, she cried, she insulted don Jose, and much more, but to all this he answered, "You are right; I am a beast." And while this went on he closed the door that he had forced and took possession of his own and true place in the conjugal bed.

"La, woman," he exclaimed, "Come to bed and cease being foolish."

* * * * *

At the break of dawn don Jose awoke suddenly and asked in a low voice, "Are you asleep, Matilde?"

"No, I am awake."

"Tell me, do I imagine it or has the clock stopped?"

"Tic . . . toc . . . tic . . . toc . . . tic . . . toc . . .," distinctly came the sound from the case.

“It is your imagination,” answered she, “can you not hear?”
“Of course,” said don Jose; “But what is not of my imagination is that I love you more than I ever did, nor can I tire of repeating it to you to night.”

* . * . * . * . *

In an insane asylum in Toledo, there resided a beautiful young man whose dementia consisted in imagining that he was a wall clock and who forever repeated, “tic . . . toc . . . tic . . . toc . . . tic . . . toc . . .”

And it was said that the perfection with which he reproduced the sound was admirable.

All of which may have a moral.



Chanson

Translated from Victor Hugo

If you had naught to tell me,
Why have you sought to find me?
Why this smile, a subtle thing,
Fit to fascinate a king,—
If you had naught to tell me,
Why have you sought to find me?

If you had naught to teach me,
Why have you sought to touch me?
Why this glance like an open wound—
Or did I turn too soon?
If you had naught to teach me
Why have you sought to touch me?

If you had naught to give me,
Why have you sought to take me?
When I behold you I tremble,—
Neither love nor hate can dissemble!
If you had naught to give me,
Why have you sought to take me?

—Peter Gray.

In Trivialia

Simon

PRECEDENT

Had a lover—
Damn good one, too!
We loved each other,
As lovers do.
He said it would end,
And I vowed he'd tire,
So we had to wear out
For the sake of the record.
Damn!

EPISODE

His first little safety-pin clicked.
His play clicked.
The lid on his coffin clicked.
Oh well. . . .

RAINBOW'S END

Men stoop to pull up onions.
When one pulls up a handful of garlic, by mistake,
He yells,
“God—what’s that?”

PERSPECTIVE

For me,
The principal parts of write
Are—
Write, wrote . . . rotten.

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AESTHETE

My lover and I
Went out to an old haunted house.
It had a four-poster bed
And a coffee mill. . . .
While there, we had a spiritual
Experience.

ENCOURAGEMENT

Sin on, Sinon!
A little love
And a little sin
Add salt to the oyster soup. . . .

YOUTH AND AGE

I said to my mother,
"Do you believe in Catastrophism?"
"Hush child—
I'm reading the funnies."

A Certain Woman in a Shamrock Garden

by DILLARD GARDNER

IT WAS eight-thirty o'clock in a nine o'clock town. Stars, moon, a cool breeze, a quiet town—it was a setting in which anything could happen, but in which I was quite sure nothing would. Casually, I drifted around to see Jim McGovern.

Jim was a knight of the road, as he said, "a miner by trade, a showman by profession, and a hobo—by God." When a carnival had stranded in Narrow Gauge four years before, my uncle had fed him, given him clothes,—and put him to work in the coal-yards. Each spring Jim felt the call of the road, and would disappear. About frost each fall Jim would bob up in town, after having spent the summer with some show. He was a good worker, a close follower of current events, a man with a wealth of experiences, a natural humorist with the gift of pleasing gab; he had but two faults in the eyes of the world—he was a rolling stone, and he worshipped often at the shrine of Bacchus.

Jim was sitting on the doorstep of the little four-by-eight "office on wheels" which was used as office for the yard, scales office, tool-house, pay office,—and recently—lodging house, kitchen, and dining room for one J. McGovern, originally of Ireland, county of Kerry.

"This is the manager of Shamrock Hotel, I believe," I greeted him in the fashion of a traveling salesman.

"'Tis no one else," replied the gray-eyed, sandy moustached son of Erin, "plaze sit down and let me get somethin' to poke in yer jib."

"Bring me anything on the bill of fare," I said.

"'Tis fair enough," he replied, "but there's nothin' on the bill ontirely 'cept flyspecks." Then he laughed heartily at our little farce, shifted his long-stemmed pipe in his mouth, and leaned back against the door-post.

"I see in the papers," he began, "that ye are goin' to have a thousand young Darwins at yer school this year. Faith, lad, but yer ivolution is too much fer me. 'Tis a deep subject, oi'm after thinkin' fer shure."

"Well, Jim, it isn't so bad. Its only a theory after all, but it is a theory that explains and accounts for our present existence by logical steps and without requiring the gods to intervene and create. It explains our existence naturally, instead of supernaturally."

"Faith, an' oi don't see how it wurks."

"It goes back, Jim, to the time when this world was but a whirling mass—a vapor-like mass—in space. As it cooled, the heavier particles settled together until eventually there was a swampy, slimy mass—warm and steaming. Then something moved in the slime—something small, half weed, half animal. How did it get there? We don't know, maybe by the combination of certain elements accidentally. This microscopic, colorless one-celled creature quivered—and moved. Many of them must have died before they found food, learned to draw away from danger, and learned to reproduce their kind, but at least one of them survived to envelope its food, to roll away from an attack in a clumsy, oozy fashion, and to divide itself so as to bring into being others of its kind. Then in order to protect itself the outer covering toughened into a skin; later scales appeared; finally, shells developed, where the rigor of the environment demanded them. In some places the slime gradually dried and these creatures at this point perished, unless they could live out of the water. Crude, makeshift lungs appeared to fill this need.

"Life crawled out upon the land, living first on the beach, later going gradually further into the interior to drier and drier land, developing as it went to meet the demands of nature. Life spread into the highlands, into the forests, into caves, into trees—wherever it went varying itself to conform to the requirements of despotic nature. Just as man in our own day learned to fly only because of his *ambition*, these early forms of life were in some localities *forced* to fly or perish. Jim, these are some of the ideas of evolution. I don't understand them all completely, but you see how science is trying to eliminate the miracles. It's a great story, a great philosophy, anyway,—man forever fighting nature, and forever gaining, inch by inch, against that apparently irresistible force."

Jim had followed me attentively, so closely that I was afraid he would start questioning me about the subject, which was more puzzling to me in its fine points than Math. 1 had ever been. However, I was relieved when he started off in a different vein.



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“So ye think that Adam was a tadpole. Well, ’tis not thrue in rayson. ’Tis no ivolution, ’tis only hestory in a book, and ’tis a better story,” he murmured, his voice becoming reminiscent.

“Let’s hear your story, Jim.”

* * * * *

“’Tis a long story. When oi was a bit av a lad in ould county Kerry, a gossoon was pokin’ wan day in the ruins of an ould castle, and found a tin box wid papers in it. He sold the papers to the school-master, who found that ’twas a fair discovery, for ’twas the story of the first man written out free in the ould Irish language.

“The writin’ was all about St. Patrick walkin’ wan day in his garden in Paradise, smokin’ his pipe, when he came to the big wall and looked over. And what should he see whirlin’ along like Lindbergh, but the earth ontirely.”

“What’s that I see below,” he yells at St. Peter by the gate.

“Oh,” says St. Peter, aisy like, “that’s a taste o’ sod I’m after heavin’ at a dirty heretic that tried to climb over the wall.”

“’Twas a fair-sized clod,” says St. Patrick.

“Only a trifle, your reverence. A matter of only 8,000 miles thick. Don’t mind it.”

“Well, I don’t mind, Peter, my boy, but plaze be a little more careful how you throw anny more sod around, bekase I’m afeered they may interfere with my planetary system. But I think I’ll take a look at this lump o’ dirt.” So he saddles the milk-white Al Borak, which Mahomet had given him, and flew off.

“Faith, and he landed in the Vale of Avoca in Oireland.

“Shure, ’tis a tidy place,” he says turnin’ his horse out to graze and takin’ a drink from a well o’ potheen. “I’ll put a barbed-wire fence around it and call it the Garden of Eden, which means a place of pleasure and delight.”

St. Patrick looked around and seein’ there was no life there, he whistled and in a wink the place was fair full of finches, and linnets, and swans, and goats and ivery kind o’ animal. ’Twas a gorgeous place with palm trees, banana trees, ferns, and monkeys, and parrots.

When ’twas finished and comfortable like St. Patrick wanted somebody to enjoy it. So he made up his mind that he would make a new kind o’ animal, with two legs and a few more brains nor the monkey. He

took a big piece o' clay and shaped a man and stood him against the fence to dry. When it was dry, he poured a mug o' potheen over it, and it came to life. St. Patrick called this man Adam, because he was a man of spirit. Adam was full thirty feet high then. That's where ye hear so much about the descent of man.

St. Patrick then gives him a pipe and the mug and with a wave of the hand tells him that he has everything a raysonable man could want.

Then before he flew off to Vaynus to drive away the dragons he said, "I want to give you warnin'. Mind and be aisy with the potheen. 'Tis a good thing when you're too cowld or too hot, but don't take too much o' it, or it'll make yer liver hard. And mind ye don't use too much 'baccy, or it'll injure yer heart. And now before I lave I'm goin' to put only wan more word on ye. If ye disobey, I'll put upon ye the most awful curse in the universe. I'm afther plantin' a fine, winter pippin apple tree in the middle o' the garden. Thim pippins are fer me own use. Don't you lay finger on thim, or I'll punish ye severely."

So St. Patrick went away in a cloud of fire. For about two weeks Adam had a great time all by himself. He rode the elephants and played football with the cocoanuts. He drank potheen and sucked oranges and ate watermelons, until he became onaisy, for 'tis hard to plaze an Irishman ontirely.

Then Adam looked around for new divershun. When St. Patrick came back and asked how he was gettin' along, Adam said he was lonely, and he wanted a mate like the birds and animals. That was a sorra day for Adam, as St. Patrick told him, when he made him his wife. But she was lovely—her eyes were blue and her hair was golden, and she fair spurned the ground when she walked.

"Take her," said St. Patrick, "and much good may she do ye. Ye can't git along widout her, and ye can't git along wid her." St. Patrick was a wise man.

Well, she led him the divil's own life, makin' him swim the lake for bokays for her, or comb her hair for hours, or rub her back. Night and day she had him waitin' on her, 'til the poor man was worn out with her whims. But they managed to get along until Eve saw the pippin tree, and then may the Lord help him.

She had oranges and bananas, but nothing would do her but apples. Adam told her to leave them alone, or she would get them in trouble.

"Arrah, don't talk nonsense," says Eve. "There's four barrels of apples on that tree, and Pat won't miss a peck or so." So she coaxed him and she wheedled him, and the poor fool went to do her will, as all men have done when a pretty colleen has smiled or cried. Adam and Eve were clubbin' the tree—Eve bein' from Tipperary could throw like a man—and the apples were fallin' like rain, when in walked St. Patrick. He couldn't find them at first, so he walked up Raspberry Hill and shouted deep like through a megaphone,

"Adam, you spalpeen, where are you?"

Eve climbed the tree and hid, but Adam ran straight to St. Patrick and fell at his feet. Then St. Patrick spoke soft to Adam, for he was sorry for him on account of the woman,

"Adam, is there anny wish you would like for me to grant you?"

Adam smiled upward, with a great hope in his eyes,

"Your riverence," says he, "you have been very kind to me. I have only one more wish to ask of you. Will you make me ten more wives."

St. Patrick grew dark with rage, and lightnin' flashed from his eyes,

"Out of my sight, ye onnatural man! Ain't wan wife enough? Ye are not content with stealin' my apples, but ye want to be a dirty Turk. Here, cherubim and seraphim, come with your flamin' swords and drive this woman and man out into the wourld and make thim wurk. That is the most awful curse that I can imagine."

Jim's pipe had gone out. He knocked it against a lump of coal and stretched himself.

"Faith, and 'tis time oi closed the Shamrock Hotel. 'Tis no all-night shebeen. Along wid yer ivolution; I like me hestory better." He smiled that twinkling, mischievous smile of his,

"Good night, lad."

"Good night, Jim. I'll see you in the morning," I shouted back as I crossed the railroad siding in front of the coal yard.

Moravian Litany

by W. W. ANDERSON

The
CAROLINA
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April
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I

Multitudes of people swarm into the city as the sun's last rays flood the tall buildings and hilly streets with a cleansing profusion of soft radiance. Foreign cars snort and spit, and gears are scrapily shifted in the heavy traffic. Engines strain and cough as they labor to haul an over-loaded car of people up the steep hills and pedestrians hurry and hesitate in a frenzied effort to escape the mechanical monsters. Thousands are hurrying into the city to witness the ceremony that will be held the next morning—Easter Morning Litany of the Moravian Church. Thousands are rushing to obtain reservations at hotels and hundreds will be turned away. They can find no accommodations, so they must stay awake all night listening to the roving bands playing hymns; or they will curl up in fitful discomfiture on the seats of their cars in a useless effort to obtain a few hours rest before the morning service starts.

Thousands of spectators come to be astonished, palled and silenced by the impressiveness of the ceremony. Men, women and children of all nationalities and cults will gather in the new, clean hours of the morning to stand on one foot and then the other, shoving and jostling in an effort to view the proceedings. Swarms—like ants over the body of a dead fly—will huddle together, not revered in mind but curious and inquisitive, for it is the thing to do. Every one has seen the Moravian services, so must the rest. It has almost become a mark of culture to be able to add this sight to one's list of "travels." And the curious crowds continue to invade the helpless city.

II

I turn down the sheets and crawl meditatively into bed after having raised the windows slightly, for it is warm but cloudy. It will probably rain. I glance at the alarm clock to assure myself that it is set for two o'clock. Fool that I am to torture my tired body and fatigued brain by rising at such an ungodly hour. Ungodly hour? No, impossible, for thirty thousand will be awake at that time to throng the campus of Salem College, the initial scene of the ceremony. I toss

restlessly, pulling the covers from the bottom of the bed and my aching feet protrude beyond the counterpane. It irritates me. I make an effort to cover my pedal extremities, and then attempt to go to sleep. My brain clouds and semi-consciousness steals through the feverish cells as sleep approaches. Suddenly outside my window, a cornet blares and twenty more add their voices to the first. I start as my half-numb being is unceremoniously torn from its rest and, pulling the sheets over my head, I make another attempt to forget that at two o'clock I must force myself from the quiet of sleep. As suddenly as the music has begun, it ends. I twist feebly and finally my eyelids relax and I float off into oblivion.

III

Two-thirty. I push my way through the almost solid mass of humanity for I, as all the rest, must be as near to the ropes as possible. I realize that I have two hours of waiting before the ceremony begins, but everyone lauds the sight. Two hours wait and then two more hours of the service I remember. I have worn my top-coat for the weather has become cool and a heavy mist hangs over the packed mass. To advance farther is impossible, so I stop and twitch restlessly, vainly attempting to find some comfortable position in which to stand. But one does not stand. People crowd so closely that one merely relaxes, still retaining one's upright position. Despite the coolness of the morning, the atmosphere over the crowd has become oppressive from the heat sent up by thirty thousand bodies. I begin to perspire and attempt to remove my coat, but to no avail. It is an almost impossible feat—a feat that only a contortionist might be able to accomplish. I shuffle my feet—about two inches, for that is all the room available—and bring my body to rest against the corpulent figure of a woman wearing a fur coat. Resigned to what luck may hold for me, I wait for someone to faint, thereby giving me more room, if chance is with me. I am rewarded. A woman directly to my rear sags and is caught by two men. She could not have fallen anyway. A small circle is cleared in some mysterious manner and men fan the unconscious figure. I breathe a sigh of satisfaction for my body has been elbowed and pummeled until I am certain that it bears black and blue marks already. The woman recovers and the crowd closes in. Freedom and ease flit away on silent wings and again I am imprisoned by the hot mass.



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Over there another woman has fainted. And over there another. I count up to eleven and then tire of the pastime. No men have fainted and no children. Peculiar, for there are many children who are below the average height of the crowd. They are overlooked in the throng and only when one feels a movement about the knees does one discover them. Children should not attend such gatherings. Inhuman parents.

A bell clinks in the steeple denoting the flight of fifteen minutes. An hour and three quarters more. Lord, this mob. Fool that I was to leave my bed. I struggle for the unheard of space of one square foot but the crowd is selfish. I am shoved closer against the man in front of me. He tries to turn his head but gives up. The crowd is too thick. One even has a degree of trouble in breathing. The bell rings again. An hour and a half. Another woman faints and men fan her. Low conversation buzzes on all sides—the hum of bees swarming. I attempt a deep sigh, but it is stopped. I feel cheated. I have come out in the rain—for it has begun to mist heavily—to take part in sacred worship and am not allowed the satisfaction of a sigh. The bell rings again. . . . Then again. An hour more. My head becomes light and, shoving and twisting, I manage, with the assistance of a kind but unknown neighbor, to remove my coat. I stretch my neck upwards to gasp in a bit of fresh air but there is none, and I am on the front edge of the crowd. It must be hell to be in the center of this pulsating mob of humanity. Time passes slowly for one who waits.

My already-tired feet threaten to cease their duty, but I force them to continue to hold their burden. For some reason, the crowd has thinned a trifle. Perhaps several thousand have left on account of the rain, but it is impossible for me to extract myself from the crowd. I would not if I could. Again the bell in the tower clinks. Fifteen more minutes—ages.

Four-thirty. A figure in black robes emerges from the chapel and walks to a raised platform so that all may see and hear. "The Lord is risen!" he chants and the congregation that has filed out after him echoes, "The Lord is risen!" and the band of two hundred pieces begins a hymn.

But the ceremony is losing its impressiveness for the sun has not come up. The sun is as essential to the stateliness and impressiveness of the occasion as the words that boom from the mouth of the aged speaker. Rain falls slightly, but the ceremony continues and the crowd

stays. It goes on whether rain falls or the sun shines. The crowd has become hushed. Everyone has assumed a reverent expression; a few heads are bowed and the slight rain seeps into the hair and trickles from the roots down the faces; a few are hunched up in slickers and top-coats. There is a bunch of college boys and girls, their faces betraying a slight agnosticism. "I believe in the One only God, Father, Son and Holy Ghost, who created all things by Jesus Christ, and was in Christ, reconciling the world unto himself." The crowd shifts a little and settles again. People crane necks to obtain a glimpse of the speaker. Bits of conversation struggle through the heavy air.

"Yeah, this is my sixth time. Always have to bring the wife."

"Oh, isn't it wonderful. Just think—. People must have a deep sense of religious duty to attend these services."

Mutterings of "damn this rain" from several males.

"Smith is my name. Glad to know you. Yes, from Virginia. Roanoke."

"It'll be over about six-thirty. Soon's we get to the grave yard and finish the services there."

"Amen: Lord Jesus come;
We wait in faith for thee;
Soon, we implore thee, come,
Thy glory let us see."

The service in the church yard is completed. The band plays a hymn and the congregation marches slowly to the graveyard a scant quarter-mile away. The rope is lowered and the anxious mob crowds slowly in the wake of the all-night-worshippers. A few bars of a hymn are played by a band in the graveyard, and the notes float slowly and faintly through the dripping atmosphere. Another band takes up the song where the first has left off; then another and another until the band by our side completes the verse. And again the band in the graveyard starts a hymn and each few successive bars are borne on the murky air in increasing volume until the band opposite us in the churchyard again completes the song.

The sky has become lighter, but a solid grey haze covers the city. The sun will not shine, and thousands are disappointed. They have been cheated of the palling impressiveness of the ceremony by fickle nature, but they wander meditatively down the narrow street that terminates at the Moravian graveyard.

Lines of men are stationed at intervals to keep the crowd moving and to guide it into vacant paths that border the graves, which are covered each by a single marble slab. The squares of marble, varying less than two inches in size and stating simply the names and dates of the deceased, are covered with beautiful flowers. A few graves are not so adorned, but perhaps they will receive the mute appreciation later. People file into the paths and stand silently under umbrellas, in slickers and business clothes. The rain continues to fall lightly, running down the faces of those who are not covered.

Suddenly a silence falls and words boom out from the figure in black robes. The congregation echoes a phrase and the figure continues his sermon. At last he is finished and the band plays a hymn. The entire crowd joins in the song and the mumbled words are forced over the damp graves by the music from the band. The song comes to a close. . . . "The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, and the love of God, and the communion of the Holy Ghost, be with us all: Amen."

Hats are replaced, slickers pulled about throats and the people file out of the graveyard. Some stop to gaze at the flowers and at the name-plates. Others brush by in an attempt to get home for a cup of hot coffee.

"Yeah, this is my sixth time. Always bring the wife."

"Oh, isn't it wonderful. Just think. . . . People must have a deep sense of religious duty to attend these services."

"Damn this rain."

"Smith is my name. Glad to know you. Yes, from Virginia. Roanoke."

"Glad this is over. Now I can rest. Idea of getting me up at such an unearthly hour to come and stand in the rain."

"Look! Mrs. Brown has a new hat—and in this rain."

Thousands have come. They leave tired, impressed, satisfied. They can tell their friends that they have seen the Moravian services.



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Melancholia

Blot out your melancholy curtain, world—
Tear it away
Roll it up
Hurl it from you—
For I am weary with eternal darkness.
Take your brush and give me a saffron Dawn,
Pale light.
Gather the stars
In your bucket.
Lock them up; put them away
In a corner of your robe, and keep them there.
Unleash the mares of Apollo.
I would see them mount the ragged steps
Of the Dawn.
Blot out your curtain, world—
Tear it away—

—J. H. M.



Sonnet

Brown, dry leaves that have so brightly died
Gloomily ye droop and withering fall
Not conscious that no beauty can abide
In this a mortal world—nor recall
That late thy beauty was admired of all
In thy joyous red and golden pride—
Ye sadly grope a half-regretful fall
Adown bright, bitter rays of light that chide.
So ye fall, scarce knowing that you die,
Saddened though at leaving far behind
The loveliness that for a time was thine;
So, ye pass—and so, with time, shall I,
Half-sad, half-glad not again to find
The youth that long—too long—ago was mine.

J. K. Mooney.

River Night

by H. A. BREARD

The
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THE FULL WINTER MOON, lavishing her borrowed brilliance with spendthrift nonchalance, was shining with unsurpassed splendor, bathing the countryside in vague indescribable light. It was one of those motionless December nights when creation stands still, admiring its own magnificence. The twinkling of the stars and the indolent movement of the silvery-gold orb itself were the sole suggestions that nature lived. The black trunks and the gnarled, naked branches of trees were silhouetted against the dark gray sky, and their shadowy images reposed lightly upon the lifeless grasses. The languid Ouachita, turbid during the day, was transformed as if by a miracle into a beautiful limpid mirror which embraced and took unto itself the ghostly shades of weeping willows leaning over it seeking sympathy. A lulling peace pervaded the very atmosphere.

As I stood there at Lone Grave imbued with the magic stillness contemplating the beauty of that silvery solitude, sonorous bass notes of a melodious steamboat whistle floated up the river from Paragoud Bend. Their soothing echo reverberated among the sleeping trees, becoming weaker with each pulsation and rolling away into the depths of the woods. Ah! there she was in full view, the majestic "Chita," her black, regal stacks outlining themselves proudly against the lighter-hued heavens and her boilers belching fire as a brawny stevedore exerted himself to satisfy their insatiable greed. She approached full ahead, her paddle-wheel beating the water with a rapid splash-splash and her steam exhausts panting laboriously. What awkwardness! What grace! She was a synthesis of bulk and beauty, possessing the lines of a dray-horse and the rhythmic motion of a thoroughbred. She was all alight, the brilliant golden patches along her upper deck casting shimmering counterparts into the dark liquid which lapped her flanks and rippled away from her prow. The roustabouts, huddled within the warmth of her boilers on the main deck, sang their somnolent spirituals; the captain, closely muffled in a great coat, paced the quarter deck; and the pilot stood at his wheel in his illumined cage above the Texas. She glided rapidly past, leaving in her wake clouds of inky

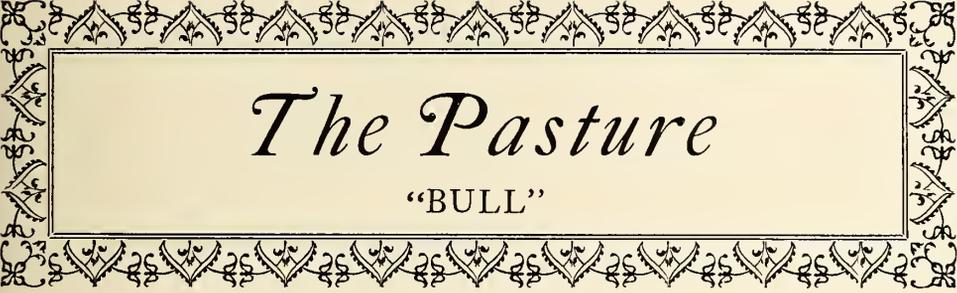
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smoke and heaving miniature swells which eventually beat themselves futilely to pieces among the agitated reeds and grasses along the margin of the bank. Becoming fainter and fainter as she vanished around a distant promontory, the churning of her paddle-wheel and the deep sighing of her steam-vents were no longer audible. The far away sound of her whistle filtered back, slowly expiring, through the night; then silence prevailed. Everything once more blended harmoniously in that mellow solitude.



By Mary Dirnberger



The Pasture

“BULL”

Exams, springtime, new Pasture grass,
And politics raising a rumpus,—
But the Bull doesn't care to play the ass
By trying to pasteurize the campus.

The annual farce will soon be on the boards. Already midnight rehearsals have been held in secluded fraternity houses; already the prompters have taken their stands behind the proscenium; already the ham-actors have gone through their lines. Soon the political pot will be overturned,—and many high hopes will be scalded. Many deserving men will be defeated; many ambitious ones of nominal ability will be swept into office upon a wave of artificially created popularity. In a few cases all of the candidates for an office will be well-fitted for the job; only one can succeed. In one of the publications last year three men worked diligently and ably for the greater part of three years; one of these was exalted, the other two are forgotten.

Our campus is a true democracy; it is the way of democracies to allow crowd compulsions, herd thinking, and pep meeting unity-of-sentiment to have more influence upon the marking of ballots than the carefully balanced merits of the men. However fair we may try to be, we are always influenced by the bleachers, the grandstand, the reviewer, and “public opinion.” Intelligent voting is a phrase, little more. Voting is usually a stab in the dark; the selection may be determined by a very minor detail, the candidate's attitude toward one of our hobbies, his fraternity, or his pleasant smile. “Machines” know this; ward heelers and poll leeches use it. A bit of subtle slander delicately hinted may be a hand grenade to political aspirations; a bare handful of oozy, eleventh-hour mud plays havoc at the polls.

Men at the ballot box vote as they feel, not as they think. A popular election proves little more than the importance of the viscera over the brain. Men at the ballot box do not calmly and solemnly exercise their inalienable right, as orators are wont to proclaim. Little prejudices of friends and loose gossip heard at the table are too often registered on the ballot. We vote for the man whom we remember most favorably, by reason of personal contact or “bull sessions” concerning him. The vividness of our impression of him will control our vote, and that depends upon the frequency with which we have heard him praised or have personally

admired him, the recency of the discussions in which he has been praised or has impressed us individually, and the enthusiasm with which he was supported or the intensity with which his personality was shown us.

"Honors" are won by the fickle turn of the political coin or the maneuvering of last-minute strategems. Politics is a game, to be won and lost as such. But, to a few it will be a tragedy. They, at least, should be given an intelligent vote.

Remember that "vote to beat the frame-up" is an outworn slogan. Your candidate is in a "machine" too. Don't sell your vote so cheaply. When you're asked to vote for a man, think a moment; the suave ward heeler may be the candidate's fraternity brother. Perhaps you are a non-fraternity man, then the traditional plan is to point out to you the non-fraternity men in that particular "frame-up" and purchase your vote for a bit of prejudice; anyhow, more often than not the abler man is a fraternity man. Compliments, too, are free at the polls; you will find many acquaintances blooming out as familiar friends,—at the ballot box. Its all a pretty little game of deception; if you vote for the man suggested to you, the chances are more than even that you have been "sucked in." Even if you play the game lightly, you will probably be dissatisfied with the election. Politics always leaves a bad taste in the mouth, a sort of spiritual halitosis.



June to December

Like a pebble in a quiet pool,
You splashed into my life,
Rippling all its surface.
Sank then, through clear and cool,
Lay on deep bottom, dumb,—my wife.

—John Marshall.



book bazaar

Days are Threads and Man the Weaver

THE TAPESTRY. By J. D. Beresford. Bobbs Merrill. 311 pp. \$2.50.

As the name signifies, it is a tapestry wherein is woven the life of a man; a life that one might instantly recognize as real and authentic; and a man with whom one readily sympathizes. Beresford has depicted the life of two continents—French conditions laying the foundation of a man's life that is to be spent in England. There is the subtle background of the Tapestry—upon which two generations work—that adds a flavor of mysticism. One wonders at the connection between the life of a man and the weaving of a piece of cloth. The relation, if any, is used merely symbolically. John Fortesque, the man, is influenced by the weaving of his two "aunts." Unconsciously the events of his life are transferred to the Tapestry; he uses the work as an outlet for his many burdens; as a source of enjoyment derived from his accomplishments; as a means to an end in his later years. The hero of the story is strong, simple and idealistic. He has not that intuition commonly attributed to women; he has not that cleverness used figuratively of the upper strata of society. He is honest and trusting—too much so—and plodding, but his character reveals a forceful personality.

In the beginning, Beresford strikes a clever attitude with John as the mouth-piece, but later he changes to a gentle style, influenced by a strong undercurrent of inference. French phrases occur frequently for John finds there are some things he can express only in French. The story is one of a man who begins at the bottom of a profession and rises to the very peak; of a man successful in business and disappointed in life; a simple, honest and plodding man moving through a hazy existence and weaving behind him a tapestry of his own colorfully drab life.

W. W. Anderson.



"Magnolia's Foh de Dyin' and de Daid"

NOT MAGNOLIA. By Edith Everett Taylor. E. P. Dutton & Co. New York. 242 pp. \$2.00.

Not Magnolia is a first novel, just from the press. Miss Taylor is still in college, a senior in Florida State Woman's College. We read the novel somewhat

eagerly, wondering how and what a southern college girl would write. It is well worth reading, though in no sense a great novel, nor a significant one,—unless we regard it as significant that a southern girl has written a “frank novel of the younger generation.” One feels that Miss Taylor is a wee bit too inexperienced to attempt a psychological novel, yet she has done it,—and it is not to be dismissed with a wave of the hand.

Her heroine, with a background of southern aristocracy and gentility, all her life has accepted the spineless, refined, run-to-seed, gentleman-though-drunk, Stephen. Then she meets a self-made, young novelist. The story is the conflict between “red-rose flowahs” and “magnolia,” between tradition and a successful wedding on one hand and a break with conventions and “life” on the other. The novel is an explanatory foot-note to the title.

Stephen’s is a realistic portrait, but in the book, as in life, he is never stimulating, and is frequently on the verge of disgusting; he is a late-fall blossom of a decadent aristocracy. Claudia, a dominating girl whose feeling of inferiority has driven her to prove her superior abilities, is presented briefly, but clearly; being revealed, perhaps, most vividly in the description of the college “crush” between herself and an innocent, I-want-to-be-loved-but-I’m-afraid-to “type.” The Nordic Hildegarde, of the handsome body and the fickle temper, is a lady of fire and spirit, whom we should like to meet. Aunt Beulah is a wholly admirable, modern woman, but her independence, at times seems overdrawn. However, enough of this pedantic appraisal of “regrettable” fly-specks. There are purple patches enough to save a poor novel,—and this is not one.

For the first twenty-five pages we were bored,—and disappointed. Then out of a clear sky came this, from the young novelist:

“. . . I have to scream to God that I’m a wonderful creature. Do you know what it’s like to be considered a fool when you’re a kid, and knocked about and never treated as if you were half-way human. . . . Art is a protest, wrung from the artist’s own sense of inferiority, or it’s the visible sign a fool makes convincing himself that he’s superior. And he’s never convinced. . . .”

From that point the young writer began to show flashes of stylistic genius,—a snap-shot of a figure or scene in bold relief, or a delicate harmony of soft shadows, or a rich, fluent phraseology which ripples poetically. There are frequent touches of maturity:

“(In Florida) Behind pseudo-Spanish balconies, we are cheaply modern; far within crumbling, high, dead houses, unaware of the century pounding outside our sanctuary, we follow an outworn existence; or we live rudely, tasting the earth.”

There is youthful sophistication in:

“She had achieved the one form of success recognized in a Southern woman,—a husband.”

It is youth in her, too, that says of love:

“. . . it is rather like having wine in your veins instead of blood. It’s like toe-dancing on the top of a breaking wave.” “Love is no lace paper Valentine, nor

life a flower to be prettily worn. Will you live . . . pretty and passionless, flowering like a magnolia, with beauty, but without color, against a dying background?"

Yet she is no soulful artist who has forgotten the world; she still can say:

"Go on and say it—'deep!' 'Every girl in this school who isn't 'cute' is deep!'"

Such patches as these redeem the book from a plot which, especially for the last fifty pages, clicks off as ominously and as disturbingly as the projection machine in a small-town movie. We shall, with pleasure, anticipate the riper fruit that is to fall.

D. S. G.

The
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April
1928



Attractive Erudition

AMERICA AND FRENCH CULTURE, 1750-1848. By Howard Mumford Jones. Chapel Hill: The University of North Carolina Press. 1927. \$5.00.

The late American Expeditionary Force should have carried with it to France Mr. Jones's book. The average "doughboy" would probably not have enjoyed much of it and would have understood but little more, but he would have learned that his misconceptions of French life and ideas possessed at least that greatly valued republican virtue, conformity to precedent. The notions that the French are all that is implied in the term "Frog", that they are a slippery people given to moral laxity and a disregard of the injunctions of the fourth Commandment, and that they are generally inferior to Americans—all these notions Mr. Jones has discovered are deep rooted in the minds of American people. "To the average American in our period," he says, and the average American then differed but little from his great-great-grandson—"To the average American in our period the most obvious facts about the French were, first, that they were politically unstable; and second, that their principal productions were articles of luxury, fashions, millinery, the dancing master, an exaggerated sense of punctillio, and various other things and qualities which seemed to him unworthy of serious consideration by a truly great and important people."

These French, however, have influenced, widely if not profoundly, at least one phase of American life. Their greatest influence is to be found in the world of fashion, in the sphere of manners. A glance at the table of contents will show that Mr. Jones has found French influence, of varying kinds and degrees, in other phases of American culture. But in matters intellectual, artistic, political, French influence is negligible or restricted; and Mr. Jones concludes that the presence in the United States of large numbers of Frenchmen down to 1848, where his study stops, has not "seriously colored the complexion of the American people." The American attitude toward things French varies with the times. "Moreover,

the American mind," Mr. Jones finds, "is not a homogenous one. To the frontier type of thinking, the French were simply another effete European nation to which the United States was obviously and providentially superior. To the cosmopolitan classes the regrettable crudities of American life seemed but the more crude beside the polish and superior *savoir faire* of the French. The middle classes vibrated between the two attitudes." This might, I think, properly be applied to conditions a hundred years later than the period about which it was written.

American and French Culture is an introductory study. As such it suffers to some extent from the ills of its race. It is forced in some places to floor the reader with facts; in others it leaves him athirst for details to rush on to something else. One can say in Mr. Jones's behalf, however, that he avoided these pitfalls wherever possible; and his liberal use of footnotes saves the reader sometimes from the exasperation which follows when a whetted appetite is unsatisfied. In short, as an introducer he has done surprisingly well. His book is neither tedious nor superficial. It goes without saying, to those who know the author, that it is written with sprightliness, humor, and charm, which do not in the least detract from its scholarly accuracy; and the author's turn for epigram apparently does not lead him into the most innocent distortion of the truth or the slightest twisting of his evidence. And for those who like documents, the study is thoroughly documented.

The appearance of this essay in inter-racial cultures should do much in its own home to dispel the too prevalent idea that learning and culture are distinctly departmentalized and that what one learns in one building is on no account to be mentioned across the road. Though Americans before 1848, according to Mr. Jones, got little of real value from the contacts with Frenchmen, the descendants of those Americans might learn a few things from the French; and *America and French Culture* would serve as a good guide book in the earlier stages of that process.

Dougald MacMillan.



Lingual Simplicity, Par Excellence

THE WOODCUTTER'S HOUSE. By Robert Nathan. The Bobbs-Merrill Company, Indianapolis. 206 pp. \$2.00.

Robert Nathan's latest exquisite work, *The Woodcutter's House*, is most difficult to classify. But there is no doubt about its being artistic;—the very improbability of justly labeling it partly accounts for this. There is a tenuous skein of a plot in which the lass Metabel is caught, so the book may be called a novel. But then the philosophical dog Musket, a superannuated artist, his canine mistress Susan, a mere debutante, the plodding dobbin Isaiah, who believes in hard work, the little green-jacketed man-of-the-woods, who knows nothing of metaphysics.

and the mice and the spiders and the grasshoppers, who watch the evolution of the quasi-tragical love of Metabel for the stalwart woodcutter, Joseph, all possess the miraculous power of intelligible speech. Factually the wise remarks of Musket fill more pages than do the stammering half-sentences of frightened Metabel. The book might, therefore, be catalogued as a fairy-tale. Or an idyl. Or a prose poem. Or a tale. The genre matters not. For, regardless, the beauty of the unpretentious, mono- or duo-syllabic prose is there for the taking.

Yet, despite the obviously potent minemonic power of the idealistic and poetic prose, there are, here and there, Zolaistic splashes that are incongruously startling in their rustic garb. For instance, at a crucial moment of Metabel's pastoral passion she suddenly realizes that a glaring hole in the knee of one of her stockings has given a rougish, luring blush to soft flesh underneath. And when Musket has his first assignation with Susan each of the dogs pirouettes in order that the other may take in the lovely physical qualities.

Musket was delirious with joy when Susan finally came to call on him. They went deep into a cool copse in search of "a soft carpet of moss, a hidden hollow with the sound of water falling, green branches overhead making a sweet half-light." The dialogue of the love-fatigued dogs on the way back to the woodcutter's house is one of the most ironically subtle chiaroscuros in modern literature. Susan and Metabel were walking, very quietly and very sheepishly, when

Finally his legs collapsed, and he sat down. "Ak," he said. "Yoo. My legs are not what they used to be."

Susan wished to console him. "Never mind," she said; "I am not sad about this, really. Supposing that in the future we simply confine ourselves to conversation? Come, cheer up; life is not all what-you-may-call-it."

Byron White.

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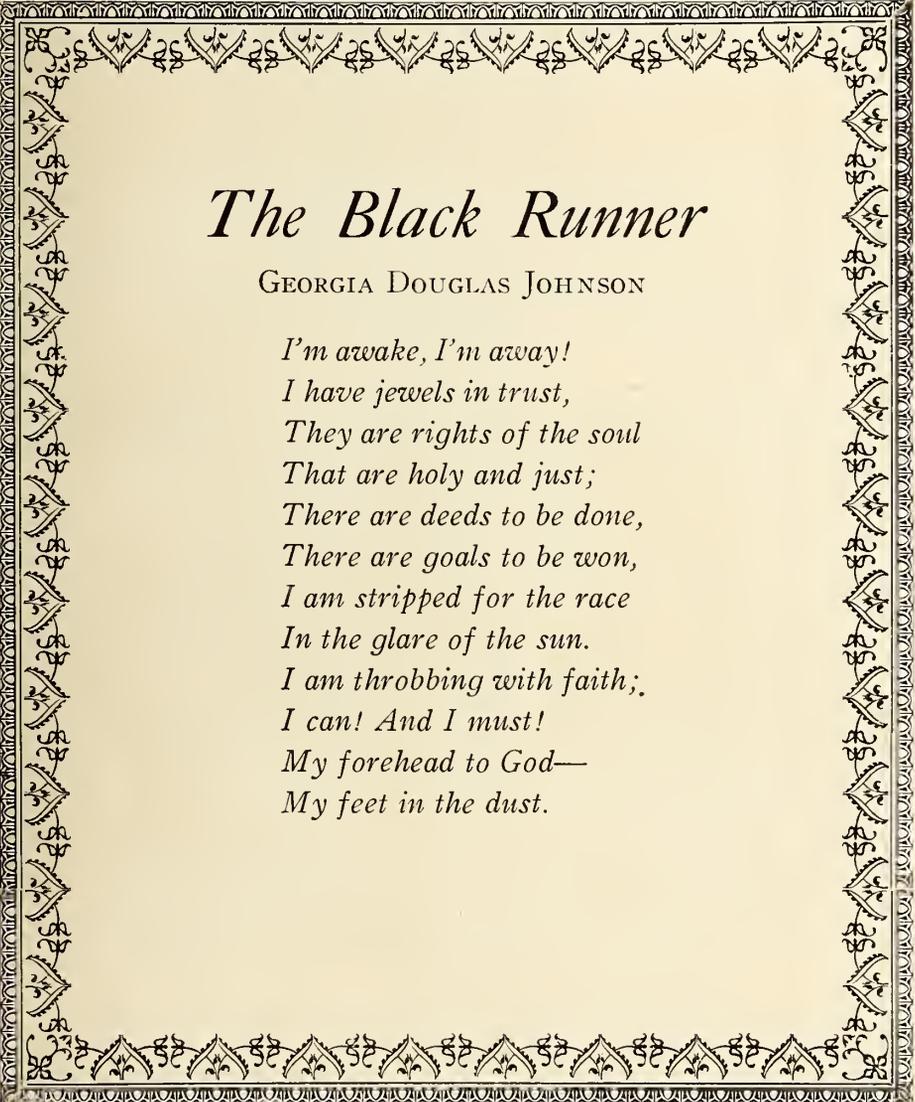
V. Valhalla—and Dawn

BOOK BAZAAR THE PASTURE

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The Black Runner

GEORGIA DOUGLAS JOHNSON

*I'm awake, I'm away!
I have jewels in trust,
They are rights of the soul
That are holy and just;
There are deeds to be done,
There are goals to be won,
I am stripped for the race
In the glare of the sun.
I am throbbing with faith;
I can! And I must!
My forehead to God—
My feet in the dust.*

Dedication

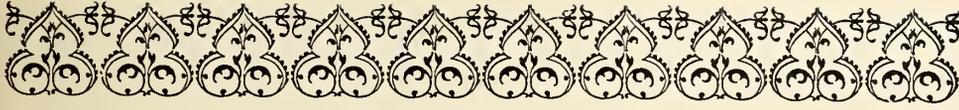
This issue is dedicated to the man who made it possible. It was he who, over a period of months, gave of his time unstintingly in the assembling of the material in it. Without his tireless assistance in calling upon his friends to contribute, it would not have made its appearance. And so, in appreciation of his friendship and service, we dedicate this issue to that talented poet and maker of fair lyrics—
LEWIS ALEXANDER.

It is but fitting that we, here at the University of North Carolina, should follow with keen interest the various transitions in negro verse. George Horton, a slave, and one of the earliest negro poets in America, more than a century and a quarter ago was selling love lyrics to Carolina students at twenty-five cents a poem. One of the originals in a rounded, copy-book handwriting is preserved in the University library. Since then negro poetry has passed from the classic lines of Wheatley, to the touching and naïve dialect verse of Dunbar, and the later poetry of revolt and protest turned out by McKay, Grimké, and others, down to the present poetry, which detached from propaganda, revolt and apology for race commends itself to us in the finished artistry of James Weldon Johnson, the sparkling sophistication and maturity of Countee Cullen, the glowing richness of life of Langston Hughes, and the poetic beauty and skilled craftsmanship of a dozen others. Just as one of the earliest negro poets was a North Carolinian, so one of the youngest is a North Carolinian. Twenty-four year old Donald J. Hayes was born in Raleigh, N. C.

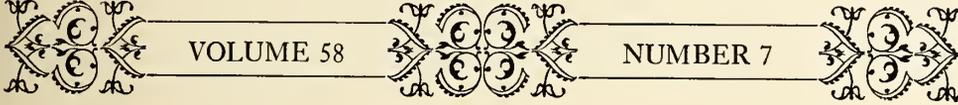
Those readers seeking scholarship and erudite analysis will find that Dr. Locke here has, in his traditional, gratifying, and thoroughly able manner, presented a most excellent commentary upon negro poets and poetry. Readers seeking a more racy, but no less discriminating, comment will find that the accomplished editor of Opportunity, Charles S. Johnson, has served up for us here a veritable gem.

To Dr. Locke, Mr. Johnson, and the many poets who have graciously contributed we extend sincere thanks.

—The Editor.



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The Message of The Negro Poets

By ALAIN LOCKE

HERE is poetry by Negro poets,—and then there is Negro poetry. It is the latter which we wish to consider, but we must first consider for a moment the distinction by virtue of which it exists. Paradoxically enough, a recent anthology*—itself the best extant compendium of Negro poetry in the racially representative sense—is completely sceptical of any vital meaning or reality in the term “Negro poetry”, and prefers to style itself an anthology of verse by Negro poets rather than an anthology of Negro verse. But even with the emphasis of abstract lyricism and “universal” themes emphasized in the editor’s mind, by actual count the poems non-racial in theme, idiom and allusion have only a preponderance of twenty out of a total of two hundred,—a precarious majority which dwindles to a decided minority when the poems and poets of real distinction are taken into special account,—the editor’s own poems not excepted. All that Mr. Cullen’s strictures can validly mean, then, is a declaration of poetic freedom for the choice and range of the Negro poet and a corrective protest against the general reader’s assumption that Negro poetry means dialect poetry or, at best, a special *genre* type and province. Even though the basic elements that make it poetry are universally human, an important aspect and significance of the contemporary expression of the Negro poets is the racial one. As a common bond of

* *Caroling Dusk*. Edited by Countee Cullen—Harper and Bros., 1927.



experience and a social compulsion of spirit, race is stronger than nationality; and re-enforced from within and without, as in the case of the Negro, it is, of the two, far more apt to be both in the foreground and background of consciousness. A deliberate reflection with some, a subtle, emotional identification with others, either as an instinctive urge or as a passionate acceptance, race is for practically all of the Negro poets a primary immediate factor.

But what is Negro poetry, admitting all this,—after all? Is it a matter of theme and subject matter or a question of spirit and attitude,—a distinctive angle on life, or a certain idiom of feeling and emotion? We wiss the vital point primarily, I think, because we wish to crowd whatever the Negro elements are into a rigid formula. Race has many diverse ways of reflecting itself in the equation of life; each temperament reflects it just a bit differently and reacts to it just a bit differently. Above all do we neglect this important point, that often the racial factors reside in the overtones of artistic expression and that there is more of race in its sublimations than in its crude reportorial expression. Of course to begin with we have the direct portrayal of the folk life and folk types, with their characteristic idioms of thought, feeling and speech, but contemporary Negro poetry has opened up many another vein of subtler racial expression. There is, for example, the poetry of derived emotional coloring that merely reflects in a secondary way the tempo and moods of Negro life, the school that reflects not a race substance but a race temperament. There is too the vein that emphasizes the growing historical sense of a separate cultural tradition; a racialist trend that is the equivalent of a nationalist background and spirit. Again, we have the poetry of personal expression in which the racial situations induce a spiritual reaction and a particular philosophy of life. Finally we have the vein that directly expresses the sense of group and its common experiences, and partly as poetry of social protest, partly as poetry of social exhortation and propaganda, directly capitalizes the situations and dilemmas of racial experience. For the analysis of Negro poetry these strains of race consciousness and their modes of expression are more important, if anything, than the formal and technical distinctions of the poetic school. It is upon this basis, at least, that we shall proceed in this present analysis.

A basis point for the interpretation of contemporary Negro poetry is the realization that the traditional dialect school is now pretty generally regarded as the least representative in any intimate racial sense. To the Negro poet of today, it represents a "minstrel tradition", imposed from without and reflecting even in its apparent unsophistication,

conscious posing and self-conscious sentimentality. If Negro poetry of this type had addressed primarily its own audience, it would have been good poetry in the sense that the "Spirituals" are. But for the most part it has been a "play-up" to the set stereotypes and an extroverted appeal to the amusement complex of the overlords. Rarely, as in the case of a true folk ballad or work-song, lullaby or love-song, do we have in Negro dialect poetry the genuine brew of naive folk products. Rather have these things presented the Negro spirit in distorted, histrionic modifications, tainted with the attitude of "professional entertainment". Of course one may argue, so was the poetry of the Troubadours that of professional entertainers,—and so it was, but with this difference—that the tradition was completely shared by the audience and that there was no dissociation of attitude between those who sang and those who listened.

So in the revision of the dialect tradition which the younger Negro poets are trying to bring about, there is more even than in James Weldon Johnson's well known criticism of dialect as a limited medium of expression "with but two stops,—pathos and humor". There is the attempt to reinstate the authentic background and the naive point of view, as is successfully achieved at times in Mr. Johnson's "sermons in verse" of the "God's Trombones" volume. Here we have the folk spirit attempting at least the "epic role", and speaking in the grand manner, as in the Judgment Day sermon:

Too late, sinner! Too late!
Good-bye, sinner! Good-bye!
In hell, sinner! In hell!
Beyond the reach of the love of God.

And I hear a voice, crying, crying;
Time shall be no more!
Time shall be no more!
Time shall be no more!
And the sun will go out like a candle in the wind,
The moon will turn to dripping blood,
The stars will fall like cinders,
And the sea will burn like tar;
And the earth shall melt away and be dissolved,
And the sky will roll up like a scroll.
With a wave of his hand God will blot out time,
And start the wheel of eternity.

Sinner, oh, sinner,
Where will you stand
In that great day when God's a-going to rain down fire?

The contemporary school insists on true and objective folk values: not that all of its insistence, however, is upon the serious and almost

bardic note which is sounded here. Indeed in secular and less serious moods, the younger school tries equally to purge the false sentimentality and clownishness, and has been even more successful. The folk lyrics of Langston Hughes have spontaneous moods and rhythms, and carry irresistible conviction. They are our really most successful efforts up to this date to recapture the folk soul; from the deep spirituality of

At de feet o' Jesus,
Sorrow like a sea.
Lordy, let yo' mercy
Come driftin' down on me.

At de feet o' Jesus,
At yo' feet I stand.
O, ma little Jesus,
Please reach out yo' hand.

to the quizzical pathos of

I'm gonna walk to de graveyard
'Hind ma friend Miss Cora Lee.
Gonna walk to de graveyard
'Hind ma dear friend Cora Lee
Cause when I'm dead some
Body'll have to walk behind me."

to the homely, secular folkiness of

De railroad bridge's
A sad song in de air.
De railroad bridge's
A sad song in de air.
Ever time de trains pass
I wants to go somewhere.

This work of Hughes in the folk forms has started up an entire school of younger Negro poetry; principally in the blues form and in the folk ballad vein. It is the latter that seems to me most promising, in spite of the undeniable interest of the former in bringing into poetry some of the song and dance rhythms of the Negro. But this is, after all, a technical element; the rich substance of Negro life it is that promises to rise in recreated outlines from the folk ballads of the younger writers. And much as the popular interest in the preservation of this peasant material owes to Paul Lawrence Dunbar, to "When Malindy Sings" and "When de Co'n Pone's Hot", nevertheless there is no comparison in authenticity or naive beauty in the more objective lyrics of today. For example:

Lucy Williams' "Nothboun' "

O' de wurl' aint flat,
An' de wurl' ain't room'
H'it's one long strip

Hangin' up an' down—
Jes' Souf an' Norf;
Jes' Norf an' Souf. . . .
Since Norf is up,
An' Souf is down,
An' Hebben is up,
I'm upward boun'.

Or Joseph Cotter's "Tragedy of Pete" or Sterling Brown's "Odyssey of Big Boy" or "Maumee Ruth":—as a matter of fact, this latter poet is, with Hughes, a genius of folk values, the most authentic evocation of the homely folk soul. His importance warrants quotation at length:

"Tornado Blues", contemporary though it is, is graphically authentic,

Black wind came aspeedin' down de river from de Kansas plains,
Black wind came aspeedin' down de river from de Kansas plains,
Black wind came aroarin' like a flock of giant areoplanes.

Destruction was a' drivin' it, and close beside was Fear
Destruction drivin, pa'dner at his side was Fear,
Grinnin' Death and skinny Sorrow was abringin' up de rear. . . .

* * * * *

Newcomers dodged de mansions, an' knocked on de po' folks' do'.
Dodged most of de mansions, an' knocked down de po' folks' do'.
Never knew us po' folks so popular befo'.

Foun' de moggidge unpaid, foun' de insurance long past due,
Moggidge unpaid, de insurance very long pas' due,
De homes we wukked so hard fo' goes back to de Fay an' Jew.

"Memphis Blues" is inimitably fine:

Ninevah, Tyre.
Babylon,
Not much lef'
Of either one.
All dese cities
Ashes and rust
De wind sings sperrichals
Through deir dus'.
Yas another Memphis
'Mongst de olden days
Done been destroyed
In many ways. . . .
Dis here Memphis
It may go
Floods may drown it,
Tornado blow,
Mississippi wash it
Down to sea—
Like de other Memphis in
History.

The modern dialect school—if it may so be styled—has thus developed a simplicity and power unknown to the earlier dialect writers, and has

revealed a psychology so much more profound and canny than the peasant types with which we were so familiar and by which we were so amused and cajoled that we are beginning to doubt the authenticity of what for years has passed as the typical Negro.

Another remove from the plain literal transcription of folk life is the work of the "Jazz school", which as a matter of fact is not native in origin. Vachel Lindsay it was who brought it into prominence at a time when it was only a submerged and half-inarticulate motive in Negro doggerel. Today it too often degenerates into this mere trickery of syncopation. Yet there is powerful and fresh poetic technique in its careful transportation to poetic idiom. But it will never come into its own with an eye-reading public or until its close competitor, the school of free verse, begins to lose some of its vogue. For essentially it is not a school of irregular rhythm like the free verse technique, but a more varied and quantitative scansion based on musical stresses and intervals inseparable from the ear control of chant and oral delivery. Only elaborate analysis will do it justice, but an obvious and masterful example will have to suffice us in a quotation from Jean Toomer:

Pour, O pour that parting soul in song,
O pour it in the sawdust glow of night
Into the velvet pine-smoke air to-night,
And let the valley carry it along.
And let the valley carry it along. . . .

O land and soil, red soil and sweet gum-tree,
So scant of grass, so profligate of pines,
Now just before an epoch's sun declines,
Thy son, in time, I have returned to thee,
Thy son, I have in time returned to thee.

There is more Negro rhythm here, and in a line like "Caroling softly souls of slavery" than in all the more exaggerated jazz of the sensationalists, black and white, who beat the bass-drum and trapping cymbals of American jazz rather than the throbbing tom-tom and swaying lilt of the primitive voice and body surcharged with escaping emotion. Negro rhythms, even in their gay moods, are rhapsodic, they quiver more than they clash, they glide more than they march. So except in occasional patches, the rhythmic expression of Negro idioms in poetry awaits a less sensation-loving audience than we have now, and subtler musicianship than even our contemporary poets have yet attained.

We come now to the more sophisticated expressions of race in American Negro poetry. For a long while the racial sense of the Negro poet was hectic and forced: it was self-consciously racial rather than normally so. These were the days of rhetoric and apostrophe. The

emotional identification was at best dramatic, and often melodramatic. As race becomes more of an accepted fact with the greater group pride and assurance of the present day Negro, his racial feelings are less constrained. Countee Cullen's calmly stoical sonnet "Form the Dark Tower", Arna Bontemp's "A Black Man Talks of Reaping", Langston Hughes' "Dream Variation" or "The Negro Speaks of Rivers" are characteristic now. Yesterday it was the rhetorical flush of partisanship, challenged and on the defensive. This was the patriotic stage through which we had to pass. Nothing is more of a spiritual gain in the life of the Negro than the quieter assumption of his group identity and heritage; and contemporary Negro poetry registers this incalculable artistic and social gain. Occasionally dramatic still, and to advantage, as in Cullen's "Simon the Cyrenian Speaks" or Lewis Alexander's sonnets "Africa" and "The Dark Brother", the current acceptance of race is quiet with deeper spiritual identification and supported by an undercurrent of faith rather than a surface of challenging pride.

Thus,—as in Gwendoln Bennett's

I love you for your brownness
And the rounded darkness of your breast.
I love you for the breaking sadness in your voice
And shadows where your wayward eye-lids rest. . . .

Oh, little brown girl, born for sorrow's mate,
Keep all you have of queenliness,
Forgetting that you once were slave,
And let your full lips laugh at Fate!

Or again, Countee Cullen's

My love is dark as yours is fair,
Yet lovelier I hold her
Than listless maids with pallid hair,
And blood that's thin and colder.

You-proud-and-to-be-pitied one,
Gaze on her and despair;
Then seal your lips until the sun
Discovers one as fair.

A subtler strain of race consciousness flows in the more mystical sense of race that is coming to be a favorite mood of Negro poetry. This school was born in the lines of Claude McKay to "The Harlem Dancer"

But looking at her falsely smiling face,
I knew herself was not in that strange place.

For this mood is born of the recognition that the Negro experience has bred something mystical and strangely different in the Negro soul. It

is a sublimation of the fact of race, conjured up nowhere more vividly than in these lines of Langston Hughes:—

I've known rivers:
Ancient, dusky rivers.
My soul has grown deep like the rivers.

However, this mystical transposition of race into pure feeling is sometimes so sublimated as not to be explicit at all: many a reader would not detect it in the following two poems, except as it was pointed out to him as a veiled statement of racial emotion or racial experience.

Lewis Alexander's "Transformation" refers to racial largesse and Negro forgiveness:—

I return the bitterness,
Which you gave to me;
When I wanted loveliness
Tantalant and free.

I return the bitterness
It is washed by tears;
Now it is a loveliness
Garnished through the years.

I return it loveliness,
Having made it so;
For I wore the bitterness
From it long ago.

All the more effective, this—because it might just as well be a romantic lyric of unrequited love or a poem of Christian forgiveness; though very obviously it is the old miracle of the deepest particularity finding the universal. The same is true, I think, of another fine lyric "I Think I See Him There" by Waring Cuney that almost needs the conscious recall of the Negro spiritual

Were you there
When they nailed him to the cross

to sense the emotional background of its particular Negro intensity of feeling and compassion:—

I think I see Him there
With a stern dream on his face
I see Him there—
Wishing they would hurry
The last nail in place.
And I wonder, had I been there,
Would I have doubted too
Or would the dream have told me,
What this man speaks is true.

One would, of course, not foolishly claim for race a monopoly of this sort of spiritual discipline and intensification of mood, but at the same time there is no more potent and potential source of it in all modern experience.

We next come to that strain of Negro poetry that reflects social criticism. With the elder generation, this strain was prominent, more so even than today,—but it began and ended in humanitarian and moral appeal. It plead for human rights and recognition, was full of bathos and self-pity, and threatened the wrath of God, but in no very commanding way. Finally in bitter disillusionment it turned to social protest and revolt. The challenge vibrated within our own generation to the iron notes and acid lines of Claude McKay. Weldon Johnson's title poem "Fifty Years and After" represents a transition point between the anti-slavery appeal and the radical threat. To the extent that the radical challenge is capable of pure poetry, Claude McKay realized it. But contemporary Negro poetry has found an even more effective weapon and defense than McKay's

If we must die—let it not be like hogs
Hunted and penned in an inglorious spot

or the mood of his terrific indictment "The Lynching"

All night a bright and solitary star
Hung pityfully o'er the swinging char.
Day dawned, and soon the mixed crowds came to view
The ghastly body swaying in the sun:
The women thronged to look, but never a one
Showed sorrow in her eyes of steely blue;
And little lads, lynchers that were to be,
Danced round the dreadful thing in fiendish glee.

For Negro protest has found a true catharsis in a few inspired notes, and has discovered the strength of poetic rather than intellectual irony. A point of view this is that has yet to give us its full yield, it promises perhaps a more persuasive influence than any literary and artistic force yet brought to bear upon the race question in all the long debate of generations. Certainly in beautiful anticipation we have that note in Langston Hughes' "Song for a Dark Girl":—

Way down South in Dixie
(Break the heart of me)
They hung my black young lover
To a cross-roads tree.

Way down South in Dixie
(Bruised body high in air)
I asked the white Lord Jesus
What was the use of prayer.

Way down South in Dixie
(Break the heart of me)
Love is a naked shadow
On a gnarled and naked tree.

Finally we come to the most sophisticated of all race motives,—the conscious and deliberate threading back of the historic sense of group tradition to the cultural backgrounds of Africa. Undoubtedly this motive arose in a purely defensive and imitative reaction. But it has grown stronger and more positive year by year. Africa is naturally romantic. It is poetic capital of the first order, even apart from the current mode of idealizing the primitive and turning toward it in the reaction from the boredom of ultra-sophistication. There is this Caucasian strain in some of the Negro attitude toward Africa at the present time. But it is fortunately not dominant. It is interesting to notice the different approaches from which the younger Negro poets arrive at a spiritual espousal of Africa. Of course, with the minor poetical talents, this is rhetorical and melodramatically romantic, as it has always been. But our better poets are above this. Mr. Cullen, who has a dormant but volcanically potential “paganism of blood”—(he himself puts it “My chief problem has been that of reconciling a Christian upbringing with a pagan inclination”)—is torn between the dilemma of the primitive and the sophisticated tradition in more poems than the famous “Heritage” which dramatizes the conflict so brilliantly. For him the African mood comes atavistically, and with something of a sense of pursuing Furies:—he often eulogizes the ancestral spirits in order to placate them:—

So I lie, who find no peace
Night or day, no slight release
From the unremittant beat
Made by cruel padded feet
Walking through my body's street.
Up and down they go, and back,
Beating out a jungle track.

But if Cullen has given us the exotic, emotional look on the race past, Hughes has given us what is racially more significant,—a franker, more spiritual loyalty, without sense of painful choice or contradiction, a retrospective recall that is intimate and natural. For him,

We should have a land of trees
Bowed down with chattering parrots
Brilliant as the day,
And not this land where birds are grey.

The moods of Africa, the old substance of primitive life, are for this growing school of thought a precious heritage, acceptable as a new artistic foundation; the justification of the much discussed racial difference, the source of new inspiration in the old Antaeus strength. But if there is to be a brilliant restatement of the African tradition, it



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cannot be merely retrospective. That is why even this point of view must merge into a rather culturistic transposition of the old elemental values to modern modes of insight. This is just on the horizon edge in Negro poetry and art, and is one of the goals of racialism in the new aesthetic of Negro life. No better advance statement has been made than Mae Cowdery's lines:—

I will take from the hearts
Of black men —
Prayers their lips
Are 'fraid to utter
And turn their coarseness
Into a beauty of the jungle
Whence they came.

If and when this is achieved the last significance of race in our art and poetry will have manifested itself beyond question or challenge.

To trace Negro poetry in the way we have done, does some necessary violence to the unity of individual writers who combine several strands in their poetic temperaments. It also overlooks some of the purely universal and general poetry which others have contributed. However, criticism that would trace the underlying motives of Negro expression must necessarily do this and put asunder what the gods of song have joined together. Fortunately Negro poets, on the whole, are not as doctrinaire as their white brothers. Their rationalizations come after, not before. And their critics are perhaps even more of an imposition.

Jazz Poetry and Blues

by CHARLES S. JOHNSON

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NEGRO POETRY" has two meanings which are constantly confused: in one sense it is poetry of any mood and theme which happens to have been written by Negroes; in another it is poetry bearing a distinct and recognizable flavor of the Negro temperament and his life. All Negroes do not write "Negro poetry" in the sense of one definition, and there is much "Negro poetry" not written by Negroes, in the sense of the other. The confusion draws its strength from the intimate circumstances of social relations, with their cross-play of emotions and reticences. Out of it have developed, among other consequences, the expectation that there should be expressed by Negroes only those passions colored by the fact of race; the over-zealous efforts to sense the sombre rustle of the jungle in innocently unracial lines about nasturtia, the seasons, or trees at night; and, with a most tragic irony, the division of Negro ranks themselves into opposing philosophies on the social advantages of artistic themes. While unracial Negro poetry is doubtless as honest as any other, and, socially considered, is demonstrating that Negroes are capable of mastery of a familiar technique, and of expressing intricate emotions with the same grace of language as any one else, the racial poetry strikes out boldly to extract a new romance and beauty from a homely life, scarcely noticed before and never understood; it is a venturing into deeper corners of life as it is lived uncomplicated by conscious subtlety, life rich in human emotions, clouded and concealed by centuries of social tradition.

"Jazz Poetry" is, of course, a misnomer. Jazz itself is not so much music as method. The poetry which goes by the name is a venture in the new, bold rhythms characteristic of the music. And, although it has come, curiously, to express the fierce tempo of our contemporary life, it is also its vent. For jazz, more than being rhythm, is an atmosphere,—that of abandon and escape from the tedium of this "stepped-up" life, a fact which explains its fascination. It has its verve, which is a throbbing, sometimes cruel, ecstasy of release; it also has its victims, crushed lives dying slowly in the shadow of their illusions. That the poetry like the music is violently strange does not detract from its fundamental value, for all new poetry arises so. George Moore contends that art is merely the embodiment of the dominant influence of the age. That its subjects are commonplace is not inconsistent with the struggle of

writers since the end of the 19th Century "back to the concrete", to the new fascination of "watching the strangeness of familiar things." It is a part of the revolt against a stiff conventionalism which has yielded fewer of life's most intimate moments, than of petty and incomprehensible sentences. Louis Untermeyer begins the *New Era in American Poetry* with Sandburg, apostle of the same freedom, searcher for beauty in forgotten lives. He was severely criticized for his lack of the finer sensibilities, his indifference to the classic rhythms, and for his interest in subjects held sordid. But his is the poetry of new America, recording its beauty in its own idiom.

The new racial poetry of the Negro is the expression of something more than experimentation in a new technique. It marks the birth of a new racial consciousness and self conception. It is a first frank acceptance of race, and the recognition of difference without the usual implications of disparity. It lacks apology, the wearying appeals to pity, and the conscious philosophy of defense. In being itself it reveals its greatest charm. In accepting this life it invests it with a new meaning. "The Negro" of popular conception is not the educated person of Negro blood; he is the peasant, the dull, dark worker, or shirker of work, who sprawls his shadow over the South and clutters the side streets of northern cities. These are the forgotten lives that thread about within their circles, who run the full scale of human emotions without being suspected of feeling; who, like the hopelessly deformed in body face futility and abandon themselves to their shallow resources before they begin to live. They are not known, and yet no life is without its beauty. Who would know something of the core and limitations of this life should go to the *Blues*. In them is the curious story of disillusionment without a saving philosophy and yet without defeat. They mark these narrow limits of life's satisfactions, its vast treacheries and ironies. Stark, full human passions crowd themselves into an uncomplex expression, so simple in their power that they startle. If they did not reveal a fundamental and universal emotion of the human heart, they would not be noticed now as the boisterous and persistent intruders in the polite society of lyrics that they are.

Herein lies one of the richest gifts of the Negro to American art. Art is a form of escape, and the poet's art an emotional outlet for both poet and reader. And this is the clue to the richness of Negro folk life to which the conscious racial artists have now turned frankly. The religion of the Negro was an escape from the hopelessness and drudgery of slavery,—a profound otherworldliness, for he had least to expect, and asked least, from life; his folk tales were projections of personal

experiences and hopes and defeats in terms of symbols; his music has been the distillation of these moods. What the spirituals were to slavery, the *Blues* are now to his later stages.

The poetry of Langston Hughes is without doubt the finest expression of this new Negro poetry. Like Sandburg he has shocked polite circles by daring to search for beauty in things and beings too commonplace for dignity and exaltation, and actually by finding this in the folk idiom as despised as its life. His subjects have been cabaret singers, porters, street walkers, elevator boys, the long range of "hard luck" victims, Beale street and Railroad Avenue, prayer meetings, sinners, and hard working men. What does life mean for them? There is no pleading for sympathy, or moralizing; there is a moment's blinding perception of a life being lived fiercely beneath the drunken blare of trombones, or in blank weariness of the Georgia roads. Jazz to Hughes is not the debauch that the social critics conceive it to be. It is a significant expression. Significant of what? The manner of telling of the answer is really the vital point of difference between him and the very self-conscious Negroes. In his lines one gets the warm sweat and breath of these lives, their shallow joys, the echoing emptiness:

Strut and wiggle,
Shameless gal.
Wouldn't no good fellow
Be your pal?

Hear dat music . . .
Jungle night.
Hear dat music . . .
And the moon was white.

Sing your Blues song,
Pretty baby.
You want lovin'
And you don't mean maybe.

Jungle lover . . .
Night black boy . . .
Two against the moon
And the moon was joy.

Why do they dance and laugh? Here is the revolt against weariness that more than Negroes feel, but none so deeply as they; to use his own expression, "pain swallowed in a smile." They dance! And his music holds the rhythm and the abandon of the cabaret,—an abandon more to be pitied than censured:

Sun's going down this evening—
Might never rise no mo'.
The sun's going down this very night—

Might never rise no mo'—
So dance with swift feet honey,
(The banjo's sobbing low)
Dance with swift feet, honey—
Might never dance no mo'.

Tenderness and comprehension are here when he speaks of the black dancer in "The Little Savoy":

Wine maiden
Of the jazz tuned night,
Lips
Sweet as purple dew,
Breasts
Like the pillows of all sweet dreams,
Who crushed
The grapes of joy
And dripped their juice
On you?

The *Blues* always strike a note of despondency and yet they provoke laughter. Is not this a vital adjustment, that curious condition of survival so manifest in practically all social relations across the line of race? When the horizon is so near, troubles become racial when multiplied enough by persons. In the aggregate, there comes to be told a sort of racial history. These are the *Blues*, not of the Negro intellectuals any more than of the white ones, but, of those who live beneath the range of polite respect. But they touch the springs of all human emotion, or they would not be, with their brash notes, so universal in their appeal:

Did you ever wake up in de middle of the night wid de
blues all around you, de blues all around you, did you?
Ever wake up wid de blues all round yo' bed?
An' no one near, to soothe yo' achin' head!

Or this:

My man's got a heart like a rock cast in de sea.

That is the motif of the *Blues*. But the despondency touches many facets of life. Hughes sums up more than one life in *Po' Boy Blues*:

When I was home de
Sunshine seemed like gold.
When I was home de
Sunshine seemed like gold.
Since I come up North de
Whole damn world's turned cold.

I was a good boy,
Never done no wrong.
Yes, I was a good boy,

Never done no wrong,
But this world is weary
An de road is hard an' long'.

I fell in love with
A gal I thought was kind.
Fell in love with
A gal I thought was kind.
She made me lose ma money
An' almost lose ma mind.

Weary, weary,
Weary, early in de morn.
Weary, weary,
Early in de morn,
I's so weary
I wish I'd never been born.

There is a vast and wistful restlessness in

De railroad bridge's
A sad song in de air.

What matters most in all of this is the fresh and glowing re-orientation of the poet himself, and when he speaks it is for a confident new generation:

We younger Negro artists who create now intend to express our individual dark-skinned selves without fear or shame. If white people are pleased we are glad. If they are not, it doesn't matter. We know we are beautiful. And ugly too. The tom-tom cries and the tom-tom laughs. If colored people are pleased we are glad. If they are not, their displeasure doesn't matter either. We build our temples for tomorrow, strong as we know how, and we stand on top of the mountain, free within ourselves.

I. Jazz Notes and Blues Tones

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Lover's Return

Ma old time daddy
Came back home last night.
His face was pale an'
His eyes didn't look just right.

He says to me I'm
Comin' home to you
So sick an' lonesome
I don't know what to do.

O, men treats women
Just like a pair o' shoes.
I say treats women
Like a pair o' shoes,—
They kicks 'em round an'
Does 'em like they choose.

I looked at ma daddy,—
Lawd! an' I wanted to cry.
He looked so thin,—
Lawd! that I wanted to cry.
But de devil told me
 Damn a lover
 Comes home to die!

Langston Hughes.



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Once Bad Gal

Ah was a good gal
Before Ah struck dis town,
Ah was a good, good gal
Before Ah struck dis town,
But men an' liquor
Drag you down.

A good, good gal
Just bad once,
Ah'm a good good gal
Just bad once—
When a handsome man
Made me his dunce.

Ah'd go straight if
Ah thought Ah could,
Say Ah'd go straight
If Ah thought Ah could,
But a once bad gal
Can't never be good.

Waring Cuney.

'Aint Nobody But You

Smooth black man of mine
'Aint nobody but you.
No matter where you go
Or what you do
I could'nt say we're through.
Honest Daddy,
'Aint nobody but you.

Waring Cuney.

Barefoot Blues

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It was dead winter time
Ma feet flat on de groun'.
It was dead winter time
And ma feet was flat on de groun'
A've been all ovah town
And no work can be foun'..

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Went to de lunch room
To try to git a bite to eat,
Ah went to de lunch room
To try to git a bite to eat,
Because ah had no money
De man he put me in de street.

'Cause ah had no room rent
De lady had ma stuff fo' sale,
'Cause ah had no room rent
De lady had ma stuff fo' sale,
And when ah tried to git it
De man he put me in de jail.

Now ah'm blue, weary and blue,
Barefooted and in de jail.
Ah mean blue, oh so blue,
Barefooted and in de jail.
Ah'll shut mah mouf an' stay here
'Cause ain' nobody goin' mah bail.

Lewis Alexander.

De Jail Blues Song

Ah left ma mother's home
Jess to be wid him.
Ah qit ma mother's home
So ah could be wid him.
An' now de Prison Man
Done took ma poor man Jim.

Forty years is what dey gave him
An' forty years is so long,
A forty years in de jail house
An' forty years is so long,
Why in forty years of time
De bes' gal can go wrong.

Hard luck, hard luck,
Hard luck as Ah can be,
Say hard luck, hard luck
Ah'm hard luck as Ah can be.
Had'nt had dis man a year
When de law took him from me.
Ah'd go drown maself,
But de water looks so cold.
Say Ah'd go an' drown maself,
But de river looks so cold.
What good can a man be
Dat's seventy-two years old?

If Ah had a sharp, sharp knife
An' Ah knew it would'nt hurt,
If Ah had a real sharp knife
Dat Ah knew it would'nt hurt,
Ah'd cut ma head right off
An' bury it beneaf de durt.

But a person dat's dead
Stays dead so long,
Ah say a person dat's dead
Has to stay dead so long,
Ah guess Ah'll git a laundry job
An' sing de Jail Blues Song.

Waring Cuney.

Old Man Buzzard

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Old Man Buzzard
Wid his bal' head
Flopped in de fiel'
An' eyed young Fred
Clacked his beak, an'
Den he said—

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“Youse got a plump gal,
Roun' an' strong,
Promise she'll love you,
Woan go wrong.
Lemme tell yo', big boy,
Cain't las' long.

“Buddy on de nex' farm,
Good ole frien',
Got no dimes,
But what he'll len',
Friendship fine,
But friendship en'—

“Yo' gits good vittels
Likes yo' co'n,
Ain' been sick
Sence yo' was bawn.
All sich good luck
Soon be gone.

“Death comes a-orderin'
Folks aroun,
Got blacksnake whip
Bring yuh down—
Yo' frien' caint help yo'
Nor yo' brown”—

Fred look up,
When he hear dis trash,
Grin crack his mouth
An' de lightnin' flash,
Th'o' back his head
An' de thunder crash—



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“Whoever sent yo’
Tell him, say
Fred, ‘leave frettin’
Fo’ nother day.’
Mistah Bal’ head Buzzard,
Git away!

“Doan give a darn
Ef de good things go,
Game rooster yit,
Still kin crow;
Somp’n in my heart here
Makes me so.

“In roas’n ear time
A man eats co’n.
Dough he knows in winter,
Co’ns all gone.
Worry’s no good
To whet teeth on.

“No need in frettin’
Case good times go
Things ez dey happen
Jes’ is so
Nothin’ las’ always
Farz I know. . . .”

Sterling A. Brown.

Suicide

Last time they saw her;
She was down by the river
Lawdy, Lawd,
Please forgive her.

Gamblers got her man
And beat him dead,
Gamblers broke a chair
Across his head.

Lawdy, Lawd,
Please forgive her,
She’s gone to sleep
Beneaf the river.

Waring Cuney.

Bought Sense

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Ma woman don' love me
De gypsy she done tol' me so.
Ma woman don' love me
De gypsy she done tol' me so.
Lawd what is ah goin' to do?
Tell me, Lawd 'cause ah don' know.

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Ah goes to ma woman
Says baby what you goin' to do?
Ah goes to ma woman
Says baby what you goin' to do?
She says, use to be daddy
Your use to be mama's through.

Ah gits down on my knees
And cries aloud.
Ah gits down on my knees
And cries aloud.
Says, gal if you don' stay here
You sho is goin' to wear a shroud.

I don' cry for no
Black gal but once.
No suh, really don' cry for no
Black gal but once.
If you don' think ah mean it
You jes take me for a dunce.

Love, oh love,
You sho can't force it, 'at's no stuff.
Love, oh love,
You sho can't git it when you're ruff.
But wif a little 'spression
You can always git enuf.

Look here bran new woman
What's dis here you're passin' out?
Look here bran new woman
What's dis here you're passin' out?
Ah'll stay from work tomorrow
And find out what its all about.

Lewis Alexander.

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II. *Ebony Dreams*

Nocturne of the Wharves

All night they whine upon their ropes and boom
Against the dock with helpless prows :
These little ships that are too worn for sailing
Front the wharf but do not rest at all.
Tugging at the dim, grey wharf they think,
No doubt, of China and of bright Bombay.
And they remember islands of the East,
Formosa, and the mountains of Japan
They think of cities, ruined, by the sea
And they are restless, sleeping at the wharf.

Tugging at the dim, grey wharf they think
No less of Africa. An east wind blows
And salt spray sweeps the unattended decks.
Shouts of dead men break upon the night.
The captain calls his crew and they respond—
The little ships are dreaming—land is near.
But mist comes up to dim the copper cast,
Mist dissembles images of the trees.
The captain and his men alike are lost,
And their shouts go down in the rising sound of waves.

* * * * *

Ah little ships, I know your weariness!
I know the sea-green shadows of your dream.
For I have loved the cities of the sea,
And desolations of the old days I
Have loved: I was a wanderer like you
And I have broken down before the wind.

Arna Bontemps.

The Feast of Death

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You and I
At the Feast of Death,
When bidden by our unseen host
Will lift a common tankard high;
Yes . . . you and I,
We who are parted 'most
In breathless words
Will then exchange a toast.
Our mutual fates
We who are parted, most
We'll drink it dry,
You and I . . .

* * *

Arm in arm
We'll walk an endless aisle;
When beckoned my The Great High Priest,
You and I
Who love each other least.
Will kneel confessing all our sins,
And while the heavenly organ
Plays a solemn tune,
Absolved . . . forgiven,
Together we will commune
And pledge ourselves
To lasting unity
Before the altar of Eternity.

* * *

And the silent streets,
Unhoused by clan or caste,
Will hold two people
Gazing on a smouldering past.
Our worldly idols
Shall be broken down at last:
 We will not stoop
 To build them up again,
 Gods of brass
 Are Gods of mortal men;
 We will be brothers
 Breathing spirit breath,
 You and I
At the Feast of Death.

Edward Silvera.

Tree Meditation

How very like a tree
Alas am I
And like to bursting blossoms
Are my thoughts.
Some will remain upon the tree
And fruit
And others fall
And drift far on the stream.
For those that drift
There shall be no returning ;
But those which fruit
Shall burst and scatter seed.
The seed shall stand
A flowering tree again
Each generation stronger than the last.

I'm but the tree!
Would I were soil or water.
I could not face the agony of death—
Eternally to mother tree and seedling
And breathe the beauty of the blossom time.

Being the tree
I needs must face the shedding
Bear the fruit which bursts
And flowers which fall ;
Standing helpless see them drift down stream
To sea—
Where there shall be no coming back!

Lewis Alexander.

Episode

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The memory of you is slight in my mind,
But poignant.
Like a sole, unrepeated experience,
Like the wheeling flight of a gull,
Like smoke hanging high in the blue
In vaporish trceries,—
Without sound, but significant
As a thunder-preceding lull.

Once I remember glimpsing
A column of sand-pipers
Marching meticulously
Over the sedge-strewn floor of the beach;
Slight and graceful, unswerving
As war-going fifers;
Persistent, purposeful, sure,—
And just beyond reach!

Easily, far too easily
That picture fades from my senses;
Yet if once I recall it
There springs to my mind perfection;
Perfection of sky and sun
And ocean and weather
Promised fulfilment, of yearning,
Assurance of heaven's protection.

So you. The memory of you
Is slight but poignant;
Yet once you enter my mind
For the moment you sever
All my connection with paltriness,
Actions ignoble;
Leaving me peace and completeness.—
Remain with me ever!

Jessie Fauset.



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Of The Earth

A mountain
Is earth's mouth . . .
She thrusts her lovely
Sun painted lips
To the clouds . . . for heaven's kiss.

A tree
Is earth's soul . . .
She raises her verdant
Joyous prayer
To the slowly sinking sun
And to evening's dew.
She flings her rugged defiance
To hell's grumbling wrath
And deadly smile;
Then rustles her thanksgiving
To the dawn.

A river
Is earth's tears . . .
Flowing from her deep brown bosom
To the horizon of
Oblivion . . .
O! Earth, why do you weep?

Mae V. Cowdery.

III. *Black Shadows on Parnassus*

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Appeal

Three centuries beneath your haughty heel,
Humble and ignorant, debased and poor,
Like mendicants before your temple-door,
The potentates of earth have seen us kneel.
With guileless art we made our mute appeal,
And tho' you scorned and spurned us, tried the more
To love and serve you better than before.
Your children we have nursed, your daily meal
Set forth, your crops have reaped, your acres tilled,
Your burdens borne, your enemies have killed;
We've given of our brawn unstintingly,
And of our brain, when so you'd let it be.
Remembering all, how can you lynch and hate,
And with our quivering clay, your passion sate?

Carrie W. Clifford.

Warning

The Law that spins these toy-top worlds in space,
Divides the opaque darkness from the day,
Directs the shining of each solar ray,
Guides and controls the stellar chariot race,
And holds the whirling universe in place—
Altho no particle may stop or stay—
This Law immutable, you may not sway,
Or modify, or alter by your grace . . .
Unfailingly the tides of ocean flow,
The giant oaks and modest pansies grow,
Inexorably following the deed
Comes, without haste and without pause, the meed.
*A tiny tendril creviced in the rock
In time will burst apart a granite block.*

Carrie W. Clifford.



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To One Who Might Have Been My Friend

Do you remember how that glowing morn
We stood handsclasped beside an amber pool
Of lilies pale as your fair skin, and cool
On my brown cheek was the misty breath of dawn?
You said, "We two are friends, for we were born
To dwell at beauty's shrine. There is no rule
That being brown and fair, we play the fool
'Til friendship flee, a tarnished gleam forlorn."

'Twas then I saw amid the thin-leaved grass
The souls of dead men and men yet to be;
Blue fires, old thrilling hopes that leaped and died
When you in dread, a childhood friend espied—
And seeing his slow smile, you shrank from me—
Then, . . . my faith dead . . . I turned . . . and . . . let . . . you pass.

Nellie R. Bright.

Query

Great wonder that my blood spurts ruby red
And not a green and slimy stream instead . . .
That all my tears are salt, not bitter gall,
That I still live, and love, and laugh at all!

And that my teeth are lustrous, pearly, white
Instead of blue cold blades that clash at night.
Why do you stand aloof and bid me pray,
You who sow strife and pain upon my way?

How does my soul live on mauled by hate's rod?
You cannot know 'twas made by One called God.

Nellie R. Bright.

Trees

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God made them very beautiful, the trees :
He spoke and gnarled of bole or silken sleek
They grew ; majestic browed or very meek ;
Huge-bodied, slim ; sedate and full of glees.
And He had pleasure deep in all of these.
And to them, soft and little tongues to speak
Of Him to us, He gave ; wherefore they seek
From dawn to dawn to bring us to our knees.

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* * * *

Yet here amid the wistful sounds of leaves,
A black-hued grewsome something swings and swings ;
Laughter it knew and joy in little things,
Till man's hate ended all.—And so man weaves.
And God, how slow, how very slow weaves He—
Was Christ Himself not nailed to a tree ?

Angelina W. Grimké.

IV. Onyx Set With Pearls

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Boy on Beale Street

The dream is vague
And all confused
With dice and women
And jazz and booze.

The dream is vague,
Without a name,
Yet warm and wavering
And sharp as flame,—

And the loss of the dream
Leaves nothing the same.

Langston Hughes.

African Dancer In Paris

She has a lover far away
In some palm-covered street
And, more than any other thing
To her, his lips are sweet.

She dances now in rue Pigalle
With brown legs bare and slim,—
And every kiss of foreign mouths
Brings thoughts of him.

Yet when the lights in cabarets
Are cynical and cold,
She trades a cheaply perfumed love
For coins of gold.

Langston Hughes.

Belle Mam'selle of Martinique

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1928

Belle Mam'selle of Martinique,
Tell us why your dainty feet
Trip so blithe the Elysées,
How your rainbow turban lies,
Framing eyes of wild surprise,
Archly twinkling as you sway
Down the famous Elysées.

Belle Mam'selle of Martinique,
Do not show improper pique,
Daughter of the tropic shore,
Where the winds and sun restore
Color to the Nordic cheek,—
You are a maiden, quite unique,
Petite girl of Martinique.

Golden colored nymph are you,
Golden maid, whose eyes are dew,
Golden colors; copper, bronze,
Mango, almond, olive, orange.
Roguish maiden, picturesque,—
You're a human arabesque,—
Sweet coquette, demurely meek,
Belle Mam'selle of Martinique!

John F. Matheus.

Nonchalance

I'll not return to Fortune's wheel,
She is a Jade!
And laughs to scorn the trust I held,
The promises she made:
But pass on down the boulevard
With others—debonaire—
I wonder if it's very hard—
This seeming not to care?

Georgia Douglas Johnson.

Boy

He was somewhat like Ariel
And somewhat like Puck
And somewhat like a gutter boy
Who loves to play in muck.

He had something of Bacchus
And something of Pan
And a way with women
Like a sailor man.

He was straight and slender
And solid with strength
And lovely as a young tree
All his virile length.

He couldn't have been a good man,
All shut up in a cell,
'Cause he'd "rather be a sinner,"
He said,—“and go to hell.”

Langston Hughes.

Jazz

Brown girls that my arms have known,
Old loves and better days
Come back again to trouble me,
Whenever a jazzband plays.

Brown girls I had quite forgot
With love's first pointed flames
Are here again, when the music starts—
I even remember names.

Arna Bontemps.

A Portrait

The
CAROLINA
MAGAZINE

YOU
are like a melody
that comes floating to me
over the quiet of a summer day
when all is calm and
noon-day zephyrs trill along
warmed by the glowing sun,
a ball of gilded fire,
. . . a song.

•••••
May
1928

YOU
are like a garden in the spring
when the buds ache as they
painfully—joyfully—burst the
bonds that held them fast
during winter,
for their arrival is a beautiful thing
and so is the awakening of life
. . . to a maid.

YOU
are spring—
the springtime of life, for
your eyes glow as life's piteous—
joyous—aching—ecstatic secrets
are unfurled to you ;
you live again the same joy,
the same life, that the trees live
and die with them—as they do.

James H. Young.

V. Valhalla—And Dawn

•❖❖❖•

May
1928

Store

Tomorrow!
As a mocking skull,
Come if you will;
Today was mine,
And in its shine
I did distill
Full meed of joy
All fadeless, pure,
Through life's bleak changes to endure:
And as I thread the dim-lit way
Festooned by sorrow,
I bear the smile of yesterday
Into tomorrow!

Georgia Douglas Johnson.

A Prayer

Lord, keep my soul from bitterness and sting,
My heart from searing scorch and crushing blight;
I would not, by my gloom, obscure the light
Which might illumine rocks where others cling.
Far better, Lord, my eager hands should bring
Some little gift with my heart's blood a-dight,
To this great good. Ere I shall merge in night,
Let me not grovel, Lord, aloft, I'd sing.

For those who stand with twisted fear-clenched hands,
And heart's red chalice brimming full of hate,
See life's gold gates swing open far too late,
And peace go streaming by with hurried stare.
Far better 'twere to face the hoarse-voiced crowd,
And hoist love's guidon in the turgid air.

Alice Dunbar-Nelson.

Contemplation

The
CAROLINA
MAGAZINE

The happy woman never cares
For flaming tournaments.
She wears
A fine contentment, and her hours
Are fragrant,
Like sequestered flowers
Far from the fickle, fevered throng.
Her seasons glide to inward song;
Her lips are never firmly prest
O'er still-born longings unexpressed.

..❖❖❖..

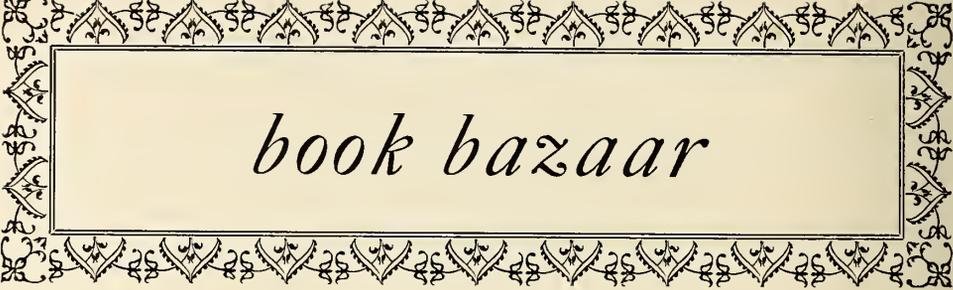
May
1928

Georgia Douglas Johnson.

Lament

I draw the purple folds of iniquity about me
And lay me down in the golden shadow of His Word
As upon a couch of many cushions. . . .
And the vanity of my heart
Is as gall upon my lips.
Yet is my sinfulness before me
Even as the vision of my looking. . . .
And though I humble my voice to pour forth
Praise and thanksgiving into His Presence,
Yet do my feet hunger for the paths of wrongdoing. . . .
And my fingers for the softness of evil. . . .
And I am like the black stone
That is neither fuel nor rock,
Anxious to add glowing to the burning Fire,
Yet made to feel the rushing of cool waters over its darkness. . . .
And I am like the bird born with cripple wing
Longing to fly . . . yet knowing only the pulling of lush grasses
At its foot. . . .
And there is no contentment in me—
Neither in the ways of wrongdoing
Nor in the sanctity of Righteousness. . . .

Donald Jeffrey Hayes.



book bazaar

Black Bards and Sable Songs

CAROLING DUSK, AN ANTHOLOGY OF VERSE BY NEGRO POETS. Edited by Countee Cullen. Harper and Bros., New York and London. \$2.50.

"If you wish to know a people go to their art." If you wish to put your finger on the pulse of the New Negro in poetry, go to Countee Cullen's Anthology of Verse by Negro Poets, *Caroling Dusk*. In this anthology Cullen has selected the poems of thirty-eight Negro poets. Prefacing each group of poems is an interesting sketch revealing all that the poet deems "necessary and discreet for the public to know" about him or her. Cullen begins with that unique figure in American letters, Paul Lawrence Dunbar, and ends with the charming verses of nine-year-old Lula Weeden, who, as yet, is entirely unconscious of her race.

Although Dunbar died in 1906, he was a New Negro. Achieving fame because of his dialect poems, Dunbar grieved that white America would not recognize him as a poet, when he wrote in the conventional forms of the English tradition. He realized then, as the New Negro does now, that in the field of literature the American Negro has fallen heir to the English tradition. The Negro is not atavistic, but expresses himself in the language and forms which are common to American civilization. For this reason, there are very few poems in *Caroling Dusk* written in dialect, which is entirely foreign to most of the New Negro writers.

Several poems, such as James Weldon Johnson's magnificent sermon, "The Creation," Helene Johnson's "Bottled" or "Poem," and Langston Hughes' "Mother to Son," are written in the idiom of the Negroes whom they represent. But, this is quite a different thing from dialect. These poets have done what Lady Gregory and John Millington Synge have done in Irish literature by their use of the Irish idiom. Johnson's poem "The Creation" is strikingly beautiful, because of the absolute consonance of subject matter and the way in which it is presented. Consider for a moment the opening lines of this poem—

And God stepped out on space,
And he looked around and said,
"I'm lonely—
I'll make me a world."

And far as the eye of God could see
Darkness covered everything,
Blacker than a hundred midnights
Down in a cypress swamp.

James Weldon Johnson has caught the fervent spirit, the idiom, and the rhythm of the utterance of the Negro preacher and welded them by his genius into a living poem.

Johnson is typical of the versatility of the New Negro poet. He tries something new, but at the same time he can turn a perfect Italian sonnet. Braithwaite, Cullen, McKay, and others, are truly representative of the classic English forms. Jessie Fauset, with her American and French university training, writes in the English or French tradition according to her whim. Langston Hughes, Frank Horne, and Waring Cuney, aside from the conventional forms, revel in *vers libre*. There are not enough English forms to satisfy Lewis Alexander, for having tried them he turns to two very interesting Japanese forms, the *hokku* and the *tanka*. These forms are characterized by that simplicity and grace that are attributes of all Japanese art.

Here is a *hokku*—

Death is not cruel
From what I have seen of life;
Nothing else remains.

And, here a *tanka*—

Could I but retrace
The winding stairs fate built me.
They fell from my feet.
Now I stand on the high round.
Down beneath height, above depth—

Ulysses says in the palace of Alcinous, "By all mortal men bards are allotted honor and respect, because, indeed, the Muse has taught them songs and loves the tribe of singers." Surely the Muse loves the tribe of singers in *Caroling Dusk*. The New Negro sings of all things for all men. There is the agonized cry of oppressed people in the "Litany of Atlanta" by DuBois, a wish that lies close to the heart of a woman in Georgia Douglas Johnson's "I Want to Die While You Love Me," verses to delight the heart of a child, and all who have imagination, in such poems as "Sky Pictures," or "The Quilt," by Effie Newsome.

There are poems both bold and delicate, like the etching of slender leaves against a bright sky; for instance, "I Weep" by Angelina Grimke, and "A Tree Design" by Arna Bontemps. Then we come upon lines that thrill with their sheer beauty of music, and upon such as these from Cullen's "To John Keats, At Springtime"—

"John Keats is dead," they say, but I
Who hear your full insistent cry
In bud and blossom, leaf and tree,
Know John Keats still writes poetry.
And while my head is earthward bowed
To read new life sprung from your shroud,
Folks seeing me must think it strange
That merely spring should so derange
My mind. They do not know that you,
John Keats, keep revel with me too.

As I read the many poems in *Caroling Dusk*, so widely varied in form and spirit I felt the unmistakable urge of the New Negro poet toward beauty. He does not

write certain poems because he is a Negro, but because he must sing, expressing his individuality, his reactions to life as he sees it.

He sees God's finger writing on the wall.
With soul awakened, wise and strong he stands,
Holding his destiny within his hands.

Nellie R. Bright.



A Black Wanderer, Women—and the Blues

RAINBOW ROUND MY SHOULDER: THE BLUE TRAIL OF BLACK ULYSSES. By Howard W. Odum. The Bobbs-Merrill Company, Indianapolis. 325 pp. \$3.00.

The glorious lure of the Open Road,—the tantalizing insistence of ever-beckoning mirages,—the lifelong chase of the vanishing gleam,—vagrant feet and the wanderlust,—picaresque vagabond roving, loving, fighting, laughing, bent on an ever-fleeing, ever-fading, Grail,—how often that theme has thrilled men. Greeks loved it when Homer sang of it; Romans hung upon the words of Vergil as he gave his version of it; Marco Polo felt it,—and followed it to far Cathay; there is more than a touch of the old motif in Dumas and the swashbuckling “cloak and sword” romances; Barrow and the picaresque novels carried on the old tradition. Today the theme is a heritage handed down to every “popular” novelist. But—out of the ash-can of conventionalism and the trash-heap of bookish romanticism, Dr. Odum has brought us a new Ulysses, a black arab of the box-cars, a swarthy nomad of the construction camps, who goes fighting, toiling, road-hustling, gambling, cheating, shooting, and loving, from job to job, mood to mood, town to town, woman to woman,—always with his “Twelve String Laura” and his songs,—so many that “take me 'til tomorrow night to count 'em.”

Left-Wing Gordon, wanderer in “fohty” states has worked at dozens of jobs—“helper in maloominum plant,” porter, waiter, janitor, bellboy, worker in steel mills, farmhand, driver, worker in lumber camps, chain gangs, and construction crews. From his colorful life he tells us his own story, the autobiography of a negro rounder, in a dialect that rings true with its rich idiom and familiar colloquialism. Childhood. Bright, mischievous, and troublesome boy. Cruel, “sorry,” mulatto father. Ambitious, genial, kind-hearted “fine lady”—his mother. Domestic fights. Killing of his father by his mother. Youth—and emergent wanderlust. A black boy on the road, swinging in his wanderings in ever-widening circles, farther and farther from home, until he has encompassed the United States. Joreein' his comrades. Or breakin' up jamborees. Deceiving and loving, moaning for and gambling for, his women. Drinking until he is “half high as a Georgia pine.” Or recalling comrades, rounders, bad men and bosses, their characters and exploits. It is a hopeless task to attempt to concentrate this negro, with his moments of despondency and nostalgia, his moods of hopefulness and life of futility, his periods of wistful, naïve meditation and “times when” he feels his “Hell arisin’,” into the small confines of a paragraph.

Dr. Odum has given us a vivid picture of an individual, meanwhile remaining true to the “type” which that individual represents. It is a case study revealed

with the veracity of the able sociologist; it is a psycho-analysis of a negro rounder; it is a life story told with consummate mastery in the negro's own idiom, which has a freshness and raciness all its own. It is realism done in base-relief; it is realism that does not need the bolstering of a poetic style to make it artistic. *Man's Quest for Social Guidance* and *Negro Workaday Songs* have proved Dr. Odum to be an excellent sociologist; *Rainbow Round My Shoulder* demonstrates that he is also a literary artist.

The book has been enthusiastically received in reading circles; Book-of-the-Month Club gave it honorable mention. Left-Wing Gordon does not work on this campus, several commentators and reviewers to the contrary; he is a composite character. However, his "creator" does work here,—work is the right word, for Dr. Odum, head of our sociology department and editor of "The Journal of Social Forces," is nothing if not a man who is constantly startling those about him by his inexhaustable energy and boundless versatility. But—why run on in this vein? All of us here know Dr. Odum; he was introduced to the readers of this magazine several months ago as "Boswell Black." Too, readers of this magazine met Left-Wing Gordon long before the world at large had met him. "Blue Jim and Black Buzzard" by "Boswell Black" in the January issue is Chapter XV of *Rainbow Round My Shoulder*.

Dr. Odum is no doubt too busy to feel any particular pride in his achievement, but we take pleasure in shouting to him our congratulations—as he hurries on his way.

D. S. G.

The Pasture

“BULL”

“The Negro Problem” we call it, spell it with capitals, and speak of it in whispers or when we are sure no negroes are near. “The New Negro” is a term bandied about in higher circles; there is no “New Negro” any more than there is a “New South.” The so-called “New Negro” is simply the intelligent negro given a chance to learn, to think, to express himself, and to do. Back of the “Problem” there lies a tangled mass of economics dealing with the necessity of cheap and non-competitive labor, of psychology dealing with the master-slave relation, racial domination on one hand and traditional racial subjection on the other, or sociology dealing with “the alien menial in our midst.” The Nordic Blonde in the purest Anglo-Saxon state (largely “pure” because there has not until recently been anything here attractive to Jews and foreign elements) in the year of our Lord 1928 finds it difficult to recognize merit in the son of the African Brunette who was arrested in 1860 for the vicious offense of being “out of the plantation after nine o’clock at night without the master’s written permission.”

If you would read the horoscope of a people look not at the stars, but at its by-words and shibboleths. “Keep the negro in his place,” “White supremacy,” “the Unwritten Law,” and “the Black Peril,”—phrases coined in the terror-stricken aftermath of the Great National Blunder, when men desperately clung to the vanishing remnants of all that they held dear, phrases which have taken root in the hills, phrases which, throttling the lives of swarthy men of talent, have forced those men northward. Back of these phrases there are attitudes, *mores*, and traditions. Stevenson knew it when he said, “Man does not live by bread alone, but—largely by slogans.” In the south we have not forgotten these slogans after three generations; how many years will it take to penetrate the *mores* and substitute for race-prejudice a sense of fair-play and a doctrine of free competition, which will remove the traditional, artificial restrictions from the negro? This is merely a request that the equality so magnanimously granted by the Constitution (and so thoroughly withheld by us, “for reasons of public policy,” as the law reports say) be interpreted “most strongly for the grantee” and “most strongly against the grantor,” so that talent wherever it may be will not be driven from the south simply because the pigment of the skin is dark.

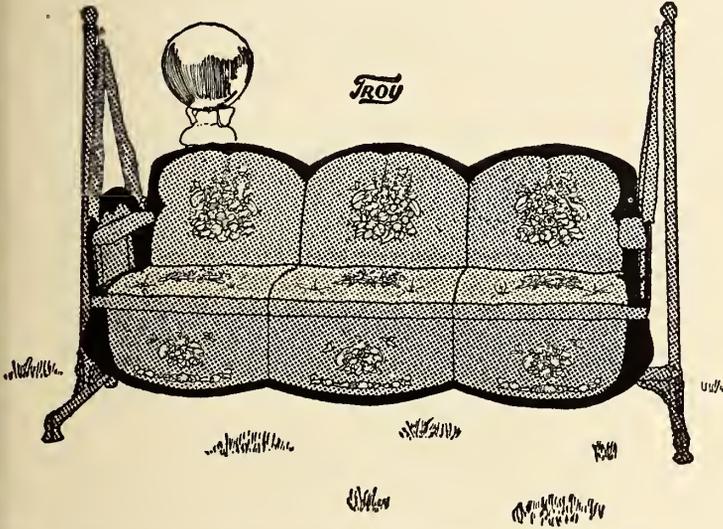
The popular conception is that negroes have superior musical talents; recent, extensive psychological tests have blown this fallacy to atoms. Negroes generally sing (and pick banjos and guitars) better than white people simply because that is a field in which they have met no white competition and, therefore, no restrictions. White people encouraged them, for their music was pleasant to hear,—and they worked better when happy. The negroes poured their wishful thinking into their songs,—their sorrows, their joys, and their simple dreams reached the world only when softened and concealed by melody. So with their discontents and their unrest,—when they ever became known to the world. Now, many are receiving excellent educations, and—naturally enough—they move from music to poetry. Sidney Lanier’s dream of correlating music and poetry may yet be fulfilled by that lyric race which has given us the melodious chant of the spirituals, the expressive rhythm of jazz, and the gentle intensity of the blues. It is to this development that this issue is given. Negro poetry written by negro poets and interpreted by a negro scholar and a negro educator,—and you have this issue.

Here on the printed page where mind meets mind without the personality conflict which would take place should the negro appear before us individually, the negro is, perhaps, presented in his finest aspect. The author is distant; only the products of his mind are laid before us, are they any less beautiful because they are at times flecked with ebon tints?

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Contributors

- DR. ALAIN LOCKE, professor of philosophy at Howard University, received his Ph.D. from Harvard after having spent three years at Oxford as Pennsylvania Rhodes scholar. He is a Phi Beta Kappa man, author of *Race Contacts and Inter-Racial Relations* and editor of *The New Negro*, published three years ago. He taught "The Negro in American Literature" last quarter at Fisk University.
- CHARLES S. JOHNSON, editor of *Opportunity: Journal of Negro Life*, sociologist with numerous studies concerning his race to his credit, and compiler of the recent *Ebony and Topaz*, contributed the leading article to the Negro number last May. He founded *Opportunity*, the ablest Negro journal in America.
- LANGSTON HUGHES, poet laureate of the blues, is the son of a school teacher and a lawyer, and a great nephew of the Negro Senator, John M. Langston. He learned Spanish while teaching in Mexico, and French as a doorman in a Montmartre cabaret. He was a bus boy in Washington when Vachel Lindsey discovered him. At twenty-six he is author of two volumes of verse.
- COUNTEE CULLEN, twenty-five year old Assistant Editor of *Opportunity* and author of three volumes of verse, is a Phi Beta Kappa man from New York University and a Master of Arts from Harvard.
- LEWIS ALEXANDER, who acted for a season on Broadway and is now directing two Little Theater groups, assisted in the editing of the Negro Number of the CAROLINA MAGAZINE last May.
- ALLAN R. FREELON, the artist represented here, is a teacher of art in the Philadelphia Public Schools and a winner of several art prizes given by *Crisis* and *Opportunity*.
- NELLIE R. BRIGHT, who here reviews Cullen's anthology, is a poetess with a University of Pennsylvania training. She, too, is an art teacher in the Philadelphia Public Schools.
- MAE V. COWDERY, now of New York, won the Amy Spingarn Poetry Prize awarded by *Crisis* last year.
- CARRIE W. CLIFFORD, author of *The Widening Light* and president of The Literature Lovers of Washington, D. C., still finds time to be a good wife and loving mother.
- GEORGIA DOUGLAS JOHNSON, the foremost Negro poetess, has three volumes of verse—*Heart of a Woman*, *Bronze*, and *An Autumn Love Cycle*—and a prize-winning play—*Plumes*—to her credit.
- ANGELINA WELD GRIMKE, graduate of the Boston Normal School of Gymnastics, is a school teacher at Washington, D. C.
- JOHN F. MATHEUS, professor of Romance Languages,—former student at the University of Paris—has an A.B. *cum laude* from Western Reserve University and an M.A. from Columbia.
- JESSIE FAUSET, a minister's daughter, with an A.B. and a Phi Beta Kappa key from Cornell and a M.A. from the University of Pennsylvania, is the author of *There is Confusion*, and a teacher of French in New York.
- ALICE DUNBAR NELSON, widow of Paul Laurence Dunbar, received her higher education at the University of Pennsylvania, Cornell, and the School of Industrial Art. She has published five volumes.
- STERLING A. BROWN, another Phi Beta Kappa man, and a Harvard Master of Arts, is professor of Literature at Lincoln University, Missouri.
- ARNA BONTEMPS, son of a brick mason, began teaching school after receiving his A.B. degree at the age of twenty years. He is now twenty-four.
- DONALD J. HAYES, twenty-four, was born in Raleigh, N. C. He received debating and scholastic honors in northern high schools.
- WARING CUNEY, like Hayes, is studying voice. While at Lincoln University he sang in the Glee Club and contributed to a number of magazines. He is twenty-two years old.
- EDWARD S. SILVERA is the same age. He is a Junior at Lincoln University, a member of the varsity basketball and tennis teams,—and a member of Kappa Alpha Psi fraternity.

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VOLUME 58

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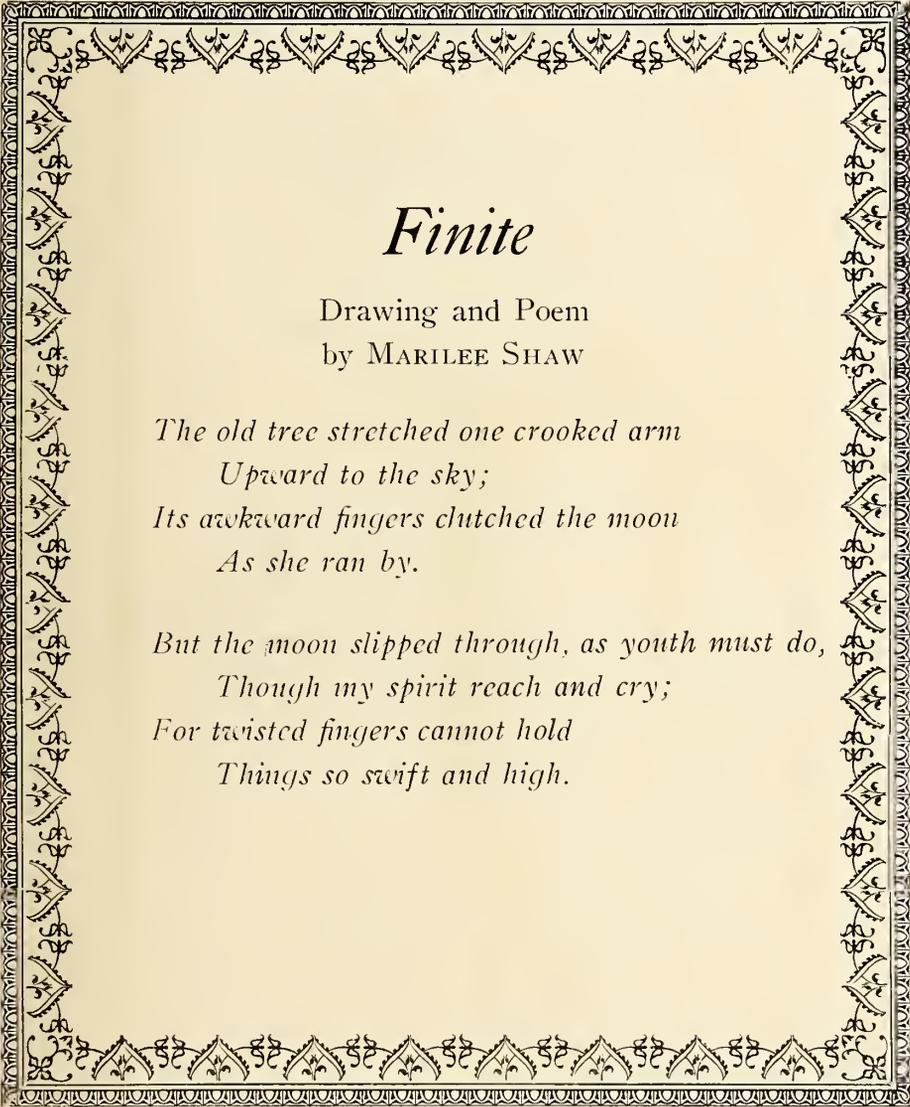
NUMBER 8

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TWO POEMS	Shepperd Strudwick, Jr.
BOOK BAZAAR	

Entered as second-class matter at the Postoffice at Chapel Hill, N. C., October 1, 1927.
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Finite

Drawing and Poem
by MARILEE SHAW

*The old tree stretched one crooked arm
Upward to the sky;
Its awkward fingers clutched the moon
As she ran by.*

*But the moon slipped through, as youth must do,
Though my spirit reach and cry;
For twisted fingers cannot hold
Things so swift and high.*



Farewell

We go to press for the last time,—just as fifty-seven other editors have done before us, just as Samuel Field Phillips did sixteen years before the Civil War, just as Zebulon B. Vance did a few years later, just as Pell, Rondthaler, and Alderman, just as Hughes and Green, just as Stacey, just as others—forgotten now—in those distant days of yesteryear, went to press for the last time. The first editor went out into the world, later to become Solicitor-General of the United States, Vance looms large in our history as “North Carolina’s War Governor,” Pell, Rondthaler, and Alderman became college presidents (Converse, Salem, and the University of Virginia), Hughes and Green became nationally famous playwrights, and Stacey became chief justice of the North Carolina Supreme Court.

Back of this magazine there is a glorious tradition. Fifty years older than any other campus publication here, among its contributors one finds names long since covered with glory—several governors, two secretaries of the navy, an attorney general of the United States, a number of judges, and college professors galore. There is a writing tradition here, though the writers have always been few in number. The first issue eighty-four years ago was made up of material by students, articles from the faculty—and “New York News”, padding thrown in by the Raleigh printer. Throughout its history the Magazine has been actively supported by only a strong minority; for years the literary societies alone kept it alive. But—since 1922 it has seen its strongest years; much of the material written by students could have been sold to professional publications. However, it is doing little more than carrying on the tradition; last year with professional material and this year with student material it was outclassed by the Duke Archive, which relies upon professional writers for its best copy. With a handful of capable, new, student writers here at Carolina next year Editor Marshall can easily surpass the pseudo-professional Archive, which was recently chosen as the best college magazine in the state. Our faculty of one hundred and seventy-five has half a dozen nationally known writers; can not we from a student body of twenty-seven hundred produce a dozen men who can write creditably and acceptably for an undergraduate magazine?

The last sheet of copy has been read, the last galley checked for errors, the dummy has been made up, the Bull leaves the Pasture and wanders out upon the more sterile slopes of the world. Au revoir. Adios. Vale. Farewell.

THE EDITOR.





THE CAROLINA MAGAZINE



VOLUME 58

NUMBER 8

Friday Night

by JOSEPH MITCHELL

I. Eleven O'Clock

I WAS pretty drunk, wobbling up the slippery stairs, grey marble stairs of the best hotel, hotel named after a big man, one of the big boys. I stumbled up the stairs and went into the coffee shop, and ordered a sardine sandwich because I always order a sardine sandwich when I get drunk and go into a coffee shop. I ate the sandwich and ordered another sandwich. Couldn't get a hamburger sandwich like I wanted. So I ordered an egg sandwich with a slice of onion on it. The waiter brought it and I had my head down on the marble counter almost asleep. He said, "Here's yuh egg sandwich, mistah." I said, "Yeh, has it got an onion on it. Has my egg sandwich got an onion on it? Because I don't want it if it hasn't got an onion on it." He said, "Yeh," and all the time I was fingering the sandwich and it did have an onion on it. A good sliced onion. He brought me a glass of water and left me alone, and I ate the sandwich and drank the water. I went up to the counter with cigars in it, fine looking cigars, and there was a girl there. She seemed to be a nice enough girl, but a little fat, and she had to work pretty late, and she knew damned well she was prettier than most of the women that came in to eat with the big boys, and she wondered why she was behind the counter, and the other women standing at the door waiting while the men paid the checks. She saw me coming up, and

she said, "Pretty rough weather outside tonight, isn't it?" I said, "Yes, it's pretty rough rain, dreary weather, raining in a man's face, makes a man lonesome, in the springtime, too."

"Yeh," she said, "it's pretty lonesome in here too."

I said yes, and I bought a cigar, a good two-for-twenty-five cents cigar and I pulled the damned band off of it. When I picked up the cigar she gave me a book of matches and held a light for me.

She said, "You look like a pretty nice boy. Whatcha wanta get drunk for?"

I said, "It's springtime. Have to get drunk in the springtime."

She said, "Yes, maybe that's it. I'm aching for it too. Never have been drunk much though. Maybe that's what's makin' me restless in here. Maybe it's springtime, and that dam' weather outside." She spoke to a man who came in grinning with his coat collar pulled up around his blue jaws, his grey jaws.

I said, "I got most of a pint in my pocket. Wanta get drunk and talk and listen to it rain. It's springtime?"

She said, "No, I gotta go home tonight. Can't get drunk tonight, sugar. You're a nice boy, but I gotta go home to my mother tonight. Wish I could go with you but I gotta go home to my mother. Boy friend calling for me at one."

I said, "Good night, child. Wish you could come with me." My cigar was out.

She said, "Be good, sugar."

And then she yelled as I reached the door, "You're leavin' your hat, big boy."

II. *Three Hours Later*

Po' little girl. Bought three pints of corn liquor from a little girl, a little nigger girl in Haiti, in Durham, big tobacco town. The house in a bad street on a dismal day. We drove up in front of the place and parked two houses down and while the woman waited I got out and walked up in front. Thin little boy, in a brown sweater, with sad eyes, standing in front. I said, "Your daddy in, bo?" He said, "No mistuh. Ain't in. Been away all day. Don' know wheah he is. What you want?" I said, "Is your mother here?" He said, "Yessuh." I said all right and walked up the muddy walk leading to the side door. I walked up and knocked on the door. A little girl came up with mean eyes, sensual eyes. She said, "Howdy." I said, "I wanta see yo'



mother." She pulled up the latch, the rusty latch, and I walked in. A melancholy day with the rain drizzling in faces and coating overcoats with fine drops. My hair was curly with the rain. The little girl certainly had the blues. She opened the inner door and led me down the hallway, dismal hallway, with a picture hanging on the wall, Ocean View at Night. Picture probably bought in some seacoast town named Ocean View where the old man and old woman visited maybe when they had so much money they couldn't be still. Niggers get fidgety with too much money. Had too much money. I walked down the hall. Old lady said, "How much you want? Got any bottles to put it in? Mus' charge you ten cents extra then for the bottles." I said, "All right. I want three pints of corn liquor." She said all right, and the little girl went out to pour it. I pulled out a five dollar bill. Old lady hated like hell to change it. Wanted to sell me five pints. I didn't want to buy five pints. I could get drunk with two pints and less. With one pint, but the woman was in the car waiting and she couldn't get along with less than a pint. Nice girl waiting for me. Had a car. Rode me around. Loaned me her car. Name was Mary Elizabeth. From Louisiana. Had a husband down there. Sympathized with him when he came back from Germany with a leg shot off. Fine face and the girls liked him. So she fell in love with him and she supported him for awhile. Got bitter as hell waiting on the bastard and left him. Got a divorce. Made her mad to talk about it. And we went to Raleigh and I went into the post office and called for her mail. Any mail for Miss Mary Elizabeth Cartier? Yes, three letters and a package sign for the package. I signed my name for the package in Raleigh, North Carolina, a funny thing. Yes, a funny thing, bygod. She took me back to Durham. Now in front of a typewriter in a damned morning newspaper office trying to keep halfway sober, and I say the road is pretty, driving like hell with the woman driving drunk. So drunk she couldn't get out and go into the postoffice when we got to Raleigh. But she could drive a car with another pint gone. The road was pretty and she was drinking and holding the bottle high up in the air with the car hitting it at fifty-five and sometimes sixty. And both of us half full of liquor, and she driving like mad to get back to Durham in time to intercept a telegram. Laughed about it like a wild woman, but wanted to get back in time to cut it off. Important telegram. Had to get it fixed up before she went to the hotel. But



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little girl in bootlegger's home was pitiful as could be. I swear she was pitiful as hell. Had mean eyes. Her mother, a pale-skinned old lady, had been selling her to white men who came out to buy liquor and then watched the little negro girl swinging down the dirty hall. But the little nigger girl probably liked it as much as they did. Probably more because she was young. In a newspaper office there is more damned noise than any where else in the world. The woman who had the car and got drunk with me worked in a newspaper office. Fine woman. Came from New Orleans, Louisiana. Bought the corn liquor from a little nigger girl in a ramshackle house in nigger town. With the niggers walking by on the streets, damned dismal looking, sad, misty eyed, like they didn't have a friend in the world and didn't want one either. On the corner was a blind man tooting a horn like he hated it, like he was mad with it. He was begging so he could buy some liquor for Sunday. Bad looking street. A big train going by like a bat out of hell, and the gates at the rail-road crossing eased down so cars couldn't cross the tracks, and when the train passed by the gates shot up again. Wonder about philosophy. Got to think about something or I'll go to sleep. Mean eyes, and hips too large too, for that matter, for her age. Wonder what philosophy niggers have on dreary days. Probably jungle philosophy. Best philosophy. In a damned morning newspaper office. Been driving across North Carolina fields on a paved road drunk. Remember saying when we passed some men with tow sacks on their backs that the country looked like Russia. Never been to Russia. Like to go to Petrograd. Gloomy country. Been raining all day and the swamp-creeks are rising. Pretty and not so pretty either. Old nigger woman, not so old, bought liquor from her, had little bumps on her arms, on her elbows. Probably had something wrong with her. When we got to town took one corner on two wheels and grazed the side of a bread truck. Kept on taking corners on two wheels. Best way to go around a corner is on two wheels.

The Law

by HENRY BRANDIS, JR.

The
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EVER since the first awakening of legal consciousness man has striven to arrive at a definition of the law. The best of our legal talent has turned itself assiduously to the task; the most eminent of our jurists have utilized the fullness of their capacities in vain attempts to encompass the law within a set form of words. Yet apparently they have devoted their energies to the realization of an impossibility. For the law, like religion and liberty and beauty, is a hydra-headed, nebulous, all-pervasive thing, defying definition. Any attempt to define merely draws a few drops from an inexhaustible well. Say the lips of a woman are beauty and the words of a judge are law, and you have—merely an epigram. No statement is so general, none so particular, none so erudite, none so meticulous, as to gather within itself the wisdom and folly, the faith and superstition, the learning and illiteracy, the logic and fiction, which have gone into the making of the law.

Law, if you please, is a system of hammer-headed logic which the giants of bench and bar have grasped willingly, pounding in rivet after rivet in a laudable attempt to construct a symmetrical pedestal for the goddess of the bandaged eyes. Yet there are always little angles of imperfection in the structure, always little crevices of exception between the lathes. And the goddess must forever rock unsteadily in the winds of changing circumstance while the process of renovation is subjecting her pedestal to the disorders of spring-cleaning. And always must she be the target for the cabbages of ignorance and anarchy.

Law, if you please, has always existed, and the gray-haired Columbus on the bench merely discovers that portion of it which is applicable to the case at bar. Law is a deity, the alpha and omega of justice and truth. No doubts may arise over the obscurity of its origin, for it had no origin. Behind the veil of the past it stretches away forever, and beyond the hovering doubts of the future its never-changing, immutable existence is just as sure. And yet, in an age of scofflaw and cynicism and agnostic philosophy such law is unimpressive, worthless.

Law, if you please, is a man-made thing, the creature of legislator and judge, the servant of sovereignty. Development to perfection is the *summum bonum* of its students and administrators; the end to be obtained is a blissful state of social welfare. Presumably, somewhere back in the dim vista of antiquity, in the dawn of legal-mindedness, wise men followed the star of justice to the birth of the law. Hermit and husbandmen, potentate and pilgrim contributed to the trials and triumphs of its infancy. It has been nurtured on the milk of human kindness and strengthened on the raw meat of reality. It has been tutored by sage and seer and perverted by ambition and tyranny. And now, no longer a fledgling, it stands before us, a susceptible colossus. Its power defies calculation, but it has not the faculty of consciousness; it lacks a mind of its own. Around it is gathered its little band of counselors, ever-mindful of the past, ever-timorous of the future, carefully seeking to direct its trend. The counselors point a deliberate finger and as the finger points so points the law, irrespective of whether the direction be backward or forward. Yet, if man claims parenthood to the law, to what may he attribute the mystery and majesty in which his offspring must be clothed in order to command the popular reverence?

Concepts sponsored by all these theories have been utilized by the legal alchemists in the process of creation and justification of the law as we know it—a law in which doctrine has been pyramided upon doctrine until the whole has become, at the same time, a staggering achievement and a geometrical absurdity. And, as a by-product of this process of creation, has arisen the conception that men must approach the study of the law with an attitude defined and fashioned by moulds of tradition. For law is a jealous mistress, grinding the rough edges from the minds of her suitors and rounding them into the smooth surface of a smug conservatism, pounding their pleasantly addled brains into the symmetrical cant of legal reasoning, shamelessly holding out fiction as fact, demanding that they believe and respect, defining narrow and concise limits for the range of their vocabularies. The strong survive and emerge the stronger, but many are they who perish in the sea of pedantry.

Law is a demon, perverting the souls of men with Mephistophelian glee, whispering words of hatred and craft and cruelty into the ears of solicitors. For only a demon could make men glory in the number



of convictions obtained and point with the finger of gratified pride to the number of men sentenced to be hanged by the neck until dead. It is a stark game which men play according to the rules of law, a game in which every known artifice is employed by a mind maliciously calculating to play upon the sympathies and prejudices of twelve good men and true. It is only the law which offers a promotion ticket as a reward for the number of broken necks for which a man can claim credit.

Yet law is maternal, gathering into its arms, always in theory and often in fact, the aggrieved and oppressed, the injured and the deceived, the simple and the insane, and giving fair hearing to their pleas for retribution. Law, having been deified, decrees, "Vengeance is mine." And it stands as a wall between *laissez-faire* and the survival of the fittest on the one hand, and humanity on the other. Into the edicts of its juvenile courts has been incorporated a maternal and humane wisdom which stands as a landmark of progress—a landmark which rises in welcome cleanliness above the muck of corruption.

Law is a labyrinth, in the shadowy nooks of which the shrewd and powerful seek shelter unmolested, baffling the mechanical efforts of courts with the glitter of gold and the impersonation of insanity. The courts themselves, struggling but feebly against the rising tide of evasion, have become all too fit subjects for the diatribes of editors and satirists. The drama has found in them a tailor-made subject for portrayal in burlesque or, at best, a convenient setting for creaky and hackneyed melodrama—a melodrama which, with some pretence of justification and authenticity, makes the law a marionnette whose strings are controlled alternately by the chairman of the board of directors and the dictators of the underworld. Meanwhile the law, presumably by way of atonement, turns the spotlight of publicity and adolescent pride upon the arrest of a dusky crap-shooter or the capture of a ten-gallon still.

Practitioners of the law form an overcrowded brotherhood whose criminal code is sentimental distortion for the jury and whose civil creed is utilization of technicalities. No longer a rarity is he who has snaked his way through the barbed wire of law schools and bar examinations to glean from the title of a legitimate profession the spoils of an illegitimate livelihood. But of even more frequent occurrence is he

who has successfully substituted for intelligent research the cringing, self-submersive, smile-and-kiss-the-baby complex.

Law is a collection of anomalies, a ponderous assembly of contradictions under the weight of which many desirable concepts have been submerged. Law has faltered and stumbled and groped its way toward the evolution of chimerical principles, the concepts of which hang always beyond on the horizon of perfection. The principles will never be attained, but the law will not have failed for lack of such an attainment. In so far as it strives to meet the needs of life, and in so far as it proves a workable, even though a faulty, system, it will succeed. And it is a hopeful portent that in the present confusion, when the law is writhing under the scathing lash of just criticism, to a few men has come the realization that the law is neither incontrovertible logic, nor a group of heaven-sent ideals, nor yet the product solely of judges. To these men has come the knowledge that in directing the future evolution of the law man must fashion merely to the best of his abilities, combining in delicate proportions the logical with the practical, the ethical with the utilitarian, and the impulsive with the methodical—striving toward the creation of a body of rules which will not be the law of an hour merely, and which will yet be so nearly perfect that change in the future will not be accomplished either by dictator or by heretic.



Cameron Avenue And Wall Street

by DILLARD S. GARDNER

The
CAROLINA
MAGAZINE

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June
1928

EARLIER this year there appeared in this magazine an article which advanced the idea that college is but an intermezzo, a lull, an entre-act, in the drama of life. We doubted the thesis. Several years ago in an issue of this magazine a Carolina student asked the question, "What becomes of the campus big men?"—and proceeded to answer it from the records.¹ He began ten years back—and found twenty-three presidents of Phi Beta Kappa and twenty football captains. Many of the captains of the football team had sent in no record, —and were forgotten; most of the Phi Beta Kappa presidents were recorded in detail.

Here, briefly, are his findings. Of the captains, two had become professors,—one president of a small college, the other a chemistry professor and the discoverer of two new elements; two had become doctors,—one a member of a large hospital staff, the other a coroner in a North Carolina town; two were lawyers,—one a former assistant attorney-general of North Carolina, and then solicitor of the twentieth judicial district, the other a district judge in Pennsylvania; two had entered insurance, but turned to textiles—one the secretary of an overall manufacturing company, the other an official in a cotton mill; none of the others were recorded, save one,—a minister—the chaplain of the University of the South at Sewanee. Of the Phi Beta Kappa presidents, ten had become teachers,—a professor of English at Northwestern University, a professor of Philosophy at New York University, a professor of Biology at the University of Virginia, a professor of Chemistry at the University of Tennessee Medical School, a professor of History at the University of Virginia, the archivist of the N. C. Historical Commission,—the two others were: Dr. T. J. Wilson, our Registrar, and Dr. Archibald Henderson, head of our Mathematics department; five had become lawyers,—one of them a Circuit Court Judge, John J. Parker, and two of the others had served in the Legislature; three had turned to business,—a president of a creamery, a broker, and an officer of two hosiery mills; one was a minister, a Doctor of Philosophy; one a captain of engineers in the regular army; one an

important under-official in the State Department; one a man of growing prominence, Roy M. Brown, head of the state bureau of institutional supervision, is still in Chapel Hill.

Four of the Phi Beta Kappa presidents were in *Who's Who*; one of the captains, who was also a Phi Beta Kappa man, was listed among America's notables. Some time ago we learned that Daniel Webster, Rufus Choate, James Kent, Joseph Story, Edward Everett, Henry W. Longfellow, James Russell Lowell, James A. Garfield, Chester A. Arthur, Theodore Roosevelt, William H. Taft, Charles E. Hughes, Oscar W. Underwood, Joseph H. Choate, Elihu Root, John D. Rockefeller, Jr., Harry Emerson Fosdick, Dorothy Canfield Fisher, Felix Frankfurter, Rupert Hughes, Howard M. Jones, Alfred Noyes, Elizabeth Madox Roberts, and Henry Van Dyke were all possessors of "the golden key".² We began to wonder whether college is an intermezzo, after all. There seemed to be a close correlation between success in college activities and success in later life. In the face of this we came upon the May issue of *Harper's*.³ The feature article, by the president of American Bell Telephone & Telegraph Company, gives graphs and statistics showing the relation between high scholarship in college and earning power in business. His graphs are vivid, convincing. The curve for the highest ten per cent in scholarship runs increasingly higher and higher above the curve for the first third, which curve in turn runs well above the average earning power curve for college graduates; thirty years after graduation the upper ten per cent were still climbing, then earning 60% higher salaries than the college graduates generally. The lowest third in scholarship ran 20% less than the general average, and were falling steadily thirty years after graduation. The men in the highest ten per cent, he found, have four times the chance of those from the lowest third of the college graduates to reach the class called "high salaried officials." The article is to be recommended; it scientifically and practically explodes a popular fallacy—that high scholarship makes good teachers, but poor business men. One of the little golden keys, it would seem, is worth its weight in platinum, so to speak.

After all, the school curriculum, one's entire education, is just an elaborate mental alertness and abilities test. The college man has already passed through an eleven year grading and selecting; laugh if you will, but we are "chosen" men, not in a biblical sense, nor in the

sense that Madison Grant and Lothrop Stoddard use the word, but in a very definite, psychological sense. Through college the selecting continues—teachers grade us on scholarship, our fellow students select us for honorary and social fraternities, the student body chooses us for offices, the coaches select us for teams; we are selected and chosen for many and varied abilities and elements of personality. Curricula select and identify individuals possessing certain types of mental alertness and patience; they supply the individuals with certain facts and ideas, which are not always, but may be, of use in later life; they give range to the exercise of specific and general abilities. The record of one's education is one of the finest vocational and mental tests imaginable,—many examiners, steady records, long periods observed, definite recorded results, all are happy elements entering into the "test".

Studies in this field are rare,—and none too satisfactory. The particular problem that we are interested in here is this: To what degree does the individual academic record prophecy one's industrial or professional future?

The greatest difficulty in the field is choosing a measure, or standard, of success. We might judge by the obstacles overcome or the sacrifices made, by the income earned or local and contemporary publicity, by public recognition or historical eminence, by the scope of activities or the social usefulness accomplished, by *Who's Who* or success in the professional schools.

Even in high school we can begin to prophecy, roughly, students' future success. The coefficient of correlation of standing in high schools and in the freshman year in college is—.80. Three-fourths of the students who enter the University from high school will maintain throughout the University approximately the same rank which they held in high school.⁴ Thorndike says that "the correlation between an individual's order of subjects for interest and his order for ability is one of the closest of any known—about .90."⁵ Roughly speaking then, what we are interested in we have capacity for doing. Ability and interest are symptoms of each other.

An interesting, though none too thorough, study has been made at Wesleyan University.⁶ The author and the faculty judged the success of the earlier graduates, *Who's Who* was used for the middle period, and three classmates passed on all the recent graduates. The first thirty years of the college produced one hundred "high honor" men;

more than half of them became teachers and professors, twenty became lawyers, nine ministers, six business men, three doctors, three scientists, two journalists, and one an author. For the thirty years following the Civil War exactly one-half of the "high honors" men were listed in *Who's Who*; thirty-two per cent of the Phi Beta Kappa men and ten per cent of the college graduates were so listed. The faculty estimates of the earlier period reached approximately the same conclusions as to percentages. For the more recent years forty per cent of the "high honor" men are in *Who's Who*, and if we add to these one-half of those also chosen by their classmates, we again find fifty per cent achieving high eminence. The "high honor" man, then, has one chance in two, the Phi Beta Kappa man one in three, the college graduate one in ten, of achieving outstanding "success."

President Lowell of Harvard has done a more scholarly piece of work.⁷ He studied not only the honors, but their connection with the subjects studied; his study was confined to the schools of law and of medicine, and it covered twenty, recent, consecutive years. His study is detailed; no more than a few of the conclusions can be given here. He found that those studying ("majoring in") Language, Literature, Fine Arts, and Music did as well in law as those who studied History, Economics, and Government, and that, after the first year, in medicine the Arts students did equally as well as the Natural Science students (in fact, the Arts students were three per cent higher). In comparing A.B. honor graduates with the professional graduates, he found concerning Law that a graduate of the school of Liberal Arts going into the Law School had three chances out of five of getting a degree *cum laude*, if he had an A.B. *summa cum laude*, two in five if an A.B. *magna cum laude*, one in five if *cum laude*, one in twenty if a plain A.B. In Medicine he found that the chances were one to one if *summa cum laude*, four to five if *magna cum laude*, three to four if *cum laude*, and three to ten if nothing, was appended to the A.B. diploma. His conclusions were that it matters little what you study; it matters a great deal what rank you have in scholarship. The markedly better scholars in Law and in Medicine, he found, were exceptionally good scholars in preparatory schools and in college. "The boy is indeed," he summarized "the father of the man."

The most recent study in this field was reported last year.⁸ It is a study of the alumni records of a large university and covers the gradu-

ates over a period of forty-five years, the most recent class having graduated fifteen years ago. Of ten consecutive years taken at random 93 students were "honor" men in scholarship; the same years showed 97 worthy, successful, or eminent men as found by the Committee: *the two lists contained 87 names in common.* Of eight other classes forty had the highest college marks; 27 of these were in *Who's Who*; in the same classes out of all of the students remaining only three were in *Who's Who*.

We close with a quotation from the extremely interesting, and exceptionally well written, article just referred to:

If a student belongs to the highest tenth of his class, in general to the group marked "excellent", his chances of achieving a career in life distinguished by the approval of his fellow men are forty times as great as they are, on the average, if he belongs to the lower nine-tenths; and further, the probabilities of his name being found in lists, like *Who's Who* will be fifty times as great. Is there another test in a young man's life that affords as certain a prophecy of the future as his four years' college record?

NOTES

¹ "What Becomes of the Campus Big Men". Henry R. Fuller, *Carolina Magazine*, March, 1924.

² *The Phi Beta Kappa Key*, Vol. VI, No. 11.

³ "Does Business Want Scholars". W. S. Gifford, *Harper's Monthly*, May, 1928.

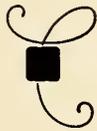
⁴ "The Relative Standing of Pupils in High School and in the University". W. F. Dearborn, *University of Wisconsin Bulletin* 312.

⁵ *Vocational Psychology*. Hollingsworth quoting Thorndike at page 191.

⁶ "Success in College and After". F. W. Nicholson, *School and Society*, August 14, 1915.

⁷ "College Studies and the Professional School". A. Lawrence Lowell, *Harvard Graduate Magazine*, December, 1910.

⁸ "College Records and Success in Life". Hugh A. Smith, *The Phi Beta Kappa Key*, Vol. VI, No. 10, page 614.



Trivia

by PETER GRAY
(After Dorothy Parker)

PATTER

Lovers walk out in the rain
Then come in the house again.
Rain is wet with no umbrella;
Life is stale without a fellow.

VERSATILITY

I'm not so great as I appear;
I talk and make a lot of noise,
I say just what I will and what I won't
Take from the boys.

But when my stock is getting low
Don't think I'm very good and dumb;
I change requirements in a wink and take
Them as they come.

LULLABY

I'm tired of sitting in this chair,
Of seeing by this taper;
I'm shamed of scrawling words half-fair
Upon this perfect paper.

APOLOGY

I'm not kidding you, it was real;
I wanted to see you, I thought I'd die.
I'm sorry I rolled all over your floor,
But, darling, you know I was high.

LADY SHYLOCK

I'm getting old, I'm getting thin,
What's more I'm gray and weary;
No, I'm not dead for lack of love.
I'm worn out by my dearie.

I'm compromised, the ladies say
Their net is drawing tighter,
And though I stare defiance yet
My figure's ten pounds slighter.

But let the jewelled cats me-ow,
They're stupid as they're fresh,—
They do not know my lover pays
For every pound of flesh.

AFFINITIES

We haven't been together much,
You've called but twice,
And yet I know by instinct that
You're rather nice.

I think you take your coffee black,
Your cocktails *sec*,
I like the way you comb your hair,—
Don't bite my neck!

RESOLUTION

I've had a lovely holiday;
I've got a string of coral,
Now I must settle down again,
Again be moral.

—*Peter Gray.*



Shades Of Macauley

by QUIZMASTER

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June
1928

SHOULD an aspirant for a quizmastership in History seek my advice regarding a course of preparation I should unhesitatingly begin with the suggestion that he travel to the Orient and take a thorough course in mind reading. He will need it. The average freshman seems to have the idea that that allwise being, the quizmaster, can read between the lines, even when there are no lines. A few words, perfectly intelligible to himself, are made to do the duty of several sentences; he seems to think that the man who grades the paper should be able to interpret, and expand, them *ad infinitum*, and reach the same sum and substance as himself, even though there are no guide posts to point the general direction that that expansion is to follow. A bare statement that Charles V loved the Netherlands whereas Philip II did not, is often considered ample discussion of the causes of the revolt of those provinces. It is ample discussion of the "Results and significance of the Glorious Revolution of 1688" to say "The Commonwealth came after the Glorious Revolution and the beheading of Charles I." "The Fronde was a game played by the street children of Paris" is all that the Freshman can be expected to know of what was the last attempt, for a century, to resist the development of absolutism in France—or at least to judge by many papers handed in, that is all one can expect—from Freshmen.

When one considers that internal punctuation marks are an almost unheard of luxury, legible chirography almost unknown, and a subject and predicate, in agreement, if present at all in the same sentence, a complete waste of time and energy, is it any wonder that a course in clairvoyance is suggested?

Secondly, I should advise a sharpening of the sense of humor, and practice in facial control to such an extent that the mask will never slip at the most absurd question or request. An example of the latter need may be found in a question I was once asked.

There was a certain Freshman who wrote a most atrocious hand; I had appended a note to the effect that his "chirography" needed improvement. Instead of consulting a dictionary the man came to me to

inquire whether I thought he should report to the infirmary and get Dr. Ab to see what was wrong with his "chirography".

The following are gems that have been culled from History papers that have come to my notice in the past three years. All but one or two of them are from papers that were the work of students at this Institution of Enlightenment; the others are actual answers that have come to my knowledge.

The orthography of the average Freshman is appalling—of course none are expected to spell Parliament correctly until they have caused much weeping, and wailing, and gnashing of teeth on the part of the poor quizmasters. To judge by the average group of papers the names of countries and cities should begin with capital letters not more than three times out of five at most. This lack of capitalization is particularly noticeable in the case of Prussia, Spain, Paris, Poland, and Russia, and it is not uncommon to find "england", "france", and "vienna". The corresponding adjectives, too, are frequent sufferers in the same way.

The following list of orthographic gems is fairly typical of the rather peculiar ideas of University and College Freshmen regarding proper spelling: "Physocological", "The French Boughbons", "Republicasm", "Catholism", "Catholitism", "Statland" (Scotland), "Louis Pettitie" (Louis Philippe), and "Protantestantism".

Some errors in the use of words, or the coining of new words, as in the following are far from rare: "The people were very culturous". Metternich was "A damonating figure". "Newton was a great . . . astrologist". "He . . . believed in a religion called independents". "Queen Elizabeth was a very good man, all the people loved her". "Oliver Cromwell was the originator of the Protectorate in England. He was a protectorate himself". "Roger Bacon was the great science of the thirteenth century". At the Congress of Vienna Austria recovered her "Polished Providences".

For some unexplained reason that dour Scott, Adam Smith, is particularly difficult for the students of History to remember. A few of the many professions, or characteristics, attributed to the venerated "father of Economics" are these: "Author of the *Social Contract*." "An American who helped the English during the French and Indian Wars by his writings and speeches". "An Englishman who did not fight so much as he wrote, he wrote on the constitutionality of England's govern-

ment". "One of the leaders against the oppression on the colonies of England". And last, but by no means least, "A Unitarian Minister".

In speaking of Charlotte Corday, the young lady who, in avenging her lover's death, assassinated Marat, one man said she stabbed him while he was "taking a shower"; another remarked that, "She entered Marat's bathroom until he was taking a bath, and with a knife she killed him"; another makes a contribution to both historical and scientific knowledge when he says, she "stabbed Metternich in his bath room". May one be so bold as to enquire the exact location in the human anatomy of the "bath room"?

One casual reference says that Catherine the Great was a good ruler "but immortal". "Colbert was an economist, and he was noted for his economy", says one young hopeful in discussing that great Frenchman.

When one reads that "Frederick the Great knew that Marie Theresa could get up to Berlin by way of the Nile" he is prone to wonder if there is not some confusion of personalities as well as Geography?

The following are listed without comment, other than to say that they show considerable knowledge of Historical facts not normally found in textbooks, nor, one hopes, in the lectures of the learned faculty.

"James Otis was an Englishman who lived in Georgia."

"The Boston Massacre occurred in Boston after the taking of Arcadia by the English. The French and Indians attacked Boston burning and pillaging, and killing thousands as they went".

"The Seven Electors of the Holy Roman Empire included the Electors of Palatinate, Doge, Madagascar, Bohemia, Prussia".

In the eighteenth century in France "The nobles were lording it over all in general, however, just to show they were boss and to show their mean natures".

"Protestantism offered a better study of nautical conditions and morality".

"Richelieu was the one who came to the throne after Marie de Medici and built it up".

"Bismarck feared that France and Prussia would unite and this he disliked".

"The National Assembly in 1872 was faced with the problem of the endowment resulting from the war with Germany".

"The causes of the French and Indian Wars were the Austrians in America", and again "The French . . . continually stirred up the Indians against the French".

"John Cabot was a Lutheran and after Martin Luther died he kept up what Luther had started".

"John Cabot was one of the early explorers of the new world. He sailed around South America and up the coast as far as California".

"The Holy Roman Empire is governed theoretically by the pope. . . . The Pope is the head of the Holy Roman Empire. It is a law of the bible brought down since St. Peter".

"The Craft Guilds of the Middle Ages were the new routes to India".

Under the Medieval Guild System, "After a man had worked as a journeyman for awhile if the guilds thought he was good enough he would become a guild and put up his own shop".

"The Concil of Trent was divided into two parts, Dogmatic Canons and Reformatory Canons".

"Louis XV, although he was married, did not lead a very moral life".

"England was a great cotton raising center".

"James Wolfe was the prime minister of England after Walpole".

"The objection to the three field system was that they rotated the crops so fast they wore out the ground".

To define the term *Laissez-faire* one man said, "The *Laissez-faire* were the young ladies who made the Indian disguises for the men who took part in the Boston Tea Party".

Another defined a Papal Bull as "The cow that is kept at the Vatican to give milk for the Pope's children".

Possibly the most valuable of all this knowledge, however, is the information that "Pompeii was destroyed by an overflow of saliva from the Vatican".

A final gem is added to show the omniscience expected of the quiz-master. Can anyone tell exactly what it means?

"The significance of the era of Napoleon is that Napoleon did no more than the Despotism reign, to Liberty of the nation for he was not especially interested in it but his era did not only set social equality as a standard for his own nation, but also, by example of the French nation, started other countries into France's footsteps".



June
1928

Journey

Into darkness wandered I,
 Like a lonely shadow,
Into darkness wandered I,
And I heard the black wind cry
As it stumbled through the sky—
 Starfields clouded fallow.

And I journeyed on a space
 Like a shadow, lonely,
And I journeyed on a space
'Til I came unto a place
Where I saw the wind's dark face—
 Looked upon it only.

And I turned me back again,
 Lonely, shadow-like,
And I turned me back again,
To the glinting lights of men;
Glinted they on steel point then—
 It was naught to strike.

—*Shepperd Strudwick, Jr.*

Macabre

by JAMES B. DAWSON

The
CAROLINA
MAGAZINE

•••••

June
1928

I THINK I had been sick for a long time. It had been three weeks since my jungle fever had turned to blackwater. Still, when my head cleared one night, I did not remember that it was strange that I should be well so soon. People do not get well of fever when it turns to blackwater. But on this particular night I arose from the low bedstead that they had made for me, and stepped into the flickering circle of firelight. There was no sound—no sign of living man. I walked around the fire and across to a little ridge that swelled just beyond. And it was there that I saw Kebertii. His black face with its livid scars broke into a grin as he came toward me.

“Hu jambo, bwana?”

“Jambo, Kebertii,” I answered absently.

Kebertii had been my capita in many an elephant hunt. It seemed only fitting to me that he should be the first to greet me after my long illness.

“You have come, bwana?”

“Yes, Kebertii, I have come.”

“Bwana, I know.”

He took my arm at the elbow and led me beside him. It was probably the first time Kebertii had ever touched a white man. We went over the bulging knoll together. Kebertii stopped suddenly, and pointed. Before me was a group of silent men. They stood in a ragged circle, their heads grotesquely hunched over, and their pith helmets in their hands. I looked closer. Was that. . . .? Yes, there was an open grave in the center of the group. I turned to Kebertii.

“The burial”, he said in Swahili, unsmilingly. I wondered, but I said nothing. Probably Kebertii knew.

I watched the proceedings with a curious sense of impersonal interest. I was sure it could have nothing to do with me. Yet, I wondered silently. Could it be a boy who had been killed by the last elephant? Then I laughed at myself. White men do not give their black bearers Christian funerals. Slowly, I made out the forms around the grave. There was Colbert. There was old Train, with his usually

aggressive beard resting on his chest. Franklyn was at a short distance, his rifle hanging loosely in the crook of his arm. There was Harvey Johns, and there was old Kane.

At last the group stirred restlessly, and raised their heads. Four of them quickly lowered a black box into the hole, as though anxious to have the unpleasant task over and done. Then they filed silently away, and a black boy materialized out of the darkness, and began to fill the hole. As two of the men passed near us (I think they were Colbert and Johns), I caught a scrap of a conversation.

“. . . suppose he's better off now.”

“Yes, he suffered . . . near the end . . .”

I turned to follow them back to camp, my curiosity beginning to run rampant. But Kebertii laid a restraining hand on my arm.

“No, bwana, now it is *qua heri*—good-bye.”

I turned to him impatiently—half angry. Then for the first time, a great light broke over my eyes. I reeled. The clouds ripped, and the cold winds of a dead world swept the realization into my stagnant brain. Kebertii had died a year ago, under the tusks of that bull elephant, in the bath back of Bokwankusu!!

“Kebertii!” I cried, a little shakily, I fear “Kebertii, you're dead!”

Kebertii smiled sympathetically, and his eyes softened incredibly like those of a brother. He took my hand.

“Yes, bwana”, he said.

I

The moon floats on the clear water in a silver bowl.
Only the night,
Crouching like an old woman in the low doorway,
Can hear the white petals falling on the moon.

II

Too late my wandering lover comes back to me.
I make a brave speech:
Ghosts are not enough,
I have another lover with warm hands and red lips.

—Peter Gray.

Two Poems

by SHEPPERD STRUDWICK, JR.

The
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1928

Dirge

Sung by a youth

Piercingly lucent
Thin greenish air
Caught in stiff branches,
Crookedly bare.

Flesh of a sunset
Gleaming and pale
Hung on a skeleton,
Rigidly frail.

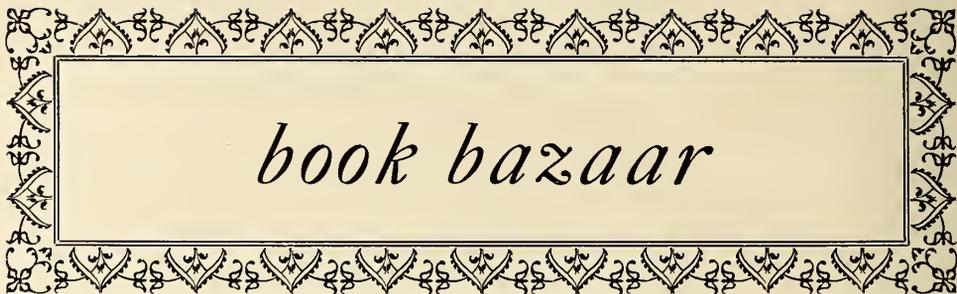
Beauty is oldness,
Beauty is coldness,
Beauty is boldness,—
What shall I do?

Song Of The Sea

A blasphemy

How many multitudes of words
Roll thunder 'gainst thy hills, O God,
And break in roaring blasphemies,
Shatter in froth of hissing curses,
Ineffectual sparks of spray,
Spat from a writhing sea.

How many shades of solid shapes
Rise up against Thy hills, O God,
And stand in ponderous silences,
Tower in rocky hills of darkness,
Ever-rugged jags of shadow,
Taunting the tortured sea.



book bazaar

PROHIBITION AND CHRISTIANITY, and Other Paradoxes of the American Spirit.
By John Erskine. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill Co., 319 pp. \$2.50.

I started *Prohibition and Christianity* with a more or less fervent hope—a hope that I would find quite a few of those choice bits of humor so characteristic of Erskine's fiction. I was, and was not, rewarded. It must be difficult indeed to inject humor in serious essays, but this cannot detract from this collection of some of Erskine's works.

The author has undertaken to pass a camel through a needle's eye. Fortunately the needle is large, and Erskine succeeds in getting only a few hairs through the eye. He has undertaken to define and explain something that is abstract—or rather something that is not. The American Spirit can hardly be set down on paper—consequently it is nearly impossible to pick its flaws and thereby suggest remedies. But Erskine, at least, gives us enough meat, substance, and humor to make the essays enjoyable.

A note says most of the chapters appearing in *Prohibition and Christianity* have been published previously in prominent magazines, but we hardly believe the chapters on Prohibition and Christianity come under this heading. There are two such chapters, and they read as if they were written to help fill the first 50 pages—and to provide a title for the book. But the author gets off some fairly potent material in these and other chapters. Look at the book's initial sentence: "A friend of mine, a devout Presbyterian, is also a devout prohibitionist." Erskine does not discard his dry humor entirely, but it is certainly scarce.

The chapters dealing solely with the American Spirit are much more pleasant than the chapters on the age-old questions. Mr. Erskine finds himself more at home when he begins to dissect the "spirit" of America, but he and all other wise men, no doubt, are incompetent surgeons along this line. A spirit can be built up and it can accumulate but it is fairly impossible for it to be cut, dried, and opened to the public as exhibits A, B, and C. The author appears to take pleasure in blasting the criticisms of his fellow men and evolving more caustic and potent ones of his own.

His book gives the impression of having been written by one who is beginning to learn—but this, of course, is the result of attempting to do the impossible. His style is pleasing, his logic is consistent; above all else, the majority of the book is



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broken into short chapters. Thus, *Christianity and Prohibition* is easy, and fairly interesting, reading. Take a look into this mirror, even if it does need dusting off.

W. W. Anderson.



STAINED SAILS. By John T. McIntyre. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co. 299 pp. \$2.00.

Mr. McIntyre's novel has to do with romance and adventure on a water-front in a day that is long past. The docks, the inns, the counting rooms, the great square-riggers, are reconstructed; the day of the American Revolution looms prominently once more. The past is linked with the present in a modern psychological situation. The author treats his story in the natural and inevitable manner. The characters are a woman and her husband, and a man who sweeps in from the sea, and who, in an almost paradoxical manner, both destroys and saves. A noticeable feature is that one of the principal roles is played by a seaman, John Paul, afterwards remembered in history as John Paul Jones.

Two men—one a seaman, the other, a merchant—are in love with the same girl. Being averse to the slaving trade in which the work of the former takes him, the girl marries the merchant. The seaman, having been tried for the murder of one of his sailors and freed, leaves England, and goes to the colonies where he sides with the Revolutionists against his native country. A mission leads him back to the town of his birth to destroy property. While there he burns the ship of his former rival, and so saves him from engaging in the slave trade, and incidentally from the hate of his wife, the wrath of God, and eternal damnation.

The author sacrifices his characters as is the tendency of many writers of historical novels, in order to build up more vividly and prepotently his plot and situations. The story is almost as completely destitute of picturesqueness and color as a tale of the sea can be. The plot, however, is well filled-out; McIntyre shows himself a true artist of situation. There is an opulence of material and incident which grows more salient as one progresses.

John Mebane.



DUST. By Armine von Tempski. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company. 323 pp. \$2.00.

"A Romance of Hawaii" so the author of *Dust*, Armine von Tempski, or the publishers, Stokes Company, have sub-titled quite a mediocre novel; one is even tempted to say "hack work." But since it is one of the author's initial efforts, she takes *Dust*, exceedingly dry, rather seriously. No one else does, surely. The cinema-like phrase on the decidedly loud, orange hued cover of the cheap appearing format is doubtless accelerating its drug-store and depot sales. But a painful disappointment is in store for the unwary for the story is not one of sexual passions run amuck in the land of the pineapples, not even an exhilarating hula dance will be found by the sordid prude looking for a twenty-five-cents vicarious thrill.

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of the mind*



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CHAPEL HILL, N. C.

Dust is a hundred pages too long; it is tedious; its style is ragged exaggeration; its plot is palpable rot. An obvious attempt at realism; there is a plentiful use of "God damns" and Hawaiian synonyms, when the English would do better. In spots the thing is ridiculous. For example, when twenty-one-year-old Charlesworth smoked his first cigarette a miracle happened: "He had never smoked, unlike most boys of his set, and it seemed like a declaration of his manhood."

At the age of twenty-four Saxon kisses his first girl, Nollie. The effect of the osculation is cataclysmic.

"Saxon looked at her without speaking. His eyes were like Mauna Loa in eruption. They lighted the whiteness of his face with a terrific light, illuminating it, throwing everything into relief. Nollie gazed at him spellbound. This was the thing she had felt in him, the thing that made him different, that had stirred, had fascinated her, his force. It was gigantic, like volcanoes in eruption, many times beyond Uncle Mil's strength or her father's. It would make him do terrible and wonderful things . . . but there was a force in her slight body akin to the quiet force that is in dripping water, different from his yet related to it and they drew one another.

"Hands locked closer, eyes looked deeper, hearts ceased their mad race. They felt like atoms whirling through space, beyond thought but not beyond recognition, hurled at each other."

Byron White.



