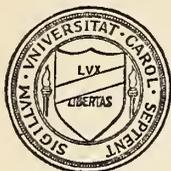


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The Carolina Magazine

DAILY TAR HEEL SUPPLEMENT

Official Literary Organ of the Student Body of the University of North Carolina

VOLUME LXI

SUNDAY, OCTOBER 4, 1931

NUMBER 1

Poe and the Heresy of the Didactic

An Essay Written to Prove All Genuine
Literary Work To Be Didactic

By JACK DUNGAN

Edgar Allan Poe abhorred what he chose to call the heresy of the didactic, firmly believing that it does more than any other thing to corrupt Poetical Literature. On the basis of another of his critical essays it can be assumed that this principle, for him, extended over Art in general, and that he believed in Art *per se* and that alone.

Beauty unalloyed with baser intellect and reason, like too much honey would cloy on the palate and exhaust the taste. For that matter what man has ever written a work of any size which has completely captured and isolated Beauty between the covers of any volume? Beauty is so concentrated a quality that the reading of such a book would consume a man as liquid fire does by the sheer dint of its intensity. Even Shelley, who was the best equipped to explore the realm of Beauty, cried out in an awful moment of ecstasy—

"O, lift me from the grass!

"I die, I faint, I fail!"—

when he was touched but slightly. How much more so would we wilt before her effect if exposed to Beauty's complete and terrible loveliness. Outside of the fact that the human mind is actually unable to correctly conceive of absolutes, the human constitution is too frail to endure for long such intensity. If all literature were written with the idea of presenting Beauty alone, it would soon die of exhaustion.

As to the possibility of anythings being absolutely free from didacticism, I confess to being pedantic in seeing none. Poe, himself, in a very didactic manner contends in "The Poetic Principle" that in "The struggle to apprehend the supernal—Lovliness—this struggle on the part of souls fittingly constituted—has given to the world all *that* which it (the world) has ever been able at once to understand and to feel as poetic," and, "in the contemplation of Beauty we alone find it possible to attain that pleasurable elevation, or excitement of the *soul*, which we recognize as the Poetic Sentiment . . ." both of which principles maintain, for the sake of Poetry, that it should didactically influence the soul and the reason of man to an "understanding" and "excitement."

A masterpiece of brush and canvas of any school but the horrors of latter-day modernism has a moral influence or an immoral influence and is therefore didactic, although I will admit sometimes didactic by innuendo, but nevertheless didactic. There is no avoiding it; it pursues with a fatal persistency.

Art for Art's sake, neither new with Poe nor old

Sonnet

By GEORGE BROWN

*My being soars, exults, whene'er I see
Aloft, gray fleeting gulls winging in air;
A mad procession racing on, no care
Save one mad urge—to gain a warmer sea;
For then my earth-bound spirit breaking free,
Unites itself to theirs; and upward flies
To share along with them limitless skies,
And unrestrained give vent my ecstasy.
O Earth I rebel from thy close confines!
I need the magnitude of boundless space
To let this stifled spirit freely race
Above thy base deceits, conceits, designs.
As wild as thee, O gulls, I'll seek thy goal;
'Tis liberty alone can free my soul.*

with us, strikes me as a contradiction in terms. Prostitution of art, or philandering with a muse for any sake whatsoever deserves summary punishment, but I seriously question whether art *per se* is a tenable theory. To write just to be writing, and without aim, ends in arriving nowhere and manufacturing blather. Even a desire to create an impression of some sort represents a goal and, strictly speaking, places the work in other realms than those of Art for Art's sake.

I have always believe that art to be genuine must always be more or less utilitarian. That creation which is pleasurable to the creator alone is not art. The man who writes in a jargon and rhythm understood by himself alone, while pleasing himself does nothing else. Those individuals, who through the happy chance of Fate find themselves possessed of creative talent are very definitely obligated to society to produce things which can be understood by more than a few, and which do influence.

There is a new didacticism which aims at influencing by inspiration and suggestion, and I choose to ally myself with it. The old rostrum didacticism which says in Poe's words, "Every poem . . . should inculcate a moral and by this moral is the poetical merit of the work to be judged," has by its own severity stifled itself.

The happy combination in art which includes that of poetry is the admirable blending of Beauty, intellectually, and subtle didacticism. The writer, painter, or other artist owes both his neighbor and posterity the benefit of his wealth.

Poe belied his own words by his writing in which he attempted to prove that melancholia is naturally predominant over other qualities in man and a result of his quest for supernal loveliness, that we aspire to oneness with the ethereal, and that poetry should avoid the "incitements" of passion, or the precepts of Duty, or even the lessons of Truth."

The Spectator--1931

By JAMES DAWSON

On my way to dine this evening, I had the fortune to fall in with a gentleman that is a friend of mine. Upon observing my countenance overcast with melancholy, and divining the reason for my taciturn manner, he looked upon me with an amused eye. "It is hard," says he, "to write in this weather." Knowing that he was aware of my great need to write at some length upon a trifle for this paper, I was not startled. "That," said I, "has been troubling my spring-befogged mind this entire day. I have nothing whereof to write." He began to cast his eyes about the thoroughfare in search of something wherewith to put an end to my worry, and seeing an omnibus, said, "Write about omnibuses."

At my dinner, I directed my musings into the way of these public vehicles, the evils with which they afflict man, and the adventures which they bring into the human experience. It is well known of H. M. Tomlinson that an omnibus deflected the course of his life from its customary run in the world of journalistic scribblings. He was once conversing with an old sea-captain, whose vessel was about to make a cruise in southern waters, which seemed to the journalist an adventurous and desirable peregrination. Upon his chancing to observe that he should admire to accompany the captain on his cruise, that worthy indicated an omnibus which was even then traveling past the docks. "Look you," says he, "if that 'bus takes on two more passengers before passing us, then do you go with me." The writer consented to follow the dictates of such an omen, and both the pair fell to watching. Upon the carriage's reaching them, only one person had mounted it, so that the essayist was about to sigh his relief, when the old seaman ran forth and placed himself upon the omnibus, making the second passenger. Thus did the omen send Tomlinson to sea.

For my own part, I have observed that these prosaic instruments of transportation have been altogether much neglected. Our lighter literature has utilised them as substitutes for bowered trysting places, sending innumerable lovers for long jaunts through Paradise upon their upper decks. But our poets have disdained their snorting speed because they have replaced the more picturesque stages and coaches. *Their* chief concern is for words which have poetic connotations, for phrases which are redolent of what they call beauty, but they have no ear for the possibilities of this vehicle. It should be the concern of these wise men to enrich the meaning of this prosaic thing with poetics, rather than to abhor it for its material worth.

An omnibus can become a forum, I have observed, for the expression of private opinions upon the current news of the day as it is chronicled in our excellent daily journals. In one of these vehicles, a

(Continued on page three)

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SUNDAY, OCTOBER 4, 1931

Literature is the thought of thinking souls.

—Carlyle

Poets utter great and wise things which they themselves do not understand.

—Plato

HIGHWAYS AND BYPATHS

With the beginning of another school year eight hundred new men come upon the campus, new men fresh with different ideas, different aptitudes, different interests. The first weeks, the first year, they fumble for their bearings in a strange country, seeking a road to follow.

The highway on which the student body travels is a broad white streak; it can not be missed. It winds through smoke-filled rooms where the student body loiters in bull sessions, through gaily decorated dance halls of music and swaying bodies, through crowds at pep meetings and football games. The student body leaves its tracks. The road is marked by three thousand fleeting footprints that are obliterated each year by similar footsteps that always come to travel over the same spots.

From the highway the freshman looks longingly at little paths leading to nooks and crannies of individualism, high school hobbies, personal interests. Half-hearted and afraid he ventures down them, making sure always never to lose sight of the highway. The excursions become shorter and less frequent. The paths grow fat with tangled weeds and brush. Becoming more and more indistinct from want of use, the trails finally are mere scars on a past life of individual tendencies.

There is a beauty in the highways. It is good to mingle with crowds, to talk, to know people. But it is no less beneficial to learn oneself, to know oneself separate

and distinct from the thousand and one companions that he has. In a chaotic mingling of footsteps, one becomes eventually a shoeprint like the others that fill the roads. He blurs his individuality. He swings, perhaps, in rhythm with the student body as it marches on straight long stretches. With it he turns the corners. He is a student with the same collegiate cut of clothes, the same drab interests, the same ideals—one of a crowd.

But why forsake the bypaths? A university intensifies their beauty and enriches their benefits. There is a library filled with books to suit all individual tastes, professors to criticize and aid one in writing, coaches to help in individual sports, a wilderness of woods in which to hike and study wild life, and a hundred other things for the individual.

Yes, there is a gigantic joy and profit and no little weariness on the broad dusty highways of laughing crowds. But it is refreshing and profitable to turn now and then down green cool paths of individualism.

STAFF MEETING

A meeting of the Carolina Magazine staff will be held at seven-thirty o'clock next Sunday night on the second floor of Graham Memorial. A more definite staff organization and plans for the improvement of the Magazine will be discussed. The meeting is open to all who are interested in this publication.

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Book Chat

By ROY B. CHAPIN

Long ago Uncle Remus said:

"Some goes up, and some comes down,

But dey all reach de bottom safe and soun'."

Samuel Tupper, Jr., has taken this quaint couplet as the theme of his new novel, *Some Go Up*, which will soon be published by Robert M. McBride & Company. It is a novel of the New South, the American scene as it exists today.

Sir Hall Caine has just died but the extraordinary appeal of his books is still a grand memory. Chief among his best selling novels was *The Woman Thou Gavest Me*, which J. B. Lippincott Co., published in 1913. Over 350,000 copies were sold in the regular and reprinted editions.

Carleton Beals, author of *Mexican Maze*, in his last letter to his mother, who lives in Berkeley, California, assured her that "no lady has hove in sight yet to win my heart." However, you never can tell, for, on the seventeenth of August, he married Miss Elizabeth Wright Daniel who had come with a group of students to Mexico City to study Spanish. The ceremony was performed in the beautiful Cortez Palace in Coyoacan, a suburb of the city. Mr. Beals' new book, a biography of the Mexican patriot, Porfirio Diaz, will soon go to press.

As a result of the widespread interest in the Empress Eugenie period, the new and definitive life of the last French Empress by Octave Aubry, has been rushed into its final form and the English translation put through for the Lippincott Company, who will publish it shortly under the title, *Eugenie: Empress of the French*.

Glenn Ward Dresbach, whose *Collected Poems* were recently published, has been awarded the sonnet prize for 1930, offered by *The Gypsy*, a magazine of verse. The sonnet, *The Little Ships That Never Sail*, was chosen for the award by John Galsworthy.

Mud and Stars, by Dorothea York, a collection of the soldier songs of the Allied nations in the late war, has been chosen as the more-or-less official book of the American Legion convention recently held in Detroit.

It is seldom enough that an American author is forced to call in a translator before his book can be presented to the American public. George Rheims, an American living in Paris, wrote his novel *An Elegant Peccadillo* (Henry Holt) in French. Being sceptical of his own powers as a translator into his native language Mr. Rheims turned his book over to Samuel Putnam, who did the translation for the English edition.

The Remington medal has recently been awarded to Dr. E. Fullerton Cook for his work in Pharmacy. Dr. Cook, one of the authors of *Remington's Practice of Pharmacy* (Lippincott's), has long been a professor at the Philadelphia College of Pharmacy and Science.

The Misses Pellson

By LORETTO BAILEY

The odor of strong coffee and stale bread clung about the Misses Pellson as did the dry, sickly sweet odor from the tobacco warehouses about their once fashionable home. When the common schools were yet too upstart and vulgar to educate the children of the old families, Miss Flora and Miss Lena taught a democratic but select private school. But though teaching was their life and living, they could no more follow fashions in education than they could lay aside their Victorian bonnets for berets. Too old to learn the chatter of the common school, too honest to establish a finishing school, they retired before the insistence of the twentieth century. Without bitterness, without self-pity, but simply with indifference they withdrew to the second story of their house, then, finally, to their last retreat—two book-filled rooms at the back, where they closed the long green shutters on the street. To them came now the children of their former "girls," the lame in sixth grade number work, to be cured by Miss Flora; the blind in seventh grade English, to have their eyes opened to the comma fault and Lord Tennyson by Miss Lena.

I remember the damp, weedy smell of their garden as I went up the broad stone steps with Milne's seventh grade arithmetic fading red on my sleeve from an April shower; the wet straw smell of porch chairs. I remember being careful not to tear my socks on the broken screen door, of stepping cautiously across the dim hall to avoid the tenant's coal bucket, of tipping up the long and mouldy stairs, climbing above the scent of cabbage, only to stumble on the second landing over Miss Lena's dustpan.

The noise brought Miss Flora down the hall, but she let me pick up the dustpan and my book, and rub my skinned knee. I was glad of her company, though she did not talk or look at me—glad of the nearness of her long gray skirt, if something should suddenly part the green curtains in the corner and come after me.

Miss Lena smiled and nodded as we entered the room, and let a piece of toast drop from the fork into the open fire. Under Miss Flora's scornful eye she began to poke about for it frantically, until her plump face was toasted pink and her white hair curled damply at the edges. I watched her from the high chair where I sat doing problems on a space Miss Flora had cleared for me by pushing aside a pile of dusty exercise books. Miss Flora stood behind me, drinking her coffee and looking over my shoulder as I worked. Miss Lena kept talking to me all the time while she toasted more bread.

"What are you reading, now, child? Did you look into the Browning? Browning's out of fashion, now, but I remember how your Auntie Susan liked him. Have you time to stop and read this morning? I'll have finished with the toast by the time you've done with those."

Miss Flora pounced upon the problems which I had covered with my sleeve, glancing at them competently, pointing out errors rapidly, with much flashing of her yellow teeth. She leaned over my shoulder, so that toast crumbs fell upon the paper. I watched, fascinated, the broad cloak of her knowledge fell loosely about my thin shoulders, and did not warm me. Suddenly she stopped; asked me a question. I was ashamed, not knowing the least rule for long division. Miss Flora stood up and her intellectual scorn flayed me.

"Your grandfather was an excellent mathematician," she began. "Strange . . ."

"Do come and rest a bit, child, coaxed Miss Lena. Here's your toast. Leave the child a moment. Long division is so difficult. You should take it slowly."

I sat down in the red plush chair and began to read aloud *The Ring and the Book*. Miss Lena sat close to me and Miss Flora still frowned over my problems. About us clung the odor of strong coffee and stale bread.

Exile

By JAMES DAWSON

I

*Somber, he sat alone and drank his keen
Absinthe, while all around the tables hummed
Like tom-toms. Here he sat, and saw the green
Chartreuse go swaying past on tilted trays,
More green than spring, more lucid and more dark
Than oak leaves. And across the street the park
Was restless with the chill of autumn days.
Somber, he sat alone, until his skull
Was rifted, and the hammering grew dull.
His brain broke forth to sit upon the eaves
And whisper leeringly of ivy leaves
In Chapel Hill. Weaving, he tried to stand,
And the fragile glass-stem snapped in his shaken
hand.*

II

*Silent, he was alone. He tipped his glass
Of absinthe, while the little tables rocked
With idle chatter, and his head was shocked
By beating. Here he sat, and watched them pass,
The waiters, with chartreuse in swinging pails,
Chartreuse more brightly green than southern seas
In April. And across the way the trees
Were nervous in the first of autumn's gales.
Silent, he sat alone, until his head
Was broken, and the heavy impact spread.
His brain soared to the marquee like a gull,
White as the maple leaves when spring is full
In Chapel Hill. He raised his head again
And the small glass cut his hands with a sudden pain.*

THE SPECTATOR—1931

(Continued from page one)

gentleman may bring himself, strengthened by that kinship which is between fellow travelers, to harangue his neighbor upon the moot problems of prohibition, immigration, tariff, and many things upon which he would never presume to speak in a public gathering, or in the open forum of one of the daily sheets.

Thus, it is not difficult to imagine this instrument of public service supplanting our parliaments, for speech, our sofas for love-making, our lecture platforms for instruction, and our debating halls for argument, as well as the outmoded stage-coach for transportation. But to this end, it will be fitting that the drivers of omnibuses take upon themselves new and high-sounding titles and duties of Interlocutor, Speaker, Referee, and Cupid, whereas they are for the most part very plain-minded, often stupid men.

"Any art is, in essence, artistic, proud, free from the cheapness of the mob; and now the mob, like a turbid and dead sea, is over all the land."

—Joseph Hergesheimer

A Woman and Her Dogs

By ELWYN DE GRAFFENRIED

Even as a girl she had not cared for people. Father, mother, brother, were sufficient, so the neighbors said.

Sometimes her mother would say, "Willie, why don't you go over to the Hawkins'? Nellie and Susie are such sweet girls." Willie would shake her head.

"They don't want me, mother!" And she saw the school yard and the Hawkins girls sitting on the bench that encircled the big oak tree and herself moving toward them. And she saw Nellie and Susie stop talking; saw them look at her big, thick ankles, so she looked over their heads and passed on, to stand by the fence watching the other girls stroll by her, their arms around each other's waists, their lips smiling; their heads tossing.

"Willie Johnson's the smartest girl in school," Lottie Jarrett said one day.

"She knows it too! Ugly, stuck-up thing! I wouldn't go with her!" cried Sadie Snider.

Years passed.

The girls Willie had gone to school with were now young ladies, going to Germans and euchre parties. Sometimes, Willie would stand at her bedroom window and watch the Hawkins girls as they walked down the steps of their front walk and stepped into their Victoria, their flat-crowned hats tipped gaily to their eye-brows; their balloon-sleeved arms holding up silk-lined skirts. Somehow, she felt neither envy nor resentment. They were light, beautiful creatures, as remote as stars.

One day, however, she heard the rumbling of their carriage. She went to the window. The Hawkins girls and two young men in frock coats and derby hats got out. Their voices mingled sweetly with the autumn air.

Willie left the window and went to her mirror. She saw herself a heavy-faced bent-nosed, long-lipped girl. "You're ugly. You're hideous!" she cried. Tears welled up in her eyes. Her ugly lip quivered. She threw herself on the bed, sobbing, "Oh, God, Oh, God, why am I so ugly!"

More years passed.

Her brother Tom was home from college. Her father's face grew red and swollen, his eyes had grayish pockets beneath them.

One Sunday, they brought him home from church, helpless, unconscious. He breathed hard late into the night. The breathing grew less. It stopped.

Two weeks later, Willie fixed a tray of toast and coffee for her mother. She must be tired. Her door was closed. Her room very quiet. She tiptoed in, put down the tray and jerked up the window-shade. Mother lay asleep, one arm thrown back of her head. Willie stood there. She couldn't move. She couldn't think. "The Doctor. I must call the doctor. Oh God, Oh God, what shall I do!"

Willie and her brother lived there alone. Tom's face grew red, his eyes looked blood-shot. Then the circus came to town, and she read in the paper about the Hoochie-Coochie girl and her wicked dances.

Tom stopped coming home at night, and she was left at home alone.

In church people looked at her queerly. But

(Continued on page four)

A War Mother

By JACK DARDEN

Laughing hysterically, a mother bent over the flag-draped coffin of her youngest son. "He-he-he-he," she gasped, and the laughter rattled in her throat like hail clattering down a drain pipe. Her long, snake-like fingers which groped over and around the coffin were in direct comparison to her body. At each demoniacal laugh her body jerked and quivered as if possessed of a devil.

The soldier who lay in the coffin had been the core of his mother's life. When America entered the World War, and the two older sons joined the army, the youngest son begged to go with them.

"But, my baby, "the mother pleaded, "you're only seventeen. And you're my baby. I can't spare you too. Oh, if you should go and something should happen to you . . ."

And the mother never would have consented to his going but for the incessant persistence of The Woman's Patriotic Society. The chairman of the Society paid repeated calls on the mother, shaming her and calling on her patriotism.

"Why, just think how patriotic it will be," persisted the chairman. "And think how good you will feel to give three sons to the cause. God will take care of your boy because he is on the right side."

The mother consented. But her heart strings were pulled out by the roots when she felt her son's warm, eager fingers slip out of her hand at the railroad station. She had a premonition that he would never come back to her alive.

All the time the youngest son was in France, his mother eagerly scanned the casualty lists for that which she feared to see. Strange that she should feel so much more concerned over her youngest son than over her other two sons . . . In the last battle of the war a bullet whined. It split the head of the youngest son, and his brains oozed out a jagged crevice of shattered skull-bones. Thin smoke curled from the rifle barrel of a German sniper.

The mother was numbed—paralyzed, when she read the account of her son's death. She moved around in a dream—a horrid night-mare—always praying she would awake to find it only a dream. Daily she sat on the cold steps of the squat, rotund house with hungry eyes on the road—looking for him who would never return alive. When her other two sons, who went through the war without a scratch, came home, they could not comfort her.

One day, several months after the end of the war, a gloomy hearse delivered a coffin wrapped in a flowing, silk flag to the mother's home.

The two sons stood by their mother's side as she leaned over the coffin. Their eyes glittered in a scaly, glass-like way.

"Come mother. You must lie down a while. Try to be brave."

"And they said it would be patriotic! He-he-he-he-he. Damn them, damn all of them! Damn both of you! Why did you have to come back here and torture me? Why couldn't you be killed too? Your shallow sympathy! Damn both of you! Damn everything. He-he-he-he-he. And they said it would be patriotic—said God would take care of him. He-he-he-he-he. . ."

Self-love, my liege, is not so vile a sin as self-neglecting.

—Shakespeare

Mechanitalis

MECHANITALIS, giant beyond reason, has disfigured the earth, has deformed man, has clouded thought, has crazed action; Mechanitalis has threatened the existence of an appreciative humanity.

PART 1

*Weighting the heavy gravel
Drums of brazen slime,
Sprayed on the gum of metal
Throughout the space in time.*

*Circles of bouncing notches,
Energy far out of men—
Back to death for the living
Racing from life once again.*

*Kettles of hazy glow
Heating into the light
Banging of mingled twist
Filling the air with bite.*

*Thick wiry circumventing iron
Brown from span long hard;
Out with waves of feel
Sluggish with hopes of retard.*

*Spikes of grim dull steel,
All of their holy smoke;
Heavenward their sickly mouths
Vomit their fumes of coke.*

*Lines neither farther nor nearer
Pasted without love from a soul,
Inspired by the knowledge of stresses
Without any thought of control.*

PART 2

*A wise could see the clouds,
Could hear the roaring sky,
But would not try to understand
The breaking of reply.*

*There was the pink that saw,
That showed the steam of grey,
That needed still unheard—
A seeing would convey:*

*Slick is the top of the thickest
Crowned with the yellow of age;
Up with the wool of the ball;
Far from the blackness of rage.*

*High the inverted cup;
Bored the peering of eyes;
Wrinkled the plateau of wisdom—
Contempt in a language of lies.*

*Dark from the soot of the digging;
Dulled from the in and the out;
Chattering still, but not sounding—
Having of all, but without.*

PART 3

*Rhythmless drumbeat of thought,
Pounding of aching blood;
Infinite conception of life—
Rich, with the oozing of mud.*

*Packed the cloths of stupor
Numbered in their endless rows,
Rowed in their endless numbers,
Loaded with loudest of blows.*

*Hope for the black of passing,
Desire for the undesired,
Fight for the last of shaking;
Point from the blackness fired.*

*Black the night of day
Extensive toward the right;
The energy of white on black—
Merely a trick of sight!*

PART 4

*Flying feeling of rushing,
Aimless wish of the go;
Wrapped in the metals of power
Out to the wonder of fro.*

*Bouncing bags of jelly
Patting soul on floor,
Fire of heat devouring
Pollution of the whore.*

*Into the juicy piping
Slop the fiery hold;
Twisting and churning grip
Pushing toward the cold.*

*Out beyond the asteroids
Prying, searching eye;
Back to the hell of tomorrow,
But top to verify.*

POSTLUDE

*And than the haunt of rattles,
Rather the gust of green!
And than the soft of daily,
Rather the lowly lean.*

—VERNON A. WARD, JR.

A WOMAN AND HER DOGS

(Continued from page three)

they had always done that, she argued with herself.

One day she received a scrawly letter. It said: "If your brother's done took him a Hoochie-Coochie girl, why in h--- don't he marry her!"

Willie stuck the missive in her bosom. It burned into her heart like a red hot polka. "I don't believe it. It isn't true!" she kept saying to herself. "Tom, my brother. Tom, my brother!"

Tom came home. She showed the letter to him. He looked up angrily.

"Do you trust me, Sis?"

"Yes, Tom, I trust you!" She threw the letter in the fire. She hummed a little tune.

More years went by.

She grew stout and heavy. A neighbor gave her a dog that soon had a litter of puppies. Willie fixed a place for them in a box by her bed. She bathed them and fed them and watched over them tenderly, lovingly. She thought, "How cutting they are. So soft and tender!"

"That Miss Willie Johnson's the craziest lunc," the neighbors said. "Folks aren't good enough for her; she's got to have dogs!"

"Did you see her at market this morning? She bought more meat for them than she did food for herself."

"My Lord, she has to, she's got fourteen!"

And Willie's house that used to be so neat, grew smelly, and her clothes were soiled. But her dogs were clean, and smart, too, for she taught them manners. "Nice dog manners," she said.

Somehow, she wasn't lonely any more. She didn't even miss Tom's not coming in. He was living at the club, he told her. Others insinuated, with her.

"Dogs are better than people," she said to herself. "Here pup, up, up!" She patted him as he jumped into her lap and licked her bloated face.

Old Jim and the Wop

By ALDEN STAHR

First Day

Old Jim rubbed his huge nose and jerked his thumb in the direction of the caddy yard. "Hey, Life Saver," he said, putting one foot up on my boat. "Didja see the new Wop come up today? He's a tough un—got throw'd off the Claremont. Lemme tell ya, Boy, he'll be makin' trouble here 'fore long. Well, gotta make a round now. G'bye." He winked one of his silly new-moon eyes and shambled off, mumbling to himself.

As soon as Jim was out of sight, the Wop sauntered out of the caddy yard and came over to the lake to inspect the aquatic equipment. "Hullo," he jerked out, as if the amenity were painful to him.

"Hello."

Removing a ragged cigar stub from his mouth, he spat through his teeth and asked, "Who's de funny-lookin' duck wit de badge? Does 'e tink e's a bull or sumpin'?"

"That's Old Jim, the Club watchman," I replied, and added, "You'd better not let him catch you over here by the lake."

"Hell, I ain't scared o' him. I'll trow 'im in de pond if 'e gits funny wid me." The Wop had removed his cap with the top pinned to the peak, and was pushing back his too-long black hair, when a police whistle shrilled from across the lake. Old Jim had been watching.

"Hey! Git back in the yard where ya belong!" and he blew again.

"Aw, rats," muttered the Wop and beat as dignified a retreat as possible toward the golf shop, kicking at daisies as he went along. He was a tough guy; in fact he admitted it. The basketball jersey over his shirt and the bull dog cap proved that; and to complete the effect he had his sleeves rolled very high to display his bulging biceps.

Second Day

"Say, Life Saver, y'know what that Wop's been up to? I think he's been skinnin' the lil kids outa their dough after they come in from caddyin'. Takes 'em down by the quarry below number five an' flips cards with 'em. I'd like t' ketch 'em at it; I'd call the wagon." Reaching under his nose, he scratched his bristly grey mustache. "Always actin' surly. Why didn'tcha chase him when he come over by the boats yestiday?"

"I enjoy hearing him talk, Jim, and Im here to teach swimming, not to chase caddies."

"Yeh?"

"You don't seem to understand Wop nature, Jim, or you wouldn't keep picking on this one the way you do. Wops are very hot-tempered, but they'll listen to reason if you just handle them right."

Jim wasn't convinced. "I don't know about that. Ya can't do that with them God darn Wops; ya gotta sit on 'em. Guess I've fixed enough on 'em in my time to know how. I'm gonna keep my eye on that guy. Caught him throwin' stones in the lake, too. Y'know that ain't allowed; so I chased 'em." He laid a gnarled hand on my shoulder. "I guess I got 'em, ain't I? Heh, heh, heh, heh," he cackled and toddled away half hunched over, with the appearance of a hound on an uncertain scent. Old Jim was always snooping.

"Wot de hell is dat guy always snoopin' aroun' for? Ya can't move widout havin' him on yer

ear all de time." The Wop leaned against the end of the locker building and looked after Jim with his shifty black eyes. "I ain't done nuttin'—it was dem guys from de Valley. Dey come up here an' set de boats loose las' night, an' dat Goddam flat-foot is tryin' t' put it on me. He's always pickin' on me, anyway. I ain't de only one 'roun' here." He spat vindictively. "He better lay off." There was a nasty look on his pug face.

Third Day

At lunch Jim paused between great gulps of bread and coffee, wiped his toothless mouth, and thumped me in the ribs with his elbow. "Hey, Boy, ye didn't know somebody set yer boats loose las' night, didja?"

"Yes, I did, but how did they get back to the dock?"

"Oh, I fetched 'em in early. But what did that dern Wop say, huh?"

"I refuse to become embroiled in this, Jim." I was in a difficult position, because both sides proffered confidences which were quite unsolicited.

"How's 'at? Ya don't wanna get broiled? Heh—heh heh! Ya get broiled out in the sun, dontcha? Y'know, I give him the devil fer swingin' that lady's clubs yestiday. He didn't say a word—guess I got 'im scared, ain't I? They can't fool Old Jim." He poked me in the ribs again, playfully, and slurped up another mouthful of coffee.

We were suddenly aware of a tumult in the caddy yard. Jim picked up his billy and toddled quickly outside, blowing his whistle as he ran. "Hey, cut that out! That scrappin'! What's goin' on out here?" The noise ceased, and the circle of ragamuffins opened as we approached. The Wop got up off the little fellow he had been beating; his tough-guy's jersey was torn, and his too-long hair hung down to his ears on both sides of his head. He tossed it back defiantly and waited for Jim to speak.

"God darn ye. Ye think jus' because ya fight all the time in the Valely ya can do it up here—an' pickin' on a lil kid; ha? Wotzat? Wadjou say?"

"Nuttin'. Wot's it to ya?"

"I'll show ya wot's it to me. Got a good mind to run ya in."

"Aw, go ta hell. De runt trew a brick at me. Waddy want me t' do, sit here an' let 'im trow more? Wot de hell youse always jumpin' on me for? I ain't done nuttin'."

"Ya set the boats loose, didn'tcha? Ya bin swingin' clubs an' fightin', an' I betcha was you threw rocks at me down the woods las' night. G'wan, git goin'—down the cliff with ya Scat!" Jim shook his billy; so the Wop backed away, cursing in Italian, which the old man fortunately did not understand. "And don't lemme see ya around here agin'—hear me!?"

The Wop turned around at the edge of the woods, thumbed his nose at Jim, and went slowly out of sight.

Fourth Day

I knew by the concerned look on Old Jim's face that he had news for me—and he had never before rowed out to the float to tell me anything. Raising up on one elbow I watched his clumsy approach. As soon as he came close enough, he grappled the edge of the springboard and said, with simple directness, "I bin wantin' to see you. Y'know the golf shop was broke into las' night, an' some stuff got swiped. Looke here." He showed me a familiar-looking cap. "Las' night at quarter to twelve (according to police standards, Jim was always exact about the time) I seen suthin' funny over to

the golf shop when I was comin' aroun' that end of the lake; so I snook up through them bushes. Somebody was playin' chickee, an' he calls to the guy inside, when he hears me; the guy run outa the door, an' both of 'em beat it down the cliff 'fore I could ketch 'em. Lookin' 'round with my light I finds this cap. Don't it look like the one the Wop was wearin' when I chased 'im yestiday?"

"Yes, it's his, all right. I remember the greasy back, and the front end pinned to the peak."

"Well," Jim spoke hesitantly, "that's what I wanted to ask ya about. I ain't accusin' nobody, but considerin' what happened yestiday, an' this cap—d'ya think I otta have 'im pinched? I reported the breakin' in to the cops, but I didn't wanna tell 'em who I thought done it 'til I see you. You bin to college."

I didn't know whether to be flattered or annoyed at his misplaced confidence in a college man's sleuthing ability. "I don't think he could be convicted on the evidence you have, but he can be arrested on suspicion and held for questioning. You'd better tell the police all you know or think about the case. After all, the loss will be pretty tough on the pro, since he's a native Scotchman."

Jim appeared relieved, and with a brief "Thanks, Boy," he left me to resume my sun bath. As he was pulling his boat up on shore, I called, "Hey, Jim!"

"Yep?"

"Let me know how you make out!"

"Yep!"

Fifth Day

Old Jim heyed to me as I was leaving the third tee and came up with a satisfied look on his face. "Well, Boy, I had 'im pinched. He made a big fuss about it an' said he didn't have nuthin' to do with it. Ya otta seed the dirty look he give me an' said suthin' in Wop. He ain't gonna give us no more trouble." Jim seemed to think this tentative arrest closed the incident as far as he was concerned.

"I still think you didn't use the right policy with him, Jim. Anyway, the Club Governors will commend your action. They think caddies are animals, and you've gotten into the habit of treating them as such." Jim's bickering with the caddies over trivialities was beginning to annoy me; he took a sort of half-witted pride in it as the pursuance of his duties.

Old Jim in turn became annoyed and peered at me with his bird-like expression. "Well, you tend to your swimmin', an' I'll take care of my caddies—"

"I wish you would," I interrupted. "That's what I've been driving at all along. S'long, Jim—see you at lunch." I picked up my clubs and went in search of my ball.

After supper I caught a glimpse of the Wop as I drove past a speak-easy in the Valley. Free already, I thought. Insufficient evidence. He was talking loudly under the influence of too much gin, but I could not know what he was saying. I forgot the incident in a moment and drove on up the mountain to the Club with my date. It was an idyllic spot for romancing—if you were on the right side of Old Jim.

A cluster of trees beckoned at the far end of the lake; so we strolled in that direction as softly as possible. The vista from our seat near the water was so attractive that I forewent the usual romantic procedure in favor of looking and listening. Below the rim of the cliff the lights of a million homes

(Continued on page seven)



THE BOOK WORLD



In proportion as society refines, new books must ever become necessary—Goldsmith

ON BEAUTY

Our page this issue commences with an interesting and finely written study of the Arts, *Introduction to Beauty* by Van Meter Ames (Harper & Brothers, 264pp.). The author has tried to interpret not only the fine arts of the stage, painting, and sculpture, but has tried in the short space allotted to delve through the surface into the many intricacies of the art of love, business, religion and even of life itself. Mr. Ames has endeavored to put forth and sustain his theory that beauty is not a quality possessed by a few selected and well developed objects, but that it is characteristic of every fulfilled human wish.

Th book was not written for those few of us for whom art has a great attraction. It was written in an easy understandable manner for every man and woman to attain some truth of all the important arts necessary for real achievement in their lives. Mr. Ames has put before us a treatment of beauty, clear, simple, and intelligible, that has long been unattractive to the average materialistic person of today.

A word concerning the author. Mr. Ames is a graduate of the University of Chicago, where he combined his desire to write with post-graduate work in philosophy. Previous to writing this book he spent over a year in Europe familiarizing himself with the countries and the wholly different atmosphere. He is now professor of philosophy at the University of Cincinnati. His reason for writing the volume was that, having attained a point of view for aesthetics, he wished to apply it to other arts than the novel upon which he had written. Mr. Ames has accomplished a great deal in the small space of one book.

THE THEATRE

Co-Stars: Cecil Spooner and Oscar Wilde, by Will W. Whalen, (White Squaw Press, pp., \$2) is a rather feeble attempt to set a portion of the legend of Oscar Wilde in a background of the modern theatre. The story deals with what might have been the love and marriage of Wilde, the playwright, and Langtry, the actress, who appear under the names of Windermere and Spooner. The author does not concern himself with biographical details but chooses incidents of Wilde's life and inserts them in his novel without regard for chronological accuracy. The greatest part of the tale, however, is devoted to the stock company's production of *Lady Windermere's Fan* which the young artist has just finished. Throughout the work the novelist has attempted but failed to imitate the easy, brilliant flow of epigrammatic conversation which stamped the writings of Oscar Wilde.

The greatest error in the composition of this novel is the modernization of the major character, Mr. Whalen's *Oscar Wilde*, removed from the decadent Ninety's, becomes merely a foolish clown with long hair and dreamy cow-like eyes, standing about waiting his turn to speak some clever line. Cecil Spooner and the remaining characters of the group though not strikingly portrayed are much better done; they reveal an actual picture of the life of people of the theatre, a subject with which the author shows some familiarity.

It seems that Mr. Whalen has intentionally avoided any treatment of the interesting, shady side of Wilde's life and offers nothing to those who are looking for intimate details.

In the first novel by Mary Asquith, *We Actor Folks* (White Squaw Press pp., \$2.) the players of the Southern theatre of half a century ago live and move again. This story seems to me to be the finest treatment of theatre people since Edna Ferber's novel, *Show Boat*. As such the book should offer the lover of the stage many pleasant hours. Through the author's vivid imagery, one can almost see the glare of the footlights and scent the odor of grease paint. In this atmosphere she has created a splendid version of the impossible love of two young people who are held apart by social conventions. Due to Mrs. Asquith's keen understanding of human nature, her characters are drawn with the clearness of figures in a fine cameo carving. This understanding and ability has enabled her to render an old theme in a truly delightful manner. The dramatic scenes are handled with the skill of an artist. In truth, the whole novel is an intimate study of the theatre which could only have come from one who had known it in all its moods.

FICTION

God Have Mercy On Me, a sequel to *No Bed of Roses*, continues the true diary of a prostitute and dope fiend over a period of five years. Through the medium of the diary we have an almost day by day record of her life and her struggle, not for life but rather against it. We see her at times trying to give up her habits only to return to them with the hunger that only a dope addict could possess. At the beginning she makes one great effort to reclaim her lost soul; she has lost all desire for decency and has only what is left of her body.

Graveyard Sunset

By VERNON B. CROOK

*As I pause without the portals
Rusted open by the years,
Pause the sunset's glinting figures
O'er the graves, like phantom biers.
And the golden orb of Heaven
Hovers o'er the western trees
Scarcely higher than the tombstones,
Burnished smile on all it sees.
As the sun moves down the tombstones,
Seems the distance filled with graves,
And a million spider empires
Rolling o'er like timeless waves.
Many a blackened tomb half hidden,
Long forgotten, like a ghost
Stands before the sinking sun
And silent names the spirit's toast.
When the orb of light is vanished,
Phantom biers drift through the sky.
All the ghosts in darkness shrouded
Watch them slowly moving by.
Darkness, and the night is ringing
With the voice of nature's throng.
Dark the grave! But from the church-house
Gleams a light and sounds a song.*

Drunken brawls, maniacal paroxysms, poverty, disease, and raving viciousness have reduced her to such a wreck that even the lowest of her kind despise her. It was the realization that her struggle was hopeless that produced her agonized cry, "God have mercy on me!" The book is of the greatest value, however, not so much as reading matter to pass a few hours away, but as an eye opener. That such conditions as we see in this book are allowed to exist is a terrible stigma upon our so-called civilization.

Quite in contrast to the above book is the new novel, *Martin's Summer*, by Vicki Baum (Cosmopolitan Book Corp., 298pp., \$2.). Its happy wholesome atmosphere revolves around a young man blessed with the features of Appollo and the body of an athlete who falls in love with a magnificently modern girl. He is "rushed" by women of all ages who want him for every reason that a woman might want such a man. The story is so full of the life and spirit of youth that it should appeal to readers of all ages. The feature, however, of Vicki Baum's books are her characters. They are people and as such we can follow the game that they play of someone after something from somebody else.

One Must Love, by Charles Pelton (John Day Company, 298pp., \$2.) is another book full of the dash and impetuosity of sparkling youth. The setting of this wholly modern romance is a small New England town snuggled away in the lakes and mountains of Connecticut. Summer residents and natives form the background against which two young people have their swift romance so characteristic of modern youth. They meet and three months later they are married. That's the pace of this story. The characters, are, however, all true to life, from the slow, gossipy townfolk to the rich summer residents. The story is so delightfully fresh and well written and the atmosphere which pervades its pages so charming that it will offer many pleasant hours to any reader.

BIOGRAPHY

As a biography I have selected for this issue the true story of a real Princess who may someday become the Queen of England. *The Story of Princess Elizabeth* (E. P. Dutton & Co., 126pp., \$2.) written with the sanction of her parents is told by Anne Ring who was formerly attached to Her Royal Highness the Duchess of York's household. This is the fascinating story of the young Princess who at present is less than five years old. It is told with such sympathy and vividness that the reader can not help but wish that this sweet innocent child were his or her own. The details of her life are made even more attractive by many intimate photographs of this beautiful Princess of England.

HUMOR

A Dog's Life, the trail of a little yellow "Runt" by Jo Anderson has just gone into its third printing within a year. (Pound Publishing Co., 42pp., \$1.) It is the tale of a young mongrel scamp who, afflicted with a rather peculiar disease, becomes the envy of the whole dog population of his town.

ROY CHAPIN.

Aristocrats

By C. W. BENDIGO

There crumbles today near Whitakers in north-eastern North Carolina a symbol of the former glory of the South: a massive, beautiful mansion of architectural perfection. The impressive building stands proudly, as did its owner in his declining years, proclaiming its magnificence altho ready to be cut down by Time. Fallen by it are the lesser buildings, the servants' quarters, while on the other side of the neighboring oak grove there remain a few of the negro shacks once occupied by slaves but now tenanted by their freed descendants.

The fine old structure, too proud to acknowledge its decline, still presents its five symmetrical pillars. Years ago they gleamed in whiteness but now are dull grey streaked with black. The weatherboards are no longer white, and the windows which had been spotlessly clean are scarcely transparent thru a crust of dirt. Many panes are broken, letting in the elements to streak the formerly immaculate interior with dust and moisture.

The stout front door continues to guard the main entrance even tho robbed of its costly trappings. The entrances in the rear of the mansion are broken thru by thieves and plunderers.

Inside, the spacious rooms and battered furnishings proclaim former aristocracy. Even the thick layer of dust cannot hide the scar in the ceiling where an enormous chandelier had hung nor can it conceal the beauty of the many fireplaces. Some broken furniture remains. Aged mice-eaten books are scattered on the floor, a silent testimony of pilaging the remaining contents of a commodious library.

In a negro shack a quarter-mile away there still lives an old negress who can remember when the crumbling mansion was in its magnificence, "befo' de wah." Only a few of the neighbors a mile away in Whitakers can recall from memory its glory, but all have heard of its splendor.

The mansion, it is told, was owned with all the land for miles around by one of the most aristocratic and most cultured gentlemen that the South ever produced, Joseph Clinch Bellamy. His possessions included twenty-five thousand acres of land and a thousand slaves. Proud master of all was Marse Joe, as Bellamy was affectionately called.

Even while attending the University of North Carolina, young Bellamy had negro slaves to wait upon him. All his life his hair was combed by a negro. A slave pulled on his boots for him, held his clothes while he dressed, opened and closed the doors and was constantly near to enact the slightest bidding. The master lived as aristocratically as the kings of old, with slaves for subjects and servants.

At the Bellamy plantation, still called Belmont, the thousand slaves cultivated the land. Marse Joe did only those things that he wished. He enjoyed the study of history and had collected in his enormous library every volume he had ever heard of on the subject. The dead languages attracted him and for many days he would do nothing except translate from the original Latin and Greek. In the old mansion there are still some of his books with his scholarly translations written in them.

The management of the plantation occupied very little of Bellamy's time. Occasionally he would ride one of his prize horses to inspect his holdings and give the few orders necessary. Around him at

They Are Not Dead

By JAMES ASA JOHNSON

*They are not dead, the ages long ago
When Babylon and Egypt ruled the world,
When Greece and Rome sent forth
Their messengers of thought and power.
Though dusty centuries have passed
Above the silent vaults of kings,
And palaces and empires feel no more
Their majesty and pride;
Though ancient temples to forgotten gods
Resound no longer to the chant
And prayer of worshipper and priest;
Though long forgotten are the tongues
That echoed once a nation's praise;
Though faintest echo only comes to us
From lands and ages of the long ago,
Yet still those ages live.
No land today but shares the glory of old empires,
And no soul but bears the fruitage of the ages past.
They are not dead, the ages long ago—
They live and breathe and speak in us
Who build our lives today on their foundations,
Cherish truth they gave,
And glory in the beauty that they left.*

Belmont were gathered relatives who shared the mansion and they, more than he, tended to the plantation details.

When the conflict between the North and the South began Bellamy had passed into middle age. Surveying his riches he did not doubt that the South would easily win. He did not feel the necessity of his entering the war as an officer. "A man with a thousand slaves," as he quoted himself, did not have to suffer the privations of war. He sent a hiringling.

Little did Bellamy realize that the South would lose and that the war would take away his thousand. In the months that followed the South's defeat he aged twenty years. His slaves all gone, he knew that his greatest source of wealth had vanished. Despite his great loss, Marse Joe lived as lavishly as before and kept a proud front even to those closest to him. The mansion was unharmed and as beautiful as ever.

It hurt Bellamy's pride, altho he did not show it, to hire the negroes whose services only recently were unquestioned. It tortured him to see them rise politically above the whites. Everything was inverted and Belmont was doomed. Debts rapidly over-ran assets. Reluctantly a part of the tract was sold to Northerners. Finally it was all gone, including many personal possessions. Bellamy was glad to see his beautiful home being bought by a friend but he did not realize that soon there would be no one left in the section who could keep up an estate so lavish as his.

Out of sympathy the receivers for the Belmont tract gave to its former owner a small strip of land with a decent house on what had once been his domain. Bellamy seldom returned to his beautiful mansion, for his heart became as lead whenever he saw it.

All of Bellamy's friends had lost thru the rebellion. Many of his closest were dead, others had left. A few remained to offer him assistance which he refused. He was too proud to accept charity even from friend or kin.

Fortunately, Bellamy had no wife. However, his immediate relatives who had shared Belmont with him were now no better off than he. Some accepted

their fate with stoicism and went to work as best they knew in a changed world. An uncle the shock and worry had killed. Outwardly, thru everything, Marse Joe bore the same proudness that distinguished him all his life. Material reverses found his aristocratic inner self impregnable.

Altho Bellamy refused all aid proffered him and was even insulted by it, he soon learned that he could buy all he needed on credit and his bills were mysteriously paid. And so he lived.

Penniless and alone, the object of concealed charity, Marse Joe's aristocratic spirit remained unbroken no matter how often it was assailed. He stood against fate like a fine old structure defying the elements.

And so the mansion stands as its ruined master did—impressive and proud—an aristocrat.

OLD JIM AND THE WOP

(Continued from page five)

and streets appeared as an inverted Heavens, but a faint hum of activity from down there betrayed the presence of its uncelestial constituents. From above us the moon spread an uncertain gloss on the water, as clouds and trees cast alternate shadows on the grass where we sat. Among the cat-tails at our feet, lady frogs glupped shy answers to the bull frogs' deep croaks; here was real romance! I essayed an imitative "glup" deep in my throat, but without success; the whole chorus ceased. For a second I was disappointed at my lack of skill, but the moment the frogs quieted, I heard an angry torrent of words proceeding from the other side of the lake. Two active shadows were scuffling on the little dock. They drew close to the edge. Then they suddenly separated, and one of them plunged into the water backwards. The shadow on the dock leaned over the water a brief instant; there was no movement down there. Then, as though blown by a puff of wind, the detached bit of black merged with the shore line, and faintly, I could hear the thump of running feet. This dying sound, in turn, merged with the ubiquitous hum, so that all in an instant, the drama had been played and was over.

"Come on!" I pulled my astonished friend to her feet. "I'll run ahead and pull him out. You go over to the Club and raise a racket to call an ambulance!"

The water was only waist-deep between the boats; so I jumped in without removing my shoes. The body was under a boat; it was tremendously heavy for its size. I felt instinctively that it must be Jim. It was. I got blood on me from a gash in his head; he must have struck a gunwale in falling. I made him respire artificially until the ambulance arrived. The surgeon injected adrenaline, but without effect—no pulse, he said. They carried him off in a coroner's basket. The Club needed a new watchman.

After the cars left, the girl was still with me, but I unconsciously ignored her. Thrusting my hands deep into my pockets, I looked musingly at the lights of the city below. Down there somewhere the Wop was fleeing—hurriedly kissing a girl goodbye—driving swiftly to the city—a fugitive now—manslaughter. That's what the papers would say.

I glanced over to the silent caddy yard and then down at the boats where Old Jim's head had struck. "Ya gotta sit on them God darn Wops!" Perhaps so.

The Handwriting on the Wall

By W. M. HAYES

After hearing of Dr. Johnson's interest in the people who had preceded him in occupying a room, I became interested in the former occupants of my dormitory room. I discovered that I have quite a beautiful accumulation of mementos of them all. The walls are literally covered with the marks of succeeding generations of college boys. It took some time and practice before I was able to decipher the hieroglyphics, for I had no Rosetta stone to guide me. However, I hit upon a plan that has proved satisfactory, to me at least. I sat down and took a particular set of initials or group of marks that were evidently made by the same person and gazed steadily and fixedly at them. By using my prolific imagination I was able to reconstruct the happenings that were coincident with their creation. I now feel that I am well acquainted with every boy who has occupied the room. I feel that it might interest a few to know just what happened when I concentrated my thought and imagination upon a few of the more striking of these memorials.

J. Y. H., without doubt, was an artist. He has painted his initials into a beautiful design. It is located just above the radiator and is perfectly portioned in the space between two windows. As I gazed at the design I became vaguely conscious of a change taking place in the room. Many of the scars and markings on the wall disappeared, and the furniture assumed new positions. About this time the door opened and someone entered. The design faded until only the faintest outline was visible. I looked around to see who had entered. He was a tall, slender, almost skinny individual with long brown hair and a pair of dreamy eyes. He was slow and methodical in his movements. He came over to the radiator and held his hands above it. While standing there, he let his gaze wander over the wall before him and at last rested his eyes on the spot where I could just barely make out the outline of the design with the letters J. Y. H. A curiously wonderful light began to shine in his eyes, and some passion seemed to animate his entire face. He walked over to the dresses and pulled out a drawer, took some drawing materials from it, returned to the radiator, and began to fill in with color the design on the wall. When he had completed it, it was a beautiful thing and was an ornament to the room. Just as he was adding a final decorative spiral to the upper right hand corner of the design, the door flew open and a short, stocky individual rushed in, threw a bunch of books on the table, and shouted,

"Hello Joe, whatcha doing?"

This intrusion caused Joe to make the last curve of the spiral a bit too big and spoiled the beauty of it to some extent. He turned, and in a quiet but rather exasperated tone of voice said, "Merely ruining a perfectly beautiful piece of work. Kay, when will you ever learn not to rush into the room and startle me like that? I am going to leave that ruined spiral on the design as an everlasting memorial to your impetuosity."

"Aw, come on, Joe, you know that I don't do things on purpose to make you mad."

"No, Kay, I know you don't. And although it is

rather inconvenient at times I like you for your impetuosity."

"Atta boy! Say, we studied today about the principle by which a lens is able to gather in the rays of the sun and converge them into a tiny spot and produce a great amount of heat. Do you know, when I get my degree, I'm going to do research along this line, and out in the west, where they have lots of sunshine and very little clouds, I'm going to put up a tremendous lens and produce so much heat that I will be able to run half a dozen big steam engines on the heat from the sun." Suddenly he jumped up and began to screw the lens from his flashlight. "You see, it works like this. Now watch me light this piece of paper. See there, they are only warm when they come to us direct, but when they are concentrated they are very hot. Look at it burn a spot in the floor. Say, look here! I'm going to burn my initials in the floor as an everlasting memorial to your indifference if you don't wake up."

With that he became absorbed in burning his initials into the floor. He sat propped on one knee with the other on the floor. When he had finished, there was the blackened K. C. V. W. that I had tried to erase.

It was evidently years later when Bob J. put up his memorial. It is not so old and has not been painted over so many times as many of them appear to have been. It is just about three feet from the floor over on one side of the room. I began to contemplate it, and it was not long until I heard someone fumbling at the door. It took him some time to get it open. Finally he slouched in. He was a rather good looking youth with light hair and smiling blue eyes. He had his books in a crooked stack and was carrying them on his hip. I looked for him to drop them all any moment. He had a half eaten apple in his right hand. He let the books slide off his hip onto the bed and sat down beside them. In some way the bed had gotten across the room and was just under the spot where the letters "Bob J." had been located before the boy entered the room. He sat munching his apple until he had eaten it down to the core, which he threw out at the open window. Then he fell over backwards on the bed and began to sing in a loud unmusical voice.

"Stop that racket, won't you!" This command was snapped out by a hitherto unnoticed individual who sat humped over a desk in the corner of the room.

"Anything to oblige, old chap," yawned the recumbent figure as he turned over and began to toy

Character in a Walkway

By PHILIP MILHOUS

*Cracks in a walkway do not annoy me.
They seem to say that even prosaic things
Have character if we will only look for it.
Some of them indicate a life of service.
And there are other places to remind
That here he stood to say goodbye
And pointed to the funny little marks
Where our first pup, all yellow eyes and fluff,
Scattered his startled footprints on the glaze.
I like even the ugly, jagged scars
Made by the truck that brought our graphophone.
I hate to see a walk stay sleek and smooth,
And when I build myself a house some day,
I'd like to see my walks crack right away.*

with a jack-knife. For the want of anything else to do and because he could do it as he lay on the bed, he began to carve a monstrous B on the wall by his head. The *o* was on a smaller scale. He evidently thought it a waste of effort to make letters so large. The *b* looked as if it had been thrown at the wall and had accidentally stuck there. The *J* was merely scrawled. Bob was getting tired.

"Ho-ho-ho-hum-mm!"

"I wonder what you ever expect to do when you graduate, if ever you do," said his room-mate without looking up.

"Dad has promised me a job in the office when I'm through," Bob replied, as he locked his hands across his eyes and prepared for a nap.

It is remarkable how easy it is for one to bring up pictures of the past when one uses his imagination. I decided to try for the story of the boys who had used the room during the spring quarter before I moved in last fall. On the wall just opposite the door, where it catches the eye the moment that one enters the room, is a pair of hands clasped in what appears to be a hearty handshake. I have seen similar ones carved on tombstones. They seem to have been drawn quite recently, and for that reason I gave them my attention.

It wasn't long until the door opened, and two boys came in arm in arm. Each carried a cap and gown which he threw across the bed. They were seniors and were preparing to leave the room for the last time. One of them said to the other as he looked around the room, "Well, Perry, we have had quite a bit of joy and sorrow, and quite a bit of work and play in this old room during the last four years, haven't we? When fate threw us together as room-mates, when we came here as freshmen, I little dreamed that we would be such good friends, did you?"

"No, I didn't. During my first summer vacation I wanted dad to let me get a job on a boat so that I could travel and see the world. It was only my desire to be with you that brought me back my sophomore year. I still have that desire to travel; that's the reason I'm going into consular service. When you get over in China among the heathen, I want you to try and not forget the old barbarian who roomed with you in college."

"Forget? Listen, college is the greatest episode of my life, and you play the greatest part in that episode, yet you insinuate that I might forget you."

While saying this, he went over to the wall where I had seen the clasped hands a few moments before and began to draw them exactly as I had seen them. When he had finished he turned and said, "Those hands will represent a parting to the boys who use this room after us, but to you and me they shall be a symbol of lasting friendship and attachment. Most of the marks on these four walls are meaningless and indifferent, but those two hands mean that even though our life's work takes us to widely separated regions of the world we shall meet again. I don't mean any disrespect to God, but His little old world is too small to keep two such friends as you and me separated forever."

My room means infinitely more to me now than it ever did before. I believe that anyone can spend a profitable evening in becoming acquainted with his room.

"The most influential books, and the truest in their influence, are works of fiction."

—R. L. Stevenson

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An Aesthete Is Converted

In Which the Author Tells of an Unusual Incident Arising from the Influence of an Article in A Recent Issue of THE CAROLINA MAGAZINE

By M. B. THOMAS

Reading a copy of the last issue of the CAROLINA MAGAZINE, I found that one of my pet literary theories had been attacked by Mr. Dungan in one of the front page articles. Thoughts of revenge flashed through my brain. I would answer that article in such a decisive manner that I would silence all similar thinkers forever. How could anyone think that all literature was didactic? How could anyone maintain that our most beautiful poetry was written to teach mankind?

I rushed to my desk and picked up my pen. How should I begin? What writer should I take to refute Mr. Dungan's argument? Keats! John Keats was the man. If ever a man wrote beautiful poetry for beauty's sake it was Keats. Carefully I began to read over Keats' poetry. The room seemed extremely warm, and I began to feel drowsy. I put my head down on my desk to rest a minute.

You can imagine that I was not a little amazed when sitting up once more to resume my reading to find the room had undergone a miraculous transformation. It could not have been a modern Chapel Hill room at all. The furniture was that of early Nineteenth century England. Sitting opposite me at what I usually considered quite an ordinary desk, but which now appeared to be a heavily carved mahogany table, was a man whose clothing struck me as being very old fashioned. Suddenly, without realizing how I knew it, I was aware of the unmistakable facts that I was in the London of the early nineteenth century and that the man who was smiling cynically across the table at me was John Keats. We were at that very moment involved in a heated argument.

"Mr. Keats," I found myself saying, "surely you do not mean to maintain that art in its most beautiful forms is created primarily for the instruction of mankind?"

"A thing of beauty," the rich bell-like voice of Keats answered me, "is an instrument by which the artist can guide man along the path of moral virtue. That is its only excuse for being."

"But," I asked, "may not the artist create something beautiful just for the sake of Beauty? Isn't this after all the ultimate purpose of art—to create something beautiful for mankind to enjoy and in the creation of which the artist himself will feel a joy above that of this earth?"

"Nonsense, nonsense," snorted Keats, "the production of something which mankind calls art is a laborious process. The artist does not enjoy it. He either works for money, or is spurred on by the

Parry

By GEORGE BROWN

*It may be you have tired of my love—
Perhaps that was the funny light I saw
Within your feigning eyes last night. When
more*

*I queried, you naively stared above
Evasively. It must be that some other
Newly found acquaintance made you see
Our madness was a sad futility,
And with the smoke of his new flame to
smother*

*All that was our old—Well,—I am glad
It ended that way . . . Why let hover over
Our young lives the shadow of a sad
Unsatiated love we might have had—*

*Be glad! It might have pained you to dis-
cover*

I had also found a fresher lover.

thought of the great instruction and guidance the public will derive from his production. For instance, I have no doubt that the sculpturer of Venus did his work for the purpose of introducing safety-pins and shoulder straps for women's garments. Art must be useful."

"That sounds reasonable," I reflected, "but your own works do not seem to be created upon this theory. Your odes and even some of your longer poems seem to embody the principle of Art for Art's sake. For instance, your ode *To Autumn*. I don't see how you can maintain your point there. What is there didactic in that?"

Smiling, Keats strode across the room and opening a drawer in a queer picturesque old desk took out two slips of paper, and said, "You only think *To Autumn* is just a poem of sheer beauty because men do not understand the purpose behind it. Fortunately, I am able to clear up the matter for you."

He handed me the slips of paper. "The one in your left hand is a copy of the ode *To Autumn*. The one in your right hand is a prose paragraph expressing the same thought. I always write out my thoughts in prose first and then transpose them into poetry. That gives more unity to my form and keeps the lesson I am trying to teach before me. Compare them."

In case my reader is not familiar with the ode let me quote it as it appeared on that slip:

*Season of mists and mellow fruitfulness,
Close bosom-friend of the maturing sun;
Conspiring with him how to load and bless
With fruit the vines that round the thatch-eves
run;
To bend with apples the mossed cottage-trees,
And fill all fruit with ripeness to the core;*

(Continued on page three)

Nine Minutes

By JAMES DAWSON

So this was how it happened. You tried to keep your head above the water, and your senses unmanned you, weakened you, so that it was easy for the ninth wave to run over you. Then you were finished, you were so disgusted with your own weak body that you killed yourself. So this was how it happened, this was what always happened. Now he saw it, now he understood it all.

He drew up his knees until the blanket made a tent above him. The hot pillow was wet. Were those tears? God, what a child he was! What a damnably, unutterably spineless fool he was!

Agh, surely this was the end of everything. Here you were, with the thing you had done beside you, and your brain dull and uncomprehending. Last night you had loved the darkness of the room, the smell of rain-wet asphalt through the window. Last night the pillow had been cool and welcome, and sleep had been beside your bed. Tonight, tomorrow night, for many nights, you would sleep not at all.

He turned his head and looked at her. She must have felt his eyes upon her back, for she pushed away the blanket and swung her feet to the floor. Her bare feet made no sound as she walked to the chair. He could not see her now, sitting across the room, but he felt that she had bent her head upon her palms, that her long hair fell before her face. Lightning flashed beyond the window, and he was startled to see that she was sitting with her head in her hands. Her hair, half covering her arms, caught the flash in its sheen and glistened back. When the light died he heard her stir.

'It's raining,' she said.

He knew she had raised her head, he knew she was staring toward him.

'You hate me, don't you?' she said.

'God, I hate myself.'

'You did enough. You've been fighting this for a long time. But it's no use fighting any longer. I love you. You love me. What are we going to do?'

'I don't know,' he moaned. 'Don't talk about it.'

Why did she have to talk? Why couldn't she go away and leave him alone? He didn't want to think, and she was forcing him to face things, throwing words at him that started him thinking, phrases that suggested the horrible things he was thinking. He turned his face to the wall and cursed. He began to say God, God, God—over and over, biting the word, hoping it would stop his brain, his heart.

It did no good. Nothing did any good. You could curse and mouth phrases, but you could no longer escape the dull thing that pounded at your skull. Wrong, wrong, wrong. Christ came to earth to show man that he could live a life of reason, putting his brain above his passions. You, poor jellied fool, could only cry and wish you hadn't done it.

(Continued on page eight)

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SUNDAY, OCTOBER 18, 1931

THIS PUBLICATION

So shocked were we the other night when a student naively and not at all unsincerely asked, "And what is the CAROLINA MAGAZINE?" that we are moved to do this writing.

THE CAROLINA MAGAZINE, as we members of the staff understand it, is the literary publication of the campus. It is written for the most part by students at the University primarily for the campus to read. THE MAGAZINE differs from most of the other publications in that its writers give in their works more than a mere photographic impression of life. It is a record of how students think. THE MAGAZINE is a concrete example of what goes on in the minds of the students. It attempts to reflect the campus with all its shining, confident freshmen and its dignified and not a little bemuddled seniors. It so happens that in this very issue every class from the freshman to the graduate school is represented.

THE MAGAZINE does not attempt to embrace the world with its contents. It does not encourage a dainty nibbling of Parisian dishes nor of a prying into a life beyond the grave before the taste of the brown peas and the fields and cities around us are known. The writers do not tell of the fierce roaring bluster of arctic storms when he is deaf to the sound that the wind makes through our own pine trees, and blind to the neighbors with whom he walks.

As for popularity—as well try to get a materialistic farmer out of a warm bed to see a winter sunrise or a poet to read Horatio Alger as to try to produce a magazine that will appeal to everybody. And

why butcher a thing for its appeal? We would not want to see a tennis player calling signals before kicking a pigskin over the net. When we go to see tennis, we want to see pure tennis or as nearly pure tennis as possible. When we read the *Buccaneer*, we expect to find humor there. We read it for that purpose. We do not want to find there a chronicle of the death of John Jones or a recipe for canning peaches. And when we read THE MAGAZINE, we expect to find writings warmed by human feeling and characterized by the author's individual outlook on the things he sees in life.

So it's racquets for the tennis players, news for the *Tar Heel*, pictures for the *Yackety Yack*, and for THE MAGAZINE writings characterized by a feeling—at which we take the bow—called literary.

As to Mother Love

I have just read an advertisement of a post card company. Of all the putrid language I have ever seen in advertisements, this one tops the list. From one line to another "Mother, deah mother" is expressed or implied.

We all know our mothers love us, and we all love our mothers. However that may be, it is doubtful if any of us really are able to work ourselves into the frame of mind post card companies would have us.

In the first place there is no occasion for all this silly sentimentalism about mother. The most natural biological process in the world is the bearing of young. Many times I have read quotations that ran something like this: "A mother will gladly give her life for her child." I doubt if a mother ever willingly gave her life for her child. If the occasional mothers who do give their lives in bearing children knew beforehand it would mean their lives, certainly these mothers would not bear children. And suppose I am wrong in my belief. Even a female hog, one of the lowest of all animals, will fight and die for her young.

Thousands of words are written every year, and hundreds of speeches are made on the debt we owe our parents—mothers in particular. They rear us and often sacrifice for us in the attempt to give us a better start in this life. And for what primary end? So that we may rear our own children and start them on the same repetitive process. So it has been from the time of Mr. and Mrs. Adam; so it shall be until the end of time. If I thought I owed my parents anything for bringing me up, I surely wouldn't feel the love for them that I do. I'd hate to think my parents that mercenary.

While I am opposed to all this "Darling Mother" stuff, I would not detract one whit from the pure idea of motherly love. And while I shall continue to love my mother as deeply as ever, I shall never lapse into this silly rot so prevalent in post card and floral advertisements. Such a narrow-minded conception of Love is one of the blackest heresies that can be committed against motherhood.

—JACK DARDEN.

Book Chat

By ROY B. CHAPIN

FLAX: Police Dog, by Svend Fleuron, with illustrations by Cecil Alden, well known dog illustrator, is believed to be unique in that it is the only full length novel with a dog as its central character to be published in this country in many years.

* * *

Robert M. McBride & Co. has evolved a unique plan for promoting 70,000 WITNESSES, a football mystery story by Cortland Fitzsimmons. The book itself gave the clue as to what device would focus the attention of mystery fans on it. The first chapter of the story is in the form of a radio announcer's play-by-play description of the great football game between University and State, a game witnessed by 70,000 people. Walter DeMuth, star State half-back, finally breaks away for an 80-yard touchdown but drops dead as he crosses the goal line. With such a dramatic situation as a starter the rest was easy. An experienced sports announcer was given the script, and a complete sound transcript of the Army-Navy game of 1930 was found, which provided all necessary sound effects which greets a touchdown. By interspersing these sound effects at the proper place in the announcer's dramatic rendition of the game, a most exciting record was made. This record is given away with each copy of the book.

* * *

HEADLONG, a novel of the problems of the modern, middle-aged woman "on her own," is the work of Genevieve Parkhurst, former newspaper and publicity woman and for many years contributing editor to *Pictorial Review*.

* * *

It is not often that an author is put in as part of the marginal decoration of his book. Korney Chukovsky has appeared just that way in his poem for children, "CROCODILE," which has recently been translated from the original Russian by Babette Deutsch. The author of this rollicking verse is in the picture on the last page and is the man with the big hands and feet, the long neck and the childishy retrouse nose, who is looking on with a proprietary grin while a little boy is running up to embrace the handsome saurian.

* * *

Rose Henderson trimmed the first Christmas tree that was ever seen in Death Valley, California, for the little Indian children there, five years ago. There, at Furnace Creek Ranch, Miss Henderson met the originals of the FIVE LITTLE INDIANS, about whom she has written so delightfully in her new book of that title.

* * *

Anne Merriman Peck, author of YOUNG GERMANY, had some unusual experiences while collecting material for her book on Germany. To understand the German young people she became one of them for a time, and wandered all over the country with them, making friends with the boys and girls. She spent one night in a Black Forest farmhouse, eating cherries and milk on a bench by a great porcelain stove, while the party sang folk songs to pay for their night's lodging. YOUNG GERMANY is the first book since the war on German youth.

Ars Gratia Artis

An Essay Written to Prove That Genuine Art Is, of Itself, Never Didactic

Dear Spec:

Having been previously charmed by your muse (which I may add, for the benefit of those who may pry into this letter, is a nude cupid beneficent in his pipe and spectacles that have been bestowed by your worthy, if not overly artistic hands)—having been charmed by this muse on previous visits, I was not loath last evening to call upon your room. Unfortunately I found you out, but several others in; so I stayed; and as any man has a right to know what has taken place in his own room, I am here recounting a bit of information concerning the proceedings.

The prolific conversation among the members of the circle gathered there was ended with the rendition of an early work of Lord Byron's, which, although generally frowned on by the group, opened a discussion on poetry.

Senator-Editor Dungan was of the opinion that poetry, and for that matter all art, was necessarily didactic, and when I made so bold as to disagree he let it be known that I was an aesthete, and would therefore end up either at Dix's Hill or in the poor house. Although I was at great pains to deny the alligation, and, so to speak, defy the "alligator," the matter rested at that, and we departed together in the spirit of all good friendship. But I am naturally of a mean and revengeful nature; so I write this in order that, like Echo, I may have the last word.

The *ars gratia artis* idea is nothing new—I am tempted to observe that at least it is originally expressed in the Latin tongue, a fact which, in itself speaks somewhat for the antiquity of the notion. But, in spite of the age of this theory, it is at the present very pressing, and very much in the front as a basis of creation.

Take an example from the realm of painting. Throughout the Middle Ages and the Renaissance, didacticism ruled in art. The earliest paintings were merely an attempt to teach the unlettered masses the stories of the *Old Testament*. The story of mankind may be looked upon as a great epic beginning with Adam and ending at the Day of Judgment. The philosophy which the masters were to portray was already established. Most of the work was done for the Church of Rome and the contracts for the paintings described their makeup in the most minute detail. Thus the function of the artist was not to teach, but merely to inspire beauty into an effort to teach. The resulting work of art was didactic, but the function of the artist was not in the least pedantic.

The truth of this contention is readily seen when we realize that many of the greatest works of art of the Renaissance have ceased to teach. Few, for instance, now believe that the World was created in seven physical days or that Eve was actually made from Adam's rib. What was once accepted as fact has become practically a myth, and any picture portraying such a myth ceases to teach. But I am inclined to point out that Michael Angelo's great work in the Sistine Chapel is no whit less great because it has left off this function.

The series of murals which I have just referred to is perhaps the greatest ever painted; yet as we

have seen, it is didactic neither from the standpoint of the observer nor from that of the artist.

It is interesting to note also that the Pre-Raphaelite movement in England in the last century copied from the early Italian only the manner of description, the detail work, the slightly elongated features, but not the effort to draw a moral. They felt that that was not the essential part of the work. It was merely a byproduct and not to be considered; it was something artificially injected by an outside force.

In the present age, the outside force has just about disappeared; and in the place of Roman Catholicism has sprung up Humanism. The mere choice between the two would be simple were it not for the fact that each has in turn been split up into other groups. In short if the artist of today is to produce a didactic creation, he must first be a philosopher and find for himself something to teach. He is confronted with a new problem. It has never been the function of the artist to teach; he has created beauty. And the theologians and pedagogues have given him a frame around which to build this beauty. Now if his work must be didactic, he has first to decide what he is going to teach.

But should I consider only the point of view of the artist, I would omit half of the work of art; for in order to be a work of art a creation must have an observer, even if the artist performs that function. If he does, however, it must be purely as an observer, not as the creator, the master. If the observer is overlooked, it is highly probable that the result will be simply idiotic and more or less of the nature of the work of Gertrude Stein which runs something like this, "The cow, the cow, the cow, ah! fiddle, no cow."

I am always tempted to reply, "Oh! Tweedle, O! Dum (b), aw! Twiddle!"

But upon examination, we find that an observer will see two things in a work of art. First, he will see the art—the patterns of the lines, the blending of light and dark, the balance, the rhythm, the coloring. Then, he will see the image that the painting stands for—the cow, the saint, or what not. It may tell a story, or recall one to him, but the teaching of the story is divorced from the art.

The next question in order is, "Can the two ever be separated?" We want to know whether there is a possibility of beauty without attachment. I simply point to the fact that music which has passed the photographic stage (and photographic music is no music at all)—is pure art detached from all of the ordinary connotations of meaning. We may name a certain composition the Moonlight Sonata, but to do so is a misnomer, for though it may represent moonlight to one person, it may represent nothing but sound to a more acute hearer.

Now let us turn to literature. The two phases which we observe in a picture are here bound together particularly closely. Meaning in literature is everything, yet I am still inclined to doubt whether the function of literature is to teach, in other words whether it is necessarily didactic by nature.

It seems to me that the chief job of a writer is to portray life as he sees it. To say that all men are born free and equal is great philosophically; if the idea is arrived at in a logical fashion, it may be great politically, but it is not great artistically. Are we to assume that because Hamlet, a weak soul opposed by strong situations, delayed issues, that Shakespeare approves of such a course of action, or because

this action leads to a tragedy in this particular situation that it will do so necessarily in others? Does Milton (and surely his Puritan nature would be inclined to pedagogy) do more than contrast two types in *L'Allegro* and *Il Penseroso*? Is not the sonnet on his blindness merely an attempt at self-comfort? Where then is our didacticism?

Life is the greatest teacher of all. If any man portrays life, he must teach. But it is not the work of art that teaches; it is not the artist; it is not the observer of the composition in its symmetry, but the observer who applies the vehicle to his own experience, and forgets temporarily that the author was portraying suffering or joy, not preaching a sermon.

Calmly yours,

PETER HAIRSTON.

AN AESTHETE IS CONVERTED

(Continued from page one)

To swell the gourd, and plump the hazel shells
With a sweet kernel; to set budding more,
And still more, later flowers for the bees,
Until they think warm days will never cease,
For Summer has o'er-brimmed their clammy cells.
Who hath not seen thee oft amid thy store?
Sometimes whoever seeks abroad may find
Thee sitting careless on a granary floor,
Thy hair self-lifted by the winnowing wind;
Or on a half-reaped furrow sound asleep,
Drowsed with the fume of poppies, while thy hook
Spare the next swath and all its twined flowers:
And sometimes like a gleaner thou dost keep
Steady thy laden head across a brook;
Or by a cider-press, with patient look,
Thou watchest the last oozyings hours by hours.
Where are the songs of Spring? Ay, where are they?
—Think not of them, thou hast thy music too,—
While barred clouds bloom the soft-dying day,
And touch the stubble-plains with rosy hue;
Then in a wailful choir the small gnats mourn
Among the river shallows, borne aloft
Or sinking as the light wind lives or dies;
And full-grown lambs loud bleat from hilly bourn;
Hedge-crickets sing; and now with treble soft
The red-breast whistles from a garden-croft;
And gathering swallows twitter in the skies.

While reading this I experienced a feeling of mellow contentment that usually accompanies my reading of this musical ode. Then I turned to the prose in my right hand. This is what I read:

"Autumn is a very treacherous season. Mists obscure one's way, and the apples are so ripe that one is in constant danger from their falling. Even the bees are fooled by autumn and think that winter won't come. Thus, they freeze to death for lack of preparation.

"Autumn is also a careless and lazy season. She wastes her harvest, and people who sleep in the fields are in constant danger of being run over by the reaping machines. Autumn is too noisy. Lambs, gnats, and swallows all make a horrible din.

Moral: Don't be too sure that hard times won't get you. Don't be careless and lazy or something will be sure to get you. And making lots of noise like whistling in the dark will do no good."

* * * * *
Voices in the hall awakened me. I was still at my desk with my pen in my hand. For some reason I did not care to write. Slowly I put the cap back on my pen and stood up. I resolved to leave school. I was an English student, and somehow or other they just hadn't taught me correctly.

Are We Being Educated?

By MARY FRANCES PARKER

I read, recently, an essay of Stephen Leacock's called *Oxford As I See It*. This essay was the outgrowth of personal observation—an observation which extended over a period of years and had as its objective the discovery of the element which makes Oxford graduates truly educated men. The author decided, after a thorough study of the professors, the students, and the college, that it was the atmosphere of mellowed antiquity, of a fifteenth century kitchen, of ivy clad dormitories, and of memorial-plate adorned dining halls, which contributed this quality. He also compared the English with the American system of education, and decided that the English was much the better. Their's is a system, not so much of courses, as of studies.

Opposed to this unhurried English culture stands the American conception of education, which is merely the offering of a curriculum to students of higher learning. These students look forward to commencement as a time when they will receive (1) a diploma, (2) a job as a bond-salesman (if they have been good athletes), and (3) the official stamp that they are educated men. They will remember only such meager facts as; the date of the Norman Conquest, 1066; Shakespeare was the greatest dramatist who ever lived; that all Gaul was divided into three parts; and that the square of the hypotenuse of a right triangle is equal to the sum of the squares of the other two sides. They leave their Alma Maters to go out and take their places as leaders of men. They buy a number of first editions, subscribe to the best magazines, and put these in conspicuous places. They become leading citizens of their towns, and make addresses on *The Advantages of a College Education* at Rotarian, Kiwanis and other club dinners. Although of different cloth they have all been cut out from the same pattern.

They have been molded by master workmen. Each year the raw material which is shipped into various colleges in the form of freshmen is eagerly received by the educators. They take each batch, cut it down here, round it off there, pound it and remold the acquiescent material into men whom they mark "Educated—A.B. Degree from Blank University" and whom they export into the markets of the world. These men are respected and venerated; humanity expects great things of them, and the mob follows eagerly in the foot-steps of college graduates—educated men.

These men are not really educated, however, because they have been instructed and tutored and coerced until they have no idea of their own, no inclination to learn. They are as different from really educated men as black is different from white. They base their claim to learning on the fact that Dr. Blank, "A good egg, nationally known, and a trifle absent-minded" instructed them in contemporary poetry. They forget that minds which absorb knowledge as readily as a sponge dry out like the same sponge if left alone.

But the students are not to blame. It is not their fault that their professors regard them as just another group to lecture. They cannot help it if they are graded upon the actual amount of work done and not upon the development of their minds. Because of their struggle with thirty-six courses they are unable to realize what education really comprises. Each registration day they sign up for required work and a certain number of electives rec-

ommended as "cinch" courses and in this way they become educated.

If students were allowed to plan their own work, they would probably flounder around helplessly and accomplish less than they do now. There must be some revision of the factory-system of higher education before colleges can develop educated men. I suggest no plan. I only shout the need of something that will accomplish for American students what sleeping in the ivy has done for Oxfordians.

III

By WILLIAM FIGGATT

*The gusty rain splashed loudly on the sill
And splotted the pane with rivulets of spray.
My throbbing senses heard it as I lay
In bed, and strove to reach the rain; to fill
A cup, and by its power gain the hill
Of comfort. But my body blocked the way
With racking pain, and laughed, as if to say:
"I can't be moved, I'm resting, I am ill."
And then you came, with that soft rustling sound
Of linen stiffly starched, and quickly stept
Up to my bed with water in your hands.
You made my pillow like a cool green mound.
And after while you told me that I slept.
Believing you I slipped to far-off lands.*

Square Dance

By HORACE WARD

Billy B. has his fiddle out and is playing just for the love of it even before the crowd has gathered. But he hasn't long to wait for the young people of the blueberry section are keen about the dance and soon are standing in couples around the walls anxious for the fun to begin. Billy sees this and as though to encourage them strikes up "Turkey in the Straw." The group fairly tingles with excitement, but it is evident they are waiting for something. The question goes about the room "who's going to call it?" but nobody volunteers. Just then a voice sings out from the door, "Partners to their places like horses to the traces," and a glad shout goes up from the dancers. Rowie, whom everybody knows as a master hand at calling figures, has arrived. He pulls his girl into the middle of the floor and cuts a caper. They all laugh. Billy now bears down on the fiddle in earnest and his head begins to bobble. The second fiddle and guitar accent the beat of the music with their chords. And the hearts of the dancers quicken. For a moment they drink the sound and stand poised like a spirited horse waiting for the word to go. Rowie calls "hands all around and balance to the left." Immediately they swing into rapid intoxicating action. "Reverse, you done gone wrong, break and swing and promenade, all the way around." His accents fall with the beat of the music, and everyone is lifted out of himself into a free swift convent of feeling. "Sides forward and back, half right and left, two ladies change." It has become a song and Rowie dancing like a wild man drunk with rhythm leads them on through figure after figure; "chase the blacksnake," "wind the ball," "go in and out the window," "form that pretty little boquet." The people have become a mass of living matter which he moulds into any form he wants, always dipping, always moving, until the command "honor your partner" brings them to a stop. And the first set is finished.

(Continued on page eight)

Wart Doctor

By VERNON B. CROOK

That was the name all right! Fred Jameson. I had no fear whatsoever that I would forget it again. Fred Jameson, the wart doctor.

I never knew much about him. He was no personal friend of mine; just a bare acquaintance. But I shall remember him now forever as the wart doctor.

Warts are queer things. Four months ago I had one on the middle finger of my right hand, a big yellow one. The thing had been bothering me for more than a year. I tried remedy after remedy to rid myself of it; had cut it out, had it burned, used two or three sorts of salves on it—all to no avail. The thing insisted on staying. It was so conspicuous that I felt embarrassed whenever I shook hands or moved my finger anywhere people were liable to see the wart.

"So-and-so can take it off for you," my room-mate told me time and again. "He can rub it and say some magic word over it and it will disappear." I always answered with some ejaculation as "Superstitious rot!" I could not understand how a college man could really believe such bunk.

I didn't believe a word of it. I'd been hearing such things all my life, had even seen people who claimed to have got rid of their warts in just such a way, but I had never taken their protestations seriously. I could more easily believe plowing deep sours the soil, or that killing a frog turns a cow's milk bloody.

Whenever the subject of warts was brought up and such magic claims made for So-and-so, I volubly expressed my disgust at the credulity of my companions. I really could see no difference in the belief, or superstition, that So-and-So could charm warts away and the belief that Diccon of Bedlam could conjure up devils.

Four months ago in the College Cafeteria this story began. Paul Johnson and I had finished eating. Fred Jameson, just a bare acquaintance, was sitting at the same table.

"Why don't you do something about that horrible wart on your right hand?" Johnson exclaimed.

"Damn you! How many more times are you going to bring that up?" I demanded. "Haven't I done all that is humanly possible?"

Jameson looked up. "Let me see it," he said. "Perhaps I can take it off for you."

"Ah, bunk!" I ejaculated, sticking my hand in my pocket.

"Let him see it," Johnson insisted. "He won't bite you."

"But I don't believe in such superstitious remedies! —He can't take it off. —Well, you can look at it," I said ironically, almost hurling my warted finger under his inquisitive nose. I could not hide my disgust at finding a college student who shamelessly admitted being a wart doctor.

Jameson looked at it, rubbed it gently, and muttered something I didn't understand. "As soon as you forget you have it, the wart will disappear. Just forget it," he said.

"Forget it? With it as conspicuous as that?" I insisted that such a thing was impossible.

That was four months ago. Yesterday afternoon, for the first time since, I thought of that wart. I held up my right hand. I examined the middle finger thoroughly; I re-examined it. There was nothing on it. I examined the middle finger of

(Continued on page five)

A Day

By VERNON A. WARD, JR.

Marie's eyes opened.
Her hand rubbed her black body
Extended in the sunrise.
Her arms stretched back.
Her waist twisted.
Her body turned over.
Her eyes closed.

**

—She felt a hand on her back,
Felt it pull down her dress
Over her hips,
Felt it shake her.—
She turned over;
It was her mammy.
She got off the bed.

**

She walked slowly to the woodpile,
Picked up the dented axe
By its hairy helve,
Got it over her shoulder,
Dropped it heavily
On the knotty wood.
She saw her woodpile grow.
She picked up an armful
Of the wood,
Stumbled into the cook-shack,
Let it fall to the floor.
She stood there
Looking at her mammy,
Who mixed corn meal,
And water,
And salt;
Stood there looking at the jelly
Under her mammy's rags,
On her mammy's arms,
On her mammy's legs.

**

She stretched her legs
Under the greasy table,
Poured molasses from a half-gallon
Into her cracked plate,
Took salty bacon
From the pan.
She pushed cornbread through the molasses,
Saw the brown plate,
Saw the brown molasses cover the brown plate.
She pushed the bread into her mouth,
Chewed,
Swallowed heavily.
She watched her brothers sopping molasses,
And her mammy,
And her gran'mammy,

*

She held the dirty pans,
Plates,
Tin cups,
Spoons,
In hot lye-soap water
That ran out through a hole
In the bottom of her pan.

*

The farm bell rang.

*

She kicked dust on the road
To the tobacco field.
She went into the field,
And,
With the other negroes on the farm,
Pulled out the little suckers
That grow between the stalk

And the leaf,
Sucker after sucker,
Row after row.
And there were always more suckers,
Always more rows.
—She felt the gummy wilted suckers
Between her fingers,
Felt the water running down her back.
She smelt the dust.
She looked at the negro men,
Working,
Their backs bare.—
She pulled the wet cloth out from her body
And worked on,
Sucker after sucker,
Row after row.

*

The farm bell rang.

*

She walked dripping to the shack,
Sat down at the table
With her brothers,
And her mammy,
And her gran'mammy.
She ate cold turnip greens,
Salty pork,
Cornbread.

She walked to the creek
At the back of the tobacco field,
Where the young ones of the negroes swam,
Where the old ones lay around
After dinner
Looking at the young ones.
She waded into the creek,
Splashed lazily the muddy water
Of the sluggish stream.
—She felt her feet sink
Into the oozy mud,
Felt the hot water
Against her skin.
She felt the hands of negro boys
Throw her into the slime.—

*

The farm bell rang.

*

She walked with the others
Through the summer sand
Into the field.
She worked under the sun,
Sucker after sucker,
Row after row.
The mud dried on her feet,
Cracked.
The slime dried on her body,
Drew her skin tight.
Sucker after sucker.
Row after row.

*

The farm bell rang.

*

She staggered through the darkness
To the shack.
She dropped heavily to the ground
Beneath a tree.
She sighed,
And slept.
When her mammy called,
She went inside,
Sopped molasses,
Saw others sop.

**

Her body bent over the dishpan.

Her hands wiped out pans,
Plates,
Cups,
Spoons.
Her legs trembled.

She fell dirty into her bed,
Stuck her nose deep in the straw mattress.
—She heard the rain on the floor,
Felt drops of it on her back,
Wetting her,
Soaking into her.
She smelt a steam of urine
Rising from the mattress.

WART DOCTOR

(Continued from page four)

my left hand, all the fingers of my right hand, and finally all the fingers of my left. The wart was gone. Not one sign of it could I find.

I felt queer. How could I have managed to forget so conspicuous a thing as that yellow mound on my finger? Why should my mere forgetting it, preceded by a few magic words, have caused it to disappear? Was there something to superstition anyway?

I tried hard to recall the name of the boy who had magically rid me of the wart. My memory proved as bare of his name as my finger of the wart.

That was yesterday afternoon. I was trying to review for a mid-term examination on Renaissance history. Charlemagne, Otto the Great, Frederick Barbarossa, Frederick the Second, Boniface VIII, Phillip IV. I tried to memorize them and their doings. I found myself saying "Frederick the Second, Wart, Wart, Otto, Wart, Boniface, Wart." I could not weed the warts out of my Renaissance history. "Charlemagne, who was that boy? Frederick Wart. Otto, Who was he? Why can't I remember, Boniface?"

I could not recall the wart doctor's name. I dared not even mention the subject to Johnson because I knew how he would razz me. Johnson was the only person I knew who might remember the boy.

"I've got to memorize this history," I told myself time and time again, pounding the table to stress the necessity. "I've got to forget this whole wart business till after mid-term." I couldn't forget it! There seemed to be some eternal frog stranded in my brain croaking the word "wart". But the confounded old frog never croaked the boy's name, and that's what I wished to remember.

Afternoon wore out. Evening came. Renaissance history came more and more to interbreed with warts. Though I feared tremendously that the offspring would cause me trouble on the morrow I was powerless to prevent the intermingling.

Bedtime came. I put off retiring in hopes that I might recall the name in time to honestly study a little history. The name never once crossed my memory. I decided that I could sleep on it. People sometimes remember things by sleeping on them, I told myself.

Finally the frog stopped croaking and I slept. In early morning I awoke muttering the name "Fred Jameson, Fred Jameson." That was it all right. I had no fear whatsoever that I would forget it again.

As a sort of reflex I lifted my right hand and looked at the middle finger. "Fred Jameson," I muttered, "Fred Jameson."

There on the middle finger, as big and as yellow as ever, was that horrible wart.

New Books

By ROY CHAPIN

Concerning the much heralded Mahatma Gandhi, we have another volume continuing his own story, *GANDHI AT WORK*, (The Macmillan Co., 409 pp., \$2.50) by Mr. C. F. Andrews who revels in holding up the excellencies of someone else. If Mr. Gandhi is appreciated by the West at his full value, a main reason is, no doubt, the enthusiastic interpretations of those disciples of whom Mr. Andrews is the most skillful.

The story is written mainly in the autobiographical form with Gandhi speaking in the first person. Mr. Andrews, however, has selected and arranged the material and has made the best use of Gandhi's simple yet direct and compelling utterances. We have here the complete, yet concentrated account of the really determinant period of Gandhi's life, spent, not in India, but in a British dominion, Cape Town. It was here that he became outraged at the decency of the West. His early life was lived under the influence and contempt of the Boers. Little wonder that he became disgusted with the life.

Gandhi's piety is sincere and profound and is demonstrated many times throughout the pages. His path, however, is crowded with other and equally impressive wayfarers. Mr. Andrews claims for him no more than that obtained by the Quakers who have lived for three centuries. What might be new in Gandhi's ascetic idealism would be its application to the actual problems which work a day people—no less devoted to duty than he, even if less spectacular in the performance of it—have to perform.

It is difficult for any writer of imagination and for many without imagination to go into the Basque country without wanting to write about it. Dorothy Canfield has in *BASQUE PEOPLE*, (Harcourt, Brace & Company, 272pp., \$2.50) both imagination and a fine understanding of a race which is different in many respects from any other in the world. In this volume she has thrown her observations into fictional form, but they are, nevertheless, true to the region and to its human types.

The present book is really about the human values as the Basques see them. Such values are found in the sketch of the old showman of marionettes which after the destruction of the town are replaced at the expense of the city council. Throughout the book there are many other such incidents which emphasize this theme.

This land as Mrs. Canfield paints it is an exceedingly attractive one. It will not tend to lessen that pride which makes the Basque regard the wealthier nations with underlying pity. The Basque pride, however, which has never expressed itself in attempts to conquer or enslave neighboring peoples, is no menace to the peace and well being of the world.

Although Dr. Arthur G. Brodeur is a Professor of English at the University of California, his life-long hobby has been archaeology. Starting with the Indian camp sites Dr. Brodeur has progressed to the grave mounds of the ancient Swedish kings, and many other hoary shrines and vanished capitals. The result of his keen interest in bones is a glowing book, *THE PAGEANT OF CIVILIZATION*, a panorama of the ages seen on the highroad to the past; a gorgeous word-picture painted by a skilled user of the English language and an authority on archaeology.

As Joe College Would Say It

By W. M. HAYES

Joe College is a care-free, almost mythical character; he is the type of American college youth found in *Judge*, *Life* and the *Buccaneer*. He has a way of talking and acting that sets him apart from other people. His language is one of his most distinguishing traits. When you hear someone using "lousy," "dopey," and "gripe" all in the same sentence you can be practically sure that he is either Joe College or a near relative.

A "crip" and a "bitch" may not mean very much to an outsider, but there is quite a bit of difference to Joe. These two words refer specifically to his work, and they are about the only words of his vocabulary that do refer to it. When speaking of his courses he is sure to use one of these, except on rare occasions he may supply "pain" for "bitch." Of course "grat" refers to classes to a certain extent, but it is much more pleasant than either of the others.

Joe really "spreads himself" in his social life. By social life I mean the bull session and the soda parlor. He usually gets "lit" over the week-end. Sometimes he even gets "soused."

To be specific, last Friday evening two of "the country's finest" were in the process of getting "lit" when they found that they had no bottles or glasses, not even a fruit jar. They were in quite a "strut" trying to find a way to get "lit" before night. They solved their problem in quite a unique way—a way which shows their superiority over people who do not come to college. One of them lay flat on his back on the floor and put a funnel in his mouth and the other proceeded to "light" him by pouring homebrew from a five gallon jug into the funnel.

When somebody makes an ass of Joe in polite company he says, "Well, I'll be 'swiggered'." This is a very mild expression and is only used in church or at funerals.

Anyone wishing to learn to speak Collegiana will be greatly helped by the following simple vocabulary. *Bitch*, a course that looks all right in the catalogue but proves to be filled with work in the classroom. May also refer to a professor who is fond of piling on work.

Boot, hypocritical interest in a course with the sole intention of boosting one's grade. To "have a boot on" a professor is to have him thinking that you know much more than you do and that you do much more work than you actually do.

Crip, a course that requires no work and that can be passed without cramming.

Cram, to study all night before an examination, usually with the result that one is so "dopey" next day that he goes to sleep on the exam.

Dopey, brain dull naturally, or from being "lit" or from "cramming" the night before.

Floored, vanquished, dazed, beaten.

Full, the point on the way "out" (see "out") where the ability to walk a chalkline is lost.

Grat, slipping down one stairway to keep from meeting the professor coming up the other, five minutes after the last bell.

Gripe, a state of mind that can neither be pleased or satisfied. Aftermath of being "lit"; also caused by not eating bran.

Half-shot, not quite full; just drunk enough to be silly.

Line, the greatest aid to putting a boot on a professor. Flattery, hypocritical conversation. The usual kind of conversation used to impress the ladies.

Lit, joyously drunk, from homebrew, Orange corn, or anything that will addle the brain sufficiently. Do not confuse with gloriously drunk. One who is joyously drunk can still keep his feet; the gloriously drunk have to be pulled out of the gutter.

Lousy bum, one's best friend, or anyone who is absent. Rarely ever used seriously.

Out, completely addled from drink; unconscious.

Oh yeah, meaning unlimited; use: to contradict any statement, to register unbelief, belief, as a simple reply, to question, to express contempt for another's opinion, seriously, lightly, indifferently. When completely floored in an argument, look your opponent straight in the eye and say "Oh yeah!" with emphasis on the *a-h*, and watch him shrivel up.

Pain, anything unpleasant or difficult. Examples: 1. A course in Greek or Latin. 2. An egotistical person.

Pipe down, be quiet, stop the noise, quit nagging, put up your saxophone.

Soaked, drunk enough to be sick, vomit, and swear off.

Soused, almost synonymous with soaked. The quiet stage between *soaked* and *out*.

Strut, embarrassing situation or situation where immediate action is imperative and difficult.

Swigger, used politely as a detour around damn.

Billy wears Oliver Twist suits. He doesn't go to school because boys in Oliver Twist suits never go to school. He does go to kindergarten sometimes and likes it. But who wouldn't? No one ever does anything he doesn't wish to there.

But life is not all pie. A lot of things worry Billy. He's a lot of worry himself. And sometimes he doesn't sleep well.

People who don't sleep well are never very happy all of the time.—*Philip Milhaus*.

Early Mornings

By G. MARTIN FIELDMAN

*A keen, bright
Blade of light
Elbows softly
Between drawn curtains—
Dim, yellow walls,
A soft shadowed blur—
And musty covers
Smell languidly of
Night's repose—
Body tingles with
The joyous expectancy
Of new adventure
In the light.
But, of course—
A cavernous yawn, a frown—
A silent damning of the
Unruly fates that
Make life a series
Of awakenings from
Pleasant dreams,
Would better suit
"Our Depression."*

Across The Way

By ALDEN STAHR

Deborah moaned and Hiram sighed. They were both lonely, those two; so they consoled each other occasionally down by the pasture fence. He spoke to her. "Well, Deborah, J jus' been to taown an' I got some news for us. Wanna hear it?"

She chewed on placidly.

"All right. I stopped by the store, an' Alan Wes' tole me about a young widder just bought thet place over yonder. Aint been farmed fer a long time now, but I reckon she'll fix it up right smart. Say she's got a sight o' money." He spat exactly between Deborah's front hoofs and then let down the bars. "Come along, sook. Me an' you has been right lonesome havin' only each other out chere, but maybe things'll perk up a little now. She might bring along company fer you. Hope she's as purty as they say."

Things did begin to perk up in a few days. At first Hiram tried not to pay any attention to the goings-on across the way, but occasionally as he was ploughing he caught glimpses of his new neighbor in a bright-colored dress, and that disturbed him. She looked so neat and efficient over there on the little hill-top as she directed the work, that his furrows became more crooked every hour; and the mules looked in wonderment at each other at so much standing still.

It was that widow, all right. As Hiram left Deborah in the barn he felt a bit guilty, but he reasoned with her before he shut the door. "Lissen, Cow. Thet pore widder's been over yonder two days now, an' I aint been to see her yet. Reckon we're purty pore neighbors, aint we? So I'm goin' over to set with her fer a spell, but 'member I aint carin' 'bout her; it's jest cuz I oughta."

Deborah seemed disillusioned, but she held her tongue.

The widow was out on the porch that evening when Hiram shambled up the front walk. "Good even'," she said softly. "Aint you Hiram Gravet from 'cross the road?"

"I'm him, shore 'nuff. Jest thought I'd drop in t' see my new neighbor. Didn't have ary chanst to yestiday."

"That's mighty nice o' you. Won't you draw ya up a chair an' make yourself at home. I'm Mrs. Humphreys."

Hiram was glad it was dark out there, because he hadn't slicked his hair down, and besides, he felt more at ease when folks couldn't see what he was doing. He was young and easily abashed in the presence of women, but this one had a way of making him feel comfortable. She had such a soft voice and such a sweet smell of lilacs about her that he was soothed and disturbed all at once. It was lucky she didn't start makin' up to him—as it was she talked about common enough things. She was going to plant corn and cotton; she would like to have his advice on this and that; she was going to let some company put up a billboard down by the bend in the road; she was—

He wasn't thinking about that when he said good-night to her, though. He was thinking how sweet she was as he inhaled that faint smell of lilacs, and he thought she squeezed his hand. He couldn't be sure, but he hoped so; and there was more than ordinary warmth in her request to "come next evenin'." He was sure of that, so sure that he slept very poorly, kept awake by the tormenting bliss of

his thoughts. That widow was trouble, all right. Sweet trouble.

She waved to him from the opposite hilltop next morning as he was turning Deborah loose, and he became so excited he forgot to give his cow the usual parting slap. Instead he stood waving like a school-boy at the colorful figure across the way. The cow waited patiently a moment but without result; so she turned her head away resentfully and shambled off down the hill to the pasture by the bend in the road. She couldn't imagine what had gotten into that fellow lately; he was becoming mighty careless.

Hiram took a few irresolute steps in the direction of the widow, but he checked the impulse. He would wait until tonight. No sense in rushing things too much, and he had a lot of work to do. She might not think much of him if he went neglecting his business, and it would be better for courting after dark anyway. Maybe he would hold her hand tonight. If he had half a chance he might even go so far as to kiss her—but no, that thought was too appalling.

A little moonlight and a whispering breeze helped immensely that night by bolstering up Hiram's uncertain courage, and, too, he had his hair carefully greased this time. He walked the widow in the meadow a while, but his Sunday shoes squeaked protestingly; so the man and the maid stopped in embarrassed silence. Then he stopped, and plucking a flower, a clover-blossom, he entwined it in her hair, her hair as soft as corn silk. It was a daring thing to do on such short acquaintance, but that is the way with youth, to do things impulsively. He immediately felt awkward and abashed and not a little alarmed at his own boldness, but the widow looked coyly down as she sighed, "Oh, Hiram, you're so romantic!"

The scene, too, was romantic and the widow willing, but Hiram thought things had gone far enough for the time being. They sat down on a low stone wall; she was afraid of spiders; so she moved closer to him and looked dreamily up at the moon through half-dropped lids. After a while Hiram looked back and was surprised to see that they made only one shadow, a foreshadowing of their future. He liked to think so just now; perhaps he would tell her tonight. Then her head touched his shoulder, accidentally, and her face turned up in mute apology, but her eyes were closed—waiting. Hiram was only thirty-two; how could he turn down such an invitation? Slowly his face moved down to meet hers, and she stirred a little, impatiently.

But just as he was about to brush the anxious lips with his, a tremendous noise issued from the barn across the road, and Hiram straightened up abruptly. Another pained bellow sounded. Hiram stood up, feeling remorseful. "Oh," he said. "Deborah must be ailin'." Reckon I shouldn't ha' stayed so long. I'd better go see what's wrong. I mighta forgot to milk her." They walked back to the house, the widow apparently offended. He left her quickly, and as tenderly as he could for all his agitation. He was sorry—but—Deborah—

Deborah was much disquieted when Hiram came into the barn, but he could find no evident malady. He had remembered to milk her in spite of his being in love, but all she would do was stir around uneasily and bellow tremendously. It took quite some time to soothe her; so Hiram went to bed as soon as she had calmed down. Perhaps she had just been jealous. But sleep would not come to Hiram.

That charming widow—that moonlight and the sweet smell of lilacs—the almost-kiss—damn that cow! No sooner had he thought the curse than Deborah bellowed again, and Hiram felt guilty. Poor cow. He had been neglecting her; that was why she was complaining now. Oh, it was great to be in love. He admitted inwardly that he loved the widow. He turned over and almost went to sleep, but once more the cow belly-ached out in the barn. It kept up that way all night. If thoughts of the widow didn't keep him awake, Deborah's vocalizing did; so between the cow and the woman he got no sleep. That was the way with love.

Hiram got up in the morning much disgruntled and went to milk the cow. "Look here, Cow," he grumbled. "What's all this bellerin' about? Just 'cause I go visitin' you gotta raise san' all night?" She looked around at him resentfully, as if to say, "You don't know the half of it." He didn't.

She trotted off quickly as soon as Hiram finished milking her, and while he was getting breakfast he could hear her bellowing down in the pasture. He put down the frying pan with a bang. "I'm agoin' down an' see what's ailin' thet cow. Gettin' my fill o' thet belly-achin'!" he exclaimed and walked off rapidly in the direction of the noise. He'd put a stop to it, by gum!

When he came in sight of the cow he stopped short for a second, and then holding both his sides he burst out in raucous peals of laughter. There was Deborah half through the pasture fence, bellowing mightily across the road at a magnificent bull—a paper bull on the widow's new billboard, advertising Bull Brand Tobacco. For several minutes Hiram roared and Deborah bellowed, until he thought it was a dirty trick to keep up the deception any longer. He let down the bars and followed the impatient bovine across the road and up the short hill. She went up quickly and bumped her nose on the billboard bull, but there was no response; so she hung her head dejectedly, completely crestfallen, while Hiram laughed long and heartily again. Poor Deborah! Ho! Ho!

An echoing "Ho! Ho!" sounded right behind him, and there was the widow. She had come down to see what had occasioned all the noise, and it struck her so funny that she shut her eyes and opened her mouth and gave herself over to mirth. Hiram stared and stepped back a pace. Lordy! She had no teeth! She must have had store teeth last night. Then she shut her mouth and opened her eyes. God A'mighty! One looked right and the other looked left, and she grinned a toothless amiable grin as she chortled, "Oh, Hiram, dear; it's killin' me!"

Even before the grin had faded, Hiram was on his way, dragging the reluctant Deborah after him. They went through the pasture gate without replacing the bars—very dejected those two, the cow and the man. At length Hiram spoke: "Reckon I shoulda took a look at her in the daytime, but ya bellowed fine las' night, Deborah. I was jus' before kissin' her. Wait'll I get that Alan Wes'!" Then he smiled a wan smile and slapped Deborah's flank affectionately. "Well, Cow, maybe me an' you got fooled, but we still got each other, ain't we?"

Deborah would not be consoled; she bellowed again.

Nothing in education is so astonishing as the amount of ignorance it accumulates in the form of inert facts.

—Henry Adams

NINE MINUTES

(Continued from page one)

Last night you had been disturbed when she touched your shoulder in passing. Your flesh had leaped, and your mind had stopped. So this was how it happened. Now you wished you were dead. Now you felt the heat of the bed as a spilled warmth. But you could not leave it, you could not move while she was in the room. You didn't love her. God, what you had done to that word, you and she. Love, love, love. Punish your brain by saying it, whispering it over and over, knowing what a foul thing you had made of it. Love. Love. This thing was forbidden, and you had done it. '. . . in Saturn's reign, such mixture was not held a stain, Oft in glimmering bowers and glades, He met her, and in secret shades Of woody Ida's inmost grove . . .' Such mixture was not held . . . But oh, God, what a stain lay upon you now. How the soilure of it spread into the fair name of Love. How it stank into your nostrils.

He turned over beneath the blanket. You bit your lower lip, thinking the pain would stop your horrid thoughts, but it only hurt a little, because you would not bite hard. God, but you were weak. You dared not even bite, hurt yourself. You wanted to wound yourself, deeply, to see the blood, to punish yourself.

He looked into the darkness, where he knew she was sitting. He thought she was reproaching him, she was so quiet.

'Why have you changed?' she said, 'You wanted me enough an hour ago.'

Didn't she see what you had done, the two of you? Didn't she feel any of the foulness of it?

'My sister,' he said, dully, 'My sister.'

'Your sister? You didn't think of that before. Why should you now?'

He shut his eyes, but there was darkness behind the lids, too. Her voice was soft. Was she trying to win him again? Could she come back willingly into the things he had been tricked into by his senses, by her body? Could she be soft now, could she think of anything but the thing they had done?

'Don't,' he said, 'Don't.'

Her voice was not soft now. He could feel that her eyes were narrowing.

'What are you trying to make of this?' she said, 'You love me. There's nothing you can do. There's nothing needs to be done. I love you.'

You couldn't scream, but you wanted to, you wanted to cry aloud. You flinched under the impact of the words she was saying. You wanted to check her, hold her from saying them, stop her mouth with your hand. Her mouth. You squeezed the thought out of your mind. If you were to touch her again! Oh, what a hell you would fall back into if you did. You would never be able to touch her again. You would never look at her again.

'You are thinking filthy, dirty things of me,' she said evenly, 'I am not those things. What I did, what you did, was good. You loved it, because you loved me, because I loved you. You wanted me. Now you are touching that good thing with your mind's evil fingers.'

He let his knees fall, and the bed moved. His face burned at the thought of his hatred for her, for himself. He took the corner of the pillow between his teeth and spoke through it, his voice muffled.

'Go away,' he said, 'Please do go away.'

'No,' she said softly, 'No. Not and leave you

thinking these things of me.'

He felt her voice begin to plead.

'Why have you changed? I didn't trick you into this. You loved me then. You didn't think these slimy things about what we do. You were caught by it, you forgot blood, you didn't think of what I was to you, but only that you loved me, wanted me.'

'Blood,' he muttered, 'Blood is thicker than water.'

'Yes,' she said, 'Yes.'

He lay still, hearing her move in the chair. He thought of how her body would be turning now, white and very warm. He tensed his muscles, straining his eyes shut until the light spots came before them. When he looked up, she was standing beside the bed, palely white in her long gown. He turned away, pressing his head into the pillow that he might not see her.

'Look at me,' she said.

God, how that cried to you to keep your eyes tight shut. You dared not look at her. Were all the rest of your days and years to be spent in avoiding her? Was this how you were punished? Oh, fool that you were to have yielded. Oh, blind and grieved.

'I want you to look at me,' she said, 'I want you to see that I am not the horrible, loathsome thing you are making me in your mind.'

He opened his eyes.

'Give me your hand,' she said.

He flinched, but she took his fingers.

'Just like any other woman's hand, isn't it?' quietly, 'Put your hand there. Isn't that like any girl's arm? And there. Am I so different, now, from any other? Am I even different from the one I was to you an hour ago? Touch me and see.'

He took his hand away, staring into the dark above his head. He kept his hands motionless at his sides, he did not move. He heard her move softly away from the bed. He saw a pale yellow crack of light where she opened the door. Then she came noiselessly back to the bed.

'Mother is asleep, I think,' she said, 'I am going now.'

You held your breath, as at the shock of icy water. Mother, mother. Repeat it, say it, whisper it to the echoing walls of your brain, until the din of it clapped back and forth, automatically, like thunder. Whip yourself with the sting of the sound. Be prostrate. Be frantic. Shout. No, you could not scream, you could only dig your nails into your hands and be silent. You could only grate your teeth and say the name between them, say the name you had soiled, cry it in hissing whispers.

'I'm going,' she said.

The coldness of her voice hurt him. For a moment he stopped thinking, and the stupor was delicious. He heard her move, and the whiteness of her arm flashed out in a gesture of impatience, scorn, he knew not what. He drew a deep breath that shuddered as he let it slowly out.

'Go to sleep,' she said, 'If you're wise.'

From the radiance of the door he had a flash of her face, set in a cold and sallow mask. Her eyes were cool and dispassionate. He saw her lips move into a roundness, as if she were framing a cooing sound, but there was still silence. She closed the door softly, and the blackness came back into the room.

So this was what always happened. This was the end of every digression. Christ had walked on earth, the embodiment of God's reason. "In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God." Say it aloud. Say

it into your pillow. Lash your immortal soul with the word. Pray. You could not pray. Your body had sealed the lips of your soul. You could only lie and wish to be dead. You could only lie still and whisper, God, God, God.

SQUARE DANCE

(Continued from page four)

Now we have time to circulate through the crowd and see who's here. We speak to the old folks and listen to the tales of their youth, and how they used to "shake the wicked foot." Another lively tune has started. The are calling for Kathleen to do the Charleston. After a little coaxing she skips into the middle of the floor and swings into the well-known steps while everyone admires the dexterity of her movements. Her feet move so swiftly it seems they would tie in a knot. She smiles roguishly as her lythe and supple body sways to the music and her long red curls bobble about her shoulders.

Her old grandmother, who for months has scarcely been able to walk, watches the exhibition from her easy chair. The scene carries her back to the time when she was the liveliest dancer for miles around. The music seems to overwhelm her, and forgetting her age she raises her emaciated body slowly from the chair, and pausing a moment to gain her balance, she begins an old clog dance. Her feet move haltingly at first but gaining something of her former self she catches a few steps which rival the younger girl in grace if not in vigor. The crowd gapes in amazement and then breaks into a wild cheer. Tears spring into the eyes of some of her friends for they know how near she is to the grave, but as her son leads her back to the chair, her face beams with a happy triumphant smile.

Someone calls out, "Partners on the floor for the next set," and the couples hurry to find their places for fear of being left out. This set is no less enjoyable, but slightly more subdued than the first. The old lady's performance has called up a shadow of the past. Older people single out younger ones and comment upon the resemblance between them and their parents of a few years ago. They see the past reproduced in the present and smile upon the children who are following in their footsteps. They feel like prophesying that the future will be the same old cycle of life repeated again. But the youngsters are gaily swinging their partners, oblivious to everything but the present. And when the approach of morning warns them that they must go, they leave reluctantly, but as they go out Billy is still bobbing his head over his fiddle and playing an old familiar tune.

Noche

By CLARINDO-CARDENIO

*Llegaba la noche
con mortajas negras
y lóbregas.
El viento cantaba
una canción dolorosa
Todas
las florecitas
habían las cabezas
escondidas,
porque la noche era
espantosa,
oscura,
sinistra*

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Should the Hutchins Plan Be Tried at Carolina?

By GEORGE WILSON

"What, when, and how they want it" is the essence of the new plan of education President Hutchins, president of the University of Chicago, has proposed to the institution's students. That school has done away with compulsory attendance, required courses, and all the usual American forms of education.

Would such a plan be successful at Carolina? The majority of the students at the University would say "yes" at first thought; if they took thought, they would find no such answer. It is an experiment at the University of Chicago where conditions are favorable; it may succeed and again it may not. President Hutchins, as optimistic as he may be, must admit it is only an experiment.

A comparison of the two institutions will show where the plan may be a success at Chicago and why it would be a failure at the University of North Carolina.

Picked men at the mid-western institution enter school at an age close to twenty-one. They have finished at the best preparatory schools of the country, the upper third of their classes. They realize, because of their greater maturity and because of their higher intelligence ranking, what they intend to do after leaving college and what they will need after completing their college career. The conditions are opposite at Carolina. Let us take five representative men at the University. One has come to school chiefly because his social standing requires it; his father is wealthy and his mother is ambitious, all of which results in a disinterested spending of boring one-, two-, three-, or perhaps four-year period in school. He spends that period in "getting by" and helps neither himself nor his University.

The second man comes from a poor, rural, simple family. He has heard of the University and the "opportunity" college training offers him. He has to cope with making his own way, his poor preparation for college-grade work, and an inadequate understanding of his own needs—any of which is almost an unsurmountable obstacle.

The third man sees a field of opportunity in medicine; he believes top grades in every course will gain him admittance to the medical school and secure him a practice. No one tells him that those schools require exacting character recommendations and that the practice requires an ability to make social contacts.

The fourth man is destined to sell insurance and bonds. He attempts the commerce school which may tell him good business principles; he realizes too late that he must learn to "mix" with every type of person, for he must sell his wares to them.

The fifth man is "educationally dead." He has undertaken high school courses and early college courses which have not interested him; "amo, amas,

Inexpression

By G. MARTIN FIELDMAN

*To paint the soft horizon
In crimson, velvet tone,
To probe the earth,
To sip freely from the
Gorgeous bowl of the aesthete,
To feel a throbbing symphony
Swell in one's veins,
And choke therefrom
Inexpression
Is a sick, hungry feeling!
Of what import are gorgeous skies,
Or the sweetish pangs of love,
If one is mute, and rapture dies,
A stifled cry of a silent dove?
The eager zest, the throbbing pulse,
The trembling awe in setting sun,
Strain 'gainst walls that choke; repulsed,
Brief urge subsides, its life outspun.
Could one survey the barren waste
Of stifled human passion,
The hulks that might have gayly raced
A sickly sight would fashion.
Sad, is it not, that goad to creation
Should kindle, and die,—inert inspiration!*

amat," that boring drill-work, has killed his desire for education. Yet, he finds himself in college, unable to give any reason.

Out of the freshman class, you will find few men who can tell you what they are seeking in college, what they really need, or even what they intend to do upon leaving. This condition would not prevail with a more matured and more serious group ready to co-operate in any plan that may aid them.

The second consideration is the faculty attitude. I know little of the faculty at the University of Chicago, but I do know that the school has means to hire the best. President Hutchins would surround himself with liberals who can see faults in the present educational system and who will be willing to turn their efforts in all attempts to better methods.

I know a great deal about the faculty here. But do not take my word for it. The fact that in faculty meeting for the past five years motions have been made to condemn the antiquated method of registration, and resolutions passed, shows that there is among the group a lack of progressiveness, a lack of initiative, and a lack of leadership. The state has not been able to hire the best men and has not been able to keep those who have developed here. Only last year fourteen of the leading faculty members left Chapel Hill because they could get better salaries elsewhere.

A second-rate faculty, as we must consider the group as a whole, present nothing but a second-rate education. They cannot fill their class-rooms except by required courses and compulsory attendance. Hence, they would lose their jobs under a Hutchins'

(Continued on page three)

My Home Town

By H. G. TILGHMAN

The pride of the town is the passenger elevator in the First National Bank building. It gets stuck if it goes closer than three feet below the fourth landing and an unreasonable amount of work must be resorted to in order to release it. Most of the men who have offices on the fourth floor, which is the top floor, prefer to vault the remaining distance to the landing, but the women get off at the third landing and walk up the last flight to the fourth. That is, all of the women except Flora Goddard, Mr. Hunt's stenographer. Flora vaults the remaining distance without a murmur; the elevator boy has been trained to turn his head.

An indispensable institution in the town is Fitchett's Drug Store, located on the popular corner at the center of the town. Here, at about ten-thirty in the mornings, gather all the women of social prominence to gossip and discuss the latest developments, such as the most recent escapade of Mr. Hunt, the town's profligate lawyer, or the way Margaret Hudson persists in appearing in public regardless of her advanced state of pregnancy. The women do not go into the drug store. They get curb service from their Oldsmobiles, Buicks, and Chevrolet sedans and stay parked at the curb until noon. At that time they go home and prepare to come back in the afternoon. About five o'clock they gather at the drug store again and sit in their automobiles at the curb until six-thirty, or thereabouts. Then they go home and prepare to come back to the drug store that night. They meet again at about eight and stay for an hour or more, sitting at the curb. They live, these women, for those times in the day when they can sit in their parked automobiles at the curb and talk about people who go into the drug store. It is, for them, a most satisfactory arrangement: they can be seen to their best advantage in public and at the same time talk about their neighbors. No one escapes them.

The town's biggest excitement came when they had the riots. The first riot was caused by the tallest of the Beasley girls. She claimed that she had been assaulted by a negro. Immediately the entire population of five thousand people was in a commotion. Men sprang to arms. Bloodhounds were rushed from a nearby town. Supper was forgotten as men gathered in the darkness at the Beasley place. The *Dispatch* a week later said that "excitement was at its highest pitch and feeling ran high." With the aid of lanterns, flashlights and torches the whole crowd followed the hounds. The dogs trailed straight to a negro shanty about three-quarters of a mile from the place where the Beasley girl said she had been assaulted. The negro was in the shanty and the crowd wanted to hang him. No one man wanted to hang the negro; but each member of the mob thought that all of his companions wanted to hang him, and no one dared object for fear of being called yellow.

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(FOUNDED IN 1844)

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SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 1, 1931

AS TO MORAL FIBER

Like red embers in a pile of grey ashes is this thing called moral fiber. Like music of the harp on the walls of old Tara slumbers thought of backbone and moral strength until grieved and wounded by some breach of faith it, too, indignant breaks to show that still it lives. And does it live! An outstanding man falls from the straight and narrow path; the campus becomes a quibbling old maid.

Lazily sit we by our window and watch a boy in knickers moving at our feet. Sober-faced and in earnest we listen to him talk of keeping faith. We see him spend his hours in loafing and sometimes even revelry. We watch him pay his college bills with a check on whose lower right hand corner is scrawled a trusting parent's name. He leaves the cashier's window to startle our ears with a howl over one who broke faith.

Often, we think, that thoughtlessness is a main support of a quality that we call moral fiber. Backbone is a strength governed by reason. Both moral and physical strength is essential to one working his way through school. One hardly gets through college by the terrific strain of studying and outside work without badly injuring, if not shattering, his physique. Is it, then, moral fiber that keeps a boy striving after a diploma under such conditions? Or is it a lack of rational thinking? Again is it moral fiber that holds a boy in school for nine months of classes on which he is supremely bored and genuinely unhappy in the conviction that he gets nothing out of courses except a grade at the end of each term? Or is it a fear of being laughed at by society for leaving school without a diploma? Does it

take moral fiber to tackle a job beyond your strength when it is thrust upon you? Or does it take genuine backbone to look society straight in a misunderstanding face and say, "The job's too big for me. I'm going back to the farm and raise cows. I think that I would be happy there."

Moral fiber is not made of stuff that every little gust of an emotional whirlwind swirls like a lone oak leaf in November. It does not at one moment sit a man upon a cloud of sublime glory and the next moment damn him to the blackest valley of contempt because he sinned. Not of the foam strength of white caps on sea waves is moral fiber; it is the strength of the current deep beneath the surface.

Moral fiber, brethren, is not so common as dust that four winds blow over a little world of us, blind, stumbling bits of protoplasm called mortals.

"Why should you think that beauty, which is the most precious thing in the world, lies like a stone on the beach for the careless passer-by to pick up idly? Beauty is something wonderful and strange that the artist fashions out the chaos of the world in the torment of his soul. And when he has made it, it is not given to all to know it. To recognize it you must repeat the adventure of the artist. It is a melody that sings to you, and to hear it again in your own heart you want knowledge and sensitiveness and imagination."

—Somerset Maugham

Book Chat

By ROY B. CHAPIN

Wilfred J. Funk, the publisher-author, has just returned from his villa at Southampton, Long Island, where members of the local colony are still wondering whether their new neighbor is stabbing them with his sharp pen. Here are some recent lines, aptly called "Society:"

*Acid gossip, poison tongue,
 Chitter-chatter: Some one hung
 On a gibbet; some one tried
 Secretly and crucified:
 Arid souls and iron bars,
 Dying dreams and buried stars,
 Spin in the world, lad, turn the sun,
 Oblivion to oblivion.*

Mr. Funk will give a reading from his best seller, MANHATTANS, BRONXES AND QUEENS, before the American Poetry Society, at Roosevelt House, on October 29th.

* * *

Gertrude Kay, author of PETER, PATER AND PIXIE, the colorful picture book that is a feature of McBride's fall list, first studied art in the classes conducted by Howard Pyle, who did so much for Children's books. The story of PETER, PATER AND PIXIE centers around three children who spent a happy summer with their two grandmothers in a New England town by the sea. Miss Kay has gone back to her own childhood in this story, and this well known artist has combined text and pictures most effectively.

* * *

THE BIOGRAPHY OF MOTHER EARTH, by Henry Smith Williams, soon to be published, presents an amazingly new conception of our globe. We find that Mother Earth is no less than three billion and a half years old, yet as active as ever, not simply in her daily spin about her axis or her annual jaunt around the sun, but within the limits of her so-called solid sphere. Our United States, we discover, in common with other continental masses, is moving at the rate of perhaps two or three feet a century, just as North America has been moving for aeons since it broke away from its original home near the South Pole. This theory, evolved by Alfred Wegener. Dr. Williams develops to its logical conclusion, with demonstrations as practical as those of Columbus and Newton. Apart from this revolutionary hypothesis, the volume tells the fascinating story of the fantastic creatures that inhabited the earth millions of years ago—monsters pictured by the author himself in a series of brilliant two-color illustrations.

* * *

Carolyn Wells says she writes best under stress. Her latest murder mystery, THE UMBRELLA MURDER, was begun and finished that way. "I was ill in bed," writes Miss Wells, "the doctor coming every day, no appetite, no sleep, innumerable boxes of flowers. My nurse suggested the plot. The doctor egged me on. The telephone rang incessantly. Editors and publishers came to see me, and as I thrive on hullabaloo, I soon finished the book."

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First Loss

By JAMES DAWSON

The three of them entered the dirty lobby of the Wayland. David kept his stiff hands in the pockets of his overcoat. He was assailed by a small, cold fear in his belly. He was cold. He took a deep breath, and the fear went away for a moment.

(Rethro me, Sathana.)

Two middle-aged men sat in the leather chairs, reading evening papers. (Youth, were they looking at you?) The three of them looked so much like collegians. He wanted to look like a guest, but he knew it was impossible without luggage. Do real guests ever come here, with luggage?

Jan went to the desk. He spoke to the clerk, while David and Edward stood behind him, looking nonchalantly at the screen magazines that hung in tiers above the desk. They did not hear John's question, but they heard the clerk say:

"One dollar twenty five."

They wrote in the register. David watched Edward write with his left hand and blot the scrawl. Then he took the pen. He wrote: "Matthew Duncan," and felt a queer, small twinge at seeing the name of his mother's grandfather. Matthew Duncan lay and rotted in his grave two hundred miles away on the South Carolina coast, while the son of his son's daughter, the third harvest of his loins, stood and wrote the dead name in a tobacco-stained hotel register. O mortal, may the paper rot before your bones return to dust. David noticed that the pen shook in his hand. He was cold.

A negro bellhop in civilian clothes led them down a dark hallway, lighted tinely by a dim, unfrosted bulb in the high ceiling. (Vergil, is this, then, Hell?) The small elevator went jerkily up to the third floor. Jan spoke to the bellhop. The boy grinned.

"Yes, sir," he said, "I'll take care of you all."

They went ahead of him into a room with two double beds and one window. The walls were papered in a dingy tan. On one was written: "Ganna and Sifa, the Wayland Sisters." The nigger shut the door and went off down the hall.

David looked at Edward, and they both laughed weakly. Jan danced about with a sort of calm, animal joy while he took off his shirt. He sang off key. David undressed slowly, sat on the edge of the bed in his shorts. Edward sat on the other bed, holding a sock in one hand. They smiled. (Now that other lads than I strip to bathe on Severn shore.)

Someone knocked. Jan danced over and opened the door. The first girl was a blonde, with a sort of brittle prettiness that was thinly covered with rouge. The other two were plump. The blonde looked at David, sitting on the bed, and smiled.

"I'm Dixie," she said, "and this is my sister, Helen. This is Billie."

David stoop up. It was funny, he thought, this was formal. He looked uncomfortable, and he knew it. How do you do, Mrs. Grundy, charming weather, isn't it? Jan danced about. Dixie sat down beside David on the bed and produced a pint flask of amber corn. She drank. She offered it to David. He took it. The heat of the drink he swallowed thawed his discomfort, and when he took another he noticed that the room was stuffy. He opened the window a little. When he came back, Jan was a lump in bed, and Edward was dancing with Billie. He was singing:

The Night Before

By M. L. REMIN

I can't; I tell you I can't.

Oh God! Why do you make it so hard?

Don't you see that I want to?

But I can't, I tell you, I can't.

Something inside me won't let me.

My mind is a blank.

I'm trying so hard to sit at my desk,

Oh God, but I can't.

The book is open before me.

I want to learn it, God.

But I can't, I tell you, I can't.

I've closed the book, God.

I've tried to go to bed; You won't let me.

You're driving me mad with the thought.

But I can't, I tell you, I can't.

"Oh, give me something to remember you by . . ."

David grinned wryly at him. The sight drove out the last of his nervous discomfiture, and he laughed. Oh, nude and clean-limbed Bacchantes, dancing on the shores of Peneus! Oh, evoe!

The bellhop came and knocked at the door. David, being up, took the pint bottle, gave him two bills, and set the stuff on the dresser. Dixie took his hand and drew him down beside her. She caught the flesh of his shoulder between her teeth, making a small moaning sound as she bit him. He saw the pink marks of her teeth and two flecks of lip rouge on his skin. She took her feet off the floor. He heard Edward laugh and say loudly:

"David, listen here, this girl went to Vassar!"

"Shut up," said Billie. "It wasn't Vassar, it was Hollins."

Dixie pulled roughly at his shoulder. David swayed. His head swam, floated.

"Wait a minute," he said. He reached for the full flask, took a long swallow, and laid his spinning head on the pillow. The linen was cold. He knew that three drinks was the right number. He had learned that much.

On the last bus back, they met Gil MacPherson, coming from his date in Durlington. They had gone over with him on the same bus, all of them singing, all of them sober. Now Gil offered them a drink, but they refused. They talked quietly.

(You were always a bear for conversation, weren't you, Roddy?)

Three freshmen were in the bus, making a great fuss over a half-full bottle of corn. David looked upon them with a scorn that grew out of his lethargic tiredness. His body was tired and heavy, but his brain was clear. He thought of everything in the night, he made himself live it all through again. It was a sort of poetic punishment to force himself to remember each embarrassing moment. (O nox! quam amara est memoria tua . . .) Twice he flushed and hoped it was dark enough in the bus to hide his face. Edward was quiet now, and only Jan and Gil talked. He could hear nothing they were saying.

. . . He thought of something he had once said: It isn't fear and it isn't that I'm a prude, but it's a certain revulsion I have at the thought of making it a commercial transaction. He remember what they had said of virginity. Marten had said: Chastity is a dead donkey. Norman Douglas. He remembered what Peter had said, that he knew of nothing that was disgusting, nothing that could disgust an intelligent man. Leonard Merrick had been the

starting point of that: We intellectuals must wallow in the mire; life must hold no secrets from us. Well, it had lost one now, one of its secrets. I have come, I have seen, you have been conquered. O vanquished, you have yielded to me a secret. O Dixie, of the small breasts, of the hard hands, you have been the weapon of my victory. A tarnished sword, but with you I have pierced the heart of Life! O Life, your warm blood on my hands!

He thought of his hands. They were moist in the hot pockets of his coat, but he kept them there. They felt soiled. He wanted to wash them in hot water. Once his chin began to itch, but he rubbed it against the rough collar of his coat, rather than touch it with his hands. How funny, he thought, if he did have a disease! How tragic! Poor David! O weep for Adonais, he is soiled!

(O morbus! quam amara est emecoria tua. . .)

How awful, how bitter is the thought of thee to a man who lives at peace among his possessions.

Then he refused to think at all. He was tired. He watched the back of the bus driver's head all the way up Dromgoole Hill to the top of the ridge.

In his rooms, he undressed for bed. Pulling at his clothes with his cold hands, he was conscious for the first time of a strong perfume, cheaply jade-ish and offensive.

O Dixie, of the hard breasts, of the small, quick hands.

He threw his linen into the closet, and went in to take a shower. The heat in the house had died, the water was cold. He breathed quickly as he stood under it to wet his body. He stepped out and lathered thoroughly, with a blue, pungent sud. He rinsed himself in the icy downpour. As he dried his glowing skin, he noticed on his left shoulder the print of teeth and lip rouge. He wet a corner of the towel and rubbed it off.

SHOULD THE HUTCHINS PLAN BE TRIED AT CAROLINA?

(Continued from page one)

plan and would for that reason be opponents of it.

I may mention in passing that these second-rate men are partially aided by Carolina students who never comment to higher officials their opinions of an instructor so those officials may have a better standard of promotion or firing.

Such a plan as the University of Chicago is undertaking requires more than a picked student body and a faculty of quality. Any university must have a means of support and its policies must conform to the ideas of those granting it money. The University of Chicago has a large endowment, which means it can form its plans without impairing its source of revenue. The Univeristy of North Carolina is supported by the state legislature's appropriation of the peoples' money. Suppose Carolina did adopt the Hutchins' idea. The majority of the Legislature, to say nothing of the tax-payers, could see no way that an education would result from such a plan.

Ask any group of representative North Carolinians what a college education is. "Book-larning," they will reply. Even members of the faculty at Carolina condemn as harmful that intercourse of ideas known as the "bull-session." That is one of the basic principles of President Hutchins' plan, one now considered a feature of college life.

I can not predict that the plan will be a success at Chicago; I do predict it would be a failure here. If it is a failure at Chicago, it will be a result of a flaw in the quality of the students or in the quality of the faculty.

Wang An's Dream

(Adapted)

By ROBERT W. BARNETT

While the poets and painters were glorifying the art of Tia Tsung's reign amidst the luxury and license of the royal court life, a simple scholar, Wang An, and his son lived quietly away from the brilliance of the palaces and temples. Wang An was well versed in the rules of the Master. His son was a handsome youth, gentle and studious.

They lived alone in the shade of a cool and graceful bamboo grove. No steps led into their little straw roofed hut. Only a beaten dirt path led out from the one room into the garden that surrounded them. The garden was a work of artistry. Jasmine, fragrant lilies, geraniums, regal chrysanthemums, fragile japonica, creeping spiraea, a lotus plant in a shallow pool bloomed in their seasons.

The Master had once written that there was a flower which when found and cared for would bring upon its owner great wisdom and the power of occult communion with the heroes of the past, with the ancestors and sages of the race. Pan Ku, Huang Ti, Lao Tsu could stand translucent before the man who held the precious blossom of this plant. The plant would be seductive in its appearance, dark and forbidding; deep red thorns would project from its leaves and stems, he had written; and, in the spring a glorious deep red blossom would appear at its very heart, first appear as a tiny bud and then burst open in an explosion of color. The fragrance of the blossom swept away the shades of corporeal reality and revealed the infinite realities beyond. Great care, great patience, great sacrifice would be needed to bring forth this blossom from the plant.

Wang An came upon a beautiful and dark plant in his garden. He could not discover if it was the plant it seemed so closely to resemble. He was too sensible to assume in any romantic fashion that he had been ordained by the spirits of the wind to have had this seed laid in his garden and brought to life. But he watched it reverently. Other plants were set further away. And in the spring the plant showed signs of a blossom that never came forth.

For thirteen years the plant remained sterile and mysterious. Wang An's son, too, was thirteen winters old. He was a strong and sensitive youth. The plant was succulent, enigmatic, fascinating and Wang An many times wondered what it really was.

One dark night in the depth of the winter when the ground was white with the week-old covering of a three inch snow and the skies were rumbling with the ominous noises of turbulent clouds, the scholar, Wang An, sat meditating over his scrolls. Flashes of lightning lit up his little hut. His son was lying quietly in a corner of the room. Wang An was gazing with a deep and compelling reverence into the serene face of the sleeping boy. He marvelled at its purity, the nobility of its features. He was proud. His son would be a worthy descendant. A flash of brilliant blue revealed the glow of strength and vitality in the ruddy cheeks of the youth. The room was dark again except for the flickering flame of the little lantern on the low table in the middle of the room. The clouds ceased their grumblings and the flashes of green and darts of blue became slowly less frequent. The scholar was weary and involuntarily his head fell upon the table in sleep.

* * *

A figure appeared before Wang An. He was draped in blue flowing robes, with a high forehead

Sonnet

By GEORGE BROWN

Could I match the brightest gem from out the sky
And stamp it in the sod of all that's mine?
Could I grasp the fullest grape on virtue's vine,
And after toying, let it wither,—die?
And yet you ask me why I did not come . . .
I knew full well my torn and tattered sail
Could never breast the fury of the gale
You would arouse within me. Could I come
Who've worshipped at the shrine of an ideal?
I saw within your soul a deeper light.
A lovely vision brightened up the night
Of my old disillusion,—You were real!
Why did I miss our rendez-vous that day?
I knew myself,—that's why I stayed away.

and deep piercing eyes. His fingers were long and sensitive. His nails curved in long, graceful, shallow crescents. Wang An watched the somber sage and, behold, he saw the heroes of the past walk out of nothingness and parade in dignity before him. Amazing spectacle!—suddenly to fade away leaving the single figure of the sage in blue. The sage held in his hand a blossom of brilliant red. He pressed it near his heart and then took it away leaving a stamp of rich liquid red imprinted there. A drop of red fell to the ground. It was hungrily sucked up and a prickly leaf appeared. Then the sage in flowing blue faded too and Wang saw nothing but a vast and oppressive greyness that seemed to make his whole being throb with an exciting and ominous prescience of something beautiful and terrible. The greyness alternately swallowed him into itself and cast him out to its border, dropping him finally, into infinite and obliterating nothingness. Struggling to evade these horrors he finally started from his sleep. His mind was alive with the vivid memory of the vision. A timid flash of light in the western sky illuminated the hut again. The sky was grey with the mass of moving clouds, the room was neat, the scroll was as he had left it, his boy was sleeping. He saw it all—in a flash realization burst upon him. He woke himself with a horrible cry in his throat and his eyes aghast with fear. The blood—The flower—His son. It could not be! Wang's mind congested with an insane terror. His mind was empty, yet full of distorted and blood-curdling, moving images. Through it all he felt the sweeping, warm spirits of the vision coming out of the cold to suffocate him and compel him. Wang hated and was fascinated by the cruel magnetism of that plant. The lamp had died out. The hut was dark. Wang An was paralysed. A quick flash of white lightning and he darted across the room and threw himself on his sleeping child, demented with love and the lust for blood confused and struggling for expression.

* * *

Winter was past. Spring's fresh flowers brightened the somber mist that had settled one early morning on Wang An's simple hut. Wang An, an early riser, walked out among his flowers, bending to touch now one and then another, then passing on. In a far corner he paused, stooped and plucked a brilliant red blossom, held it to his heart and looking off into the distance smiled. He then walked further on carefully avoiding a gently undulation upon which the strange plant was growing.

Godfather

By JAMES DAWSON

This morning I read in a newspaper a very short notice of the death of the man for whom I was named. With an almost painful terseness, the sort that is peculiar to journalistic obituaries, the three black lines dismissed his death with the statement that he was an enthusiastic horseman until the day of his death. The final line announced that he was survived by three daughters, scattered across educational eastern America.

He was a horseman. He had a love for horses that would have made a gentleman of him even if his birth had not. He taught me to ride when I was so young as to be practically invisible on a horse. He owned a stable fit to make a poloist envious, but he was contemptuous of the game.

"Damn polo!" he would say, "My horses are better humans than some humans. They aren't tools to play a game with!"

If you reminded him that the Persians played polo, his face would turn crimson and his voice would rise.

"And the Greeks licked hell out of 'em, too! All because of a game! Did you ever see that picture of those Spartan lads riding their horses bareback in the surf? They knew how to treat a horse!"

Then his wife would smile and shake her head at you, while she gently touched his cheek, and the red in his face would fade into a sheepish grin.

He was a horseman, but how many other things he was the tiny obituary type could not even suspect. He loved to call himself a patron of the arts. One night, to the mortification of his wife, he brought home an apparent tramp whom he had found trying to beg a meal in a restaurant. The man said he was a poet, and came home with the old man reluctantly, which seemed to prove beyond the shadow of a doubt that he was what he pretended.

"Poets," said the old man, "have a great deal of pride."

They came into the house and he called until his wife appeared at the head of the broad stairs.

"Alice," he shouted, "Maecenas has found his Vergil!"

The tramp-poet remained for a fortnight, wrote some things which no one ever saw, and departed one day, richer than when he had come. For three months after that, poems under the name he had given appeared in one of the more literary periodicals, and then nothing more was heard of him.

There were winter nights when the old man built up a raging fire in his gigantic fireplace and sit before it alone because no one else could stand the heat. He sat there very quietly, never closing his eyes before the fierce radiations of the flames, until suddenly he would call me in a voice that was unbelievably distinct although never raised above a conversational tone. When I heard him call my name I always went to his piano, for I knew what he wanted. I would begin with the most satisfying and lovely of all chords, those twenty or so in Chopin's brief *Prelude*. If there were a moon, I would play the Beethoven *Sonata*, but only the *adagio sostenuto* movement.

He never winced at the inevitable dissonances my inadequate fingers found among its perfect flow of cool and waving melody. I think he didn't hear them on those nights because he was absorbed in the beauty of the thing, and because he knew too

(Continued on page eight)

Formosissimus Annus: Spring or Autumn

By JOHN WHITEOAK

That the majority of folk consider the spring to be the most charming period of the year is one of those beliefs which—like the beliefs that all prima donnas are temperamental and that, in drowning, it is necessary for one to go under three distinct times (each time with a sort of ritualistic precision)—have gained an almost universal support and which have come to be regarded as profound and immutable truths. I shall not analyze the criticism of such notions, the substance of which criticism is that the very fact that any belief is widespread—that it is accepted without thought of questioning its soundness—is positive proof that it is not sound. Rather, I shall, with trusting naivete, embrace the credo of the majority, and proceed on the assumption that to the popular mind, the appeal of spring is more compelling than that of any other season.

The many lovers of "fair-handed Spring" would say, with Virgil, "*Nunc frondent sylvae, nunc formosissimus annus*" (Now the woods are in leaf, now the year in its greatest beauty"); and with Goethe, "So then the year is repeating its old story again. We are come once more, thank God! to its most charming chapter".

But to lovers of spring, I (who champion autumn) shall point out, not without a certain wicked delight, a passage said to have appeared in Chamber's *Handbook of Descriptive and Practical Astronomy* which, if losing by its terseness something of lyrical beauty, gains much of scientific accuracy; for after disposing of winter as "Wheezy, Sneezzy, Breezy," the author finds what Shakespeare called the "sweet o' the year" to be "Slippy, Drippy, Nippy." Surely this description must bear great weight; for who can doubt that she learned author was attempting to picture spring in a wholly objective way?

"Spring counts no seed and gleans no treasure—Summer kisses her tired eyes and takes her crown and sceptre". As the function of spring is the function of recrudescence and early growth, the beauty of spring is the beauty of youth, a beauty that is exuberant and unrestrained. It is in spring that nature is most lavish. One is tempted to accuse her of playing to the grandstand. She pours a coat of green over the landscape with quite as much gusto and abandon as the small boy who, having found to his great delight a can of green paint, proceeds to spread it, with charming impartiality, over everything that he comes to: the fence, the gate, and the cellar door.

On the other hand, as the function of autumn is the function of ripening, the beauty of autumn is the beauty of maturity, a beauty of quiet restraint, of mellow perfection. To me there is nothing about spring so exquisite as the dignified, unhurried retreat of the foliage in autumn, as its graceful capitulation to General Winter.

If it can be said that something of the spirit of spring was expressed in the worship of Dionysus as an element of Greek art, I think it may be said that there is that about autumn which finds expression in the Apollonian element of Greek art, although of course there was not the relation between the worship of Apollo and the autumn as there was between the worship of Dionysus, as embodied in the City Dionysia, and the spring. For as one senses in the worship of Dionysus as the "god of wine and revelry, of ascending life, of joy in action, of ecstatic emotion and inspiration, of instinct and adventure and

dauntless suffering, the god of song and music and dance and drama" the integration of those sentiments which are in harmony with the aspects of nature in the spring, so one senses in Apollo as the "god of peace and leisure and repose, of esthetic emotion and intellectual contemplation, of logical order and philosophic calm, the god of painting and sculpture and epic poetry" those characteristics which are of the same temper and rhythm as the moods of nature in autumn. The renaissance called spring makes its primary appeal to the heart and the senses; the fulfillment called autumn speaks to reason and the intellect.

There are many instances in which the poetic genius has been kindled by the beauty of autumn. I shall touch only a few. Ovid, in contrast to Virgil, conceived autumn to be *formosissimus annus*. "*Poma dat autumnus*". Even Horace, a lover of spring, wrote of *Pomifer Auctumnus*. Keats wrote of "the season of mist and mellow fruitfulness:" and Tennyson's *Princess* contains a passage about "the happy autumn fields". Then there are those lines from Allingham's *Autumnal Sonnet*:

"Now Autumn's fire burns slowly along the woods,

And day by day the dead leaves fall and melt".

Let not the lovers of autumn be dismayed by the statement that Burton made in his *Anatomy of Melancholy*: "Of seasons of the year the autumn is the most melancholy. Rather let them chorus with the hearty John Logan:

"Behold congenial Autumn comes,
The Sabbath of the year".

There is for me a joyous delight in walking through the woods and fields in autumn. To push through a thicket of plum trees into the deeper forest where the mild sun glints through the foliage in planes of yellow light, caressing here and there some leaf-carpeted aisle which turns and melts away, mysteriously, into the woods beyond; to pursue this path, threading one's way through a host of flaming gum trees, listening to the soft 'rustle, rustle' underfoot; to pause and watch a gray squirrel scurry up the trunk of a hickory; to gather chinquapins under the old tree on the brow of the bluff; to pick black grapes from the vine that has draped itself carelessly about the tired arms of an old white oak; to stop walking and to stand quite still, listening to the russet silence, broken ever so gently by the occasional 'tick' of a falling leaf; then to walk briskly homeward, straight into the red western sky, through a twilight alive with softened feeling the rush of crisp air against one's face, and breathing deeply of the dry, woodsy smell everywhere—to do these things, to experience these sensations, is to know autumn, and to know autumn is to love her above all other seasons.

The words of Sir William Watson are constantly in the mind of the lover of autumn:

"O be less beautiful, or be less brief."

Night Cloud

By GEORGE BROWN

*A monstrous milk amoeba
Flowing in the sky
Scents a moldy speck of cheese
Glides along a silver track
And swallows up the moon.*

The Material Witness

By ALDEN STAHR

The Proprietor and the permanent Guest tilted their chairs back from the table at the same moment as if by a prearranged signal, and the Transient guest, seeing that it was the custom followed suit. All three dug industriously with toothpicks for a minute and then untilted their chairs with a double thump followed by a single one, as the Visitor again observed the custom a little late. But at the third move all three acted together, for the Transient was quick at catching on. The Proprietor spoke then, patting his round paunch contentedly. "You'll find it cold up there in your room tonight, friend. Why don't you set by the log fire a bit with us and cook your food some more before you go to bed?"

"Yes, yes, thank you," replied the Transient. "I feel just in the mood for a fire and a pipe."

Over in front of the fireplace the over-stuffed Proprietor pillowed himself comfortably in the over-stuffed easy chair so that he monopolized all the soft furniture and half the heat; the Guest, lean-faced for all his full stomach, bent himself first at the waist and subsequently at the knees, which action placed his angular body in a sitting position on the angular sofa; and the Transient half-reclined on a bear rug on the floor.

They drew on their pipes for a time without talking, each concerned with his own thoughts as he stared unwinking at the pulsating red heat of the coals. It was deliciously warm and drowsy in there, and the Three would have dozed away into sleep if the fire had not crackled now and then, sharply accenting the sing-songy wheezing of its frost-nipped logs. The Proprietor, the Guest, and the Transient seemed to understand each other better now, for they all removed their pipes with one accord and opened their mouths to speak. The first looked at the second. "Go ahead," he said. The second looked at the third. "Weren't you just goin' to say something?" he asked. The third, in turn, looked at the first, but the first had already replaced his pipe; so the Transient felt constrained to speak.

"I'm new to this part of New England, but the first thing that struck me was the surprising play of echoes among these hills. I shouted five words one time, and they all came back."

Another interim of silent puffing and the Proprietor lowered his pipe. "Yes," he said. "We have stranger things than that happen with echoes in these mountains. Up here by Echo Lake if a man builds his house in the right place he don't need any alarm clock. All he has to do is get up early on the first of each month and holler out the window, and the echo comes around at the same time every morning to wake him up. O' course, in the winter, when he keeps his windows shut he has to do it every two weeks to keep it good and strong. Blizzards and thunderstorms is the only other things that mess it up. Then it's always a half an hour late. Ya gotta take your chance on that when ya live there."

Having spoke, the Proprietor struck a match to relight his pipe, but in the sudden flare his features were perfectly solemn. The Guest then felt moved to spit, and having removed his pipe to do so he took advantage of this opportunity to have his say.

"Both of you'uns is younger than me; so I cal'late you don't know what happened when they drove the first train up through these mountains." He stopped to blow his nose in his sheet-size handkerchief. "Well, that engineer, he had heard about the echoes

(Continued on page seven)



THE BOOK WORLD



In proportion as society refines, new books must ever become necessary—Goldsmith

The origin, development and stabilization of instruction in journalism in New Jersey is artfully outlined in Will's treatise on a "Newspaperman's School" which is found in the book, EDUCATION FOR NEWSPAPER LIFE by Allen Sinclair Will (The Essex Press, 296pp., \$2.). The subject matter and the title may seem dull to the layman, but the author has contrived to make it interesting reading to those who may not be journalistically inclined. Will, as an influential member of the New Jersey Press Association, has made the establishment of a school to train collegians for professional work upon graduation, a life aim. With a small appropriation from the New Jersey state legislature and the donation of a journalism room at Rutgers University, Will and his colleagues inaugurated the first school of journalism in that state in 1925. The initial enrollment was eighteen, and since that time it has increased by leaps and bounds until it topped one hundred for the school year 1930-31.

Each chapter of Will's effort deals with the stages in the growth of the school and is culminated with a summarizing chapter entitled "Some general conclusions." "What newspaper executives want," says Will, is a reporter whose collegiate journalistic training has been founded on a sound liberal education. Secondly, they desire that their applicants receive a thorough grounding in the mechanics of the trade through practical experience. The latter is achieved only through a systematic co-operation between the newspaper and the school of journalism." Although the book seems to be, for the most part, the cut and dried history of this school at Rutgers, there are some bits that would be of value to the student of journalism.

In CITY CHILD by Selma Robinson (Farrar and Rinehart, \$2.), we find no sentimental murmurings, no temperate appeals to leisurely melancholy, no jagged lines confused in obscure meaning. There is love, soon a second love to follow, passion spent, let it burn for remembrance. Miss Robinson would sing to futility in a joyous and sensuous frivolity, and satire, pleasantly so. There is a peculiar charm about her verse that places her definitely between Edna Millay and Dorothy Parker. We find in this volume a compromise of the faun and the prophet, prankishness and profundity, mechanics and melody. Deliberate and youthful is her "When I Was Seventeen." A new brand of decadence, foreign to that of Wilde, Swinburne, and Huysmans, is found in "Ravel: The Valse." Her "Divorce" estimates the unforgettably moment of domestic symphony:

*They packed their things away in packing cases,
She to go her way, he to go his own,
They sorted tables, chairs and pewter vases,
And candlesticks, and book-ends made of stone;*

*All of their belongings filled but four
Trunks; soon there was nothing else left to pack.
"I could have sworn that we had something more,"
She said, uncertainly, as she looked back.
And they remained a moment, wondering what in
Heavens name it was they had forgotten.*

* * *

I recently received a pleasingly different anthology of verse and prose entitled WISCONSIN WRITINGS 1931 (The Mohawk Press, 292pp., \$2.). The book is one of a series of intercollegiate

collections to be published in the forthcoming years. The University of Wisconsin has always attracted a great deal of attention by its progressive ideas and anything done by its students is hailed with the greatest interest. This new collection of the usually mediocre work of the college writer is exceedingly well done for amateur authors. These stories and poems seem to have put aside the rambling and rather unappealing style which is characteristic of most college works and seem to possess an interest in most cases equal to that of many of the modern successful authors. These coming writers certainly have far to go in the literary world and, should they continue as they have begun, will undoubtedly take their place among the ranks of successful novelists and poets of this day. Even the subjects show a maturity of thought that is rare among most college writers.

The present volume was edited by five well known, established writers who took a real interest in their work and who have produced something really outstanding in the way of a college anthology. Each page of the book is full of appealing views, and each story and poem is a credit to its writer.

The story, IN FOR A PENNY by Sophie Kerr (Farrar and Rinehart, 292pp., \$2.), is the story of the married life of a very beautiful Southern girl from somewhere in Maryland. The narration deals for the major part with the finances of the family and a husband who has become obsessed with the

rather current idea that the stockmarket is a safe and sure way to make easy money. There is, of course, as in many fiction stories of the ever famous Wall Street, the handsome young man, a broker, who has become taken by the extraordinary beauty of his client's wife and tries to break up the family through his influence in investing. He succeeds but only to have the family reunited at the end. We can see in this book the havoc that one's friends can accomplish without in the least desiring to do so.

Although the book is well written and fairly interesting throughout, I believe that the author has much overemphasized the question and thus before the reader has finished the story it becomes rather irksome. Mrs. Kerr, however, has here a novel that has a shrewdly drawn background of real and interesting people and should be of value not only as a bit of reading matter for one's enjoyment, but more fundamentally as a printed picture of the spell that the stockmarket can cast over one.

Vivian Meik tells in his book, THE PEOPLE OF THE LEAVES, of his discovery of, and visit with the most primitive race known to science. This remote aboriginal group is buried in the depths of the Bengalese jungle, south of Rairakhol, and has never had any contact with Western civilization, or even with the Eastern mode of life in Bengal proper. And yet, one night in the full of the moon when the whole village joined in an eerie tribal dance, Mr. Meik's interest was piqued by the wizened old warrior whose ancient hands throbbed out the rhythm of the dance on a drum centuries old. He had heard that the old drummer held his honorary post by virtue of inheritance. Mr. Meik tells the story: "I asked him his name. 'Jubal,' he replied simply. I stood like an image graven in stone. For I remembered my Genesis. Turn to the twenty-first verse of the fourth chapter in the authorized version and you will read: 'And his brother's name was Jubal: he was the father of all such as handle the harp and organ.'" And Mr. Meik, to the best of knowledge, was the first white man and the first Christian to come in contact with this primitive race!

We have next the adventures of a lively divorcee, KISS AND TELL by Lillian Day (Farrar and Rinehart, Inc., 150pp., \$1.50), who tries to be scarlet but doesn't know just how to go about it. The story is chiefly her adventures with college boys, with another woman's husband, and finally a doctor. Although she seems to know just what she wants and is prompted and advised by her numerous friends, she never gets it for no apparent reason. Each adventure is fundamentally the same and the reader would become bored if they were any longer. Although the characters are well portrayed and the style good, this quality of getting no-where takes from the story the interest that it might have had. However, we do see some of the life that a divorcee might go through. This one, at the conclusion, goes back to her former husband for the real enjoyment of life.

The following books, announced for publication this fall, have been postponed until the Spring of 1932: SEVENTY YEARS IN ARCHAEOLOGY, by Sir Flinders Petrie; LESSONS OF A LIFETIME, by Lord Robert Baden-Powell.

—ROY B. CHAPIN.

Headache

By G. R. BERRYMAN

Your head feels cramped and queerly distorted. You remember the twisted mirror you looked at in the side-show of the carnival. That's the way your head feels—long, and twisted into an unnatural shape. You can't mash it back with your hands, because when you put your hands beside your face they are long and misshapened too. Somebody has placed a weight on your brain and you can't take it off; or forget it. When you move about, the weight joggles and bruises your brain the more. You can't go to bed because the ache isn't painful enough. The steady ache is disconcerting . . .

You are taking an aspirin tablet. You are taking two of them at once, and you are trying to push them down with a gulp of water. They stick to your throat and melt. Now you have a bad taste in your mouth and have to drink another glass of water. Your stomach feels washy.

You wonder if people notice the cramped position of your neck. You do not move it; but hold it stiff and straight. You do this because, when you move your neck, the ache gets worse. You try to keep from coughing. For, each time you cough, something hits the back of your head with a heavy, padded hammer. People slap you on the back and tell you jokes. Always people are cheerful when you are miserable. Perhaps they are on purpose.

A chill grips your body. Now you will go to bed. You do not have to be ashamed of being ill because that is unlike a headache. People die when they are sick, but a headache is a little matter. You can be as cross and impolite as you wish now, because you are sick, and a sick man can do anything he wants.

THE MATERIAL WITNESS

(Continued from page five)

up in Echo Valley where the railroad went; so he figgered out a way to save himself the trouble of blowin' his whistle when he passed the crossin' every day. He thought he'd blow just the first time on the way up and then run his train on the echo-schedule after that.

"It worked all right at first, just as he figgered, but he forgot one thing and that was the railroad's runnin' plumb between the two mountains that made the echo. Well, the noise that came out of both sides of that whistle hit the two mountains at the same time and came back to the crossin' like he figgered, all right, but then they'd cross over t'other side, an' all the while they kept gettin' louder an' louder. Purty soon the engineer and all the passengers got deaf from the awful noise, and the company was gettin' ready to do something about it. But a snowstorm held up those echoes one day, so they got to the crossin' just the same time as the train, instead of a minute before. There ain't much more to tell; the train got wrecked and all the passengers killed, but the echo was stopped, and they ain't never blowed a whistle in the valley since. I remember how the papers was full of it for a long time. They said it was a sad thing, but it was lucky that echo got stopped before it got any louder. I can recollect that just as clear as if it was yesterday." And the Guest, by way of closing, spit once again on the fire before he resumed his pipe.

The Guest had looked at the Proprietor for just a second after he finished, but there had been no hint of a smile on his lips, and now the Three watched the saliva sizzle on the hot andiron as if therein they saw the fall of Empires or a revelation of the eternal Truth. Then the Transient sat up to rest his back against the sofa. Drawing his knees up, he knocked the ashes from his pipe and cleared his throat. "Gentlemen," he observed. "These are strange tales you tell me, but I would no more doubt their truth than I would question your honor. I only wish that I, too, knew something about echoes so that I could contribute to this evening's entertainment. I can, however, relate a story more in my own line, since I am a lawyer by profession. Should you like to hear it?"

They nodded solemn assent; so the Transient began: "You perhaps recall this murder in Keene, in connection with which John Chase was held as a material witness. Well, my tale concerns a material witness who was *not* held. That's very unusual, you know." In order to be sure they knew, he glanced at the Proprietor and then at the Guest, who both signified gravely that they understood.

"One summer, while I was still studying law, I had occasion to stop in an isolated mountain town up in Maine, and since there was to be a murder trial in the courthouse next day I decided to stay over. That evening I walked down to the drug store to see what it was all about, and when I say I walked *down* I mean *down!* That town was hung on the side of a mountain so it looked as if it had slipped off the top and caught by the seat of its pants half-way down.

"Anyway, it seems a stranger had come to this town, and he began paying so much attention to the sheriff's daughter that her father threatened to run him out of town. The stranger didn't like that much, you can be sure, but he left off seeing the young lady, and everything went along peacefully for a while. But one morning after a heavy storm the girl's battered body was found down in the val-

Mistress Forster of Apple Tree Mountain

By DONOH HANKS

Hie de do. Come right h'yer.

Who be youens looking fer?—

Why yes, I guess thet I be her.

Mis'ress Forster. I aint been spoke to en thet style

Now on fer a pow'rful long while.

Them as knows calls me Esmeril'.

Mind ye. The name o' Forster hit be

Known en fe'ered as fer as ye kin see

From the highest knob o' Apple Tree.

Whut youens say yore name did be?—

Hit do me proud to meet with ye.

Take a ch'er. Oh no. Not that.

Take thet big 'un o'er ther'.—

Think it cool? Cool! How long a'ir ye been up h'yer?

Why the ol' man say jest yestiday—

Him? He aint h'yer.—

Whar do he be? —

Er—he be ther on Apple Tree.

Workin'? Whut? A'ir ye comfort'ble en thet a'ir ch'er?

My ol' man's pappy made thet, h'yer

En this house, ago, now nigh fi'ty ye'r.

Lemmeesee. When did hit be?

'Tw'are 'fore the storm en eighty-three

Whut washed a new crick en Apple Tree.

Weuns had a storm las' month.

Wuz youens h'yer?—

Be glad ye wot.

See through the window the crick down ther'?

Hit riz to them stones up h'yer,

Like storm sperits hed gi'ed hit a awfu' skeer.

Tuk out a bridge en the valley town.

En we hed our cow to drown.

See thet corn all ben down?

Hit done thet, everywhar'.

The crick bank aint got corn on hit ther'.

Hit jes' swep' the crick bank cleer.

'Tw'are a awfu' storm. I 'low.

Ruin our corn en drown our cow.

We need the corn, 'cause—er—

A'ir ye comfor'ble now?—

Thet soldier's picture thet ye see?

He's my baby—my boy he be.—

Fought en France with the infantry.

Dead now—poor boy—dead now—he be—

Killed?—Ye-es.—Not in France.

On Apple Tree.

ley. It was evidently a very brutal murder and seemingly without cause, for she had been as mild-mannered as a girl could be.

"No one knew how it had happened or who had done it, but suspicion was immediately fixed on the stranger in spite of the fact that his alibi seemed clear. These people I talked to down in the drug store were very mysterious about it, but they seemed confident there was a witness to the crime and that he would duly appear at the trial next day. This trial, incidentally, was set for Sunday at ten o'clock, an unprecedented procedure, I assure you.

"All the townspeople forewent the doubtful pleasure of going to church that night and gathered at the courtroom hours ahead of time. In due course, when the room was all buzzing with excited murmurs, the magistrate made his dignified entrance and the suspected prisoner was brought in by the scruff of the neck and the seat of his pants. Those townspeople evidently didn't like having their eligible daughters killed off by out-of-towners.

"I won't bother with the details of the trial. The jury was sworn in, testimonies for and against were heard, and the defendant was examined and cross-examined, but nothing could be proved against him. This part of the trial over it was a quarter to midnight, and at that point the magistrate arose and announced in a deep voice, 'Fellow townsmen, I rest this trial pending the arrival of the material witness, but maintain the customary order, if you please'.

"The defendant became uneasy at the mention of a material witness, and he began to stir about restively. He had expected the courtroom to be fairly buzzing with talk, but the only audible sound was the click-clock, click-clock of the antique clock up on the wall. Every eye was fastened on the prisoner, and he might well have been uncomfortable, guilty or not, with all those hostile eyes glaring at him—and the silence. As it was the sweat began to pop out on his forehead, and his ears almost burst from the ticking and tocking of the pendulum on the wall.

"At exactly one minute to twelve the magistrate stood up again and beckoned silently to the constable at the rear of the room. The latter first stopped the swinging of the pendulum and then tiptoed over to the double doors, which he swung wide open. The room was still in utter silence and in darkness except for the feeble light from one lantern, and all heads were turned about to watch for the appearance of the Material Witness."

The Transient knew it was a mean trick, but he couldn't resist the temptation to pause and light his pipe before he finished. "At the end of the minute a bright light flashed across the doorway and we heard a scream, a thud, and an angry voice, 'There, by God, if you won't have me, nobody else will either. Farewell dear Matilda; your body won't talk!' It was the voice of the stranger, who, as soon as the words were spoken, fainted dead away. He knew then that he was convicted."

The Proprietor laughed. "Arrumm, Mr. Lawyer, do I understand you to be telling us a ghost story?" he asked a bit testily.

"Oh, by no means. You see, the murder was committed midway between two mountains, and any exclamation made between them would naturally reverberate until—"

A light was beginning to dispell the shadows in the brain of the gaunt Guest. "Do you mean to say," he asked, "that the Material was an—"

"Exactly, you see, the town engineer, being a mathematician—"

The Proprietor arose with dignified rapidity and hauling on his watchchain hand over hand he snapped open the watch on the end of it. "I think, gentlemen," he interrupted. "The hour is late and we should do well to retire. You will excuse us, won't you?" he asked the Transient very formally, as the Guest unbent his angles.

"Surely, I'm sorry you must leave so soon." He looked neither at one nor the other but straight into the fire as if he were thinking.

Outside in the hall the Guest whispered, "Does he think we're fools, telling us a story like that and expecting us to believe it? I think the man is a liar."

But the Proprietor was more discerning. He pulled up his pants, rubbed his corporation once more and said, "I think he was just telling us in a nice way that we was liars. We'd better go up to bed."

"Yep, I guess you're right, said the Guest. "It's kind of late."

And up they went.

MY HOME TOWN

(Continued from page one)

"Bring him out," they shouted. "Turn him over to us!"

Two or three of the sheriffs got to the negro first, and they handled him so roughly that he was scared out of his wits. Then there was a delay for a while and a doctor from town examined the negro. Finally one of the sheriffs held up his hands for silence. All of the flashlights were brought to play on his face.

"Boys," he said, "this here nigger ain't done nothing. The doctor here is done looked him over and he says the nigger couldn't of possibly done it."

Most of the members of the mob were secretly glad, but they had to make a stir to impress the negroes.

The sheriff held up his hand again, the mob became quiet.

"This here nigger says that a white man come by here 'bout two hours ago and he says we might be lookin' for him."

"He's trying to put it off on a white man," shouted someone in the crowd. "Let's lynch the bastard!"

But the crowd finally dispersed, and all of its members went home to their respective wives. And each wife was sure her husband was the particular hero of the occasion, while down on the street corners later that night all the boys talked about how they would have done the negro if they had caught him. Not until about four days later did the news get around that the white man the negro had seen was Lonnie Maphers, a man who had been going out to see the Beasley girl a long time.

The last riot came about three weeks after the first one. One Saturday night the Chief of Police, Ulysses Betts, clubbed a man into unconsciousness and dragged him on the sidewalk two blocks to the jail. The town resented the brutality because they were afraid of Betts. Once again all the people gathered together in an ugly mood, this time in front of the Municipal building, which was known to them as "the opera house." Chief Betts stood on a chair and talked to them under a street lamp. His yellow hair glistened like a halo. He told the people that he intended to have law and order as he was the Chief of Police in the town. And he added that, if they didn't like it, they could do something about it. There was a little silence and Betts went back into his office in the Municipal building. The people all went home and got their guns and gathered again in front of the building.

They were outside yelling for Betts to come out, when a sheriff came out of a side door and stood on the chair under the street lamp. The crowd became quiet to listen.

"Chief Betts is in that there building in his office," the sheriff said. "He's a-settin' behind his desk was a riot gun on top of it and two big Army automatics a-layin' aside of it. He told me to come out here and tell you all that you could come in and get him if you wanted him that bad. But I'm a-tellin' you, I wouldn't go in there after him for a million dollars."

The riot cooled off at once. The people all went home after there had been a few speeches that soothed them and let them think that they *could* go in there and get Betts, all right, if they really wanted him. The conclusion they arrived at, though, after some heavy argument—in which they were already convinced—was that Chief Betts had certainly acted with the interests of the town at heart and, therefore, they should not punish him.

The most exciting church in town is the Taber-

Scandal

By PHILIP MILHOUS

Wait—

*What do they say**Of Mary Lee**Over the way?**Now, she's a wife**I'd be proud of:**It's a pity**We haven't many**Wives so pretty.*

What—

*THAT what they say**Of Mary Lee**Over the way?**Oh!*

nacle of Free Worship. On Sunday evenings that particular element in the town that constitutes the congregation gathers and begins to sing and pray. Gradually they work themselves into a fervor, and soon they are hysterical. Their spectacle furnishes about the only entertainment on Sunday nights.

The only young people in town who attend church are the children of hidebound parents and are themselves hidebound. The churches do not interest the "younger element" because they make no effort to attract the boys and girls. Church service is long and dull and more of an infliction than a benefit. Most of the old people find it that way; but they have become accustomed to going to church every Sunday, and they cannot break the habit. The churches make a big problem of the "younger element" and keep faithfully trying to get the young people to attend the services. They will likely never succeed, for the young people in a small town have got beyond the power of the churches.

A young boy possessed of any capabilities or talent in a small town is in a desperate position. He is afforded very few contacts that will develop him and "bring him out." Not until he goes off to school does he begin to develop in earnest along other lines than the physical. But by that time in his life the submergence in a small town has either completely deadened his capabilities or talents, or else his associations in the town have so changed his ideals that he is nearly worthless.

The wets and dries are forever fighting it out in a small town. The dries have the losing end usually; they can do nothing with the wets. The wets manage a most healthy indifference to all the accusations of the dries. The heaviest drinking is usually on Saturday night and Sunday afternoon, as is true with the gambling phase also. The present attitude of the wets in the small town, if you will excuse the hyphens, is one of Oh-well-I've-done-all-I-could-for-them. The wets are really stupid about drinking. Pity the poor unfortunate who stumps his toe within their sight.

The only manner in which to live peaceably in a small town is to live so that you do not interfere with your neighbors. Do not engage with them in any of their undertakings, for, unless you are completely one of them, heart and soul, you have laid yourself open to prejudiced criticism and oftentimes unfair attempts at belittling. When it is understood that the small town community is broken up into several cliques that base their association on relationship, religion, social position and prominence, one easily sees that a step in any direction is apt to be disastrous. Be neighborly, but be no more than that.

GODFATHER

(Continued from page four)

much of music to break his tranced spell of listening. Only when I had finished the sprightly, almost grotesque *Norwegian Dance* of Grieg would he go off to bed, and then without a word to me.

There were afternoons when he talked to me, reproaching me gently, being very serious. He never praised me, but he was sometimes stiffly complimentary when I had had something published, or had mastered a brillante, cascading run in imitation of Cortot, and was justly enthusiastic. When I had been careless, or forgetful, he would be dangerously playful, holding his foot up for me to see.

"See that?" he would say, "Sharp, isn't it? Well, some day I'm going to kick you with that. It'll hurt. Be careful."

Or he would threaten to take me across his knee and "spank my rear for me".

"I've spanked 'em bigger than you, son."

He had been almost everything and had seen almost everything. I think he had moved in every stratum of society. He loved John Masefield's poetry, chiefly, I think, because the poet had nearly starved to death once in his travels. He would quote the Consecration as his credo, all the while sitting before his comfortable fire. The inconsistency was intolerable until you found that he, too, had once starved.

There was a day when I went to him for the last time. I waited in the room with the familiar piano. I had known that he would be out with his horse. At last I heard his blustery entrance into the house, and heard someone tell him that I was there. He came striding into the room in his whipcord breeks and the tall boots that were discoloured by the foam from his horse's flanks. He stood before the fire like a giant Colossus, flicking the outstanding sides of his trousers with his riding-crop. I realized for the first time that his hair was very white, and until he spoke to me I felt almost a stranger. He talked to me a long time, wandering over the room while I sat still. He talked of many things that I cannot remember. He rambled, and slid his thoughts blendingly together. At last he was standing before me again, his legs spread far apart in his familiar Colossal stance.

"Remember," he said, "to forget your honour. Remember that your kind do not wear it like a plume. Remember to lie when you must, but never to save your own skin. Forget to be ashamed to cry. Forget to be afraid of beauty. Remember your music. Remember that musicians and poets and fools are men, too? Remember that you have never been taught to believe in a God with a long, white beard. Remember your drink, and remember that none of your kind have ever died sots. Never be false to your horse, though you be false to all men in their eyes. Remember all of the things I have never said to you."

He started to leave the room abruptly. Then he turned and smiled.

"Write to me," he said.

I think I am glad not to have been near him when he died. I may even be glad that he is dead.

I have not meant to paint him as perfect. He was not, and he didn't want to be. I have not come either to praise him or to bury him, but to bring him back to my own memory.

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Three Generations

By ROBERT BARNETT

I

God! . . . Love you? O get away . . . and Edwin stumbled blindly off through the bushes, unable to see, falling and recovering, rushing on crazily until the nurses took him to his room. The next day he left the sanitarium almost delirious. Crazy with disappointment and half mad.

II

Jim Jackson was picking cotton. He looked up and hummed through a simple melody. It was his own. A pretty thing. He liked it and smiled. A leather crop struck him across his face. His face flushed they greyed. A deep crimson line was drawn across his face. He stepped forward to strike back but was cowed by the sight of the uplifted whip. His face was livid with shame and fury.

The war arrived. The mammies were sorry for the poor lonesome "Missus." Not Jim, he hated her, hated the Master, hated all whites. When the war was over the white "trash" from the North, Yankees, liked his bitterness and Jim was a tax collector. He laughed at the penniless white folks. He became rich and when the Yankees went back north Jim went with them.

Jim worked at the Opera in New York. Year after year he would sit way back stage and listen to the voices that sang before the brilliant crowds out front. When Alexander Hamilton Jackson was old enough, Jim took him with him. Alex loved the music and when he went home would lie awake all night humming the tunes he had heard. Jim was thrifty and bought a piano to put in the little Harlem flat. Alex played on it all day—the tunes his father sang, the tunes he heard at the Opera, songs that surged from his own soul. He loved music.

One day Vandervere, metropolitan music mag-nate, heard Alex, and Alex became his protégé. Jim died. Alex studied for years and finally left New York on concert tours. His audiences liked him. He made lots of money. He and Madeline, his wife, were happy. Then little Madeline arrived and Alexander Hamilton Jackson's wife died on the same day. Alexander couldn't endure the agony of the emptiness, and meaninglessness of associations and left for Paris.

In Paris little Madeline grew more beautiful. She was taken into the swirl of its social life and earned an enviable prestige and popularity. Alexander was admired because it was said that his music combined the polish of the Parisian opera with the simple plaintive melody of America's southern music.

III

Phillip Dixon was awakened by a negro's voice under his window. He stirred, woke up. The song was a pretty one and it stuck in his head. He fell asleep again for he was tired. In his sleep he dreamed of great black forces sweeping up and over him, wiping out forever his own existence. He

Disillusion

By G. W. STAMPER

*A vast emptiness,
An ever down-pressing loneliness,
A world asleep;—
And, in the throbbing silence
Of a moonless afternoon of night,
A half-mad, half-dead mind
Grasping at the tattered shreds
Of a soul battered and rent
By the unholy horrors of
An unfaithful heart.
A mind recently full of
The overflowing happiness of youth—
Now void of all save a numbing ache,
And a frequent agony,
As one more strand of the rope of reason
Parts under the constant sawing
Of the dull-edged Knife
Of Disillusion.*

awoke with a start and dressed quickly. He walked in his garden and thought. He called for his horse and rode out among his slaves. They were picking cotton. No, they would never arise. He would never let them. He saw his foreman strike one of his slaves across the face. He smiled. No, they would never arise.

Loyal Southerners joined Lee's forces, and Phillip Dixon was called away. His wife, Sarah, was heartbroken. When the news of his death came she was helpless. She left the plantation and went to the capital. Appomattox left the South bankrupt. She was penniless and sewed to feed her little Phillip. She taught him to be a gentleman. He idolized his father. He wanted to be like him. He hated the Yankees. He hated the negroes. They had been disagreeable before his mother had left the plantation.

Sarah sent her son to school. He did well and finished at the State University. He immediately started teaching there. His mother died and he was alone. She had been father and mother to him. He loved her passionately.

Phillip married the daughter of the University president. Everyone in the town called it a good match. When Edwin arrived, they called him a lucky boy. The Dixon home was so refined, so cultured, so interesting, they all said, nodding their empty heads. And Edwin was lucky. He had books and books to read when he was old enough. He was like his father and loved to read. But he always read the wrong things. He did not like the good and wholesome things. He read, even when he was young, the theories of radical social prophets.

One day his father heard him say the negroes were the equals of whites. Professor Phillip raved and fumed. Equals! Niggers equal? Preposterous! Young Edwin thought as he pleased and incurred the displeasure of his wheedling pater.

Edwin made a brilliant record for himself at the University. He was offered a scholarship to

(Continued on page eight)

Mr. Littleman

A Character Sketch of Not All Faculty Members

By MCB. FLEMING-JONES

The man who is mentally and morally too small for his job is constantly a cause of friction, misunderstanding and inefficiency. He retards all those associated with him and since men cannot work alone, his inadequacy never affects only him. This type of executive is to be found in many organizations, but especially in those like the University where it is difficult to discharge a man even though he proves inefficient.

The too-small man is usually dogmatic and shallow. He hits upon some figure of speech or some tenet, which he phrases well and makes his golden rule upon which all policies and actions are based. He enforces his will by authority alone, and refuses to compromise or consider the point of view of his associates. To him, rules are supreme. Nevertheless he bows, nay scrapes and kotows, to higher authority, and attempts to influence his superiors by flattery and truckling rather than by reason.

Due to two causes is injustice, a common crime of this man. Occasionally failure of his limited powers causes it. More often it is due to the conceit of his position which creates in him a feeling approaching infallibility and a reluctance to alter his position. He is prone to come to hasty conclusions, and then seeks to maintain them fearing a loss of prestige if he should admit himself in error.

To conceit may be traced many of Mr. Littleman's blunders. A common cause of them is failure to change with changing conditions, which in turn, is due to his egotism. He feels that once the great HE has made a decision and established a line of conduct factors will remain constant so that he can continue to move as he has in the past.

Conceit also accounts for his disruption of an organization. He feels that only he is capable of making decisions so keeps all authority centered in himself. He countermands the orders of his subordinates thus destroying confidence in them as well as in himself. If in a sufficiently high position he may even prevent improvements in the methods of those under him, unless he suggests the changes that should be made.

Fear is another characteristic of Mr. Littleman. Although he fails to recognize his shortcomings, he lacks proper confidence in himself and fails to inspire the confidence of those with whom he works. His own incompetency makes him doubt the effectiveness of his subordinates. This leads him to do the very things that will kill the initiative and incentive of those with whom he works.

The man who attempts to fill a position beyond his mental and moral qualifications is the weak link and the unbalanced cog in any organization. He is not always easy to single out, but invariably breaks down in periods of great stress. His greatest harm is in the deleterious effect he has on others.

Mr. Littleman fills two high positions in the University.

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LITERATURE AND LIFE

THE CAROLINA MAGAZINE writes to a college campus composed of individuals who come from all parts of the country, or even the world for that matter. Such a campus then can be only a cross section of a civilized world. It differs from an ordinary mob of people in that its select inhabitants are supposedly able to distinguish between vulgarity and art. They should understand a difference between the Venus De Milo and Mademoiselle Paula of the *Police Gazette*.

We live only through our senses. And it is through the greatest and finest sensations that we live the deepest and fullest. Who can say that any disciplined feeling or thought possible to humanity is not good? Vulgarity differs from highly sensitive literature in its bluntness and its deadness. Written for people who lack a sympathetic nature, literature must be coarse and blunt.

The artistic nature is quick to perceive the shallow deadness of vulgarity and quick to feel and interpret the senses of the artist. All that we see in life is nature, and interpretations of nature is tinged by every individual's feelings and intellect. The keen sympathetic senses of the artist find the finest points of nature and interpret them with a fineness of which the raw unpolished senses of the vulgarian is utterly incapable.

Literature can not but reflect life. And sex is a part of life, but only a part. Should literature then either over-emphasize or neglect that phase of life, it would not be life. It would be a distortion of life.

A college magazine differs from other magazines in that it is written to and by people whose mould of character is still in a plastic stage. To the undeveloped senses of a baby all things must be clean. All things must be bright. Pure light reflected through a green glass appears

green. Light reflected through dusty glass can not but mirror the particles of dust collected there. Nature is the light; the mind is the glass. The average freshman comes to college with either a drug-store-corner or a back-of-the-barn outlook on sex. It is highly important that he leave college with a rational outlook on that phase of life. He must learn to know the vulgar and the artistic while his mind is still capable of being taught a difference in the two.

As man progresses he must be forever discarding the low and temporary things of life and grasping the highest and the permanent. Appealing to the comic readers by tearing down Millet's "Sower" and putting in its place a strip of Mutt and Jeff can not then be progress. And would you then have Fra Lippo Lippi rub out his breathing street walkers to put in their places a group of wax faced angels for a people who see only feeble shapes and weak colors in those angels, but whose raw or lazy minds say that they are good?

On Dreamers

HELLO WORLD:

You laugh at dreamers, don't you? You ridicule them, you feel that they are listless, and you consider them insignificant. You say that they go through life building castles of air, doing no real honest-to-God work, using only the imagination. And you laugh at them for they are foolish. You laugh at them because they do not understand that the real man is the one who builds material things, because they can not comprehend that the material things in life are the most important and that the builders of the material things are the most significant. You say that dreamers are doing no real work for you, that the dreams they dream never come true; and you do all that you can to discourage them.

But, World, don't be too harsh with the dreamers . . . they are to be pitied. They did not ask for a brain, they only took the brain that was given them and tried to cultivate it. Must you blame them because their brain shows partiality toward a creative imagination? You are free to censure them if they do not do any genuine work, but it is unjust for you to find fault with them when they leave you in your present form to visualize you in your future form.

Yes, World, dreamers are listless. They are languid while you, World, are vivid. They are insignificant while you are big. You are important for you consider the Yesterday and, with its influence, live the Today. But they, the dreamers, disregard the Yesterday; they are filled with ambition by your Today to dream the Tomorrow. You are better than they, World. You have done things. Everywhere about you there is proof of what you have done and what you are doing. You are living the Today while they are only dreaming of the Tomorrow.

But remember, World . . . there is a Tomorrow.

G. A. L. MOORE.

Book Chat

By ROY B. CHAPIN

Alan J. Villiers, whose latest book, SEA DOGS OF TODAY, has just been published, has purchased the 3,000 ton square rigger the "Parma" which he will sail around Cape Horn to make sound pictures.

She will sail for Australia in ballast early next month, where she will load wheat for an English port. Mr. Villiers will join the ship in Australia and will make the return voyage in her as third mate.

The "Parma" was going on the scrap heap when Mr. Villiers and Captain Le Cloux—a Finn who was master of the "Beatrice," one of the ships in Mr. Villier's book FALMOUTH FOR ORDERS—bought her for a comparatively small sum. She has a steel hull, is 340 feet long, and is twice as big as the "Grace Harwar," the ship whose voyage around the Horn is recorded in Mr. Villier's best known book, BY WAY OF CAPE HORN.

Mr. Villiers writes, "We have just purchased a barque. If Erikson can make twenty pay, I don't see why we can't make one. We shall charge the boys to work for us, carry scientists to study the flight of albatrosses and sea serpents, take women passengers, starve the crew, give Cape Horn a wide birth and in general have a darned good time. I shall write books, be acting third mate, part owner and business manager and do as little work as I can. We probably won't last long, but ships are dirt cheap now and I don't see why we shouldn't buy one to prevent the movie people and scrap-iron merchants busting up the lot of them. And the "Parma" will be a good retreat if the capitalistic system goes up in smoke, as it seems perilously near doing. We could all go down to the South Seas and catch fish and wear loin-clothes. Wouldn't that be better than New York, anyway?"

* * *

One of Oliver Herford's private diversions for many years was to approach his friends with the suggestion that he put them up for membership in the Farragut Club. His friends would all think it very nice indeed until some weeks later then Herford would look them up and say, "Sorry old man, but you were black-balled for the Farragut Club." This happened to virtually everyone in Herford's acquaintances before they discovered that the Farragut Club had only one member, Oliver Herford, and its meetings were all held under the Farragut monument where he sat happily black-balling his friends. Mr. Herford's latest book, "Deb's Dictionary," has just been published.

* * *

Robert E. Pinkerton, author of the recently published HUDSON'S BAY COMPANY, is the author of over 4,000,000 published words, but this book is his first attempt at non-fiction. The interest in the Northwest which led him to write his popular history of the Hudson's Bay Company is the outgrowth of many years spent as a lumberjack, river driver, cook in logging camps, moose hunter's guide, service in the U. S. Forest Rangers, and worker in a Hudson Bay Company trading post. Mr. Pinkerton then decided to try fiction, tested the idea, and sold his first yarn. But it was two years before he sold his second and, in the interim, his diet had consisted largely of moose meat and fish.

"Old Breakem Bradley"

Won't *Someone* Say a Prayer for his Soul?

By H. G. TILGHMAN

When Lloyd Pittman Bradley was a little boy he won a prize in the Presbyterian Sunday School for perfect attendance and catechism scholarship. Later on, when he went to high school, he wore clean clothes every day and carried his books in a neat, spotless booksack. He led the junior class in history and Latin, and he was valedictorian of the graduating class. He never had much to say and the boys used to kid him about being so quiet. He was pretty shy, too, and most of the girls, except Edna Kuck, were afraid of him. But the older people liked him and said he would make his mark in the world. Mr. Hadley, who ran the only drugstore in town, liked him especially, and after Lloyd finished high school he went to work for Mr. Hadley.

Lloyd stayed at Mr. Hadley's for over two years, and while he was there he courted Edna and studied pharmacy. He brightened up a bit and the people liked him better. When another drugstore opened in town, it was mostly because of Lloyd that the people wouldn't trade with it, and that meant a good deal because the other drugstore had tile floors and mahogany booths and a regular up-to-date fountain.

Just about the time when people began to talk it about that Lloyd and Edna ought to be getting married soon, Edna went away to Savannah on a visit. Lloyd worked harder than usual the three weeks that she was gone, and everyone was sure they'd be married when Edna came back. But when Edna came back it wasn't long until the people saw that she wasn't as sweet on Lloyd as she had been, and Edna let on to Elsie Ruminer that she had met a man down in Savannah who gave her presents and wanted to marry her. When it got to be general gossip, Edna's mother and father tried to take a hand in it, but they could do no good with her and after about a month in town she went back to Savannah.

The people all felt sorry about it and one or two of them tried to tell Lloyd how they felt about it, but Lloyd said he didn't want to hear Edna's name mentioned to him again. He got quieter and spoke even less than he did when he was in high school. After awhile he quit working at Mr. Hadley's. He mooned around town for a few days and then he went away. He didn't even tell his father where he was going. Everybody forgot him after he had been gone about a year.

When he had been gone four years his father died, but nobody knew where they could locate Lloyd. The old man left enough money for a decent burial, and they buried him in Sweetlawn cemetery beside his wife who had been there twelve years. It took all that was left after the burial expenses to straighten up his taxes and debts.

About three years after his father died, Lloyd came back and went to work in Ed Bizzell's garage. He wouldn't talk at all, and at nights he played pool down in the Wigwam Pool Parlor. He stayed drunk almost all of the time, and the people got so they wouldn't have anything to do with him, but it didn't bother Lloyd. He worked at the garage in the daytime and at nights he played pool until the Wigwam closed. He lived with a woman that everybody would call his wife, in a little three-room house on a back street. Lots of his friends were

down at his house at all hours of the night, but they were pretty quiet while they were there.

Lloyd liked best of all to "break" a rack of pool balls. It got to be an obsession with him and a joke around the poolroom. He'd go around asking people to let him break for them, and lots of times he made himself a nuisance that way. One night when he was drunk he nearly got into a fight with Lonnie Stith about breaking the balls. It would have been a peach of a fight, because they were both big men. Everybody got to calling Lloyd "Breakem," but he didn't seem to mind. He was the best break shot in town.

One night while he was shooting pool a boy came running into the Wigwam and ran up to Lloyd. He was all out of breath from running, and the people got quiet suddenly because they saw something was wrong. There was a big crowd in the poolroom that night. Lloyd was leaning with one hand on a table, getting ready to break a rack.

"Mister Breakem," the boy screeched out, "they just found your wife dead on the highway! She's been run over with an automobile!"

Lloyd just looked up and said: "Yeah?" Then he looked at Joe Cramer and said, like he wasn't sure: "It's my break, ain't it, Joe?" After he broke, he put his stick down and walked out. One of the fellows offered to ride him home, but he just shook his head and walked on out.

He buried the woman they called his wife out in Sweetlawn cemetery beside his mother and father. After that, he took to drinking more and more, and he'd come down town in the Wigwam so drunk he could barely walk. Some of his friends would carry him home and put him in bed. He would always be at the garage on time the next morning; he used to say the best break shots of the day came early in the morning.

But one morning he didn't come down to work. Ed Bizzell sent a negro up to Lloyd's house to see what was the matter, and the negro came back and said he couldn't make anybody answer at the house. Then Ed went down and crawled in through a window, while the negro waited outside, and found "Breakem" lying very still in bed. Ed called Doctor Henderson, and the Doctor said that "Breakem" was paralyzed. They rushed him over to a hospital in Fayetteville. Doctor Henderson came over to him; and "Breakem" said: "Up your leg!" He was in terrible pain, and shortly after they got him to the hospital he became delirious. He died in a little while, telling about making the nine ball in the side pocket.

Joie De Vivre

By GEORGE BROWN

To contemplate the beauty of a scene

Of red and yellow meadows; scent the fragrance

Of a rustic woodland's mild incense,

Submerge my soul within the calm serene—

To muse upon the slowly waning day,

As ghostly shadows steal across the sky,

And gently close the heaven's flaming eye,

While magic twilight steepers the world in gray—

Then strolling back the lane at even-tide,

To deeply drink the air as trees the rain,

Then feel the wild blood gush through every vein,

And spirit soaring, sense you by my side—

Once more my suffocated senses thrive,

And every fiber thrills to be alive!

Woodcuts

By ALDEN STAHR

1

LOCKER MAN

Thirty-seven shoes in a row! and there between the bench and the lockers protruded Harry's rear elevation, excluding my view of his head. He was searching out the thirty-eighth shoe, grumbling to himself, "*Sacre bleu! Gottverdammt! Mon dieu,* these pigs!"

"Oh, Harry!" I called.

"*Himmel!*" He bumped his head under the locker and scrambled to his feet apologetically. "Oh, it iss only you." He looked his relief. "I think it was one of thees cheap-skate member. *Comment ca va,* mine frent?" Such was the jargon of 'arry, as he called himself, the locker man at the Club. Back of the rows of lockers he used to tell me about himself in his original dialect: Born in Canada, raised in France, spent several years in Germany—in a prison camp during the war, and after all that he learned the English of New York—hence the hodge-podge.

Always, when no one else was about, he would curse "thees goddam member," and his dark features would work convulsively as he denounced those who fed him. He would pace up and down the carpeted aisle like a caged lion, but the leonine effect was somewhat discounted by his uncertain legs, which knocked deplorably about the knees. This interference was caused by a curious sideward bend of one leg, making his left foot go flip-flop as he walked. (The caddies infuriated him by saying he had two left feet.) When thus excited he would show his blackened teeth; saliva would drool from his loose lips; and his sticky perfumed hair would get ruffled at the back. A very emotional fellow, to get worked up like that.

On Mondays, when he was washing the floor, he used to take off his habitual tuxedo vest to show me, pridefully, his peach-colored silk undershirt. That indicated him to be a fine gentleman, as he carefully explained. I agreed, even while looking at his unbuttoned baggy trousers tied up with a rope and the traces of breakfast egg at the corners of his mouth.

Very secretively he used to open some of the lockers and sneer at the parsimony of their owners. "Look," he said, picking up a torn suit of underwear. "Cheaps. And thees thing," as he kicked a pair of muddy golf shoes, "I must clean und shine and neffer a cent for it." He brought a bottle out of another locker. "Thees belong to one of the governor, and eet iss a dry clup! Haff a drink."

On Sunday afternoon I came into the locker room and saw 'arry flip-flopping about at top speed. "Harry!" shouted a golfer.

"Yessir, yessir, coming, sir. What will you have, sir?"

"Got my shoes shined? Good work, Harry. Thanks."

"It iss a plaisir to shine shoes for you, sir." As soon as the golfer's back was turned I saw Harry's lips sibilate a well-known American aspersion on his antecedents.

The owner of the bottle came in. "Harry, get some ginger ale."

"Yes, sir, you are looking fine, sir. I 'ope you make a seventy today, sir." Then he came back to the refrigerator, no longer obsequious. "*Sapristi,*

(Continued on page seven)

The Fine Arts --- And The University

By E. S. COLUCCI AND F. A. RANKIN

What is the purpose of a University? What benefits are derived from a college education? For centuries men have propounded on and given much thought to this question. Until today the most discussed topics among college students, professors, and the most renowned educators, are those relating to the reasons why people go to college. While, in answer to this question and in sum and substance men have concluded that the purpose of a college education is to prepare students for the professions and services which they have chosen to render after leaving the University, and to enable them to cope with the problems of life. Men have proposed and adopted plans and systems whereby students may accomplish those aims; however, our schools and colleges have missed, by far, in carrying out their purpose. The system by which students are graduated, or "produced," by universities is like a mechanical device which produce so many objects. But are they able to perform to the fullest extent the professions and services for which they prepare, and can they meet and cope with the problems of life? No! The majority cannot! Why? Because they neither appreciate nor understand literature and the fine arts, and cannot and have not depicted the human wisdom, knowledge, and beauty which manifests itself therein. This great defect is present in our educational system today—and so with Carolina.

From the time that our tiny lungs are first filled with air till the time that we breathe, everything that comes within grasp of our senses is instrumental in moulding our character, in forming our life's philosophy, in making us what we are. Especially is this true from the time we are infants till the time we leave the university. The child's mind is like a sponge, absorbing all that is to be had. We are children of environment. If in the evening at home parents sit down to read the newspaper, or repair the car, or wash the dishes, or go to the night football game, or to the club to play poker or to a bridge party; and have no initiative to set a precedent or example for his children to follow so that they can acquire an appreciation of the fine arts, what then—where will the children acquire this appreciation? At school! But to this you will reply: There is no room for it; there is no time for it." Make room and time. (Granting, of course, that time should be allotted for physical education in order that they may have "sound bodies for sound minds.") In reply to this you will say: "But the child or student in high school is not capable of comprehending and discerning the human knowledge and esthetic values of the fine arts." What now? Where, then, will he learn to recognize the inherent values of literature and fine art if not in the home or at high school? The answer to this is—the University. When one goes to college, he is at the crucial period of life; he is neither an adolescent nor a man and his mind is very unsettled and chaotic. It is left up to the university to "make" him. The gaps formed and all that he has missed in his early life and preliminary schooling are to be filled in and polished by the university. This can be brought about only by accentuating and stressing the study of that which embraces all human wisdom and beauty—the fine arts.

What percentage of graduates "produced" by our universities are successful in the fields for which they have "prepared?" Why is it that such an

astounding number cannot find work in their fields? Why do so many of our citizens who were the best "fact getting" students in college return home to operate service stations, garages, or country stores? It is because of the defects of their university training; because they lack that cultural development which enables men to cope with the problems which daily confront society. It is astonishing to note the great number of college graduates who become good-for-nothing louts, believing in no religion, ignoring all codes of ethics and morals, and lacking that cultural refinement due to the defects in their educational background. The college man is becoming less and less respected each year. It has become as commonplace to get a sheepskin as to receive a high school diploma. People know college men more by the kind of liquor they drink, and the "line of bull they shoot" than by their reserved dignity, refined speech, and good habits. (This is not intended to be a predication; it is merely intended to point out what is wrong with our universities.) Many mothers are afraid to send their daughters, for instance, to Carolina because of the reputation of Carolina students for their intemperance. What is wrong? Our colleges and universities are failing to teach men how to live; they are failing to make gentlemen of them!

How is the university to accomplish this polishing of the student, this filling in of the gaps and all that he has missed in his early life and preliminary schooling by accentuating the study of literature and the fine arts. Is not the student's curriculum at the present "complete"? It is not. The first solution is to increase the number of compulsory cultural courses. Yet, to this you will reply that the student has not the time, and that increasing the amount of work would be too burdensome for him; thereby causing too many students to fail their work. To answer directly and somewhat radically—let them fail. Some have come to regard our universities as places where they can have a good time and "hot stuff it." This may well be substantiated by the fact that when moving picture companies film pictures intended to portray college life, they exaggerate it only to mock the shameful conditions existing in our universities. Therefore, let the student who is unwilling to work fail. There is not room for everyone at the top. Still, why is there so much leisure time allotted to carousing, drunkenness, and debauchery in our universities? Some say that it is part of the education, but in truth it is savage and degrading. The younger brother at home awaits with animated curiosity to attend the university, having heard his older brother or sister tell tales of hilarity and of times spent in mirth and merriment. Do not many students spend their week-ends at home? Why are athletics given such a dominant place in our university life? Too many of us take three days to play a football game and two days to get rid of the "hangover." Why can't some of this time be utilized in constructive studies? Granted that there should be some recreation and some leisure time, but neither all recreation nor all leisure. As Shakespeare adopted that Machiavellian idea and wrote those lines, "Wherefore a little more than a little is by much too much," let it be applied here.

If we ever intend to establish a system whereby

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This World In Which We Live

By J. W. SLAUGHTER

As regularly and as punctually as the days lock-stepped along the path of time, Carter Hayes stretched out his hand at 5:30 o'clock in the morning and jerked a cord which was tied, you might say to the ears of several thousand persons sleeping in the neighborhood of the Liggett and Meyers Tobacco Company's factory in Durham, North Carolina.

The cord with which he figuratively yanked the ears of a city was connected, in fact, with the factory whistle. The whistle was loud and shrill, and in those respects differed from the character of its day-break master, who was decrepit and subdued.

Hayes had heart trouble and was fifty-three. Perhaps he should not have been working, but he was accustomed by a life-time of toil to keep at his task; and North Carolina has no old age pensions—for those who man its factories. At any rate, until yesterday morning he supported himself and his wife by being night watchman in the factory from 6 p.m. until 6 a.m., for which he received \$12.00 weekly.

Thus when Mr. Hayes jerked the whistle cord in the boiler room he filled his own ears with what amounted, lacking thirty minutes, to the sweetness of the widely appreciated "lay off" tune.

Needless to say, the 5:30 blasts had no such meaning to the Liggett and Meyers neighborhood. Inexorably, on the unvarying minute, every morning of the week except Sunday, the whistle broke into unreceptive ears with the message: "Get out of your warm bed and do again the job you did yesterday!"

But into one pair of ears in the neighborhood the blast went as music, just as it did into the ears of the old man who jerked the whistle cord. Mrs. Hayes, who had borne three daughters and four sons for her husband, always listened. To her the whistle meant that her loved one had passed safely through another night of burglars and spooks and was whistling to her, "All's well."

At 5:30 o'clock Monday morning the whistle did not blow. Mrs. Hayes watched the clock in the rented house at Number 603 Burch Avenue with growing fear, and after a few minutes of silence she hurried over to the factory and into the boiler room. She had been there just one month earlier, when Johnnie was brought home from the Golden Belt factory with a mangled leg.

She found her husband lying face downward on the floor. Medical Examiner J. H. reported that Mr. Hayes died of heart trouble. Thus the story came to me yesterday.

The tobacco factory whistle was heard again at 5:30 o'clock Tuesday morning. There is another night watchman.

Rispetto

By JAMES DAWSON

*I have cried the old cry: all the best is over,
The sun is gone, the finest days are past;
I have tried the high way, I have been a lover,
And seen the old loves go from me at last.
I have looked backward with pretended tears
At what I thought were surely vanished years.
I did not want to love you, and I hid
In sorrow, that I might not. But I did.*

"The Most Wonderful Plant in the World"

By E. V. DEANS, JR.

It was a fair morning in early June when George and I, and Felix, the German-police set out for the woods. The salty winds from the Atlantic moved among the needles of the long-leaf pine, gently. And a spirit of adventure, an aching for discovery urged us on. We were in search of "the most wonderful plant in the world." Not only was it the most wonderful of plants, but also one of the rarest, I told George. He became deeply interested. For two years he had been living in Wilmington, North Carolina, in the midst of plants that grew nowhere else, on the earth. And he did not know it!

"We shall take to the streams," I told him, "the shallow ones first. For the plants grow in boggy places where the sand is dark and wet.

All the while we walked along the stream bank, I tried to explain to my companion, who was only twelve, that most people thought of plants living an independent life and making their own food, as the pine, or else living as parasites on other plants and animals. I had no trouble in finding a mushroom growing on a decaying log. However, a remarkable group of plants existed, I told him, which could get their food by eating insects.

"Cannibals," he muttered.

"Sure. Cannibals who catch their victims in leaves like steel traps with teeth and then devour them."

For some time we followed the stream, George all the while asking many questions, and Felix chasing all the birds. Gradually the stream became only a wet sandy ditch which soon narrowed down to only a stream bed with abundant growth of grasses. We came upon the plant quite suddenly. So unaware were we of its presence that he almost crushed some twenty tiny plants. Half hidden by the tall grasses, the Venus Fly-trap raised its simple white flowers. And there before us was growing one of the rarest and most wonderful of all plants. George was a bit disappointed. "All this tramping for that little thing," was his thought, I knew. But taking a blade of grass, I told him to touch a leaf. He did so. The leaf immediately closed. He was astonished. George repeated the action several times.

"That's what happens when a fly touches the leaves. Look here."

I cut off a leaf. It was of two lobes, each resembling the half of a huge butter bean. All along the margin of each lobe were stout teeth which interlock when the trap is shut; for the leaf is the trap. On the side of each lobe were three sensitive hairs—the "triggers" that set the trap off. Over the inside surface could be seen little purple dots and tiny hairs. These were the glands from which digestive juices were secreted to devour the insects.

"When a fly lights on the leaf, he immediately touches one of the trigger hairs which sets the trap off at once," I explained. "But the fly cannot escape because the stout teeth interlock over him, creating a horrible prison and sure death. At the touch of "wet meat" the glandular surfaces begin to secrete an acid liquid which covers the victim. If the victim struggles, the plant only closes its

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IMMORTAL

By VERNON WARD, JR.

PRELUDE

*A red spark;
A rose glow;
A yellow flame;
An orange coal;
A gray ash . . .
Where is the soul?*

*In absolute darkness
Light sparks its cement,
Inspires its flame,
Molds its child,
Swells it . . .*

*Light erects:
Broad shoulders,
Straight back,
Muscle members,
Clear head,
Piercing . . .
These,
Bathed in light,
Cannot feel darkness,
Cannot despair.
These defy,
Call the inevitable false,
Know joy.*

INTERLUDE

*The song of the mocking bird
Rises,
Lives,
Is supreme,
Dies . . .
Where is the soul?*

*Darkness,
Jealous of the creation,
Pierced by the brilliance,
Corrodes the child,
Shrivels it . . .*

*Blackness crushes:
Stooped shoulders,
Bent back,
Inert members,
Cloudy head,
Dull . . .
These,
Steeped in darkness,
Cannot know light,
Despair.
These surrender
To the inevitable.*

POSTLUDE

*The amoeba lives,
Divides,
Sacrifices individuality
To its offspring.
It lives no more,
But entrusts life
To those sprung from it . . .
There is the soul.*

Lese Majesty

By BRADFORD WHITE

*The wind,
The majestic wind
Is like the train
Of an austere princess.
We bow before; but after,
An impudent little leaf
Snickers along the ground.*

An Indian's India

By C. W. BENDIGO

"India's conflict with Great Britain is very much like the struggle of the American colonies for independence," explained an Indian friend of mine, a New York correspondent, when we met in Washington, D. C., recently.

I had been eager to hear the story of India's passive resistance from one who knew it well and so I had suggested to my Indian friend that he tell me of his native land and her struggle.

"The analogy between my country and the American colonies is, perhaps, most striking in that they both resisted unjust taxation," he told me. "We opposed the British salt tax just as you did her Stamp Acts. Our opposition to that one tax represents our belief in the unfairness of taking money from us without giving full value in return. It is India who is paying off the British war debts. Were we paying off our own obligations or improving our country with the money taxed from us, we would not object so much. But this is not what is happening.

"Do you realize that there are more people in India living below the poverty line than there are citizens in the United States? And the condition of these people is made even worse by burdening them with British taxes such as that on salt, the purchase of which is compulsory. This is one big reason why the resistance to Britain is so widespread. These poor people cannot afford to buy the taxed salt even if they did approve of the principle behind it, so they have no choice but to resist.

"When the American colonies boycotted all English goods in 1774, they employed a passive resistance not greatly dissimilar to ours. The colonial boycott was one of the most successful steps taken against Great Britain by the Americans of 1774 and just so our present resistance has been our most effective act in voicing our objections. As you know, the purse of commerce is the most sensitive part of a nation.

"You Americans took up arms to gain your objectives, but I am certain that there shall be no armed revolution in India. The past World War and our present state of civilization should each alone keep anything like that from occurring. The few armed outbreaks so far have all ended sorrowfully for my countrymen. The British in India are armed but the natives are forbidden to carry weapons without special permits which are difficult to obtain. So it is, that one side having arms, the other does not relish being shot down without any means of retaliation. No, India does not want to resort to warfare. She desires to gain her goals through more civilized methods.

"Self-government is what India wants. We have some now but it is not enough. Government is by the consent of the governed, I believe, and you can see easily that we are not consenting to our present administration. Britishers outrank Indians politically and socially everywhere in my country until we can hardly call it *our* country. It is more *Britain's* country which we happen to inhabit.

"We are exploited not only by means of taxes, but also through the taking of India's wealth by British enterprises. The exploitation, however, is less since we refused to cooperate with Great Britain in 1930 and thus damaged her considerably.

"Do you realize that the difficulty between Great

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THE BOOK WORLD



In proportion as society refines, new books must ever become necessary—Goldsmith

It is easy to imagine the relish with which M. Delaten in *CICERO*. By Gaston Delaten, (E. P. Dutton & Co., 271 pp. and notes. \$4.) composed this portrait of the great orator-lawyer of Rome, for he himself is a lawyer, as well as a literary figure of the French Academy.

Against the background of Roman life at this period Cicero emerges a great man, free from the violent vices of his contemporaries. Nevertheless, he was subject to all the ambitions that consumed them, at an early age chose the surest legitimate means to power—the oratory of the Rostra. That Cicero possessed the instincts of the born lawyer is shown by his canny judgment in delaying his first public appearance as an orator until he was well prepared. It is further displayed by his visit to Athens, whither he journeyed in order to improve his oral style.

M. Delaten shows how the stay in Athens helped form the temperate inclinations of Cicero's character, and how he came to revolt at the depraved and bloody spectacles of Rome. Perhaps of greater importance was the influence of his wife, Terentia, whom he married on his return to Rome. For thirty-two years she was faithful and devoted, and despite the cunning *Catinae*, Cicero remained loyal to her. Then, for no reason at all, Cicero divorced her for Publillio, an adopted child whom they both loved.

The author has woven into the life of Cicero all the colorful and vicious aspects of Roman life in the seventh century, and in the final chapters gives us a vivid portrait of this vain man of inaction, harrassed by illness and torn with grief at the death of his adored daughter, Tullia. The account is restrained, but sympathetic, and makes one want to turn again to the prose of Cicero himself.

* * *

THE MAGICAL ART OF VERGIL by C. K. Rand, (Harvard University Press, 458pp., \$5.), is one of the many fine commentaries inspired by the bimillennial celebration of Virgil's birthday. Dr. Rand's book is not the least, nor is it, indeed, the most negligible production of that rich, allusive writer and scholar. With nothing more exciting to prove than the obvious thesis that Virgil's art grew steadily from the *Culex*, through the *Eclogues* and the *Georgics* to the *Aneid*, Dr. Rand has concocted a wise and stimulating book.

If most, if not all, of the material is now new, the book is justified by bringing a diversity of information together in a way that is singularly attractive to a lay audience. Vergil, despite many mistaken attempts to popularize him in a way which Homer, by comparison, positively invites, remains, for the average cultural reader, a difficult nut to crack. Whether Dr. Rand's study will do much to open up the dark Virgilian continent to a larger band of readers may well be questioned, but it is a step in the right direction. Dr. Rand is never pontifical in his criticisms. He is particularly free from academic rigidity in his Virgilian studies.

* * *

Through the medium of any biography remote times and affairs are brought before the reader with a vividness and nearness that is equaled only by a diary. Such is the case in the book, *SURGEON OF THE SEAS* by Charles S. Foltz (Bobbs-Merrill Publishing Co., 339 pp., \$3.75).

Johnathan M. Foltz, 1810-1877, concerning

whom the story is written, was commissioned Assistant Surgeon in the Navy by President Jackson in 1831. At that period sailing vessels were predominant and the iron clad ship was a novelty and an almost untried experiment. Foltz soon rose to the rank of Surgeon and was commissioned such by President Grant. The career of this great naval surgeon started with a cruise on the frigate *Potomac* to the coast of Sumatre for the punishment of the Malay pirates and continues down through the civil wars that were waged around the Platte, the war with Mexico and our own Civil War. The naval career of this able surgeon ended with the triumphant cruise of *Farragut* and his fleet after the war when European sovereigns, whatever their attitude during the conflict, vied with one another in honoring our flag and our admiral. Upon his retirement from active duty he was placed on the retired list of Naval Surgeons and was assigned to duty as Inspector General of Hospitals and Fleets, and as chief Surgeon of the Naval Hospital at Philadelphia. He was placed on actual retirement on April 1, 1873 after forty-two years of active service for his country. The next year, however, he was made a vice-president of Jefferson Medical College. He died on April 12, 1877 after practically spending his whole life in the service of his country and certainly in the service of humanity.

We see this man throughout the pages of the book in a very envious place. Who of us would not care to know Morse, Lincoln, Grant, Napoleon III and the many other famous personage of the period. Foltz knew Victoria when she was but a little smiling girl playing with her dolls and riding horses. As we read this thrilling authentic biography with its many personal contacts, we feel

that we too knew these people and hold our acquaintance with them very dearly. The story was written by the son of this man and the material was gleaned from a mass of bulky journals and notes which were on a notebook fastened to the wrist of the Surgeon during battles. It is written in a manner which reads even easier than fiction and certainly holds more interest and value. Every page of the volume, almost every line, contains some thrilling or valuable experience and it was with the greatest regret that I finished the book, one which I consider ranks among the first which I have ever read for excitement, content, and clearness of thought.

* * *

HE WHO RIDES THE SKY by Eliot Kays Stone (Poetry Publishers, Inc., 96pp., \$2.) is a book of poems of medium length dealing for the most part with man and his thoughts. Stone seems to express through his verse that he believes that man should be natural, not as he thinks he should be, but just natural. Stone believes in living life as it is. His verse has a depth yet an easiness of reading that is uncommon, a clearness and common sense that should make it appeal to any reader. His poem "Life" expresses very ably the poets conception of man's growth.

*Life touched an atom, and it straight-away plowed
With brave, free strokes, the sea that gave it birth.
Typhoon and tempest left the mite uncowed—
The first living thing in all the raw crude earth.
Atom called atom, cell leaped forth to cell,
And odd shapes struggled to the half-formed land,
Where big, green grasses breathed an "All is well,"
And grotesque palm-trees fringed the mottled sand.
A mouse-like mammal among monsters stood,
Lifted its head as if it bridged the span
Of the slow years, when its triumphant brood
Should burst to glory in the birth of man.
"Look," cried the angel, "Is it all in vain
That God and Nature should conceive in pain?"*

Eliot Stone writes from the background of an eventful life rich in travel and literary creativeness. Born in Scanton, Pa., reared in Tennessee, Virginia and North Carolina, he graduated from Danville Military Institute, completed his junior year at Guilford College and then graduated from a special two-year course in commerce, diplomacy and international law at the University of Pennsylvania, later graduating from Haverford College with a B. S. degree in 1905. The unusual scope of his education is reflected in the range of his poems.

* * *

Now we turn to the novels. *THE FLESH IS WEAK* by John Held, Jr., (The Vanguard Press, 249pp., \$2.50, is another collection of very modern stories by the famous caricaturist. In his latest edition his grotesque figures again take life and act as many very modern youths of today. The volume is composed of twelve short stories some of which are extremely well done while others seem to have a lack of appeal that one would expect from this author. Relations between boy and girl is the principal theme of this book and, as a whole, they are rather saturated with sex as the title would imply. John Held, Jr., has here a collection that would appeal principally to the youth of this age. Our elders would probably say that many of the stories were not fit to be printed.

ROY CHAPIN.

Manhattan Interlude

By KENNETH REARDON

*Down, sunshine, down!
What right have you to be today
When all New York is drenched in gloom—
Or should be. You there, that stare at me
As fast as I hurry up the Avenue—
Why can't you mind your own affairs?
Why the twisted face of me?
I won't tell you that!
Why hurry I to North, and not to East or West?
Fool! The river lies to East or West!*

*Those elevator boys
Are laughing there, and taking on
As if today were just another yesterday,
Or day before, or two months gone.
Stop, I tell you!
Can't you see you have no right to laughter
When my heart breaks?*

*The words are said.—"Goodbye"—
With shaking smile and misty eyes
I turn away. Damn you, Gramercy!
I hate your iron fence, your ancient elms
Your snobbish air. For now
You'll have her to yourself, all to yourself!
And now I turn to North, and see again
The grinning face of all New York
That laughs, and smirks, and smiles
Till darkness comes. I leave the city after me
Still chuckling.*

Well, I Must be Going

By WILBUR DORSETT

Oh, hello, Mrs. Wilcox. You don't mind if I come on in? Br—it's awfully chilly outside, I'm telling you! Well, I guess you think I ain't got a thing in my own house, the way I borrow all the time. I thought I had plenty of sugar so I didn't tell Walt to bring any as he came to dinner . . . Oh, thank you for going to all that trouble for me. I wouldn't have bothered you at all, but you see, since this is Saturday I wanted to get most of my cooking for tomorrow done this morning so that all I'll have to do when I come home from church will just be to cook the steak. I do want to go to church so bad. I hardly ever get off on Sunday morning. It seems that something happens every-time.

We're having that young fellow—he's just a student—preaching for us now. He comes up from college on the week ends. Just as good as having a regular minister except he's not here during the week to make any calls. And you know that is just what makes a preacher. They're so handy when every thing goes wrong, and you're all depressed and everything.

They say that confession's good for the soul, not that I'd tell my preacher everything, and of course not to this young man, but somehow it just peps me up and makes me feel like going on when somebody that understands can console me in my troublesome days.

Now, my Walt, he's not like that. Whenever I wake up in the morning and worry about what's going to happen he won't listen to me. He pulls the cover just that much tighter around him and rolls over on his other side.

Don't it get your goat how some people lay around in bed till 'way late in the morning? Just because Mrs. Custer has a little money and can hire a cook she thinks she can snooze away till about dinner time. Hmph. Such laziness! You've got to 'tend to business, I tell you, you've got to 'tend to business. Well, I must be going.

Ooh, but I hate to hit that cold air again. I'll just warm my feet a little bit before I go. Landsakes, but this stove sure does feel good. I just washed Herb's sweater this morning. I didn't hang it up, thought it might stretch, so I spread it out on some old newspapers on the floor by the stove. It'd be funny if any embers fell out over the ashes in the bottom of the stove and landed on the papers. Well, I must be going.

Oh, Mrs. Wilcox, what a bee-ootiful bowl! I was just reading an article in the *Pictorial Review*—and by the way, did you take a subscription from one of them college boys that was around last summer? Well, I did. I just couldn't get rid of him. Every time I'd give him an excuse he would pop up with an answer that would make it look like I was all wrong and he was all right. Funny how I never could stump him! I told him I didn't have a cent, and he said, "That's exactly what my mother used to say when I'd ask her for money, but she would always find some in the side-board vase." Now, wasn't that cute? I guess I'm getting my money's worth. It does have some pretty pictures and good stories in it, but I ain't got time to be reading such stuff. Mrs. Custer might have time to lay around all day and read silly love novels but I haven't. I've got to 'tend to business. Well, I must be going.

And why don't you ever come to see me? I'm not but just a step or two up the street, you know. Landsakes, you'd think it was a mile the way you never come around. But I understand, you've got your babies. Now, Mrs. Custer don't have any children to keep her from visiting once in a while. Not that I go to see her, myself. She might feel like she was obliged to invite me to one of her bridge parties. Well, she's not obliged to. I wouldn't go, anyway. I don't know anything about bridge, but that's not saying I'm too dumb to learn. I wouldn't play it if I did know because they actually use the same kind of cards that men play *poker* with. You know, the funny kind that have pictures of people with heads on both ends of them and no bodies at all.

Mrs. Custer's trouble is that she just does not 'tend to business. Riding around in that little coupe of hers and wearing that little hat. That hat, just a scrap of cloth with a feather stuck in it that looks like the cap Robin Hood wears in Emma's picture book. But me, I've got to stay at home and 'tend to business. Well, I must be going.

I sure thank you for this sugar. I'll bring it back Monday . . . You needn't come to the door with me . . . Landsakes, ain't it cold out here? Well, I must be—

Oh, God! My house! My house! It's on fire! On fire! Blazing! Why wasn't Emma there to 'tend to it? Like a little fool she was out playing while the papers—Oh! Oh! Oh!

WOODCUTS

(Continued from page three)

I hate them, thees heepocrit!" He spat contemptuously on the floor. "Zat for you!" he muttered, and ran with the ginger ale.

2

NEW ENGLAND WINTER

From the eyebrow ridge at the peak of the mountain I looked down upon this frozen giant stretched out in death on a snow-sheeted bed. His shroud of purest white linen spread out endlessly, and his uncovered face lay upturned in pallid supplication to the pitiless god of Winter. Directly beneath me one glassy eye encircled by withered tree-lashes looked eternally skyward, seeking clemency, but the blanched cheek below it betrayed the present of doom already come, in the night and suddenly. Then a breath, long refrigerated and kept since death in the sepulchral lungs, blew upon me and roughened the skin on my frost-pinched flesh. The sunlight filtered down reluctantly, as the far-off sun coldly regarded this victim of its janitorial neglect.

3

GENERAL BALINSKI

The air in the low-lit room was hazy with the smoke of rich cigars and moist with the odor of cognac and sweet Italian wine. Half-emptied platters and dishes covered the table in the disarray which inevitably follows a feast such as the old General's birthday had occasioned. He sat in regal dignity at the head of the feast-table, a proud ancestor among his descendants—worthy descendants, who breathed of success and pride in the very way they sat their chairs. A few of them leaned tensely forward, clasping their hands over their knees; several other rested their elbows on the table, chins

in their hands, idly watching the smoke threads from their cigars; and some just rested deep in their chairs, with eyes closed or gazing ceilingward at nothing.

But they were all listening, every one, for the fierce old may was talking, telling often-told tales of his far-away Russia. As he spoke in Russian he gesticulated with his wine glass or cigar, and although I could understand no word, the movement of his features told a story in themselves. Heavy square shoulders supported his grey head, the head of a soldier, erect and dominating even in old age, and before his black tie his trim goatee moved excitedly, helping to tell the story. In his deep-set eyes was the look of wind-swept steppes, trudging men and fire and bullets. They drew me away, and I saw them in a background of mosques and taverns, galloping Cossacks and broken bodies—searching eyes, telling the General of winking women and falling fortresses. His sharp look softened, and I saw him supporting the head of a dying friend on his knee, with the thunder of guns in the distance—but here! the group was stirring and rising to go. A toast with burning vodka and we all left together, back in America.

I Watched a Blind Man

By JACK DARDEN

For two and a half hours Friday afternoon I watched a blind man sell pencils on the sidewalks of Durham. During this time approximately two thousand hurrying people passed. Of all these, sixteen gave him money. Two were middle-aged business men; two were fifteen-year-old girls; one was a college student; three were country women; and th other eight were farmers—don't tell me that I do not know a farmer when I see one! Two of the farmers were colored. I am sure that not one of the sixteen paid an income tax.

Of the sixteen people who tossed money into the blind man's cap three took pencils. One was a Jewish girl fifteen years old. One was a gentile girl of about the same age. The third was a college student. (Figure that out.)

The farmers usually walked slowly by the blind man, eying him closely all the time. Then they turned and dropped a coin in his cap. The women stopped some distance away as if prodding up their courage. Then sheepishly they stole up and tossed their money to the sightless man. The two business men speeded up when they approached the beggar, sailed the coin into his cap, and hurried past.

One little girl wanted to give the man something, but her nurse admonished her with: "you've already given him some money." The little girl relented, but turned and watched the blind man as long as she could see him.

The unfortunate man knew his business without doubt. When business grew dull, he would hunch himself forward with all eagerness, hold his pencils and his cap forward with extreme pathos written on his blanched face.

When someone contributed, he waited until the kind-hearted one was out of hearing before reaching for the coin to determine its denomination. He then dropped it in a side coat pocket. I noticed that the pocket, worn as it was, sagged slightly under the weight of the coins.

THREE GENERATIONS

(Continued from page one)

study social problems abroad. His father told him that if he accepted he need not come home. Edwin went to Paris to study.

IV

Edwin worked with the most prominent continental social leaders of the period. It was just before the war. Dozens of problems worried thinkers of the continent. Edwin felt himself inutterably inferior to their refined intellectuality. He gloried in its stimulation. Life began to assume new depth and color for him.

Then it was that a force outside of himself stepped in and changed the whole course of his life. He was blinded. It happened this way. He was walking down the Champs Elysees when a little green Citroes darted around a corner, saw him, dodged him, struck a telephone post and wrecked the car. The telephone post saved Edwin's life but the flying glass crushed his nose, ripped his eyelids, tore open his pupils. At the hospital they told him he would never see again. They sent him to a nearby sanitarium in the country.

There were hours of throbbing darkness and silence. Then an American arrived. The nurse pushed them both out into the garden. They talked together. The gentleman's voice was smooth, mellow, tinged with French influence. Edwin discovered that the man was a musician in Paris. A composer. Strangely enough they never talked about America. The man didn't want to, it seemed.

Then one evening the American gentleman's daughter came. Edwin asked to be taken away. He was ashamed of himself, his eyes. Later the American insisted that Edwin stay and talk with his daughter. He did and was charmed by her sweet voice, her rare originality and charm, her different angle on things. He never missed her visits thereafter.

Madeline, the American musician's daughter, came more frequently. She told herself that it was not wise but she liked the young American, had heard him talk about his work, his break with his family for a principle, and found him interesting.

One night Edwin realized that he loved the girl. He had never loved anyone that way before. He must have her. She could make his life over for him. He told her so. He took her hand and covered her face with kisses. He knew he loved her. She tried to keep him from loving her. It was all impossible. Yet she, too, loved him. She didn't know why. But she did! Would he understand?

He told her that he must marry her, take her back to America with him. He would make her happy. He had to have her. She was adamant. She wouldn't reply. She left him that night without saying anything.

The next night Edwin insisted again. He was tortured by not knowing what she thought, he said. She told him that she loved him—but, she could never marry him, could never go back to America. No. She couldn't, never. She was happy in Paris. She couldn't be anywhere else. Because— And Edwin interrupted her to tell her she was wild, she didn't know what she was saying. Of course, she could go to America. She didn't understand America the way he did. He took her in his arms. She pushed him away and bitterly said. But you see, and she paused and looked full in his expectant face, but you see, I am black. Father is black. My grandfather was a slave. You see—. But I

love you. Can't we live here? Can't we be happy? Can't we have each other? . . . Edwin's face was blank. His mind was empty. But out of its emptiness he heard a voice cry out, Equals! Niggers our equals? Preposterous! They had always said that at home. And Edwin rudely pushed her away and wiped his mouth and coughed from sheer nausea.

THE FINE ARTS—AND THE UNIVERSITY

(Continued from page four)

our students may become cultured and refined, there must be a better understanding between student and professor. There must be co-ordination and common reasoning in our college faculties. How can professors teach men how to live when they don't even know them? Two months after a course has begun most professors have to refer to their roll books to get the names of their students. How do you expect professors to teach men if when they see them on the campus, they fail to recognize them, walking with their heads in the air if they were sky gazing. In a certain university the department of sociology teaches birth control while in another department of that same university, they teach just the opposite. As it happens, the man who gets an A. B. degree from that school is required to take courses in each of these departments. This causes an upheaval in the student's mind which causes him to loose respect for professors of both departments. This lack of common reasoning among members of college faculties is one of the greatest reasons why students refer to professors as "damn fools" and "nit-wits." "That numbskull gave me a D on Math I," says a student seeing one of his "lousy professors." (So he refers to them.) Maybe if the student understood the professor, maybe if there were a mutual understanding between student and professors there would be no such remarks. If we even intend to better the standards of our universities, if we ever intend to accomplish the aims and purposes of a university, if we ever intend to establish a system whereby students will become cultured gentlemen by the stressing of the fine arts along with our other courses, there must be a better understanding between membrs of our faculties and students.

Just as sure as our bodies require food and rest, as well as clothing and shelter in order that we may survive; so our minds, hearts, and souls require the fine arts of literature, sculpture, painting, and music, as well as training in our chosen professions in order that we may "live and let live."

AN INDIAN'S INDIA

(Continued from page five)

Britain and India has contributed to the present depression? One fifth of the world's population in India means much to universal conditions, and at present that fifth is not cooperating because of British obstinacy. Not only are India's 351,000,000 people withheld from world harmony, but also to a lesser extent China and her hundreds of millions has refused to cooperate with the West because of Great Britain. Much of the trade that formerly went from India through England to the United States has turned to Japan and China with serious consequences contributing to the grave British bugetory problem and the American government deficit.

"The refusal of India to cooperate until Britain corrects herself has brought the greatest empire in the world to the feet of our beloved leader,

Mahatma Gandhi. This frail-looking ninety-three pound man of sixty-two years is loved throughout all of my country. I can say nothing too exalted about our high opinion of him. We thank the Almighty for the Mahatma's presence at the second round table conference in London.

"We put our implicit trust in Gandhi. He is both a symbol and a unifying element in our cause.

"We Indians pray that India will be delivered from bondage through the leadership of Mahatma Gandhi without having cause for any further bloodshed whatsoever, so that India may justly and rightly take her place among the nations of the world and contribute her part toward civilization."

"THE MOST WONDERFUL PLANT IN THE WORLD"

(Continued from page five)

leaves more tightly and pours forth more abundantly the 'ropy' secretion. The closed leaf or trap now serves the same duties as the stomach," I went on. "The digestive juices come in great quantities, dissolving the tender, fleshy parts of the fly so that the "meat" can be absorbed by the leaf and used as food."

George found a closed leaf and opened it, to his surprise finding a half digested spider.

"When all the fleshy part is dissolved and absorbed into the plant leaf for food, the leaf opens, throwing out parts that it cannot eat, and is ready for another meal—just as our stomach prepares for another meal." George got the idea.

But we discovered more interesting things about these wonderful leaves of the Venus Fly-trap. Using our hands for cups, we went back to the stream for water. And though we poured whole hand-fulls of water into the trap, the leaves gave no signs of closing. Then we tried blowing on the leaves, but they remained unconcerned. I told George to try his magnifying glass on the "triggers." (One of us always carried a magnifying glass on field trips.) Clearly the heat had no effect. To rains, winds, and heat, the sensitive leaves of the plant remain indifferent as do human-beings, I told my companion, the leaves will close, or "go to sleep," under the influence of chloroform, and an over dose of this vapour will bring death.

"But why do these things eat insects any way?" George wanted to know.

"That's the puzzle," I replied. "And a mystery. Insects furnish an abundant supply of nitrogen which is very valuable as a food. But nitrogen is also in the soil in which this plant is growing. Thus the plant may live without the insect food. However, it is true," I continued, "that only materials containing nitrogen will bring about this secretion of juices that makes digestion possible. Glass, wood, or paper will not."

But George's interest had shifted again. He was collecting the remains of victims in the opened leaves. From these remains we found flies, beetles, caterpillars, a small worm, spider legs, and a few large ants as yet not fully digested.

After digging up a few plants, we started home. George played with the leaves, making them jump. Once more I told George that in his hand he carried a plant to be found only within a radius of forty miles around his home.

"One of the rarest and most wonderful plants in the world—"

But I had no need to stress the fact further to George. All signs of disappointment were gone from his face. And I knew he was thrilled with his discovery.

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Edgar Lee Masters, The Paler of Life

A Criticism of the Graveyard Poet and His *Spoon River Anthology*

By JESSE B. MASS

*Where is the hope of happiness,
And where the faith in friends,
And where the loyalty in love,
And where the peace of plenty that never came?*

If, as Mathew Arnold said with such veracity, poetry is a criticism of life in all its phases, life embracing humanity as a whole, then Edgar Lee Masters is a poor poet, a blind pessimist, and an evil influence. He sees life through a window painted black by a cold, unsympathetic hand which shuts out all beauty and happiness. Outside there is joy, and there is beauty, but inside the golden lamp of light remains unkindled. The pale, silken clouds appear dark and sinister; the radiant sun becomes an uncrystallized blot; and the splendour of the white moon is transformed into a leering, jaundiced face. The world to Masters is compressed into a narrow, squalid corner where evil prevails, man suffers, and God is unjust.

*And they cried to me for life, life, life,
But in taking life for myself,
In seizing and crushing their souls,
As a child crushes grapes and drinks
From its palms the purple juice,
I came to this wingless void,
Where neither red, nor gold, nor wine,
Nor the rhythm of life is known.*

The narrow corner where the core of Masters' poetical philosophy finds its setting is the graveyard of a decayed village called Spoon River. Here lie more than two hundred bodies, a welter of mutilated souls, disfigured by the inartistic hand and unspiritual mind of Edgar Lee Masters, but Spoon River is almost as far from giving a true picture of tragic life as is the obituary column of a daily newspaper. Masters lacks the one essential of a tragedian—the exultation of a soul that can feel greatly. Then if not tragic, what is Spoon River? Here is how a modern writer so well describes it. "The opposite pole to the tragic view of life is the sordid view. When humanity is seen as devoid of dignity and significance, is trivial and mean, and sunk into dreary hopelessness, then the spirit of tragedy departs. At the opposite pole stands the Spoon River Anthology."

*I thirsted so for life!
I hungered so for love!
Our story is lost in silence. Go by, mad world!*

So here are these broken souls, these sinners of rape, adultery, theft, and murder, sunk deep in the mire of the graveyard. Why did they not cry out in protest before it was too late against the pain-

Bargain

By G. MARTIN FIELDMAN

*O Earth! If I could but
Grasp you in two strong hands,
And wring from you the
Secret of your grandeur,—
The mysterious perfection in a circle,—
How you imbued humanity with something
That gets drunk on the
Spectacle of a black hawk
Hung in a flawless blue,—
I should then perish, dizzily content,
On the morrow!*

ful and lethargic state into which they had been cast? With the desire to play a part in the colorful paraphernalia of life, where each experience is like a new petal on a hed, passionate rose—Why did they not rise up and rebel until the full flower—matured life—had bloomed? Weary of the lantern of life which gleamed only dimly, they should have reached for one which burned brightly, effervesced, and then exploded.

But Masters, in his convictions that life is a useless, impotent struggle and that the search for happiness is a mad, futile quest, denied these trampled souls the beauty and richness of life. One of them cried out bitterly:

*To live over the richness of life,
Never fully lived;
To see it all, as from a window that looks
Upon a garden of flowers and distant hills,
From which your broken body is barred . . .
O life, O unutterable beauty,
To leave you, knowing that you were never loved
enough,
Wishing to love you all over
With all the soul's wise will!*

Masters lacks the spiritual versatility to enable him to play with life. He is so wrapped up in his pessimism, his ears are so cloyed with cries of despair, and his eyes so filled with the muck of life that he can not conceive of the dignity of man's struggles against certain inexorable forces. But in these struggles lie the beauty of living. How different is this cold autopser from the sensitive and tender-hearted Thomas Grey, who, in his "Elegy" pictured the sadness, but at the same time, the worth of human life.

*Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire;
Hands that the rod of empire might have swayed,
Or waked to ecstasy the living lyre.*

*On some fond breast the parting soul relies,
Some pious drops the closing eye requires;*

(Continued on page four)

Roomers and Renters

By ELWYN DE GRAFFENRIED

In the big law books there is a lot about owner and tenant, mortgager and mortgagee, lesser and lessee, but not a word about what most of the people in the big cities and the small towns and even in Chapel Hill are,—renters and rentees.

Can you think of a resident here in Chapel Hill who hasn't at least one room rented? Thereby conferring upon himself the democratic appellation of Renter? Or is there a student on this campus be he Freshman or Ph.D. who hasn't by virtue of the very place he sleeps in acquired the title of Roomer? In town or village it is a case of I-spy. I spy on you, Renter, you spy on me, Roomer. And what do we learn about each other? Plenty!

Here is a young man, for instance, the son of Professor Barrister, who has just left Chapel Hill and gets a job in the big city. But that won't do, for while there are plenty of big cities, there are no jobs. So a young fellow coming to a city even from the renowned Chapel Hill, would be walking and asking, not inquiring and renting. So he leaves the big city to try out his fortune in the small town. He is a lawyer of course, with a diploma in his pocket from the N. C. School of Law where he learned to argue with his jaw instead of his wife and his muscular strength is something enormous.

Well, the first thing young Barrister must do is rent a room, where he can set his books and rest his head.

There are plenty of rooms, all the young men in Littleville having left there to do walking in the big city. The Planters have a lovely back room, one they'll let him have real cheap, since their son Isa took to hitch-hiking for a living. And the Knockers have a room. A nice, cozy middle room. But there are so many little Knockers there, he would have two on each side of him. They'd cry at night and tear out the pages of his law books in the day. So he bows low and departs for the spread-winged home of the Friendlys, recalling as he walks down the street, the finger prints around the Knocker's door-knob and the hole in the Knocker's bedroom rug.

The Friendlys can give him a front room, large, airy and cheap. He takes it and pays in advance. Mrs. Friendly learns before he is out of the house, that he does his banking in Chapel Hill, and that he will read much and smoke more, for he asked that a desk light be put in his room and if she objects to a pipe.

That evening the Card Club meets, and the Planters, the Knockers, the Friendlys are there as well as the Stoneys whom he passed by in the beginning. They spend a pleasant evening together and young Barrister goes to bed little knowing that on the morrow promptly at seven-thirty, the virtues and vices of the Friendlys new roomer will be served

(Continued on page eight)

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EDITORIAL

You stand upon a high hill as black pine trees stick up into the red of a winter sunset. The air is grey as the night comes on. And the silence is so deep and so vast that you are submerged in it. You are silence. And you do not breathe, for silence does not breathe. You feel the very colors of the black and red. The restless boy at your side taps you on your shoulder as he eagerly blaes, "The trees are scrub pines. The sky is red, and the gleam of light through the trees is an automobile on the highway. Gandhi will die, and what do you think about the Japanese war?" You double your fist and measure the distance to his chin. But you do not strike, for you are a gentleman.

You stand on the ferry from Staton Island. Manhattan is wrapped in fogs. You see grey shadows and great buildings veiled in mist. The New Yorker standing by you talks. "That", he says, "is the Stein building. It was built in eighteen hundred." You see the ferry prow cutting through green water, and white foam curls by the boat. "But it is not so tall as the Empire State. It is built of Indiana limestone." Blood flows across your forehead, and little red lights flash through your brain as you wonder if the waters of the bay are deep enough to drown the man.

You are wrapped in the soft notes of a violin. You are blind to the people around you. You are filled with the throbbing of music and strange dreams. The critic sitting beside you whispers in your ear.

"The music is pretty. He gets that high note by a movement of his third finger on the E string. The violin is old; it was made in seventeen hundred." The music breaks as your mind's little cog wheels grate with a red shadow that passes through them. You want to kill, but you can not, for murder is against the law.

You stand before "The Angelus". No, you do not stand before the canvas; you stand with the two dusky peasants in it. You bow your head at the soft notes of the Angelus. You want to pray. "And", shouts the guide, "on your right is a canvas of Millet's. It is a picture of French peasant life. That is a church in the background. It is sunset, and the Angelus is ringing. The canvas cost twenty-five thousand dollars. Pretty expensive picture." You do not pray. You move through the gallery. "On your right is this; on your left is that!"

You read Shelley's "To A Skylark". You are caught in the spiral of the bird's flight, and your heart warms with color and beauty. It sings with the lark. The words grow dim, as you are ever dizzy and joyously spiralling upward, drunk on images and the lark's song. But the professor reaches for you, and brings you back to earth. "That", he says, "is a metaphor. Shelley's rhyme scheme is ab ab cc. The poem was written in 1820." Your heart turns black as it throws up both hands and utters, "O my God!"

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Book Chat

By ROY B. CHAPIN

Two relics of the days when love was love—home-made watercolors of a cupid in a wine cup surrounded by grapes and a fat young love stepping from the heart of a blooming rose—were the engagement presents exchanged by Sarah Josepha Buell and David Hale (the wine cup fancy was David's). Both paintings have been loaned in connection with their recent fall books, THE LADY OF GODEY'S: SARAH JOSEPHA HALE by Mrs. Ruth E. Finley.

* * *

Miss Joyce Wethered, four-time British Woman's golf champion, now retired from major competition, has announced her engagement to Major C. H. Hutchinson, Scottish amateur golfer. Miss Wethered, whom Bobby Jones called the world's most perfect golfer, is co-author with other British golfers of the Lonsdale Library book, GOLF, which has just been published.

* * *

Carolyn Wells, whose latest detective story, THE UMBRELLA MURDER, was recently published, once asked Edison why he did not invent an aid to hearing that would help deaf people. She was just beginning to be deaf at that time. "It isn't necessary," he said with a smile, "You must remember that people's gray matter gives out long before their voices do, and we seldom miss anything of value."

* * *

Paul Green, whose HOUSE OF CONNELLY is one of the outstanding successes of New York's current theatrical season and whose play IN ABRAHAM'S BOSOM won the Pulitzer Prize for 1927, is completing a novel called THE LAUGHING PIONEER, to be issued early in the spring.

* * *

Wyndham Lewis, that notable British debunker, now visiting this country to find out for himself what is happening in the Land of the Free, has just contracted for three books: THE DOOM OF YOUTH, FILIBUSTERS IN BARBARY, and his famous satire THE APES OF GOD. The last, never before issued in America and available in England in a small limited edition only, is still the literary sensation of London, a bombshell to the aesthetic poseurs of Upper Bohemia. This astonishing book will be sent out in January.

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Women were far from being a thing apart to the Father of our Country. His keen sentimental interest in them—in one attractive young married woman especially—is made clear in Norwood Young's GEORGE WASHINGTON: Soul of the Revolution, scheduled for February publication.

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According to Henry Smith Williams, no more radical theorist than Darwin or Einstein, the site of New York City once lay in that part of our globe where Admiral Byrd made his South Polar headquarters. Why and when it slipped is told in THE BIOGRAPHY OF MOTHER EARTH with charts illustrating the migration of the continents. Dr. Williams theory explains clearly many things which geologists have been unable to answer satisfactorily.

Scrub Woman Immortal

By VERNON WARD, JR.

It is a triumphant view! Leaning there against the cold iron fence perched on the crumbling edge of the Boulevard of the Allies, you raise your eyes above the miserable housetops below you and realize how magnificent it is to see so much at once: the great house-wrecked hill dim in the background; the clay-mud water of the Monongahela churned by the revolving tails of river freighters moving slowly toward the locks; the black bridges stretched across the filth, alive with traffic; the railroad sides jammed with idle cars; the dusky houses crouched about in clusters; the smoke from the live stacks among the dozens of dead ones.

Then you feel the sharp wind cutting, striking to you the reality of life. You know that the blast furnaces before you are weighted with snow. That those who own them suffer because their furnaces are cold. That those who run them are jobless and starving because the furnaces are not boiling with steel. There is nothing triumphant about that.

Your eyes are drawn to the wretched houses below you. Somehow you can no longer see above them. You know one who lives there. You see the shack where she lives. You can think only of her. She . . .

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The mill where her husband had worked had a sign over the entrance; it proclaimed to the world: SAFETY ALWAYS. But for him it had not meant that.

So she was left there, on the second floor of a dark, shaky, frame house in the bowels of debris, to walk three miles, each morning in order to scrub her life away for a few pennies, scant to keep dullness in the eyes of two boys and a baby girl and breath within herself. Her soleless shoes burned upon the burning pavement, froze upon the freezing; they scraped upon the dry, skished upon the wet; they tracked the black slush.

Three miles toward the rising sun; three miles toward the setting sun:

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The Fine Arts Building rises white above the green into the black clouding the blue. All in all it is a fine building. It is unfortunate that it cannot stay white.

The corridor inside is a creation of art.

*

She drops her rag into the dirty water, takes it out, pushes it over the marble floor. She stops a minute, straightens her back, rubs her hips, bends miserably again to her work. She groans, sighs, mutters after those who pass. She scrubs on. She scrubs on.

Hate . . . hate . . . hate . . . scrub . . . push . . . water . . . slop . . . one . . . one . . . one, two, one . . . dirt . . . black . . . white . . . him . . . lucky dog . . . hate . . . John . . . people, life . . . fool . . .

*

A cathedral lifts thirty-eight stories of stone into the smoke; it stands misty before a bloody cloud;

it sees through a redder eye; it hides in a blacker smoke.

Their faces that should be bright are starved and stupid; their hair that should be combed is untrimmed and tangled; their teeth that should be white are yellow specked black; their clothes that should be neat . . . ; their eyes . . . ; their noses . . . ; their breath . . .

*

Her hands ache. Her head is dumb.

Oh God! Should one live? One may not live without food.

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The woman of God stood beside her bed. The woman of God said:

"You will soon be well. I have given you warm soup. I have prayed for you. God will make you well. God will heal you. God will save your soul. God is all-powerful."

The woman of God sat near her bed. The woman of God bent above her head:

"My prayers will mend you. I am of God. I save souls and cure the sick."

The woman of God bent near, whispered into her ear:

"You shall save souls and cure the sick."

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You raise your eyes above the miserable housetops below you. You breathe deep of cold air. You inspire the magnificence of the scene before you. A million lights, dim through the haze, pierce into you.

You walk slowly toward the rising moon. You see her standing on a street corner. Her face is heavenly. You shiver in the wind. Your heart wants to burst with blood. Your nerves vibrate within you.

She says:

"I am Jesus Christ of Nazareth, son of God. I save souls and cure the sick."

Miles Gloriosus: A Sonnet

(Anonymous)

*When you lay shattered, helpless, in the mud
That clung foul-smelling to your body, where
Your friends had died, who found you lying
there*

*And stanch'd the quick outpouring of your
blood*

*With kindly hands that tried to spare you
pain?*

*What endless hours of torture did you bear,
How many bitter nights of wild despair
That day would never dawn for you again?*

*Though blind and broken, you have borne
the years*

*Serenely, uncomplaining of the pain
That racks you still . . . Do you think all the
tears*

*The world has ever shed could dim the stain
Your blood alone made on the earth or try
To save from death one man sent out to die!*

The Social Center Of Our Town

By BEN NEVILLE

Burnett's Drug Store is the social center of the town and a distributing point for all local news and latest gossip. Here, those individuals with loquacious propensities hold forth and do a good job of substituting for a local newspaper which no one has had the courage and initiative to start. Men like to accuse the ladies of spreading the news, but in Burnett's both sexes are guilty.

Every morning promptly at ten-thirty the younger married women gather in the drug store to discourse garrulously on the social situation, last week's bridge party, and to do a little gossiping as they slowly sip their "dopes" and eat peanut butter-cheese sandwiches. Mrs. Kasker has heart trouble and can't drink a coca-cola, but she takes a grape juice and it's all the same because, after all, she is more interested in talking than in drinking. Many bridge games are won and lost as the "ifs" fly thick and fast, and many a wild rumor is tacked on the reputation of certain of the town's citizenry as these ladies gather every morning in these all-important sessions.

Only matters of life and death are serious enough to keep one away from the scheduled meetings. One morning little Bruce Warren was sent home from school with the whooping cough but Mrs. Warren was on time as usual, saying that Bruce was all right. But last Tuesday Mrs. Hadley was twenty-three minutes late and the group was terribly upset and worried about her until she arrived all out of breath and explained that Oswald, her pet canary, had escaped from his cage and that she had to catch him and put him back for fear that Paderewski, her tiny Persian kitten, would catch the bird and devour him. The afternoon meetings at the drug store are not so important, nor are they so exclusive. Many of the older women come down late in the afternoon to spend a few moments to keep abreast of the times and find out what their neighbors have been doing. The men have always found it feasible to retire to the market next door while the ladies are in convention.

With the men, Burnett's is even more indispensable than with the ladies, for it is a sort of "hang out" where those with a few idle moments to spare can join the "hot stove league" in rehashing some old hunting stories or talking about the agricultural situation and the steps Hoover should take in order to relieve unemployment and bring back prosperity. Mr. Wood contends that there always will be a depression so long as a Republican is in the White House and Max Gardner is governor. Max is in "cahoots" with the big tobacco and power companies, he says, and until we get a man like Joseph Daniels in the governor's chair, the farmers don't have a chance. The authoritative tone of his voice and the positive nod of his head serves to convince his listeners. Mr. Norris shifts his wad of tobacco from his right jaw to his left, turns in his chair so that the heat from the red-hot stove will strike his other thigh, and ventures an opinion that, next to Daniels, "Dick" Fountain would be most acceptable. That didn't go over so well, for Mr. Weeks gives his pipe a violent draw and puts in a word for Ehringhaus. And so the conversation goes

(Continued on page seven)

Looking Backward

By ERNEST MITCHENER

The factory whistle can still be heard at noon; and the train, twice daily, passes on to its mysterious destination, but the little red house on the hill has long since been in ashes. The giant oak under whose friendly shade "Mud-pies" were made and left to dry is dead and gone. Like the oak the pleasant old-fashioned neighbors are gone; some dead, some married and moved away. Strange youths stand thrilled with awe at the passing trains, or hurry in to dinner at the shrill of the factory whistle. Nothing remains of the place of my birth. When I look back, I see a vacant space against the sky.

It is Saturday afternoon, and the early November twilight has fallen. Slowly I tread my way home, half in shame of what I had done, half in fear of what I am going to get if discovered I had been fighting with Jimmy again. My eye is blue with a bruise, and my shirt is torn in a long slit down the back. While carefully washing my face, I invent perfect alibis. And no one sees how secretly I hide the torn shirt. For tonight is movie night and all must be well. The gang goes off together, each loudly voicing his theory how the hero will escape from the burning building. (In those days heroes burned for a week at a time, usually from one Saturday to the next. But Saturday then was a priceless day and well worth waiting for.) Jimmy was not at the movies, but tomorrow will be Sunday and I shall see him again. We will go riding together. We always did.

And so early childhood was spent, no different from the life of millions of other boys, with its school days, Saturdays and Sundays.

Winter. In the huge fire-place the logs roar, burning happily. Supper things are done. Snugly in the chimney corner I sit doing numbers while the old folks talk of interesting things. And tonight I'm all ears, for some one is telling strange tales of an Indian Princess, of three English brothers on the Mayflower, of a vast family estate in Germany, and of valuable papers destroyed in a great fire. Once I hear the word "ancestors," but I have to go to bed before the stories are over. It is long years afterwards until I hear the stories anew, and learn they are about my grandfathers. A cousin of mine had attempted to trace my father's family back to Pocohontas. But he never succeeded! The story of the three English brothers forms a bit of folk lore of many families, but in most cases it is without proof, and now, belief. It was always with a touch of pride that my mother's father told of the German soldier who came to this country during the Revolution to fight, to die, but to leave a bit of Germany in his sons and posterity. That my mother's father was of German origin is not at all doubtful. Some years ago I came across an old letter, brown and nearly faded, that told of valuable family papers destroyed in a huge fire, among which were the deeds to the family estate in Germany. Outside of this letter no further proof is known.

The fire ceases to burn.

It is past mid-night. For some unknown reason the lights on the Florida East Coast Railway Train have gone out. Only by the light from striking matches can we finally collect our baggage and put foot on foreign soil, Florida! Everywhere is the sweet smell of fruit and flowers which I can not

see. The days that followed are ones of perpetual spring with unspeakable happiness and high adventure. It is there that I go by boat to the movie colony on a large island and see the making of Saturday serials, love scenes, seaplane stunts, and jungle thrills. And I smile as I see a boy rolling a bicycle down main street of a Florida town, crying, crying and unable to talk. But one is kind to him and finds his home again. The hurricane comes and destroys our home. But we have long since moved back to the Old North State.

Death comes and takes away the closest friend and only companion I ever had—Marion, my brother. And after that I don't care much for company. I am content to go alone to the woods, or wander all day along the river bank and bring home at sunset a basket full of wild flowers. Sometimes I lay for hours, away from everyone, upon a hill or open space watching the stars, the moon, the clouds, and listening to the wind in the pines and the night birds crying. Though it is late when I return home, I have no fear of the night, of the darkness to which now I resort for comfort. When the weather is cold, I lay in front of the fire-place watching the flames play on darkness, or bury myself in a book. Across the street a jazz party is in swing. And I have been invited!

I have plenty to think about, though, for Romance lurks behind every rose petal, behind every silver thread of hair. And night and day are still a mystery.

THE PALER OF LIFE

(Continued from page one)

*Even from the tomb the voice of Nature cries,
Even in our ashes live their wonted fires.*

So Edgar Lee Masters is contented to write and view life in the dark. But it may be that ever so often, while sitting alone in his study, he is startled by an unhealthy feeling—perhaps faint echoes of those dead souls buried forever in the stillness of Spoon River come back to him. And try as he might, he cannot exorcise these veiled spectres.

Elliptic

By H. L. B.

I

*Come up, you race
Of filmy phantoms,
How does our planet look now,
Twirling through space
As we face
The side of your burned-out star?*

II

*But stay—
You're a dry lot
And like as not you're ascetic!
So I'll pay—
And pardon, pray,
For calling you up from your craters.*

III

*Envy us then,
Poems and snows—
Cherry blossoms, green waters, and gum
leaves—
Stripes that blend
As by you we spin,
Our zones in riots of colors.*

Time Shadows

By PETE GILCHRIST

The stranger watched the old woman as she moved in and out among the score or more of small tables. Her agility was remarkable for a person of such age; every movement she made, whether it be the pinning of one of her carnations on the lapel or collar of some customer or the hasty effort she made when dodging out of a waiter's way, had an element for a long-forgotten grace. As she moved more closely to the stranger he could see her face. It was like a piece of weathered terrane that had lain so long exposed to the elements that it had almost completely lost its original characteristics. Through all the years of weathering her face still showed a high forehead and a well-formed nose and chin. Her mouth was different; it was not like anything that could be found on a human face. It seemed to be more like one that had once been on a beautiful statue, but the sculptor tiring of its beauty had struck it a blow with his mallet and had left but a cruel hard line. Her face was hollow and her eyes seemed to reflect long weary years of toil. Her cheeks were colorless and crossed with heavy lines. Her hair gray and stringy was arranged in an unsightly knot that seemed to be placed with wearied carelessness on one side of her head. The clothes she wore were dingy and heavy and ill fitted her heavy figure. A dirty gray cloak of some long-forgotten fashion covered her hunched shoulders while the lower part of her body was covered with a skirt of some material that seemed to do its best at hiding its cheapness by a pseudo sheen. Her feet were encased in heavy working shoes whose marred surface showed their service.

Now she was busy at a table about which four persons were seated. The party consisted of a woman well above forty, two young girls still in their teens, and a young gentleman whose age could not have been above twenty-two. There seemed to be some argument between the old flower woman and the girl sitting opposite the young gentleman.

"Oh, go ahead and get what you want, sis," the stranger heard the young man say.

Well, I don't know what I'll do with them, Hal," was the laughing reply of the girl.

"And won't you get a white one too," asked the old flower woman as she turned to the other girl, "to contrast the color that flows in your cheek."

At this remark the girl blushed and looked for a second at the gentleman. Quick as was her glance the old woman noticed it and she could not fail to notice the blush. With a rapidity that was magical she pinned a flower to the girl's fur collar and without seeming to notice the presence of the older woman she received her pay and moved on.

She went from table to table and as she moved the stranger seemed to see her through a haze. As he watched, the old cloak that she wore fell from her shoulders. The gray hair that was tied in an unsightly knot seemed to smooth out and to fall becomingly about her shoulders that strangely seemed to have relinquished their slumped position and to have become straight and beautiful. The face too seemed to have undergone a metamorphosis. The high-forehead and well-formed nose and chin were unchanged, but instead of the rivuletted face and lined cheek and neck there was a complete change for in their stead were smooth rounded cheeks suffused with a radiant glow and her throat was white

(Continued on page eight)

A Christmas Morning Wretch

By REUBEN YOUNG ELLISON

It was Christmas eve in an exclusive suburb of a great Eastern city. Snow had fallen all day in great fluffy clouds of a downy whiteness, ever piling higher and higher. When the early winter twilight crept like a stealthy serpent over the elegant mansions, half-hidden behind spacious lawns and ghostly shrubbery, the mammoth flakes ceased fluttering down, leaving the earth enfolded in a thick shroud of hoariness.

A full moon burst from behind bulging black clouds that were fleeing before a newly-arisen wind. The weird, frigid light revealed a world of fantastic loveliness—a world congealed into an endless stretch of pearly beauty.

The wind increased in velocity and intensity, now dying away to the pitiful vagitus of a new-born babe, now rising to a Gargantuan wail of bitter despair. It was a chilling, blighting wind that wrenched its way into the very marrow of the bone, and converted one's blood into a stiff jelly.

No living creature was astir on the broad avenue that lay like a dream cañon of another world, so fanciful did it appear in its blanket of silvered whiteness. The last cloud had vanished, and the pale moon, cold mystery of night, was left supreme mistress of the strange scene below.

In each magnificent dwelling, set well back on either side of the wide thoroughfare, was a Christmas eve in miniature, the same everywhere in its spirit of good cheer and jollity, but in each home slightly different in detail. A peep through one window would show a gay Christmas tree burdened with gifts and decorations scintillating in variegated candle-glow. A peering into another window would disclose a cozy room diffused in the warm pink flush from the dancing flames of an open fire. The same gaze would discover stockings of varying lengths suspended from the mantelpiece covered with berried holly. And still another prying look would divulge another beautiful secret. A group of children with fresh, eager faces would be gathered around a sweet-faced lady telling them the wonderful story of the Christ Child.

Slowly the lights peeping forth from the windows blinked and disappeared. The moon had risen higher, and was riding there in the heavens like an illuminated ball of ice. The wind still howled and whinnied, now prancing across lawns like an enraged steed, now frisking over the great mounds of whiteness like a capricious faun, and mischievously stirring up little showers of the loose top snow.

Finally, all lights had melted into darkness. But no, there was still a radiance, like the gleam of a lone beacon, emanating from the tall side window of the largest mansion on the avenue. This one remaining effulgence often grew dim and, at times, was lost behind the dense foliage of a gigantic evergreen as it swayed to and fro before the lighted casement.

Within, a man of fifty, who looked sixty-five, sat in a humped, crouching position, lost in the vast recesses of a huge armchair drawn up before an open fire. The chamber was furnished luxuriantly and with faultless taste. Handsome mahogany furniture caught the rosy glow of the flames and reflected it with burnished glossiness. Exquisite tapes-

Greeting

By H. A. ANDERSON

*I had not seen you since that night
Until I met you in the crowd,
Your clinging, black-velvet gown
Failing to subdue the brilliance,
The loveliness of your gleaming shoulders,
Your throat, your eyes, your hair.
The cigarette in your scarlet lips
Trembled
As you bent your proud head to the match.
Your head lifted, and your lips smiled,
Tho your eyes did not,
As you slowly said
"Hello."*

tries, peopled with fine ladies and gentlemen and fairy assemblages, hung from walls dim in the distance.

But here there was no berried holly with its holiday greenness and redness; here there was no gay Christmas tree burdened with gifts and decorations scintillating in variegated candle-glow; here there were no children with fresh, eager faces listening fascinated to the wonderful story of the Christ Child.

The only cheer came from the fire, which bathed the old man's face in dancing lights and shadows, revealing, now and then, hair streaked with gray, shoulders stooped, and eyes deeply pouched.

His gaze was fixed on the glowing coals, whence leaped and frolicked long restless tongues of red, blue, and yellow. Without, the wind could be heard moaning and groaning, whining and sighing. Within, not a sound was audible except the crackling of the flames. Without, it was deathly, unearthly cold. Within, there was a drowsy warmth—a warmth conducive to pleasant dozing.

Yet the old man's eyes remained wider awake than ever. He seemed impassive to the dismal sound of the wind without and the popping of the fire within. His sleepless orbs continued to stare, stare, stare into the very souls of the white-hot coals before him.

Gradually there formed in the lurid mass in front of the old man a succession of images. His eyes glittered with interest, and he leaned forward anxiously for fear the shadowy scenes would fade away.

He saw the house in a neighboring city where he had lived when his wife had died at the birth of their only child. He saw the child grow strangely there before him in the flames into a stalwart and handsome lad. He saw himself busy casting about his nets to enmesh the millions that had become his god. He saw himself drawing in these nets protuberant with their overflowing burden of wealth; while his son, intrusted to the care of others, was pampered and spoiled. He then beheld himself prostrate before the shrine of Gold, worshipping devoutly.

For an instant the flames thickened, as they set about devouring voraciously a bit of fuel that had hitherto remained unmolested in a corner of the grate. The animated pictures grew faint, and the old man relaxed with a sigh.

But he threw himself forward again when he beheld his son enveloped in a carmine glow and facing his father in livid anger. The old man scarcely recognized his own features they appeared

(Continued on page seven)

Indelible Moments

By ALDEN STAHR

(I) SYMPHONY

I plodded across the bridge at a late hour, in the steamy fog and the rain. It struck me that there was something uncannily harmonious about it all, and I found there the possibility of fulfilling my desire to direct an orchestra. I had discovered a symphony society already trained, eternally awaiting the baton of my imagination. The murmur of the "audience" ceased when I raised the "stick." I leaned low over the rail and gave the water its cue—a running melody as of oboes and muted violins came sweetly back to me, *legato*. I waved my wand in soft ecstasy, and trumpet and horn took up their *staccato* ping and splat on iron rail and wetted plank. The drumstick raindrops beat a muffled roll on the crown of my hat, and I sang *sotto voce* for my audience of trees and stones and fallen leaves. The song ended, the orchestra, too, turned audience, and all voiced their approval in well-bred, low applause. *Egovitch* had just conducted.

(II) STORM

Flat on my back on a knoll near the sea, I lay looking skyward. The sun burned a bit too hot in my right eye; so I turned my head until I could watch the sea and sky both—the sea a little troubled, the sky beginning to cloud over restively. Now the sun withdrew behind a cloud, and a wind, springing from nowhere, agitated the water and chased fantastic cloud hosts to race with the turbulent whitecaps. Flying ever faster, these advance scouts scudded out of sight, and battalions of grey-garbed infantry moved up solidly, swiftly, preceding the heavy black artillery, which even now I could see massing and flashing far back. Down near me trees leaned and strained eagerly to be off as free as the clouds, and behind them the waves lashed and tore in fury at the imperturbable sands, which stopped them from keeping pace with the unfettered host above. Sweeping gusts of rain flurried like veils, the banners of this elemental army; they flew nearer and nearer, and then with a concerted rush and a flash of flame the myriad unseen guns let fly; the storm of bullets of water and ice and sand pelted me and stung my skin until I turned and ran, fleeing ever faster, faster, until I became part of that army, leaping and laughing, for the sheer joy of it.

(III) DEATH

His flesh yielded under my foot, and a clammy feeling of revulsion crept upward from the point of contact and suffused my whole being. Although the water was opaque, I sensed that it was a human body, and a dead one. I dove, pulled the thing away from the clutching muck, and dragged it to the surface. First I took a gasping breath, more from agitation than need of air, and then a glance. God, what a sight! His flesh was blue with a filthy smearing of black, stinking mud, itself streaked by tricklings from his slimy, matted hair; dirty water oozed from his nose and mouth and dripped from his chin; his mouth was half open, the sagging nether lip revealing a mess of mud and teeth and tongue.

The horrible Thing hung on my neck and shoulders like the Old Man of the sea; it seemed to be super-close to me, even closer than a clinging wet garment; it insinuated the feel of death into every pore it covered. The oppression of it was crazing me; I wanted to throw it down and run, but reason

(Continued on page seven)



THE BOOK WORLD

In proportion as society refines, new books must ever become necessary—Goldsmith



Anyone who imagines himself to be a civilized man should read the book *WAR*, by Scott Nearing. (The Vanguard Press, 269 pp. with bibliography and notes. \$3.00.) Perhaps no such person will find in it anything he has not read here and there before, but this short and readable volume has the virtue of combining into a unified picture those aspects of war which the thinking man today needs constantly at his fingertips.

Dr. Nearing neatly explodes the old, but still widespread notion that war is made by barbarous peoples. He shows that, on the contrary, it is perhaps the only universal characteristic of civilized nations. In attempting to discern the cause of this he finds that all wars in modern times have been the direct outgrowth of one great factor—the economic forces actuated by the profit motive. These forces go on relentlessly, and wars are not accidental, but the rule, following inevitably on the heels of great economic movements.

In demonstration of this fact, Dr. Nearing traces three economic eras in the history of modern civilization. The first of these began with the expansion of Europe just before the discovery of America and lasted until 1815. The second lasted until 1920, and the third embraces the world economic situation since the Versailles treaty. In the first era the pattern followed the historic sequence: economic expansion and conflict; political expansion and conflict; military preparation and, finally, war. The second era followed exactly the same pattern, except that all changes were greatly speeded up.

In both eras one highly significant fact has been established, namely, that warfare since 1450 has been of world-wide rather than local scope. The Thirty Years' War, for example, terminated a struggle that had lasted for a hundred years, and was really a world war since colonial expansion in America and Africa was at stake. Likewise, the Peace of Paris, 1763, ended a struggle between Great Britain and France that had gone on for nearly three-quarters of a century. The spoils won by Great Britain in this case were the Atlantic coast of North America and the empire of India. Therefore, the World War of 1914-18 was not in any sense the first and only world war, but the latest of a long series of such wars.

While war has been inevitable in the past, it need not, according to Dr. Nearing's thesis, continue in the future. He places some hope in the proletarian revolution which has occurred since the turn of the century. But unless the masses, whom the warmakers have always exploited, re-organize their governments to the end that private profit is eliminated, war will follow as inevitably as heretofore. The author's ideas on present tendencies in that direction, notably the Russian experiment, are encouraging.

JAKE LINGLE by John Boettinger (E. P. Dutton & Co. Inc., \$2.50) is the true story of the ruthless yet almost justifiable killing of the Chicago *Tribune* police reporter whose death aroused the whole country. This is the true story of the whole crime as written by the staff reporter who covered the case for the *Tribune*. It begins with the death of Lingle and as the investigation gains headway goes back into his life, digging up the past and many

mysteries which confronted his friends during his life. Where did he get his seemingly inexhaustible supply of money? How did he happen to be on such good terms with the worst of gangdom? Who killed him and what was the motive for such a bold killing? These are a few of the most important questions answered in the volume. The story is not written in an especially literary style, but has more the characteristics of a history book, stating facts and proving them. During the course of this book we see to just what extent crime has taken its place in this country and principally in Chicago. It was the investigation of the crime which began the down fall of "Scarface" Al Capone who has recently been so prominent in the news of the day and who now rests behind the bars dethroned from his seat as the leader of gangdom. It was this investigation which started the cleaning up of Chicago. This book, in spite of its nature, should be read by all, and it will be enjoyed by many.

For poetry this issue I have selected a volume by the ever popular Martha Martin. In her latest edition, *CAUGHT IN FLIGHT* (Vehten Waring Inc., 102pp., \$1.75) her poems again have their appeal to Love, Nature, and Music. Some of her love lyrics have even been put to music and are heard over the radio. It is thus only natural that Miss Martin's verse abound in musical rhythm. Then too, she seems to have instilled into her work some unknown quality which makes it remembered. Perhaps it is its happy, comforting nature. The most outstanding of her group on music is, no doubt, the poem of that name:

"Music"

Since Music is forever on the wing,
That Heaven-born Bird,
with molten golden throat,
To keep her here, no man could do but one thing:
Imprison her in "bars,"
to cage her note!

LAUGH AND LIE DOWN by Robert Cantwell (Farrar and Rinehart, Inc., 269pp., \$2.) is a modern story concerning the love of two brothers for one girl. Its setting is on the West Coast in the town of Tacoma, Washington, yet the same scene could and does take place in the poorer sections of any of our larger cities. This is a novel with its characters shrewdly chosen from life, its event extremely realistic, and its manner of portrayal excellent. We see one brother, repulsed for the time in his love affair, turn inevitably to liquor, cheap dance halls, and a general wasteful life. The other rises and is the girls chosen one. Mr. Cantwell, was one of the most highly praised of the writers introduced by American Caravan. This, his first published novel, is, indeed, a work to be proud of. He seems to say that the modern young man is puzzled, perhaps a little bewildered, by finding his inherited ideals of woman somewhat shattered. Its understanding, truth, and pleasing manner are, perhaps, the outstanding points of the story, and as such it should appeal to all.

WOMEN FOR SALE by Chile Acuna (William Godwin, Inc., 176pp., \$2.), is an exposure of the vice situation in New York City as it has been revealed by the Seabury investigation. Mr. Acuna

who worked in the capacity of a stool-pigeon in the employ of the vice-squad in this city, was the principal witness in this extraordinary revelation which shook the police force of our largest city to its very roots. It was principally through the testimony offered by the author that over 50 officers were reduced to patrol duty and many Judges on the bench resigned from their position rather than face the investigation. It was through the same evidence that almost an equal number of innocent women were released from the confinement as a punishment for prostitution as a result of false evidence. The book is not a novel but primarily the story of Acuna's life during the period that he worked in the employ of the squad which sought only convictions, whether their victims was guilty or innocent. In this story we see the terrible social conditions that cause prostitution to thrive in any leading city or any small town. We see that it is usually the innocent that are convicted while the guilty buy their way out. Without attempting to be literary, Mr. Acuna has set down in this volume a confession and an exposure of his life and the story of the many that were convicted of prostitution through his own false evidence. We have here an intensely human record that should enlighten all.

In a new novel by Floyd Dell, *LOVE WITHOUT MONEY*, (Farrar and Rinehart, 365pp., \$2.), we have another extremely modern story of the love of two young people who defy their parents, the world, and society for the right of their love to live. They win and as Gretchen, the up-to-date miss says when the couple are finally established in their own apartment, still unmarried, "Anyway, here we are, Peter. You remember that night in the snow, when we didn't have any place else to make love? And now—here we are, in spite of all the devils in Hell, mothers included." That is their attitude. And who can blame them? Such is the case with many young couples of today who, shutout from their homes and society, leave their native haunts and seek the future in new surroundings and with almost nothing but love. The manner in which they overcome their difficulties and succeed offers a vitally interesting story which I know would appeal to everyone. This novel is written in easy flowing manner which truly reflects the spirit of the youth about whom it was written.

In *RED-HEADED WOMAN* by Katherine Brush (Farrar & Rinehart, 295pp., \$2.) we have another version of the old story of a young and attractive secretary breaking up the home and then marrying her employer. In spite of the fact that the principal character, the Red Head, is typical of a type, she is, at the same time, an individual. She is the go-getter type, but she has her own peculiar means of gaining her ends. The setting of the story is in Renwood Falls and later in New York City. This novel deals with the attempted rise of this type of person and what she does, and does not, accomplish. She is successful in her own eyes, but a complete failure in ours. Katherine Brush, the author, shows that she knows New York City and the younger generation. Although the theme of this book has been perhaps over-written, we have a depth of character study that should have its own appeal.

ROY CHAPIN.

A CHRISTMAS MORNING WRETCH

(Continued from page five)

so young, so unlined, so carefree.

In the lifelike fire scene stretched out in the grate before him, the old man saw that the lips of the two fiery actors were moving. He was certain he heard his son saying in tense, infuriated tones,

"You've always given me money. Why do you refuse me now, just when I need it most? All right then, I'll show you! I'll get money—and I'll get lots of it!"

The hazy characters in this little drama stood glowering at each other for a moment. Then the young lad, who was no more than sixteen, rushed out of the room, slamming the door behind him. The old man, sitting before the glowing hearth, could still hear the slamming of that door though ten long, dreary years had elapsed since it had actually occurred. The boy had gone forth never to return. The father had remained to grow old and regret. And he had moved to another city where he had hoped to forget.

The flames dwindled, and their unsteady light grew dimmer. The glowing scenes that had drawn the old man closer had melted into the depths of the coals. They had been nothing more than a series of poignant memories projected on the fire as a screen. And they were memories which stuck in the old man's brain like stinging vipers, or clinging leeches.

The stillness had grown frightful. But, at length, it was relieved by a sound from the black hallway. In one of its murky corners a tall grandfather clock was clearing its throat to speak the hour of the night. Then, in hoarse gutturals, the faithful old time-piece uttered twelve solemn croaks.

When the reverberations had died away, it was Christmas morning. The glad song of praise, "Peace on earth, good will toward men," was hovering over the world. In the far distance there was the sound of shrill whistles and sirens, the ringing of many bells, and much rejoicing.

The old man rose stiffly from his deep chair and commenced to bank the fire, now wasted away into a few sickly spurts of blue and yellow darts. His valet was celebrating the glad time of the year, and all the other servants were asleep in the back wing.

His task finished, the old fellow hobbled, rather than walked, to the hallway. He pressed a button, flooding the beautiful compartment with light. He made his way to the spacious staircase of marble and intricately carved woodwork. He ascended slowly, painfully. Then the hallway was plunged again into the darkness of the tomb.

The old man had finally settled himself in bed beneath a mountain of blankets and coverlets. The skeleton of a gaunt tree bent back and forth outside his window, shaking showers of snow from its black twigs and limbs, which then continued to oscillate, stark and naked. The frigid moon shone through his window, casting an oblong pattern on the thick, soft carpet. The block of light coming down to the floor was like a giant slab of transparent silver, so cold and metallic did it appear.

The old man could not sleep. He lay contemplating the wan light of the moonlit window. Gradually a dark object began to rise, covering the lower portion of the opening. A sort of horror seized the old man. He shook a little in his fright and then became as one paralyzed. Every muscle stiffened into rigidity. He could do nothing now

Autumn Song

By PETE HAIRSTON

*A tracery of elms against the sky
Forms rose windows unmailed by Gothic line;
And in the suppliant limbs' confine
The amber and red gold of sunset die
And fade, yet 'fore they go afford the eye
A noble vision utterly divine
Of Ceres' mourning lovely Proserpine,
Or fleeing Daphne's frightened cry,
Or Pan's sad note to see the winter nigh.
The amber and red gold of sunset die,
Hiding the lands from winter's cold rapine.
Oak leaves, now brown, make wild satire
Of summer's reign and jest upon her pyre.*

but lie motionless and stare at this horrid shadow.

It rose higher and higher, with the slowness of eternity but the sureness of time. After what must have seemed ages to the wretched form stretched out in the bed, the major portion of the lighted square was covered with darkness. The moonlight cast the same black shadow on the floor, but it was distorted and bizarre.

As the old man gazed with his eyes riveted on the window, an absurd, child-like idea crept into his head. From the position the inky shadow had now taken, the old man could delineate in his imagination the outline of a great bag, a hooded, peaked cap, and a long, full beard. With a nervous little laugh the old fellow dismissed this ludicrous crochet, almost ashamed of himself for having been so credulous. The sound of steele could be heard scraping on the panes. In another second there was a snap, and the window had been opened! The hideous bunch of blackness had fallen to the floor!

The old man screamed a dreadful, ear-splitting scream. And the sound of his own voice released him from his state of paralysis. He hurled the covers aside and sprang for the light button. But the Thing was ahead of him. It grabbed his outstretched arm and held it in a vice-like grip. They grappled with one another, they wrestled, they pushed, they pulled, they strained, they fought. The old man was astonished at his own strength.

At length, the two holding each other in a tight clasp, collided against the wall. In doing so, the old man succeeded in releasing his right arm. He was sliding it along the wall for a more advantageous position from which to maul his sinister enemy, when his hand came in contact with a metal object. What he had come upon by chance was the handle of an antique cutlas suspended on the wall for decorative purposes.

In his desperate plight his fingers closed around the hilt; and, with all the remaining strength of his body concentrated in this final effort, the old man, on the point of collapse, hurled the blade against his adversary's muffled head.

The cloaked creature's grasp relaxed, and he fell like a dead ox. The thud of its body as it struck the floor was deadened by the soft carpet. And it lay there motionless where it fell.

The old man staggered to the light button, still clinging to his improvised weapon. Light filled the room. Still the black object did not move.

Then the old man was seized with an immoderate desire to behold the face of this creature. He had not yet laid aside the ancient cutlas. He rushed

toward the prostrate figure, fell to his knees beside it, and snatched away the black domino concealing the upper two-thirds of its face. The left temple was spouting blood from a long gash, and the head was twisted. When he had straightened it, the old man leaped to his feet and hurled the sword from him madly, groaning,

"God! It is my son!"

THE SOCIAL CENTER OF OUR TOWN

(Continued from page three)

on, drifting from one topic to another for no good reason at all.

For the past two years Burnett's has been the only drug store in town; that is, since the fire on the night of December 22, 1929. Until that Sunday night before Christmas there had been two drug stores, the other going under the dignified title of a pharmacy. But flames from some undetermined origin broke loose in the rear of Burnett's and completely destroyed it and the market next door. That was the occasion when a train blocked the railroad crossing so that the Ford fire truck, with its siren screaming until its operator rubbed blisters on his fingers, couldn't reach the fire in time for the chemicals to save anything. A truck from Rocky Mount made a record trip over, covering the twelve miles in ten minutes, through a chilling night air to help save the entire business district from the angry fury of the flames. It was indeed a gala event for the town's populace, and everybody came down to witness the spectacle. Dressed in almost any garments which happened to be close at hand when the alarm sounded about mid-night, the crowd afforded a colorful sight in the red glare of the fire. A typical holiday spirit permeated the occasion as the younger people laughed and joked as the entire Christmas stock of jewelry and gifts went up in flames. Several cars of young folk drove out over the overhead bridge north of the town to view the fire from that vantage point. The ashes from the fire had hardly cooled, however, before Mr. Burnett purchased the pharmacy and set about drawing the patronage of both drug stores to his new home. Several months later a new store was built on the site of the old one and Mr. Burnett moved into it, leaving the old pharmacy building vacant. It might appear now that the fire of 1929 was a blessing in disguise, for now Burnett's has no local competition.

Curb service has been discontinued at Burnett's. During the past summer the store boasted of an unexcelled curb service, but in September when Mark Bremer, college graduate and Phi Beta Kappa student, resigned as soda-jerker to accept a job teaching school, Mr. Burnett decided that it would be beneath his dignity to do so much walking to wait on young couples in cars and that curb service was a nuisance anyway; so, one morning the town awoke to find that such service was then and thereafter discontinued.

Burnett's is more than a drug store and drink stand; it is a jewelry store, radio agency, magazine and newspaper stand, gift shop, and cigar store. Mr. Burnett is the inventor and manufacturer of Nu-Spray, which is guaranteed to kill all insects from bean beetles to bed bugs. Burnett's can be pointed to as an answer to the question, "When is a drug store not a drug store?" Another answer is, "When it's in a small town."

TIME SHADOWS

(Continued from page four)

and beautiful. Her eyes were no longer dull and hollow, but were now dark and wide and seemed to sparkle as if an imp sat on each side of her face and showered a steady stream of glowing powdered steel. Greatest of all the changes was that of the mouth, for no longer was it hard and cruel but a livid streak that was moulded on her face like a fiery stamp of crimson. Her lips were soft and moist, and as she raised a red carnation to her mouth and held it there in her glistening white teeth, it was difficult to say which was more beautiful the flower or her mouth.

As the stranger looked the clothes fell from her heavy figure and in their place there showed a closely fitting dress of the sheerest texture that accentuated every curve and ripple of a young girl's exquisitely moulded body. The gown fell away to the floor but was so designed as to show a pair of perfect ankles and feet. Every movement she made was graceful, and she seemed like a wreath of smoke floating about the cabaret rather than a human that was forced to move in the usual manner. Now she had removed the flower from her mouth and had started singing. The notes were soft but seemed to penetrate to the furthest corners of the room and make the listeners tingle with enjoyment. The song was a love song that vibrated with the promises of a faithful maid to her beloved. Stranger and stronger became the notes until the finish of the song came in a crescendo that pledge eternal love.

As the girl finished the song, the applause fell like a thunder stroke of clapping that continued unabated for several minutes. The girl bowed with the grace of a queen and at the same time the color in her cheeks seemed to redden perceptibly at the plaudits of her delighted audience.

She was turning away from the crowd after her fifth bow when a young handsome man of twenty strode up and without more ado gathered her in his arms and kissed her. The girl, more surprised than the crowd at this unexpected turn, lay motionless in his arms as if stunned by the act's suddenness. The crowd again wildly applauded thinking that this was part of the performance.

The stranger until the last minute had been sitting quietly watching the girl as she sang, but as the young man gathered her in his arms he sprang from his table and seemed to cover the distance from his table to the scene of the little drama in six hurried steps. Like a flash he snatched the girl from the other's arms and placed her standing on the floor. He quickly wheeled however and drew a small blade from somewhere and before the bewildered eyes of the assembled guests struck the young man once, twice, thrice in as many seconds. Blood spurted from the breast of the wounded man, his face paled, and with a groan he fell to the floor . . . dead!

For but a moment there was silence until the crowd realized that this was unrehearsed tragedy. A wave of alarm seemed to creep over the crowd until it was a storm of crying and hysterical women and stunned and horror-stricken males that seemed to know not what to do.

The stranger took one look at the fallen body, wheeled again and quickly clasped the girl to his body for an instant and then broke and ran to a side door that led into the street and quickly lost himself in a maze of small back streets.

* * * * *

"Will Monsieur buy a carnation?"

The head of the stranger raised quickly and he

looked for an instant into the face of the old woman. "Yes, Lita, I'll buy all you have."

The face of the old woman paled even beyond its usual pallor and with a gasp she murmured, "Jean."

Several hours later the old pair were sitting before a small grate in the old woman's single-room flat. There was but a single noise and that the sound of a small clock as it ticked merrily on the mantel above the old pair's heads. It moved the same as it had done for the past five years because it did not know that it had been thirty-five long years since this pair had been together. The little clock knew nothing of love, jealousy, hatred, manslaughter, the Paris police or of long-winded state barristers and attorneys. It knew nothing of long gruelling ocean voyages on tramp steamers to a faraway Devil Island on which were long gray cold walls that year after year strangled and drew the very blood from the captives that it hid from the outside world. This clock knew nothing of nights that seemed interminable; it knew nothing of poor prison fare, cold hard bunks in which humans tried to sleep with heavy cold chains fastened to their limbs. It knew nothing of adjutant-general's pardons for exceptional merit. Of the listed it knew nothing; it's only knowledge was that it was supposed to keep ticking every second and to strike the hours as the hands passed their designated positions, and this it did . . . one—two—three!

ROOMERS AND RENTERS

(Continued from page one)

along with bacon and coffee at every breakfast table in town.

It doesn't take long for the girls to learn where he rooms, and by the end of the week he has been wine and dined and dated so, that his coat-tails are plumb wore out! He wishes he was back in Chapel Hill where co-eds are nothing but zeros because men are up in the hundreds.

But here I am writing about young Barrister when my article is on Roomer and Renter or Renter and Rentee, and I am no longer specific. Good writing, so the books say, is and must be specific. Which is again wandering from the point. Absurd. A rented room is not a point, it is a square. On the square it is. I'm making a point of it though, to tell you.

Young Bonan Sinews comes to N. C. to take the Med course. He registers and is rushed. The Mu Mus want him. The Betta Gettas want him. But he decides to go Peep Pi. He swaps off his room in the dormitory with a fellow who didn't make a fraternity and before long he is installed in a brick and pillowed mansion near the edge of the University campus. He puts his "Gray's" on the table and lays his tibia and fibula down by it. O Kay! He begins studying. His Frat is his renter. He is the rentee.

All is silent among the Peep Pies save a bridge game, a dance and a radio down stairs; a phonograph across the hall, a crap game and bull session next door and a whistling room-mate. Nevertheless the superior articulated surface of astragalus is interesting. Bill Boozy shaves and leaves. Sinews bones on till day-break. Boozy returns with a noisy affection for the newel post down stairs which he takes for some long-lost Aphrodite.

One evening towards morning when Sinews is trying to master the flexor longus digitorum, Boozy comes in and starts playing with Sinews' hair. Boney biffs Boozy a quick one. Boney casts about

for the alarm clock and Boozy for his flask and they pass the time o'day and a few coca-colas and ginger ales with each other. Boney Sinews departs. And the Peep Pies have one more secret inside their fraternity.

Now Sinews is out on the cold, cold world, room-hunting again. He walks round and round the campus. He finally finds a nice quiet room just sixteen blocks from the Med building and at the end of the first day he has walked ninety-six New York blocks which is all right if his legs are long enough. His renter is a kind, placid lady, so his rent life is normal.

As a rentee, he hasn't used the family bath but a day before he knows that Mrs. Renter uses Lizzie Marden's cold cream and skin tightener, prefers pink bordered towels, and Great Gun bath towels; that Mr. Renter washes with O Boy soap and both the Renters know that Sinews uses Hebeco tooth-paste, Dilsident shaving cream and when he sleeps, he snores!

INDELIBLE MOMENTS

(Continued from page five)

forbade. I bore the body to shore, stretched it out on the ground, and tried to make it live. For three wearying hours I swayed rhythmically back and forth, back and forth, monotonously thinking the words, "Out goes the bad air; in comes the good." Slime and vomit and chunks of unchewed food worked out of his mouth; the stench was sickening; my stomach writhed within me, and stabbing pains pierced my abused knees. Finally the M.D. injected his adreneline; the D.D. did his mumbling; and the coroner said, "Chuck him in the basket."

I turned him over and shuddered. The puffed blue face no longer affected me; it was the serene, quartz-like eyes; they looked at me, and yet thy didn't. They were more inscrutable than the Sphinx, more knowing than wisdom but withal vacuous. All that was death. I have seen its effects, wrestled with it, and considered it, but still I wonder, "What is Death?"

The Sultan Drives A Bargain

By PHILIP MILHOUS

The Sultan smiled. It was a becoming, ingratiating smile that showed the ends of clean teeth and curled up almost to the edge of his moustache. He well knew how to look pleasant, the Sultan, but his little porcine eyes betrayed him if the white man had looked closer.

"Ho! send me my marriageable daughter," he roared, and the wily Chamberlain sent him according to agreement his oldest, ugliest daughter whose breasts were like rotted melons and in whose breath was the stench of the dirty Arab villages. She would be heavily veiled and the white dog would take her far away thinking that he had obtained a prize. He was a brilliant man, but no match for the bargain-driver of the Desert. The Sultan had looked at him and known it.

But from the seraglio window other eyes had looked upon him and his eyes that were blue and his hair that was curly.

"Send my daughter!" reverberated the message, and the eyes that had seen were veiled as the owner climbed silently into the great automobile and rode away from the desert sands. The Sultan, poor fool, was tricked. It was his youngest, prettiest wife who came.

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The Bull Session

By SHIRLEY CARTER

"But I tell you that it is not good taste for brunettes to paste moles on their faces . . ."

"Psh! It was Ovid who spent three pages declaiming on the merits of brunettes and moles, providing they were together. Imagine a brunette without a mole! It would be like the grocer-boy without his Sunday golf trousers . . ."

"The devil. Ovid said nothing about moles. Only Mississippi girls wear those. I know. I have been to that state; it is by far the worst state in the Union . . ."

"You read Mencken, I see. No one reads Mencken today except scholars . . ."

"That has nothing to do with moles. And if people in Mississippi wore them, I am sure Mencken would say it was wrong. Everything is wrong in this world except Mencken, but no one cares in the slightest about that."

"I'm sure the poor fellow has indigestion. . ."

"Well, it's the bad digestion of other people that furnishes an excuse for him . . ."

"Imagine one being driven to write from indigestion, and then finding that was all one could find to write about. I'm sure I'd go nuts, and run amuck. I have always wanted to run amuck, and if I find the slightest excuse I am going to. God! Think of getting started in the back-end of a drug-store when all the people have gathered in front to listen to the Peanut Hour! You scream suddenly and begin striking your chest . . ."

"Like Tarzan . . ."

"Yes, and foam at the mouth and roll your eyeballs. Then you run amuck and begin crashing things about. Think of that perfume case in Blank's. You seize a chair and begin beating the glass until it breaks. Those little bottles roll on the floor . . ."

"I know those bottles. Unique, some of them. Quite striking designs. I have always wanted to make a collection of perfume essences; of course in small, bizarre bottles . . ."

"Wait a moment! Those little bottles roll on the floor and you smash them with your heel . . . I will wear logging boots to smash them with . . ."

"You would not break the Christmas Night perfume!"

"Certainly! That would fetch a scream of agony, wouldn't it! Old Grogh would rush up and say, 'Oh, oh, it costs fifty dollars the ocnceu. Then I would break another bottle, a dozen bottles, cruelly . . .'"

"Then what?"

"Simple! I would rush the students. I would toss them everywhere. They would hang on lamp-posts, lie limply on the pavement, in the gutter, around the chandelier . . ."

"What if they were football players?"

"Easy. Nothing can withstand the fellow who runs amuck. I have read that a dozen times. He

Regret

By MARY FRANCES PARKER

*One asked me of regret—if I desired,
To take from out my life one single thing
And change it. Why should one tempt me so?
There are so many things I'd like to bring
If I could have them once again—but no—
This is a mere insanity, inspired.*

*Do I regret? Only that things I loved
Were too soon gone; my vague rememberings,
Of running water, and of wind along
A dim road's peace, and startled heron's wings,
And summer twilight, vague and sweet, a song—
All these crept in my heart, and I was moved.*

*All these and more: The pine tree's spicy scent,
A sweep of leaves beneath a burnished sun,
The silver music of a flashing rain,
And the grey cloak of night when day is done.
One asked me of regret. —I wish, again,
To feel the ecstasies these things have meant.*

kills a dozen fellows before he can be stopped. One man killed twenty-two people. He was exceptional, of course. I remember the paper said that he had once been a bull-dogger, or something of the sort. I think I could kill about seventeen. With two drinks of corn liquor, I could easily double that . . ."

"You would establish a record . . ."

"Not a record. Who cares about that sort of thing except crazy people."

"My father said different. He said anything one went into should be pushed so far ahead that other people would have to work like the devil to reach it."

"But what a crazy world if every one did that. Your father doesn't know, surely, that once a thing is done perfectly there is little more to be done. People would go crazy and shoot themselves. Not that I care, of course, if they do it en masse . . ."

"What a conversation anyway. Your train of thought is as often interrupted as those suffering from dementia praecox."

"The psychologist speaks."

"It is true! You finish nothing you start talking about; for an interesting sentence or thought draws you away from the original trend of the conversation . . . It's stupid."

"And natural. These bull-sessions should have a leader of some sort . . ."

"A chairman . . ."

"No, not that . . ."

"I know. College should be one prolonged bull-session. There would be no class-rooms at all. There would be nothing but restaurants, coffee shops, lounging rooms. The professor would simply locate himself for a certain number of hours in a restaurant. The students come in, drift casually in, and buy the professor coffee, and he talks. After a while the student drifts out again to another

(Continued on page eight)

One Night

By H. G. TILGHMAN

He cannot sleep; it is late at night. The mournful loneliness of the swamps is too impressive, especially since he is a little unaccustomed to it. The rain frogs creak out a dismal, monotonous chorus into the patient night, and the gray moss sways sullenly, like myriads of dead rats slung from their tails. He can hear the river gurgling throatily to itself. The sweet gum and swamp oak whisper, but the broomstraw and black water are silent and still.

He leaves his little cabin, sick of its closeness. He walks slowly down a little path along the edge of the lagoons, and he thinks there must be something sinister lurking in the swamp, it is so breathlessly quiet. The lagoons look as if they might be pools of black glass, blown in a moment of playfulness by some strange and friendly thing. It is hard to think there might be alligators lying in them. He is impressed by the absence of any civilized sound. There is no moon, but his eyes are fast adjusting themselves to the dark glow of the night.

He finds the aged old negro night watchman under the big oak where he is always to be found at night between his hourly rounds. He speaks to the negro and sits down beside him underneath the tree. They are silent.

Around them, through the night, there beats a soundless rhythm. Even the insects have a certain queer cadence in their humming, and the high, black pines seem to shelter a mystery as awful as birth or death could ever be. The river mumbles to itself not far away. The foliage around is so thick it looks luscious and friendly, and when he looks up through the big tree they are under, he cannot see the stars. It is like a spell there, with the smell of the swamp, the clear odor of the water, and the pungence of the new cut pine. It is so easy to sense the swamp.

"Mootry," he says to the negro night watchman, "you told me three nights ago, right here under this very tree, that I would like the swamp when I got to know it. Well, I think you were wrong. I believe the Lord has forgotten that I'm alive down here. I think He's put me down on the Book as a lost man. I don't like it yet, down here."

Mootry sits silent for a while. Once he shifts his weight slowly.

"De Lawd no more forgit me dan He forgit you, Cap'n," Mootry says, after a silence. "Dat He won't."

The two are silent again. The big oak whispers to itself and the pines sigh. A patter of little swamp sounds starts up and dies suddenly. Quietness comes again.

"Dere's one theng sho, Cap'n," Mootry says, "dat dey ain't nobody nowheres can say just ezactly 'bout Gawd. Dat one theng certain. I tell you w'eres you find Gawd, w'eres He come to yearth,

(Continued on page eight)

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Oldest College Publication in the United States

(FOUNDED IN 1844)

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SUNDAY, DECEMBER 6, 1931

EDITORIAL

Joyous and bubbling is youth with life. How it rises in alarm and quick excitement when first there burst upon its horizon the great flood tide movements of all humanity. See it rise in sincere indignation on the first realization of dishonesty and graft existing on its right, on its left. Watch it tackle, or, rather, prepare to tackle huge impossible tasks. Would it not attempt to stem the very tides of the ocean? Standing awed before the pulsing of great arteries of life, youth overlooks the small blue veins that throb about it. Little puppies stand stiff-haired and trembling at the rush and roar of railway trains, while their mother, thin haired, experienced, watches through dim eyed interest and amusement the movements of a bright-backed beetle in the sunlight. And so youth must talk of wars and prohibition, God and sex. It is good to be young, to feel the blood throbbing in your toes. It is thrilling to get excited over the certain destruction of the world. It makes us deeply conscious of life.

So it is that young writers must be forever grasping after the great exalted themes of life. Tragedy for them must be the destruction of a Hamlet, the slaying of a Romeo, the crashing of stock markets, the death of a romantic gangster. They must tell stories of strange wines in unvisited cabarets, snubbing with exalted contempt the beer parties in which they themselves indulge. The killing of Diamond Jake of Chicago represents to them a story proper to tell. Again they see not the pinched faces of starvation, the tears and laughter, of the people with whom they daily brush shoulders.

So in the end youth takes bits and shreds of knowledge picked up from motion pictures and readings, pieces them together

after an accepted pattern to form works of its own. And so such works can not but have an unmistakable quality of artificiality about them. They can hardly exceed their sources in quality; so they must wither quickly. Originality has not been touched.

Originality comes from life. Those who seek it follow the route of the quiet, keen-sighted, note-taking writer. Once having learned the technique of expression by means of written words, he looks at life and writes about it. He takes from his own patterned carpet of experience a single thread. Twist it; dye it as he may. Hard it is to kill the little spark of sincerity dwelling there. He looks around him. He sees how broad and far sweeping is life into little nooks and corners everywhere. He writes about that which he has lived. How much of the world's great literature is pure autobiography! He leaves the foreign and unfamiliar, for the foreign and unfamiliar to write. He reflects his own self. In his own part of the world, tiny as it may seem, moves life strange and interesting.

Youth stands before the strong doors of life's great treasure caverns. Muddled and bubbling it tries to pry the doors or guess what lies beyond them. The *open sesame* lies about it. Let it first find those magic words, and when it utters them, perhaps the cavern doors will swing open of their own accord.

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Book Chat

By ROY B. CHAPIN

Alan J. Villiers, author of the recently published "Sea Dogs of Today" and other standard books of the sea, has entered his recently acquired barque, *Parma*, in the 1932 grain race from Australia to England. More ships are entered for this race than ever before and among the vessels competing are *Grace Harwar* and *Herzogin Cecilie*; two ships on which Mr. Villiers has sailed on previous races and which he has written about in "Falmouth For Orders" and "By Way of Cape Horn." Strangely enough, the three favored vessels in this year's races are *Parma*, *Grace Harwar*, and *Herzogin Cecilie*. At present an effort is being made by American seamen to outfit an American ship for the forthcoming race; hope being centered for the moment on the James A. Farrell owned four-master, *Tusitala*. I'm sure we all wish this appealing writer all the luck in the world in his latest adventure.

* * *

Lawrence Chamberlain, whose book "The Principles of Bond Investment" has been called "the Bible of Wall Street," has just published "Investment and Speculation" in collaboration with William W. Hay, "The Principles of Bond Investment" was purchased by many banks and brokerage houses for use by their employees as a text book. Chamberlain's new book is more popularly written and deals with basic trends in modern investment and speculation in an endeavor to prepare the reader for the technic of common stock trading.

* * *

Thomson Burtis, author of "Slim Evans; Air Ranger," a boy's juvenile book, has established what is probably some sort of a record for author's output during the past year. For the magazines he has written approximately 992,000 words. Seven books bearing Burtis' name have also been published during the past twelve months.

* * *

An absorbing and fully documented account of the fugitive life of the assassin of Lincoln, John Wilkes Booth, after he had officially been proclaimed dead, was written by Mrs. Bernie Babcock in her romance, "Booth and the Spirit of Lincoln." Recently her theories were again brought to light and strengthened when seven Chicago physicians identified the mummy of John St. Helen as being indeed John Wilkes Booth.

* * *

Dorothy Waugh, author, designer and illustrator of a four color juvenile book, "Among the Leaves and Grasses," the story of the drama of the insect world, is, aside from her activities in the book world, an artist, illustrator, cook de luxe, and a landscape architect who has practised successfully in New Orleans, Cleveland, and New York. She comes by her many talents rightfully, as her father is Professor of Landscape Architecture at Massachusetts State College and a flute player by preference, a brother is manager of an American bank in Tokyo and translates Japanese poetry "for fun," and another brother is a sculptor and the winner of the 1929 Prix de Rome. On the other hand, two brothers are economists and her sister believes that the development of her children is a difficult enough art, thank you.

From the Gallery of My Mind

By PETER HAIRSTON

For A. J. B.

BEATRICE D'ESTI

Was it da Vinci (Critics never agree on any of his works) or Conti who left us the impression we have of Beatrice D'Esti? It reminds one of those mysteries which matter not at all, for we have the face—in a gilded frame as she lived—of this Fourteenth Century maiden from Milan.

The artist gave us no inkling of passion on her countenance—nothing by which we might guess a struggle, yet no joy either as might befit the wife of the Duke of so fair a city—only the faintest suspicion of a shadow under one cheek and a chin which one surmises to be fuller than natural. And, yes, one thing more—a mouth more contracted than habit would allow betrays a pout, only a tiny one, but still a pout.

It is true that there is a wistful look in the eyes; but those eyes would be wistful even in a happy sunnier region. The eyebrows are far too thinly penciled for a sparkle; the deep brown of the iris too limped; and the bulge of the balls prevents even an appearance of gaiety. The face, too delicate to be described as ugly, possesses in reality only one good feature. A classic nose chiselled out of the whiteness of her face's contrast with midnight hair.

Five tiny velvet bows hold up the grandure of a regal gown of 'purple and fine linen'. It must have been heavy—that gown, almost as heavy as court life in a northern city. She had come there to visit relatives—and the Duke of Milan had seen her. When she was painted—he still loved her—all that she had left her own was half of the name inscribed on the belt—a belt gorgeous with ducal gold—Beatrice D'Esti.

* * *

A JAPANESE PRINT

You funny god, terrible once to a race of people, dressed in gaudy robes, and possessed by the artist of a most ferocious scowl, I wonder whether you ever thought that you would be hung in a dormitory room where students laughingly discussed whether the mountains, red beneath your awful rage, were really mountains at all, or only strawberries and cream.

* * *

MADONNA AND CHILD

It really should have been in a sunroom opposite a palm. It was, at least, the first time that I saw it. The Virgin Mother with the Christ Child on her knee surrounded by a garland of flowers done in the quaint porcelain manner of the Della Robias stood off to its best advantage with the sunlight full upon it. Some pieces of art should be seen at night, but some should match the brilliance of their coloring with the freshness of morning air. Somehow, the blue background makes the white figures stand out with a definiteness which is utterly refreshing.

* * *

A CHINESE PRINT

Two waterfowls upon a quiet pond somehow express the absolute complacency with which the

Chinese scholar looks at life through ancient writings.

* * *

AURORA

Hours, days, nymphs, Aurora, and innumerable attendants floating through space mark the advent of dawn and the drawing forth of Apollo's chariot for the pink beginning of a new day—a day that one cannot help but realize has been new ever since the time that Guido Reini painted it in the sixteenth century. Decadence and soft presentation of air castles with no knowledge of how to build real ones somehow make pretty pictures which rapidly lose their interest and appeal.

* * *

RIGHTEOUS

(For information, Righteous drawn in the pencil sketch I know was not a Christian virtue but an old negro who used to put me across the ferry on a flat boat, and my father before me, and his before him.) Somehow, the old man wears well. Day after day I have seen the picture of him and never tired of the genial smile mixed, nevertheless, with the absolute certainty that all who sinned were marked for everlasting fire and brimstone. The old gray beard and a battered straw hat complete a picture of the type of darkey servant because of which it was said, "Northerners like the negro; Southerners like a negro." A crudely drawn cross and beside it the note 'his mark' show the signature of the old man and the happy catfish, river-mud life he must have lived.

Secret Desires

By MARY FRANCES PARKER

I should so very much like to have an artistic temperament. I should like to have a studio in which I entertained people almost as queer as I. I should like to paint a picture that would create a sensation, and rank me with the old masters. And then I would go stark, raving mad, and tear my hair out by the roots. Yes—I should like to have temperament.

* * *

Sometimes I think that if I were a bird, I would fly up and peck holes in all the billowy clouds. I would have to be a bird with a long bill.

* * *

I want to skip down the main street, and watch the shocked faces as I pass. And when I get to the end I shall jump-rope back.

* * *

When I grow old, I want a house near the sea, where I can hear the waves moan, and know that they, too, are tired. I want a long lawn lined with tall poplar trees, and I shall look at them and remember when I was erect. I want a garden, haphazard with flowers, and a weeping willow tree in one corner. It will be good to know that something else has tears. I want a fireplace, and a lovely fire, and a deep chair with a lamp by it, and peace. I think that I shall need peace.

Monday

H. A. ANDERSON

They always say that Monday is blue,

But blue is balm for hurt eyes and mind.

*Monday is a drear, black hole you're dragged thru,
Black, throbbing dullness of the lousier kind.*

The Frames of Space

By JAMES DAWSON

I

*You lift your foot, and when you plant the heel
The toe leans toward the future, absolute
And yet to come. The Now runs down your boot,
And suddenly your great toe knows the feel
Of Here-Now, quick and small.*

On Neptune, one

*Who walks, hurtled aslant his finite air,
Across your timeless, absolute Elsewhere,
Stepped, or will step, as you have calmly done,
On an ambiguous Now, and that heel's click
Must, to but coincide with this of yours,
Cover a neutral wedge eight hours thick,
Converging at the infinite, spaceless doors
Of Here and Now. And you construct a line
In an unseen dimension, thin and fine.*

II

*In Singapore tonight, or on the Strand,
Under the moon on the Atlantic coast,
Somewhere walks one of whom it was your boast
His step fell beside yours, his vein-traced hand
Moved with your thought.*

So tiny is the world,

*So narrowly the intervening wedge
Between Past and Future squeezes, edge to edge,
That in one second ten bright Nows are whirled
Behind to be remembered. You can stand
Placing your feet on the same instants still
That his press lightly, on some distant sand,
But his swift thoughts go heedlessly and chill.
Wordless and dumb to your slow listening. Free
As frozen stars in spiral nebulae.*

III

*In Singapore tonight, and in the wind
That blows to you a fragrance out of space
He once had filled for you with his white face,
Think how in his remembrance you have thinned.
Think that it is but useless to pursue
His flashing brain. So keenly down the night
He travels that if with the speed of light
You sought him he would still outdistance you.
These metre rods by which you measured him
In those old days when he was static would
Be meaningless. Infinity is dim,
O wind-bereaved, and your steel ruler could
But shrink at his velocity and fade
Into the endless nothing of its shade.*

IV

*Suddenly, as if incarnate out of dust
That sifted from the burning of his run
Across the aether, comes and stands upon
This same wet sod with you one whose hat gust
Of swift departure scorched your upturned face
A year ago. He has outstripped the curse
Of time, shot out across the universe
To a far corner, substituted space
For minutes, and while you have slowly trod
Past one foot-dragging year, his clocks have turned
Through five short days, unmeasured and wing-shod.
O blind and hour-bound, have you not learned
That in a season's wheel you have outgrown
The heart you wore last autumn as your own?*

Two Pictures

By T. M. SIMKINS, JR.

I

The time was late afternoon, and the day was the ninth of December, in the year 1806.

The southern windows of the State House, looking out on the main street of the little village of Raleigh, looked out on a dismal scene. A light snow covered the ground, although none was falling; and the wind, whistling shrilly around the corners of the few, though not very widely separated buildings, made the people by the firesides in their homes renew the fires with fresh fuel. Fayetteville Street was almost deserted. No horse with any kind of vehicle ventured on the rough, icy ground, and pedestrians avoided the treacherous paths along the sides of the unpaved road. Not far in the distance the misty blackness of the leafless forest along the road to Fayetteville could be seen. Somewhat nearer, where the road began to be called a "street," a group of gleefully shouting, snowballing children attracted the attention as the only merry sight which met the eye. Smoke was rising from every chimney of the numerous houses and the comparatively few stores in the intervening distance. The fallen leaves in the grounds of the State House reposed under their white blanket, occasionally disturbed only by one of the wondering squirrels, who had come down for a moment from his nest in one of the trees and was trying vainly to locate a buried nut.

On the corner of Fayetteville and Morgan Streets, just across the street from the State House, stood one of Raleigh's two hotels—Casso's Tavern, the second oldest brick building in the town, having been built several years before 1800. It was unusually silent and sleepy on this particular afternoon, quite in harmony with the rest of the silent, motionless scene. Although dim lights had begun to appear in several windows of other buildings, Casso's was still dark.

Casso's Tavern had no guests. The only occupant of the spacious parlor, warmed by a huge fireplace, was a large gray cat, dozing lazily, stretched at full length upon the hearth. The fire itself seemed to be dozing, too—a slightly smoking bed of embers, with here and there a few charred fragments of the oaken log which had been placed on the fire in the morning. The weak, reddish glow which the live coals gave forth was practically the only light in the room, because the sun had already sunk behind the western trees.

As the dusky-faced clock on the mantelpiece disturbed the silence by striking five in a high, nervously rapid voice, the cat slowly stirred, stood up, and leisurely stretched himself. At exactly the same moment, the heavy door leading to the rear portion of the building opened with a harsh clatter, and old Moses, the faithful negro servant of the tavern, entered, bearing in his arms two large logs to go on the fire.

When the striking of the clock had ceased old Moses glanced toward the windows, remarking as he did so, "It's gittin' on tow'd time for de stage." Then, none too gently, he pushed aside with his foot the cat, who was preparing to settle himself for sleep again, with the words, "Git out'n my way, Tobe. Ah cain't be a-messin' wid you now."

The cat accepted his fate resignedly, and, relinquishing the warm hearth promptly established him-

Stupid

By H. A. ANDERSON

*It's stupid of me to remember
All those afternoons spent
Talking quietly, closely, endearingly
In the shadowy room
While the dark velvet of the leaves brushing
the window-ledge
Turned from green to scarlet burning flame.
Stupid of me to think you sincere,
That I meant something to you.
Stupid of me.
Now I see that those once-brilliant leaves lie
dead,
Cluttering and choking
The dank, dying, dark earth,
And are nothing.*

self in the landlord's favorite armchair in the chimney corner.

Old Moses placed his burden of fuel on the floor and with a huge pair of iron tongs expertly arranged the pieces of partly burned wood already in the fireplace so that the sleeping flames awoke and began to blaze and crackle cheerfully. The two logs were then carefully laid in the places where they would most quickly begin to burn. These things done, the old negro stood for a few minutes with his back to the fire, enjoying the warmth. Finally he turned to leave the room, muttering to himself, "It's done gone en got dark a'ready; I'd better fetch up de lights, kaze de folks'll be comin' putty soon now."

In about five minutes he returned with six lighted candles in two three-branched pewter candlesticks, which he set on the table in the center of the room. Then, with one final glance around the parlor, more cheerful now, with the bright fire and the candles, he withdrew, leaving the cat once more in solitary state, in the armchair.

Three-quarters of an hour later the scene was entirely different. At least a hundred people thronged in and around the tavern. Fayetteville Street was no longer the silent, lonely thoroughfare that it had been all the afternoon. Although it was almost totally dark now, and although the temperature had dropped a little, the hum of voices might be heard outside. The people were eagerly awaiting the appearance of the stage coach from the North—a tri-weekly occurrence which the greater part of Raleigh's seven hundred inhabitants would not be content to miss. The stage from the North always brought important news; it brought newspapers from great cities; it brought letters whose transportation sometimes cost as much as fifty cents; it brought reports of European happenings, which, although already more than a month old, were awaited with much interest; and thus it was a connecting link between Raleigh and the rest of the world.

After ten minutes more of waiting, one of the keener-eared members of the crowd standing on Morgan Street announced that the faint notes of the distant coach-horns could be heard. Everyone immediately became silent, straining his ears to catch the sounds, which gradually grew a little louder, and a murmur of excitement broke from the throng. All of the people could hear the horns now. A moment later they could distinguish the loud, clear, melodious flourishes of the music, which con-

(Continued on page seven)

The Big Adventure

By W. M. HAYES

Mary Buren was busily packing her prettiest dresses and her toilet articles into a suitcase which she had opened out on the floor. It was true that she was selfish, and the little spark of decency that had held her to her job of caring for a husband that her romantic fancy had sent off to war had been gradually growing weaker until she had at last cast it aside entirely. Now she was preparing to answer the call of the road, and of spring. She was as nearly happy as she could ever be as she went about the packing of her things.

For the last thirteen years she had been bound to a routine job in order to make money for her support and to supplement the inadequate pension that the government allowed her husband. When she was off the job, instead of going out to movies and parties in search of adventure as she longed to do with all her heart she was expected to stay at home and entertain an invalid. Well, she had rebelled at last, and she was not sorry in the least. She knew that someone would take her job of caring for her husband, or if they didn't it didn't matter much. She would go to the city and get work where she could be free; no, that would bind her to one spot and her chief aim was to travel. She was only thirty and still beautiful. She knew that it was easy for a pretty woman to make her way in the world.

When she was ready to go she reached up over the mantelpiece and took down the little pitcher in which the family funds were kept and emptied the contents into her handbag.

"Somebody will be along before night and you can get them to look after you; I'll probably need this more than you will anyway," she said without looking at the figure in the wheel-chair by the window.

"So long, and don't take it too hard, because I believe that it's best that I go, for I can never be happy here."

She went out and closed the door behind her and stood on the steps with her head bowed for a few minutes. Once she made as if to open her handbag and re-enter the house, then turned resolutely and walked away. She felt that somewhere out in the future at some vague, romantic place there was high adventure and a glorious life awaiting her. Somewhere she would meet the big adventure. She did not know what it was or what the means of bringing it about were to be. She did know that she was willing to go the limit and that nothing could turn her back to prison and an invalid.

She walked out on the highway a short distance from the little village that had bound and restrained all but her dreams from childhood days. Soon a truck belonging to a grocery store back in the town came by. She hailed the driver and asked him for a ride. He knew her and asked her where she was going and why she was leaving her husband.

In reply she said, "You know the money that the government gives him is not enough to support us. I got laid off of my job the other day; so I must get a job where I can make something more. I am going to the city to see if I can find work."

"How much money do you have?"

"I only have a very little, but I can work. I left most of it with him. He will need it maybe more than I will."

Here because of her conscious, or the fact that

(Continued on page seven)

The Church in the Valley

By ALDEN STAHR

A soft light glowed green through the stained-glass window as we stepped in the church driveway and walked solemnly up the stairs. The pews were empty and the church-proper dark when we entered, but there was another door on our right; so we opened it and descended to the cellar. Music greeted us, as it is proper in a church, a drunken hymn sung to the accompaniment of a discordant accordian, and everyone shouted a glad "Hallelujah!" as we reached the bottom of the stairs and entered the barroom. We were formally introduced to His Piety, Billy, the bartender, who doffed his battered silk hat and shouted, "Hey, hey! Youse is just in time for prayer meeting. Vo do de o do, rottetot! Welcome to the little ole church in the valley! Strike up the theme song, boys." Whereupon everyone gathered round the bar and sang "The Little Old Church in the Valley." An old souse played the accordian, keeping his nose buried in the folds to escape his own breath. The hilarious Billy, red-cheeked, pot-bellied, and jolly, uttered a short prayer for light wines and beer as we all stood with bowed heads before the railed altar, and then he filled all the glasses, strewed pretzels along the bar, and led the hymn, "Jesus Loves Me," with his foam-flicker baton. Two drinks, four, and six drinks, and the prayer meeting adjourned to a Christian Endeavor meeting around the pool table.

Here Jim did a tap dance with his shoes off, explaining that he would give us the taps later on the bugle. In the midst of his dance a bell rang somewhere and a half-barrel of beer rolled in the back door. This called for an impromptu game of shove-the-barrel, but His Sanctity remonstrated from his railed pulpit and insisted that we all kneel before him to confess our sins. Since we couldn't think of any on such short notice he pronounced us all perfect, and we formed a circle around Heinie, an inebriate artist who drew portraits on the floor with chalk. He glanced once at one of the girls and after telling her to look half-size as he was seeing double, he proceeded to sketch her profile on the cement. His bald head swung about dizzily and his hands shook a little, but the likeness which he reproduced from that one look was remarkably faithful. As soon as he had finished we paid him his drink and proceeded to a baptism of the face on the barroom floor with a glass of applejack that no one would drink. His Holiness, Billy, said that after three more sermons he would be Pope; so he said the word "sermon" three times in rapid succession, and we all declared him Pope—Hallelujah!

When young inebriates, male and female, get together they must dance; so Bob got a portable and played "Life is just a bowl of cherries—full of worms" while the Pope did a hootchie-kootchie dance. His terpsichorean effort ended ignominiously on the floor, for someone had been so unthoughtful as to expectorate on the dance floor, hence the slip. The parson got up quite unruffled and played the evening chimes on the coal shovel with the furnace shaker, the while chanting Latin phrases which sounded curiously like the interludes of Bing Crosby. Jim, the tapless dancer, broke phonograph records over our heads to keep us quiet, and then seating himself on the par, he ate pieces of the wax record to improve his voice. It only made him

cough, but he washed the record down with more beer and began to sing the clarinet "break" he had just swallowed.

His Holiness, meanwhile had gone from "burp" to "whoops"; so we helped him into the room provided for meditation and prayer. He went through a process of expurgation both gastric and drastic, casting out *more* than seven devils, from the sound of it, and coming forth from his meditation, he washed his mouth out with whiskey to remove the brown taste, he explained. After we had all taken communion with beer and pretzels and heard a short sermon on the wayward ways of youth, we all adjourned to the church proper where the Pope performed a triple marriage ceremony.

Setting Dorothy, his bottle of rye, on the pulpit, he told us all to kneel before him. "Do you take these girls to be your lawfully wedded wives, you do! But you don't know what you're getting yourselves in for! Lips to lips!" We all complied. "Arms to arms! Breast to breast! Lips to lips! You're all married, bejesus; so God help youse." Billy was half Irish and half Italian; so it is impossible to reproduce his brogue-accent. The wedding over, we sang the Seven Amens nine times and the theme song once more, and then His Piety pronounced the malediction: "Get the hell home, youse kids. Yez've been holy enough for one night!"

We left then, regretfully, with the faint green light still glowing behind the stained-glass window, and the words of the theme song still sounding in our ears:

In the little old church in the Valley,

Where I first knew of sorrow and joy;

I can see mother there, with her head bowed in prayer

As she prays for her wandering boy . . .

I was much disappointed to learn later that services had not been held in this church for over a year, and that Billy had rented it as a club house, but to us it will always be: The little old church in the Valley. Hallelujah and amen.

TO AN ATHEIST

I am a spiteful creature. And even though we both wake up in hell I'll say, "I told you so." On the other hand if death ends all you cannot get back at me.—*W. M. Hayes.*

Ad Infinitum

By JOHN S. DAVENPORT

I

Yes, she is forgotten, as a sunset is forgotten

When the silent dawn comes creeping up the eastern sky.

Oh, quite, quite forgotten, as the bridegroom is forgotten

When down the aisle in tulle and orchids the bride comes sweeping by.

II

Old beauties lose their splendor as the roses lose their fragrance

When the purple astors bloom each autumn down by the old stonewall.

And a young man's heart is fickle even when he'd have it steadfast—

Yes, my old love is forgotten now that I am in your thrall.

Professors Are Born, Not Made

By E. V. DEANS

The last bell was ringing. I knew I was in the wrong room. In fact I did not know where I belonged. But I couldn't go now for the last bell was ringing. I was to "meet" History 1 that morning, the morning of my first day of classes at the university. I was on the front seat, and later was paid for sitting there. I grew a bit weary, waiting to see what the professor looked like. The professor was late. In some three minutes a hand pushed open the door, and I saw a white shirt-cuff too long for the brown coat sleeve. The shirt cuff and coat sleeve turned into a little man who vigorously made his way to the platform. Truly, he was a tiny man, perhaps four feet six inches tall in a beautiful brown suit. And he wore a charming mustache, a red one newly trimmed. His hair was red also—at least what he had—but only a dull red. The bald crown of his head was in the shape of some sort of an ellipse. His eyes were brown I discovered when he took off his glasses to clean them. Laying his watch on the table with his Phi Beta Kappa key hanging to the watch chain, he began as if he were going to say something. I was in suspense. I was anxious to hear this professor speak. So far he was my high school idea of a college professor fulfilled. I was now only a Freshman. And when he finally did speak, I could not understand a word he said. He talked as though he were trying to get some liquid off his tongue or teeth. But sitting where I was I hoped he would not do this—clear his tongue—; yet I could not understand him. But I endured it. I was a Freshman.

Now, later, when the course was waxing hot, my professor waxed hot also. At times he became so full of his subject that to get it all out of himself he would jump up and down, parade the platform, write on the blackboard—anything to get the subject out. As the course waxed hot, the air waxed hot, and students sleep in hot air. But this did not seem to bother my bald-headed, brown-eyed, "mustached" professor. He wouldn't tell a dirty joke as most professors do—that is History professors; his were just a wee-bit smutty. When he told one of these jokes, the students would wake up with a peal of laughter that would make the professor blush and turn red. And the white little ellipse would blush also.

Often he would stop me on the campus.

"What did you think of the quiz? Hard? I think I'll try a new type next week."

Thus he would begin a conversation. And he was always trying a new type of quiz. Once he met me on the Library stairs. So close was I to him that more clearly I could tell when he smiled that his lips instead of spreading to the right and left, broadened from top to bottom. Always this made me feel that he was embarrassed at something.

But I shall never forget him—my professor with his shirt cuffs showing at the end of coat sleeves, with his mustache, with his brown eyes, and embarrassed smile; nor shall I forget his lectures too scholarly for his students, his smutty jokes and class-room jigs. And Freshmen should know professors with bald heads that blush.



THE BOOK WORLD



In proportion as society refines, new books must ever become necessary—Goldsmith

In **THE FRANCISCAN ADVENTURE** by Vida Dutton Scudder, M.A., L.H.D. (E. P. Dutton & Co., 432pp., \$5), we find another large volume dealing with those problems of modern life suggested in the sainted career of Francis of Assisi and the germ of socialism—or, rather, communism—inherent in his message.

No episode in Christian history is more suggestive in regard to the quest of Conscience for social righteousness than the Franciscan Adventure; an adventure which does not end with the death of the saint, but continues, increasing in complexity and dramatic appeal, through the long story of his followers. His disciples are led to contradictory allegiances, and he who would tell their story must narrate the ever more tragic clash between the two.

The period itself is vital. The art and poetry of the modern world are nascent, the intellectual life is intense. In all that was most worth while in the epoch, the sons of Francis played a leading part. But the arts and letters, the science, the philosophy, and all the other activities which they helped to develop, were with them subordinated to one great central matter: the right attitude of the Christian to private property. They sought, not only on the plane of sense but on the plane of spirit, to escape that acquisitive instinct, that passion for the Proprium, in which today the very principle of personality is often thought to reside. The resultant problems, whether social or mystical, were precisely those which most concern Christians of the twentieth century; in the Franciscan conceptions there is something which torments and allures minds of a certain type in every generation. No wonder that there have been many books about St. Francis and his followers; no wonder that there will be many more.

Miss Scudder writes with a scholarly fullness of tone, however, an impersonal earnestness. There is an unmistakable dignity about her attitude that is exemplified in her unprejudiced approach to the subject matter, and in her detailed notes one is pleased to find evidences of a fertile mind.

* * *

HINDENBURG AT HOME (Duffield & Green, \$2) by Helene Nostitz von Hindenburg is an intimate biography giving the reader an interesting picture of this wonderful old man of eighty-five, his faith and loyalty, a truly great figure in his work and his leisure. His magnetic power awes and fascinates, but this great man is in reality quite modest. A phrase which might be written as a motto over the life of Hindenburg is "Anger has never produced anything good or noble in this world."

The book is written in four parts, each dealing with a phase of his life. The print is large and extremely easy to read. The author offers here an intimate and informal biography which should be read by all. From this book one can feel the power that drives this man always forward, even at the age of eighty-five.

* * *

In another autobiography, **BODYGUARD UNSEEN** by Vincenzo D'Aquila (R. R. Smith, Inc., 279pp., \$2.50) we have the strange and intriguing life of this youth during his years on the Italian frontier. This youth, like many people of today,

had the strong conviction that he should kill no one. How his unseen bodyguard kept him from active service in the trenches when war commenced offers us the main interest of the story. The whole book is inspired with the very nature of its author. His spirit, tireless energy and insight keep the reader at all times waiting for the next action. Throughout this entire book the author has striven to show the utter uselessness and unjustness of war, directed by smug, complacent men and waged by really the salt of the earth, those who work for what they get.

The story is written in a clear entrancing manner which contains the spirit and personality of its author. It is written with such ease that, indeed, if someone should read it aloud, the listeners might readily believe that the author himself were telling the tale. Those of us who are not pacifists should read this book to gain the true account of the terrible effects of war.

* * *

Easily the most outstanding of the fiction reviewed for some time is **SPARKS FLY UPWARD** by Oliver La Farge (Houghton Mifflin Co., 322pp., \$2.50). This remarkable new novel by the author of **LAUGHING BOY**, winner of the Pulitzer Fiction Prize for 1929, is the story of a man and a revolution in the days when "death came like a medal to we won." This is the story of an Indian with a trace of Spanish blood from a low-caste muleteer. His life from the beginning was one of trouble and turmoil, but through everything his character was outstanding, strong and picturesque. His mother, by saving the life of the son of one of the noble families, secures for herself and her son the place that gives Esteban his start and position in society. Esteban rises by means of the love of his benefactor's beautiful young wife to a commission in the cavalry and the leadership of a regiment, carefree and reckless, which is continually outstanding in the many conflicts of the revolution for the freedom of Mexico. Esteban's Indian blood is strong within him, however, and his sympathy for the oppressed is evident. At the end he finds comfort in the arms of his Indian soldiers. The final outcome of this inner conflict rewritten in blood, is the history of Central America.

The author has within himself the blood of a painter and an architect. He received his degree at Harvard and later taught for two years at Tulane. He has pursued his scientific studies in New Mexico and Guatamalo and as a result he has been able to paint the picture and obtain the setting of both this and his previous novel. La Farge says that he feels most at home in moccasins and a flannel shirt. He is welcomed wherever he goes in the Great Southwest.

La Farge's latest book is, as was his former, worthy of a place in every library. It is finely written with a dignity and poise that is easily distinguishable. The author has given us here a book which is a relief from the present general run of fiction and takes us back to those days seemingly long past. It was good to sink back into that old picturesque life of which most of us know so little. This story has the dignity, the strength, and the style that will attract all.

* * *

In **THE SILVER EAGLE** by W. R. Burnett (The Dial Press, 310pp., \$2.50) the author returns

in part to the scene in which **LITTLE CAESAR** took place. The new novel covers more ground than did his first gangland novel. This is not a story of gangsters proper but deals with a higher stratum of racketeers, indeed, even into Chicago's social register. Its chief figure, Mr. Harworth, is an extremely interesting and thrilling character. Raised by himself from nothing to a seat of power and almost into respectability and society, this fascinating figure has his primitive side, but is a man who still realizes the virtues of civilization and wishes to attain them. At the beginning this man is the successful operator of a group of society gambling houses, but ever after more money, he becomes involved with a group of bootleggers who in the end cause his downfall. His fall when he almost attains his goal is the tragedy of the whole story.

Mr. Burnett has written a novel as exciting as **LITTLE CAESAR**, one which is more mature in its philosophic grasp, and one which comes very near to being a true tragedy. The story is not a mass of killings as are many similar novels on this subject. In fact, it is not until late in the tale that there is even one death. This novel deals for the most part in the gradual weakening of Harworth's principles and how they combined to cause his destruction. To one who likes the tenseness of the underworld but not the ceaseless killings this author's latest novel will be especially appealing.

* * *

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To turn to something widely different from the above selection, we offer **PLEASE STAND BY** by Madeleine Loeb and David Schenker (The Mohawk Press, 281pp., \$2). This is an extremely entertaining novel dealing with the significance behind the title not only pertaining to radio but to the whole world. We see through this medium that artists, the radio listeners, the world, in fact, are always standing by for something; the artists for positions, the radio audience for its favorite program, and the world for development. This story, on a field but little written on as yet, deals with Betty, the publicity agent for a large broadcasting company, and Donald, a writer for a newspaper, and their troublesome, yet stimulating, love affair. In the course of the story Betty falls for a man whom she has helped to make a feature artist on radio, but this affair has the usual end and she turns again to Donald at the end and they live happily with several children. This story is of value not primarily for its plot but for the little intimate glimpses behind the scenes of radio which are offered throughout the book. This differently entertaining story will offer a pleasingly entertaining period for any reader.

* * *

On cabled advice from Rome, John Drinkwater, whose latest book, **INHERITANCE**, has recently been published, is leaving immediately for Italy, carrying with him his translation of Mussolini's play "Campo de Maggio," which has been the subject of controversy in New York. The summons to Mr. Drinkwater came directly from the Premier himself.

ROY CHAPIN.

THE BIG ADVENTURE

(Continued from page four)

she had lived all her life among people who had some sort of consideration for others, she said, "He will be very lonely while I am gone. Won't you call by to see him now and then and cheer him up?"

"Sure thing! Who's looking after him?"

She hesitated a moment. "Oh, I got Black Mandy to fix his food and clean the house. You know he can roll his chair around and get most of the things he needs."

When he let her out in the city, the kind-hearted truck driver gave her five dollars and told her not to worry about paying it back until she got settled and secured a job. This was a surprise to her. She had told him the story only to get him to take her to the city. Suddenly she realized that she had tapped a permanent source of money. She had thought that she was entirely rid of her husband. Now she realized that he was her trump card. When she became hard up, she could fall back upon him. However, she decided that she would only use him in case of necessity, for she was to be a beautiful young woman who was searching for Prince Charming and for the big adventure. She felt that both were waiting for her somewhere.

She began to search for employment that was easy and sure to bring in lots of money. She soon discovered that most of the jobs of this kind were already taken. After a short time her funds gave out, and she was beginning to wonder if she had done the right thing in leaving her husband. With him she had at least plenty of food and a place to sleep. She found that the people in the city were too busy to listen to her story of the wounded husband that she was trying to support. The big adventure was fast becoming the grim adventure.

One morning while she was searching the female want ads in the paper her eyes fell upon a large, boldfaced advertisement which aroused her attention at once. She read it eagerly.

"TRAVEL ADVENTURE!

See the lands and places that you have longed to see, and at the same time make as much as \$15.00 per day. We pay traveling expenses and give generous commissions. NO EXPERIENCE NECESSARY. Call Warren, 765 Dalton Bldg. At once!!"

Mary dressed as quickly as she could and rehearsed her "wounded husband" story on her way to the Dalton building. She arrived at the door seven stories up which bore the non-committal legend "WARREN." She knocked, and a smooth, pleasant voice bade her enter. She opened the door and was confronted by a fat, sleek, bald-headed man who was sitting behind a large desk. He eyed her critically from head to foot and frowned slightly. Then he asked her in the same pleasant voice to sit down.

"I saw your ad. in the paper this morning and called around to see what you have to offer. I need a job very badly. My hus—"

"I am afraid that we can't use you lady. Your looks are all right, but I fear that you are too old for the kind of work we have to do."

"I am only twenty-five, and all I need to make me look only twenty is a little food and relief from worrying over trying to support a husband who was gassed, shell-shocked, and wounded in the war."

She launched into a long and heart-rending story of her trials and struggles. Before she had finished the man was on his feet with a contract in his hand urging her to sign.

"Woman, with your looks and a story like that you will be the best agent in the field. All you will have to do is to repeat that to the small town folks and your fortune is made. We want beautiful young women to travel over the country selling Bibles and subscriptions to religious magazines. Your sales talk beats any that I could possibly give you."

The next day finds Mary Buren on her way to the Southern states with a sample case of Bibles and a generous supply of subscription blanks to a number of religious magazines. At last she was traveling! Her blood was tingling with the thrill of adventure. She could hardly imagine being paid to do what she had rather do than anything else in the world. She felt that she was on the track of the big adventure, whatever it might be.

She found that walking all day from house to house was not as easy and as congenial as Mr. Warren had told her, but she was making lots of money and there were always sporty and would-be-sporty young men in the towns she visited and that were willing to spend money on a beautiful little girl who would be nice after the day's work was over. Every day she felt was bringing her to something big, and nice, and wonderful. Sometimes her dreams would be interrupted by the vision of a wasted form sitting by a window in a wheel-chair, but as the days went on she got to where she could actually shed tears while she told his story without a single tremor of remorse for the course she was taking.

Then one day while she was hot upon the trail of the big adventure it stalked upon her from behind.

DEATH IN MOST HORRIBLE FORM TRAILING WOMAN

Raleigh, April 28.—(AP)—Death in its most horrible form is stalking a woman magazine agent who is somewhere in the south.

And as she goes about her work of soliciting subscriptions to religious magazines this woman is unaware of the fate which may be hers.

Ten days ago she was soliciting in Roper. As she entered a yard in the residential section she was set upon by a dog and bitten. The bite was not serious and after first aid treatment she went her way—and her name was not ascertained.

But the dog became violent and a short time later it was killed. An examination revealed that it had rabies, but the woman who had been bitten could not be located.

TWO PICTURES

(Continued from page four)

tinued its crescendo. Finally it became so distinct that everyone felt sure that he would not have to wait much longer, and at last, as the coach lumbered into Morgan Street, the merry notes broke forth triumphantly, filling the hearts of the people with exultation.

A minute more and the stage had stopped in front of the tavern, where the four panting horses were unhitched, led away to the stable at the back of the building by two negro servants, and replaced by new animals. Meanwhile the coach driver had handed the mail to the landlord, around whom the villagers pressed eagerly, and had gone into the building to warm himself by means of both the fire and a generous glass of ale from the bar.

There were only five passengers on the stage

coach. All five of them got out and went into the tavern to get warm and to stretch their legs, cramped by hours of travel. Sometimes one or more of the stage passengers "put up" there for the night, enjoying the homelike cheer that only a merry old inn could give and the sound, complete sleep that only a weary traveller could appreciate. But none of the five stopped on this evening for a longer time than was necessary. They all seemed to be anxious to go on and finish their tedious, jolting, uncomfortable journey as soon as possible.

"You made a good trip today, Joe," said Mr. Casso, to the driver, after everyone had crowded into the parlor, "to come all the way from Warrenton in the snow and get here at five after six—only five minutes late. The roads must have been pretty good, weren't they?"

"Pretty good," said Joe. "If they are as good between here and Fayetteville, Jim ought to be able to make that part of the trip before daylight. There was one place today where it was hard pullin' up a hill, but I went slow and made it all right. Just the same, though, it was a pretty big job comin' all the way from Warrenton on a day like this."

The stage did not delay very long in Raleigh. Within the next twenty minutes, after the travelers had enjoyed supper at the tavern, the sound of the horns, growing fainter and fainter, proclaimed the end of a great event in the life of the village. The stage had come, and the stage had gone.

II

Today. The windows of another capitol look down another Fayetteville Street. Although it is cold, there is no snow on the ground and very little wind, so that the North Carolina flag on the top of the building droops motionless from its staff.

Fayetteville Street, below, is far from motionless. Its sidewalks are crowded with hurrying people, just released from their work in offices and stores and eager to get to their warm homes and their suppers. In the middle of the street, a street car clangs impatiently for the automobile just ahead, with the cold, coughing engine, to go on. Along Morgan Street a line of cars is waiting for the traffic signal to blink lazily and silently from red to green. A noise of automobile horns, mingled with whirl of starting motors, fills the air; and to this is added the loud music of a nearby radio. Bright lights gleam from most of the windows of the stores and the tall buildings which form compact walls on each side of the street, and flashing electric signs lend a cheerful color to the scene.

And here, amid such entirely different surroundings from its original ones, the building which once housed Casso's Tavern still looks out on the street. It has not yielded to the changing influence of time so much as the street has; it stands there, the same rectangular, four-story structure of brick as it was more than a century and a quarter ago; and yet its appearance blends perfectly with that of its more modern fellow-buildings. The first floor, however, inside, contrasts strongly with the Casso's Tavern of 1800. The room which was once the parlor, with its fireplace, its large table, and its comfortable chairs, is now occupied by a modern cut-rate grocery store, with walls lined with orderly rows of jars, cans, and boxes of foods, and with bright glass counters taking the place of the old mahogany table. Next door to this store a jewelry shop displays its shining silverware, its rings, and its watches in the carefully decorated window. Other modern shops share the first floor.

(Continued on page eight)

THE BULL SESSION

(Continued from page one)

restaurant where there is another professor smoking and talking."

"Some would never drift in at all . . ."

"That is all right. The professor should not be concerned at all with the dullard. It is with those who have a touch of brilliancy that they should concern themselves with."

"That would also weed out the professors, too. A bad talker would starve, for no one would come to listen and buy him coffee and sandwiches."

"And the excellent professors would grow so fat that they would become dull, and sleep when they should be talking . . ."

"Ah, there you have the tables turned. Now, where the professors wake students with their talking, then the students would wake the professors for their talking."

"That is so complicated."

"Not at all. What I am concerned about it how, under such an educational system, would a man get his degree . . ."

"Anytime he was capable. The professors would meet and discuss the learnedness of this so-and-so fellow and decide that he had been under their care long enough . . ."

"And he would be given a table of his own, or told to get out and make his own table in the world."

"Sure, that's all right. A man without a degree could, providing he was capable and brilliant enough, set himself up to compete with the professors. If he is good, all the students flock to his table, if bad, he starves and becomes a student again. There would be continual rotation. A professor becomes dull; then you simply make him a student again by not attending his table."

"Fine. We will locate the University in the restaurants. The library will be divided in such a manner that the books a professor mentioned in his lectures would be placed along the walls where everyone could get them. He would have a stack of books about him for this particular lecture of the day, and he would turn through them, mentioning *this* as a beautiful illustration of Mid-Victorian literature, or *that* as absolutely decadent. The books would be impressed on the students' mind, and there would be a vague continuity in the lectures, but not rigid, law-bound, undeviating as they are now, but arranged so that, if the professor was in a vicious mood, he would talk about the Reign of Terror, or, if in a benevolent mood, about benevolent and beautiful happenings. Too, each week or so the professor and students would get drunk together. That would be the only rule. The first drinking party would logically be held a few days after the students came into town. After that the parties would depend on the temperament of the instructor, his capacity, and the number of professors giving drinking parties. On two or three occasions, holidays, perhaps, everyone would get drunk together and fight the police. Why should they fight the police? On general principles. The law should seldom be observed, and these organized battles put the spirit of rebellion into the student, making him belligerent when his rights are trampled upon, and putting him into trim to overturn the government with relish every seven years . . ."

"Oh well, if you must over-turn the government, I have nothing to do with it. Too, the professors would have nothing to do with it."

"Of course not. That is why it is so interesting

to talk about. We are only interested in the problematical, the impossible."

"Yes, of course . . . Look, see, there is Elouise passing, the wench. She knows me, I must say! So long!"

"See you at eight-thirty."

"Eight-thirty, oh Jesus, I'm cutting that. Well, I'm going. Good-night!"

"Good night. But you had better not cut that class. You've got on probation already."

"I guess so. Good night."

ONE NIGHT

(Continued from page one)

but it like I says, dey ain't nobody can say fuh dead certain 'bout Him. You take an' go out in de woods late of a night like dis. Go w'enst de moon hangin' to de sky like a green orange, dat de best time. Just set down on ole lawg an' wait, de Lawd goan come to you if you ain't fret. Dat's de witchin' time fuh sho, w'en de pine trees look like a woman cryin' an' de silemce just hum in yo' eahs. Lil'l los' breezes bus' deysel' 'gainst yo' hot face an' de voice o' Gawd w'ispuhs to do trees in de night, an' de fiel' mouse runnin' in de broomstraw make a noise like de wind in it, too. Night like dat ole nigguh res'less in his sleep, mummle crazy thengs an' de light frum de moon creep 'cross his bed to git his face. Rabbits stan' still under bushes wid dey eye wide open like dey froze by som'p'n dey sees. Dey lis'nin' to de houn' dawgs bayin' at de blue mist whut goes stealin' down to de swamps an' whut don't make no mo' noise dan de fallin' snow. Ole mockin'bird just singin' in de woods, an' ev'y now an den li'l tree branch bus' like it say, "De Lawd comin'," an' de wild cherry bushes nods dey haid like dey sayin', "De Lawd sho is comin'." Bugs stawt buzzin', an' de moon shine down so bright it fool de birds, 'most. De Lawd comin'—you keep waitin'. Fus' theng you knows, de bugs done stop dey buzzin', de fiel' mouse done quits dey gnawin'. Don't no branch bus'. De bushes ain't nod dey haid one inch. De moon done turnt blood red, an' de trees makes de only soun'. Dey cryin' like a man cry, an' w'en dey stop de silemce neah 'bout bus' in yo' haid. Dey ain't no soun'. Don't nothin' move, an' de Lawd done come. Yessuh, He right dere, an' dat de time w'en us niggus goan raise

our han' an' pray to Him fuh delivruncet frum dis valley o' darkness whut we sho' Gawd in. Yessuh, dat de time w'en de Lawd come right down hyere to dis yearth. He ain't stay but a mijjit, an' w'en He gawn de fiel' mouse takes up dey squeakin' agin, an' de noises gwan like dey done befo', but de Lawd—He know whut you says to Him, yessuh. He know, He sho do."

There is a silence for a moment beneath the tree. The night watchman is embarrassed that he has talked so much. He says that he must make a round, and he goes quietly after his lantern. His shadow blurs imperceptibly into the night with the other shadows.

He watches Mootry go until his eyes can no longer follow the black man. He breathes in the loneliness of the night and senses the strange arrangement and order of the things around him. The night seems alive, as if it would clutch his very throat with a friendly gesture of power, and the pines sigh and moan. It is nearly morning; the stars are bright.

He makes his way back to his cabin. It is darker, more potential, now, through the little path. Broomstraw and pines, clear pools of black water, and the moss, there in the darkness he senses them in all their power. There is no sound to disturb the stillness of the night in which he stands so helplessly. He thinks that it is in moments like this when we sometimes approach the thing for which we forever search. He lifts his hands helplessly, solemnly, to the silent stars.

The pines have ceased murmuring among themselves, and there is no rustling in the grass. Only the far away sound of the river steals in, husking the darkness of its fearfulness, lulling the unbeaten rhythm in the swamps.

PPP — — — PPP

TWO PICTURES

(Continued from page seven)

A woman, her arms laden with a number of packages, walks idly along the street in the direction of the capitol, looking carelessly at the show-windows of every store she passes. She stops a moment every now and then, when a particularly interesting object attracts her attention, but she enters none of the stores.

When she comes to the cut-rate grocery store on the corner, however, she goes in, carefully deposits her bundles on the top of the counter, and, waiting for the busy clerk, walks over to the shelves, where she stands regarding the varied articles and thinking to herself, "I wonder what it takes the least time to fix? Here's some soup; shall I get that? No, it will mean more dishes to be washed. What would he like best? Ah, here it is—"

Her thoughts are interrupted by the approach of the clerk, a young girl, who addresses her with the usual formula, "May I wait on you?"

"I want," the woman says, still glancing at the shelves, "a small can of apple sauce, a can of Brunswick stew, and a package of rolls."

The clerk places the articles in a paper bag, receives a one-dollar bill, rings the sale on the cash register, and hands the woman her change. The woman counts the money, puts it in a large handbag hanging on her arm, and, after gathering up her bundles, goes out into the cold air of the street.

Several minutes later she is still standing there on the corner, waiting patiently for the street car which is to take her home, and occasionally changing slightly the position of the packages in her arms.

Dawn Query

By GEORGE BROWN

*And lo! . . . the mightiest monarch of them
all;*

*His heralds peeling their prismatic light,
Spread fan-like, pierce the ether's fleecy
white;*

Now lifts his fiery head above the wall,

*And sets the lake aflame with his approach.
The burning waters fume their humid
smoke*

Obscuring all behind their misty cloak.

Aurora speeds him on her golden coach,

*And as he soars in gorgeous majesty,
An iridescent splendor paints the sky,
And every tree and flower opes its eye
To gaze in rapt enthralment, . . . vie to see.*

*O Mighty Sultan!—if I worshipped thee . . .
A golden wife of thine would thou lend me?*

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The Chair

By HERBERT A. ANDERSON

The bath-room door slammed tight, shutting off a faint odor of talcum powder and soap. Hurried feet in loose, leather slippers clapped along the bare floor of the upper hall and then were muffled in the rug. Terence Mathews stood in the center of the room, pulling on a clean shirt.

"What time is it, dad?" he yelled.

In the dining-room his father turned and glanced at the clock on the mantel. It had stopped at eleven o'clock. Mr. Mathews mumbled into his toast, and with his left hand pulled his watch from his pocket, glanced at it, and replaced it.

"Five of," he called back. He poured another spoonful of sugar in his coffee and straightened the morning paper.

In a few minutes Terence entered the room, pulled out a chair and sat down. "All right, Mary," he called in the direction of the kitchen. He looked across at his father. "Hello," he said.

Mr. Mathews looked up from his paper. "You've got some powder on your right ear," he said, and returned to the paper.

Terence took out a large white handkerchief and rubbed the ear in question. Mary, the colored maid-of-all-work, entered with a cup of coffee and placed it in front of him, slopping the contents a little in the saucer. She removed the empty cereal dish in front of Mr. Mathews, and hesitated.

"Mr. Mathews, that man to fix the chair will be here this morning. What shall I tell 'im?"

Mr. Mathews folded his napkin and stood up. "Well, see if he can fix the leg. I doubt if he can, it's no good anymore."

Terence gulped his coffee. "What chair?" he asked.

"That old one. I guess we'll have to throw it out. No one can sit in the thing anymore without tipping the legs. Well, I want to make the early train for a change. Good-bye."

He went out into the hall and a few minutes later the front door shut quietly. Terence sat slowly sipping his coffee. Mary came in from the kitchen and started clearing away the dishes.

"Might as well throw that old thing away, anyways. Folks don't have old things like that around anymore. Now you're working you could buy one of those new chairs."

Mary was rather familiar when she was alone with Terence. Terence had been born the year before her own child, and had been taken care of by her when she and her mother were working for the Mathews, and Mary felt justified in talking to Terence the way she did.

"Throw it away, hell," Terence replied. "You tell that man to fix that chair and if he says he can't, ask him what he's doing in the furniture business."

Mary laughed. "What you want an old thing like that cluttering up the room for? Better give it away, if anyone'll take it."

"I said we won't throw it away," Terence said

Boats

By JAMES DAWSON

*Down the ravine the river is like brown of
Dead leaves in autumn or strong iced tea
With green weeds like mint leaves the sand
Golden and the cypresses march past like
Bent bearded figures on the shore. The leaves
Drop floating on the foam crests.*

*In the tide
I push three careful boats cut from the bark of
That stunted pine. Hold the thin paper sails
Across the tugging of the wind so that the
Small masts are bent. Let them go pushing out
Cleaving in miniature the water. Stand
Wondering, thinking where will all come home to
Shore again.*

*The river running down
From a high place, from a quick mountain spring of
Bright iciness, about the swelling mounds
The lower foot hills, through a green swimming
Pool in a valley over woollen bellies like
Dimpled hummocks. Down the giant steps, the
Great Cambrian deposits silted down with
Sea water. Over the quiet coastal plain in
Deep beds covered with sediment gravel. Past
A ruined mill.*

*Bearing these stubby boats of
Pine bark, bringing to those other shores a hundred
Miles down the turgid stream the creations of
My hands, to others bringing them ashore
Thinking the same things that I am thinking.*

slowly, as he lit a cigarette.

"That chair stays here, and if that man can't fix it, we'll find some one who can."

He got up from the table and left the room. In the hall he paused and looked at the chair in question. It was a comfortable old chair, a product of the early Victorian era. Its original covering of stiff horse-hair had been replaced by a dull velvet of a soft yellow color. Now the velvet was worn and shabby, and the original color had deepened with the years instead of fading, until it resembled a warm tan. The arms were wide and inviting, and the back sloped gently. It had a reliable air, friendly, as if waiting for some one to sit in it.

The cigarette in Terence's hand burned his finger. He'd be late again this morning. The front door slammed behind him.

On the train he found a seat next to the window. Folding his paper neatly down the middle, and then in two, he started to read. But in the midst of a paragraph his mind jumped back to the chair. The paper slid to his lap unheeded, and he stared out at the meadows, thinking about the old chair. Throw it away, nothing. Why, he could remember that chair as far back as he could the day he had tasted olives for the first time and knew he liked them, even if he couldn't pronounce the name.

His mother had told him that the chair was one of a set that his grandmother had received for a wedding present. The rest of the set had either

(Continued on page eight)

Music Is too Much with Us

By ALDEN STAHR

Years and years ago when I was feverishly studying the masters, I thought it would be wonderful to give music to everyone. "Music for all!" to go with the "Full dinnerpail." But now I take that back, because the poor devils have it; I mean the music, and they suffer as much from an over-abundance of harmony as they do from their empty stomachs.

My schedule permits me to sleep until nine o'clock each morning, but no, I must have music at seven-thirty whether I like it or not—Madame Skreemsky screeching "Awake! Awake!" So I awake and curse Station SOB and neighbor XYZ. Getting out of bed and going inside helps a lot, because the fellow across the hall generally plays "Tiger Rag" on his portable to help him dress (I hope he has to dress in tiger rags some day), and another person in the bathroom sings "Goodnight Sweetheart" while gargling his throat. No wonder I always go to breakfast too early.

On the way to my eating place I hear two bars of "Dawning" from Mrs. T.'s radio, a couple of stars and stripes from "Stars and Stripes Forever" to which Mr. J. is bending his back (He ought to get fifty stripes), and then several barnacles from "Barnacle Bill the Sailor" as I pass the garage on the corner. Quite a selection. I don't know whether to entitle it "Interruption" or "Radiana."

Arriving at the cafeteria I am just in time to hear "Simple Simon, the Cracked-Oats Man." I'm an unusually lucky person, anyway. Simple Simon is just too dear for words the way he helps you digest your meal with his little ukelele and his milk-and-water tenor. I used to hold my breath and stop up my ears at a whiskey tenor, but now how sweet are its warblings!

Breakfast down and half up again I hope to find relief in the droning of a professor's class-room voice, sweet music in my ears, but my 9:30 meets too close to the music building. Every morning some enterprising student practises "Le Cavalier Fantastique," a perpetual-motion wrist study, and it isn't long before the instructor finds himself jerking out his words on the off-beat and the students all getting St. Vitus' dance. But that isn't enough; some deaf student (he must be deaf) comes into the adjoining room to practise the clarinet, and I assure you there is no more excruciating sound than an unwilling clarinet being coerced. This one squeaks a sort of wailing obbligato to the riveting-machine effect of the piano. And so the morning passes.

The radio is turned off when I go to the cafeteria for lunch—to make way for the ham-orchestra which won't stop playing until everyone is driven out. Trumpet, saxophone, violins, and piano are all in discordant ensemble in a room where the echo bounces off the walls and climbs back into the in-

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Oldest College Publication in the United States

(FOUNDED IN 1844)

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SUNDAY, JANUARY 31, 1932

EDITORIAL

There have been few masters of the English language who can compare with Matthew Arnold in penetrating, simple, and fresh writing. Arnold's remarks upon poetry offer a clear and definite notion as to what a writer should try to get at. Reduced to its essence Arnold's thesis is this; good writing subordinates expression to the dominating movement or purpose, ordinary writing subordinates movement and purpose to expression.

The writing on this campus seems to be struggling hopefully away from the bombastic and pedantic toward clarity of expression and simplicity of thought. Arnold with his invariable sparkle and charm can open to the writer a new and refreshing angle on writing attitudes and purposes.

Arnold tells his readers that "what is *not* interesting is that which does not add to our knowledge of any kind; that which is vaguely conceived and loosely drawn; a representation which is general, indeterminate, and faint, instead of being particular, precise, and firm."

Fully recognizing the power of certain of the English poets, Arnold yet had the magnanimity to contrast them unfavorably with the Greek masters. In fact, it is through this contrast that Arnold actually delineates some of the fundamentals of good poetry and good writing. Having said that the Greeks made action predominate over expression he adds, "not that they failed in expression, or were inattentive to it; on the contrary, they are the highest masters of the grand style. . . their expression is so excellent because it

draws its force directly from the pregnancy of the matter which it conveys." The Greek critic demanded that the poet choose a fitting subject, then submerge himself in it, and let his work evolve from the matter itself. Followers of this school of writing can be recalled among our American authors. There are a few embryonic writers of this type on this campus. Arnold has nothing but praise for true representatives of this kind of writing.

Hardly contrasting but yet using for illustration, Arnold speaks of a number of the English and French poets. He speaks of them as those who "seem to direct their attention to detached expressions, to the language about the action, not the action itself." The man who said of a French poet, "il dit tout ce qu'il veut, mais malheureusement il n'a rien a dire," touched the heart of the difficulty of expressive but insignificant composition.

Arnold, as also is Goethe, is impressed by the fact that good writing must combine perfect structure and deep feeling. The mechanisms of writing must be fused with the spirituality of writing. Arnold says that "the all-importance of the choice of a subject; the necessity of accurate construction; and the subordinate character of expression" are three things of vital importance to the writer.

When some startling phrase or image captures the imagination of a learning writer and despair of ever being able to achieve the perfection of craftsmanship that older masters have achieved, it is encouraging to realize that a man like Arnold believes that a single great "moral impression" is more artistic than a thousand sparkling trifles.

There are no end of subjects for college men to write about. The only prerequisites are penetration into the subject, simplicity, honesty, and abundant energy.

—ROBERT BARNETT

Book Chat

By ROY B. CHAPIN

Robert Frost, twice winner of the Pulitzer Prize for Poetry, has been awarded by the unanimous vote of the National Institute of Arts and Letters the 1931 Russell Loines Memorial Prize for Poetry.

When Russell Loines, a lover of poetry and himself a writer, died, his friends collected a fund which is sufficient every three or four years to warrant the award of One Thousand Dollars to some writer of poetry judged deserving of the prize. The condition of the award and the magnitude of the prize make the Russell Loines Memorial one of the most important literary honors in the country. Mr. Frost is the first recipient of the prize.

In presenting the award the National Institute of Arts and Letters was represented by Harrison Morris, Dr. William Lyon Phelps and John Erskine.

The books that have earned Mr. Frost's high place in American letters are *A BOYS WILL*, *MOUNTAIN INTERVAL*, *NORTH OF BOSTON*, *NEW HAMPSHIRE* (Pulitzer Prize: 1923), *WEST RUNNING BROOK*, *SELECTED POEMS*, and *COLLECTED POEMS* (Pulitzer Prize: 1930).

* * *

The biggest snake on record was found by Algo Sand, author of *SENIOR BUM IN THE JUNGLE*, which will be published February 10th. In a South American jungle Mr. Sand saw a huge boa constrictor swallowing a deer. Measured later, the snake was found to be 26 feet long.

* * *

Next month will see published *BROKEN ARCS*, by Erika Zastrow. Her full name, by the way, is Mary Margaret Carolina Henrietta Fredericka Erika Massey, and she has a birth certificate to prove it. However, for writing purposes she has adopted the name Erika Zastrow, a name derived from her paternal grandfather, General von Zastrow. This is a first novel by a young American author whom the publishers expect will become widely recognized as an important new figure in our literature. Though this is Miss Zastrow's first published novel, it is not her first effort at fiction. Previous to *BROKEN ARCS* he had completed seven full-length manuscripts, none of which were submitted for publication as the author did not think them "worth anything" . . . certainly a refreshing attitude in this day when practically every typewriter possesses an owner consumed with illusions of literary grandeur.

* * *

Grace Livingston Hill is an author who belongs to a writing family. Her mother's sister was Isabella Alden, better known as Pansy, and her mother wrote many stories as Marcia Macdonald. Mrs. Hill's uncle, Raymond Alden, wrote the famous story, *WHY THE CHIMES RING*. The latest popular novel by Grace Livingston Hill, *KERRY*, has just recently been published.

* * *

"I believe that in the future, Mexico will fill an important role—her only important role—as an esthetic producer," declares Diego Rivera, Mexican artist whose murals in New York City are attracting much attention. *MEXICAN MAZE* by Carleton Beals, recently published, contains seventy-five intimate drawings of Mexican life by Diego Rivera.

The Cynic

By G. MARTIN FIELDMAN

*He sits licking his chops,
Sneering his acid smile,
Gulping noisily more
Disillusion to nourish
His destruction—
His ugly paunch shakes
With graceless laughter
As he surveys gloatingly
His masterpiece—
The dying flicker
Of a youthful idea.*

The Butler Screams

By VERNON B. CROOK

"WANTED: Undertakers' and incinerators' bids for the disposal of my husband's body. Apply in person to Mrs. J. L. Jarratt, No. 10 Rosebank Apartment."

Mr. J. L. Jarratt, No. 10 Rosebank Apartment, brings his feet to the floor with considerable force, hurtles across the room to his wife, jams the paper under her nose and demands, "Who wrote that? Who sent that to the *Observer*?"

"I did," is the stern response.

"The devil you did! This has gone far enough. For the past week you and daughter have talked of nothing, have argued of nothing, but the disposal of my body. I'm tired of it. I'm a long ways from dead. I tell you—"

"Read this." Mrs. Jarratt turns the page for him.

"My picture? An account of my death!"

Coldly. "Yes."

Jarratt reads. "Mr. J. L. Jarratt, well-known business man, 40 years old, died early this morning at his home, No. 10 Rosebank Apartment, of Bright's disease. Several weeks ago his health gave way and he was carried to the Lakeland Hospital. After giving treatment for two weeks, his physicians saw that he was beyond hope and advised that he be taken back to his Apartments. He is survived by his wife, who was formerly Miss Annie Teeter, and by one daughter, Grace. Funeral services have not yet been arranged."

"You sent that too, did you? Well, I'm going to have you put in the insane asylum. Where's my coat?" He starts out the door. His wife turns to the butler sharply.

James, see that he stays in today. We don't want his ghost frightening his friends by appearing in public."

The butler roughly pushes Mr. Jarratt into a chair and calmly resumes his place beside the door. Grace comes in whistling. She turns to her mother triumphantly. "George Washington was buried; Christ was buried; and Abraham Lincoln was buried. Therefore, I maintain that my father should be buried."

"No!" Mrs. Jarratt storms. "All the Greeks and the old Romans were cremated. And there is old Mrs. Thompson, right here in this city, who last year had her husband burned instead of buried. I tell you I want him incinerated."

"But mother, think of not being buried! Then you have no tombstone, no pretty plot of earth covered with green grass and flowers. Think of it; papa has never yet owned a foot of land; and you would deprive him of that privilege altogether! I want him buried. Graves are so pretty and so nice."

"And I want him incinerated. If he is buried we will immediately forget him. I want him burned. I want to have his urn full of ashes sitting in plain view on my mantle always so that I can show it to all my friends and say 'There is my dear husband'."

Mr. Jarratt is up again. "Stop it! Stop it! I can't stand it! I'm no ghost, but a live man. I don't want to be buried. I shan't be incinerated!"

"Calm your patient, James," Grace bids.

While Mr. Jarratt is being forced back into his chair he mutters, "Wretches, wretches! I'll have the law on you all for this. To think that marriage would have led me into this!"

"Now, Grace, after this rude interruption, we

may continue. Of course the matter of expense is to be taken into consideration. I am sure it will be cheaper to have him incinerated."

"Yes, but we want it done right regardless of the price. Burial is the only right way.

"Well, let the subject drop till we have the bids. Meantime, have you found your father's will?"

"Yes," Grace responds quickly, pulling it from her purse. "I found it in a secret locked drawer of his desk."

Jarratt bounces out of his chair to snatch it from her. The butler rudely stops him. "Thieves, beggarly thieves!" he wails. "To think that you would steal my will!" The butler has difficulty in holding him.

Grace continues. "Besides the will I found his insurance papers and a check book from which he has been paying money to Miss Elizabeth Terry."

Mrs. Jarratt takes the papers and looks them over. Mr. Jarratt raves and moans to get loose.

"Grace, I think these things should be published. Get your pen and write as I dictate for the *Observer*." She opens the will and examines it. Grace gets the paper and pen. Jarratt breaks loose and snatches the pen from her.

"Put your patient to bed, James," Mrs. Jarratt

sternation. He does not move or speak while the undertaker carefully measures him from head to toe. "Five feet, ten inches," the undertaker remarks.

"Why his height is the same as mine," the incinerator exclaims.

"And mine," the butler adds.

There is another knock at the door. Elizabeth Terry enters. Having read of her employer's death, she has come to view his corpse. She stands silently by while the three men examine and make notations.

The incinerator inquires as to the weight of the corpse.

The bareheaded man with the black satchel measures Jarrett's head. He notes down the distance from center of ear to top of skull, the height of the forehead, the width of the head, the size of the knot behind. He nods his head approvingly and asks, "Was he a vegetarian?"

"No," Grace explains, "he was a meat eater."

Jarratt lifts himself to his elbows and opens his mouth to speak. The butler approaches. Elizabeth Terry shrieks. And Mr. Jarratt falls quietly back into position.

"Now bid," Mrs. Jarratt bade the men.

"I'll do the work for a thousand," the undertaker bids.

"And I'll incinerate him for only \$500."

"You won," the undertaker mutters as he folds his tape-measure and leaves the room.

"But, mother,—"

"Hush, daughter! I win!"

The bareheaded man with the little black satchel rises to his tiptoes, sticks his thumbs in his vest pockets, and inquires, "Madam, may I make a suggestion?" Mrs. Jarratt looks at him without replying. After a moment's pause he continues. "I am Dr. B. R. Wendell from the University of B - - Med. School. We have been seeking for some time the brain of a man who is not a vegetarian. We offer you \$50 for the privilege of disposing of your husband's body."

Jarratt rises to his elbows in protest as the bareheaded man with the little black satchel takes a black check book from his pocket and begins to write. "NO! Not that!"

"No!" Mrs. Jarrett reiterates. "Not that! I could never rest easy if I sold my husband for \$50. It's well worth the \$500 to be able to keep his ashes in an urn over the mantle where I can show them to my friends."

"As you please, Madam," the bareheaded man with the little black satchel bows as he departs.

"Then the matter is concluded," the incinerator asserts. "I will send my men to carry him to the crematory very early in the morning."

"The earlier the better," Mrs. Jarratt assures him. "I may be asleep in the next room. Try not to disturb me."

As the incinerator leaves the room, Jarrett leaps from the bed. "I'll be damned if I'll put up with this any longer!"

"James," Mrs. Jarratt instructs him, "he may talk as much as he pleases, but see that he does not leave the room. Now that his corpse is properly disposed of, I have nothing to worry about." She and Grace leave the room. Elizabeth Terry and the butler remain with Jarratt.

"For God's sake, Elizabeth, go for the cops and get me out of this. They are going to burn me alive! Can't you see I'm not dead?"

"I dare not do that. But—". She whispers some-

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Moonlight

By JAMES ASA JOHNSON

Moonlight.

The stillness of living magic

Over the faint gray-green of grasses.

The whiteness of early flowers

Blended against shadowy bushes,

Softened to living mist.

Etchings of barren branches

Shaded against the sky.

Hills and distant horizons

Dimmed and brought nearer by night.

Evergreens pointed, towering,

Lifting us upward from earth

Into the star-flecked moonlight,

Into blue depths of peace.

commands. "And if he won't stay quiet, knock him in the head and dose him with the ether."

The butler gets Mr. Jarratt safely upon a bed in the corner of the room and covers him up.

"Now Grace, write: —By the terms of the late J. L. Jarratt's will, his widow will receive all of his fortune for use during her lifetime on condition that she provide for the education of his one daughter, Grace. He carried \$25,000 insurance. The rest of his fortune is approximately \$100,000. Upon the death of his widow, everything is to go to the daughter."

The door bell rings. The undertaker is shown in. Before he is safely inside, the door bell rings twice more and the incinerator is admitted, followed by a bareheaded man with a little black satchel.

"Is this the corpse?" the undertaker inquires, taking from his pocket a five foot tape measure.

"NO! I tell you I'm no corpse!" Jarratt shouts, sitting up in bed, glaring ferociously at the three men. They recoil.

Mrs. Jarratt gives her husband a killing stare which makes him shrink, then turning to the butler, "Get the ether! If he speaks or moves again, shove him full of it. —Gentlemen, pay no attention to his actions or to anything he may say. He is the man you are to bid on."

Mr. Jarratt lies back on the bed in hopeless con-

The Inauguration-- Another Viewpoint

By W. M. HAYES

I will say at the first that there is no student that has a greater admiration for President Graham than I. But his inauguration only meant extra work and worry, hurry and bustle for the boys who work in Swain Hall. In the first place everybody else got a holiday while we didn't get through work until after midnight. This wasn't so bad, for most of us needed the extra time. The luncheon passed off very well, only the rest of us got the laugh on the waiters who were expecting tips from the high and mighty who ate at their tables. One boy found fifty cents under one of his plates. So far as can be determined he was the only one to receive a tip for his service. One boy was absolutely sure that he saw one of his diners put something under his plate and affirmed that he undoubtedly took it out again. Anyhow the excitement of looking under plates partially repaid for the disappointment of not finding anything. We might have known that college professors were broke. But then we might have expected that the cream of the upper crust of education would have a few stray pieces of money since the food was free. At any rate, that's the way the majority of us felt.

We had been informed early that morning that we were to get our lunch done up in paper bags and that we were not supposed to eat in the Hall that day after breakfast. Still we couldn't help wondering if we would be able to get any of the turkey that was to be served for dinner. This problem was discussed among us for two or three days before the event. We didn't get any. The dinner was scheduled for seven in the evening and we were told to be on hand to clean up the Hall at eight-thirty. The waiters had to be there at six-fifteen. At nine-thirty we began to wonder when the thing would be over. We had already eaten all the food that we could and had been given a dish of ice cream to top off on. Now there was nothing to do but wait in the kitchen and keep quiet so as to not disturb the speakers. The manager soon found that this was going to be hard for us to do, so he told us to get out in the back yard and raise all the racket we wished. So while the nation's leading educators thundered forth over the University's loud speakers we scuffled, wrestled, scrambled for nickles and engaged in horse-play. A number of the more quiet and intellectual members remained inside and made dice from the cubes of sugar and engaged in the good old game of "7 come 11." A group of the more curious and inquiring peeped out into the Hall and tried to hear what the speakers were saying. Someone brought one of the empty sugar boxes outside and there ensued a spirited game of tag football. Anyhow it was played on the general principles of tag football. The group was divided into two teams each with a center and the others playing any and all positions. When we tired of outdoor sport we went back inside and perched around on tables, chairs and the floor. We watched the dice games and played practical jokes on each other. Along about ten-thirty there was a lot of undertoned swearing about long-winded speakers.

We had to keep quiet, but we also had to kill time. One fellow lay down on a table and went to sleep. We immediately went outside to a vase of flowers and placed a bunch of them in his folded

Life

By G. MARTIN FIELDMAN

*Strange, glib fantasy—
Immense, dark void—
A "little theatre" with
Mute marionettes dawdling
Helplessly on the ends
Of strings . . .
A few breaths of
Mellow joy . . .
A monotony of trivialities
In which fine sparks
Are extinguished . . .
A deep, ranting music
To which the players
Do not listen . . .
An encysted melody
That bursts forth
Periodically like a
Long repressed passion . . .
This is LIFE,
Chameleonic deceiver.*

hands. A number of people passed by him as they slipped out of the Hall and eyed him curiously. (Oh yes, quite a few of them slipped out at the back door.) One of the boys took hands full of mayonnaise and smeared it on the sleeping boy's feet. Probably all that saved him from a hard fall was the fact that he awoke just in time to see that some trick was being played on him.

The elevator by which the provisions are brought up from the basement is hand operated. Two or three of us went down stairs and after playing around a bit decided to ride back up in the elevator. In order to hasten the ascent two of us were pulling mightily on the hoisting rope. Just as we reached the top it jumped out of the pulley and we started on a quick descent. We found and pulled the brake rope just as we were about half way down. We had to jump out and walk back upstairs and climb to the top of the shaft and replace the rope. About the time we finished this repair job, the applause in the Hall warned us that the meeting was over. At the first opportunity we rushed out into the Hall to look for tips and to eat in fine style. A number of plates had been brought out that had not been touched. We gathered up all of these that we could find and set them down around us and a handsome midnight lunch was on. It was then eleven-thirty. After a three-hour wait it was at last possible for us to begin to clean up the tables and wash the dishes. At one-thirty we closed up and trudged wearily to our rooms and tumbled into bed.

Next day: no cuts, no sleeping in class, and the usual "line" about dumb-bells who do not prepare their lessons. Anyway we had played our part in the inauguration of a President who will place his arm around our shoulders and say "Hello" to any of us just as quickly as he will one of the Dekes. Also we had had a night of friendly pranks and fun among ourselves, the biggest and truest fraternity on the campus—the fraternity of Swain Hall men.

THE RUB

It is Sunday night. R-r-rup, r-r-rup, rip, rub! Plop, splatter, splash! Selfhelp is outside at the sink washing his clothes. He will need his laundry deposit for Christmas money.

On Growing Tall

By GEORGE BERRYMAN

"My! Is this the little boy I used to know? Why, hasn't he grown tall! And looking more like his father every day!"

If I have heard the above, either in the identical words or in words closely paralleling them, I have heard it a hundred times; and I would be lying if I were to deny hearing it that once. Being blessed (or cursed—as you will!) by a fair share of height for my age, I find it impossible to forget about it. I have never yet been introduced to a relative or old friend of the family's without having the conversation start off with the words above.

It always leaves me in a difficult position. There is no sensible reply to this comment. In fact, there is no way one may escape without considerable loss of dignity. Therefore, when Cousin Mary meets me after an absence of years the only thing I can do is to wait for the unavoidable comment and grin foolishly after its birth.

If the statement was uttered by an unfriendly person, there are thousands of suitable replies, ranging from "Go to hell!" up to comments much stronger. However, one can hardly tell a loving relative that. He might not take it in the right way. I have tried all sorts of ways to avoid the awkward pause created, invariably, immediately following the comment. This pause, of course, lasts only so long as it takes Cousin Jane to get her breath to disagree with Cousin Mary concerning the resemblance, Cousin Jane holding out that I look more like my mother. This leads to complications which I am powerless to prevent, it being impossible for me to settle the argument. Indeed, I am never asked my opinion concerning the resemblance, although I do, occasionally, settle a dispute regarding my height.

One of these methods I have tried with scant success. As soon as the remark is made that I have grown taller, I will spurt forward with, "Oh, yes, and hasn't the weather been much cooler lately?" Occasionally, this has been the means by which the conversation has been diverted to other streams, but more frequently, my fond relative disregards my reference to the current meteorological phenomena and returns to the more fascinating discussion of my growth.

Another method I tried was usually successful, but hardly politic, so I relate it with the injunction that none of my readers try it. It consists simply of saying, after the dreader remark, "Yes, I am a little taller—but you! my, but you've put on lots of weight!" Of course, the woman you have accused is so busy the next five minutes indignantly denying your charge she has scant time left to comment further upon your increase in growth. As I have said before, I do not recommend this method, setting it forth merely as an exhibit.

Another method which I have long hesitated to use, but which I am almost certain will work, I am giving in hopes that some of my readers will try it and inform me of the results. It consists of simply saying, after the remark, the following sentence: "Madam, the anatomical aggrandizement to which you refer is not due to a biological phenomenon, but is the natural result of bodily processes.

It that doesn't floor her, nothing will.

I wear my hat as I please indoors or out.

—Walt Whitman

Pulpit Shadows

By JESS W. SLAUGHTER

A twisted hand, in a futile effort to resist Tolson's preliminary examination, flung the broken toy it clasped into the doctor's face. A child's voice protested vigorously against Dr. Tolson's advances. Experience had taught him to fear any stranger who fingered his mis-shapen legs. Twice before there had been operations at orthopedic hospitals. But the lean legs refused to straighten; the punctured tendons always tightened again.

A tall careworn woman stood at the bedside watching the physician's movements. Several times I saw her lips move as she cast her eyes heavenward. She wore an ill fitting black cloak. Her hands had been roughened by constant farm work and the care of many children. The doctor interrupted my sly observations with a deluge of professional jargon. Then he asked the mother many questions. Her dialect answers I recorded in Pittman cryptography.

The diagnosis indicated possibilities. But it was a dangerous business. The child's parents were called in again for consultation. Three hours later I fled, wondering if I had not been dosed with ether or suddenly moved back into the Middle Ages. What could possibly be the source of such a religion in a world of science and enlightenment! The cold snow pelting on my face brought me to my senses. I returned to my room but the anguish of that mother's story had burned too deeply. Sleep was impossible. Mrs. Montague has since died; I am free to release her story.

"I will try to answer as many of your questions as I can," she told Dr. Tolson who had explained his purpose of questioning. "Dr. Davis in Boston," he told her, "had successfully cut a paralytic's skull and raised it, thus restoring the child to normalcy. But another of his patients had since been addicted to violent fits." Tolson wanted the child's complete history before he recommended anything.

Mrs. Montague began by saying: "Roy has perfect control of his bowels and kidneys. His nerves are better than before he went to Gastonia. He has not been sick for over three years, but he gets terrible mad sometimes. His legs were straight for a while after the doctor at Gastonia had cut him in more than six places. And he said if he could only keep them from drawing Roy would improve very much. He wore steel braces for a long time, but he always cried at night and couldn't sleep.

"Now the doctors at both hospitals had the same idea about how come Roy in this condition, and it was this. He was born one month too soon. The back of his head was not matured, and the skull hardened on the nerves and muscles and paralysed them. Roy was two months old before his head was hard on the back. Our family doctor said the night Roy was born that he came at least one month too soon and he did not think Roy could live, in fact, he said all that had been born like him had died.

"As to how I lived while going with Roy in me. I had to work very, very hard as usual, as I had so many little ones to care for. There was one unusual thing happened in August before he was born in March. I have thought that could have had something to do with Roy's case. I had a tooth pulled and became so nervous and weak that I could not get back home until the next day. Nothing else strange happened that I know of except he was born too soon.

"There is one other thing I must confess. I had so many little ones at the time, I could hardly bear

the thought of having any more. I asked my husband let's not have any more. So we tried in our weak power not to have any more, but God's power was stronger than our own, and Roy was conceived with hardly a chance and against our will to have any more children. God showed me I was in the wrong. Still I would not yield to him. After my next child was born we tried another plan which we thought was sure, and there would not have been another child born in our home if God had not laid his hand on my only daughter and took her away.

"Then it was, we submitted to God's will and I hope the rest of the children born through God's will won't ever give me as much trouble as those born against my will. I hope for something good in the four youngest children.

"Doctor, I tell you it's a sin to control child birth. It doesn't pay to trifle with God. But God is good. I feel like he'll forgive me, and in time I believe he will make Roy a perfect man. I am willing to give Roy to God for Him to use as He sees best here in this world or anywhere else. I can truthfully say, 'Lord, Thy will be done, not mine', just as Jesus said.

"Now, I feel much better. God help me to stand firm in Him!"

It would cost \$500 to operate. Roy left the hospital the next week. I saw him last summer sliding, crawfish-like, on a dusty path toward a tobacco barn. His drawn limbs almost met his chin.

In Dormitories

PREFACE: The following is not intended to convey any great thoughts. It is neither in praise nor in condemnation of the events recorded, most of which have actually occurred on the section of the dormitory in which the writer lives. The persons presented are drawn as accurately as possible considering the fact that they are taken as types. In consideration of this fact, the writer has seen fit to write anonymously as the revelation of his name would necessarily involve those of the others. Not all of the people still live on the section.

Being naturally a misanthrope, I have never experienced the throes and tortures of a roommate; but I have witnessed them, to wit the following: There was no earthly reason why Don should have had the misfortune to accumulate Alfred's permanent company; but, as he explained at great length, that was an accident which he could not very easily have prevented.

Alfred, five six, brown hair, blue eyes (Murined for beauty's sake) used Shush, deodorants, a powder puff (between classes and after meals) and a pink tooth brush. He did not have an eight-thirty and consequently never retired before the plebian, he would have you know, hour of twelve. He *simply* had a *mania* for reading other's diaries, a *penchent* which went ungratified as Don didn't keep a daily record of his *agenda*.

At any rate, eleven o'clock one night, the whole floor was congregated in the room of a boy named Ike Baker—one of those people who have seen a great deal and absorbed remarkably little withal. He flourished in or about Kannapolis, Alabama.

The diversion for the evening consisted of a game of spank-tail hearts, a delightful pastime, the chief object of which is to avoid taking the Queen of Spades and any hearts that may be played. Conversation undoubtedly turned, but just to what is hard to say. At any rate, here it is.

Ike: "Smoke the wench, I want to see somebody smoke the wench."

I (preparing to lead): "Maybe I've got her myself."

Ike: "Well, smoke her anyway."

I: "Go to hell." (This last in a deliberate manner so that each word will take effect, although everyone knows exactly what is coming.) I then proceed to lead the trey of hearts.

John (A meek individual who has been trembling lest he lose and consequently receive the penalty regularly inflicted): "I don't think that was a bit nice."

Don: "Well, he didn't lead it to be nice. I can think of lots of things to do that would be more healthy than this."

Ike: "Not living with that damned roommate of yours."

Don: "Well cripes, what the devil can I do about it?"

Ike: "If he was mine I'd do plenty about it."

Mac (Who has kept still for a record length): "Oh yeah? Well what?" (Contemplating his bad score and hoping to break up the game.)

Ike: "Hell, pie his bed—naw, better'n that set it; get a skeleton key and lock his closet; tie his pajamas in knots; plenty of things to do. All you got to have is the nerve to do them."

Don: "Come on. John, go watch the window for Alf."

John: "I'm not going to have anything to do with it. It might be reported to the faculty."

Don: "Mac, will you go watch the window?" (Mac departs, and Don bestows on John a sweet, leering smile.)

There is no use to go into the bloody details of what followed; but when the work was done, there was very little left straight in the room—and what was straight was ready to fall over. When Alfred finally came in, Don found his pajamas in knots; so did Alfred. Don's troubles stopped at that; so did not Alfred's. To aggravate matters, Don had gotten ideas.

The very next night, John's and Mac's roommate came in drunk. At least, he walked crooked, sang in a cracked voice, pulled his hair on one side, and held on to the floor to see, as he said, that he was not standing on the ceiling. For no apparent reason, he decided that John really needed a bath, and that it was so urgent that he must take it clothes and all. Twice, he got him to the shower; but both times, staggered and let his victim escape. When he was finally in bed and passed out, John came into my room and announced that he wanted to spend the night in one of my chairs. I readily consented and we turned out the lights. Then he set up the following monologue: "I really don't know what I ought to do. I guess that I ought to report it—that would be better than getting us all in dutch. I wish my parents were here tonight. They might tell me. I—" He trailed off into mutterings to himself.

He was on the verge of tears and I on the verge of hysterics when Mac and Don came in and informed him that it was all a joke; so he retired to his own bed in a very injured, self-righteous mood amidst the laughs of the rest of the floor.

At three in the morning, Alfred came in, to put it in Don's words, "as high as a kite." Earlier in the evening, he had been seeing the world through rosy glasses, but at three he had ceased to observe much about the world.

"Shush" is useful in its places, but it fails completely to shut up a drunk person; so before long the whole section was up and peering out of their doors. John declaring that he couldn't be fooled a second time went back to bed. The rest, after some

(Continued on page seven)



THE BOOK WORLD



In proportion as society refines, new books must ever become necessary—Goldsmith

For several reasons the volume of the Boni Books, (EDUCATION AND THE GOOD LIFE. By Bertrand Russell. Albert & Charles Boni. \$1.00 Cloth, 319 pp.), should be a joy to the thoughtful reader. In the first place, it is written in a clear careful style which clouds none of its trenchant philosophy with casuistry and double meaning. The reader is left in no doubt as to what Bertrand Russell believes about the education of the child. On the other hand, it is not a pre-digested philosophy of education; not a single chapter fails to invite the closest comparison and contrast of its common-sense ideas with the childhood experience of the reader; and not one of these ideas but has an implication of significance to the struggle for the good life.

In content the book is a study of the young child from the standpoint of the parent and the teacher. In method it calls upon not only the wide observation and study of Russell as a teacher but his experience with his own children, as a consequence of which it is rich in actual experience and concrete material. It is, therefore, a book of especial interest to the parent and teacher. But it is more than that. No reader who is more than superficially interested in the pressing economic, political and social problems confronting the world today can fail to recognize the significant relation of *education in the home* to these problems.

The influence of the home is commonly thought to be waning. Every now and then someone rises to bewail the fact that so many thousands of families are addicted to apartment life. The really significant thing, which these critics so often miss, is that education in the home—for better or worse—is still going on, and will continue to go on regardless of where people live, or whether parents rely on the school more than in former days. The home is wherever relationships between parent and child in daily living take place.

This is not the whole theme of the book by any means; but it is a vital part of it, and is sufficiently well treated to interest those who have the social problems of today at heart.

The title (THE OUTLOOK FOR LITERATURE. By Ashley H. Thorndike. The Macmillan Company. 200pp. \$1.50) of this slender volume is well chosen. The book is not an attempt to evaluate the aesthetic worth of modern writing in English, nor, on the other hand, is it a comprehensive survey. On the contrary, the author has tried to predict the trends, from a composite point of view representing the tendencies of people now engaged in the art of writing. He has taken into account the influence of Western civilization now at work upon the Eastern peoples, the growth of internationalism, and the probable supremacy of English as a world language.

These features of modern literature are of genuine interest, and are treated with admirable reserve, a wide knowledge of the past, and considerable catholicity of taste. For example, Mr. Thorndike finds Gardner's account of Essex in "The Dictionary of National Biography" much more entertaining than the history presented by Lytton Strachey in colorful story form—a justifiable criticism of the present rage for setting out Philosophy,

Biography, Science and every other ponderous subject with a sugary sauce of entertainment bordering perilously upon pure fiction.

In another place the author finds that the newspapers are perhaps the best preservatives of English today, in that they counteract the influence of scientific writing upon the language. As everyone knows, the contributors to science in recent years have expanded the complexity of the language until in many fields it is a mere jargon, the result of which is to place severe limits upon its usefulness.

These examples merely indicate the author's approach to the subject. The fact that the literature of the English-speaking peoples is now being studied assiduously by so many thousands of graduate students, college instructors, professional writers and would-be writers both young and old, and that English has come to be the only universal study in the complex public school and university curricula of American education, is sufficient justification for this new book by Professor Thorndike. All these people will find it timely and useful.

Dorothy Dow in DARK GLORY (Farrar and Rinehart, Inc., 287pp.) writes with the customary prejudicial zeal common to current biography of Edgar Allen Poe and his tribulations in so unworthy a world. Uncommon to most biographers, however, is her interest in the vital background against which the young poet was placed and in which he was to develop whatever latent powers he possessed. She is sensitive, albeit somewhat inclined to a certain bitterness, to the changing milieu of the American scene during the past century, and she sees Poe in its midst as an incognuous and superior victim of an age dictated mainly by the comfortable morality, the sententious idealism, maintained by the New England poets. This changing scene is stressed throughout, every few years receiving its careful resumé, in order that we may see it through the prejudicial eyes of the author and, hence, be the more ready to sympathize with a slightly milk-and-water Poe. The character—indeed the essential spirit—is so softened by womanly fingers, that the poet is made to appear just a little bit absurd, despite the commendable enthusiasm of Miss Dow. Poe remains to us, despite the efforts of one more biographer, the same baffling figure that he has always been—but the present quest has not been without its own fascinating disclosures, if only of the mind of our earnest guide.

* * *

In PHANTOM FINGERS by J. Jefferson Fargeon (The Dial Press, 307pp., \$2.) we have more of the adventures of that glorious tramp, Ben, who is seemingly almost a moron yet with a courage and a faculty for doing the right thing at the right time that keeps our interest in this queer, almost pathetic, figure at its peak throughout the whole story. The setting of this unusual adventure story is almost international in nature. We start on the long journey from the dock district of London soon after two murders have been committed. From this start we went aboard the steamship Atlanta and thence to the Spanish coast where the major part of the story takes place. The story is not as gruesome as are many similar stories due to the fact that Mr.

Fargeon has introduced here a humorous character that is unusual in any story.

* * *

The scene of this short novel, THIRTEEN MEN IN A MINE (The Macmillan Co., 164pp., \$2.) is a coal mine in Belgium. In short, emphatic sentences the author has told the story of miner and owner and of the final outcome of thirteen men trapped in a mine. Their end is death. Shut in first by a cave-in, and the rescue work stopped due to a supposed fire in one of the ways, a wall is built and they are left to die their slow death, mourned by families and friends who are not permitted to aid them at the points of bayonets and machine guns. The principal characters are the delegate, elected from the men, and who from the start is straightforward and loyal to his task, and the young engineer ever loyal to his profession and yet by inheritance and sympathy one of the men. This short story was translated from the French and shows only too clearly the squalor of the miners life, the mob psychology of a union meeting, and the egotism of the owners which takes final shape in the highest form of tragedy. The novel is unusual in the wide social implications that it presents. It is of value for its clear insight into the mining conditions and the lot that falls to those brave men who supply us with the foundation of modern society, coal.

ROY CHAPIN.

* * *

PRISONERS UNDER THE SUN. By Norbert Bauer. Frederick A. Stokes Co., 1932. \$2.

The recent vogue of reading novels translated from the languages of the continent has brought many poor pieces to this country. Here, however, is one from the German which in its easy flowing style and coherence of action combined with an artist's ability to describe his scenes in words that portray the colorful beauty of the Nile Valley will please the most discriminate reader as well as he who reads for love of romance and adventure.

The theme of the story is based on an old proverb, that those who ever taste of the waters of the Nile can never forget her and will always return. Peter Strickland, young engineer, attempting to escape the boredom of civilization, wanders to Bakba and accepts a job as irrigation manager of a sugar cane plantation many miles up the valley from Cairo. Enchanted by the tropical loveliness of the settlement with its deep blue waters, brilliantly hued flamingoes, and olive colored natives; repulsed by its horrible diseases, annoying insects and terrific heat; he lingers in its charm as a man in the arms of a lovely but poisonous mistress. His battle against drink, heat, and desire for a native woman is told by an author whose understanding and knowledge of the tropics makes this story vibrant as the life of the country itself.

Its peculiar plot of the struggle between a man's love for a woman whom he never meets and his love for a friend and how both succumb to the treacherously beautiful power of the Nile Valley stamps this as something decidedly different from the conventional romance of the tropics.

WALTER MASON.

Good Women

By J. S. FATHMAN

Mrs. Bessie May Snooks arose from a final prayer as the last words of the closing psalter echoed through the dimly lighted beams of the oldest church in Snookville, Ohio. All during the services she had been thinking of what she intended to tell Bishop Watkins, and now that the time to leave had come she had risen and was hastily making her way through the congregation to a side door which opened into the Parish house. She had an important duty. Yes, as she had repeatedly said to the Bishop, it was her mission as a *true Christian* to inform the pastor about the misdeeds of church members. And this time she had heard (from a very good source) that two people of the church had committed the most unpardonable of the "thou shalt nots." She had been tempted several times during the service to stand up and accuse the wrong doers before the whole assemblage, but she decided to wait until she had told the Bishop, because, when she had spoken out about the profligacy of the church's janitor several weeks before, the clergyman, at his wits ends for what to say, had told her God wouldn't be pleased if she didn't speak to her pastor first about such matters.

There was more than doubt in the sagacious old Bishop's mind as to the good this good woman did, but he was forced to listen to the old widow, who's great grandfathers had founded the town and had been Snookville's first church leader.

On this particular Sabbath he went directly to the Parish, having sensed during the sermon that he was to be blessed with another visit. He had noticed the strained expression on her face—a twitching of her left cheek—which told him that she had uncovered more evil to be corrected so that Jesus would be happy up in heaven and St. Peter would put another gold star of achievement by the name of Mrs. Snooks to better secure her entrance to Paradise on the day of Judgment.

The Bishop reached his office just a few steps ahead of the reforming widow, and as she entered he tried to guess what was on her mind by scrutinizing her sallow face which usually told him in advance what manner of sin was to be corrected. If it had not been for his ability at discerning her thoughts, he would have been completely lost. But, having learned to divine from her expression what troubled her, he was able to form his answers to opiate the intensity of her fervor before she let fly at him the evils of others which weighed so heavily upon her soul. On this occasion her jaw was protruding more than usual, her lips were tightly drawn, and her eyes blinked continuously, keeping time with her shaking head as she settled her tense, obese body in a chair offered to her by the bewildered curate. He realized that this time she would make more trouble than ever before, for never had he seen her so determined. He despairingly decided to attempt getting her mind on the work of the Ladies' Missionary Society by inquiring, "What do you think of our poor little cousins in the Far East?"

"I think they're yellow," was her curt reply. "Now, don't you try to get my mind off what I came to tell," she continued, shaking her finger at him, "because we have sinners right here at home that need punishment. You should know about Jerry Hutchins and that awful Frieda Canby woman. My gardner saw them carrying on the other night in a disgraceful manner on the beach near

his cottage. It is a disgrace to the town and church that we allow such goin's on. I demand that you get rid of 'em. Have 'em run out of town and protect the morals of our people."

"My dear Mrs. Snooks," remonstrated the Bishop, "don't you think you are a bit hasty in drawing conclusions? Perhaps they were not doing wrong out there. It has been hot lately—they may have gone to the beach to refresh themselves. And too, you know your hired man is inclined to drink and see things which he imagines to be worse than they are. He may be exaggerating."

"Why, Bishop Watkins. I'm surprised at you for even thinking my help aren't temper't. You are all but callin' me a liar. And right to my face too. I'll take this matter to the sheriff. He's a good man. He'll drive 'em out of town he will. You can't bamboozle me with your solf talk. Imagine you, you who are supposed to tend our morals, standin' there a tryin' to defend sinners. I simply can't believe my ears . . ."

"But, Mrs. Snooks, they may not have been doing wrong," interposed the curate, wiping the perspiration from his forehead, "and just think what harm you may cause to this girl's reputation if you say more about it. I'm sure she is a good woman. And Jerry, why, he is the last one I should suspect of such a thing. You just leave it to me."

Mrs. Snooks didn't hear the last words of the Bishop, for she had risen and dashed from the room, apparently exasperated with the treatment she was receiving. She almost ran from the building and bustled down the road toward home.

Watkins was worried as he watched her departure from the office window. After she was out of sight he sat down and pondered over what he should do. He knew that if he interfered with her plans she would be likely to have him removed from the church, so great was her influence. But he decided that, after dinner, he would again see her regardless of what he might lose.

On his way to the widow's house after dinner, Watkins met the sheriff walking in the same direction and looking somewhat disturbed. "She must have told him everything. What can I do for these young people," thought Watkins, as he greeted the upholder of Snookville's law. "Hello, Jake, Anything wrong?"

"Yes, Bishop, I had a call from Mrs. Snooks like onto an hour ago. She seemed powerful 'het up' 'bout somethin', and asked me to come up soon as I could. Can't seem to figure out what she wants. She talked so fast I couldn't understand her over the phone. All I could git was that she was mighty sore 'bout somethin' the gardner did, or that somebody did. Reckon I'll find out soon enough."

They walked on together until they rounded the corner of the street on which the residence of Mrs. Snooks was situated when they saw a few excited neighbors standing in her yard. The sheriff left on a run toward the scene while his companion followed behind, quickening his pace. "She must be telling everybody," thought the exasperated Bishop. "I will be too late." While thinking of this, he saw Dr. Brown drive up in front of the house, leap from his car, and rush into the residence.

Just as the Bishop reached the house he heard a bystander exclaim, "She's dead! Died of apoplexy."

Late that night the venerable old curate left the departed widow's home and walked slowly back to Church with a feeling of relief mingled with sorrow. When he arrived at the church he entered, walked down the aisle toward the altar, musing as he went that he could now conduct his efforts on

earth according to the teachings of Christ, and upon reaching the altar he knelt and prayed aloud, "may it please you, O' Lord, to receive the soul of Bessie May Snook's, the good woman of this church." And after a moment's reflection he added, "And, O' merciful Father, would it be asking too much if I beg you to place me in a different church in Heaven when I die—one preferably far from Bessie's; and if that can't be arranged, for the love of Christ, be merciful, and give my soul to the devil."

THE BUTLER SREAMS

(Continued from page three)

thing hurriedly. The butler lurches over and grabs her away. "No whispering!" he exclaims. "That's not fair!"

But Jarratt has heard. He mutters half-audibly. "I'll do it. I'll do it!"

"You must stay with the corpse tonight," Mrs. Jarratt instructs the butler as she passes into her own room. "Sleep with him, and keep him in bed if you have to use the ether!"

"I'll do it," the butler replies.

"I'll do it," Mr. Jarrett mutters softly. "As soon as he is asleep, I'll do it. Elizabeth will be waiting up for me."

And he does it! Yes, he does it! As soon as the butler is asleep, snoringly sound asleep, Jarratt slips into the butler's clothes and eases safely out of the house.

Early the next morning, very early, the incinerator's men slip into the house to take the corpse to the crematory. There are four of them. They have a huge white sack into which they are going to put the corpse.

The butler snores on. The men roll him feet first off the bed into the sack and tie him in. The butler awakes and vigorously protests that he is not Jarratt, that Jarratt is there on the bed, that he is the butler. The four men pay no attention whatever to his protestations.

The butler screams louder and louder. He wakes Mrs. Jarratt who demands to know what all the racket is about. The men tell her that her husband is protesting that he is the butler.

"Oh," she moans. Then after a moment of audible sobs. "Take him on quick! Besides being dead, he's crazy. Oh, to think that my dear husband would lower himself so much as to pretend to be a butler even in death." She sobs louder. "Take him out quick!"

IN DORMITORIES

(Continued from page five)

struggling, managed to get the transgressor in bed and asleep.

The next morning found the odor of the room a combination of breath, licquor, and stale cigarette smoke, and odor not much improved by the burning of a sickly sweet incense.

That episode ended in Don's announcing to Alfred that he did not have time to put to bed drunk roommates.

"Oh," said Alfred, "you mean you want me to move."

"No, just move."

"Well, you needn't think I want to stay if that's the way you feel."

The upshot of which was that Alfred moved out, leaving the section to its usual routine of studies, sport arguments, and bull sessions—a section not much better nor much worse than any other on the campus.

THE CHAIR

(Continued from page one)

been broken or else the rest of the children had taken some of it. Sure, Aunt Helen had the small sofa to match it. She'd covered it in velvet, too. But the chair was nicer than the sofa. Besides, he'd seen the chair every day. Even when the living-room was furnished in cumbersome Mission arm-chairs and the rockers that were so hard, that old chair had been the one that every guest in the house went for when they came in the living-room. And he remembered vividly the times that Mrs. Burley came to tea or to play bridge at night and invariably sat there, tilting slightly. She was a big woman, and Mother would be as nervous as a cat all the time she was there. And one afternoon, after Mrs. Burley had left, Mother had put her arms around him and said, "Heaven's, if she doesn't sit some place else the next time she comes here. I'd be lost without that old thing." And had laughed a bit uncertainly.

It was always called "that old thing." And funny, but Mother herself never sat there, nor did Aunt Ellen when she came to visit them. She and Mother would sit and laugh about the times they had had when they were young, and how their parents would talk about the harum-scarem children they both had, and about the time grandmother and Aunt Ellen's mother waited for Mother and Aunt Ellen with a hair-brush in each hand to teach their daughters to stay out so late skating on the pond, and how they had had to laugh and forget the punishment when Mother and Aunt Ellen had come in nearly frozen and crying because of the cold.

"And remember," Aunt Ellen would say, "you and I sat, the two of us, in that old chair and had hot chocolate and cake and went sound asleep, and your father wouldn't wake us up, but covered us up in a big quilt, and we slept there all night." And then they would both laugh.

And he remembered the night he had given a big bridge-party, the first after he had come home from college. There had been drinking at the party and every one was slightly tight, some more so than others. That would never have been permitted while Mother was alive. And one of the boys, a big, husky fellow, was sitting in the chair when he tipped over in it, and Terence, hearing the crash from the other room, had run in and seen what had happened. He could feel, even now, a vague terror striking at him. What if the leg had snapped off!—but Lord, he was being maudlin about an old inanimate piece of furniture.

"But it isn't inanimate," he cried.

The man next to Terence looked at him queerly. "Hang-over?" he asked.

Terence looked at him. "No," he said shortly.

Lord, talking out loud, or rather, thinking out loud. He got up from the seat as the train pulled into the station, his paper folded under his arm.

That night at dinner Mr. Mathews ate slowly. Toying with his fork, he drew long, curved lines in the table-cloth. Terence ate in silence.

"I saw Mr. Burley tonight on the train," Mr. Mathews said.

Terence looked up abruptly. "Yeah? How was he?"

"All right. I told him to come down some night and bring Mrs. Burley, and that I'd try and keep you in. I thought we might have some bridge."

"Sure. Any night except Thursday. I was thinking about them today. The way she used to tip in the old chair."

"Yes. She used to get your mother's nerves on edge. I wonder what was done about the chair. I must ask Mary."

Terence cleared his throat. "I told Mary that if that fellow couldn't fix it, we'd get some one who could," he said, fingering his glass of water.

Mr. Mathews nodded. "If it's not too expensive," he said.

When Mary came in with the dessert, Mr. Mathews asked her what the man had said. Mary paused on her way to the kitchen. "I done told him what you said, and what you wanted done, and he said," she paused for emphasis, "that to fix up that old chair would cost fift' or sixt' dollars, and I said I'd ask you about it. And he wanted to know if you'd want a new coverin' for it and I said you probably would."

"Hmmm," Mr. Mathews deliberated. Terence watched his father in silence, not a thought going thru his head but what would happen if the chair were discarded. No, that chair would never be discarded, if he could help it. He'd put it in his room, let no one sit in it but himself, always. And when he had a house of his own, he'd have the thing fixed up so his children could fall asleep in it in front of the fire-place, or on a rainy day when he was at work, he would come home and find them there, their legs curled up under them, their cheeks nestled against the soft frayed velvet.

"Hmmm," Mr. Mathews said again while Mary waited impatiently. "Well," he decided at last, "tell him to fix the thing up." He paused, tracing deeper and deeper curves in the table-cloth. The prong of the fork caught in the linen. Mr. Mathews looked at the wall. "No matter what the cost," he said distinctly, "and tell him to leave the same cover on it." He glanced across at Terence.

Terence's eyes smarted and swam. He swallowed his water hastily.

"And tell him not to botch the job, either," he called after the retreating, disapproving back of Mary. He lit a cigarette slowly.

"Thanks, dad," he said.

Mr. Mathews was tracing curves again.

MUSIC IS TOO MUCH WITH US

(Continued from page one)

struments again, to come out later doubly blatant. Perhaps the establishment has more customers than seating capacity, hence the means of driving them out quickly. Efficiency is the keynote of modern business.

After lunch on one particular day I had to bum to a neighboring city for a date, and I thought with satisfaction that I would be safe *en route*, at least. But no, again; the car I rode in was equipped with a radio, and I had to squirm for half an hour hearing more musical excrement. The "Misericorde Trio" making the masters twirl about in their graves. It is of no consequence that my date asked me to play for her aunt while "Little Sister" blew on her tin horn, and Sonny turned up the volume on the radio so we would be sure not to miss any of the program he was enjoying so much.

Naturally I left early, suddenly thought of a paper I had to write, and after changing my clothes I went for a walk in the woods in quest of nothing. It was swell for a while, and I walked very slowly to keep from catching up to any wandering minstrels who might have been loose in the woods. The thought was fanciful, but damned if I didn't hear some before I had gone a mile. Niggers chanting in a gravel pit as they dropped their picks. This was all right. Primitive harmony and natural

rhythm, but the æ!* white boss started whistling a tune of his own when he saw me, just to be sure I would be aware of his superior position. I was. I should like to have seen the niggers sinking their picks into his body, chanting "Swing Low, Sweet Chariot." Swing low, their picks.

I left the scene before I forgot myself and went deeper into the woods. But there was no hope for me now; I began singing all the abominations I had been hearing for the past month; so there was no escape even from myself. My only consolation was that I didn't know the words.

After bolting my supper as usual I go down to my fraternity house to listen to the radio. Yes, I deliberately go to listen to a radio—in the hopes that there may be some music on. On the rare occasions when I do find a smooth program, one of my pals generally comes in and cuts it off in favor of Station WBPR (We Broadcast Phonograph Records) or the Kuku hour, and if I'm tired enough I sit and listen to Beethoven's "Minuet in G" played in "F" or Rubinstein's "Melody in F" played in "G" to compensate.

Science is a wonderful thing, no doubt. Now the radio-scientists have developed an instrument which can get as many as three stations at one time and rarely less than two. And each set is provided with complete lack of control over static-thunder, so in case you should by mischance get the Philharmonic you can easily drown it out without so much as touching a dial. I marvel, because it is marvelous.

Radios, phonographs, player-pianos, and factories for canning music all contribute to degrading the public taste—and I left out the talkies; excuse it, please. Economic and commercial principles applied to aesthetics give us art in carload lots and music from machines. We can go out shopping for music like groceries, and, as a result, we get as much aesthetic pleasure from trying a new number as we do from opening a can of beans . . . Less, perhaps, for we know the beans are going to taste good.

It is not the *good* music which is too much with us; it is the corruption and abuse of it which gripe me so, and the application of the machine to art is what has caused its degradation. I can say without being too dogmatic that there are certain basic defects of machine-made music which cannot be remedied: standardization or a deadening uniformity, wherein the only difference is like the scarcely perceptible difference in coins from the same die; mass production and consequent vulgarizing through too-ready accessibility; and the lack of personal conduct, which is so essential to the aesthetic experience.

But this is getting too formal. I'm just hot under the collar, because music is being abused and over-used rather than used sensibly. Music is a sort of recreational stimulant, and we should no more have to listen to it eighteen hours a day than we should smoke ceaselessly or take narcotics for that length of time at ten-minute intervals.

We are born with music in our throats (Some people call it bawling), we are wed to the tune of it, and are borne to the grave to the tune of tum-tum-ta-tum tum-ta-tum-ta-tum-ta-tum; so we have music as an almost daily part of our lives whether we like it or not. But it has come to be too much with us, and I wish some few thousand people would lay off and let me hear it only when I wish to. Tonight and every night I have the prospect of going to bed out there on the porch and having to listen with one ear to a man singing with a clothes-pin on his nose, and with the other to a blaring band. Yes, I sleep with my head under the covers.

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SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 14, 1932

NUMBER 8

Veni et Vici:

A Fantasy in Jazz Sharp

By E. V. DEANS, JR.

JAZZ SHARPS

- I. small town
- II. down in Africa
- III. waif of New Orleans
- IV. an honest lady
- V. world conquest
- VI. essence
- VII. honest lady?
- VIII. under the stars

I

The people of Small Town vowed they never would fall for Jazz. But one night in summer, Jazz came and conquered, and took the preacher's daughter for hostage! Bill-boards, and placards on telephone poles and in drug store windows, a week ahead of time had heralded, as silent voices crying in a wilderness of hostility, the coming monster. It was in a gaily colored ball-room that the encounter took place. From the top of a barrel at a back window I watched the affair with glowing interest. From all sections of the country the would-be followers of Jazz came, dressed and prepared for a "hot" time since the bill boards and placards had forecasted a jazz orchestra "hotter than hot," and "better than the best." To words like these youth could offer no resistance. Many old people were curious, but for the sake of character did not dare show their heads: Only trash and slush and the scum of a town followed Jazz, a thing worse than ragtime. Yet the older set had liked ragtime. But Jazz—no!

About nine-thirty o'clock—an ungodly hour for the youth of Small Town—Jazz began to collect her legions. By ten o'clock the fight was on. The fair sex of this group formed a rainbow in modern dress against the dark of men's suits. I could see red dresses, white ones, blue ones, yellow ones, black ones, green ones; no color too bright. There were short dresses and there were long ones; and bobbed hair; and long hair done in a neat ball at the back of the head; and straight hair that carried the last curls of a permanent to the neck. The males, not to be out-done, came in brown suits, black suits, blue suits, and broad-striped suits, and checkered suits of linen; and blue and white, brown and white combinations. They wore black shoes, white shoes, and "two-toned" shoes of all tones! There were "jazz bows" and "loud" neck ties; suspenders instead of belts. As the boys entered, I could see red caps, green caps, orange ones, yellow ones, blue ones. Up to now I had believed (and had been taught in school) that the Americans sadly lacked color in dress—in any thing for that matter.

But now I was seeing different things. And seeing is believing.

But American youth will not be still for long. They crave a stimulant for action, and fast action. That is why Jazz conquered them. And as the Jazz Orchestra broke into full sway that summer night in Small Town, I could hear the snapping of fingers, could see the shaking of bodies as an invitation to dance. It seemed that was the way Jazz first affected one. Immediately, as if by some black magic, the ball-room became a mixing-bowl, the magic pestle of the Jazz Orchestra breaking the rainbow into little flying couples of color and flinging them furiously about the bowl, unceasingly and mercilessly. In a moment the entire house was lost to the power of modern Jazz. A few, cynic at first, forgot what it was all about and came un-

is dark?

By CHARLES ST. G. NAPIER

the night was

dark

(in fact)

it was very

dark

,but then

all nights are dark

i went out and sat

in the

dark

:then

i-ate-breakfast

der the spell. The intoxication was too strong; it had gone to their feet also.

From my seat on top of the barrel I could look directly down upon this magic orchestra. It was astounding to me on discovering that Jazz and her legions numbered only eight: a piano, a violin, two saxophones, a cornet, a trombone, a banjo, a set of drums and traps. It must have been the spirit of their cause that so excited them, for the saxophones moaned, the trombone blared, the banjo went "planke-de-plank." The violin, once king of instruments, was lost in such rash and uncouth company where everyone tried by means legitimate or otherwise to steal the whole show for itself. Standing up for better view, I saw the trombonist point his machine into the air and blow, saw him slant it to the floor and blow, and I saw him wave it indiscriminately above his head and all around and blow. But it sounded equally blaringly as bad in every position. The drummer on the bass drum pounded out the rhythm. Soon he overflowed with zeal for more noise, and I saw him shake cow bells with his right hand, then pound wood blocks

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Tobacco Farmers

By JESS W. SLAUGHTER

Durham, to quote the signboards, is a southern center of "culture and industry"—an ultra-modern city with palatial filling stations, skyscrapers, movies, and snooty hotels.

Until a few years ago that culture was embodied in a modest religious school which has now become Duke University, and the "child" of the Duke tobacco interests of Bull Durham fame. Old man Duke, moulded in bronze on a pile of marble, sits serenely in a huge arm-chair which shadows your very entrance to the old campus. A record of his greatness is chiseled beneath him. Should he lift his eyelids he could see the other symbol of his greatness dominating the town—a huge cast-iron bull atop the tobacco factory. Each figure stands, a mute reminder that this is the section of Dixie where tobacco and not cotton is king.

In traveling through Durham and adjoining counties during the summer months, the modernism of Durham recedes a hundred years. I have visited, lived among, and talked with many of these tobacco farmers who yearly supply Mr. Duke's factories with raw product, labor, doctors, lawyers, and potential preachers. As I strode through acres of tobacco fields blue smoke rose skyward from the log drying barns nearby, for it was "kuorin' time." Many of the other farm buildings were built of logs too. There was no paint or modern machinery.

One sultry afternoon I drove into a narrow lane looking for a friend who had been my chum in high school some years earlier. His mother came up from her work in the drying barns to greet me. She was tall and, for all her hard work, fine looking. Jack had gone to the mill. It was nearly supper time and he'd be home then. Soon the rest of the family came shuffling in to eat—the father and nine children, ranging in age from four to twenty-four. Another boy, now seventeen, who was born a cripple and had never walked a step in his life, called "howdy" from the back yard. All that family, except him, work on the crop. The younger boys attend the community public school seven months in the year, but even during that time they put in many hours in the fields; during the planting season even the four-year-old is pressed into service. Children of "tender years" are not prohibited from working on a farm. At the supper table everything we ate was home grown. Bread made from flour ground out at a nearby mill, a hot drink made from parched wheat and molasses, because coffee does not grow in North Carolina, clabbered milk, because there were no ice and no cellar, and other farm produce loaded the crude table surrounded by benches made of rough planks chopped from trees.

The house, built of hewn logs, was a rambling structure thrown together without design, to satisfy the growing needs of the family. Fireplaces warmed the rooms in winter, except for the kitchen where a

(Continued on page four)

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Oldest College Publication in the United States

(FOUNDED IN 1844)

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SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 14, 1932

EDITORIAL

It's queer how principles and ideals set up by dead ancestors assume with us the same unquestioned positions as natural laws. Dead things move by natural laws over which they have no control. A merry-go-round spins by a power of which it knows not, and wooden faced horses swirl around controlled by the touch of a human hand on a switch button. If we set up or accept a system of iron-bound principles by which to run our life, how, then, do we differ from those horses? To be slung to the right and left while a mechanical organ plays "Picadilly" to a system of inalterable principles, is that life? Rather, does not life breathe in dark cathedral music controlled by a human soul moving the finger tips of an organ player?

Who said that ideals were sacred? The same man, perhaps, who said that silver buckles on colonial shoes were style for men. The two sacred things in life are the human heart and the human intellect. Then to fall in blind worship before the golden calf of unquestioned ancestral traditions is a crime against those two things. It is a strong man that can abide by moral principles when his intellect says that they are good, it is a no less strong man who can revoke those same principles when sees that they are no longer good.

Ideals grow from the small child admiration of the brass buttons of policemen to the more thoughtful ambition of becoming a good citizen. Style changes. A hoop-skirted female parade on an after-supper city street would not be a small source of embarrassment and inconvenience today. We discard styles with generations, but

dead moral principles we are loath to part with. Are we afraid to tackle these more vital things of life? But, you say, we do change those things also. We no longer clamp one's legs in stocks because he breaks the Sabbath, nor do we clip out his tongue for his being a heretic. But how many deaths would result outright if suddenly the old Puritanical codes of conduct were thrust on the campus of a modern college! Do we change only those principles that add to our immediate comfort and convenience?

All heritages and traditions should be brought to trial before a modern intellect and a human heart, and if they are found dead, they should be appropriately cast into a grave marked by a white shaft in history along with the other things that a progressing civilization casts behind it as it feels forward for the good. And they should not as vampires be allowed to stalk back from their dark mould to suck the blood of those that breathe full and sensuous life.

Thoughts while Sitting on a Gravestone

By W. M. HAYES

Here in the garden of sorrow where only the sad have come, how quietly sleep the dead!

After the next ice age the tennis courts will possibly be the place where men will go to pour out their grief over bits of clay.

How far removed from the rest of the world this spot seems to be!

How incongruous a picnic under this spreading pine.

How trivial I am sitting on a gravestone writing solemn thoughts.

The headstones stand up in the midst of the straw and grass and shout, "Here is where they laid them!" The moss and lichens have covered them, softening them and hiding their jagged edges and blending them with the straw.

The sun is gone. How many suns shall set before I—? How many after?

I will go back and be cheerful to those who will weep when I take up my residence here.

I will leap over the wall and run away from my thoughts.

Sonnet

By JAMES DAWSON

I never thought she'd go the way she did,
There wasn't any reason for her tears,
And much less for the funny way she hid
Her face and wept. I knew her for six years,
And there was nothing that we couldn't say
To one another. Why, you would have thought
She would have been glad for me, but the way
She choked a funny little noise and caught
Her throat with both her hands was queer to see.
She didn't stop to say she hoped we'd be
Happy, or anything. What did I say
That could have made her cry? What did I do?
I told her I was going to marry you,
And she just hid her face and went away.

Book Chat

By ROY B. CHAPIN

One of the most interesting of the new books to be issued in commemoration of the bi-centennial of George Washington's birth will be *Mount Vernon: Its Owner and Its Story* by Harrison H. Dodge. Colonel Dodge has been Resident Custodian of Mount Vernon since 1885 and it has been his official duty to welcome and entertain every distinguished guest of the nation besides accommodating the thousands of daily visitors to this shrine. Owen Wister has written an introduction to the book.

* * *

The men who race up and down our coast bringing liquor loot for the bootleggers are not doing anything new or original. The history of privateering through the ages is a fascinating one, and for years lusty seamen and freebooter sailed the seven seas, smuggling opium and other illicit wares. We are given a chance to meet the whole gay, swaggering company in *Private Men-of-War* by C. Wye Kendall.

* * *

"Lucky the nation which can discover such a man to lead it," writes Norwood Young, the first English author in recent years to undertake a full length biography of George Washington. Mr. Young paints an inspiring portrait of the noble being who was the Soul of the Revolution. In the book are to be found many unusual facsimile documents.

* * *

Fathers of Their People is the title of the new novel by H. W. Freeman, author of *Joseph and His Brethren*, a book which sold 100,000 copies in this country and which was acclaimed as a sage of the soil. In this new book, which will be published on March 4th, Mr. Freeman returns again to the Surrey countryside which he loves so thoroughly and about which he writes so well. While Mr. Freeman's second book, *Down in the Valley*, was slightly disappointing the new volume is a return to the same high standard that marked his first novel. And, too, this new publication by Mr. Freeman contains elements of wider popular appeal than either of the two previous books.

* * *

A girl who held up cigar stores and shot down policemen like rabbits is the heroine of *Gun Girl* by John Weld. Told as fiction, the story recalls the career of the notorious girl bandit whose adventures were national headlines for weeks.

Alan J. Villiers, sailor, author and lecturer, whose most recently published book is *Sea Dogs of Today* met a sea captain recently who told the following story: The captain sent a copy of Mr. Villiers *By Way of Cape Horn* to his brother in the little fishing village of Galway, Ireland. He began the book and was so thrilled by it that, in the evening, he called the men of the fishing fleet in and read to them from the book. The grizzled seafarers became so engrossed in the book that they did not relish the thought that they must wait till the next evening to hear the rest. They cancelled the next days work, and all the ships stayed in harbor and the men, tankards in hand, before the glowing peat fire spent the day with Mr. Villiers on the road around Cape Horn.

Dr. T. Z. Koo

By R. W. BARNETT

I was to meet Dr. Koo at the Sir Walter in Raleigh at eleven-thirty. I arrived a few minutes early, walked down toward the Capitol, was accosted by a newsboy and paid a nickel for his "extra." The headlines of the paper read thus: Japs Slaughter Chinese in Chapei, Fire Six Points, Horrible Scenes, etc. . . . The details were incredibly bloody.

At eleven-thirty I returned to the Sir Walter, swung through the revolving doors, and met my guest in the lobby. I was at a loss as to how to greet him. However, when he saw me his face was calm, he smiled a quiet welcome, bowed and showed me where his bags were. He had been reading a paper but had left it on the lounge. Together we got into the car and started back to the Hill. I did not feel that it was appropriate to talk about China. It would be like talking about a dying parent. It was his homeland that was being burned; his countrymen who were being slaughtered. Yet he was as serene and as friendly as a choir boy. When I mentioned the news in the morning paper he shuddered and said it was horrible. More horrible, he said, because the poor people were inoffensive, unprotected civilians living together like bees. Chapei had become the scene of naval maneuvers to afford the navy some of the glory that the army was getting in Manchuria. "There is," he said, "a strong rivalry between the army and the navy in Japan and the navy now decides to sacrifice 200,000 Chinese to feel some of the glamour of conquest." It was insane, he said. But he was impersonal and without resentment as he talked, only a trifle sad.

When we drove up to Graham Memorial we were met and escorted to the banquet hall. We met the important personages of the International Retreat. Dr. Koo's greetings were simple, almost casual. I left him and got his bags to the Inn. Ten minutes later I returned and found him alone in the hall. He was standing by one of the corner windows looking out into a grove of trees. He was playing his Chinese flute with his mind ten thousand miles away and a thousand years removed. When the crowd burst into the room to get their cold ham and potato salads, Dr. Koo put away his flute and quietly found his seat. When he spoke the room was silent, quieted by the beauty of his diction and the delicate spirituality of his thoughts.

Dr. Koo and Miss Kuei invited me to have supper with them. They cooked three simple Chinese dishes and we ate them with chop sticks. None of us talked during the meal. The radio was blaring "war news." After the last bit of cabbage, pork, and greens had been finished and Miss Kuei poured our cups full of jasmine tea, Dr. Koo played a song on his flute. It was called "Plum Blossoms" and he played the three movements plaintively, sweetly. Miss Kuei closed her eyes and when the song was over she opened them with a start as though surprised to find herself in such strange surroundings.

That night Dr. Koo became a scientist and a statesman. He described without passion and with expert care and understanding Japanese motives and methods in China. So powerful was his statement that all were aroused to redeem the rights of the violated Chinese by immediate and avenging warfare. All except himself, and he had no confidence in the

(Continued on page six)

The Garden

I

"In the freshness of the heights dreams have long abiding".

I have dreamed of lovely things, I have filled my heart with beauty.

I have walked in the metalled autumn woods:

I have seen leaves like sunlight hardened into golden flakes;

I have seen leaves as red as rusted tin, as cold grey-brown as iron;

I have seen leaves as bright as polished copper, as dull as green bronze.

I have watched the stars march through the frosty nights:

The little stars tremble with friendly gold;

The big stars burn with bitter flame.

Clearly the airy silver of the moon

Lights all the hollow sky.

"In the freshness of the heights dreams have long abiding".

II

Blue Evening—

*The far blue hills stand sharp tonight
And blown soft clouds lie thin across the sky,
Silverly shining with faint blue starlight,
Veiling the blue thin moon.*

III

Night-Watch—

*1. Below me the dreaming garden lies
Drenched with the moon's cold light.
The stars in their high stations
Are the brittle blue of ice.
And the sleeping flowers sway on their silver stems.*

*2. Three white birds rise from the darkness
Like hurtling silver spears
Or like white arrows piercing the shivering air.*

*3. The aurora flamed in the north last night:
The spears of empyrean hosts marched through
the sky.*

IV

Storm—

*Darting needles of sleet slant down
Where the quick lightning of dragon flies
Crackled in June.*

V

Japonica—

*The high harmonies of the unleashed winds
Roars along the sky.
The scarlet blossoms in the green
Flame upon their spiky stems.
And a white flame in my heart flares up
And blows with the flowers in the wind.*

VI

The Trees—

*The young trees in the garden
Stand sharp against the sky
With lacy tracery of leafless limbs.
This morning they were even lovelier,
Plum-coloured twigs against a stone-blue sky.
Last night they were aloof, unfriendly, while
Cold rain dripped slowly, and the dark clouds
crawled
Through delicate black whorls of boughs.*

ANONYMOUS.

It Don't Pay

By GEORGE WILSON

Much as I've gabbed about my life, pardner, you must've thought it pretty strange I ain't said nothin' about why I'm jailed up here. I been holdin' out about that for the simple reason that I thought I might try the old game again. But four years cooped up in jail sure takes the best out of you; I ain't got enough guts now to try the game again.

Then I've done a bit of thinkin' lately—you sure have time to, cooped up in this mangy and stinkin' place with them bugs runnin' all over you at night and the grub givin' a uncomfortable feelin' down in your belly. And I've been thinkin' that gettin' around the law don't pay. You're too young and anxious to try your luck again to believe me, but crime don't pay.

A tough break or carelessness or somethin' gets you sooner or later; and in a mangy jail you gets stiff joints and weak knees and a lousy-feelin' gut.

Give me another fill of tobacco. I'm much obliged to you. If you want to listen, and you ain't goin' nowhere, I'll tell you my tough break.

It was pretty close onto five years ago that I was hangin' around a amusement park in Pittsville. That's in the upper part of the state. If you ever notice what happens in those parks close to pretty good-sized towns, you see old men and pretty gals kinda secret-like slippin' out to the race track or to the woods where it's dark. I reckon you've done that yourself.

Well, one night I see old man Stegall, that wouldn't lend me no money from his bank on account of him not knowin' everything about me. He was slippin' out to the grandstand of the race track with a right pert gal. Wantin' to revenge his not lendin' me any money, I thought I'd scare him. So I followed. Right there in the middle of the stand I found him in what you might call a compromisin' position. I flashed my light on him and yelled: "You're under arrest!"

I never seen a gal run so fast, but the old man ain't so spry and I caught him. "Mr. Constable," he babbles, and I'll swear I heard his knees knockin' together, "I'll give you twenty-five dollars if you'll let me go."

Seein' he don't recognize me, I laughed and said, "I ain't after your money."

"Here's fifty-five," he said, pullin' out a big roll mighty painful-like. "Take it and let me go." Well, I took it and we were both mighty satisfied.

I got to thinkin' after that. I did look right much like a constable—red-faced, big-bellied, easy-goin' and none-too-bright-lookin'. And these guys what step around when their wives are out of town usually pay high. Then, there wasn't much chance of my bein' caught, because it was a pretty orderly park where the real officers didn't come much.

Things went along right pleasant-like for a while. Nights when I'd work would bring in about seventy dollars. I got to knowin' some of the real officers so I wouldn't run up on them.

Then I got to courtin' a right swell gal. She liked a good time and plenty of money, that Mabel did; and I liked to oblige. I'm just that way with the women.

One night I kinda had a hunch I oughtn't to push my luck. Things just didn't seem right, but Mabel needed the dough. I was studyin' this problem over at the pop stand. I had picked up three couples and

(Continued on page six)

Goodnight

By PETE GILCHRIST

I never will forget that night of August the fifteenth. I was in Durham waiting at the bus station for the arrival of the bus from Raleigh that is met at twelve o'clock by one that makes its last trip to Chapel Hill. I had been waiting for twenty minutes or more sitting in the bus that was to take me back to school. Tiring of sitting there, I decided to leave the two other occupants of the machine and go inside and wait in the station. I brushed down the narrow aisle past the two passengers—a man and a woman, sitting on opposite sides from each other. I stepped down to the pavement and stood outside the station for a minute enjoying a breath of air from the damp night and then stepped inside the station.

Obie Holland, the driver, was busy with the clerk in the cage checking baggage and did not notice me at first. Now I have known Obie for four years; I knew him my freshman year when he first started driving the bus. Here was a man that interested me. In the first place, his physical make up was very youthful but his face showed his forty-eight years of hard existence. (He had told me his age on several occasions.) Yes, his years had been hard ones with lots of bad breaks, but he never let anyone know about these. He seemed to hide his inner self behind a pleasing smile and a cheery word, which hid his years and seemed to give the effect of a younger person's presence. I knew better despite his camouflage. Why? Because I had heard people talk in Chapel Hill. They had told me stories about Obie—true ones of how he had once been a student in the university—a good one that had after graduation settled down in the town with a girl that he had married three days after he had received his diploma. People had said, "Obie was a nice boy," and others had said, "Yes, and wasn't his wife charming."

And so a couple of years had passed in the college town and there was an addition to the Holland family—a girl who was given the name of Gladys after Obie's great grandmother. For the following five years the sun shone with warmth on the roof of the Holland cottage located on the west end of Rosemary street. It was during these years that the smile of Obie's was fully developed, and also when the twinkle in his eye reached its zenith.

But those years of sun were short lived. That little house one cold December found itself with only two occupants. That same morning Gladys, now five and a half, played on the floor of Mrs. Kennon, a widowed neighbor and friend of Obie's.

"What will happen to Gladys now?" people asked when they heard of Mrs. Holland's death.

"What will happen to Obie?" asked others.

And here is what happened, Mrs. Kennon took complete charge of Gladys and brought her through those early years until she was twelve, and on her birthday she moved back with her father. It was not different because she had spent many days and nights over at her own home, but yes, it was different because she was now the mistress in her own home, and she could boss her father because he liked it.

Things had gone a little better after that. Gladys had grown up to be a very pretty girl; she used to date the college freshmen even when she was in high school. She entered the university at the age of seventeen and graduated three years later after she had taken summer work. I never knew the girl

because she had left Chapel Hill the summer before I entered the engineering school as a freshman, but I remember people talking about her. I remember the first night that I heard her name; it was in Paterson's drug store, and I was sitting there waiting on a boy that was going to the seven o'clock movie. Obie Holland walked in and bought a coca cola and then walked out taking the drink in a paper cup.

"Obie is driving the bus to Durham since his pressing club went on the rocks," said a man sitting next to me.

"Yeah, he's had some bad breaks for a man his age," said another man sitting near the soda fountain. "You know he looks years older since Gladys left."

At that minute Bob, the boy who was going to the movie with me came in, and I left the drug store. But something about those last words I heard that man sitting by the soda fountain say made me pay very little attention to the movie that night. Now I am not inquisitive about other people's business, but I do like to know things; so I asked around casually, and in a couple of days I had the whole story. It seems that Gladys had had several love affairs of little consequence while an undergraduate and after she graduated she became restless; she played around with a little faster set of boys. One day she disappeared from Chapel Hill. No one knew where she went, but it seems she had left for New York with a young law student. And beyond that, there was nothing definite known. There were rumors. She was on the stage. She was being kept by an oil man from Oklahoma City. She lived in a pent house with an English earl's son. All of the stories that I had heard about Obie and Gladys seemed to run through my mind as I watched him in the baggage cage as he busily fastened tags to the last bit of luggage.

"Hello, Pete," said he noticing me for the first time.

"Hello," I replied.

"Where you been?"

"Just got in from Charlotte; I just got off the Greensboro train a minute ago."

"Have a big week-end?"

"Yes, pretty big."

"Well, if you are ready to go back to school, I am just about ready to shove off as soon as the baggage is loaded."

For some reason I enjoyed that ride back to school after waiting in the unwelcome bus station. I enjoyed hearing the tires sing as the tread attempted to grip the pavement. I enjoyed the heavy black cigar that Obie smoked as we rode. He was not supposed to smoke, but there were only two other passengers and they did not seem to object. The man got off at a filling station just after we passed the first gates of Hope Valley. After Obie had let him off there was no further interruption in our journey. At twelve-thirty we were climbing the last hill just outside the limits of Chapel Hill.

As we passed up main street, there were only a few lights on, noticeably those of Sutton's on the right and Harry's on the left. We reached the stop light which at this hour was just blinking with its yellow flare. Obie slowed down for a second and then with a heavy grind threw the clutch into second and we moved up Columbia street toward the Inn.

I live at the Zeta Psi house, and Obie had stopped for me on the Inn corner before. Obie stopped and I got off, and he got out and went to the back and gave me my suit case.

"Lady, this is the end of the line," I heard him

say, "can I take your grip into the Inn or where do you want to go?"

I was just walking off when I stopped in my tracks, dropped my suitcase and turned around. I had heard the woman speak: "Dad, if you don't mind I would like to go home with you."

Quickly I picked up my suitcase and walked toward my room. Ten steps later curiosity made me turn round again. I looked back and Obie had his head stuck out the bus window. "Hey, Pete, good-night!"

"Goodnight, Obie," I yelled back, but I do not think he heard me, because the words were lost in the grinding roar of the gears as the bus shot down Columbia street toward Rosemary.

TOBACCO FARMERS

(Continued from page one)

big iron range heated the room to suffocation on that August evening.

In addition to her share of the field work Jack's mother has the whole care of this home. The one modern convenience about the place was a mail order catalogue from which ready-made clothing was to be had as cheaply as it could be made by hand or machine. If one were to transport this household across a desert, not a half dozen of its furnishings could be left behind. In this great cradle of American culture there were no rugs. A few enlarged pictures of deceased kin hung on the walls, and stringy curtains covered the dirty windows. Aside from a badly worn family Bible there were no books. The one luxury there was a piano which Jack thumped hesitantly. His father played the "fiddle." Their music was the only culture the family had time or money to enjoy.

Outside of the family food, only tobacco is grown. Cotton was given up because it proved unprofitable. The cultivation of tobacco is all done by hand. Hundreds of thousands of plants are grown in protected seed beds prepared in mid-winter. These plants have to be reset about the first of May, by hand if the weather is seasonable, watered and set separately when it fails to rain. After hoeing at least once, plowing many times, each plant is topped or budded, so that it bears from ten to fifteen leaves that will ripen at about the same time. Budding produces suckers at the base of each leaf which have to be pulled out every week until the plant has ripened for curing. Each leaf is finally sorted, tied in bunches and carried off to the Durham-Duke market in the fall and winter. Back-breaking work as the stooped shoulders of the youngsters testify.

While the tobacco is being cured, the drying fires are watched and regulated day and night. At midnight on Saturday they are put out with water and relighted exactly twenty-four hours later when the Sabbath has ended, for in this community people are churchish and still take their belief in God seriously and obey his laws literally.

Three generations ago this family was becoming the blueblood of the Old South. They owned a plantation and slaves to grow tobacco. The Civil War changed all that. If they had gone into manufacturing in the reconstruction period, they too would have had another "place in the kingdom." They do not come from the fringe known as the "poor whites." They are leaders in the community. Extremely polite, but the father rules as a matter of course. The whole family is good to look at, their

(Continued on page eight)

Flagg's Store

By WILBUR DORSETT

"Did j' ever hear the one 'bout the old maid?"

No, it seems that they haven't heard that one. It'll be good, too, because old man Flagg is telling it. As he begins, the men squirm in their chairs, find a better prop for their feet, and look at him with a half smile, lower lips drooping. The faint mile of expectancy and confidence, yes, because Flagg always tells a good one.

And this *is* a good one. They all laugh. Flagg laughs heartier than the rest. It's his joke. Will Dixon cackles as mirthfully as the others, but secretly he doesn't catch the point. Well, he's older—past fifty, and he can't interpret correctly all the terms of our modern slang. But translate it into his own language—"Why, I heard that 'un twenty-five years ago." There's nothing new under the sun, you know.

Flagg, although included in this recitation class, slowly busies himself with straightening out and packing back upon the shelves several bolts of gingham that a half hour ago Mrs. Tate had fingered through "just to see if there's anything I want."

Flagg sells dry goods. In fact, he has about anything you want from violet perfume to pickled pig's feet. He *must* have a lot; it's so crowded in there you can hardly find room in which to move about. When you first go into the place you immediately stumble upon a square glass counter filled with bow ties, a case of twenty-five cent fountain pens . . .

Around this counter are lemon crates, egg crates, unopened cracker boxes, and baskets of apples and potatoes.

You turn to one side of the store. There's the cold drink box faithfully guarded by stacks of coca-cola crates. There's Flagg's desk under a mass of papers and bills. On the wall above it are calendars, large and small, three layers deep, 1930, 1931, 1932. Indian maidens paddling canoes or leaning over river banks. Bushy headed women tucking their noses into over-sized roses.

There's the glass of the candy counter against which many a child's nose has been pressed. There's the meat slicer, rows and rows of cans and bottles, stacks of flour and grain sacks. Boxes, barrels, something everywhere. Only two lanes, one on each side of the store, are left open for traffic.

In the back, around the stove sits the Cabinet. Yes, the Cabinet, for how many times have they told Hoover what to do and what not to do, mostly what he shouldn't have done.

Flagg is piling up the gingham bolts. He has on his hat. He keeps it on all of the time, in the store or out. He wears a vest but no coat. Neither does he have on a tie. A white (sometimes) apron is tied around his stout body. His manipulation of the meat slicer is perfect; you like to watch him do it. You notice his big, round fingers and his huge signet ring as he clicks down the hunk of meat with the viser-like hold of the machine.

As he arranges the dry goods he lends an attentive ear to the discussions and breaks in every now and then with his own sagacious remarks.

Dick, his clerk, janitor, and delivery truck driver all in one, stands behind the counter opposite Flagg slowly going through a *Pathfinder*, licking his finger before turning each page. He smiles at the humorous morsels in the magazine.

He, also keeps an attentive ear to the stove group. But he has heard all of those jokes before. It seems that the old men are the last ones to get the ever touring anecdotes. He isn't very old, probably twenty. His face doesn't differ very greatly from that of any other twenty year old. Nothing striking about it. Under his apron you see a thick black sweater with the elbows punched out. He wears a multi-colored tie. (Flagg sells this kind.) He dropped out of high school several years ago. He says he's going back some day and finish. He won't.

People say he's in love. Desperately. But he isn't the kind that would show it. There's no boasting display of it, no puppy love flourish. His is silent and strictly private. The girl is Ann. They are of the same neighborhood and grew up together.

"—and I told old man Grant, I says, 'Look here, Mr. Grant, you know it ought to go this way', and he says—" That is Watson again telling of how he knows the correct way to do everything and of his advising everyone to that effect.

A negro woman comes in. Negroes are funny customers, thinks Dick. She wears turned over oxfords, stockings sliced with runs, and a coat the color of mud.

"Is you got any cheese?"

"Yes."

"Whatcha ask for it?"

He tells her, knowing that it is a waste of breath to do so. She asks that everytime she buys cheese. And the amount of her purchase never varies.

"Gimme ten cents worth . . . Is you got any crackers?"

"Yes."

"Gimme ten cents worth o' dem, too, I guess."

The cheese is wrapped and the crackers are deposited in a brown paper sack.

"Got any white hoss tobaccer?"

"You mean Stud? Here it is."

"And I want . . ."

"Yes, here are plenty of papers. All of that'll be twenty-five cents."

She loosens the knot of her handkerchief and takes from it a dime, two nickles, and five pennies. She hands them to Dick.

Flagg interjects teasingly, "You don't smoke, do you, Naomi?"

Smiling broadly in negro fashion she shows the gold in her prominent front teeth. "No suh, you knows I don't, Mr. Flagg. This is for Em'ry."

"Emory? When did he get back? I thought he'd gone for good this time."

"No suh, he done come back. I knowed he'd do it, too. Didn't go no farther'n Greensboro. He's jes' drunk when he flares up and says he's going away and ain't coming back no more. Heh! Heh!"

Then Will Dixon gives his opinion with "Naomi, if I was you I'd be the one that would do the leaving. Emory ain't no more a husband than your old hound dog."

"Heh! Heh!" laughs Naomi. That is her only reply as the screen door slams behind her. Her husband's sprees are usual happenings to her and do not take on the melodramatic atmosphere that Will Dixon and the rest of the outsiders would suppose they did.

Watson advises, "Well, Dick, when you're married I hope you won't—"

"Ha! Ha! Dick ain't going to be married any time soon, not on what Flagg gives him."

Flagg does not like this repartee at all. He cleverly sidetracks the subject of wages, "Yeh,

seems like from all I hear that Dick's going to be an old married man pretty soon. What's her old man say about it? A-ha-ha!" His laugh is venom. Dick would like to fling back a reciprocal stinger. But you have to play yes-man to your boss. He only smiles as if it means nothing to him.

The question concerning the opinion of Ann's father on the matrimonial plight is a delicate one. He objects violently. Dick is too young. Can't support her. Puppy love. Tush, don't think of it. "Don't any of you worry about me," the prey requests quietly.

"No, you're the one that's got to do the worrying," breaks in Clark.

How well Dick realizes that!

"I got a spare room you all can have, but you'll have to provide your own furniture."

"And Mr. Flagg will let you charge your groceries even when you get another job."

Dick is silent. Such kind and loving hearts. The old—

"Well, it won't take much the first few years. You know, you can live on love that long. Maybe a little longer if you make a good married couple."

No word from Dick. Does my wedding belong to all of them or to me?

They leave him alone. It does not profit them any when he refuses to answer. Rising from chairs. Yawns. Stretching of arms.

"I guess I'd better be shaking a leg. I reckon dinner's almost ready by now."

As they start to go out Ann herself comes in.

"Oh, hello, Ann."

"Lo Ann."

"How are you this morning?"

She goes over to Dick and speaks to him in a low voice. "Let me have a loaf of bread." They smile at each other.

Watson mutters half to himself, but not convincingly, "Wonder if Mary wants me to bring anything home." He walks over to the desk and lifts the receiver of the telephone. But the others do not see that he holds the hook down firmly with his little finger.

Wickedly he calls in loud tones, "Hey, central, give me the Clerk of the Court's office."

No one knows yet what he is up to.

"Clerk of the Court? . . . I just wanted to find out if you had issued a marriage license to Richard Murray and Ann Stone."

"No? You haven't? . . . Thanks."

Ha! Ha! Ha! What a clever trick you pulled, Mr. Watson. The little store resounds with merriment. So quietly and unexpectedly had the thing happened. Neat Work. Ha! Ha!

Dick and Ann are blushing. They smile sickly at each other. And the men enjoy their embarrassments.

Clark, Watson, and Will Dixon file out still cackling. They must go home. Dinner is ready. And what a good joke they will have to tell. Flagg goes to the back of the store.

Quietly Ann asks, "Well, Dick, it seems like we can't keep it a secret much longer. Maybe we shouldn't have run away to South Carolina and done it after all."

"Why, Ann, you're not sorry we got married, are you?"

"No, of course not. It's wonderful. I suppose we will have to tell our people, though."

"Yes, I suppose so. And it's going to be hard getting started, but we'll make it all right. So don't worry about that, honey."

"No, Dick."

BOOKS

Sheridan by Joseph Hergesheimer (Houghton Mifflin Co., \$4) is the first authoritative and definite military biography of one of the most brilliant commanders of them all. The career of Sheridan from his boyhood as a grocer's clerk in a Middle Western village through the troublous years at West Point, the Civil War and thence to the side of Bismarck at the Battle of Sedan the author has tried to make similar to an American epic.

The story briefly describes his life as a child and as a short fiery youth at West Point and this part seems to the average reader to be the most appealing part of the book. His life at West Point reveals the greatest portion of his character and it is from this that we get our real picture of him. The section, the greater part of the book, which deals with his military career is primarily an account of the battles and campaigns in which he was concerned in Tennessee and Virginia. However, the section is so void of mention of this man that the reader might easily forget just whose biography he is reading. It would undoubtedly be much more appreciated by a man trained in military tactics than by most of us. In the few intimate glimpses that are offered, however, we see him at once as a man capable of passionate cursing and a low voiced impressive confident colorful figure that was supreme as a leader of soldiers.

The book, I believe, falls far short of the place that it might have taken in the realm of biography, but as the first authoritative biography of this man who is so widely known and in many places so little appreciated, it should be read by all. Sheridan, as he emerges from the pages of this book, is not the colorful figure that most of us are inclined to believe him.

For the next book we have one that most emphatically should be read by everyone. It is of special value to those of us who may be contemplating marriage. The book, *Sex In Marriage* by E. R. Groves and Gladys H. Groves, of our own sociology department, (The Macaulay Co., 250pp., \$3) was written for the newly married, those about to be married and those having marital difficulty because of sex maladjustment. As the title suggests, this new volume is concerned only with the common and normal problems of marriage, yet these problems are so important that our whole life is effected by them. They are put forth in a straight forward manner that gives the sex information that is essential. Mr. Groves has gone through the entire sex life of the married person giving answers to many problems on sex and its relation to happiness, sex before marriage, the love art of the husband and the wife, and concludes with a discussion of sex and how it effects life. He has here stated fact and the cause and adjustment of our problems in a clear cut manner that is absent in most books on sex. He has gone straight to the point and has given us something of value to be read and remembered. Of this book we can only say that it contains things that most of us don't know. This present book, although emphasizing the effect of childhood upon adult sex life, keeps to its chosen field, the giving of practical help to those who are making the sex adjustments of marriage.

ROY CHAPIN.

* * *

The Red House, by Elsie Jerusalem, translated by R. I. Marchant. New York, The Macaulay Co., \$2

The Red House is a vivid portrayal of brothel life, and is probably the most realistic and direct treatments ever written. It has already served a useful purpose in Europe, where it has been widely appreciated, and there is no reason why it should not succeed equally as well in America. It would have been brought here long before this time, had our social attitudes permitted it. It is in no wise sensational or "trashy;" it is a straightforward picture of a situation concerning which most of us know little or nothing. One feels that truth is the standard by which the book was written, and immediately appreciates the humaneness of outlook, the breadth and scope of the novel. It is a novel of superb qualities, as well as a picture of a bad social situation.

The story centers around a girl born in a brothel, and around the brothel which was the only home she ever knew. It deals with the rise of the girl, and with the rise and decadence of the brothel. It is the chronicle of a woman who had the strength and vision to find her destiny, and having found it, to fulfill it. She loved her down-trodden sisters of the red lantern, and though she could not save them from the misery awaiting them, she could give them her warm understanding and sympathy, and thus make life worth living. It is these same qualities of sympathy and understanding in the writer which have made such a book as *The Red House* possible. *The Lost Caravan*, by H. De Vere Stacpoole. New York, Sears Publishing Company, Inc. \$2

Into this romance of the road the author has woven some tensely dramatic scenes, and at intervals the reader comes across passages of glowing beauty. While the characterization is realistic and convincing, the effect as a whole is spoiled by a rather inferior style of writing. The tale does not always flow as easily as it should and as the result, a budding artist and a gypsy girl, wander through the Balkans, living the carefree life to which the girl is accustomed, and are completely happy together. They are separated by a tragedy, meet again in the Foreign Legion, and finally become lost in the Sahara, united in eternity.

W. L. MASON, JR.

IT DON'T PAY

(Continued from page three)

it was only a little after eleven. I had a hundred and thirty dollars in my pocket and was feelin' good because the pickin's was good. Still, my belly didn't feel just right and I just about made up my mind to call it quits.

Just then a smart-dressed man with a gal leaves the bright lights. I looks them over good, and I'll be damned if the gal ain't Greasy Annie. Nobody you or me knows wants to be caught with Annie. Boy, here's a big haul for me.

So, after a little wait, I starts to the grandstand. I slips a little way up when I gets there and then flashes my light around. There they are, about half-way up; and I couldn't hope for better.

"Cut out the — — light," comes a sharp voice. "Whatchu doin' up there?" I asks just as innocent-like as you please.

"Tendin' to our own business, which you ought to be doin'."

Wonderin' why Annie and her friend don't run like the rest I caught, I tramps up the stand, makin' all the noise I can. Usin' the talk I always use, I says:

"Public immorality, right here on my beat! Why, I ain't never seen the like of it. You two ought

to know better than that. Indecency here in a public place. Come along. Looks like you'll have to spend the night in the lock-up . . ."

"Aw, beat it. You've mouthed enough." That was a unordinary interruption but I told myself it was just bluff.

So I slips my handcuffs on them, and starts them down the stand. They wouldn't say nothin' while I was givin' them a pretty picture of the dampness and the sorry food of the jail and how long the judge would send them up and what their neighbors would say. They didn't seem to mind, which I still called bluff.

When we got to the lights, the man took a good squint at me. "Where's your car, chief?" he asked with a knowin' smile that made me uneasy.

I pointed to the side of the park.

"By the way, chief, is old Buck Jones still on the force?"

I don't know too much about the force, so I answers: "Sure, old Buck's still around."

"I thought he was shot."

"No," I says, coverin' up quick, "that was his brother. By the way, buddy, since you're a pretty nice fellow and since I need a little dough to help my wife that's been ailin' for two months, I'll let you go if you slip me forty bucks."

"Better let the judge see me," he says.

By that time, I gets pretty scared, because he knows too much about courts, havin', as I found later, a big police record.

"Believe I'll turn you loose," I says. "I really hate to see a smart young guy get into trouble."

Then, so fast I don't know what's up, he grabs me. "I know a smart old guy that's going to see the judge about blackmail and impersonatin' an officer. I hates a rude guy that sneaks around and bothers people."

And here I am. Things looked too good for a while; but as luck would have it, a guy tryin' to get in good with the police came as my tough break. I'll tell you, crime don't pay.

DR. T. Z. KOO

(Continued from page three)

efficacy of war.

On Sunday morning when more headlines told of Japanese ravages on Chinese soil, Dr. Koo was able to detach himself from surface conflicts and talk of the meaning of spirituality. Through spirituality, kinship with God, come serenity, calm, and poise coupled with insight and a profound sense of right. Standing in the white rostrum of the church, clothed in his blue silk gown, gesturing with graceful olive hands, he was a man from another world speaking to Americans, marveled at, but uncomprehended.

Unremitting intellectual vigour, sweetness of spirit, and profound moral discernment are met in this man. His intelligence is flexible. He is always sensitive to happenings and things, yet withal he is a spirit before he is a mind. Something aerie suffuses what he says and does and his personality is something almost ethereal.

When he was here, there seemed to be something more important than the conflict of nations, perhaps it was the achievement of this ideal of love and spirituality. When he left I read more headlines and felt the urge to kill and torture those ruthless Japs. It was as though a vagrant breeze had brought with it a bit of the unknowable Orient, beautiful but mysterious, and then carried it past leaving me only its perfect memory.

VENI ET VICI

(Continued from page one)

or tin cans. And I saw him attack as for dear life the suspended cymbal. But the pianist carried off honors. He jumped up and down on the piano stool and beat the keyboard until it fairly groaned. Now he was in the bass, now in the treble and all over the keys at once, producing such a succession of sounds in such a beastly fashion that I wondered if he were not a raving maniac gone crazy! The modest cornetist had hung his derby over the bell of his machine, "muting" the sounds. The effects the orchestra achieved were by accident, it seemed. Everybody played at will that which they wished. Imagination ran wild. The noise was more than just syncopation. It was barbaric rhythm. All the players did jolt up and down and writhe about in such a feigning ecstasy that the entire phenomenon reminded me of the manner of negroes endowed with religious frenzy at a camp meeting. The drummer, the trombonist, pianist and all the rest were Americanized spiritualistic mediums carrying on one of their weird seances, ruled by the Spirit of Jazz. Thus it was: Instead of witnessing a modern American dance with modern American jazz, I was viewing a vivid picture of the actions and music of the negroes, and the dark medicine doctors of the forest of Africa.

II

Down, down, down in the heart of Africa I hear tom-toms. I see a thousand naked savages making a joyful noise before the gods of the jungle. I see mad, jolting and writhing shadows come from the fire and the moon, dance a moment on the ground and soon merge with the shadows of the beyond. But it is not always peaceful in Africa. One day the gods become angry. And I hear the tom-toms in a more furious tempo, in a wilder rhythm, rise, swell and burst over the jungle. I see a thousand naked savages prepare for war. The days of "joyful noises" seem to be over. The white man has come.

Far out upon the Ocean I see a ship sailing. It is a Dutch trading vessel. In one of its darker galleries are blacks from Africa, chained to each other by heavy chains. They know nothing of the new world to which they are going—a new world created by people longing for freedom from restrictions, for adventure, for life. But it is from people of this nature that the rhythm songs of the blacks will burst once more, this time over the world.

III

New Orleans. And from the streets, the underworld, the shanties, the brothels, the cabarets there is coming into life a new spirit. The rhythm song of the blacks, so long silent, once again is bursting on his lips, creating sensations. A crowd of excited people are gathering around a blaring noise coming from four musicians who, not able to read a note of music, create the rhythm as it comes to them. Intoxicated by their "song," these boys prance about and shake their bodies, pull off their ties, open up their collars—and the noise comes out! A showman happens to be near and seizes this delicious prey which calls itself "Brown's Band."

Many visions crowd before my eyes now, and I can hear many "first" jazz bands. It is hard to find the original one. But a certain Bert Kelly of Chicago about 1915 is calling his band by the happy combination of "jazz band." However, a few years before Kelly comes along, Brown's Band from New

Orleans has already startled Chicago and driven New York crazy.

IV

February 12, 1924. There is a crowd and a stir outside the Aeolian Hall. People are tugging, pulling, pushing, fighting to gain entrance. Not only dancers and night-flappers, but also the best musicians, composers, and the first critics of the musical world are in the jam up. They are coming to witness a wonderful transformation. Some years ago on the Barbary Coast a big fat man by the name of Mr. Whiteman picked up a little waif of a thing called Jazz. It was an outcast of society. But he didn't mind. He took her in and was kind to her, dressed her in the gorgeous gown of a full orchestra. The waif became so stunning, so captivating in the effects produced by her clothes (made by that sympathetic tailor—Grofe, and designer—Gershwin) that the big fat man decided to make an honest woman of her, to introduce her into high society. And so he brings his lady friend to Aeolian Hall. That is why the crowd at the doors of the Hall are struggling to get in. They want to see this marvelous transformation take place. They want to see a waif become an honest lady. This is the great historic night in the life of Jazz. And she's dressed to kill. Step inside!

V

Just how well Mr. Whiteman succeeded the critics as yet have not agreed. But it is immaterial to Lady Jazz, for I see her packing her clothes and boarding a steamer for world conquest. The Eskimos in the North, the natives of the South Seas, the inhabitants of the classical lands of France, Italy, England bow to Lady Jazz as she passes. From the cafes of the great city of Budapest, the other Hungarian cities, Jazz drives the wild and beautiful gipsy rhapsodies to die in the land. The gypsies, who once played before the great kings and queens of Europe, who have rung many a tear and high resolve from their listeners, are without work or bread. In her triumphant conquest Lady Jazz knocks on the doors of the Court of St. James. After making the heart of England's social life palpitate a little faster, Lady Jazz is content with her social prestige. The result of conquest leaves its marks. And Jazz leaves hers on Europe. Stravinsky, a leading musician of Russia, is saying Jazz is the only American thing that interests him. He, nor others, can not forget the charm of Jazz—not if they could! European composers cannot keep their eyes off of Lady Jazz. But try as they might they cannot make a dress for her. The tunes belonging to the domain of Jazz come out of America. Think of the bespectacled German gentleman pouring over his "eternal beer, sausages, and bad tobacco" trying to compose jazz. What does he know of the half-desperate laughter of the negro torn by grief?

Leaving Europe in the chaos after conquest, Lady Jazz returns to her native land to give a concert in Carnegie Hall, the sacred temple of the high priests of classical music. People begin to ask, "What is the world coming to?" But Jazz is indifferent. She enters the home and conquers; the school, the church. Nothing too high, too low, too worldly, too sacred is beyond the power of Jazz.

There comes a lull in the orchestra. The music ceases. The dancing stops. Intermission. I jump down from the barrel and run to the front to watch the crowd. One glance reveals to me the last stronghold against Jazz—Small Town—has fallen.

Yet I know when the Small Town Weekly comes out, Lady Jazz will be condemned, will be blamed for bringing the young people to ruin, just as before she has been put up as the cause of drunkenness, for the wreckage of American homes, for divorces, in fact the cause for any evil thing upon which the world can find nothing else to put the blame. Such barbaric rhythm will ruin any girl's character, the Weekly will go on. It is "sin in syncopation." (Yet the old folks honor ragtime.) But through it all Jazz has quietly gone her way, making a place for herself in the world which the severest of critics cannot destroy. The protest of the Small Town Weekly against the entrance of Jazz will be as hopeless as a girl trying to play the full score of a symphony on a piano!

VI

Nothing would satisfy me now but an interview with the Jazz Lady. Upon such an occasion I discovered her name had not always been spelt *jazz*, but also *jas*, *jass*, *jaz*, *jasz*, and *jasz*. However, all meant the same and one thing: "to pep it up," "mess it up," "slap it on thick." But Lady Jazz was evasive. I could learn very little from her. In fact no one knew very much about her. Musically speaking, jazz is "a compound of (a) the fox-trot rhythm (a four measure, *alla breve*, with a double accent), and (b) a syncopated melody over this rhythm."* A fox-trot rhythm by itself is not jazz. Syncopated melody is not jazz, for the classic masters were well familiar with the effects of a syncopated melody. But the combination of these two elements is the essence of jazz. And hardly a tune exists in musical literature that cannot be jazz-treated.

But jazz after all is a form of musical expression, as is the sonata, the waltz, the symphony, a medium through which people give a tangible form to their feelings, their thoughts. And what does jazz express? To the European jazz is the musical form of the American spirit—pouring out in unheard of harmonies the nervous energy, freedom of expression, the joy, the humor, the youth, and the lack of repression of the American people. And Europe is seeking something American other than the dollar. She is seeking Lady Jazz.

The rhythm of machinery, the noise from speed acceleration, the endless rush of the go are all a part of jazz, "the folk music of the Machine Age." Art nearly always reflect the modes of living of an age. Is there any reason why it should not? Jazz truly reflects the mood of the Machine Age as perhaps no other present day American art does. I could never understand why the "hug-kiss-monlight-slush" became the theme for the lyrics of jazz. But it is. Yet the Machine Age is not always in this same mood! However, composers today are making new millions when they hit upon a novel idea to say "I Love You." And jazz is still unexcelled as a medium by which fair women may perspire in the arms of brave men!

To many jazz is a protest against the monotony of life, a means for individual expression: no two people will dance alike to jazz; no two people play the same jazz number in the same manner; and it is a poor orchestra that plays the piece twice in the same notes. If that should happen, the playing or dancing would then not be in the jazz spirit. Jazz is a free bird, not caged to notes, but wings its way where it lists. And who shall condemn those who

(Continued on page eight)

*Virgil Thomson in *American Mercury*, August 1924

TOBACCO FARMERS

(Continued from page four)

voices soft and musical, although their dialect is difficult to follow. They are all literate, (except the cripple) if reading and writing simple language can be so termed. There are no books in this house, nor do newspapers come there. The seat of culture thirty-five miles away has never touched them. Inately, they were the personification of kindness and simplicity. They worship an omnipotent God of whom they are very much afraid.

When Jack and his father had finished playing several lively folk tunes, and one of the youngsters had outdone any stage star I had ever seen at clogging, I was asked to play some on the piano. Reluctant to import any strangeness into that untutored audience, I played a familiar hymn with its jangling variations. "Play something different," they begged. For one solid hour I sat racking my brain for simple classics which this untutored audience were enjoying so much. Beethoven and Chopin were most popular. But the performance had to end where it had begun—with God.

When Jack and I went up to bed that night my mind was seething with new impressions of the tobacco country and indignation at the treatment the industry metes out to its planters. The impression which burned deepest was that of the little cripple—one of those puzzles of nature that crops out so frequently. The child's mind seemed normal but he had never gone to school, and since in this home there was no time or money for tutoring, all that books might mean to a little lad who sits alone all day is denied him. What science might do for those impotent limbs is not known, for science costs money.

I had been born twenty years ago in that same environment. In my boyhood I began to plant tobacco and rebelled every minute of the time. At sixteen I ran away from the whole sordid mess. My father had never forgiven me and would hardly speak to me now, even though I was considering "going back to tobacco" after college. A line from a new play I had seen on Broadway struck me with new meaning—"It's hard to make a life."

It seemed that there was no escape from tobacco. In the Durham factories existence had been far from the expected Paradise mecca. Long hours, dirty boarding houses, pay checks that never paid for clothes like other people were, or enable me to see the picture and musical shows that came to town were my only reward. My very life was guided and modelled by that factory. I ran away again, this time to the North where everybody worked eight hours a day, wore good clothes and drove automobiles. When that myth exploded I got into a school, by scholarship, where for two years the whole kaleidoscope of civilization was unfolded before me. There I made many contacts. I sat beside my professors at the highbrow Broadway plays, at the Metropolitan Opera, and learned to appreciate all that which is denied to the tobacco farmer. We discussed science, the newer psychologies, economies, Freud, the Duncan school of dancing, and the modern music of Gershwyn. There, in a great metropolis, I found beauty, refinement, and culture not in the least embarrassing.

Yet there was no escape from the harshness of the industrial world. After those two years of education, the factory galled more than ever, only now I knew and that made a difference.

I turned to speak to Jack, but he had curled up and was fast asleep.

Two weeks later I met him at the Durham market. After his patch had been unloaded and

weighed, we walked down town together. As we ate lunch he talked about the farm and how he was going to get a mill job after the crop was sold. "It's so lonesome in the country at night, and there's no money for anything. I despise drunkenness, and I'm not a Christian, so it's just hell around here."

"Well, Jack, I don't know. Vagabonding is hell too. When I'm alone in the country I don't care about the Baptists or the drunkards, and when I'm alone in the city even your old hound would be welcome. Art, music, literature, clothes—they're all pretty meaningless without the satisfaction of a good job—one that you really enjoy. To lie on the river bank by a crackling fire is worth several Broadway plays, after the tinsel has faded."

At the warehouse auctioneers knocked down the assorted lots of tobacco to the highest bidder. The farmers stood outside the circle grumbling, but helpless before their exploiters. Taking their drafts, they moved in a long line going directly to the bank where they received credit on their accounts. No money changed hands—at least very little.

Jack's family received less than a thousand dollars for their entire crop which represents the cash income of twelve laborers for a year. Checks were written against this sum for interest on the farm mortgage and for taxes. Perhaps a mule or a plow had to be replaced, but so long as the banker knows that he gets all the money income from the place the farmer may remain on the land he "owns"—some advantage over the tenant or cropper who moves from year to year.

For extra food, household expenses, and clothes out of the catalogue, the mother spends her egg and butter money—the family eats fatback, and drinks churned milk. None of the crop money goes to the wife and mother.

Every farmer in that mass of gutted humanity at the warehouse that day was in the same fix. And all of them did not have ten children to work on a farm, or a super-human mother to run a hospital, laundry, food factory, and a Sunday school without recompense or complaint.

Why do they put up with it? The parents take it for granted, I think. The father, compelled to drive his children by forces that are driving him, receives as a reward the cordial enmity of all the older boys. The mother stands between to soften the blows and is worshipped by all the children. The boys despise the farm and all it stands for. They look longingly at the mill-village waiting to suck them in.

Of such is the "kingdom of tobacco." These farmers wear out themselves and the soil, and are blighted by poverty for their efforts. A machine civilization does that to whole classes of people. What is to be done about it? There is no escape from the machine. One may perhaps control rather than be controlled by the monster. Knowing this and believing it would make a difference.

As for Mr. Brown's son just out of college, so much depends on what he wants to do, that he will be of little value on a farm if he wants to be in an office. As a teacher of farmers his job is slow and endless. Most farmers resent that which is new, and think that a teacher should be a second Christ. Mr. Brown can even grow tobacco so that Mr. Duke can build still greater factories—Mr. Duke the great philanthropist—or Dr. Brown may leave it all behind and face the city with its bread lines, tabloids, and little Italys, where art and all the rest are eclipsed by the struggle for bread and butter. In short, there is no escape when things are as they are.

Not so with Mr. Duke and his kind. As for their reward, go to Durham and look at the old man sitting in his easy chair, prominently placed on the Duke University campus. You won't escape him either if you look skyward, for there between you and the heavens is his other symbol, the great iron bull. On still other factories in bold lettering is the name of a world-famous cigarette and this slogan, "They Satisfy."

I suppose they do. What else matters?

VENI ET VICI

(Continued from page seven)

fly away with the bird? Who shall damn those human-beings dancing to irresistible rhythms? Jazz is not a seducer to hell, but a protest, a justifiable protest against the monotony of life!

VII

But in my interview with Lady Jazz, I discovered she had not come by all her intriguing gowns right honestly. Yet she seemed unconcerned that I should know this and continued to produce more melodies from the classics. An old melody called *I'm Always Chasing Rainbows*, she showed me. It was no other than Chopin's *Fantasia—Impromptu* reworked and lined with jazz trimmings. The public is admiring this one which is called *Goodnight Sweetheart*. It is really only one of the beautiful themes of Liszt's *Preludes*, she said. Many pieces need very little work to be turned into dance numbers. And Lady Jazz from her wardrobe produced a beautiful number, the *Beautiful Blue Danube!* I must admit I was a bit shocked. On the other hand Lady Jazz said she was bringing the melodies and tunes to a public that abhorred the name classic. Working men, grocery men, milk boys, housewives, scrub-women, doctors, lawyers, bakers were whistling classic melodies more than they knew when they whistled the latest jazz number. And he who has learned to appreciate Mr. Whiteman's orchestra, said the Lady, is on the high road to a fuller appreciation of the Philharmonic Symphony Orchestra.

"In her classic gowns Lady Jazz is unbelievable intriguing—unforgettable," I murmured as I bade her good-night.

VIII

Sometimes at night under the stars I wonder about the future of my Lady friend. Her struggle has been hard and full of bitter criticism. Now, if she steps outside her bounds of limitations and seeks new things, there is ready always some aspiring critic to grab her and label her "Modern American Music." She will cease to be Jazz then. Lady Jazz needs friends—she has a few—but she needs composers to sacrifice their lives for her, to put their talents at her command. But not until music is taught, and not as an extra-curricula activity, in the schools, not until the boys and girls now growing up become familiar enough with the elements of music so that they can combine with them the true spirit of America throbbing for expression, will the friends of Jazz arrive. She cannot look to Europe. Europe has nothing for her. Nor does she want aid from Europe. Jazz is looking to her own, her native land for her future. In the future I see great things for her. (I am still under the stars!) But just as the music of Berlioz and Franc and Debussy on awakening was horrifying to trained classic ears but later proving most beautiful music—now classic!, so Jazz, my Lady of Jazz, who, in the throes of the struggle of beginning may be horrifying and repulsive, is only a Sleeping Beauty striving to awake!

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Edward Louis Booker

By H. G. TILGHMAN

Even as far back as the third grade Grammar, Louis Booker began to show a liking for mathematics. He nearly failed all of his other subjects but algebra and geometry in High School. His face and eyes never showed any expression, and when the superintendent told him he made a hundred on his final geometry, Louis just whistled through his teeth and went on down town.

When Louis was a freshman in college, the war came on and he was drafted in the infantry. Everybody said he should have enlisted in the artillery because he was so good at figures. His father even wrote to the War Department about it, but nothing ever happened and Louis went on over to France with the infantry. About four months before the Armistice was signed, he was wounded in the knee, and his father got a telegram saying that it was nothing serious and that Louis would be all right. His father was very proud of that telegram, and he posted it on Mr. Hadley's Drug Store window. After that, nothing was heard of Louis until his Company was discharged and he came home on one of the special trains.

He limped a little from his wound, but that was about the only change the war had made in him. He still whistled through his teeth, and when some of the people asked him about the war, he said: "Oh, it was pretty good while it lasted." Then he'd get an absent look on his face and start whistling softly through his teeth.

He hung around town for about a year living at his father's house and then he got a job as the night Fireman. But when the cold weather came on, he lost the job because he let the engine freeze up. Everybody was pretty mad about him letting the engine freeze up, and they said he endangered the lives of the whole community. Louis just whistled through his teeth and went back to living with his father until he could find another job.

Louis' father said the people had mistreated Louis. At nights down in Mr. Hadley's Drug Store he'd take occasion to point out that Louis was a veteran of the World War and a hero with one knee wound and that people shouldn't be so hard on him. Whenever he'd get through talking about it, there would be a long silence and then somebody would spit in the sawdust box and conversation would start again.

In the late spring Louis got a job driving a truck for the telephone company, but he quit it in the early fall. He said it didn't pay enough. He never could even seem to be settled.

For three years he lived with his father, doing odd jobs here and there, filling in while some of the people took their vacations. He was still quick with figures, and most of the jobs he got were clerk jobs in grocery stores. He weighed cotton during cotton seasons, and once he got a job in Ed Bizzell's Garage. He never kept a job very long, always

Michel Spoke Quietly Walking in the Wind

By JAMES DAWSON

*So much have I learned, the way of spring is this:
To weep for things you smiled at in your winter.
To wrap your whole sharp body in a kiss.*

*To crack your brain and choose a pointed splinter
To hold a flag defiantly. To miss
The mad extremes. To throw back to the minter*

*The coins that you find are gilt and false
And valueless. To know that loves are pale.
To find the striding heart that comes and halts*

*And taps upon your pane is clad in mail
Your sonnets cannot pierce. To drink brown malts
For dark oblivion, crying in your ale.*

*To know that stars are careless of a song,
That sleepless nights are lonely, being long.*

giving some excuse for quitting. He tried piling lumber out at Roscoe Johnson's lumber mill, but he had to quit the second week because of his knee. The people never paid any attention to him, and he went on whistling through his teeth. That was about all he ever did.

One time he got a job at the Midway service station three miles out of town, and he seemed to be getting along all right. After he'd been there about three years he saved enough money to lease the station. He put in a lighting system and a hot dog stove and his business began to pick up a little. He got a fellow named Crabtree to stay on and help run the station. All the country people knew Crabtree, and they came to the station to trade. Louis did more business with his little grocery stand and hot dog stove than he did with gas and oil. But business was generally pretty slow except on Saturday and Sunday.

One day a man drove up to the station in a big roadster and talked to Louis a long time. After he had gone, Louis sat in the doorway and figured for a long while with his pencil, and after he finished figuring, he looked straight before him with an absent look in his eyes and whistled through his teeth. The man in the roadster came back in about ten days and left a package in Louis' room at the back of the station. After that, business picked up at the station, and Louis found that he could make more money selling whiskey than he could with all the rest of the station put together.

One Saturday night there was a bunch of country fellows out at Louis' station, and they started a fight. After it was all over, one of the fellows swore out a warrant against another one, and Louis was summoned as a witness. While he was on the stand, the prosecuting attorney questioned him pretty sharp about the operation of his station, but he never got anything out of Louis. When the trial was over, Louis went on back to the station whistling through his teeth.

(Continued on page three)

Break Dances

By ALICE BEN BOLT

The question, what is the real pleasure to be obtained from the modern college dance, has long been in my mind. As yet I have found no answer, but I must admit that I, along with thousands of others, enjoy them a great deal. The dance to begin with always causes worry. First the participants worry as to whether they will receive a bid to such and such a hop. They look anxiously into mail boxes and stand around telephones in hopes that the pleasure of their company will be requested. The case used to be that the young ladies in question did most of this type of worrying, but now they stage as many dances as the young men.

The minute the bid arrives another storm of anxiety ensues. The girl wonders how many stags will be there. The boy thinks, not of his fellowman, but of the number of out of town girls who will be present. Both of them as they enter the ballroom, or battlefield I should say, search the place with their eyes. Their glances alight simultaneously on the opposite sexes. The girl thinks, "Oh, there is John—he'll be sweet. Harry gave me a big rush last week-end. I guess this will be good after all." Relief shows in her face, and she dances off confident that nothing can prevent her utter enjoyment. The boy, on the other hand, thinks, "Who is that vision in white—she must be a stranger, I never lamped her before. Got to get knocked down to her right away; got to polish up the old line."

Here I should like to speak of the cattiness that is prevalent in the girls' cloak room. Imagine about fifty girls in a very small room, all trying to get to the mirror. I have often wondered why there is never but one mirror when five would not be sufficient. The girls stand around complimenting each other while they inwardly curse the host or hostess who invited so many of their own sex. "My dear, what a pretty dress you have on," one says and to herself, "My dear, your back is certainly exposed." She greets life-long friends, confidantes of the outer world, with hatred in her eyes, thinking that perhaps Billy will give them a bigger rush than they deserve.

Having never been in the boys' cloakroom, I can not say what goes on there, but from the looks of things on the outside I imagine that the "steins" are filled for dear old Maine or some such convenient place.

Public prayer is a common thing on the dance floor. Both boys and girls pray that they will not get stuck, the girl knowing that she will be ruined if she takes more than ten steps with the same man. What is the crime, I should like to know, in dancing five minutes with the same person? A whole eternity of five minutes—the dance lasts at least three hours. The boy does less praying and more winking at the stag line. If his partner chanced to look unexpectedly into his face after the third

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SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 28, 1932

EDITORIAL

A former professor in the University once stated that college students were the most conventional of people. A very unconventional statement to make, we must say! Collegians themselves find keen delight in proudly thinking that they are unconventional and tolerant of the unconventional. The world peeps at the college boy and sees him with his flaring clothes and his peculiar antics and actions that can easily and only be explained by, "Oh, he's a college boy." Breeders of individuals, the universities are called. After four years of looking about us, we are inclined to believe that if on a college campus an individual develops, it is in spite of the attitude of the student body, not because of it.

The campus sanctions no visiting of students to the homes of professors, no private after-class talks with them. A conventional line of demarcation is set up between the student and professor. And if a student is individual enough to attempt to cross over this line, at once there is much shaking of heads and wise winking among the students as the whisper explains, "He's trying to boot the prof."

A boy who would dare spend the Saturday evening of a football game in the library reading would be an object of unending student scorn. "Why", the campus would gasp, "he's a bookworm!"

A student may play poker for twelve solid hours with the crowd, but let him once, just once, stroll alone through a forest reading from Shelley, and he is, in the eyes of the campus, nothing short of a fool.

Much tolerance found on a college

campus is due to the fact that the student body has not enough initiative to be intolerant. It seizes upon the small, obvious, and conventional evils to curse, but rarely does it do more than curse. Of course, it talks over the matters, flares up in indignation, then quietly shifts its interest to something else, and the evil still exists.

Much drinking and general cut-ups spring from the conventional "hell-raising" idea of a college boy that most students have. Rushing theatres, wild parties, and the like too often come from the idea of their being conventional college practices. Moving pictures have so long pictured dormitory rooms with "no parking" signs stuck in one corner that it has almost become a custom for students to seize the first opportunity to grab one of these signs, the action being motivated not by the desire to be unconventional, but to copy after the conventional college boy of the picture show.

An individual with initiative enough to attempt to break over the unwritten laws of campus conventions, are quite often promptly checked by the student body, who not having enough initiative to advance its own self wishes to hold back the individual in order that they may all be in the same crowd.

The great movements of the students can hardly be classified as those leading toward individualism. Rather are not they more typified by the conventional rush to be the conventional picture of a college boy who wears green socks and pink sweaters as he smiles blankly from a sign board in his Klassy Kollege Klothes while he gives three rousing cheers for dear old Seawell College?

Creator

By H. L. B.

With deft brush
And facile palette
Paint the east in bright hue . . .
The full-blown poppies, silver shadows,
Airy mists in emerald meadows . . .
Quickly, ere the sun mounts the blue.

With feverish heart
And eager fingers
Paint the sunset's rich glow . . .
Freeze the moulten gold that lingers,
Drain the tubes of purple splendors—
Swiftly, ere the colors go.

When the sun is high
And the day is white,
Blight the tear-stained canvas.
When gone is the gold,
And black is the night . . .
Then laugh at graceless fingers.

Book Chat

By ROY B. CHAPIN

Norwood Young, an English historian, thinks so highly of our first president that he concludes his *George Washington; Soul of the Revolution*, with this striking statement: "We hope that she (America) will produce, to preside over a Federated World, another outstanding personality, upright and majestic, a second George Washington." This biography, issued on February 10th, treats the real man Washington with as cool objectivity as if Genghis Khan were being discussed. It is thoroughly documented.

* * *

The portrait of Norman Douglas as Ponce de Leon which appears in his *Paneros*—issued in a limited edition of 750 copies, February 10th—will astonish those familiar with him as author of *South Wind*. They will wonder if he has not dipped in the Fountain of Youth. And so he has. To what profit, this witty adventure among the annals of aphrodisiacs, a sea of love philtres, makes ironically clear . . . The portrait is of the infant Douglas, a Cupid with curls.

* * *

To the savages of the hinterland between Venezuela and Columbia a crocodile is only a man-eater, but a Ford truck is a devil incarnate. Algo Sand in the hair-raising story of his personal adventures around the Orinoco—*Senor Bum in the Jungle*—tells how the savages lay in ambush and made a desperate attempt to kill the "vicho que habla por la barriga," the creature that talks through the stomach.

* * *

If Aristophanes coined a name for the poseurs of ancient Athens, it has been lost. It was left to a caustic Briton of the Fool's Gold Age to label the species in his satire, *The Apes of God*. The priests, high and low, of the international humbugger of cults, are unfrocked and subjected to an acid bath in which they shrank to their true simian proportions.

* * *

These Restless Heads, the title of Branch Cabell's new book, seems to be a difficult one to remember. Here are some of the titles by which it is being ordered from the publishers, McBride: "These Reckless Heads," "These Thirteen Heads," "These Rustless Heads," "These Restless Sands," and "These Restless Ends." Quite a collection of titles for one small book.

* * *

Mrs. Bernie Babcock dedicates her new novel, *The Heart of George Washington*, a simple story of great love, to President Hoover, "thirty-first president of the United States of America who in taking office encountered conditions like those found by the first president."

* * *

Movie magic has turned Wilson Collison's *Blonde Baby* into "Three Wise Girls," played by such favorites as Jean Harlow, Mae Clark and Marie Prevost. Mr. Collison has recently published *Farewell To Women*.

* * *

Because of popular demand their publishers have issued new editions of "Polonaise: The Life of Chopin" and "Franz Liszt (L'Homme d'Amour)." Both books are by Guy de Pourtales and are now uniform in format and price, \$2.50.

THANK GOD FOR GOODBYE

The Last Will and Testament of Michel d'Ossone

By JAMES DAWSON

- I. Now in the ending of my days
Spent graciously and madly here,
Some spite remains, some hope of praise,
Some gaiety, a little fear,
Remembrance, and at last a clear
And fruitless knowledge that the past
Has left me nothing but a sneer
For this dark night, a curse for last.
- II. To these companions of my years,
The stupid and the young, the fools,
Do I bequeath the praise, the jeers,
The jests that fell between the stools
Of doubt and density, the rules
That wounded them and soothed the hurt,
Their wasted bodies, and the tools
Of lust and lechery and dirt.
- III. To Mary of the quiet mind,
This for a curse to ease her days
When pleasant friends are far to find,
And asses have a thousand ways
Of small annoyance, and there stays
About her head a sober gloom:
May she remember one who prays
To Satan with his hollow boom:
- IV. "May Gerald, whose voice is like a goat's,
Be burned by good St. Anthony's fire
Into his snout. May he who gloats
On asses snatch his weak desire
And fling it to the merry choir
Of fifty winds. May he be singed
About the ears by Martin's ire.
And may his weak mind be unhinged.
- V. "May New Bern's twice five thousand tongues
Be boiled in Medea's poisonous stew
And spat upon by him who bungs
With wormwood his bright mordant brew.
May all their gladly hated crew
Be cursed by harlots in the night
And stricken with a ghastly blue
Incurable syphilitic blight."
- VI. Now more than ever is the time
Most dull and heavy, and the year
Made hideous with the paltry rime
Of sickly poets, who can hear
The older bards, but not the sneer
Of time that knows them out of tune,
And me that know them out of cheer.
Christ, and their putrid lover's rune.
- VII. Now more than ever am I dumb
With old suspended bafflement.
Where are the hours that will not come
Back from the limbo where they went
Without us? Lord God, I am bent
Upon the path of madness here,
And this most madly have I sent
In quest upon the vanished year:

BALLADE
FOR ST.
VALENTINE'S
DAY

God knows it is not easy on this day
To be without you, now the time is drear
With rainy winter, and the night is fey

With recollections of another year.
Gone to forgotten emptiness, my dear,
Gone with the splendour that the past has
known.
This is the music all my senses hear:
God knows we were not meant to lie alone.

Lord God, but little ease walks in my way,
But little surcease and but little cheer.
Too little time for phrases left to say,
Too short a comfort, and too great a fear
I shall not ever say them, till my bier
Holds me in silence, takes me for its own,
Sealing me under with a final sneer.
God knows we were not meant to lie alone.

Now is the morning red, the evening grey.
The little rains come down, and insincere
The winter lingers, and the dulling clay
Is stirred, and lifts a little moment here.
Ah Jesus, but the face of time is sere
With promise unfulfilled, the bitter bone
Is captive to the flesh, and you not near.
God knows we were not meant to lie alone.

Princess of all remembrance, you that lay
The hand of peace upon the hot sweet zone,
Let winter come and rattle as it may,
God knows we were not meant to lie alone.

VIII. To Albert Tetroger, with all
The faith his brothers have in him,
My body, when the final fall
Has slain it, for the feeble, dim,
Indefinite, undecided, slim
Peregrination of my mind
Has long annoyed him, and a grim
Delight in burial will he find.

IX. To Louisa, in her glory's wane,
Nothing at all, for in her hand
There grew a sure and deadly bane
That made my life a sarabande
Of rotten impulses, a strand
Of pale ideals and sickly love
That took an awful aeon and
Much pain to free my thinking of.

X. To Jane, with sorrow for mistake,
A sailor to complete her list
That boasted athlete, poet, rake,
And filling station sensualist.
She, whose bright spirit never missed
The last in each new second choice,
Could love one day a brawny fist,
The next a disembodied voice.

XI. Oh God, if I had gone about
The proper ways when I was young!
If I'd been glad to learn, and stout
For truth, and quick to hold my tongue!
The sorry gibes would not have stung
So bitterly, and grievous strife
My mother's heart would not have wrung.
Hey! but I've had a happy life.

XII. Hey, for a blank and wasted time
We filled with scribbling, talk and verse,
With small futilities, and grime,

Scattered desires, and song, and worse
Than useless cramming of the terse
Statistics, poems, facts—the lot
To vanish long before the hearse
Has borne our bodies to the plot.

XIII. All this will end, and ending die.
Beethoven, Brahms, Sibelius, all
That lived to hear the ancient cry
Of hopelessness, the dying fall.
The rustle of a dragging pall
Sounds in the music as it sings,
Breaking the more that mortal thrall—
And now the snapping of the strings

Ho, ho.

BREAK DANCES

(Continued from page one)

minute, she would probably see a masterful contortion of his countenance. Some have even been known to wave money behind the backs of the girls as a tempter to unheeding stags.

Conversation between the dancers is at best a trivial thing. The orchestra is a main topic, and no matter how "lousy" or how off key it may be, it is always good in the opinion of newly introduced couples. Questions such as, "Where are you from?" and "Do you know —?" are another topic. Line-stringing also plays a prominent part. There is always the boy who approaches one with honey dripping from his lips about eyes and general appearance. There is always the girl who tells every boy that he is the finest dancer on the floor. He seems to suck this statement in, because he comes back for more again and again. He can not leave her alone because she simply adores to dance with him.

Dancing, as a pleasure in itself, is unknown at the average break dance. What is carried on may far better be called foot-ball practice or a boxing match. I can not understand the attitude of a coach who forbids his players to attend dances. Nowhere else, except on the field, can they get better practice in through-the-line plays and tackling than on a crowded dance floor. Couples stand around or dance around in a space at least two feet square while other couples punch them in the ribs, or eyes, or chest, or step on their toes. Yet nobody complains except in a joking manner. The only thing that a person gets from a modern dance are sore feet, a bruised body, a mass of jumbled names, and hang-overs. Can these be called real pleasures? Evidently they can as long as attendance at dances continues at the present rate.

LOUIS EDWARD BOOKER

(Continued from page one)

After awhile one of the fellows that Louis had testified against tipped off a Federal officer about Louis, and the officer went out there in plain clothes and bought a quart of whiskey from Louis. The case was tried in a higher court at the county seat, and Louis was convicted and sentenced to two years in the penitentiary. Rufus Merritt said he guessed they'd give Louis a job reading meters in the prison, since he was so good with figures, and some of the people who happened to be there said that the judge had to call Louis down two or three times about whistling through his teeth in the courtroom. Nobody knows where he went after he got out of prison, but he never did come back home.

Pchelkin

By R. W. BARNETT

The young man bowed briskly and said, "Yes, if you like I will show you Moscow."

He gave the appearance of being adequate although he had none of that hoary picturesqueness that one sometimes expects to find in an ancient city. He was anything but picturesque in his olive uniform with its high tight collar and plain arms and breasts. He wore a cap, too, like an English chauffeur might wear. His name was Vadim Pchelkin.

Pchelkin hurried us into a taxi and climbed into the front seat with the driver. He was polite, but efficient to the point of imperiousness. A murmured order to the driver started us jolting over the cobble stones in the direction of the Opera House. He did not bother to remark upon the famous straining bronze horses over the entrance of that edifice. Neither did he dwell upon the beauty of the Kremlin, merely telling us that now it served as an office building for Comrade Stalin. When we stopped in front of Lenin's bare wooden mausoleum he hopped out, ordering us to do likewise. He dismissed the taxi, and for many minutes he discoursed upon the man Lenin. His body was lying there, even yet, he averred. From six till eight, thousands of loyal "comrades" keep in line and march past the body. It is kept in a glass case, he stated, and occasionally the glass is removed and the cheek of Comrade Lenin is thumped by the finger of some high councilman just to prove that the flesh is real.

Although it must have been apparent to him that we were considerably more interested in the Cathedral of Saint Basil across the Red Square, he took no notice of that and persisted in his eulogies of "Lenine." When, finally, we did enter the curious temple, we notice that he looked at his watch and did so repeatedly as we strolled through the many mysterious, aromatic chapels. His remarks about the history of the cathedral were perfunctory. It is true he mentioned the fact that Ivan the Terrible had blinded the architect that designed it so that none other more strange than it could be conceived, but he did so perfunctorily as though it were a necessary duty.

In the Museum of the Red Revolution he became animated. It seemed that he was a trifle too enthusiastic as though he hoped that others about him might hear his comments. This struck us as being odd.

"Ah," he proclaimed, "these maps show you the influence of the Soviet. Yes, even in your America the Soviet are working for their world revolution. This picture, yes, this shows American Marines in Tientsin. Your capitalism must fall." He said these things with a peculiar foreign accent and with decided over-emphasis on certain words. "Soviet," "Capitalism," "Revolution" were enunciated with the proper intonation of pride, contempt, and enthusiasm that they were supposed to convey. It was as though he had practice saying these phrases.

Pchelkin never smiled. In the art gallery he pointed to a picture of a great pile of skulls. Really great, he exclaimed! Verestchagin had painted it. But when the children from the Russian schools ran laughingly to a picture of some romping dogs, Pchelkin hushed them quickly and pointed at us. They felt that it was a warning and the smiles left their faces. When we passed on it struck us that something in Pchelkin's manner betrayed the fact that

Two Translations from Catullus

By J. D. and A. S.

V.

("Vivamus, mea Lesbia, atque amemus")

*Since in our veins is passion, let us love,
And leave advices to the old and wise
Whose talk is frigid. Suns may rise above
Our heads again, and linger down the skies;
But you and I shall see the short light fade
One day, the day that will not come again—
Shall sleep a longer night, a quiet shade,
Unwakened by remorse or hope or pain.
Kiss me a thousand times, a hundred more,
A thousand gently, and a hundred still,
Eleven hundred passionately, before
We lose our counting, lest one wish us ill
Who can but envy what his heart has missed:
So many kisses in the darkness kissed.*

CI.

("Multas per gentes et multa per aequora vectus")

*Through many ways and many restless seas
To this your house of clay have I come back,
Bringing these last gifts for your final ease,
And speaking to your ashes and your lack.
Fortune, that gave you to me, turns her head
And takes you from me, even as she gave.
Now all the memories of years long dead
Are rosemary and wormwood on your grave,
Wet with my tears—and I, a broken shell,
Give you eternally hail and farewell.*

he was sorry that he had hushed them.

Dinner was to be served in the Grand Hotel at eight. We hurried back at dusk. Hundreds of cathedral bells were ringing. The sky was livid with the color of a northern sunset. Trolley cars were filled with men and women returning from work. They rarely smiled at us. The first sputtering street lights were coming to life. Pchelkin's head was turned so we could see his face if he spoke to us. Now he had forgotten us. I noticed his profile. It had relaxed and became sensitive to the impression of the melancholy, the dreary monotony, the surging spirit of tragedy expressed in the faces we passed.

When the taxi drew up to the Hotel, Pchelkin stepped briskly out and helped us to clamber to the street. We were tired. The rest of the crowd went to wash up while I settled with Pchelkin.

"We enjoyed the afternoon. I wish we could stay longer, but we are leaving tonight," I told him.

"Perhaps it is best that you are leaving. You have not seen Moscow. Perhaps that is for the best too."

"This is strange for you to say," I replied, hoping that he would continue, half anticipating what he would say.

"You see, sir, I cannot show you Moscow as it is. I only show you what you are allowed to see. If I should do other wise?—Well, I talked loudly in the Museum so that I might keep my place. We are all watched. You are watched. Everyone watches everyone else; with suspicion, yes, until it is horrible to be alive. My father was killed in 1918. They shot him because he refused to shoot another. I was eleven years old then. —But you are an American and I, I am Russian; I must go."

I paid him the agreed price and he walked sharply away. I didn't ask him if he hadn't been indiscreet in talking thus to me for I knew that the bells, the crowds, and the evening sky had touched him and made him think of the Moscow of his childhood.

Four Years of College

By JACK DARDEN

In three weeks I shall be a college graduate—an educated man as we Americans call one who has finished college. Just now I am only a student. Yet in three weeks I shall be educated. And I can not help but reflect on the four years that experience has been slashing the glorified canvas of college that my high school mind had painted.

The first two years of my college career—excuse the term; I like to use it—were spent at a little Junior College in this state. I reserve the author's privilege of talking about this school to its back. Here indeed was an extreme example of religious fanaticism in its rankest forms. The Sunday routine was as follows: Sunday morning, Sunday school and preaching; Sunday afternoon, B. Y. P. U.; Sunday night, preaching again. Except for serious illness or death, there was no excuse for failure to attend these services. If a student's parents visited him, they either went to services with him, or he went alone.

I believe that never have I seen so much meanness in any one place as at this school. The religious fanaticism of the place explains why this is true. It is humanly impossible to confine one to these conditions without a serious eruption at times. Perhaps it is a weakness on my part, but I have never enjoyed cursing or drinking as I did while a student there.

During my four years in college I have been a self-help student. As far as working is concerned, that doesn't matter to me. I had as soon work in college as out; and I imagine nearly one hundred percent of the students here now will work when they finish. But it is the soul-killing, body-crushing pace that a self-help student has to keep up that makes me think a fellow should never enter college with the intention of working his way.

I hardly think that I've soured on the world. But having experienced four years of the terrific mental and physical strain of self-help, I know. The frequent Pollyanish eulogies on the boy who works his way through school amuse me in an ironical way. How can the speakers know what it means to tramp miles every morning in all kinds of weather delivering papers long before daylight, to struggle for the time to get enough sleep to live on, to go weeks and weeks without a coca-cola or a piece of candy, to go often indecently and scantily dressed in an effort to cut down clothing expenses and at the same time be self-conscious of what others think and have an evident right to think about his appearance? If a student is super-human, or rather inhuman—verily an automaton—perhaps he can stand the pace.

The greatest benefits that I have derived from college are these: the ability to see things in a little clearer and saner light and the associations I have formed. For instance, I used to be extremely skeptical of all things religious. Now I realized that, although there are astounding incongruities in religious doctrines, the Christian religion is, at least, a beautiful thought. Whether or not Christ ever lived does not matter to me materially. The idea is the valuable thing; why worry over the authenticity of it all?

If I ever have a son to go to college, I shall impress on him that he should go mainly to gain a general knowledge of humanity, and incidentally to get a degree. If he fails a course, I shall be exceedingly glad. I think that every boy in college should fail at least one course. I know that one

(Continued on page eight)

Arrival

By W. A. WRIGHT

The train was moving slowly. It was hot. The Boy was uncomfortable; he imagined that he could feel the cinders settling on his face and hands. He looked out of the window, but the landscape was the same unvarying, rolling country, and he turned away.

The people in the car were very uninteresting, traveling salesmen, old women in shabby clothes, red faced children whom the heat had rendered cross and whining, a flashily dressed couple, quite evidently on their honeymoon. He eyed the honeymooners closely. The man was short and fat, his hair greasy and plastered back, revealing a round, oily forehead; the woman was in a coarse way almost pretty. The man nudged her with his elbow. She gave vent to an inane giggle and looked shyly down the length of the car in order to see what furore of excitement this action of her bold spouse had caused among the other passengers, whose eyes, she believed, must be surely riveted upon them. Seeing that no especial attention was being given them, she disappointedly stifled her giggle, unearthed a box of chocolates, and began to munch nervously, her jaws moving in a most disconcerting manner. Ostensibly a third-rate drummer and his bride, the Boy thought; he wondered how any girl, even one so singularly unattractive as this, could give herself to such a lump of oily fat. What would their wedding-night be like?

Dismissing them from his mind, the Boy drew from his pocket a flattened pack of cigarettes and extracting one, less crumpled than the rest, lit it. He realized, when he felt an irritating, tickling sensation in his throat, that he had smoked too much. The smoke made his mouth taste hot and dry, so he got up and strolled down the aisle to the water-cooler. The water was cool but tasted strongly of cinders. He threw the half-empty paper cup into the waste receptacle and walked into the smoker.

Here the air was filled with the blue haze of cigarette smoke. Several men were lounging about in their shirt sleeves, while one of their number regaled them with rare bits of highly coloured humour; now and then various of the others would enrich the conversation with bits of their own smutty wit. The Boy washed his hands, swabbed the cinders from his face with a wet towel, and made his way to the platform.

The air cooled his face somewhat, but bringing as it did, more smoke and cinders, he felt little relief. He sauntered back into the car. Despite the raw, biting sensation it gave his mouth, he lit another cigarette.

After a few hours, darkness came, bringing, however, little moderation of the heated atmosphere.

"How long before we reach Durham?" the Boy asked the porter.

"'Bout hour or two, suh," returned that worthy with a broad grin.

Thus enriched with this so explicit a bit of information, the Boy settled back into a most uncomfortable position and vainly attempted to interest himself in a torn copy of *Collier's*. After what seemed an eternity, he heard the porter's voice announcing that the next station was Durham.

The next few minutes passed in a wild flurry. The bags were rushed down the vestibule by the porter, who placed them in a great pile on the platform. With a great clanking the train came to a stop, and the passengers, as soon as the bags were

cleared away, began to get off. The Boy grasped his suitcase and started into the ill-lit interior of the station. He was suddenly borne down upon by a much disheveled but energetic little man who said in a loud voice: "Check y'r baggage, sir!"

"Why . . . er . . . yes, I suppose so," the Boy replied rather hesitantly. "How much is it?"

"Seventy-five cents."

Thinking this rather reasonable, the Boy acquiesced and tendered his baggage check with a dollar bill to the man. After receiving his change and noting the name of the transfer company, he proceeded on into the station.

It was indeed a drab place. Only one or two dim lights threw their wavering glow over the rows of dark, stained benches. He passed on out into the street.

In his hotel room the Boy took off his coat, walked over to the washstand, and unwrapping the midget cake of soap, washed. He looked about the room. It seemed bare enough. There was a book on a small table by the bed. He opened it; it was a Bible. Printed on the fly-leaf he read: "Presented by the Gideons." "Who the hell were the Gideons. Some damn order of religious busy-bodies." He put on his coat and started out of the door. At the far end of the hall was a small, red light, burning dimly. He mused upon its probable significance. "Well such things happened in the best of hotels, and this was certainly not the best of hotels."

In the street he hesitated for a moment. "God it was hot." How he longed for a cool mountain breeze! "At home it would be cool now; pleasantly and refreshingly cool! It never got this hot in the mountains. A drug store! There one might at least assuage one's thirst." He walked two blocks down the main street and failed to find an open drug store. "Did everything close up in this town on Sunday?" He started back along the other side of the street; two, three, four blocks he walked. "Surely there must be a drug store doing business somewhere." But he could find none. He walked back along the other side of the street. He passed the hotel and kept walking. Hot as it was, he could not remain still. "How hot, how wet he was!" He could feel his saturated underwear clinging to his skin. Suddenly he remarked the legend, "Smoke Shop"! "What miracle of miracles was this? A soda fountain!" He strode in and ordered a dope, and another, followed by a cold drink of water. He felt better now. He purchased a magazine and walked back to the hotel.

In his room he undressed and lay down on the bed. He read until nearly midnight and then attempted to go to sleep. The heat was too intense; he turned on the light and read another story. Towards morning he fell asleep.

Solace

By H. A. ANDERSON

*I thought that I would find some solace
In the damp, dark quiet of the woods,
That to cry your name to barren branches
And the silvery murmuring stream
Would be forever ending all thoughts
Of what you have been to me.
So your name came rushing from my lips,
Rushing at first, and then faltering
As I saw that the glistening brown leaves underfoot
Held lights like those in your hair,
That the limpid pool below the falls
Stirred lazily like your eyes
When you turn slowly to caress me.*

Panorama

By CARL G. THOMPSON

Thin grey mist rolled across the open field and through the door of the stone farmhouse which was the temporary headquarters of a general. Small clouds of this mist swept into the gloom of the building and through the halls into the office of the commander. In the room were two uniformed men, officers in high command, one writing at a desk and the other gazing absently out an open window which looked on the grey west of the morning.

Breaking through the roar of distant cannon, came a rumble of drums increasing in volume, and into the view of the standing man marched a squad of soldiers in the distance, but the officer could distinguish the movements of the squad over the battle-scarred field. Two of the soldiers stepped forward, leading between them a wretched and weak figure. They approached a grey stone wall which loomed menacingly at the extremity of the field, faced the man about, stood for a moment talking, then stepped back. From the window the observer could see the officer in charge as he issued commands; the movements of the death squad were easily definable. The guns were raised, aimed, and as the morning sun shone on the ghastly scene, puffs of smoke belched from the guns. The reports could be heard just as the prisoner crumpled to the ground.

For a full minute the officer stood at the window; then he turned and walked slowly to the center of the room where he remained thoughtfully silent.

Finally he turned to his fellow and said, "Major"—he paused as if to form his thoughts—"Major, I just saw a man shot down like a dog. No one knew him; no one here cared who he was. He was an enemy spy, so we shot him. He was alone, without friends near him, yet he faced death without a tremor. Most of the condemned men do. Are they inhuman? Or has this war hardened them so that death means nothing to them? Do they believe in life after death? Or are they so hardened to death that the sight and thought of it bring no fear?" Again he paused, waiting for a reply. None came. He continued, "Why don't they scream and yell for mercy? Why don't they fight the guard and resist the men? Why don't they break down and cry for their friends? Why don't they damn the universe and the creatures in it? Why don't they swear at our men and curse the country that plunged them into this war? Why? Why?"

* * * * *

With his back against the grey wall, his feet spread slightly apart, the prisoner, his eyes bared, gazed vacantly dreamily into space. True they had offered him the blindfold, but he had refused, realizing in his confused mind that he wanted to meet the greatest adventure of all, not with his vision of the world shut off but with his senses in full use.

He wanted to meet death as he had often dreamed of meeting it. Even as a boy the thought of death had somehow fascinated and bewildered him. He had fondled his father's pistol and wondered, mildly with a child's curiosity for mysterious things, what the sensation would be to have hot lead suddenly tear his life from this earth. Once he had unconsciously pressed the trigger and exploded the cartridge. The report startled him so that he dropped the gun on the floor where it again went off. He could hear the reverberating roar as it echoed and

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THE BOOK WORLD



In proportion as society refines, new books must ever become necessary—Goldsmith

Salamambo by Gustave Flaubert, translated by J. S. Chartres and introduction by Prof. F. C. Green, is number 869 in Everyman's Library, (E. P. Dutton Co., 319pp., 90c). This book follows "Madame Bovary" in the list of Flaubert's works; it marks the breakaway from modern realism to imaginative historical re-creation which the author so desired; yet, as Professor Green points out in his illuminating Introduction to this volume, both works were essentially in concordance with Flaubert's temperament, and reflect alike his hatred of modern life, the earlier work being a positive and the later a negative, an expression of that hatred.

"*Salamambo*," writes Professor Green, "is a superb pageant, glowing with color, alive with movement, clamorous with the shock and din of weapons, reeking with pungent perfumes and fetid odours. The focus of interest is not Salamambo but Carthage; the real drama lies not in Matho's passion but in the fate of the city on the hill. Handled by a great artist like Flaubert, this conflict between the Carthaginian and Barbarian becomes the theme of a mighty symphony.

Three qualities distinguish *Salamambo* from other historical novels: its spaciousness, its greater credibility, and Flaubert's peculiar genius for evoking the secret life that is latent in so-called inanimate things. In this book the author displays an immense suggestiveness. He has the secret, known only to the great poet, of condensing in a word or in a phrase an infinity of perspectives, so that, whilst to read *Salamambo* is a rare pleasure, to reflect upon it is a perennial source of delight."

Rockwood by W. Harrison Ainsworth and introduction by Frank Swinnerton is number 870 in Everyman's Library, (E. P. Dutton Co., 394pp., 90c). This author is already represented in Everyman's Library by four novels, including his greatest strictly historical ones, "The Tower of London," "Old Saint Paul's," and "Windsor Castle." This, his first novel, is in a different vein from these, and is written with a zest and impetuosity unequalled in his later books. He was never so happy in his novels as when he was a highwayman for his heroes, and it was the phenomenal success of *Rockwood* which brought him fame. Dick Turpin is the hero of the book, the account of his famous ride to York being one of the most spirited pieces of narrative in English fiction. Turpin is a real figure of the eighteenth century; but his character and exploits as we accept them today are, as Mr. Swinnerton points out in his Introduction to the edition, the creation—and the chief creation—of Ainsworth.

Mr. Swinnerton writes, "There is far more in the book than the ride to York. For one thing, it is extraordinarily interesting to read throughout. There is power in the opening scene—even in the opening words, which instantly seize the attention. The natural descriptions are at all times sincere and expressive. However it must be admitted that the story has its faults, but among these faults dullness is not to be included.

The faults are those of bad literary style and melodrama. As a writer, Ainsworth, especially when he wanted to be grave, was given to using two long words where one short one would have been an improvement. Some will think it a serious fault that *Rockwood* suffers from confusion of plot; but the confusion is more apparent than real. The whole

story follows a trusted convention, and the uncertainties are those of episode rather than those of outline. However, with all his faults, his talent is not negligible. He is still a master of black and white. He has strong descriptive powers. Except when he is stilted or rhetorical, he writes with vividness. And he is continually interesting, even when he is grotesque, so vigorous in his own zest and so rapid his manipulation of a fluent pen."

In the latest novel by the modern appealing author, Harry Kemp, (*Love Among the Cape Eenders*, Macaulay Co., 415pp., \$2.50) the life of men and women, under false names, is revealed in their rich sensual love affairs while on the Cape. The novel tells of a group of artists, poets, actors and playwrights who, while on their vacation in search of life and inspiration, founded a theatre that has made history there. Love affairs, passionate love scenes, drunken parties supply the elation, the terrific energy and drive which made the great adventures possible. The love affairs of the characters are all told with a frankness and would make even the most sophisticated individual sit up and take notice. This is a story freely written with action and a sensuality that should make it outstanding in its class.

ROY CHAPIN.

Venetian Lover, by A. De Nora. New York, Richard R. Smith, \$2

The romance of the young and brilliant painter, Giorgione, and a lovely nun, Claudia, is placed like a jewel into the glamorous setting of Venice during the Renaissance. The passion of the strange and moody painter for the beautiful girl whom he rescued from death is colorful and brilliant, and the background is entirely in keeping with the romance itself. The dark and enigmatic artist makes a fitting subject for a novel, and De Nora's firm delineation of character and ability as a writer have produced a work of no mean quality. He has portrayed this extravagant ere well, and his story moves

Appassionata

Will you remember those mad March days

When first you kissed me?

Can you . . . ?

You—dressed so sweetly—

Singing—songs in your eyes, on your lips, in your heart.

And with Spring came the sweetness of all love—

All dearness—

Those days when we strolled down shaded paths and by-ways—

You do remember?

And with summer came the heat of all passion.

A perfect fury unfurled.

How you must hate me after that.

Fall—your love faded as did the leaves—

Indian Summer—

I lingered on—

To be hurt—

All that was good is gone—

And left—

A broken spirit.

Winter—cold, dreary, days;

No hope—no love—no—nothing.

Do you remember?

The Enigma

smoothly and swiftly. It is a book that will long be remembered because of its idyllic beauty and glowing color, as well as because of its unusual and vivid characters; the strange man who called himself "Death," the child Vita, Death's wife, and many others. It is an excellent reconstruction of one of the most romantic eras the world has ever known.

Echoes of the Jewish Soul, by Joseph Cooper Levine. New York, Bloch Publishing Company. \$1

Here is a little collection of short stories and essays that will be sure to find many appreciative readers. These charming sketches and stories will doubtless be applauded because of their innate simplicity and the naiveness with which some of the writers express themselves. *Roses*, by Jacob Fichman, is of especial note. It shows a rare insight into the mind of a child, and this tale of a child's love for roses proves delightful.

As a whole, the collection shows the tendency of some of the recent Jewish writers to revert from the traditions and tendencies of rabbinical thought and learning. The writers are not literary stylists, and have written simply and directly. Their writing is the genuine and sincere expression of Jewish thinkers concerning Jewish life. The book is made up of humanistic sketches, rather than theological discussions.

WALTER MASON.

PANORAMA

(Continued from page five)

re-echoed among the four walls, the rumbling, the threatening continuous rumbling.

In his dazed mind he recalled a terrifying experience of his youth. His eyes clouded as he again stood on the back porch of his boyhood home and bade his mother goodbye before starting on a tramp in the woods. The scenes of those familiar woods were easy to recall: the narrow, murmuring brook; the high, sloping gullies; the large, shady trees; the little unexplored nooks; then the realization that he was lost!

Only the most vivid remembrance remained of that fearful night he had spent alone in the woods. Stumbling around in the dark for hours, falling exhausted on a bed of leaves, then being awakened by the crashing of thunder, the flashing of lightning, and the rain beating on his face—all had left a deep impression on his young mind. The terror which had overcome him when he heard the rending roars of thunder, now crept over his body as he heard a similar sound. Then—

"Ready!"

His body jerked spasmodically, his eyes shifted, then again stared. His brain tumulted through a series of incoherent scenes. Then he remembered—

The thrill that ran through his heart as he finished first in the hundred yard dash returned, and he drew up his body as he recalled the shout of the starter, "Ready," the report of the starting pistol, the crouched forms running beside him at the start of the race, the surprise and thrill as he felt the finish tape break across his shoulders. As he straightened up, his head swam, and the figures around him revolved faster and faster.

When his mind cleared again, he saw a vision of his college campus. As if he were looking on something happening at that time, he saw himself at work

(Continued on page eight)

Why We Go to the Movies

By W. A. BRIDGERS

At the University of North Carolina at one-forty five on any day except Sunday and on Sunday at two, a large group of people wend their way toward the moving picture theatre, the mecca of the small village. The students and faculty too, for that matter, have been drawn hither by a force as irresistible as the eerie cry of the muezzin on top of his tower in Jerusalem. Only the Carolina theatre doesn't have exactly a muezzin. Flaming billboards and glamour of the names of famous stars written in letters a foot high out-shriek the most ardent human voice. The people are answering this call to the feet of the god cinema not only in Chapel Hill but all over the world. This widespread interest in this popular form of amusement approaches a religion.

From personal experience I know that I become impatient on my twelve o'clock class because of visions of the moving picture at one-forty-five. Like the Arab who impatiently awaits the call to prayer and thus receive a moment's relaxation, I restlessly stir in my seat, eager to get away from the drone of the professor and to the music and sound in the theater. The Arab has a distinct religious urge, perhaps; though the power that takes my mind away from the class is explained by contrast, I believe there is something else—perhaps.

The believers in the theater do not answer the call immediately as do the Arabs, who throw themselves on the ground at the first cry of the muezzin. Instead, they, the theatre cult, weigh the desire to attend the movie. At dinner the question floats about as to who is going on the pilgrimage to the Carolina. There are many true and loyal believers about the table who have heard the call and wish to go. Speculation begins at once whether or not the offering for the evening will be good, bad, or indifferent. Those who are already patriots to the cause convert others, and the followers of cinema swell. The most convincing arguments used are those about the physical beauty of the leading lady, the number of stars that the show received in *Liberty*, and the number of people that were pleased by the leading man.

Careful study of the column has made me believe that its power lies in the field of vanity. In every way possible the producers make use of little foibles and the stage psychology to ensnare the petty desires of the theatre goers. The audience is not so much taken by the plot or the passion that the characters play with, but rather with the clothes that they are wearing, the nude statues, the modernistic furnishings. In seeing these things in the lives of the characters of the movie, the people in the audience in a measure satisfy their desires for such fascinating property.

The clothes of the masculine members of the casts have just stepped from the pages of the newest style magazine. The cut of the suit bespeaks the last word in stream-line tailoring. Simple but studied effects in the art of draping clothes on the male figure have lead to a science in clothes. The trousers of the cinema stars are things of beauty, developed about as highly as the Greek statues. The ties that they wear catch the eye even though they seem to be absolutely unconscious of creating effect. The cultivated carelessness of the manner in which the tie is put on provokes fond speculation in the minds

of the conventional male in the audience. How different these men look from the men about us every day—their clothes remind me of the advertisements in *Vanity Fair*. Could I ever look like that? So the mind of the man in the moving picture progresses. He likes to picture himself in the perfect likeness of the tall slender actor who gracefully goes from the ballroom to the polo field and from the drawing room to the cabin on the ocean liner. The clothes that the actor wears on the various occasions, ideal in themselves, play the vanity of the onlooker to the satisfying point.

Not a woman in the world lives that doesn't entertain a secret desire to dress like Joan Crawford. To look like her is impossible, but the women that go to the theatre see themselves in the dresses that she wears. The important and satisfying appearance realized by beautiful clothes settles on the envious minds, giving pleasure to vanity. Nor do the women take their eyes from the leading lady's coiffure. They can't wait to try the style in a secret moment and see if it will improve their looks—give the Crawford personality to a slight degree.

The reason that the styles indulged in by the movie actors are at once contagious and irresistible is because of the results perfectly realized by the

Fire at Night

By JAMES ASA JOHNSON

*The shrill, rude voice of the siren,
And red light against the sky,
Spreading, leaping, growing.
Then the sound of voices
And the clamor of engines passing.
Flames and embers leaping higher and higher.
Flaring billows of steam,
And vengeful flashes of flame
Growing more feeble and finally dying away.
Darkness again,
And the sound of returning engines.*

*Day reveals broken windows,
Charred and smoke-stained walls,
And blackened timbers open to the sky,—
Memorials of a savage battle,
Marking man's conquest of fire.*

actors in the clothes. The perfect lover makes perfect love because he is attired so faultlessly. Fascinating moments are more beautiful because the background blends in with the ideal situation. The attention of the engrossed spectator jumps from the wooing of the movie hero to the actual physical elements in the picture, like the manner in which the heroine kisses the seducer and the exact method employed by the man in holding the leading lady when he begins to tell of his ardent love for her; the close-up makes these scenes very much in detail and the physical action gains the attention to the complete cost of the underlying passion. If the scene is not perfect in every detail, the audience is quick to catch the artificial and strained motions; at once they begin to snicker; however, good or bad as may be these intimate close-ups, the sentimental people in the audience (especially the young men and women) get the greatest pleasure from watching the actors reveal the ideal kiss. These young people who throng the moving pictures secretly store away in the backs of their minds information gained from these close-ups. They intend to try the hero's technique at the next opportunity and see if results are the same.

(Continued on page eight)

Windows

By ALDEN J. STAHR

In the scandal sheet of the *New York American* I saw a picture of the windowless skyscraper of the future. I don't think I should enjoy living in a windowless age; I get a lot of pleasure in looking out of windows.

Yesterday, through the window, I saw a distant bank of clouds so caressed by the setting sun as to resemble a binful of cotton with snowy summits protruding above the wall. The dazzling tops pinked, purpled, and at last turned to wall; the artist beam of light was leaving. Down below, the painter's smock lay spread, undulating billows of color-smearred fabric with dashes of crimson and orange and yellow interspersed with daubs of green. His forgotten cigarette sent wisps of feathery smoke across the jumbled smock, dimming the slowly-blending colors. The artist shut the door—the picture vanished.

A clean pane of glass revealed that scene to me; I'm glad it was clean, or I would have missed some of it.

A grimy sheet of glass made me miss parts of a scene in a New York subway, and I was glad of that, too. I was sitting with my nose rubbing against the dirt, watching the rush-hour crowd seethe and boil on the opposite platform. A figure detached itself from the "downtown express" mob and fell flat across the rails. Whether purposely or not I couldn't quite see, but it was well-timed, at any rate, for the express roared by the same instant, obliterating its victim and the waiting cargo. It took just a second; I couldn't see all, but I could, and did, imagine. My "uptown" pulled away and dove for the lower level, where the black tunnel and flashing lights gave the memory of that man a tomb—with lighted windows.

At a later date I emerged from that same subway and wedged a way for myself from the exit through the jam of people to the W Building on Broadway. From high up in the cliff of stone and steel I looked out of another window—(with no glass intervening this time), and by hanging dangerously far out I commanded a good view of the little Grand Canyon below. A unique stream swirled about down there. It was snowing paper and ticker tape, and a mass of debris was shifting slowly downstream. It seemed to be caught by the eddies which kept some of it near the walls until the current passed through and dragged it along again. Lindbergh was in town that day. Future Lindberghs will be disappointed at a windowless Broadway—only half the crowd and no snow at all.

From these restless men of the canyon I went later in the year to the serene man of the mountains. It gets chilly in the New England hills at sundown. I shut the car window and looked absent-mindedly at the thin veil of evening mist rising from a small lake below a mountain. A sensation as of being watched made me look higher. He wasn't watching me; he was looking straight ahead, surveying his domain before drinking the steaming cup of tea beside him and retiring to his green bed. Immense and lofty, the Great Stone Face unconsciously etched itself on my memory. I got out of the car and watched, but dark soon follows sundown in the stern New England hills.

"'Twas midnight on the ocean, not a trolley car in sight" is the first line of a poem I used to know.

(Continued on page eight)

WHY WE GO TO THE MOVIES

(Continued from page seven)

The producers, wise as philosophers, have begun to excite the eyes with little odds and ends carefully placed on the interiors of the houses. Fancy and modernistic china and furniture, employed to arouse interest in a new vogue, quietly blend in with the sophisticated atmosphere. A new type of culture and art, hinted by the use of cubistic designs and original furnishings never seen in life, attempts to live on the screen. Everyone has seen the producers' obvious stage effects—the spiral stairway with its thousand gleaming steps, the polished ebony floors that sound beautifully when walked on, the old fashioned bar with the foaming bumpers of nut brown beer, and the long low roadsters that hum realistically through arched drives. Who doesn't like to watch people use these things and wish that someday life will be like that? These beautiful dreams, merely mechanical dreams, paint what might be if life goes successfully. Probably some individual, inspired by the sight of sophisticated manners, determines to achieve that life so enjoyable to those on the stage. Whether he realizes the wish or not, the enjoyment of success can always be found at the cinema.

But the show itself has strong holds on the minds of its disciples. By this I mean the language and gestures as well as the story and moral effect that is put across. In going his happy way through the frail trials of life, the movie actor becomes a genius in the use of gesture, voice control, and carefree poise. I refer particularly to Robert Montgomery, Ronald Colman, and Clark Gable. These men give the impression that they hold the secrets of the most complicated problems. They laugh at the trivial as well as the tragic, and there never arises a situation that gets the best of their manly qualities. This admirable characteristic—laughing at the game—has fired the moral imagination of old and young. So difficult as it is even to find an interesting situation in real life, adventure, we all like to dream about them. The theatre makes this task a very easy one because it will do all the dreaming for you and more—it will give you pretty dreams that are like fleecy clouds in a blue sky.

In spite of the fact that the moving picture leaves you with a mechanical and artificial feeling of impossibility, the pleasure is real. If you dare it to entertain you, it will not. If you go there expecting complete forgetfulness, it will drive you mad with its many faults and insincerity; however, to those who give themselves over to the care of the producer for his religious doctrine comes a measure of modern happiness, a complicated mixture of satisfied vanity and material success. For the cinema of these United States gives the American his birthright, a feeling that his purpose in life has been realized.

In these days of boring sameness and equality the American people, because of unrelenting competition to get ahead of the average in worldly pleasures, resort to satisfying that feeling of superiority in the moving picture show. A sort of pagan worship of the dollar and the things that the dollar buys has made the American public into worshipers of material and worldly goods. Cocktails, country club life, and shining surfaces are the goals to which the people aspire most passionately. In this life they see a heaven on earth. It seems to be a deep seated ideal in the make-up of the American public to admire those who are lucky enough to be able to drive Cadillacs and go to night clubs and spend and spend. A superior being is the man who shows the world

that money is for pleasure. Of course there are very few Americans who live in such a manner; nevertheless, those who do not have the means to live in luxury like to see others with the golden halo even though there is an element of envy in the feeling. Right here the cinema fills the desire and most effectively. When Clive Brook steps into his phaeton and speeds toward the waiting arms of a beautiful courtesan, Mr. Smith out in the audience is right with Clive and is feeling the rich sophistication personified by the actor. As Mr. Smith leaves the movie, he takes with him the self satisfaction of the millionaire who has everything a man could wish for. Or in the case of Montgomery, Mr. Smith becomes for a moment at least the superior lover who has mastered the soul of women, desirable women. Thus the power of the cinema and the reason we go—to feel as if we could change our clothes five times a day. Watch those coming out of the Carolina and those going in. Those going in are wearing the same suit for the third day. Those coming out have changed from golf to afternoon wear to evening dress at least five times. And the cocktails have had their effect.

PANORAMA

(Continued from page six)

on a dam as a part of the engineering course he had taken at school. He had sweated under the broiling sun for days until he had finished this small dam. Sweat had poured down his face and stained his clothes. Even now he was sweating at the thought of it. Or was that because of the early sun which now shone hotly on his face and made him blink rapidly?

The sun's rays from the distant horizon bit through the thin fog, which the cool of the night had left hanging over the earth, and burned his unprotected face. Its brightness was making him blink rapidly, and at each blink he saw a sunrise, each one different from the other. One was the soothing, colorful sun-up he had seen over the lake during his youth, another was the chilling, white sunrise of the Alps; and the one which had glared so bloodily over the Mediterranean. Each left his mind in a different mood, turning his emotions from hot to cold, back to hot again. Then cold—

"Aim!"

On the green of an archery tournament, walking down toward the target to place his point of aim; the careful sighting of his shot-gun on the field, watching another bird drop lifeless to the ground; these were some of the uses of aim; the birds were prey to the guns of men.

Guns!—War! He had enlisted. Those sordid scenes of preparation. At the dingy office where he had enlisted, the wearing grind of the training camps, the confusion of the transport vessels, the thrill of first fire; then the realization of the real horror of war—sleeping in muddy, lousy beds—wearing tattered, wet clothes—seeing torn bodies; shell-shocked, demented minds. Hearing screeches of pain and agony—whistling whines of shells—raving of men gone mad. Then transfer—intelligence service. Espionage—a spy—involved in risks. Behind the lines—out—another mission—then out again. Narrow escapes—dangers, and more dangers—fear—false courage. Then a critical, important mission—daring—carelessness—false information—traps and investigations. The hotel in enemy territory—it had caught fire—people were shouting "Fire!" "Fire!"

"Fire!"

FOUR YEARS OF COLLEGE

(Continued from page four)

failure will teach him more—cause him to analyze himself more completely—than any half-dozen courses he could pass. I realized more benefit from a course in Pre-Raphaelite literature that I failed than any course I've ever passed. In that course I found Swinburne, my favorite writer. Yet I made a miserable failure of the course as a whole.

I should never attempt to educate myself without the solace of cigarettes. I have found something about a good smoke that makes fellows loosen up and be themselves as nothing else will. There is a certain intimacy, a certain frankness brought about by smoking that nothing else will produce. Of all the professors I've had, I remember most vividly those who smoked.

Last year I stayed out of school and worked. There was a series of lectures delivered at a country schoolhouse near my home. One night after a lecture, I was standing in the school-yard, smoking a cigarette and talking to a group of neighborhood boys. Now it happened that one of my old-fashioned kinfolks with which my community is well-blessed approached me, and I noticed a peculiar expression on his face.

"Why, Jack!" he exclaimed, "Do you realize you are smoking in front of these boys? What kind of an example is this for a college boy to set?"

There you are.

After four years of exposure to modern poetry, I have about decided that anyone can write it. As an example:

DELIRIUM

Eyeballs charred by white-hot pokers,
Snowbirds frozen by blustering blizzards,
Sweethearts dying before lovers' eyes,
Chaos:
Salt water dripping from drowned bodies,
Slimy serpents slithering over tiled floors
Parched lips on a sun-stroked desert—
Bliss.

As far as I am concerned, this means decidedly more to me than much of the poetry I have read in the past four years.

If I had been raised—mind you raised, not reared—two miles farther in the country, very probably I would have never heard of a college. For the last four years I have been trying to decide whether I was fortunate or unfortunate.

WINDOWS

(Continued from page seven)

It was midnight on the ocean, and I would have given my kingdom in Peoria for a trolley car during a storm we encountered in mid-Atlantic. I was very young, and it frightened me to look out of the port, but scaring up all my courage I looked once, and the fascination held me. Stabbing, startling flashes of lightning gave terrible momentary glimpses of the torn heaps of waves, which reached and leaped, until the torrent that came down and the spray that flew up seemed to blend in a solid sheet. The ship rolled; I fell out of the berth and landed on my head. It was calm when I came to; I looked out of another port, but turned away again; it was grey and flat and dreary now.

There are windows and windows. I could go on to tell you of still other kinds *ad infinitum*, but for you, I am afraid, *ad nauseam*.

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Rare Characters

By E. H.

THE FIRST LADY OF DRY POND

Woman by the survigrous sons who swaggered about over the rugged hills of the remote spur ranges of the Blue Ridge which surrounded the homespun settlement was held in somewhat higher esteem than the wooden fixtures of the log cabins daubed with the red clay for which Dry Pond is celebrated, but she was not valued as highly as any one of "them thar huntin' dawgs." Legally, she was classed as goods and chattels. Then the denizens of the outland regions succumbed to the cigarette habit. Tobacco demanded a higher price and found a readier sale. The making, trafficking, and drinking of liquor abated not at all, but honest farmers gave more attention to the growing of the weed. Fair weather was ahead, and frame farmhouses in the shape of an L rose beside humbler dwellings. Woman emerged slowly.

Jane might properly be termed "the first lady of Dry Pond," though it is doubtful if she was regarded as exactly a lady in the quaint Victorian interpretation of that word by more virtuous maidens thereabouts who consoled themselves and each other on their state of spinsterhood by proclaiming every time an occasion arose, and frequently when it didn't, that virtue was its own reward. Jane was the first of the feminine contingent to bob her hair. (Did not the Good Book say that women should wear their hair long?) She was the first to wear knickers, and the first to smoke a cigarette in public. Moreover, what was more damning than any fad of the moment, she was the first to enter upon a career of her own, forsaking all else—including the honorable state of matrimony. Jane became a bootlegger. More to her credit, she became the best bootlegger in the county. Now it so happened that the people about the countryside paid taxes in due proportion to the evaluation of their lands and goods, and of the amount so raised a portion was set aside against the paying of the sheriff, one of whose main duties was to hie himself to the far end of the county whenever Jane was passing through with a load of contraband. For Jane was highly esteemed by the men of the community in which she resided. She it was who provided them with that which they considered indispensable; she it was who afforded them ample topics for conversation. Tales were told.

Until prohibition bootlegging was any man's affair, but with the tightening of the taps in sundry drinking houses it became so profitable a venture that it entered the realm of big business and became organized as such. Jane began to suffer from competition. The outside demand was greater; the supply of liquor was more accessible because of better roads. Farther and farther back into the mountains Jane had to go for her weekly cargo. Once her supply of gas was exhausted when she was still some eight miles from the lone red gasoline pump

Life Cycle

By DELL LANDRETH

There is the story of a dark child who grew into a woman.

She went to high school, and into circulation. She went to college, and life promised a future. She became a school teacher, and disappeared into curriculum.

One day her name blacked headlines with her marriage announcement.

She disappeared into married life.

There was talk among women that she was going to have a baby. One day in a small corner of the newspaper was the announcement of the birth of a baby girl.

The dark baby grew into a woman.

She went to high school, and into circulation. She went to college, and life promised a future. She became a school teacher, and disappeared into curriculum.

This is the story of the life cycle of a woman.

which ornaments the forks of the road. Jane neither affirmed nor denied, but Dry Pond believes to a man that the speed with which her car ascended Winding Staff Road—so steep and treacherous that a yoke of oxen could not pull a loaded wagon to the top—was due to the intoxicating spirits in the gas tank.

Unlike the prophet, Jane was honored at home but not in foreign parts. Down in a neighboring county one day she was arrested and lodged in jail. With something akin to civic pride, a delegation of leading citizens from her home county bailed her out. There needs must be a trial, though the rumor came back to Dry Pond that the judge, who was something of a libertine, had made Jane a proposition. Jane herself, with the candor which was characteristic of all her actions, admitted that she could choose between three months in jail and the surrender of that the retaining of which her less gifted sisters considered its own reward. For Jane was fair to look upon and carried herself with an arrogant air inherited from her father who wore the title "Captain" though none knew why. And she gloried in her freedom. There was no liberty in jail. Brick walls do a prison make and iron bars a cage. She would be as a bird with wings clipped. Dry Ponders, righteous church-goers that they were during protracted meetings, would look lightly upon the sin and commend the sinner if she acquiesced to the judge's desire.

She chose jail.

THE AUTOCRAT OF MEADOWS OF DAN

Back in the nineties Crock Daggett appeared at the blacksmith shop with an iron stove lid, cracked clean through the middle. Asked by a jocular bystander how he happened to break it so squarely, he answered simply, "Nan hit me over the head with it." Nan was his wife and helpmeet, the mother of his ever increasing tribe of sons.

(Continued on page eight)

The Pitiful Minority

By ELWYN DE GRAFFENRIED

The books of many definitions says that pitiful means, "abject, base, contemptible; calling forth pity of compassion; woeful, wretched." It defines minority as "that state of being less or small . . . opposed to majority, as, the Minority *must* be ruled (horrors!) by the Majority."

Time was, when the Minority were the Majority, and they walked the earth unharried in their trades, their proud noses sniffing the morning air in all its purity and freshness. Or else, sat in comfortable sleeping-cars, while the Minorities huddled together in one little room all to themselves. But now, no matter where they go, their nostrils are filled with the scent of the times, for all the world's a chimney and all the men and women merely smokers. They have their choices and their preferences, and each man in his time smokes many sorts. First, there is the Dromedary, lolling and hanging from its owner's mouth. Then, there is the Plucky, full of strange smokes and thrown upon the sod. Last of all, that ends this strange eventful smokery, is something yellowish, that bears distinction en leaf, en size, en case, en everything.

The orities having swapped places. The question that lies before us is: What is to become of those lesser lights who refuse to make chimneys of themselves? Shall their wholesome desires be cast upon a social pyre whose chief oration is ashes to ashes, smoke to smoke? Or, shall they stand out against this sea of puffers and by opposing, stop them? "'Tis a question devoutly to be hissed," say the Smoke-lipped. "'Tis a question of who's the sweeter to be kissed," say the Fair-lipped.

Then comes the answer from the crowd. "You belong to the old order" and with drooping spirits, you take a back seat and breathe in the smoke of all the other fellows.

Pitiful, pitiful! And you tear your hair and say, "How long, how long, will Queen Bess's weed rule the world?" Then you decide to do something about it. But you do nothin'! You and the Minority just huddle together like a lot of wet chickens looking at the rain, while the world goes smoking on.

Well, what *can* you do, when doctors smoke, lawyers smoke, judges smoke, preachers smoke, ladies smoke, school-girls smoke, convicts smoke, millionaires smoke, paupers smoke, professors smoke, students smoke. In fact, as has already been stated, all the world's a chimney!

Surely there is somewhere where the weary smell-er may retire to breathe some unpolluted atmosphere? But where?

They smoke in the parlor, they smoke in the kitchen, they smoke in automobiles, in drug-stores, in apartments, on sidewalks, in busses (oh, Lordy!) in rest-rooms, in class-rooms (ye gods!) indeed they smoke everywhere except in churches. However, on

(Continued on page four)

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SUNDAY, MARCH 27, 1932

EDITORIAL

Once we had the good fortune of attending a class smoker at which no formal speech was listed on the program. We shall not forget the lightness of the atmosphere pervading the dining hall. One tackled his salads and sipped his coffee with pure delight unclouded by an impending half an hour or so of the boredom of an after-dinner speaker's shouting to ears waxed to his teachings on each side of a quiet and apparently interested face. One must be polite.

Not alone at smokers are dry and unfitting speakers found. Wherever three people get together, unless restrained by polite or barbaric methods, one of them will take the center of the floor and talk. The dry and lengthy sermons of preachers have certainly done their part in killing the younger generations interest in attending church services. Having had to squirm and keep very quiet under the fire of sermons not understood in the churches of childhood, grown children look so often upon the services of churches as something akin to penance and purgatory. And they usually look from the outside. This is merely an example of how speeches made simply to fulfill a requirement or carry out a custom kill youth's interest in them. One only has to witness the scarcity of representatives of the younger generation in the audiences of speeches with voluntary attendance to see that something is wrong.

One great evil of speeches is their boring length. Once having the floor, too many speakers take advantage of the good breeding of their audience that prevents one from walking out in the middle of a speech. Note the suspicious air that hangs

over those who attend speeches as they take their seats as near the door as possible. Almost invariably the request to "move up closer to the front" must be made to an audience if it has youth with it. Nor is the drastic affects of long speeches new by any means. In the Bible is found:

"And there sat in the window a certain young man named Eutychus, being fallen into a deep sleep: and as Paul was long preaching, he sunk down with sleep, and fell down from the third loft, and was taken up dead."

One of the most vital speeches in the history of America is remarkable for its brevity. The Gettysburg Address is so short that it can be carved in uncrowded letters on one side of the wall of the memorial to its giver. If a representative speech of many of our modern speakers was put on the walls of their memorials, the marble buildings must need assume the proportions of the Empire State. General Sherman, being once requested to make a commencement address to the graduating class at West Point, arose and faced his audience. "Gentlemen," he said, "you are now one of us." He took his seat.

Often we have heard in past history of a speaker's dumfounding his audience. As yet we have not witnessed that act, except quite frequently the listeners do go to sleep. However, once we saw a high school boy attempting to make a speech to fulfill a requirement. He was making remarkable progress in his first few sentences. Then looking the audience in the eye, he was suddenly struck dumb in the middle of a sentence. He took his seat. But these happy incidences where the audience dumfounds the speaker are rarely given by nature. She is not so kind!

THANKSGIVING

By W. M. HAYES

Selfhelp went to the mailbox on the day before Thanksgiving.

"Dear Sir:

November 30 is the 'deadline' for all outstanding accounts. If your name is still on our list at that date we will be forced to ask your Dean to drop you from his roll.

Very truly yours,

Amount due \$\$.cc"

Then Selfhelp went to the big pep meeting that night and got inspired for the big game, but he had already (illegally) sold his ticket to buy himself a pair of shoes, \$2.98.

HYPOCRITE

Selfhelp sits on the side of the bed and turns the toe of his socks under in order to pull down and hide the hole at the heel. He will flash a well, clad ankle in class today.

Book Chat

By ROY B. CHAPIN

Seventy Fathoms Deep, by David Scott, is an account of the salvage work of the ship *Artiglio* and the deepest and most hazardous diving ever attempted. Felix Risenberg says of the book, "Have read it from cover to cover with a great deal of interest. It is certainly one of the most stirring accounts of salvage operations that I have ever read." H. L. Stone, editor of *Yachting*, has this to say, "I have found it intensely interesting; in fact it is one of the best books that I have read for a long time. I have faith that the romance and adventure of the undertaking will appeal to the general reader."

* * *

Wyndham Lewis, though an Englishman, was born in Maine. A friend describes him as having an ample body stowed in a black jacket and nondescript trousers; a head almost entirely concealed in a black sombrero. Huge horn-rimmed spectacles and a great black pipe complete the portrait of this filibuster in High Bohemia. In *The Apes of God* he is Petronius gone berserk. As in the "Satyricon" the fads and follies of the day are paraded in a series of dramatic episodes whose climax is a stupendous banquet, with Lord Osmund as Trimalchio. This satire bites to the bone.

* * *

"His Majesty, while here, went to the manufactory of oilcloth. The spinning is done by a number of girls. His Majesty made himself merry, telling the overseer they collected the prettiest girls in Boston." This from a letter quoted by Norwood Young in *George Washington: Soul of the Revolution*. In this well-balanced biography by an Englishman, it will be found that Washington's high-mindedness towards the Cause of Freedom did not prevent him from having a good time. He preferred fox-hunting to chasing redcoats, was mad about dancing, and undoubtedly laughed when he heard that "His Majesty" was the title suggested for him by John Adams.

* * *

Algo Sand, author of *Senor Bum In the Jungle*, was born in Stockholm; went to school there and in Copenhagen and in the United States; prepared for Harvard but matriculated in the great University of Travel—for he has worked or bummed his way around most of the Americas and Europe to pick up the sort of education craved by his adventurous spirit. His name, by some trick of fate, advertises two other marked qualities in his make-up—sand and go. Without these he would never have lived to tell the tale of his amazing experiences around the Orinoco.

* * *

The film version of Louis Joseph Vance's latest novel, *The Lone Wolf's Son*, has just been released under the title, *Cheaters at Play*, with Thomas Meighan playing the Lone Wolf, and Charlotte Greenwood playing the other important role.

* * *

Captain George C. Thomas, Jr., died suddenly in his home at Beverly Hills, California, on February 24. Captain Thomas owned the International Rose Test Gardens at Portland, Oregon, where he bred many prize winning roses. As an enthusiastic fisherman he published many books, his latest being *Game Fish of the Pacific*.

Three Days

By R. T. McKEITHAN

Today is Friday, and there is much excitement in town because two robbers and a false prophet are to be killed. I must hurry because I don't want to miss the execution. There seems something queer about this prophet. Of course his story about his divinity is just a ruse to keep them from killing him, but it won't work. Too many others have tried the same means to escape death. Still something unusual, unreal clings about him. There seems to be an aura about him which cannot be pierced. His personality projects itself on one more forcibly than do most, and in that fact the reason for his unearthly impression probably lies. At any rate he hasn't long to live, and I must hasten if I am to witness his end.

A large crowd has assembled here, and it is eager to see the proceedings. I can't see any of the prisoners yet; they will probably be held under guard until just before three o'clock this afternoon when they will be killed. It is morning yet and the fact that the crowd is already growing is evidence of its eagerness.

The prophet has had nothing to say that I have heard. He seems almost superhuman even as he claims. At least his stoicism is unbelievable. I wonder if he will break under the strain.

Now it is almost time for them to bring the condemned men out, and thousands of eyes are peering toward the village. At last, each laden with his own instrument of death, they come. Wearily do they toil up the hill with hope fled from their hearts. Despair carves an image of itself plainly on their faces. Their shoulders bend under the heavy load, and sweat drips from their foreheads. They have reached the top of the hill, and while the centurions keep a vigilant watch, the executioners nail the victims to the crosses. The two thieves are crying out, protesting their innocence and begging for mercy. Their faces are distorted with pain and fear. The prophet has closed his eyes and his lips are pressed tightly together as if to keep back the cries of pain which must be in his throat. The crosses are being raised and as they settle into their holes the last despairing cry dies away on the air, and now the prophet opens his eyes. His lips move in forming just a few words, and then his eyes close and he drops his head.

The centurions grasp their spears and hurl them at the three forms. As if by a pre-arranged signal the mob picks up stones and sticks and fling them after the lances. Of the three the prophet is the last to die. One convulsive jerk and he is gone.

As I turn with the crowd, I notice that the sky is overcast. I must hurry, or I will get wet. Hark, what was that? A loud crash startles me. "The temple, the temple" I hear the cry. "It has been rent by lightning. It is torn to the ground." It is getting dark; I can't see. I am scared. Was the false prophet true? Ah, here is the temple. Truly it is destroyed. Is this God's wrath that is seeking to destroy us? It must be that the prophet was true. God, have mercy. How were we to know? I did not. I don't. Show me God. Show me.

It is Saturday morning. How I reached home I do not know. I have spent a miserable, sleepless night. But it is day again, and that terrible darkness is gone. I must hurry to Golgatha Hill and see if the bodies are gone. As I arrive, I see that

Through a Window

By JOHN BARROW

*Gracious! they are beautiful
Dancing and talking and laughing,
How I wish I were in there,
Dancing and talking and laughing.*

*I know a little girl back at home
As nice and as pretty as they,
But she wouldn't fit in with all this
Dancing and talking and laughing.*

*I believe I could dance and talk,
Then why am I standing here?
Oh well, it takes more than an old suit for
Dancing and talking and laughing.*

*I could borrow a suit I guess,
And a dollar isn't hard to get,
But somehow I wouldn't feel right with
Dancing and talking and laughing.*

*Oh well, I guess I'd better leave
And drink a cup of coffee before
I go to bed and forget all this
Dancing and talking and laughing.*

I am too late. The bodies have been removed; the two thieves' buried and the prophet's entombed with a guard around the sepulchre. They will not let me see the body. The prophet has said that he would rise, and they do not intend that he shall. I wonder if we are to have another storm. Can it be true that this prophet is the Christ, the Son of God? I am almost persuaded that he is. I think if he rises from that tomb, I shall be convinced.

Ah, here come some women with flowers and ointment for him. They believe. Should I, can I? I do not know. God, help me. I want to believe; make me, God, make me. The women are turned away. They, too, are refused admittance to the tomb. It is best that I go and think and try to believe. I will try, God help me.

Night is here again and I am tired. I have struggled with my problem all day and have not decided. I will sleep until day and again go to the tomb. Perhaps there I can find a solution to my problem.

At last morning has come and I am going to the tomb. I must see if this man is the true Christ as he said. I feel like something is going to happen today that will live long in the memory of the people.

As I approach the sepulchre, I see three women standing about with their hands held above their heads as if in supplication. There is something in me that I can't understand. I have an impression that I do not recognize. I am not frightened, but I am uneasy in mind, and I am trembling. This thing is weird. I wonder if anybody else feels the way I do. The color of the hills and the sea seems to have been made stronger, brighter. It is a beautiful morning in which there is more life than usual. It is subdued, but I can feel the power of living things running through the air. Or is it me through which they run? Perhaps it is both, or God, or God's Son. Maybe that's it. If the body that was yonder in the tomb is gone, then it is God's Son. I will see.

As I come up to the tomb the women turn and, upon seeing me, drop to their knees crying, "He is not here, He is risen."

The three most important days of Time are gone, and the Son of God lives. I believe.

Road Notes

By STAHR SEN

Florida was our destination; so we took our bathing suits along even though we had to wear fur gloves and heavy overcoats on the way. When it snows in Chapel Hill in the middle of March, one might expect anything in Florida.

See America with your head under a blanket! It was so cold riding that I took my head out from under just once in South Carolina, once in Georgia, and several times in Florida. I never imagined that our beautiful native land could have such an incomparably dreary landscape. Hundreds of miles of waste land made more attractive by innumerable gas stations. It's a great country.

A motorcycle siren scared us collegians half to death down in South Carolina somewhere. Officer Pill had chased us for over twenty miles before he caught us, and he had his speedometer set at ninety. He had been so elated at having gone ninety that he forgot to clock us, but he said, "We've got a speed law in our little state, and y'all were goin' plenty more, plenty more." We jewed him down from a twenty-five dollar bond to ten, which we gave him only after he assured us that we'd have to spend Saturday and Sunday nights in jail unless we forked over. We drove dolefully to the next town, where we hunted up the magistrate whose office hours were already over for the day. After the great Conrad talked things over with him, we got our ten dollars back with his blessing. Always take a bull-heaver on your trips. He'll save you money.

In Chapel Hill the Confederate soldier is on a pedestal about ten feet high. In Augusta, Georgia, we found him glorified to the height of a hundred feet. (I didn't measure it.) The farther South one goes, the more sanctified is the rebel. They didn't have enough stone in Florida to do justice to theirs.

All over Georgia you can see where the Yankees went through swinging their swords. Even the pine trees are all cut up over it, and strange to say, they're still bleeding. The rebels go around collecting the tree-blood and sell it back to the Yankees.

I've discovered a new way to estimate speed. Count the pickets in the picket fences you pass. The more pickets you can't count the faster you're going. If you have a really fast car you can try telegraph poles.

In Sanford, Florida, they claim to have the largest celery beds in the world. Now I know how celery smells by the acre—the same as by the bunch, dammit.

It is only reasonable to suppose that Florida should be warm in March, but we had to wear overcoats when we picked oranges and bananas. It isn't right; there should be some legislation about it.

After the big Boom and the big Crash in the alligator state, even the trees are poor. They look like gaunt tattered old tramps after the Spanish moss has got the best of them. But I shouldn't speak so irreverently of the beautiful Spanish moss. It is smooth up to a certain point, but when it has choked the trees to death it becomes ghastly, especially in the moonlight. I've always maintained that beauty is deadly, anyway.

We tried to do a Sir Campbell on Daytona Beach, but we couldn't get the flivver over 250 m.p.h. because the tide was in and we were driving in the water. It is significant that the record holder left shortly before we came down.

(Continued on page six)

That Day the Old Man Died

By KENNETH WHITE MUNDEN

The toothbrush hanging beside J. D.'s towel-rack looked amber, but the room was red. It was not J. D.'s fault that the room was red, any more than it was his fault that the old man was lying stiff in a box in the parlor downstairs. It was simply that the room was red, instead of being orange or lavender or blue. Nearly always it looked blue at you when you woke up, but today it was red, and hurt your eyes when you opened them. The walls were pinkish-red, and in the corners where they ran into each other they were turkey-red. Your old Bible stared at you with horrible redness which should have been gold, and the husky copy of *Les Misérables* which Aunt Cora had brought you two years ago when she went up to Suffolk looked blood-dripping like your hands when you helped the old man kill hogs. Even the carnation-scent was red, and it slipped upstairs and got in bed with you.

Aunt Cora came hush hush into the room. The scar on her face was redder than usual, and her teeth were filled with something red.

"Well, J. D., you're ma's big man now," she whispered, and there you were with the tears rolling down your face and saying things you did not believe. Poor Pap. What *could* have been that nasty thing somebody-or-other shouted at the Duke of Wellington? *Merde!* Poor Pap! Spare the rod and spoil the child. The day you ate the apples Pap was going to take to the Five County Fair, and the day you let wasps get into the new cider, and the day you said you did not see how Cain got his wife. The half-gallon of ice cream you ate up before the folks got back from meeting, and the cider you drank before it had a chance to turn into vinegar. What a gut you *have* got, old J. D.! The nights your back-end ached like godalmighty, and you wished the old man was in hell, and the week you spent reading the Bible and praying out loud because the old man caught you with that "yaller wench" . . .

The tears rolling down your face, and you there saying things you did not believe.

"I guess so, Aunt Cora, now Pap's gone. Sorta tough to die, I reckon."

It was nauseating, the sneaking into the parlor, the hot words boiling over and screaming out of the red mouths.

*Alas and did my Saviour bleed,
And did my sovereign die?*

The Blood of Christ. *But one of the soldiers with a spear pierced his side, and forthwith came there out blood and water.* Blood and water. Red blood and white water.

For such a worm as I . . .

Worms were red. Sometimes your hoe only brought up half a worm, and you took a peek at the red ring of his middle . . .

There is a fountain filled with blood . . .

A fountain squirting up at you, you there with the blood squirting up at you, the blood drawn from the veins of Christ. Red blood.

It was too nauseating . . .

Suddenly the parson leaned over to you and told you to bear up, and then he began talking about taking off corruption and putting on incorruption and wound up with something about the sting of

death which you did not believe, though you thought it was good enough for the old man. The old man's beard was the reddest thing in the room.

Finally you found yourself in the Sunday buggy between Aunt Cora and ma, and when you looked ahead you could see the shape of the box behind the glass doors of the black hearse, and you thought you heard somebody cuss because it was raining and the roads were bad. Afterwards you remembered how they threw a piece of canvas over Pap and left him in the churchyard in the rain because the grave had been dug too short.

"Old cuss was an uncommon tall man."

You heard somebody say it, and you smiled and thought about the dirty word somebody shouted at the Duke of Wellington, and wondered what the hell it meant.

Sorrow in the Garden

By KARL HETRICH

for

MINNA

I

*My garden hangs recumbent with the scent
of red nasturtium and of mignonettes
you planted there before the summer went
and left you deep beneath the violets . . .
At every dawn the yellow humming-bird
comes for the honey-suckle and for me,
and you there in the garden have not heard
him rustle in the little orange-tree.*

*It was my being, this, the love I had,
and so I weep for you, beloved one;
and in the garden everything is sad:
the brittle orchids sicken, and the sun
has hid behind the garden's sorrow, since
the day I found you dead beside the quince.*

II

*If, when my tears had glistened at the last
upon you dead, upon your dead, dead face,
I could have conjured up the avid past
to gather all the roses in your place,
I should have waxed my ears against the pain
of loving you unto another death,
the constant long recital in my brain
of you, and not you, and your icy breath . . .*

*Forever dead, and dead in pantomime,
the grave is cold where you shall ever lie:
yet if I could but reckon on some god
to suffer me to prematurely die,
I'd only sob, and ask the golden-rod
to hover near you in the winter-time.*

III

*So haunts your presence by my garden gate,
the flutter of the past in aftermath,
that I who love you, love you, come to wait
the crumble of your footsteps on the path.
And in the evening, lagging back between
the yellow lattices the roses climb,
my soul brings in the things the wind has seen,
the stagnant crocus and the pungent thyme.*

*It is not in me ever to forget
your fingers reddened in the harvest-cold,
and I shall ever feel them, morning-wet,
caress my eyelids with a marigold . . .
Now in the night the lilac petals fall:
you were the garden's sweetness, after all.*

IV

*"Karl if I die, and I shall die before
the autumn roses run upon the wall,
you'll hide me by the purple sycamore
so that the leaves may kiss me when they fall . . ."
These were your words, and it was then I knew
you loved the little garden more than me,
and that you wandered lonely, like the Jew
who walked the garden of Gethsemane.*

*You would have hurt me more if you had said
"I have not ever loved you" . . . but you brought
the early gentians from your flower-bed
and teased me with the bumble-bee you caught.
My heart had withered had you offered me
the iron-rust flowers from the dog-wood tree.*

V

*If life has spent my wages all in gamble
and I have missed the numbers on the die,
it is because my heart is in the bramble
there in the garden where the jonquils lie . . .
And if the sun should cease before tomorrow
to warm me and the blossoms sprinkled here
I should not notice in my utter sorrow
their fragment lovelinesses disappear.*

*The green leaves and the yellow, then the red,
and brief annihilation in the end:
come, is this all that can be ever said,
and all that I shall ever apprehend?
Poor fool . . . why ponder on a shibboleth?
One need not be too mincing over death!*

THE PITIFUL MINORITY

(Continued from page one)

any Sunday one may expect to hear the preacher, who has just thrown away his cigarette, open the service with, "Let us smoke!"

But one can't spend all one's time in church. Then where? They don't smoke at funerals! Ah! How about being a corpse? That won't do! Likely as not, when you are laid out some facetious friend will stick a cigarette in your mouth and say, "How peacefully he smokes!" And you will have put yourself in such a tight place, there'll be no getting out of it.

Nor is it the smell only, that the Pitifuls must bear. The sight of those burnt offerings, cast before the smoker's like pearls . . . are to be found on lawns, in halls, on dinner-plates, in gutters, on stairways, in sewers, on hearths, in corners, on chair-arms, in crevasses, on mantle-pieces, on window-sills, on banisters, and even, occasionally,—in ash-trays.

Now what is the remedy for this smoke-ridden, stump-scattered, ash-covered world? There are two: either the wretched Minorities can dig holes in the ground and stick their heads in,—like a lot of earth-ticks, or, since doctors make patients swallow their medicines, lawyers make witnesses swallow their words, lovers make sweethearts swallow their stories, why shouldn't smokers be made to swallow their own cigarette stumps?

Think how easy it would be on the house-maids, the gardeners, the street-sweepers and the garbage collectors. And think what a great thing it would be for politics to have vast numbers of stump speakers springing up all over the earth? Politics would be cleaner, oratory would be impromptuer, the atmosphere lighter, and the wretched, pitiful Minority no longer smoked out by the puffing Majority.

Li Chen

By R. W. BARNETT

For twelve years Li Chen had been living in the missionary's school. It had been twelve years since the shaft of the missionary's ricksha had struck his head and made him unconscious, twelve years that he had been under the tutelage of this man from the west. At first the missionary had made him study the Scriptures, but for months now he had occupied himself mostly with his painting, and now under the instruction of Lu Wei, the master artist of Wuhu, Li Chen's painting became more and more delicate, carrying with it some of the refinement and subtlety of the old masters. No longer did Li Chen draw romping puppies and rickety wheelbarrows. He had ceased being merely photographic and his work became symbolic. His trees bent under the pressure of breezes from cool mountains, but trees, breezes, and mountains were not merely objects; they were manifestations of what Lao Tsu had called Tao, and he had come to call God. But Li Chen never discussed his art with the white missionary, not because he was afraid, but simply because he felt that they wouldn't understand each other. The missionary had made Li Chen feel that God had ceased to move and change, that complete and final truths had long since been attained. Li Chen had read the Scriptures and interpreted them differently.

Gathering hundreds of pictorial images from the Scriptures of a friendly compassionate Christ, a Christ of intelligence and tolerance, Li Chen felt an image of this Christ growing into his consciousness. He sought for the eyes or the mouth or the robe of a Christ in those that lived around him. He never found the perfection which he looked for, but slowly a Christ finally assumed shape in his mind.

Then one day Li Chen swept his tiny brushes over a long scroll of parchment, and after weeks of patient work a figure of a man stood there. The man epitomized all that was kindness and understanding and grace. Behind him rose in solemn grandeur a snow-covered mountain peak. A stream sang lazily beside him. The whole of the picture was simple and limpid, leaving unspoken the obvious and suggesting the power that made it harmonious.

With graceful black characters in the upper corner Li Chen inscribed these words, "Done by Li Chen in the year 1899. 'Christ by the Mountain'."

Li Chen then carried the work to Lu Wei, who was astonished at the excellence of the work. This youth must go to Hangchow and study there, he thought. Lu Wei took the painting and kept it. A week later he showed it to the missionary, expecting him to approve of this artistry. The missionary looked at the picture and read with difficulty, "Christ by the Mountain." He read it again in horror. What blasphemy! Christ! A Chinese! He was silent, and in his heart he was outraged by this presumptuousness. It was true that the features were the features of a loving and noble man, but they were Chinese. And the man stood at the bottom of a Chinese mountain. Bamboos bent tenderly over this man. They should have been olive trees! It was all preposterous. He must make the youth see the Truth. He called Li Chen to him. Christ was not like that. Christ was something like a Robert E. Lee, a John Wesley, and a William Penn. Li Chen bowed and remained silent. The missionary spoke on, growing annoyed at this passive silent lad.

Sonnet

By GEORGE BROWN

*When mystic night steals o'er our flow'ry lea;
Her face behind a fleecy veil, and all
Her eyes—now closing—now ope to the call
Of night winds sighing; . . . do you think of
me?*

*Remember when a lonely whip-poor-will
In some far meadow sang out plaintively
His soul's despair,—how close you clung
to me
And murmured "Dear, I missed you!" . . . do
you still?*

*How oft I've found my raiment wet with
dew . . .*

*Once daybreak's baby fingers brushed my
eyes;
I saw our hopes gleam from those burning
skies,
And leaping from my flower bed, I drew
In all our long sought, visioned dreams anew,—
O tell me love, that you've regained them too!*

Finally in a rage he said,

"I have loved you as a son. I have given you religion and the love of Christ. I have given you everything, and now you paint such a picture. You blaspheme. Speak to me, explain yourself. Look at this picture. You call it Christ. Well, perhaps you will call him Buddha next time!"

And so saying he took the painting in his hands and tore it to pieces. "Get out," he shouted. Li Chen walked away unmoved.

Meanwhile, far to the north there were grumbings of Boxers who had arisen to cast off the poison of the foreigner. Li Chen heard of this and wondered what his missionary friend would do. Reports said that the Boxers killed foreigners and Chinese alike, all believers of Christ. In Christianity the Boxers saw a corrupting and alien power working insidiously into Chinese life.

Li Chen was awakened one morning by much shouting. The neighbors were yelling that the Boxers were in the next town and were coming south.

Li Chen hurried to the missionary's compound and woke the servants, telling them to warn the missionary. Already for weeks the missionary had guarded his steps, had not walked the streets alone, and oftentimes started in fear when there was an unseemly clamour.

By noon the Boxers were in the city, seeking out every foreigner and Chinese Christian. They were rough and noisy. All that saw them were filled with horror, for the men seemed capable of all evil.

In the city the Boxers separated and sought out their victims. The chief of them looked for the foreigner. He beat down the heavy compound gate and found the missionary hiding in a cistern, pale and trembling. The chief called him out and laughed loudly.

"Priest of the western gods! White faced turtle, I spit on you!" he cried. His comrades laughed appreciatively. The chief ordered them to bring a wooden crucifix. It was laid on the ground before the missionary and the chief said,

"Step on this cross and you shall live; do not, and you shall perish where you stand."

The white man refused to step forward. The

chief unsheathed his scimitar. The missionary wept and prayed to be left alone. The chief was relentless. The white man offered money. The chief laughed and said he would have that anyway. Finally the missionary, saving his life for further service to God, sprawled forward and fell on the cross. The Boxers roared their contempt, while the chief ordered his men to undress the white man and send him into the streets to find his friends.

Other Boxers did likewise in other parts of the city. But Li Chen made no effort to hide himself. He was not ashamed of his love for Christ and was willing to die if need be. The whole countryside was acquainted with Li Chen's attachment to Christianity, and so when the Boxers found it out, they hunted him. When they found his house, they called to him. He came out immediately. A score of northerners stood there with shiny scimitars, some of them covered with wet blood. One of the men threw a cross before him and ordered him to step on it.

"And by doing so I signify—?" he asked.

"By doing so you place your curse upon Christ and his unspeakable teachings. Do so quickly, or you shall be slain where you stand."

"I cannot," Li Chen replied without bravado.

"Kill him Wen! Kill this pig!" the chief commanded.

"You think you frighten me with your noises. Do not deceive yourself."

The Boxer leader was taken aback by the courage of this lad and ordered his men to leave the boy alone. Li Chen left the street and walked indoors.

A while later he was disturbed by a noise at the door. He slid the panel back and found the missionary lying naked at his door. The white man had stumbled over the cross that the northerners had left in the street.

A Letter

By E. V. DEANS

It came today—a letter from home, a letter full of the village gossip, yet full of motherly love. Mr. Brown's daughter died last night, it stated. She will be buried tomorrow in the old family church yard. A baby had come to the family living in the apartment up stairs, a baby with blue eyes, a darling baby the letter said. Sarah (a class-mate of mine) had married the fisherman's son. Mr. Henry had failed in business. On the other hand the letter told of homely things, of the seven baby rabbits, of eight new chicks, of the half-dollar turtle—the latest introduction to the aquarium. Though Pete (the canary) would be six years old Friday, he still sang all day. In the garden purple asters were blooming among the golden rod, chrysanthemums, dahlias, with here and there a red spider lily as fiery as the sun. Then too mother had been sick, the letter went on. The doctor had been. Perhaps in a few days she would be well. Then again she might be in bed till Christmas. One never knew. Throughout, the letter was full of the tenderest affection of a mother for her son. Yet it was not sentimental; on the contrary it was full of the warmest love in the form of motherly advice: "Be sure to write for more cover when the weather is cold. Be careful with your head; it is not well yet." After a homely comment on the weather, which had demanded a fire, the letter closed. It was signed with simple sincerity: "Lots of Love, Mother."

Student Saturday Nights

By W. M. HAYES

In the Spring, Summer and Fall of last year a group of students who were very uncongenial, and heterodox got together and called themselves nihilists. They meant by this that they, as an organization, stood for nothing, crusaded for nothing, had no ideas, political, social, or economic that they wanted to propagate.

Chamber was a Phi Beta Kappa man, son of a physician, an atheist who had a high regard for the church as an institution. He was a radical in politics.

Crimnal was eccentric, inclined to "shine," disgustingly atheistic, contemptuous of all music except the classics, rudely frank, and quick-tempered, absolutely unaffected by what others thought of him.

Ache was a freshman who talked through his nose, was never satisfied with what the crowd did and was griping about something all the time. He was inclined to ape Crimnal in his philosophic thinking.

Head was sensitive, religious, a great lover of music, art, literature, and nature. He was exasperatingly self-conscious, and made himself glaringly prominent by his foolish attempts to keep out of the limelight.

Bjornson was a Scandinavian who was literally buried in music. He lived music all the time. His whole life seemed to be made up of rushing from one musical gathering to another. I think that he was connected in some way with every musical organization on the campus. He condescended to be a nihilist when there happened to be no rehearsals on Saturday night.

Hospla was almost a Fundamentalist in religion, radical in politics, inclined to be rather puritanical in his own conduct but not caring much what the rest did. He became famous in the group as a story teller.

Occasionally there would be visitors, that is fellows who got out once or twice and let go with us. There were no officers, no meetings, no dues, no rules, and no attendance required. The whole activity of the nihilists took place on Saturday. I will now try to describe the general principle on which we operated.

Two of the group would meet on the campus on Saturday morning—Crimnal and Hospla, for instance. Crimnal would say, "Dammit, let's sleep out tonight!"

Hospla would answer cautiously, "Who's going?"

"Me and you."

"All right, let's go by and see Head and see if he'll go."

"O. K."

They go and lean in at Head's window and simultaneously ask him to go.

He answers with, "Who's going?"

"Me and you, and him, and Ache."

"No sir, I'm not going."

"Why?"

"I've got something else to do."

"Do it after dinner and have your blankets ready by nine o'clock. We're going by to see if Ache and Bjornson will go."

"No sir, if Bjornson's going I'm gonna stay here; and you've done said that Ache was going anyway."

"Oh, he'll go all right. Be ready, we'll meet here and nine o'clock."

"I'm not going unless Chamber goes."

"Aw, go to hell!" says Crimnal, flouncing off towards Bjornson's room.

Hospla pauses to say quietly, "You go see Chamber and get him to go."

Head smiles and says, "All right."

Bjornson and Ache room on the third floor of the dormitory together. By the time Hospla and Head have finished Crimnal is half way up the fire escape to their window. The nihilists nearly always use the fire escape to get to this room.

In some such way as this the nihilists are notified and usually as many as four of us at least are ready with our slickers and blankets by nine o'clock. Then like hobgoblins we cavort across the campus and out the road to Gimghoul Castle with our bedding bundled up on our backs. We belong to a different world now. The strain, the hurry, and highly concentrated and routine activity of the University is thrown completely off. Every whim, fancy, or notion that comes to the mind is indulged in unrestrainedly. Laughing, joking, singing, reciting poetry, shouting and yelling from the joy of being alive, we arrive at our destination.

We spread our slickers on the ground on the hillside facing the sunrise and a comparative quiet settles down upon us. At least our activity is for the most part vocal. The bell, far, far, away at the University sounds out the mournful knell for the activity of the co-eds; the freshman seat is vacated and we have the stage and the night to ourselves. We sing Chamber's song.

* "Chapel Hill, Chapel Hill

Above the Triassic Sea.

Chapel Hill, Chapel Hill,

Above the Triassic Sea.

* * * * *

Chapel Hill, Chapel Hill,

No more the Triassic Sea;

Chapel Hill, Chapel Hill,

No more the Triassic Sea."

The tune is as lonely, haunting and melancholy as the sound of the wind in the trees above us. We lie on our backs on the hillside and look out over the old Triassic Sea and seek out imaginary images of beasts and goblins in the branches overhead. We talk about the stars and tell stories (and what stories we tell!). Far into the night ghosts, goblins and buccaneers parade before our imaginations. Then Ache begins to grumble and growl about wanting to go to sleep. No one pays any attention to him. Finally he turns over and begins to snore loudly trying to drown out the conversation. We all take it up and a discord of raucous snores ascends to the stars. Ache sits up, like a ghost in its winding sheet, with his blankets hopelessly tangled around him and begins to cuss and grumble, declaring that he will never come out with such a bunch of fools again.

* * *

Suddenly we awake. Over the distant rim of the old Triassic Sea the sun is appearing. The clear flowing notes of a thrush in the oak near the freshman seat is answered by a cardinal back behind the Castle.

If we are not frozen we are all right so long as we lie perfectly still. When the head is raised to view the sunrise, the neck pops as if it had broken

*NOTE: A song containing these lines was written by one of our group and we always sang it on our trips out. The tune was original also. The musician undertook to put it on paper but has not yet finished it.

off at the shoulders, and the back of the head feels as if it had fallen off on the ground. When the arm is lifted it feels numb and lifeless. The hip joints creak like rusty hinges. One finally gains a standing position with a tearing and ripping, and popping and cracking of ligaments and joints that is terrific. The blankets are rolled into a compact wad and wrapped in the slicker. Then the bleary-eyed, tousled-headed, half-frozen, wrinkled nihilists stagger stiffly back to their rooms, the cause of much wonder and speculation on the part of the milkmen and negroes on their way to their early morning jobs.

I know that some of the nihilists will think that I should have emphasized the wild barbaric dances on the balcony at Gimghoul in the moonlight, or the tortuous journey into the heart of Battle Park on the dark of the moon, or the mad outburst of energy, and orgy of eating fruits and nuts on the rocks below the stadium. But I think that the quiet talks, the stories and songs as we lay wrapped in our blankets on the hillside overlooking the Triassic Sea that we sang about so much will make a more lasting impression on us than will these mad outbursts. Anyhow the nihilists never agree with each other; so I can expect them to be dissatisfied. Meanwhile I anxiously await the coming of warm weather and the familiar greeting of, "Dammit, let's sleep out tonight!"

ROAD NOTES

(Continued from page three)

Palm Beach and Miami made broiled lobsters of us, but it was worth losing a layer of skin to lie on the beach under palm trees and bathe (not swim, that's proletarian) in water at seventy-two degrees. The only drawback was Brooklyn, which was too well represented on the beach. First you hear them, and then you see them.

We saw some speedboat races in Orlando. I never imagined that an outboard motorboat could zoom across the pellucid depths at over fifty m.p.h. We took a ride in one, but, my friends, there is still no thrill like a roller coaster.

Rollins College, that's the place for Carolina boys. No grades, no exams, and plenty of beautiful girls. Why can't we amalgamate? We have the prestige, and they have the country club. They need men down there. (Not an advertisement.)

In Savannah even the the pots, the bags, are smooth. Just walking along the street, offhand-like, you can see babes that knock your eye out. (If you get funny with them.) We didn't walk along the street, because we didn't want to get pulled on various and sundry charges of attempt. In the face of such great beauty man should not be required to exercise control.

Charleston, well, I don't remember much about that. A couple of med-student friends caused us to see it through gin-colored glasses; so I could not give an unbiased opinion. It was a pretty nice place, though.

And then back to Chapel Hill with its dreamy ways. If it snows here anymore, I'm going back down yonder to stay. In a week or so I'll remember the other things I meant to remember. *Veni, vidi, returnibus.* I came; I saw; I returned. That's my kind of Latin. A company of fools went for a 2500 mile ride. If we hadn't been fools we wouldn't have gotten back alive. Travel broadens one, and gives one a sore fanny. Mine is.

BOOKS

Infants of the Spring, a story of life in Harlem, is the latest novel of Wallace Thurman. This man was co-author of *Harlem*, a play about negro life in New York, and he holds a high place among negro writers. His novel is essentially a picture of the position held by the negro writers, artists, and musicians of the day. These people are in a peculiarly isolated situation; they have no native public, are more or less estranged from their own people, and are not received on an equal basis by any one. They are in revolt against a situation which has no apparent solution; the white public whose approbation they seek, demands of them the quaint, the morbid, or the primitive, while they feel that they have inherited as much from their Nordic ancestors, whose culture they have assimilated, as they have from their African progenitors. The story centers around a group of negro writers and artists who gather into a house, which they call "Niggeratti Manor." They carry on a wild, free, bohemian existence which finally brings upon them the severe disapproval of the more "respectable" people, and the ultimate downfall of the house. They make no headway, and try to drown their sense of defeat in ever increasing dissipation. The weaker men are overtaken by disaster, and the stronger are forced to preserve their ideals in solitude; it is the defiance and perseverance of these stronger spirits which saves the book from grimness.

Another story of negro life is "Love Fetish," by Evans Wall. The setting of this rather mediocre novel is in the inaccessible swamp lands of the bayou country. It is a story of a people called "no-nation" because of their mixed blood; French, Indian, Spanish, English and Negro, all combining to give rise to a colorful, primitive people whose lives are ruled by powerful passions. One of the most important and interesting factors in the development of the novel is the mysterious "love fetish," which was believed to insure good luck in love affairs to the owner of the fetish or charm. The most important and vivid character is Duke, a no-nation boy who was raised in the backwoods, and who was as handsome as a Greek statue. He set his heart on an unattainable goal; he loved a white girl, but till the end, kept his love a secret, even though it proved to be his own destruction.

(Note: Both books are printed by The Macaulay Company, and are priced at \$2.00.)

WALTER L. MASON.

In a new mystery story, *Birds of The Night* by Austin Moore, (Ray Long and R. R. Smith, Inc., 340pp., \$2.) we have a multitude of intensely exciting adventures dealing with counterfeiters, scientists, inventors, and thugs. It is a fast moving story, not improbable as are so many mystery tales. Its vivid setting is in London where many of our best thrillers have their scene. There are plots, counterplots, and several different stories each gathering speed, and meeting with a huge climax. We have in addition a bit of the love element which has its own appeal. The story with its swiftness, its intriguing nature, and its varied plots reminds me very much of one of Oppenheim's works and could almost be mistaken for his own. Its author is rated as one of the foremost of the English mystery writers. This story should satisfy those who seek excitement, mystery, and a credulous atmosphere in their reading. However, I believe it is sufficient

to say that this writers work could be favorably compared with Oppenheim.

Sir Flinders Petrie, whose autobiography, *Seventy Years In Archaeology*, was recently published, has announced the discovery of the first known horse in Palestine. The remains of the recently discovered horse are more than 4000 years old. The horse came from the East and with him came hard-riding horsemen who overwhelmed the comfortable, rich and sleepy population of Palestine and lived off the land by force. Sir Flinders is at present directing his fifty-second expedition to Palestine.

ROY CHAPIN.

A Minister's Son. Madison Stahr. Fleming H. Revell Co. \$1.50.

Reviewed by ALDEN STAHR

Morgan McClure, the minister's son, is an old-fashioned hero in a modern setting. Rapid action is the keynote of the story, and the interest is well-sustained by the frequent introduction of new characters, sixty-three in all. The author has a tendency to idealize his characters and to be a bit trite in his treatment, but he is direct and sincere. The love element is handled with restraint, and the style is pure, somewhat in the Scandinavian manner, for the writer is a Dane. The book is not recommended to pseudo-sophisticated collegians. In his own words the author says his aim in writing this book was "to create characters who would inspire the reader to noble thoughts and kind deeds."

My father, the writer, is a carpenter by trade. He was born in Denmark, where he had only grammar-school education. At twenty he came to this country, and after picking up the English language and reading for thirty years, he began *A Minister's Son*. Whatever its faults, this book is a remarkable achievement and a good evening's entertainment. If you are looking for sophistry and smut, don't read it; if you desire rapid action, good characterization, and sincerity, then do.

Lonesome Chimney

By WILBUR DORSETT

*Lonesome chimney standing bare,
House is burned, alone it's left
Like an orphan in despair,
Of its former home bereft.
Alone, alone.
Bleak stack of stone
Midst a rocky, weedy plot;
Round, small island in a sea—
Sea of cornstalks brown and dead,
Beaten down by winter's spree.*

*Fireplace, open like a cave,
Out of doors, seems weak and mild.
Used to flame with fire that gave
Dances weird, contorted, wild.
As winter raged,
Its blazes staged
Far-fetched plays for childish dreams—
Children scattered now and lost;
Dreams lost, too, in adult schemes
For work and need and buy and cost.*

*Lonesome chimney crumbling down,
Monument to former life.
Plows will come, the earth red-brown
Soon will hide all sign of strife
Shown by this lone
Statue of stone.
Snapshot was this scene to me—
Moment's view while riding by;
Lonesome chimney—evening sky.*

The Vampire Fame: An Analogy

By JOHN FREDERIC BUTLER

The two friends, sitting in comfort by the huge fireplace of a magnificent apartment, were conversing amiably upon the general subject of conversation peculiar to a financial depression.

"But, Paul," said Rene Montagne, "I do not want you to think, for a moment, that I would be rich alone." He paused a moment, flicked the ashes from his half-smoked *Regis*, continued. "No!" he said as if the idea of riches were abhorrent to him. "I would much prefer fame to fortune."

Now Paul knew this quite as well as Rene, for constant repetition and friendly observation had conveyed the message to him many times before. There was a moment's silence as he considered the evidence. The fire crackled with clear staccato and punctuated that silence with impressive distinctness.

"I have a plan for you, Rene," announced Paul finally with some reserve, "but I am half afraid it isn't true, half afraid for you to try it, and half afraid to tell you of it."

"That makes three halves, Paul, old fellow," remarked Rene, laughingly. "However, you've aroused my curiosity—what's the plan?"

"There's an old castle," Paul explained, "near Paris. It's reputed to be haunted—but that's neither here nor there. Dr. Marcus, before he died, told me that whoever could get on canvas what he had seen in that castle would surely reap a reward."

"But what did he see?"

"That, I do not know. At the time he told me I was not so impressed with the story to care much one way or the other."

"Well, it remains for me to discover." A moment's pause and Rene had made his mind up fully. "I'll certainly go," he said.

Le Chateau de Falle is but twenty minutes from Paris, that is if the conveyance used in approaching either terminal be capable of a speed of thirty miles per hour. To this old castle Rene Montagne and his friend Paul had driven the day following the night of their conversation in Paul's Paris apartment. And in this old pile Rene had now established himself. He had chosen, after careful inspection, the only room seemingly habitable: a small room upon the ground floor. In this room he had brought his easel and his palette, his clothing and his books. And in this room he had made himself comparatively comfortable.

But now arose the question, "What to Paint?" He had looked about the castle. There seemed no particular object worthy of immortality within the ruin. But, undismayed he had begun to work. Each day he would choose some subject; a room, a staircase, a corridor, sketch it with deft fingers upon his canvas; fill it in with oils, and give it life.

As weeks passed and he continued to work at his easel, the canvases increased in number but, looking through the neat assortment, Rene Montagne was certain that none would bring him, with one swift stroke, that which he so much desired. Some unknown prompter told him that he had not found, had not seen yet, the object to which the doctor had alluded. Now, many weeks of such an existence and many weeks of knowing failure had plunged Rene into despair. He began to tire of his work and took to rambling through the castle.

Chance took him one day up in the tower. He

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RARE CHARACTERS

(Continued from page one)

Despite his supposed marital difficulties, Daggett, with the help of Nan and sons to the number of ten, managed to make money from his Meadows of Dan bottomland farm and raise up as fine a house as any on the south side of the mountains. Therefore, he was held in high esteem by the neighboring gentry who could not make money and who had daughters of a marriageable age. To go as a bride to the white farmhouse which faced the sunset was the desire of many a Dry Pond maiden. But there were difficulties. Though the Daggett men applied themselves earnestly to their crops in season, they were the gayest blades to be found at a countryside ball. And like as not they were pursued, actually *pursued*, under the very eyes of virtuous maidens thereabouts by some hussy of a renter's daughter with nothing to recommend her save her smiling lips and a passionate embrace.

And when the sons, one by one, married and lived for a while under the parental roof before Nan's fractious temper sent them and their brides to humbler homes of their own, old Crock always came through with a thousand dollars and a brand new Ford as a wedding gift; he would have been rich even in a land where wealth was not reckoned by the number of cleared acres on a mountain farm and the count of tobacco barns thereon, the size of the porkers in the pen built of split rails, the intricacy of the banjo-work around the front porch, or the number of sons to work without wages at tasks assigned them by their father.

It is true that Daggett's accumulation of wealth was due partly to the Scotch instinct. His clothing was of the cheapest, but what it lacked in quality it made up in color. Once when he rode into town for court-week he purchased a bolt of red plaid calico and, taking it home, had Nan make it up into shirts. This accounted for the ditty still occasionally sung in the neighborhood of the Pond:

"Oh, my boy, my pretty boy,
Where did you get those breeches?"
"Old man Daggett cut them out,
And Nannie made the stitches."

There is but one fly in the ointment of old man Daggett's life. Though he inherited a number of rare old volumes of Dickens and Scott, he packed his patrimony away in a tin trunk in the attic and there let it stay. He was a man of the soil, he frequently asserted, and had plenty of ideas of his own running around loose in his head. Therefore, he had no use for such ideas of other people as might be found in books. His son Dan, named for the river which ran its crooked way through the farm, was as a thorn in his side; Dan took to books. By dint of hard work on his own particular small patch of tobacco, the lad made enough money to go three years to a boarding school twenty-two miles distant. Then he went to college, a small religious institution in Virginia, and subsequently to Harvard where he established a record for scholastic brilliance. Moreover, he has chosen for himself a bachelor's estate. His father will never forgive him his outlandish conduct; he recently rewrote his will, cutting his educated son off without a penny.

THE OLD MAID

Miss Mary Pace was born to be an old maid. Even before she did up her hair and lengthened her skirts she had shown a prying interest into other people's love affairs and a marked aptitude for gos-

siping. And when she reached the age of twenty-one without having had a single beau of her own, her status in the community was settled.

One Sunday when she was in her middle twenties Miss Mary appeared at the meeting house clad in black. Her eyes were red-rimmed and she held herself aloof from those who would have questioned her. Her mother gave out the story.

"Yes, poor Mary is so cut up, having just heard Friday that the man she was to have married died in a coal mine disaster. Now she's got nothing to live for but her religion."

The man she was to have married? Dry Ponders questioned themselves and each other. Just who was Miss Mary to have married?

Mrs. Pace supplied that information also. "Why Mary was promised to Jeff Handy before he went west."

Jeff Handy had the local reputation of being the sort of sport who loved a girl and left her. The inhabitants of Dry Pond were properly awed and somewhat sceptical concerning the belated announcement of the engagement. Word drifted back from West Virginia that young Handy had been killed during a gun battle in a saloon, which appeared strange considering the fact that Miss Mary's man had had his life snuffed out in a coal mine disaster.

Miss Mary hugged her sorrow tight in her heart, held her head high, and continued to wear mourning. Years passed, and the gentle tradition grew up that she had been disappointed in love.

Love affairs at Dry Pond are rather unexciting affairs until the neighborhood gets to gossiping, and then they are quite diverting. Miss Mary liked nothing better than to spend the morning a-visiting at farmhouses along the creek, speculating as to who that was going together would get married and who that was not going together would soon commence keeping company. And invariably she would end her visit with a wistful look towards the westward mountains and "I just can't help from thinkin' what might have been if poor Jeff had not been taken." Housewives along the creek offered her scant pity. Being rather tied-down at home while she was perfectly free to trapse about the countryside, they wasted not their sympathy on her. Most Dry Pond housewives were aware that love was not as essential as three meals a day, anyway, and woe betide her who in the morning's rush of duties forgot to grind the coffee beans! But Miss Mary continued to regale her listeners with an account of the romance

I do not ask the wounded person how he feels,
I myself become the wounded person.

Walt Whitman

A Toast

By DALLAS LYNN

*Here's to the happy hearts that know no care;
Here's to the golden dreams that lovers share;
In sweet enchantment may they find delight,
Until life's brilliant sunshine fades to night.*

*Here's to the broken hearts that tell of pain—
That dream of love, but dream of love in vain;
In ceaseless labors may they hide their grief,
Till joyless life by ending brings relief.*

*Here's to all the hearts in every state—
From those that smile to those that curse their fate;
Here's to Chance, that makes us rise or fall;
And here's to Death, that equal makes us all.*

which had blighted her life. People began to feel sorry for her; they feared she was afflicted with softening of the brain.

And then when Miss Mary was nigh on to sixty, she married. She married old Joe Rakes, one of "the Rakeses from up top o' the mounting way." Old Joe, shiftless but shrewd, wanted to get control of the Pace homeplace, left to Miss Mary when her mother departed this life. It was situated at the forks of the road and would make an admirable site for a filling station.

Miss Mary appeared at the meeting house the next Sunday attired in white, the proper apparel for a bride. In extenuation of her deed, she confided to the entire congregation that she always had known the right man would be bound to happen along if she waited long enough.

THE VAMPIRE FAME: AN ANALOGY

(Continued from page seven)

had painted, he thought, every nook and cranny in the ruin, but now he had found in the tower a room he had not noticed before. In exultation he brought his easel and palette to the room and sitting down, promptly proceeded to work. At midnight he still plied his oils to the canvas and had finished the picture of that room save one portion in the immediate center, which by some strange urge he had left entirely blank. He had finished the delicate shading of an arched window casement and was surveying his work when he noticed that the room was becoming steadily colder. Pulling his robe about him he was conscious for the first time that a wind had begun to blow in the room, a steady chilling blast; unaccountable, for the windows and door were closed firmly. He began to rise to ascertain the source of the peculiar draught, when with a new and marked violence the wind blew upon him and upon the candles by his easel. With an unwilling flicker the candles went out and left the room in utter darkness—but not for long.

Suddenly, before the startled Rene, a beautiful woman appeared. She was so radiant that her person lighted up the whole room. Her hair was of gold, her skin of the fairest hue. She stood before the easel in the exact spot which the painter had left vacant upon his canvas.

Fear pervaded his senses but was not sufficient to usurp that artist's instinct within the mind of Rene Montagne. He sat down and sketched with hurried fingers, as if time were at a premium, the features of that beautiful vision before him. He omitted no detail, but soon his preliminary work was done and turning to his oils and brushes, he began to fill in the delicate tracery he had wrought upon the canvas. But he was not destined to accomplish his aim. As he made the first stroke, the vision, laughing demoniacally, advanced toward him. She seized him in her arms and held him with an unbelievable strength. She fastened her lips to his throat.

Rene Montagne, frozen with incredible horror, realized his fate, but he was powerless to evade it. He was powerless in the grasp of the demon. He was powerless as he felt the sweet blood run from his veins. He was powerless as he smelled, with intense nausea, his own flesh decaying upon his impotent limbs. He was powerless as that awful vision laughing in that same trill of terror, left him. And he was powerless when he heard a scratching upon the door of that dread room, saw that door open slowly, saw death walk in.

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Thomas Wolfe of Chapel Hill

A Biographical Sketch of the Student Who
Was to Be the Author of *Look
Homeward, Angel*.

By ALDEN STAHR

He is walking across the campus with long ungainly strides. A shock of thick black hair tops his six feet-three of height, and he wears neither coat, tie, nor hat. An awkward mountaineer, some people call him, but he is not that when you meet him and see the flash in his coal-like eyes or hear his quick satire.

That was Thomas Clayton Wolfe of Asheville. He came to the University of North Carolina in the Fall of 1916, fresh from his native hills and as green a freshman as the campus has known. His first year seemed only to sear him, for the undergraduates were cruel, and their unthinking pranks cut him deeply. His wild, uncombed hair, youthful face, and stilt-like legs made him conspicuous, but it was a prominence which only made him miserable. He changed lodgings several times and finished the year living alone.

During the first semester of his sophomore year he roomed at the home of Mrs. Eric Abernethy, but even those who lived in the same house with him knew little about him. He seldom spoke to his immediate neighbors and showed himself to be thoroughly introspective. There was nothing remarkable about him during this first period of his university life, except that his sensitive nature made him the butt of many practical and impractical jokes. He was a quiet chap who liked to play tennis, and little more is known. Mrs. Abernethy states that contrary to the impression Wolfe gives concerning his student life in his novel, "Look Homeward, Angel," he was always neat and clean in his personal habits and never did an objectionable thing while he roomed at her house.

His roommate, Edmund Burdick, was remembered as being much more sociable, but any effect he might have had on Tom was cut short by his death late in the Fall. Wolfe was strongly affected by the death of his roommate, so strongly that he felt he could not continue to occupy the same room; so he apologized to Mrs. Abernethy for leaving so abruptly and moved into a dormitory.

In class Thomas Wolfe presented a problem to the instructor, for he was both sensitive and emotional, and disliked adverse criticism. In studying Latin he prepared his work meticulously and translated so smoothly that the instructor accused him of having used a "jack." Wolfe became so exasperated that he could scarcely speak, but he met foul with foul. He bought an English "jack" and was careful to translate haltingly; then the professor commended him on doing his own work honestly.

He took a great liking for Greek after the first difficulties were over. As his teacher, W. S. Bernard

Less Has Broken the Mind

By BRADFORD WHITE

*If you are afraid of deep silences,
Leave off an intimacy
With the night. Less
Has broken a fragile mind:
Hearing at dusk, in the silences,
The drip, drip, drip, drip
Of the black wet rocks
In the pool, and the suck
Of the water.
Yet, if your heart is steeled
To these cadences,
The tread of a foot on the leaves,
An unfinished step
In the dark,
You will have strength
As only the night can give,
With the rhythm of rocks
And the water.*

says, "He fell for Greek and took a great interest in the work of Euripides. This interest must still be with him, for he pays tribute to the Greek writers in his first novel." Wolfe calls Euripides, "one of the greatest lyrical singers in all poetry."

Debating took his attention in his junior year, and he came to this same instructor for assistance. When arguing over points with his coach he almost invariably disagreed, and at times he would become so emotional that he would sulk. On the occasion of one such dissidence he got up and left without a word, and it was a long time before he came to see his instructor-friend again. He was too subjective and too emotional to make a first-rate debater, even though he liked to expound and orate.

His enjoyment of acting took another form in his junior year, when he signed up for "Prof" Koch's course in play-writing. Since Wolfe had been too young to enlist in the army, he was one of the few men attending classes; so he was the only man in a play-writing group of thirteen. It was in this class that he wrote his first play, "The Return of Buck Gavin," which is now included in the second volume of Carolina Folk Plays. "The Return of Buck Gavin" was presented on the first bill of Folk Plays to be produced by the Carolina Playmakers. It was coached by W. S. Bernard, since Mr. Koch was occupied with another play at the time.

Due to the lack of men on the campus there was some difficulty experienced in casting the play; so at length Wolfe had to play his own lead, the part of Buck Gavin, an outlaw of the western Carolina mountains. He enjoyed playing a part, and in his acting the adventurer and gypsy in him were brought out, as the picture taken of him in his role shows. He made a fierce-looking outlaw. The play had a

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A True Born North Carolinian

By ALEX DAW

Having had the blessed fortune of being born in the mountains of Western North Carolina, I did not fail to grow into an unusual child. And when I became of sufficient age to understand things, I looked about me. I beheld a small town in which I was to live my first seventeen years. It was completely cut off from the outside world. There were no paved roads, no railroads. But I remember distinctly that someone in the community had a telephone. It was in this isolated paradise of wooded hills and few schools that I first learned that blessed doctrine which liberal minded fools call sectional prejudice. Let men call it what they will, it is still the religion of all true North Carolinians. Beside this perfect state, Utopia is pale and lifeless. This dogma my father taught me before my feet knew the feel of summer week-day shoes. And so greatly did his teachings thrive within me that at the age of nine I uprooted a neighbor's peach orchard because I had heard that they were Georgia peaches. To this very day Boston beans and Virginia yams turn my stomach with the thoughts of foreign food.

Having at last collected sufficient funds and knowledge, I was sent to the University. I hated to go. Didn't they have students there from other states? Those benighted aliens might even think that their states could compare with North Carolina. A friendly interest might even be felt toward these foreign outsiders. Imagine my relief when on coming here I found that this was untrue. Much surface friendliness is shown. But beneath it is quite different. A deadly line is drawn between the foreigners and those born within the borders of the old North State. They are tolerated, but where are they accepted in good faith? The University itself charges them twenty-five dollars as extra tuition fees. Let us pray that it will soon be raised to twenty-five hundred. God's chosen people should at least be allowed to educate themselves cheaper.

And above all let me thank God for the prevailing attitude toward those monsters from north of the Mason Dixon line. I could not for the life of me restrain a shout of joy when a member of one of the national (How I hate the word!) fraternities here told me with a proud ring in his voice that his chapter had never taken in a "damnyankee". Another fraternity man told me that he wished his chapter was not affiliated with the national chapter. Such noble sentiment should not go unpraised.

Life for me was at its happiest on commencement day of last year. Having spent an uncomfortable half-hour listening to an absurd speech by Claude Bowers, I could see that the graduating class was being stirred around me by his damnable

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SUNDAY, APRIL 10, 1932

Second Novels

By JOSEPH SUGARMAN

"The author has developed, his thought is more mature, his technique smoother, and his touch more expert. Yet, on the whole, this second novel of his is vastly inferior to his splendid maiden effort". So do the reviewers make short shrift of novels which follow in the wake of an original success. The reading public is even less compromising in its attitude. It firmly asserts that the writer is thru, he has shot his bolt with his first novel, and this subsequent piece of work is merely an indication of his decay. There is this stigma attached to the marshalled almost before it is written, and a requiem rather than a cocktail party should mark its publication. Second novels are more often than not still-born brain children.

Since the reception of a book does not color its intrinsic value, it is something more than critical rejection which accounts for the failure of second novels. While this artificial hostility has been known to obscure a really fine work, time has proved it a reliable index of a novel's merit. In most cases, then, the original sin, it appears, would lie in the novel itself. Barring the precious exceptions, it is safe to assume that the majority of second novels are, as the press and public deem them, below the grade of their precursors.

The crux of the matter is that the essential difference lies not so much between the first and second novels as in the author himself. The publication and favorable acceptance of a book works incalculable changes in an author, unconscious though they often may be. If a mental and emotional X-ray of the writer were possible, it would clearly demonstrate the metamorphosis which success has wrought. The writer who sits down to pen his second novel is less himself than is an ordinary inebriate. He is swirling in a world so new, so fascinating or terrifying, so utterly at odds with his wonted atmosphere, that his creative inner self is shaken to its last depths.

A novelist may be riding high on the fruits of his initial endeavor, confident of his genius, scornful of a possible danger to his chimeric glory, and fiendishly receptive to the professional adulation of critics and commoners. Frequently he becomes the

darling of the literati and high society, learning all too easily their luxurious sloth. He has no time to write another novel he protests to his publisher. The enthusiasm for his first book, he feels, will suffice for the present which he is ever prolonging. Writing is at best a lengthy task, and he prefers to postpone as long as possible what now appears to his frequently bleary eyes as labor. Too late do his dulled faculties warn him that all play and no work make an equally dull novelist.

On the other hand, he is apt to be frightened by his success. Daily he combats the fear that it was but a fortuitous stroke. Serious and sincere though he may be, he is secretly struck with a dread of writing another novel. He avoids publisher and public alike, torturing himself with doubts and suspicions as to his own ability. Perhaps he has been pigeon-holed by the critics into a particular school to which he is certain he does not belong. He is unwilling to risk his literary neck in a dash for liberty. He feels himself an alien in an unfriendly land. He has stepped just within the gates, but he dares not push on.

Whether the novelist glories in his triumph or shrinks from it, whether he is the victor or victim of his creation, he is beset with a mass of perplexities and irritants peculiar to his profession. He becomes acutely and, mayhap, vainly, aware of the significance of his position as a literary figure. His private and public life is scrutinized to determine whether he conducts himself in some one of the fashions becoming a writer. He is often rudely jolted to hear that doesn't look like a novelist. He is now a competitor in a merciless struggle for fame and favor. A definite public is now the object of his efforts, and a Damoclean sword in the form of a publisher sways over him. Moreover, his mould has been cast, ironically enough by his once free spirit, and he hesitates, or he is not permitted to venture from the path he has struck. He is torn between the alternate pressure of his audience which does not desire that he grow up, the critics who pointedly warn him of all too apparent evils, and a publisher insistent on another best-seller. He no longer enjoys the freedom of creation. His success has brought with it limitations which fetter the very essence of his power and skill. The writer of the second novel emerges chained to his work, the obsequious attendant to those he would rule.

A special case is the autobiographical novel, but it is so frequent that it takes rank as a major type. Here the novelist is correspondingly bound by his sudden elevation, but he finds it even more difficult to cure the malady accompanying a second novel. The author who has written largely from his personal experience is forced, when he picks up his pen for the second time, to use his old sources of material in a revamped fashion or to make an about face into an uncertain field of pure fiction. Often he finds the latter road incompatible with his established style and theories and he either fears to employ repetition or discovers that he has drained dry his well of personal background. Somerset Maugham has never equalled the magnificence of his *Of Human Bondage* for, like so many novelists, he is never comfortable writing of a world in which he is not an active character. These original autobiographical novelists do continue to write, but in a nostalgic or hazy manner. Either they pattern the anti-climactic type of Maugham, or they are expatriates from a land to which there is no literary return.

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Book Chat

By ROY B. CHAPIN

Paul Green, known best for his plays which have been produced on Broadway, is now in Hollywood, writing a screen play for Richard Barthelmess. Mr. Green's first novel, *The Laughing Pioneer*, will be published at the end of this month.

* * *

"Men and women have turned to the theatre from almost every walk of life," says the New York Theatre Program, "but to the best of our knowledge, William Collison, the farceur, is unique in having deserted the test tubes and other appliances of a chemical laboratory to become a successful playwright." Mr. Collison is also a successful novelist, being the author of "Farewell to Women," "Blond Baby," and other quite modern novels. He remains a clever chemist in his analysis of crime. His newest murder-mystery-sex story is *Red-Haired Alibi* which will be released the early part of May.

* * *

"My great grandfather is the subject of Burns' most famous satire, 'The Death of Dr. Hornbook,'" writes Anthony Wynne, creator of the Dr. Hailey detective stories. "He was a schoolmaster in an Ayreshire village where he combined the work of teaching with the dispensing of pills and ointments." Mr. Wynne's latest mystery, *The White Arrow*, was just recently published.

* * *

Ethel Mannin tries to work every day for five or six hours, and aims at producing two books a year, one fiction and one non-fiction. In between she does stories and articles—but less of the latter because she loathes the press and regards it as one of the evils of civilization. Her latest book, *Common Sense and the Child*, has just been published.

* * *

Wyndham Lewis, author of *The Apes of God*, should not be confused with D. B. Wyndham Lewis, author of *The Spider King*. The first Lewis is a satirist and an artist, who has done in *The Apes of God* "for modern satire what Joyce's 'Ulysses' did for the modern novel." This Wyndham Lewis is a smasher of tradition, a bombardier of the "arty" atom. Just recently there was published a series of Lewis' scathing attacks on the current Youth Movements, under the title *The Doom of Youth*.

* * *

Branch Cabell, in the manuscript of the Introduction to *These Restless Heads*, refers to the Collected Works of his predecessor, James Branch Cabell, as standing "with no blunders save his own, no inclusions untinvited by him." This statement seems to have invited Nemesis to play a prank with this very statement. Some restless hand tampered with the type of the last line of page xii of the Trade Edition and added the word "untinvited" to the Glossary of Misprints. The Limited Autograph Edition is free from this unexplicable error.

* * *

Some of the new Dollar Travel Series books which have just been released are *Paris On Parade*, by Robert Forest Wilson; *An Italian Holiday*, by Paul Wilstach; *Old Glories of New Austria*, by Sydney A. Clark; *The Conquest of Our Western Empire*, by Agnes C. Laut; *Red Tiger*, by Phillips Russell; *Let's Do the Mediterranean*, by Carveth Wells. These books sold all the way from \$2 to \$5 in their original edition.

In the Land of Weir

Poe, Writing of Plants, Reaches a Point of Fantasticism Rivalling the Strangeness of His Stories *

The moon perhaps will rise before the wanderer returns from his solitary ramble. And many a secluded spot and inaccessible recess with grass and grey rocks, never visited before by man, he shall visit. Perhaps the moon shall find him content and alone in some forsaken spot "sweet with dreary desolation." Or perhaps by a bright lake he will gaze into the "reflected heaven" as it gently rises and falls, and will watch the falling of a "startled star." Or through a deep valley and by some far sad river, or melancholy tarn, he shall wander and wander and always alone. But from his soul a melody shall flow that will harmonize with the scene: the wanderer says—

"I love indeed, to regard the dark valleys, and the grey rocks, and the waters that silently smile, and the forests that sigh in uneasy slumbers, and the proud watchful mountains that look down upon all—I love to regard these as themselves but the colossal members of one vast animate and sentient whole—a whole whose form (that of a sphere) is the most perfect and most inclusive of all; whose path is among associate planets; whose meek handmaiden is the moon; whose mediate sovereign is the sun; whose life is eternity; whose thought is that of a God; whose enjoyment is knowledge; whose destinies are lost in immensity; . . ."

And many a lonely wanderer has learned, too, that "the man who would behold aright the glory of God upon earth must in solitude behold that glory." Fancies as these gave the wanderer's lonely meditations a tinge of that which the common world called the fantastic.

Yet to the wanderer these were not the fantastic, but the common every day life around him which he could not understand, in which he could not adjust himself, in which he so clearly was a misfit. It was to escape this that Israfel stayed beside the streams pebbled with stars and sang of his immortal longings. The night wind, and the moon, and the sea and the stars—but best of all, the *solitude*, would listen to him and understand him. And in this solitude he did create a world, a dim, strange land, "the misty-mid region of Weir." And it was not the common people in their simple life, not the common flowers by the woodland paths that interested him, but strange places in the land of Weir, startling plants and unusual people of another world. Nowhere in his poems, in his stories does Israfel deal with the life about him, except in so far as he writes of friends. He deals with Nature in this misty region as a symbol, an ornament, a means of producing some strange effect.

However, Nature is not perfect, this wanderer knows: "No position can be attained on the wide surface of the *natural* earth, from which an artistic eye, looking steadily, will not find matter of offence in what is termed the "composition of the landscape."

* QUOTATIONS ARE FROM THE FOLLOWING STORIES: A Tale of the Ragged Mountains, The Domain of Arnheim, Landon's Cottage, The Island of Fay, The Gold-Bug, The Fall of the House of Usher, Eleonora, The Thousand and Second Tale of Schehrzade, The Elk; AND POEMS: 'Neath Blue-Bell and Streamer, Sonnet—To Science, To Helen, The Sleeper, The Valley of Unrest, Dream-Land, Ulalume, For Annie, Al Aaraaf.

A Man Was Digging

By BRADFORD WHITE

A man was digging,
Spade in hand,
He measured centuries
In feet and inches.
"Look," he cried
To one beside him,
"Here's a find—a heart
All gilt outside."
He pressed it in his hand—
It broke. "Just dust, well, well . . .
When was America?"

The other shook his head,
But thought it must have been
Some time ago.

Yet the individual of Nature is supreme: "Who shall presume to imitate the colours of the tulip, or to improve the proportions of the lily-of-the-valley?" It is not the purpose of Israfel to improve the details, but to make the "composition of the landscape" perfect—as far as he believes it should be perfect—perfect for effect. It is this that gives a tinge of the fantastic to the nature settings of Poe's writings; it is this that makes the common flowers and trees in their strange new setting—the Land of Weir—seem grotesque and unknown. Though one knows them by name, yet he feels he knows not the plant at all. The real and familiar are the unreal and fantastic in the Land of Weir.

Where is the hillside outside of Weir whose vegetation softens and slopes gently to the South, and at the verge of whose craggy precipice the hickories, and black walnuts, and chestnuts with magnificent trunks "spread their branches far out over the edge of the cliff?" The trees on the slope to the South soften into the "gentler elm," then the sassafras and then the locust; now the "softer linden" and red-bud and catalpa, and maple. Further down are the "more modest and graceful varieties" and the "wild shrubbery" with here and there an "occasional silver willow" and "white poplar." In the valley of the hillside stands a great tree, the most magnificent of trees, unless perhaps one of the "cypresses of Ichiatuckanee"; and this tree is the "triple-stemmed tulip tree—the *Liriodendron Tulipiferum**—one of the natural order of magnolias." Three feet from the soil, three trunks separated from the original and soared one hundred and twenty feet. "Nothing can surpass in beauty the form, or the glossy green leaves, of the tulip tree." The leaves, eight inches wide, were "eclipsed by the gorgeous splendor of the profuse blossoms." And now, if you can, "conceive, closely congregated, a million of the largest and most resplendent of tulips" and you can see at once the natural and familiar become fantastic and strange. One does not know these trees and tulips though the names are familiar to him. And of *what* is the cypress that grows "by the dim lake of Auber, in the misty-mid region of Weir?"

Still in this strange land amid the green grass grow the "hydrangea, or common snow-ball, or the

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* So far as I have been able to discover this is the only time that Poe uses a scientific name for a tree or a plant. And then he misuses it. It should be *tulipifera*. This name occurs three times: in *Landon's Cottage*, *The Elk*, and *The Goldbug*. The beauty of this tree made an everlasting impression on Poe.

The Conversion of Buck

By W. M. HAYES

"—And when he had brought them into his house, he set meat before them and rejoiced, believing in God with all his house—." Old Jethero lined off the words of the conversion of the keeper of the prison with a boney, calloused finger. He read of this remarkable piece of missionary work of Paul and Silas with an unusual interest. To be sure he had read this story before, but it had acquired a new meaning to him during the last few days. Had he not relived this story almost exactly as it was written in the Bible?

"Yes, it wus that air way might nigh to a 't'," mused Jethero. "Here we all wus livin' in sin, and here thim thar mishun-nary folks come, an' we thought they wus city slicks cum out here to rob us er su'thin' and locked 'um up in the woodshed. Then the storm cum an' had us all thinking' about our meanness, an' in walked them two mishun-nary men an' converted the whole house 'cept that triffin' Buck. He'd hafta see the devil 'fore he'd change a bit."

"Well, it's your duty to do somethin' about that scamp, Jethero. You know I hain't been able to do nothin' with 'im since he was ten er 'lebem years old." Sairy was Jethero's wife. She was sitting over near the window patching a pair of work pants. Her glasses were pulled down on her nose so she could see over them when she wished to look up from her work. She was looking over them at Jethero now.

Jethero squirmed. He had not been a "church man" until now. He did not know how to go about the work of converting Buck. He had lived hard all his life and he was no coward, but when the Lord spoke as plainly as he had that night of the big storm it was "plain foolishness not to heed" he said. He had not been converted because he was afraid. He wasn't afraid of anything. Hadn't he fought mountain lions and wildcats ever since he was a young upstart much younger than Buck? Couldn't he whip any man in the settlement unless it was Buck? Giving vent to his exasperation with an indignant grunt he resumed his reading. This business of being a Christian put a crimp in his style. He was accustomed to get what he wanted by physical domination and force. A yearling that refused to go into his stall for Jethero found himself picked up bodily and set in and not in the gentlest manner either. Jethero would have liked to "lam the stuffin' out of Buck" and *make* him think sense.

After he had finished reading the story he began to thumb the pages of the book idly. Finally his eyes happened to fasten on a verse which instantly caught his attention. He read eagerly, "—'And Jacob was left alone; and there wrestled a man with him until the break of day'—." Reading on, he finished the story of Jacob's struggle with the angel. He closed the book and sat thinking. Finally he said to himself, "I aint exactly an angel, but I think it'll work."

"What's that!" said Sairy, glancing quickly over her spectacles.

"Nothing!" said Jethero as he laid the book on the table and walked out at the door toward the barn.

Three days before two young missionaries had come out to the little community that nestled in behind the mountain from the city. The people

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. . . Ending of a Letter Written Between Midnight and Dawn . . .

By JAMES DAWSON

. . . but of course, I wouldn't know. I never know. The winter comes down, and out across the river the seasons are turning like cogs, meshing together. And I go on living a meaningless, a useless existence, a steady diminuendo, a dying fall. Standing where I am now, I cannot hear the end of the small song. I suppose it just dies away, or changes to something. *This is the end of all the songs man sings.* Everything changes. Nothing dies. That's all, and it's very simple.

I didn't think I would ever write to you again. Nor did you, I suppose. Somehow, things didn't point that way—it wasn't to be expected. Now that I have written, only one thing is in my mind: simply that I want you almost as much as I ever did. I have not quite finished choking this thing. It remains, a small light in the flat horror of my days and nights. On some nights I think of you for a few minutes after I go to bed, and my brain is no longer alive. Now I don't think I shall ever see you again, and this thing will shrink until it finally snaps out entirely. It is growing smaller every night, and the blackness is growing around it. If I had told you a year ago that I would forget you, you would not have believed it. No, you were sure and peaceful in the knowledge that your body was holding me. It was—and some of the smell of it is holding me yet, even after your body is beyond my reaching. When that comes to me, I remember how we could only lie awake and stare, never saying anything at all. That is the sort of thing that rises up and hits me.

Say I loved you, if you like. Perhaps I did. I do not know that word, even after all these years of hearing it used. I have no ill-feeling for love, simply because I do not know what it is. We were together, and the memory of that is not easy to lose. That is all. Now there is a feeling in my mind that all this is final—we shall not be so again. All these nights, I have felt that we could not have broken our bodies apart for ever. That has kept you alive. But now I have a feeling that you are at last beyond my touching, finally and irrevocably, and that the small light will shrink now and go out at the end. I cannot explain why that has come to me now. It is only a vague, undefined feeling. I am strange tonight.

Outside, in the rain, the winter is coming down. Beyond the pane, the middle of the season is sweeping across the sky in the drag of the restless earth. I can only think of how the year is turning over in its sleep, cold and wet. The rain twists in runnels down the window, making small wavy lines on the square of light the street-lamp throws upon this wall. Outside, above the scudding rack of clouds, above the channels of the slanting rain, the stars are there. The stars shine still. Orion raises his white right arm, and the dogs run, muzzles down. Aldebaran swings slowly. The pole star hangs motionless, and far down over the clouded rim of earth the Southern Cross is—lop-sided in the warm, hushed air of night. But here in the northern winter, here in the lifting keenness of the northern air, the rain falls slowly and coldly, making small chilly puddles in the earth. The globe of the earth swings over, sidling like a crab through the breathless centuries of space. The rain comes down. *I know not if it*

rains, my love, in the land where you do lie. And oh, so sound you sleep, my love, you know no more than I.

One more season gone, and those names are still in my ears. Abruzzi, Interlaken, Carassonne, Bruxelles, Prague, Wien, Munchen. Small cries in the quiet, small spurts of matches in the darkness. When shall we see them again? By what road shall we go back? Now, I think the roads are no more. God, this winter rain blinds me, and I can't see to remember. We have gone somewhere from which no way leads to these places. It's no good. They are nothing but names now, and what I felt for you is dead—better than dead—it is forgotten. I say this in no spirit of triumph. (Christ, what triumph.) I have drunk no Lethe. But neither have I drunk absinthe. There are only five minutes of the night now when I cannot think so clearly as before. Those minutes will come after I have sealed this letter and turned out the light. Then you may smile in your sleep, knowing that the half-remembered kisses, the half-forgotten gasps, have fallen upon me like the winter—that I am quiet and quite alone in a bed that is different from your own.

If you remember, we were to meet in ten years, on the verandah of the Hotel Prince. We made the pact before we were lovers. But I think we did not forget. It came to me tonight that the ten years are over in September. Perhaps you have forgotten, perhaps I would have forgotten, had I gone your way. It doesn't matter. But I have thought of going there in September, to meet you. I don't know. If you didn't come, I suppose I should be disappointed, even after some years of choking the thing I felt for you, even after what has happened. (What *has* happened? My God, something, but I cannot remember tonight.) I had hoped this thing would have vanished by now, but it remains as a few small ticks of time in the night, when the bed is warm. Then your hair is on my pillow and in my face, and there is a stunned whisper in the air, as if you were saying: Darling, darling. But that is all that is left of you. I have put this thing away from me.

It is still raining. I have a feeling that time is standing still, a strange feeling of suspension and breathlessness. Only the pen races, with a sound of terrible speed. Everything has stopped in mid-flight except my hand, and that is racing. This is like having a high fever, when all your body is intensified, and the world and time stopped and deadened. The clock has stopped, and the room is hideous with dead seconds.

In fevers, sometimes, you are very devout. Tonight I have been strange. Once I began to say: *Ave Maria, gratia plena, dominus tecum.* But I had forgotten the rest of it, and it only left me a dissatisfied feeling of suspension. You said it to me

Parked

By GEORGE BROWN

*The window panes were caked with icy breath,
The North Wind whirled the snow-dust to and fro,
Outside the car the white seemed cold as death,
But we were gladdened by that dismal show,
For though we heard the dying Winter's roar—
We knew it could not penetrate our door,*

once, with your hair on a white pillow and your hands at your sides. I remember you looked as if you had just died. I tried to write a sonnet that night (!), but only one line and a title would come: *To One Just Dead.* The one line ran in my mind with the beat of your heart: "Grow out of lifelessness a something new . . ." It is strange that I should remember it now, so far away in space and time from where you were then. I could never touch you with a sonnet as I could with my body. If I lay beside you and held you, long and warm, I could convey some of my life to you. But you twisted so that I could never put any part of you on paper. Afterward, I never tried again. Your mind was not there, nor was my own. Our bodies touched, tangentially, but their fire was so soon dead.

I suppose I am being born again. You will not be afraid for me, where you are. I am not afraid for myself. But I am learning what I did not know—that labour pains are as much for a child as for a mother. He is hurt too, but without the sharpness, the stab, the down-running twist of flesh. Mine are not fleshly, these pains of mine. So you can understand why they are not sharp. What hurts the flesh hurts sharply, gaspingly. But the aches of the mind—call it the heart, the spirit, if you like—are dull and heavy. They stun, they do not tear.

I pass through the flat lands, the waste lands, and God alone knows where I am to come out. What I shall be I don't know. Perhaps, ironically, something you would like this time. I do not know.

Given time to think, I could say, I suppose. But I never think now. The song is being sung, and I am very still. I have simply to wait for the end of it. It is something like the Friedeman Bach *Grave* now—all utter despair, with a short recantation of crying at the end. You remember how the violin climbed, came up painfully, while the piano beat inconsolably beneath—a sort of reaching, at the cost of cut flesh and twisted bone, for what was so awfully desired, and so terribly out of reach. And at the last, a low cry over the mangled vestiges. *Oh God, oh God of grace, cover his face. Mine eyes dazed; she died young.*

But September is not so long away. I suppose I shall have to go, or I shall never again be satisfied. I have to know, now that I have remembered our pact, whether you will come or forget. I can't remember clearly tonight. I feel you have gone through some change. But even that should not make you forget. Stepping across a narrow, twisted line could not have taken memory from you. You may come back. But even if you do, I suppose I shall be sick to see you, how you have gone away from what we were. Could it but be that I have at length forgotten you? I knew every turn and lift of you once, but the small remembered pain of them has come to be a tiny thing now. If you came back it would not be the same, holding a ghost, a long-forgotten shade. I should be afraid of you. God—Now I know—That was it. Reading this letter over, I have realized that you will never read it. That is the thing I have been trying to remember. I remember. I do remember. My dear, my dear.

I have been strange tonight, and it is not likely I shall be so again. The false dawn was longer than usual. But the bed will be free of you tonight, and I shall sleep without you, without the few seconds when spirit whimpers before the bony walls. That was what I tried to remember. I didn't know. I should be afraid of you.

I shall not think again . . .

WHITE MOON OF SPRING

By DELL LANDRETH

SPRING AWAY FROM HOME

As I walk, the odor of sweet-breath-of spring spreads
around me.
The blossoms are small and white.
The light of the moon is white on the blossoms.
At home the sweet-breath-of-spring will be blooming
now.
The sweetness of the flowers will seep in through
the window.
I think of you, Mother, standing cool and sweet in
the garden.

NIGHT RAIN

The rain like molten metal spatters on the roof and
on the leaves.
The noise makes me quiver, and I close the windows.
When the sound of the rain is softer, I quietly open
the windows.
Then the storm god thrusts out his head, and sees me.
In spite he sends down heavier rain.

PAST BRAVERY

Every morning before the sun was up I swam in
a mountain lake.
The cold of the water froze the breath in my throat.
I swam until I was warmer than the rays of the risen
sun.
I was brave, and wished to endure cold.
I thought I could always warm my body without the
help of the sun.
Now I sit by a fire in the early morning.
In the autumn when the leaves fall a chill flows
through me.
It never leaves until the tulips are opened too wide.
Then I kneel in the sun.

FALSE DREAMS

When I talk to you I determine to be reasonable.
But some times I doubt my reasonableness, be-
cause when I am confident that my dreams are of
thin silver sewed with gold thread they fall into
pieces.
Then I put on my glasses to find my dreams are
only tin foil seamed with Christmas cord.

MADNESS

The heat of the room choked in my throat.
My guests talking made fires flame behind my eyes.
I cried, and threw a chair against the wall.
I lit a cigarette, and walked the floor.
My eyes reddened, and my throat closed with my
crying.
I called to you.
I heard your voice, and I was quieted.

PRAYER

My prayer is simple.
All I ask now is that I may be some place where
I shall go to bed each night with a prospect for to-
morrow of something new—a new person, a new
thought, a new fact, a new discovery.
I care not how much or how difficult work I must
do so long as it grows me.
Take me out of the shallow rut which holds so
positively.

SLEEP

Sleep is short death.
It is strange that one must die each night to live
each day.
When I do not sleep at night the next day I do not
seem to live.

A GOODBYE

Your goodbye does not surprise me.
Your value is too much for you to remain here long.
Formerly I was frightened by departures.
Now I know that it is written that I shall meet a
few whom I shall learn to know a little, and
they will go away when I wish to know more.
It is written that I shall be always among people
about whom all is known at the first meeting.

PARTING PROMISE

Yes, I shall write to you, but you will have none of
me.
You will have my dead thoughts laid out on a white
sheet.
They can be possessed by anyone.

NOTHING NEW

The leaves fluttered yellow outside the window.
A flock of crows cawed in the warm air.
The noise of the crows made the day seem more still.
I closed the door to my room.
Sitting by the window I asked myself what I wanted.
I wanted nothing.
I went out and drank wine to forget that all was
dullness.
I became dull, and the world more dull.
Because I could not drink enough wine to forget
that there was nothing new, I slept.
I awoke early to watch a new sunrise.

TWILIGHT RIDE

The wind was cold against my eye-lids, and my
teeth felt cold against my lips.
I rode up a black hill, and saw the top of it com-
ing swiftly toward me carrying a night blue sky.
It is fortunate that those whom I love very much
never see me when I feel too near earth and sky.
I should frighten them.

THE GIFT

This book I want you to have, because I want it.
It speaks to me as no other poetry.
Probably I shall never see another copy.
I have written my name in it.
I have placed it upon my shelf.
Take it. I have made it a part of me.

TOLERANCE

Long ago I softened my opinions of human beings,
because I wished to understand, since I wished
to be understood.
I laughed at them at first, but now I only smile.
I am one of them.
I cannot sit apart and laugh for fear of being
laughed at for sitting apart and laughing—
laughed at by something greater than human
beings.

UNTENDED GARDEN

Fern fronds are coming up through the leaves.
The earth smells damp.
The leaves are heavy and matted together.
I push aside the old leaves, and see the new green
of the fern sprouts.
The growing things need you.
Last year in the spring you uncovered the ferns.
You pushed the leaves off the wet ground.
Last year you planted new crocus bulbs in the grass.
Later the crocus blooms were scattered over the grass.
But you had gone.

FOR CALMNESS

Once you needed me.
Now you are a law unto yourself.
I have become impatient with iron-bound laws.
You are proud.
You wish to be untouched, untouchable.
I know you too well to be casual with you.
You wish to be so little known that we cannot be
friends.
When you learn to laugh and drink with me, I shall
be here.

Until then I shall think of you in hours when I
feel too much beauty—skies with trees as if
cut from black paper and pasted against the
blue.
Between those few hours I shall calmly omit you
from my thoughts, because I wish to be calm.

QUARREL

A young girl stands at the window in the moonlight.
Her face is white in the light.
With her hands she pushes her dark hair back from
her face.
Do not leave her too long waiting for your return
lest she grow cold under the moon.
Too late you will find her cold, not as of ice but
white cold as of marble.

THE LOST FRIEND

When I met you, there was snow on the ground.
We walked in the snow, and looked back at our
footprints.
The snow melted, and the cold rains came. We
sat by the fire, and drank Turkish coffee.
The cold rains came no more, and we sat by the
lily pond to watch the goldfish flash in the sunlight.
Then I began to understand you, and you went
away.

TODAY'S SOUL

Sometimes I do not have a soul.
The place where my soul should be is hollowness
and sunlessness.
I had a soul today.
Today my soul was like an urn, beaten gold, easily
broken.
It has broken again only tonight.
I should have another soul if I were out in cool air
with the dust of crushed stars in my eyes as I
smelled of the moon.

Terra Beata

By ALTON PERRY

In a coastal county of North Carolina there is a peculiar section of land, in make-up remarkably like the peat bogs of Ireland. Gaunt farmers earn a precarious living from it by the cultivation of Indian corn. The corn itself thrives in the black, loamy soil, but when the steamy days of July turn into the parched days of August, forest fires often forsake the luxuriant woodland growth to eat deep into the fissured mould of the cornfields. In a single day a man may stand helpless and see a year's work devoured before his very eyes. If he be of one nature, he may run to the nearest frame church to pray for rain; if he be of another he may go trout fishing; or he may plant a late crop of soy-bean hay to utilize the ashes of his first crop for the production of a second. He usually goes fishing.

They love this land, these farmers. The patience of Job is in their bones. With the care of gardeners they plow and harrow, and hoe their tiny farms. They are content if it in return produces for them a vegetable patch, a yield of grain sufficient for the year's corn meal, a cow or a pig. Since there is not often a good season, he may be forced to rely upon fishing or the trapping of raccoons for sustenance through the winter. He may even go dragging for oysters on the sound shoals with a sail-scow from a nearby seacoast town, but he does not give up the land. He is jealous of it.

On mornings when the curtain of fog is so thick that no work can be done, they gather in clusters at the cross road, at the grist mill, at the grimy store, and laugh heartily at the case of the Dutchman. Hogendoorn intended to settle in Florida when his naturalization papers were fully taken out. Dismayed at red-tape and officials, he set out at once on the journey with his wife, six children, and a 1917 Ford. Wandering through the maze of strange highways, Hogendoorn chanced upon the black land community. There his Ford, much like the one-horse shay, collapsed, leaving him stranded yet undiscouraged. For was not the rich soil just the thing for tulips, for daffodils, for gladioli? And the natives looked on with apprehension while Hog, as they called him, rented a farm, planted bushels of bulbs, and worked even harder and longer than they. The Spring came, bringing the plants to bloom, while Hogendoorn began to adjust himself, to settle down, and to cause a fear to arise in the hearts of the corn-farmers. Their land, they reasoned, would soon be usurped by other Hogs led in by the successful Hogendoorn. Apprehension forced them to hope for what happened in early September. The most rabid fire of many years came, at first sweeping through the forest land, then creeping stealthily lower and lower until the large area gleamed white with ashes, and the smoke hung thick and pallid over the countryside. Hogendoorn went. He was discouraged. He would settle in no country with a soil inflammable as coal. One lesson had been enough. He would require no papers at all, for in Holland he could work his turn at the dykes and be sure that his home and plants were both safe, but here all efforts must be strained to save the home while the fire played havoc with the years work.

The corn-farmers chuckle thoughtfully, or laugh with ostentatious guffaws, but a tremor may be detected in their laughter. For they fear that some day another foreigner may come with another innovation, and with as much tenacity as they.

A House

By MONROE HAGOOD

*The dark, grim flagstones seem so far apart,
Like the rocks I used to step, crossing the stream
Which barred the pathway to a small love-guarded
cottage,*

*Where I always found a welcome, and called it
home.*

*I wonder why long dormant mem'ries now must rise
And mock my heaviness of spirit on the threshold
Of this stately city mansion that is mine—and
HERS!*

Yes, it's hers—I'll hurry in. Perhaps I'll find

A fragrance of her being, not quite fled away.

*The breath of a tomb! after a thousand years bereft
Of every sign of warmth and comfort ever there.*

*'Twas but a straw, the last vain hope, clutched at
By a drowning man. I slip between the cold, dark
Waves of loneliness, in a house no longer home.*

IN THE LAND OF WEIR

(Continued from page three)

aromatic seringa"; and "geraniums blossoming gorgeously in great varieties"; and grape-vines of rare luxuriance" and "ivy in great profusion" covering the cliffs, and jasmine and sweet honeysuckle, the eglantine and clematis. Some where in the Land of Weir there stands by a cottage door the "dead trunk of a fantastic pear tree clothed from head to foot in gorgeous bignonia blossoms." One thinks he knows the violet, the poppy and tuberoses. He does not: for in the Land of Weir:

"There is a gush of entrancing melody; there is an oppressive sense of strange sweet odour;—there is a dream-like intermingling to the eye of tall slender Eastern trees—bosky shrubberies—flocks of golden and crimson birds—lily fringed lakes—meadows of violets, tulips, poppies, hyacinths, and tuberoses—long intertangled lines of silver streamlets—and, upspringing confusedly from amid all, a mass of semi-Gothic, semi-Saracenic architecture, sustaining itself as if by miracle in mid-air, glittering in the red sunlight with a hundred oriels, minarets, and pinnacles and seeming the phantom handiwork conjointly, of the Sylphs, of the Fairies, of the Genii, and of the Gnomes." On the eddying currents are tiny ships—"white flakes of the bark of sycamore; in the air sweeping to and fro "innumerable butterflies, that might have been mistaken for tulips with wings." From the streams, the flying fish. Into the green foliage of the trees, noiselessly and continuously, a stream pours down "a rich golden and crimson water fall from the sunset fountains of the sky."

On Earth one will not find such combinations of trees and flowers, one will not find such beauty from the familiar. Poe's botany, though he used familiar plants, is of the Land of Weir. Poe tried to harmonize all the beautiful to form the perfect, as a result—the fantastic.

The Raven comes at the dawn of mid-night and perches on the bust of Pallas and sings his dreary song as dark as he and the night: "Nevermore." In the dark dismal tarns and pools, in the swamps, crawl the toads and newts, sluggishly. And all around are "rank sedges" and rushes and "white trunks of decayed trees." Minute fungi over spread the stone walls of the house hard by, eating its way to a crumbling ruin. The ivy clings to the ruin. The dark gloom of mid-night rises from the nature around and casts a spell over the whole. The night would not be half so gloomy if the raven were not there, if the toad and newt and tarns and sedges,

fungi and ivy. Upon the high altar of Effect Israfel sacrifices the Nature he knows. How else could he make the common, yet fantastic, world see the Land of Weir?

On entering the Land of Weir, one must pass through a deep gorge that shuts out the light of day, "while the long plume-like moss—gives the whole chasm an air of funeral gloom." On the Eastern side of this strange land the trees are "dark in colour and mournful in form and attitude—wreathing themselves into sad, solemn, and spectral shapes, that conveyed ideas of mortal sorrow and untimely death." The grass droops, and the hillocks have the "aspect of graves" over which the "rosemary nods," and the lilies "loll and wave and weep above a nameless grave." Sad myrtle and mournful "Puritan pansies," the fast fading dayflower, the rose, and the rue—emblem of bitterness, of sorrowful remembrances—find a place amid the eternal gloom. A spark of sunlight flames the Western side with Spring, and love, and happiness, and life, and joy. The Western side laughs with flowers: yellow buttercups and white daisies. The purple violet and "dark-eye like violets," and ruby-red asphodels amid green grass, and the blue-bell, and the hyacinth for Helen's hair. The trees are "lithe, mirthful, erect—bright, slender, and graceful—of eastern figure and foliage, with bark smooth, glossy, and parti-coloured." The Effect is supreme.

While wandering in Virginia's woods outside of Charlottesville, Poe thought not of the familiar trees around him but dreamed of "the palm and cocoa" and "other gigantic weird trees of vast age," and a field of rice.* And it is not the common grass of the woods but the "Many-colored grass" "like Genoese velvet" of which Israfel sings. He writes not of the common pine but the trees that burst in bloom with "brilliant flowers, star-shaped" and red. And who has seen the tree with sudden red star-shaped flowers. No one but the wanderer of the paths of Weir. And where had the creator of Weir seen the tamarind tree? But stranger plants than grass and tree came under the keen eye and mind and fancy of the Builder and Poet of Weir: One flower—"a gemmy flower, of Trebizond misnamed"†—and with "fabled nectar" tortured the bees with madness and many an "unwonted reverie." "Clytia, pondering between many a sun" also captures the Poet. Clytia, the *Chrysanthemum Peruvianum*, or common turnsol, flowers at the sun's solstices and continually turns itself towards the sun. Clytia sends up and covers itself with dewy clouds—cooling and refreshing its flowers and keeping them from withering in the sun heat of day. "That aspiring flower that sprang on Earth" is a species of serpentine aloes whose petals, in July, gradually open, expand, fade, and die. The "Vallisnerian lotus" is found in the Rhone and is a beautiful lily. "The stem will stretch to the length of three or four feet, thus preserving its head above water in the swelling of the river." The Poet has watched:

"The Nelumbo bud that floats for ever
With Indian Cupid down the holy river."

And of this plant the Poet notes: "It is a fiction of the Indians, that Cupid in one of these was first seen floating, down the Ganges—and that he still loves the cradle of his childhood." Strange plants

(Continued on page seven)

*Poe probably saw rice fields in South Carolina where he saw the palmetto and the "sweet myrtle so much prized by the horticulturist of England."

†The following is a note by Poe: "This flower is much noticed by Lewenhoeck and Tournefort. The bee, feeding upon its blossoms becomes intoxicated." This shows that Poe was familiar with some of the leading Botanists, or at least had a fair knowledge of their work.

IN THE LAND OF WEIR

(Continued from page six)

these for an American to note, but stranger yet are these: the "forests of solid stones" and the "ever blossoming trees and perpetual sweet-scented flowers" that make one gorgeous garden. Again of strange plants Poe writes: "We perceived a district abounding with vegetables that grew not upon any soil but in the air." These plants are the "*Epidendron, Flos Aëris*, of the family of the *Orchideae*." They grow "with merely the surface of its roots attached to a tree or other object, from which it derives no nutriment—subsisting upon air." In the district other plants "sprang from the substance of other vegetables" parasitic plants. Other plants "derived their sustenance from the bodies of living animals. Of this class of plants are the *Fuci* and the *Algae*. Still other plants "glowed all over with intense fire." A species of cryptogamous fungus in mines and natural caves gives an intense phosphorescence. Stranger still are the plants that "moved from place to place at pleasure"—the orchis, scabius; and vallisneria (aquatic herbs). "And what is still more wonderful," continues Poe, "we discovered flowers that lived and breathed and moved their limbs at will, and had, moreover, the detestable passion of mankind for enslaving other creatures, and confining them in horrid and solitary prisons until the fulfillment of appointed tasks"—pollination. This flower is the *Aristolochia Clematitus*.

The woodland wanderer returns. The night is far gone. The wanderer returns to the city. He has spent most of his life in the city. He has read little. He has traveled not far. And how and where did he discover so many of the world's most interesting plants? To those who seek they shall find strange things, strange things in the Land of Weir. And the strangest of all that he shall find will be its Creator.

SECOND NOVELS

(Continued from page two)

An organic ailment of the second novel is often the fact that it poses as an author's later work, when, actually, it is a predecessor of his first published novel. Publishers eager to capitalize on author's first glory extort from him a previous book which is generally of poor calibre, and offer it to an avid public. This habit of dragging manuscripts from the bottom of trunks, often previously rejected works, results disastrously for both writer and publisher. With these novels, in particular, do the critics play a far-reaching havoc.

But second novels, though they are a bitter pill for the reader, act generally as a tonic on the writer himself. Those who are slain by their second efforts are largely writers who actually have exhausted their possibilities in their earliest work. If the author has been playing peacock, he suddenly finds himself bereft of his plumage, obliged to adorn himself anew. The inhibited soul learns that courage and independence go hand in glove with literary prowess to achieve self-recognition as well as the plaudits of the public. Thru this second venture the novelist grasps the intricacies of his profession, which are neither to be shunned nor scorned.

He has almost written a rule book of what-not-to-do when he has written his second novel. Imitation and duplication, irksome formality and unbecoming naivete are henceforth banned. Hopefully, he may have been wounded by a sequel, that puny offspring

of a robust parent. His own abilities and limits are more clearly perceptible to him, and he has been cured of fawning on his public or heeding too closely the trumpeting of the press. He is once more a free soul with energies renewed and talents recast. When he begins his third novel, he finds himself close to the creator of his first, for his very failure a wiser and warier novelist.

THE CONVERSION OF BUCK

(Continued from page three)

of the community did not take enthusiastically to strangers or "new-fangled notions." The missionaries were promptly regarded with distrust and when it was noticed that one of them bore a striking resemblance to the drummer who had eloped with Slag Johnson's daughter, Sally, they began to lay plans to get rid of them. Jethero kept a little country store which was more of a place for people to loaf away their spare time than it was a store. There was a crowd around the store when the missionaries arrived. The crowd was first curious, then suspicious, and finally someone asked one of the men outright if he wasn't the man who "run off with Sally Johnson." Nobody had heard of Sally since she left. The crowd grew more and more excited and finally decided to lock them up in the woodshed at the edge of Jethero's yard. They were going to keep them until morning and then Buck was going to take them back to town and leave them "whar they belong." But early in the night a terrific wind and rain storm came up and blew the little frame shed clear from over the two men who were crouching on the earthen floor. The wind was blowing and the rain pouring down; so they ran to the house and knocked for shelter. As soon as they were safely inside they began to expound the scripture to the frightened family. Jethero, Sairy, and two daughters, Marthy and Cindy promptly repented and began enthusiastic plans for a big camp meeting. Buck, a young giant who was "the very spit of Jethero at his age" according to Sairy, obstinately refused to repent and continued to distrust "them air preachers." He had been in love with Sally Johnson.

The preachers were accepted by the community on Jethero's recommendation. Everybody went to work and built a brush arbor so they would have a place to hold a camp meeting. Services were held every night. Buck had refused to attend the first service in the arbor. It promised to be the biggest revival in years. Aunt Katie Person, who bore the sins of the community on her shoulders, said that it did her heart good to hear Jethero testify.

Buck had affirmed that he was not going the next night, and Jethero had resolved to see that he did go. He went about his work all day in a brown study. The moon was full and rose early. Marthy and Cindy rushed through their work in order to be able to "primp" before meeting time. Sairy was already married so she did not have to fix up to "catch the boys" like the girls did. She threw on her dress after supper while the girls cleared the table.

Jethero threw a glance at Sairy and said rather sheepishly to Buck, "Say, Buck, let's take a little round tonight."

Buck looked at him surprisedly for a moment then burst out. "Haw, haw, I knowed yu wouldn't be hanging around that air meeting when old Lead and Trailer begin to howl at the moon."

Sairy popped her head in at the door. "What's

that ye're sayin'. I'm ashamed of you, Jethero."

"Oh, wel, Sairy, there'll be two more weeks of the meeting and this is shore goin' to be a good night fer hunting. If a 'possum walks tonight, Lead and Trailer'll get 'm."

"Who's gonna go to the meeting with us?" says Marthy.

"Jake's folks are going. They'll be on by in a minute and you can go with them."

"I think this is a come-off" said Sairy as she snatched her shawl from over the bureau. "Goin' to meeting and testifying one night and then traipsing off 'possum hunting the next!"

Jethero took his 'possum horn from over the door and went out. Buck, with a broad grin on his face, got the lantern and the ax and followed.

Jake and his family came on soon, and Jake asked where was Jethero.

"The Lord knows; I don't. He said he was going 'possum hunting with Buck. He's the bangin'est man I ever seed."

"Hah, hah, hah," laughed Jake. "I was afraid his religion weren't more'n skin deep."

That night at meeting the "sinners" smiled and the "saved" shook their heads. However, the harvest was great and the loss of one sheep did not bother the preachers much. They launched into the service and soon had a number on the mourners bench and three or four of the older women shouting. They were making a last urgent appeal to the unsaved while the choir sang "Why Not Tonight," when two tattered, battered and disheveled figures appeared at the back of the audience. It was Jethero and Buck. Jethero was following Buck up the aisle to the altar. Buck fell down with the other mourners and Jethero took his stand before the crowd.

"Folks, I want to tell ye. I got religion and I ain't ashamed of it. I was readin' in the Bible this morning where Jacob rassed all night with an angel. Jacob was a man of God. So I figgered that if the Lord would stand fer rasslin' he'd stand fer a little bit of fighting in a case like this. So I jest took Buck out in the woods tonight and beat the devil outen 'im, an' now he's saved. Glory be!"

"Amen", chimed in the deacons.

A TRUE BORN NORTH CAROLINIAN

(Continued from page one)

doctrines of liberalism. But not for long. The next speaker, the first citizen of the state, rose to his feet, and with pride radiating from every gesture said, "I think we can be proud of the fact that nearly all the members of this graduating class are from the great state of North Carolina." (The embarrassment of the sons of the lesser states was a joy to my soul.) The rest of his thirty-minute speech I can sum up by the words, "Hooray for North Carolina." There is a *man* for you.

But all things should have an end. Let us, therefore, end this absurd idea of toleration of outsiders. Look at China. Is she not a great nation? That is one country that can compare with North Carolina. Let us follow her example. Let us build a towering wall around our state. Let us man this wall and thrust all outsiders back and take as our motto: God always reveals himself first to North Carolinians. Then we will be as great as China in reality, while now we only imitate her in spirit!

THOMAS WOLFE OF CHAPEL HILL

(Continued from page one)

realistic and emotional appeal, and it went over big with the audience, but for some reason the director offered an adverse criticism. Wolfe listened to him backstage, his eyes flashing, his long body hunched over, and his mouth open at the remarks of the director. He stood indignant for a moment and then wept his mortification. It was some consolation to him, however, to have authorities on mountain lore say that the play was true to its locale and made a gripping story. His foreword on the original manuscript gives some indication of his ideas on writing in general:

"When the dramatic possibilities of this incident flashed upon me, I immediately started to work with a set of mountain characters, the principal being Buck Gavin, an outlaw. It is a fallacy of the young writer, I believe, to picture the dramatic as unusual and remote. It is therefore but natural that he should choose for the setting of his first effort a New York apartment house, the Barbary Coast of San Francisco, or some remote land made dramatic by all the perfumes of Arabia . . . But the dramatic is not the unusual. It is happening daily in our lives. Some of us, perhaps, toil on a mountain farm, and when we relax from the stolidity of mind and allow ourselves thought, it is to think bitterly on the unvaried, monotonous grind of our existence. Here is drama in the true sense."

Wolfe's interest in the local thing expressed itself in another play, "The Third Night," which was the ghost story of a mountain adventurer in the time when Asheville was still a settlement. Here, as in "The Return of Buck Gavin," he played his own lead and did a good job of characterization. He liked to act, and from all reports he did it well. His further activity with the Carolina Playmakers was in collaboration with Paul Green, author of "The House of Connelly" and other plays; Hubert Heffner, now Director of the School of Dramatic Art in Northwestern University; and Elizabeth Lay, now Mrs. Paul Green, all of them playwrights and all of them still writing.

Besides writing folk plays and acting in them, Wolfe found time to write for the Tar Baby, the first humorous publication on the campus. His effort in one issue was entitled: "The Streets of Durham, or Dirty Work at the Cross Roads—a tragedy in three muddy acts by Tommy Wolfe." Still interested in the local thing, even in his humorous writing. Besides dramatizing absurdities for the Tar Baby, Wolfe's busy pen made copy for the Carolina Magazine, literary voice of the University. His first contribution, a play called "Deferred Payment," appeared in November 1917, and thereafter his work was published frequently. He became assistant editor in 1919. Among his writings for this periodical were: "The Challenge" and "To Rupert Brooke," both poems; "Concerning Honest Bob," a play; and as examples of his poetry, "Russian Folk Song" under the pseudonym, Thomas Clayton, and "A Field in Flanders."

RUSSIAN FOLK SONG

Whose carcass hangs from yonder tree?
His ugly face a-mocking me—
Why that's a damnéd plutocrat
Who owns his shoes, his coat, his hat,
With lots of other things—ten dollars,
A bank account, three ties and collars. . . .

A FIELD IN FLANDERS

The low grey clouds are drifting 'cross the sky,
While here and there the little smoke puffs break,
And now and then the shrapnel bursts on high,
As growling guns their mighty thunder make.

A war-ripped field—with what a tale to tell!
A tale to cause the souls of kings to quake,
For here, within a smoking, bloody Hell,
Ten million risk their lives for Freedom's sake.

And to the right a ruined village burns,
And to the left a wood its secrets hold,
But in the gutted field the plowshare turns
A grinning skull which sneers its message bold.

("It is therefore but natural that he should choose for the setting of his first effort a New York apartment house, the Barbary Coast of San Francisco, or some remote land made dramatic by all the perfumes of Arabia . . .")

The Tar Heel, then official organ of the Athletic Association, also took his interest. In October, 1918, he was assistant editor, and for the remainder of the school year he served as manager. When Forrest Miles, the editor-in-chief, was required to be absent in November, Wolfe became acting head of the paper until Miles' return in January, 1919. In the regular Spring elections of that year Wolfe was made editor-in-chief of the Tar Heel for 1919-1920 by a vote of the student body. He was an indefatigable worker on the sheet. On several occasions when he said to Massenburg, his assistant, "How's the copy today, Jimmie?" and the latter had to reply, "No copy, Tom," Wolfe sat up all night and wrote the copy for the whole issue of the paper.

During his term as chief, Wolfe's editorials were noted for their fire and satire, and in one instance he almost got into difficulty with the school authorities over an editorial he wrote concerning the present Governor O. Max Gardner's campaign speech made in chapel. This article published in the Tar Heel on February 28, 1920 was entitled: "Useful Advice to Candidates."

"Mr. O. Max Gardner's address to the student body on Wednesday night, marks the beginning of a series of addresses to be made here by all the Democratic candidates for Governor, and Republicans, also, if they can be brought here. Thus does the University step boldly into the arena of impartial politics and gives the pleasant challenge to these gentlemen to come here and show their wares. Not having had time to prepare our invaluable little booklet: 'Handbook of Useful Information to Those Gubernatorially Inclined, Who Will Speak at Chapel Hill,' we beg to herewith append a few admonitions that may be useful to them.

1. Remember that you are speaking to a fair-minded, impartial group of men, who have small respect for petty appeals of a partisan nature.

2. Remember that you will be hospitably and courteously received, whether we approve of you or not. It is therefore your own fault if you don't appear to your best advantage.

3. Tell us something we don't already know. We will agree quite freely that the Old North State is the peer of them all and that the labor situation is serious. But if you will come boldly forward and exhibit two or three planks out of your platform that shows you have been doing some real thinking on your own part, we will have more respect for

you, no matter if we don't all agree with you.

4. And remember lastly, gentlemen, that you yourself will be either the vindication or condemnation to your claims for Governorship. We are interested in you, the man; in the evidences of your own individuality and not in your party politics. You find us with minds open, receptive and unprejudiced; in the one brief hour that is yours before us we'll make our decision about you, and the tag we put upon you is likely to be the right one. Yours with kindness and friendship.—The Student Body."

Wolfe was popular in other fields besides that of literature. He was very much in demand to speak at student meetings, because he could keep the boys laughing at his satire and at his gawky personal appearance. His love of the demonstrative made him enjoy these meetings all the more, and he acquired a reputation as an epigrammist and for his rapidity in speech and wit. Wolfe was an activist, for he liked to be in everything, "to have a finger in every pie on the campus." His prominence might be attributed to the lack of men on the campus during the war years, but it is more than likely that his personality would have stood out even if the usual number of men had been enrolled. Perspicacity and wit such as his do not long remain hidden no matter what company they keep.

His wit stood by him in the classroom as well as in these student meetings, for he attained to an excellent record as a scholar. The card containing his grades offers proof of this; he earned eight A's, twenty-two B's, seven C's, and only two D's, which is remarkable when the grades of most Carolina students are considered.

In the restless spirit of Thomas Wolfe two different strains can be discerned, the satiric and the romantic—the first came from his bitterness and hatred of the life he had to live, and the second from love of the life of his imagination, the one he wanted to live. These two are visible in the things he wrote as a student and in that which he has written since. He is intensely local in his interests, as his introduction to "The Return of Buck Gavin" would indicate. His first three plays were written about his own mountains, his fourth concerned a controversy between the blacks and whites in the vicinity of Asheville, his home, and his first novel, "Look Homeward, Angel," is local even in the implication of its title, which is taken from Milton's *Lycidas*, but which was inspired by a marble angel in his father's grave-stone yard. Even though this novel has been published since his student days, the subject matter is pertinent, because the author writes of his own life at Carolina in a sort of veiled autobiography.

After his graduation in the Spring of 1920 at the age of nineteen, he took his A.B. degree to Harvard, where he enrolled for graduate work in playwriting, but that does not concern his life at the University of North Carolina. Playwright, editor, actor, scholar, satirist; an ungainly boy with a quick tongue and a romantic imagination—such was Thomas Wolfe as a student at Carolina.

Young Love

By GEORGE BROWN

*Young love is a bumble-bee
Attracted by a honeysuckle
It drinks its fill
Then seeks another.*

The Carolina Magazine

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In April

By NAOMI ALEXANDER

Chapel Hill folks do not have to pick up and travel to see beauty, because suddenly one morning they awake to find peach trees in bloom outside their windows. For a while pear trees marched in white procession along the back lanes and across the hills encompassing the town. Now the Judas tree and the apple trees furnish the glory, and the dogwood is turning white. The bridal wreath in the arboretum under the light of the moon is a sight to see. Things appear in bloom so fast that it makes one breathless trying to keep up with them. The April days are here with all their winning ways, and it is nice to hear the cricket again at his good offices.

It was impressed upon me through interminable years of growing up that to delight in going to walk in the woods alone is a terrible abnormality and should by all means be kept hidden from the world at large. When I departed for college an instruction given to me not ordinarily given to emerging innocents was, "Do not let anyone know you like to lie down under a tree. People will think you are crazy." And so for years whenever I set off alone to walk I "sneaked off," looking neither to the right nor to the left, hoping beyond hope that I was not being seen. But these inhibitions of years have been almost overcome by my arriving at the private conclusion that even though I may be funny because I like to wander in the woods, other folks are funnier than I because they do not like to do so. Surely they cannot know the rich feeling of exultation and content it gives one.

Housman's "A Shropshire Lad" has encouraged me in my deviations, particularly the poem:

*"Loveliest of trees, the cherry now
Is hung with bloom along the bough,
And stands about the woodland ride
Wearing white for eastertide.*

*"Now, of my threescore years and ten
Twenty will not come again;
And take from seventy springs a score,
It only leaves me fifty more.*

*"And since to look at things in bloom
Fifty springs are little room,
About the woodlands I will go
To see the cherry hung with snow."*

When on a long hot road someone fans by in an automobile making the dust unbearable, one repeats to oneself a snatch from another of his poems:

*"There pass the careless people
That call their souls their own:
Here by the road I loiter,
How idle and alone."*

But I do not think anyone would ever walk upon a highway except in a case of strict necessity. Give me the easement of a secluded path, which is almost

These Hold Not the Dream

By BRADFORD WHITE

*Him, whose thirsts quicken
With a simple mead,
Strange liquors sicken.
They surpass the need.*

*Trenchant thyme and lees
Of tansy bitterness—
Men have chosen these
In their loneliness.*

*Tankards yet unscarred,
Casks that brightly gleam,
Crystal still unmarred,
These hold not the dream;*

*These can never bear
The wines of every day
(Potions for despair).
These—too far away.*

*The tang of years is brief,
Familiar things are dearer.
Happiness and grief
And love come nearer.*

*Forgetting all its malice,
Our heart betrays
Wish for no wondrous cup,
None—save the chalice
Of our casual days.*

a private way.

An article in a last year's *Tar Heel* mentioned certain pleasant places hereabouts to which Dr. Battle gave appropriate names, but it did not mention Jack-and-the-Beanstalk-Road, nor the road that Takes-the-First-Turn-to-the-Left-and-goes-Straight-on-Till-Morning, nor the Wishing Wood, nor the music of Morgan's Creek, nor the Triangular Lawn of the arboretum at the foot of which Jupiter, Venus, or some other bright glorious planet rises on a clear winter evening, and sometimes even the moon when it is in the mood.

The Jack-and-the-Beanstalk-Road is reached, according to precedent, after a long climb, and there it is stretching to the right and to the left in what seems a different world entirely. You can cross this road directly and go on down to Morgan's Creek and the prehistoric rocks and thence across the stream to clamber up Laurel Hill where rhododendron and trailing arbutus grow, and on to the top of the hill and the view of Durham and Raleigh on clear days. Or you can take the turn to the left, or the turn to the right, and trust to the road if you are of an adventuresome spirit. I have never yet taken the left turning. Many times I crossed this road and kept on down to Morgan's Creek and the familiar beauty I knew I would find awaiting me, before I ventured to turn to the right on the fairy tale road. Immediately there I found once a lone tiger lily

(Continued on page six)

Chronicles of Montford Gang

By GUNNARD

I
SHACKS

*A good shack and a trusty band,
A merry heart and true;
John Law's men shall understand
What Montford men can do . . .*

Thus begins the Montford Gang's *Shack Song*. Shacks played an important part in the history of the Montford Gang. They were our refuges, our sanctums, our holies of holies, and our strongholds. There we found sanctuary from an overbearing and tyrannical composition of group-ups and of parents and minions of the law in particular. Parents were to be eluded but respected; policemen we outwitted with an ease which engendered in us a fine contempt for their powers and methods.

My first acquaintance with a shack came with my acquaintance with Lacy Richard Whitlow, otherwise known as Dick or Lacy. His shack was for a long time the sole meeting place of the Gang. It was in Lacy's shack, a one-time hen-house, later a tool shed, and now a very fine shack, that we carried on our various activities. Here it was that I became an initiate of the gentle art of mastication as applied to *Beech-Nut* and *Apple* "chawin' baccers." What is so rare as the sight of a beautiful golden-brown streak of "baccy" juice in the new-fallen snow? It was also here that I smoked my first pipe (with dire effects), a rank and powerful old corn-cob belonging to Lacy. This shack was our stronghold for several years. We would meet there after school, on Saturdays, and throughout the summer months.

On one side of the shack stood a little rusty stove from which two of the legs were missing. The stove-pipe stuck out through a piece of tin in the side of the shack. Two bricks supported those corners of the stove which lacked legs. In one corner was a box for coal which we kept replenished through not infrequent raids on the Whitlow basement. Around the front of the stove were an old chair, a bench, and several wooden boxes. These constituted the seating arrangements. It was our custom (an old Spanish one) to sit around the front of the stove and discuss matters of interest and sing "blowsy ballads," the while spitting intermittently on the stove, taking great delight in the resulting sizzle, and being not a whit dismayed by the arising stench.

I had, by consequence of the fact that my grandfather's house had just been remodeled, a goodly supply of lumber, and so one day I decided to build a shack of my own. Bill Duncan, noticing my activities in this line, became an interested follower of the idea, and we each proceeded to build our respective shacks. At first we could elicit no response from the other members of the Gang and were

(Continued on page seven)

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Oldest College Publication in the United States

(FOUNDED IN 1844)

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SUNDAY, APRIL 24, 1932

EDITORIAL

"Modern writers, gorged with life, are sick. They vomit forth their thought in the form of literature, and the modern audience drinks it down as if it were the wine of life." With this revolting figure one of our professors summed up his opinion of modern literature. It shocked me, but it also made me think.

A few weeks later I sat in a theater of New York watching Eugene O'Neil's *Mourning Becomes Electra* being presented to a packed house. For six hours I sat there and watched the characters upon the stage writhe and twist in agony under the influence of the author's magic hand. It was like watching the death throes of some giant insect pinned against the wall with the blade of a knife. Around me a cultured audience sat spell-bound with the same morbid interest that I have seen a group of small town people view a hanging. And this is what critics are calling a great play. This is what people are rushing to see at enormous prices. The words of the professor came to me.

Riding homeward through the whirl of New York traffic, I began turning over in my mind the various examples of modern literature which I had read. Unconsciously, I was trying to find something that would drive that revolting figure from my mind. It is still there. On every side I found myself confronted with the same unhealthy almost diseased atmosphere. Somerset Maugham with his surgeon's knife clove the heads of his abnormal characters and allowed me to see the working of their warped brains. The occasional normal people passing like a breath of fresh air across the pages of his novels are all minor characters. Edgar Lee Masters writes his poetry from "a world compressed into a narrow squallid corner, where evil prevails, man suffers, and God is unjust," as one writer has so aptly said. Sinclair Lewis with his *Elmer Gantry*, Thomas Hardy with his *Return of the Native*, and a score of other dark writers with their morbid works came to my mind. In despair I abandoned the search and accepted the professors words as just.

If healthy literature is the image of full life, then literature is sick. The pain and tragedy of life are not unaccompanied by joy and sunshine. The greatest literary genius that our race has produced saw this, and his works reflect his sight. Shakespeare wrote his dark *Troilus and Cressida* and

his bloody *Titus Andronicus*, but he did not fail to give us *A Midsummer-Night's Dream* and *The Tempest*. Even his greatest tragedies, *Romeo and Juliet*, *Hamlet*, and *Othello*, are healthful to the mind. In reading these we feel that we are in a wholesome normal atmosphere rather than in the fetid, poisonous air of the morbid school of our modern writers. The plays of the English genius as a whole present a complete well-rounded picture of life, and who of all the modern writers of futility and human abnormalities does that? It is time that we were stretching our muscles, taking a deep breath, and feeling life flowing through us in a stream joyous with health. We have felt pain, and we will feel more pain. But pain does not come unadulterated by sunshine.

M. B. THOMAS.

Reflections

By MARGARET FIREY

If I were a man, I'd have a little house of my own, and at night I'd light a fire and draw up my chair and my dog would come and put his head on my knee and I'd fill my pipe and sit and smoke and have a wonderful time all by myself. But I'm not, I'm only a girl, so I must go and dress for the dance.

Instead of being, ". . . laid away in a big, pine box and covered over with dirt and rocks," I'd like to be done up like a Christmas package. The first wrapping would be of crinkly, white tissue-paper stuck with all manner of gay seals and tied with a bright, red ribbon. That would be nice and cheery but the outside cover would be the best. It would be black and shiny, scattered with millions of golden stars, big ones and baby ones and the ribbon which went 'round it would be gold too and maybe a sprig of holly would be thrust thru the bow-knot. Then wouldn't God or Satan be surprised when I arrived?

I

By G. W. STAMPER

*Mine is a world of moods.
Cold furies; passionate loves,
Blind hatreds; apathetic vexation,—
Insensate desires—
All are integral parts
of my make-up.
I am a series of flares—
and a series of blacknesses.
The flares are brighter
because of the blacknesses.
The blacknesses are deeper
because of the flares.
One cannot penetrate the
blackness of the flares—
and one is blinded by the
intensity of the blacknesses—
I am an unknown quantity.
Even my sign is antithetical:—
You see: X!
I am a riddle.
Not even— but more
to myself.
Every man is a riddle
to his own powers
of perception;
In proportion to the magnitude
of his Conceit.*

Book Chat

By ROY B. CHAPIN

Alan J. Villiers, of whom we have heard so often in this column, sailor, lecturer and author of sea books, writes that the 1932 grain race from Australia to England is underway. Mr. Villiers left Port Broughton, South Australia, on his ship *Parma*, on March 15 and on the same day four other ships left for Falmouth by way of Cape Horn. Several American boys are making the trip as members of the crew. Mrs. Villiers is also aboard the *Parma* and is believed to be the only woman making the dangerous Cape Horn passage this year. With favorable winds Mr. Villiers hopes to bring his ship into the English Channel by June 10. He also plans to bring with him the first draft of a new manuscript which will be published in book form. Here's to a successful voyage.

* * *

Crittenden Marriot, author, newspaper man, and world traveler, died recently in Washington after a long illness. He was sixty-five years old and wrote *The Isle of Dead Ships* which was used for the silent and talkie versions.

* * *

The many sided Archbishop Cranmer, that Hilaire Belloc portrayed in *Cranmer*, his most recent biography, now is the central character in a play, *Fire*, by Ernita Lascelles who uses the dramatic method of the theatre of Henry the Eighth. Ernita Lascelles created the part of "Eve" in the Theatre Guild's presentation of *Back To Methuselah* by Bernard Shaw. *Fire* has been well received by London critics.

* * *

Professor Nathaniel F. Cantor, author of *Crime: Criminals and Criminal Justice*, has been granted a fellowship by the Social Science Research Council to engage in field work in Prussia. He plans to investigate the entire penal system of that part of Germany. Professor Cantor will leave in June for Germany and will remain there at least a year. This is the only fellowship of its kind granted by the Committee on Research Fellowships. His book on criminology was published on April 22nd.

* * *

Carolyn Wells, noted author of mystery stories, wrote the following to the authors of *The Trial of Gregor Kaska*, "The book held so much interest for me that, though I did not begin the story till midnight, I finished it before I laid the volume down. And I am very sure that as soon as I see another book by Fred Andreas advertised I shall buy it at once, and I can hardly wait for that day to come. This book is a masterpiece of expression and belongs in that regrettably small class, 'Well Written Detective Stories.'" If Carolyn Wells says it's good, it must be, for she can certainly write in the above class.

* * *

The Yomah—and After, another novel of the sea and its adventure was recently published by "Shalimar" (Capt. F. C. Hendry). In the nineties "Shalimar" first went to sea in a Cape Horn square rigger. Later he sailed in Nova Scotia and British windjammers, Cunard steamers, South China Sea tramps, and as a Rangoon River pilot. He served during the war with native troops of Burma and was twice decorated for gallantry on the field. He has been a great success in England and we hope that this, his first American book, will be a success too.

Still Another

By PAUL W. ASHLEY

By nature I am a very curious person. Due to a good memory I can accurately recall the events occurring on the night of March 17, 1932.

I was standing in front of the Mosque Theatre in Newark, New Jersey. The display on the exterior of the building was very attractive. My feet were preparing to carry me through the massive portals of the theatre.

Suddenly an order descending from brain via the spinal column caused them to remain motionless.

An automobile had drawn up in front of a long low building about fifty feet away from the theatre. A girl descended. The car shot away and swerved into a parking place.

I watched the girl. She attracted me. Why? That I cannot tell you. I only know this. Prior to her arrival the sole attractive thing in that direction was the neon flashing sign. Cutting the darkness every moment, it cast a hearty red warmth onto the cold of the night.

But she added something different. She seemed to blend into the darkness. Perhaps it was due to the black dress she wore, or perhaps it was because she seemed to harmonize with the entrance.

She seemed tiny and graceful in direct contrast to the massiveness of the building. Stucco and wooden beams formed the front. A tiny door was cut into these. Deep shadows were cast into it by the electric sign, spelling "Alpine Village".

The boy returned and both disappeared.

Not only am I curious, but I am impulsive.

A few minutes later I too stood in front of the building. The interior seemed inviting. I invited myself in. I deposited my coat and hat in the cloak room. The headwaiter deposited me at the table next to the orchestra.

There were four instruments, a base violin, a violin, an accordion, and a piano. With these the musicians turned out perfect harmony. German melodies were their specialty and with them they set peoples' feet to tapping.

I looked for the girl. She was sitting several tables away, but I could see her plainly. Her feet half hidden in the folds of her gown were tapping gently. A silver ear-ring dangled from one pink ear; the other was covered with a carefully groomed mass of golden hair.

Yes, she had blue eyes. Blue eyes seem to go with golden hair. Just below a cute stubby nose a pair of slightly rouged lips parted in a smile revealing two rows of pearly white teeth.

Suddenly her partner turned to her and spoke softly. I saw her nod, and they went out on the dance floor. She was soon hidden by the other couples.

I had wondered about the name of the place, but then I understood. The walls were decorated to represent the village square.

The music died out. The couples straggled back to their tables. Then I saw her. Her escort was holding her chair for her. She thanked him with a smile. I heard him say:

"Thank you, Jacqueline."

"Il n'y a pas de quoi, monsieur," I heard her reply.

Her name was Jacqueline and she spoke French. But I could explain that uptilted stubby nose in

Our Song Is a Song of Youth

By VERNON WARD

Our song is a song of youth.

Heigh ho!

Vital blood swells our veins.

Heigh ho!

Limitless strength intoxicates us.

We wander in folly, they say.

We wander in folly.

We know not what we do.

We know not what to do.

Heigh ho!

But, brother,

Have you felt rich blood pounding thru your veins?

And muscles inexhaustible?

Have you, too, sung the song of youth?

And found it irresistible?

We know not what we do, they say.

Heigh ho!

And, brother,

Have you, too, felt

A spirit soaring?

A bursting heart—

An aching urge

To shout, and bound, and sing?

Then you, too, know

To be repressed

Pierces like a knife.

We know not what we do, they say.

Heigh ho!

So we sing the song of youth

And praise it;

For youth is wonderful.

We sing the song of youth

And trust it;

For youth is powerful.

We are strong.

Heigh ho!

We know not what we do, they say.

Heigh ho!

And from the song of youth,

A flame is rising, spreading;

A revolt against the present,

A revolt against the past.

And from the song of youth, a vision,

A vision of the future.

And when the song of youth is spread,

That vision will be true.

The world will laugh anew.

Heigh ho!

The world will laugh anew.

We know not what we do, they say.

Heigh ho!

only one way. The Irish race alone have that type of nose.

A waiter approached her table and I heard him say distinctly:

"Glad to see you back again, Miss Rodee."

Her ancestors must have been French and Irish. The impulsiveness of the Irish and the gay abandon of the French made a dangerous combination. In a German-Swiss atmosphere anything could happen.

I resolved to watch her closely.

The waiter made many trips to the table. On each one he brought two steins of beer and carried two away. They danced and they drank.

Finally the clock struck two times and the "Al-

On Riding Horses

By MARGARET FIREY

You look at it, and it, in turn, surveys you—contemptuously. You are able to appreciate the proud arch of the neck, the beautiful head, the delicate legs—from a distance, but you know positively that you won't enjoy them when you are up on the animal, (as your friends assure you it is necessary to be if you expect to ride). Mutely you gaze at the broad expanse of back which is to be your seat for the next hour, (and it might as well be for eternity), and know immediately that you won't be comfortable. With much straining and heaving on the part of the grooms you are at last seated on a torturing bit of leather with your feet, in their gleaming new boots, thrust in some iron contraptions. Reins, (ha, you did know one horsey expression), are placed in your already numb fingers and then you are all set. Oh yeah, for what?

The calvacade gets under way and as the beast launches himself, (nautical terms are the only ones descriptive enough for the moving of a horse), your heart sinks. As he walks along slowly and nothing happens, however, you draw a deep breath and begin to look around. Maybe it won't be quite as bad as you thought that it would; maybe you'll even enjoy it. Just then some witty soul shouts, "Trot," and then and there your happiness ends. You have no idea what "Trot" means but your horse has, so who could ask for more. In fact, he proceeds to carry out the order so industriously that tears come into your eyes for having bitten your tongue so hard. Faster and faster he trots and harder and harder you bounce. Your hat comes down over one eye; your hairpins are strewn along the way; your tie creeps up and is slowly choking you to death. Your side hurts and your side is not the only place that hurts. Your stirrups are gone; so are the reins; as is your breath. Pitifully, blindly, you reach forward and grasp the nasty beast's hair; desperately, fervently, you begin to pray. Like a drowning person you have time to think about things. You wonder if, when they find your bruised and broken body by the wayside, they will know that your spirit fled because it could stand no more trotting. You wonder whether your epitaph will read, "Killed in Action," or merely, "Died." Then when you feel that you must let go to be cruelly mangled under those pounding hoofs, someone sees your plight and calls a halt.

Shakily you slide back to your rightful place on the saddle; stiffly you unclench your grasping fingers from the brute's forelock, thereby losing a great handful of hair; relievedly you remove a lone hairpin which has punctured your scalp; quiveringly you draw a deep breath and unknot the strangling tie, and then, silently, awkwardly, but none the less efficiently, you dismount and stagger stableward.

pine Village" was almost deserted. There remained but three other couples. The music was off-key but no one seemed to mind. The dancing had turned to slipping and sliding. I had suspected the beer. In common parlance, it had been "spiked".

I looked for her. She was sitting at the table. Two minutes were sufficient for me. I arose and departed. Standing on the sidewalk, I felt a sense of futility. It was always the same.

She was . . . How can I say it? . . . She was drunk on BEER!

Let's Be Mercenary!

By R. T. McKEITHAN

Hal Stamper went to a large university to play football. He was hired to sweep out one room in the laundry, but his actual work was to play football. After the first month of school Hal did not go near the laundry; there was someone else to do his work at the laundry while he, Hal, worked his way through school with his athletic ability. He had explained it all to the coach, how his sweeping interfered with his practice and time for study, and the coach, being a reasonable man, had seen the situation Hal's way and had immediately arranged to have someone else to do his work. And Hal played football for the glory of his dear old Alma Mater. On the team that year there were nine men out of eleven who "played" football in that same manner. They were merely poor but good boys "working" their ways through school.

Bob Howell came to the university that year to work his way. He, like Hal, had no money and he got a job which paid him enough to secure his board but not enough to pay his bills at the office and his room-rent. He looked around and found another job that would pay for them. When he began to check up, he found that he was working about eight hours every day and all his remaining time had to be put on his studies. It was necessary for him to sacrifice his leisure to stay in school. Hal worked only about three hours a day, but his work was much harder than was Bob's. Hal had to sacrifice his love for fun at night and his taste for all the sweet things to eat. He had also to sacrifice cigarettes, and whatever intoxicants to which he had been accustomed. Bob had to do without dates and shows at night because he did not have time for them. He too had to leave cigarettes and candy alone because he could not afford them. This made them about even with the exception that Bob put in a little more time than Hal did. But there was a difference. Hal was told to keep quiet about the way in which he earned his expenses in order to retain his amateur standing in the conference. On the other hand Bob had to worry about no such situation. What he did after his work was over was his own affair, and there was nobody to tell him what to do and when to do it. If Hal had a conscience, and we will assume that he did, his task was far more difficult than Bob's. He paid a higher price than Bob did for his education.

When a man does manual labor for three or four hours a day and then has to do without the things he likes best to eat when he sits down to the table, and has to go to bed when there are things he could be doing that would be of great benefit to him, then he has earned something in the way of recompense, whether he gets it or not. To play football is work, hard work, and there should be some reward for a man at the end of his work. Under the present system an athlete gets something for his work, but it is not sufficient, and he gets it in such a way that he cannot be proud of it nor even be sure that he is honest. He sometimes is bothered by his conscience and consequently fails to do his best work. It seems to me that there ought to be some means for a person to turn his athletic abilities into useable resources without such a sacrifice. If athletes are to be paid, why not be open and above board about paying them?

For one to advance such an argument is to lay oneself open to the severest of criticism, and there

To a Poet Who Smiled

(ANONYMOUS)

I

*I offered you all that I held most dear,
Unlocked to you my treasury of dreams,
Discovered to your startled eyes the gleams
And radiance of their color, gave your ear
The splendor of their music, gave your hand
Their loveliness to touch. With cold disdain
You scorned the beauty stored up in my brain
And in my heart. I could not understand
Your cynical and enigmatic smile.
I could not see why you tried to impress
Me with your stupid sensuality,
And you a poet!—How could you be
So cruel, so unfair? I must confess
I have your little enigmatic smile.*

II

*I know the reason for your sneering smile.
You make your face a shield to hide behind
Lest any guess the chaos of your mind.
It hides your morbid craving to defile
The purity of less sophisticated,
Less subtle intellects. It hides your lust
For new full-blooded life. I cannot trust
Such smiles as yours. And yet I cannot hate
You as I did. I know that bitterness,
And hopeless disillusion, loneliness,
Occasional contempt for self, despair,
Have warped your mental poise. The silent air
Is shattered by your shallow mocking laugh—
You wanted gold. You have the worthless chaff.*

III

*Poor Poet! What a dreary life you lead!
The sparkling figments of your hungry mind
Are hollow shadows blowing in the wind.
False gods you have accepted, a false creed
Believed, and put your trust in these. Sincere
And strong as is your faith, it is a waste
Of your sincerity and strength. You placed
Your happiness in jeopardy; I fear
You did it consciously. But you have paid
Beyond your debt. I would have given you
New courage, new ideals, vitality,
To bear you through the bitter mockery
That tortures you, to guide you safely through
The chilly little hell that you have made.*

IV

*You utter fool! You have a gift of words,
Of thoughts, of rhymes, all that a poet needs
To phrase the truth which he perceives, which leads
Us silent ones to beauty. Flaming swords
To pierce the armor of our consciousness,
You have, and balm to heal the wounds you make,
Songs for our joy, and agony to break
Our hearts. Yet you refuse still to express
These things. And we the inarticulate
Are hungry for the food which you deny.
You are a miser, not a fool. Our cry
Of pleading for your best, our love, our hate,
Can never shake you. Meager scraps alone
You give us, as one gives a dog a bone.*

will probably be doubts about one's sanity. In all probability, people will say that such action cheapens our collegians. There was a prominent member of a football squad who was approached with an offer to endorse a certain line of sporting goods for a remuneration. When he accepted, there was a howl from the majority of the student-body that could

(Continued on page six)

The Buckle On a Belt

By JOHN FREDERIC BUTLER

I must have given some sign of emotion as I glanced at the buckle on a belt a friend of mine offered to me for inspection.

"What's the matter?" he asked.

"Nothing," I assured him.

"Sure?" he insisted.

"Positive," I affirmed, and proceeded to tell him that I liked the buckle a great deal.

But there was something the matter! I did not like the buckle! And, in my denial and my lie, I was a coward before my own emotions.

*** **

As I remember it now, the whole town was infected by an epidemic of apprehension and anxiety. The incident, so unusual for our quiet little world, was for a few days the one topic of discussion. Men, meeting on the streets, would pause for a moment to inquire; women, at home, would discuss the subject with their neighbors across the backyard fence; and small boys would form small armies, coming home from school, and debate, describe, and predict, as boys are wont to do, without reason, or logic, or foundation.

The local daily paper concentrated the community concern in a series of triple-decked headlines, substituting the local tragedy for the more commonplace, remote world-tragedies. People, finding that, for once, the paper contained news which was of interest to them, began to read. The circulation mounted, business men advertised with an unprecedented energy, taking advantage of the excitement for gain.

The Sunday sermons from the five pulpits of the town sought a moral lesson in the event. A number of new and incongruous parables found expression in the words of the five perturbed parsons.

The bank-lobby and the post-office lobby became municipal halls wherein the animated discussion invariably centered upon the one topic of town-wide interest. The coming county elections were eclipsed from the public eye by this new development, and so the court-house, too, became a caucus-hall, as the bank-lobby and the post-office lobby, in which politics gave way to popular discussions of the unusual affair.

The whole town was galvanized. The whole community was infected by an epidemic of apprehension and anxiety.

Now the cause for all this excitement was the fact that a man had drowned in the river and that his body was still undiscovered.

At last, one afternoon, the news spread through the town that the long awaited climax to the tragedy had occurred. Three fishermen had found, caught and entangled in the mesh of their nets, the hapless body. As a balloon ascends when the ground ropes are cut, the tension that had possessed everyone lifted, and in its place came a much stronger and more animal emotion—mob curiosity. Within half an hour of the time the news broke, every wharf along the waterfront was teeming with the populace.

I remember the crowd straining to catch a glimpse of the small motor-boat plowing through the water; I remember the muffled voices of a thousand people, as the boat, with the body tied on behind, approached the wharf; I remember my wild passions to see the body, and how, inspired by my desire, I wormed my way through the crowd and gained a vantage

(Continued on page seven)

The Fourteenth Color Bearer

By WILBUR DORSETT

A True Incident of the Civil War

"Our first day at Gettysburg was a scorcher. The fighting didn't begin until that afternoon, so we had all morning to get ready for it. We had no idea what we were going into."

I will never forget my grandfather for the stories he told of the Civil War. It was not so many years ago that he was still living and going to those Confederate Reunions that he took such a boyish delight in attending. And on his way, whether it was a meeting of all the Southern Veterans—probably at Atlanta or Nashville—or only a state gathering close by, he would stop over one night with us. He carried the very color and spirit of the Confederate Veteran with him; his thick white hair and beard, his gray suit, three golden stars on each shoulder, and several reunion badges—perhaps a tiny metal flag of cross-bars and stars, or the bottom of a foot with a tar besmeared heel.

He would sit, always one hand on the cane he carried because of the wound in his knee and the other hand gesticulating, forcing the words into your mind.

"It was two in the afternoon and the sun was high in the sky. We were all lying around on the ground, anxious for the fighting to begin. There should have been religious services but the chaplains were not there. Some of the men were quietly smoking cigars, some were telling jokes, some were looking at certain photographs. Yes, I had your grandmother's," he said with a smile.

"The officers were speaking words of encouragement and keeping the men as quiet as possible. Colonel Harry Burqwyn,—that fine young man, only twenty-two years old—kept watching the movements of the enemy and saying that we were losing precious time. But Hill hadn't come and there was nothing we could do. Some sharpshooters started firing on us from an old farm house over on our right. They were soon silenced by a volunteer who crept up on them along a stone fence.

"We could see the Yankees in front of us in McPherson's Woods. They were the famous Iron Brigade. McClellan first called them that because of their boldness in the battle of South Mountain. They wore tall, bell-crowned hats and I could easily pick them out. They had the best spot in the Northern line and the hardest spot for the Johnny Rebels—yes, that's what they called us—to take.

Then in a very few minutes the fighting commenced on our left at the railroad cut. The Union soldiers would dash up and our men would drive them back. Colonel Burqwyn commanded, 'Attention, Twenty-sixth!'—that was the regiment I was in. We jumped to obey. When we heard 'Forward March!' we all stepped off like we were on review. I could see our line stretched out for over a mile. It was the most awe inspiring sight I had ever seen. But I had no time for speculation for the Yankees opened fire on us at once. They killed and wounded some, but the damage was not great because they fired too high. Of course we opened fire on them, too, and ran on shouting as the artillery was roaring and the musketry cracking.

"We kept a straight line right across the wheat field until we reached Willoughby's Run where the briars and weeds around the branch caused us to

crowd in the center. The Yanks took advantage of that and began killing our men like forty. But we finally got across and started running up the hill taking more pains with our firing.

"The bullets were flying around me like hail stones in a storm. Lots of men near me were falling to the ground, throwing up their arms and clawing the earth. The whole field was covered with gray suits soaked in blood. The Northerners must have had the same luck, too, because we learned afterwards that this Iron Brigade had sustained the heaviest loss of any brigade in their army.

"We charged up the hill to the rock quarry and came very close to the Iron Brigade and the Pennsylvania Bucktails. While we drove on as hard as we could, they would step back slowly. We kept pushing them through the woods, taking a dead rest against the trees and saplings.

"But wait a minute, before we get to the enemy's second line I must tell you about the fourteen color

Cedar

By BRADFORD WHITE

*Cedar,
Standing with your close darkness,
Cedar, Time is a cobweb
Caught among your odorous branches.
For you—no tomorrow, no today,
Only the long, long reminiscence
Of the sunken grave.*

*You are not the gnarled tree
Of gardens.
They have companion myrtles
And star-hyacinths.
You are a tree of musk
On leaden, summer nights; you—
The keeper of old cemeteries
Where men are laid beneath dried grasses
And forgotten.*

bearers. When we had first started out, a man by the name of Mansfield was carrying our Confederate flag. He was attended by eight color guards. Of course the Yankees always fired at the flag bearer the first thing because he was the most conspicuous man in our line. They got him pretty soon, too. But the flag could never be left on the ground for a second. It was wrenched from the hands of the dying bearer and carried on and on. The colors had been cut down twelve times. Each new man that came up seemed to be proud to carry the colors straight into the face of the enemy, knowing that he would fall after advancing it a few feet. This twelfth man had fallen with two wounds in his body. The line hesitated for a minute; our crisis was reached. Colonel Burqwyn quickly shouted to his Lieutenant-Colonel Lane that General Pettigrew had complimented the Twenty-sixth by saying it had covered itself with glory, and then he seized the flag himself. He was the thirteenth to grasp it but he didn't stop on account of any superstition. A private, Honeycutt I believe it was, rushed out and asked for the honor of advancing the flag. He knew that carrying it meant sure death and he didn't want to see Burqwyn go down so soon. Burqwyn smiled on this sacrificing soldier and turned the banner over to him. Just as he did, he was hit by a ball that swept through his lungs. The force of this whirled him around and he was caught in the folds of the flag that he carried to the ground. Honeycutt also fell in just a minute, and the colors were

in the dust for the thirteenth time.

"Lieutenant-Colonel Lane saw Harry Burqwyn fall and rushed to his side. He asked, 'My dear Colonel, are you severely hurt?' Burqwyn was barely able to say that he wasn't—although he knew that he was—and that it was now up to Lane to carry on. Lane wanted to stay with him but he knew his men needed someone to lead them, so he gently pulled the bloody flag from under his commander and swung it high over his head. At the time we didn't know of Burqwyn's death because Lane knew that to tell us would dishearten us. He suddenly decided to give the Yankees the bayonet and he turned to shout, 'Twenty-sixth, follow me!'

"A soldier cried to him, 'You know that no man can take those colors and life.' Lane only replied, 'It is my time to take them now.' And he did. We followed him, yelling like barbarians. The Northerners were giving away and we kept running on right through their lines. But there was one line that didn't give way.

"They were good marksmen for they mowed us down like weeds in a field. The smoke made it as dark as night. We could hardly see where we were going but we kept straight ahead through the blackness. Then, when we heard the next command to keep on, we gave a loud cheer and went flying towards the enemy. When our support came up their last line gave away, and retreated to the hills behind the cemetery on the other side of the Gettysburg village.

"Just as the smoke was clearing away and we were leaving the woods, one of the Northerners stopped to rest his musket on a low tree branch and take good aim. Just as Lane was giving a last command the bullet struck him in the neck below the brain and crashed through his jaw and mouth. He slumped to the ground and the flag quivered for a second in the air and then fell among the weeds and rocks. That was the fourteenth time that the flag was on the ground."

I broke in on his story, "It's too bad that he had to be killed in the very last minute of fighting."

"But wait a minute until I get through and then you won't think the story had such a tragic ending. It was almost forty years later that Captain W. H. S. Burqwyn was in Chicago. He was a brother of the Harry Burqwyn that was killed at Gettysburg. He had been appointed a bank examiner by President Cleveland and was in Chicago on official business. In the lobby of his hotel he had heard that the president of the Iron Brigade Veteran Association was Charles McConnell who had been a color sergeant of the Twenty-fourth Michigan Regiment. He was at that time in the drug business there in Chicago. Burqwyn decided to visit this man and talk over the events of the war with a former enemy. So he found out where McConnell's drug store was and went down that afternoon.

"When he walked in, he asked, 'You don't know me, do you, Sergeant McConnell?' The man smiled politely but didn't show any sign of recognizing him. 'No, I don't believe I remember our meeting. But I notice you're using my military title, so you must be a veteran—you seem to be about my age.'

"Burqwyn laughed and told him, 'You're right. We've never met except in battle. My name is Burqwyn—W. H. S. Burqwyn from North Carolina. I was a Captain in the Confederate Army. I was in the little spat down Gettysburg way.' McConnell's face lighted up. 'Oh, you were? Well, it happened that I was on the other side of the fence. Wasn't the Burqwyn that was killed there

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LETS BE MERCENARY

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have been heard a mile away. Why? Simply because such action went directly against all the noble and time-honored traditions that have so carefully been built up around the immortal heroism of our gridiron warriors. They thought that such an act was indicative of a cheap and mercenary character, and that none of the "boys" should so far forget themselves as a stoop to make money off of their names as athletes. And, why not? Let's analyze the situation a little closer, and perhaps we can find that there is nothing so far amiss after all. Here is a manufacturer who needs some good advertising for his product. He has money with which to pay for it and is glad of the chance to invest in an advertisement. Just opposite him we have an athlete who needs money, and he has something that another man wants. Now, if the two can reach an agreement, why not let them? Each is benefited by the deal and nobody has lost anything. It is purely a business transaction like thousands of others negotiated every day. Does football do the wrong thing by teaching one to be an astute business man? I think there will be many who will agree with me that it does not.

Another phase of the situation is the benefit that the college receives from the athlete. A young man comes to the university and expends an enormous amount of time and energy in playing on the various teams of that institution. He is good enough to make the team and eventually becomes one of the best in his particular field. He is then a star, and his name appears prominently in newspapers all over the country, in programs of events, and at times even over the radio. Always his name will be linked with the name of his school. All this brings to the young man's Alma Mater an enormous amount of advertising. What does it bring the young man? Nothing that he can use to any advantage. In this case the college is getting something for nothing, just exactly the thing for which the athlete is so heartily condemned. There is this difference: the player pays for what he gets and does not get credit for even that much. It seems to me that the scheme of things is wrong when such an attitude is the average. Why not work out a plan whereby the collegiate will be paid adequately for the time and trouble which he spends in competition? Would not some such plan as the following have many material advantages over the present system?

We will assume that we have a large university here that needs a good football team. All other schools have been classified according to size and student-body so that each school will enter competition with schools of its own standard and size. The first thing to do is to announce that we will pay certain salaries for different degrees of efficiency at the game and all who are interested may come out and try for a position. By the time the season opens our scouts will have gathered a group of promising prospects from the high school graduates of our state. If our team was good last year and we had a successful season, then, our scouts had a goodly amount of money with which to secure good players and we have the advantage over our competitors. If we did not have a good season, then we are unfortunate but we will do better next year. Or it is possible that some good players will want to come to our university because their fathers happen to have played for dear old "Woozit." At any rate we are ready to start work to build the best team we can for the money that we have to

A Pickaninny's Prayer

By JOHN BARROW

*I've been a lot of places,
I've traveled here and there,
But the thing that touched me most
Was a pickaninny's prayer.*

*Oh Gawd, de 'tatoes is all dried up,
An maw is gettin sicker,
Bro he is shooting craps agin,
An paw is drinkin licker.*

*We aint had no rain since preachin,
An everything is hot an dry,
De ole hoss is lame in front,
An de cow she's done gone dry.*

*De little cott'n is comin up,
But there aint nobody to hoe it,
'Cause sis she's off courtin
An paw he don't know it.*

*De hogs is done got out the lot
An is rootin in de cawn,
Paw says he gwine to shoot dem hogs
As show as they is bawn.*

*Aint Ella's sittin tother side de stove,
An is dippin wid her snuff,
She jest has tole Uncle Neas
That he's done said enough.*

*Oh Gawd, I wish little baby Jesus Christ
Would come and play with me,
'Cause I aint got nobody 'ceptin
Little baby Jesus Christ an me.*

spend. We will call the candidates out and tell them that the better ball they play the more money they will make, and in this manner get the best efforts of every man. Through this method there will be no problem of keeping the boys in training because they will realize that they must stay in good condition to play well. Right here we already have everything working to our advantage and everybody is satisfied. There will be more applicants than we can use; so we will have to weed out the less capable players and get to work on the rest. It will be understood by the players that they will be kept so long as their work, studies, and training are satisfactory. The minute that there is any laxity allowed to creep in then those responsible will have to go. If we are to make this a business organization we must insist on the strict discipline of a well organized concern. Any negligence or infraction of rules must be dealt with severely.

The main idea of this plan would be to turn athletics into a business organization having the same amount of efficiency that characterizes bigger firms and corporations. Under this system the coach will have absolute charge of the action of the team. He will be held responsible only to the university. His place is similar to that of a president. The actual management and running of the team will fall under the jurisdiction of various departments. Trips, supplies, contracts, schedule making, and each other item will be attended to by the various departments. The college, as said before, will assume the sponsorship of the entire organization for it will be its money that is invested in the initial venture. All returns would go to the college to use as it saw best. Some suggestions for its use are: pay the players and managers, visiting teams paid, equipment paid for, and all incidental expenses paid. Then with the remainder (and there would be some left

under efficient management) the college can use in getting better players, use in other athletics such as intramurals, and use even for the aid of students who need help to finish school.

The status of the student-body in connection with such a scheme of conducting athletics would not be changed materially. This fact can be proved by the enthusiasm that is brought about for professional base-ball teams throughout the country. A town, no matter how small, will work up an enormous amount of pep for its professional team. Perhaps it is true that the nature of this particular brand of enthusiasm is not the same as that of the undergraduate, but it serves the same purpose of stimulating attendance at the various contests. The school boy will take just as much pride in a team that is being paid as he will in teams as we have them under the present regime. All that is necessary is to have a team that is representing his school. The student will, of course, find fault with the players and blame them for not earning what is paid them, but such criticism is always made no matter what the system and it will not harm anybody. What the student has to say will not make any difference because the coach will be the man to judge whether or not a man is doing what he should. The student, as usual, will accept the situation whether or not he likes it.

Under the proposed plan there would be everything to gain and nothing to lose. From every view-point it would be an improvement over the present system. The college would get more publicity thereby gaining an increase in the number of students and additional funds with which to carry on any expansion; the players would be benefited by something in return for their work (which would help many of them to stay in school), the fans would get more and better games for their money (and this would increase attendance at games); employment would be provided for more people, such as scouts, managers, and department heads; the scholastic standing of athletes would show an improvement; and, finally, athletics would become a healthy, self-supporting child instead of a strain on its mother, the university.

IN APRIL

(Continued from page one)

blooming. The road reveals itself for only a short distance and then takes a sharp turn westward right in amongst the pines. It is no road, really, but a lane paved with pine needles, what was called a wood road where I received my early training. Now even the ruts in the road have long since disappeared, and it is not one of those long lanes that has no turning. I have followed it to its ultimate end, but it is like the law in that it leads you into so many different fields that there is no covering them all in one trial. It leads you through whispering pines until your nerves are soothed, then past a boarded-up house, and then out into an open field through which it runs straightly for a considerable distance. On a midsummer day the sun beats down hotly and openly upon the uncovered way. It is nice to rest comfortably in the warming sun on the tufts of broom straw growing upon the banks of the road. There is a glorious pervading stillness. The road runs along below a hill to the north, covered with broom straw, on the top of which I lunched one October day, snugly secure and hidden in the high golden grass. Around me were the autumn hills in their changing colors and in the distance could be

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CHRONICLES OF MONTFORD GANG

(Continued from page one)

forced to carry on alone. The building of the shacks was an arduous project. We had to depend, in a large measure, on our wits to secure nails and even boards from the houses then being constructed in the neighborhood. I was forced to resort to this method to a less extent than Bill, as I already had sufficient boards for my own shack. I had to carry these boards, though, all the way from my grandfather's house, a distance of half a mile. The business of obtaining roofing proved to be a great problem. The city junk-yard at the River was its ultimate solution. I discovered there a few pieces of tin that might possibly serve as roofing, but it proved a Gargantuan task to transport the tin to the shack, seeing that the transportation must be accomplished by that most antique means, man power, (or should I say boy power). Finally, after a great deal of labor, I had the shack roofed.

The rest of the Gang, after coming to our house warmings, decided that they too would build a shack. With their combined labor, they soon had a shack erected larger than either Bill's or mine.

For a while there were four shacks in the possession of the Montford Gang: Lacy's in his backyard; Bobby's in his backyard; and mine and Bill's, in the woods back of my house. Lacy's was shortly torn down by an irate gentleman whose boards we had "borrowed" to build an addition thereto. Two of the others, Bill's and mine, were soon abandoned as Bobby's was bigger and more suited to the needs of the Gang.

It had just turned summer, and our gambling proclivities which we had carried on at high school during the winter and spring must of necessity be carried on in some other place, if they were to be carried on at all, and so we took recourse to the shack. During the whole summer we were continuously at it, not at the form of gambling which we were wont to indulge in at high school, dice, but the time-honoured American game of poker. Whenever we could obtain the wherewithal, we adjourned to the shack, there to indulge in a merry session. Thus it was until my departure for Darlington School where I was to take up the pursuit of knowledge which, at high school, had had all the attributes of a pursuit with seldom the recompense of a capture. After my return at Christmas, from the aforementioned institution of learning, I discovered the shack to have fallen into disuse, nor was it ever again to be used by us to any great extent. Pickett had taken up his abode in South Carolina, Bobby had moved to Chicago, the Gang was beginning to dissolve.

II

THE QUARRY POND

It is about a mile from my house to the Riverside Bridge. A quarter of a mile downstream from the Bridge and on the other side of the River is an old, abandoned quarry. This quarry has not been worked for over thirty years, and the bottom is covered with water which in places is very deep. This is the Quarry Pond. It has no apparent source or outlet other than the obvious ones, rainfall and evaporation. In some manner it has become stocked with a fair supply of fish.

The existence and whereabouts of the Quarry Pond were well known to the Gang, and we often went there to fish and, notwithstanding its apparent insanitation and the dangers presented by its jagged rock floor, to swim. Although the fish we caught

were small and practically inedible, we still took great delight in fishing there. As the Quarry Pond is almost isolated, we were troubled by no restraining conventions, and all of our swimming was done completely *à la nude*. The fact that the water was quite dirty and, to all appearances, stagnant did not dismay us a whit. Youthful minds are not wont to trouble themselves unduly with such petty details. Nor did the fact that the pool had a jagged rock bottom, rendering swimming dangerous, do aught but enhance for us its natatorial attractiveness. We took great delight in diving beneath the surface and opening our eyes to a green and slime-filled world, and we were not the slightest bit deterred by the occasional sight of a dead cat floating half-submerged in the calm water.

But the Quarry Pond held attractions for us other than fishing and swimming. The sheer rock wall of the Quarry, rising to the height of nearly a hundred feet, was in itself a challenge to the intrepidity of youth. I remember particularly a place to which we used to climb, a narrow ledge about five feet above the water. It was pretty difficult to climb along the practically perpendicular face of the cliff to this ledge without losing one's balance and falling off into the water, as there were few places in the hard rock where one might obtain either foothold or handhold. One day Bill and I made our way back from the ledge before the rest of the Gang and decided that it would be great glee to keep the others out on the ledge for a while. We climbed by a round-about way to the top of the cliff and gathered together some big hunks of rock. When the rest of the Gang started back, they found the way (a risky passage always) effectually blocked by a barrage of falling stone. At first, not realizing that we were halting them on purpose, they called loudly for us to quit. Hearing us proclaim in no uncertain tones that it was our intent to maroon them for a while, they stormed and raved as if we were doing them an ill-service, while in reality we were presenting them with a golden opportunity to sample the hitherto untasted thrills of shipwrecked

Mechanic's Game

By BRADFORD WHITE

*Atomic mirth played man a trick or two,
And made equations that escaped his rule.
It sent him on a quest to know the moon,
But left the riddle in a molecule.*

*To win at last, man had a hungry heart
And that queer knack for taking things apart.*

Cytherea In Two Moods

By OLIVE NEWELL

*The lights along the mountain road
Move as fireflies.*

*The calm, clear call is in the pines
Of April's rustling sighs.*

*Upon my roof a melody
Of pattering maple keys—
The tilted moon comes liltng down
Through tall trees.*

*Autumn—
Flamboyant red and umber gold
Melted into midnight blue;
The moon is now a scimitar
That cuts my heart in two.*

mariners. Finding them so unreasonable, we determined to keep them there longer, in hope that they would presently be able to appreciate the true worth of their enviable position. When their continued maledictions were of no avail, they lapsed into the most pitiful state of supplicance that it has ever been my privilege to witness. When this proved to be getting them nowhere, they burst anew into a tirade of oaths. We kept them there for about two hours. At times they would become quite sullen in their ingratitude, and it was necessary to stir them up by tossing small stones and sticks at them. After we finally let them out, they were amicable enough, their anger having been spent, but we could never get them to see that what we did was but in a spirit of helpful friendliness and that our aims were entirely altruistic.

At the top of the cliff, some eighty or ninety feet above the water, was another precarious ledge somewhat broader than the first, covered with a loose, shifting soil, and infinitely more dangerous because of its great height. We used to climb carefully down from the top of the cliff to this ledge and cut our initials in the soft stone. It was also great, tho dangerous, fun to slide down to the brink of the ledge and send the dry, white, chalky soil cascading into the Pond below.

One day we descended the face of the cliff at a place where there were rocks instead of water at the bottom. That is, the other members of the Gang did. I readily confess that it was too much for me. We tied two forty-foot lariats together, and the boys went over one at a time. Pickett had more nerve than brains. He was the first to go. The ropes didn't quite reach. There was a ten-foot drop at the bottom. No one got off easy at this drop. Just before one loosened one's hold on the rope the skin was effectually removed from the palm of one's hand. Snaky got about half-way down and was scared to go farther and couldn't go back. This was very amusing to the rest of us. Snaky finally got too tired to hold on and was forced to descend. Lacy and I were the only ones who didn't go over. Lacy entered a plea of having injured his arm in lariat practice that morning, and I was frankly scared to go. There is nothing that so unnerves me as the prospect of a long fall. I don't like elevators.

We used to have a lot of fun at the Quarry Pond. We don't go there any more. We have been educated to avoid such places. They are insanitary. The once-so-welcome waters of the Quarry Pond are now repugnant to us.

THE BUCKLES ON A BELT

(Continued from page four)

point in the foremost row. I remember and I pale with the recollection of every detail.

The tattered garments, the bloated, blue flesh bulging from the neck of the shirt, picked by the crabs and in a lamentable state of deterioration, the limbs contracted into distorted positions, the hands grasping nothing with a terrible intensity, are only words unable to describe the emotions they recall. I will never be permitted, I am afraid, to enjoy the benefits of aphasia and to forget the buckle upon the belt, that surrounded, as if intent upon bisecting, that awful corpse into two abhorable monstrosities. That belt buckle, entrenched in my memory, is often recalled when I perceive its near counterpart, and the picture that it reconstructs in my mind fills me with aversion.

IN APRIL

(Continued from page six)

seen the fields where the satyrs danced as Lord Dunsany described them. The rest of the world was nonexistent and undisturbing. Hours passed by without my noticing, as I was cosily ensconced in the comforting rays of the sun.

If one cares to do so, one can by divergent ways finally reach Pittsboro Road. I never care to do so. If you have not much time before you, you can turn north and return home by the path over the hill above the Meeting-of-the-Waters, or if you have a whole day to do as you please in, with the long hours of the sun ahead, go southward and attain Otie's Retreat. This is the only place on Morgan's Creek other than Laurel Hill where I have found rhododendron growing. Laurel Hill used to be my favorite resort, but now that other people are frequenting it, I, like Daniel Boone, have had to go further afield, and Otie's Retreat has now become my refuge. It is farther away and wilder in its beauty, and offers a hazardous crossing of the stream on slippery stones and a rolling log. There is a sizeable stone, with the water spewing up around it, right in the middle of the stream on which one can sit and experience the real Wordsworthian passion for a waterfall. On a cloudy February day the water is green and murky, without light except where it froths white over the stones. Not long ago in effecting a crossing I stepped too quickly, and in I splashed. As a wetting in February was not to be sneezed at, I hastened to scale the cliff on the other side to perch myself on the highest rock east of the Rockies, a veritable eagle's aerie, and to hang my shoes and stockings out to dry in the February sun. This aerie is a grand place to while away the happy hours as the sun too scales the cliff, stands in the top of the sky, and starts back down again. It is a safe place in that it is high enough for one to spy out the land, thus affording an opportunity to withdraw gracefully over the hill in case the fortress is assailed. The stream sounds musically down below. One stretches drowsily and hugs to oneself the realization that a pleasure that even old age cannot take from one is a delight in the caressing touch of the sun.

The shortest way I have found to return home is to cross over the hill above the rock, skirt a field, cross through the yard where a negro family once dwelt, and again the now unfrequented lane that through various stages turns northward and towards Chapel Hill. The negroes' house has burned down since I chanced by two summers ago and was allowed to pick up apples under their sweet apple tree. The lane from here runs down under conical shaped pines through which the sun falls like a benediction and in which the stillness is colossal. Feeling that this is no place for hurrying, one loiters and is moved to supplication. "Let my life forever fall in pleasant places. To my perception of beauty let nothing admit impediments." This lane too leads to Morgan's Creek, but there is no difficulty in the crossing here as some thoughtful person has cut down a silvery grey tree which spans the stream, and has left the limbs on the tree to aid unbalanced persons.

One mild day earlier in February I sat myself down on this log in the middle of the stream to listen to Morgan's Creek, which was singing most sweetly. I think I could dispense with forever, without regret, the music of all instruments other than that of a running stream, which to my notion is all melody. With my feet propped on one of the limbs I became drowned in contemplation. To my

mind came Melville's delightful lines on the magic power of water over a philosopher. "Let the most absent-minded of men be plunged in his deepest reveries—stand that man on his legs, set his feet a-going, and he will infallibly lead you to water, if water there be in all that region. Should you ever be athirst in the great American desert, try this experiment, if your caravan happens to be supplied with a metaphysical professor. Yes, as every one knows, meditation and water are wedded for ever." The water running smoothly beneath me had the colors of the green-flecked hazel eyes of a girl. All the morning the sun had been dazzlingly bright in the bare untenanted woods through which I had passed. Seen from a distance there was a reddish mist over the woods of buds beginning to swell, as if all the trees joined in blushing for the naked white sycamores which stood out starkly from their midst. I was pierced by the hurting reflection that this certain exquisite mood, time, place, and setting would never return again, once I got up and moved on, and I lingered, hating to cast them into the limbo of departed beauty.

*"Into my heart an air that kills
From yon far country blows:
What are those blue remembered hills,
What spires, what farms are those?
That is the land of lost content,
I see it shining plain,
The happy highways where I went
And cannot come again."*

From the summit of Laurel Hill one gets on a clear day the far blueness of hills. The air seems clearer and sweeter, more rarefied, and the sunshine brighter here than in the lowlands, and one gets an illusory feeling of being in the mountain country.

*"I will lift up my eyes unto the hills,
from whence cometh my help."*

The pale bare trees down below look like mist in the valley, and beyond on other hills are upland pastures. By bending one's head and listening intently one hears, like an undercurrent of sound, the distant singing of frogs. I like to be on Laurel Hill when the wind is blowing. I like to lie on the crest of the hill in the sunshine and see the blue of the sky between waving broom straw. "How beautiful is all this visible world," one thinks standing on its summit, or down on its western slope where there is a veritable cross-section of mountain country—rhododendron, trailing arbutus, and thick, fragrant moss. From there one obtains a close intimate view of Morgan's Creek curving between low hills, and, farther on, its affectionate embrace of a field where there is a lone haystack.

Down the front of the hill I went last fall with increasing delight in the colors that shouted out at me at every bend in the trail, and I felt as if I were walking through a colored tapestry as I hurried homewards through the woods in the late afternoon. A crossing of Morgan's Creek had again to be essayed on that route, and in October and November it could be done on stones, but in January, when the water was running high, one had to remove one's shoes and stockings and ford the stream.

On one misty, moist morning in June I first went to Laurel Hill—a sort of christening as it were. Since that time I have been there early on a Graduation Day before Commencement Exercises. I have been there before the dew was dry on September mornings to gather apples. I have been there in the heat of a summer's day and in the winter when there was snow on the ground. I have been there in the fall when the colors on the trees were

a constant wonder. Spring is the only season I have missed and anticipation is now mine. My plans for the spring are these: to go there when the rhododendron is in its prime, to spend one sunny Sunday afternoon on its summit under the drifting apple blossoms, and to meander down the courses of the Meeting-of-the-Waters stream when the iris is in bloom.

Now that the enticing days have come, in order to study I have to grasp the desk with one hand to keep myself from running out where the sun is shining, down into the woods, where the dog tooth violets cover the hillsides, where the hepaticas are blue along the stream. George Gissing said in "The Private Papers of Henry Rycroft," "The last thought of my brain as I lie dying will be of sunlight on an English meadow."

THE FOURTEENTH COLOR
BEARER*(Continued from page five)*

your brother?' 'Yes, he was,' he told him. 'It's my brother Harry you're speaking of.'

"And did you know that I was the one that killed Colonel Lane? I'll never forget Lane and his long, black beard. He was carrying the flag and I took one last shot at him.' Burqwyn laughed and said, 'You've been mistaken all these years. John Lane is living today.'

"McConnell hardly knew what to think. 'You mean he didn't die at Gettysburg?' 'No, not at all. He's running a store right now near Siler City down in Chatham County. I was talking to him just a few days before I left.'

"McConnell told him, 'Why, I've been telling every since that I killed him. I remember it as if it were only yesterday. The rest of my regiment were backing off and I stopped to fire one last shot. Of course, you understand, I'm not bragging about killing a man, because it was a case of necessity—'

"'Sure. If you didn't kill us we would have killed you. Yes, Lane is still living all right. The wagon train for the wounded that he was carried away in was attacked. He slipped out, jumped on his horse, and got away without being caught. I don't see how he stayed on his horse, he was so sick that he could hardly sit up and his mouth was so swollen that he couldn't have a bite of food for nine days.'

"'Oh, but I'm sorry to hear that, I certainly hope he soon got well. You know, I would like to see him now. It would be great to meet again, but as friends this time. I'll tell you what I'm going to do. This July will be the thirty-seventh anniversary of the battle. I have plenty of money—I've been lucky enough to build up a pretty good business—and I'm going to see to it that we have a big reunion this summer on the battlefield itself.'

My grandfather finished, "And we all did meet there in 1900. I went over the old battlefield with McConnell and Lane, and we pointed out the different spots at which various incidents of the fight occurred. Of course he was overjoyed to meet Lane. He told him, 'You know, I thought all along that I had killed you. I'm glad to see that I didn't and that we can come back here and meet in a friendly spirit where once we faced each other with guns in our hands.'

"And Lane replied, 'A great many changes can come in half a century. It's wonderful what time can do!'

"We realized the significance of his words when we looked over the peaceful memorial field with all its statues and dead quietness, where now the South was shaking hands with the North."

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As Through a Glass

By JAMES DAWSON

"... and desire shall fail: because man goeth to his long home, and the mourners go about the streets: Or ever the silver cord be loosed, or the golden bowl be broken . . ."

Eccl. 12:5

His knees weakened and collapsed. He fell slowly, with three deliberate thuds: knees, hips, head. Then he lay still. Then it was done, and God knew how long it would be before it was over. He wondered how close he had come. Coward and fool, he had wavered at the last second, and he could not be sure how close he had come. His hand had trembled. Oh, ever weak, oh, flesh that was lower than the mind. The mind aspired, and the flesh could only try. Now he had ruined the last act of his life, spoiled it by quaking with fear, with the weakness he had fooled himself into believing he had conquered. Now he had besmudged with an act of cowardice, however small, the thing that was to have been so brave, so unflinching, of all his actions.

Beneath his hand that lay outstretched, the short stubble of the carpet was rough. He moved ever so slightly, and the movement cost him a great pain that shot in stabbing lines through his breast. His whole body trembled at the ferocity of it, the horror of it, and the small tears stung his eyes, for he knew that he had blundered. He had slipped terribly, and he was to die slowly, be torn in pieces by that pain that had raged through him when he moved. So it had always been. His cowardice, his puny shrinking, his leaning toward the line of least resistance, had always sprung back upon him vengefully. Now it was gnawing at his vitals, and at last killing him, slowly. He had pushed it aside with his last nonchalant smile. He would lose it no more. He had no more smiles for his defence. It was now upon him for all eternity, whatever that might be. Through all time and all space now, Terentia would whisper in his ears, and Frank would despair of him. Nonchalance, they would say, he hadn't a backbone. Bury him deep. Bury him deep. — The whisper rose to a rhythmic hum in his ears, like spring frogs in one of the little creek guts. — Bury him deep. Bury him deep. Deep. Deep.

* * *

(He lay very still for fear of starting the pain again, and his clothes were wet against his body, wet as if with the warm black river-water . . .)

* * *

That spring he was fourteen.

That spring when the logs began coming up the river in rafts he and Frank would go across to his father's mill and get in everybody's way. The man in the sawing shed swore and raved when they came riding up from the river on the conveyor. That spring was bright, and the fast saws ripped the logs with high whining noises that made them both shiver. They were always careful to jump off the conveyor

(Continued on page seven)

Sonnet

By MARY FRANCES PARKER

*Whenever I see lovely things, I think
That Heaven itself could hold no more of bliss
Than does this world. Along a river's brink
I have seen herons and small trees that kiss—
Bending their slender selves—the quiet stream.
And I have seen in gardens—willow-shaded,
Haphazard with their plants, and the sun's beam—
Daffodil flames, and phlox; and dark earth, spaded,
And fragrant. The strange hearts of lovely things
Bring me deep dreams that take my breath away;
And fill me with a vain desire which stings
My mind, my soul. I wish my dreams to stay.
But always I am like someone who dreams
Of Paradise, wakes in the dark, and screams.*

The Light that Shines on Forever

By W. V. SHEPHERD

*Friend in need
God in deed
And the Light that shines on forever!*

Nothing is more consoling than baring a troubled soul to the eyes of a sympathetic friend; yet nothing loses the friend more quickly. The confidential word brings the gloomy introverted idea from its solitary Stygian habitation and exposes it to the healthy light of inspection. Once wrenched, omnipotent in its domain, from the devastated kingdom of the mind, the dismal giant of wild imaginings becomes the silly dwarf of reality. Once again the senses rule their world; the mad tyrant is deposed.

But where is the friend during this wild upheaval? Ah, he is no more. The friend has become a diminutive god; sympathetically he observes the strife from aloft, but does not participate. It might have been different. He may have had a tyrant of his own, some obsessing witch that rode his dreams at night; he may have wanted you to help him find the light. But now that cannot be. He has helped to extricate the fiend from the chaotic kingdom of your mind; a similar hope for him has faded into sympathy and pity. In becoming temporarily your god, he has forever ceased to be your equal. He must seek his sunlight elsewhere.

Lose a friend to find a god? Never! Rather I would let that innate demon of a thought tear my brain to shreds, even though I find my end in babbling madness, or some potion invoking the calm of boundless sleep. But it is not necessarily so. I do not have to choose between my senses and my friend as long as my aesthetic sense abides with me. With its three arms—art, music, and literature—it embraces my fevered brain. Gladly it welcomes the restless spirit that brings fiery strength to its grasp. In return, it gives my soul the health it craves, and the admiration of my friend. What more is there to desire?

The Overcrowded God

By ALEXANDER REID

The Christian God Jehovah, on the battlements topping the high thick protective wall of his property, as a concession to those who visualized him omnipresent, through several apertures peered all at once.

An habitual drunkard of Catholic extraction, who fortunately had received absolution before the effects of the last over-carouse became final, lay himself down before the massive spiked gates (jewelled beautifully above the height of eight and a half feet), and with his left hand pressing his stomach and his right hand clamped to his brow, steadfastly refused the reason of his family who chanced to be with him.

In the agitation caused by Jehovah's multiple appearance, the lone prostrate form, whose illusion ordinarily would have from Christians obtained some attention and profession of sympathy, was but for his wife and his maiden daughters ignored. For, at the sight of the full golden crowns, an excited effort to cheer agitated the almost infinite crowd of long-robed figures. Like new babes they struggled for air to render lusty praise.

A detached group of theologians who had attended the seminary together noted the similarity, and, happy that the Earthphase had after centuries passed, learnedly and at length discussed this.

Zaccheus, who almost instinctively had climbed a sycamore tree to get a better view, was astonished at the vast-numbered gathering. He was endeavoring to account for the minority of his race when he looked far off past the walls and saw many other fortified castles of colors, blue and red and yellow and brown and purple. Before each, droves very much larger than here pressed up against the shut gates.

A shout from the congregation farthest came faintly. The cry sounded from a closer range, and then louder and more loud again from other groups, until even those milling near him heard. They paused wondering, to listen.

Immediately the closest cheer of praise had sounded, a tall slim fellow clambered up past Zaccheus, crawled out a forked limb and, standing balanced, clapped and cried for attention. All turned facing.

"Fellows," he yelled, "you heard that gang! They're bigger than us, but can we out-yell 'em? Yes! What about it? All together now. One! Two!" And the Christians, with an inspired clearing of throats, responded in unison with many cheers, causing the cloud-valley to ring indeed with opposition-disconcerting echoes.

"Should we have allowed that?" sternly asked one of the theologians.

"It is best to keep pace with all advance," suggested the liberal.

"Surely nothing improper would be allowed in Heaven!" said the third, who was an idealist and

(Continued on page five)

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SUNDAY, MAY 8, 1932

EDITORIAL

The CAROLINA MAGAZINE enjoys a privilege which no other college magazine in the United States can lay claim to. Strange as it may seem this privilege is simply that of being located in Chapel Hill.

It was with some surprise that certain people here in Chapel Hill listened to the Abbey Players inquire about the North Carolina literary renaissance. It is the rare individual here who claims to even know that there is one. If mention is made of this literary renaissance it is done idly and usually in comparative ignorance of its importance. But the Abbey Players had heard of Chapel Hill as the birthplace of the literary renaissance and were interested in what was happening here. Certainly if the Irish are acquainted with literary developments in North Carolina it is time that North Carolinians recognize the importance and seek to appreciate the purposes of the movement.

Paul Green in the novel and drama, Phillips Russell and Archibald Henderson in the biography, Thomas Wolfe in the novel, Frederick Koch in the folk drama, and others have come to represent something in the literary world which is North Carolinian. Their vitality, freshness of style, and emphasis upon local materials have won for them distinction throughout the writing world. There is a North Carolina literary renaissance.

The fact that a renaissance exists and exists in Chapel Hill should be of considerable importance to writers here. Repeatedly history has demonstrated the influence that an older group with a common ideal or motivation exercises upon younger men about them. Colonial patriots had an inestimable effect upon the temper of post-revolutionary leadership. In Russia younger men are interested to a point of fanatical enthusiasm with loyalty to the ideals of a certain Lenin and his comrades. As in social life or political life, so it is in literary circles that writers ally themselves to a group whose purposes seem sincere and compelling.

The CAROLINA MAGAZINE can serve a definite need on such a campus as this. Chapel Hill has been and is associated with literary developments in this country. When anyone comes here with the idea of doing some writing he should be afforded every advantage which might accrue to his having written here rather than elsewhere.

The CAROLINA MAGAZINE can provide a worthy medium for writers of ability. It is read by a public

which is interested in writing, which is intelligent, critical, yet always eager to welcome the appearance of a capable writer. Having this public, it is not too much to expect that being as it is, in Chapel Hill, the MAGAZINE may turn its energies toward trying to become itself an important factor in the North Carolina literary renaissance.

There is no paucity of good writing or good writers in the student body. Loyalty to the MAGAZINE and the group which it will endeavor to represent could, conceivably, bring about an integration of the literary talents of this campus and accompanying this an increased importance to the expression of these talents taken individually and as a whole.

Dreamer

By DELL LANDRETH

No more let me see moonlight on pine trees. Let me see only old moons which give no light.

Lead me away from paths by tumbled walls. Take me away from paths lined with violets.

Talk to me not of mountains and valleys. Tell me of city streets and highways.

Keep me closed among walls. Make me talk about nothing.

Let me not smoke lest I dream through the smoke. Let me not sleep lest I dream.

He was a dreamer.

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Book Marks

By JOSEPH SUGARMAN

John Riddell has written his latest piece of literary joshing in imitation of the recent Frank Harris biography of Bernard Shaw and the Shaw-Ellen Terry letters. The missives in Riddell's *In the Worst Possible Taste* are riotous take-off on contemporary best-sellers. Among the reputations punctured by these parody reviews are those of Kathleen and Charles Norris, Edna Ferber, Theodore Dreiser, and John Galsworthy. Riddell, who appears in *Vanity Fair* under the name of Corey Ford, is a former editor of the *Columbia Jester*. The title of his newest book comes straight from an Iowa review of one of his earlier efforts in which the critic wrote "John Riddell's parodies are in the worst possible taste."

Whether the youngsters like it or not, the Victorians are scheduled for a return to popular favor. Frank Swinnerton, the British novelist, writes from London, "Modern sophistication will be out of date this fall. In this connection I notice that new biographies of Victorian figures are contemplated in which these same Victorians will be presented without the satiric bias of Lytton Strachey and his imitators." Forthcoming biographies mentioned by Swinnerton include lives of Scott, Carlyle, and Jane Austen, not to mention a sympathetic study of the much maligned Dickens by the ultra-modern Osbert Sitwell.

America comes to Swinnerton's support with an article by Douglas Bush in a recent *Bookman* titled "The Victorians! God Bless Them." Bush predicts that the Victorians are soon due to be appreciated once more for their rich humor, scholarly words, and accurate biographies.

* * *

Works that would seem to account for the recent announcement that the book business is on the upgrade include: *I, James Lewis*, by Gilbert W. Gabriel, the dramatic critic, an exciting novel of early trading times in Oregon; *The Young Revolutionist*, by Pearl Buck, which tells of condition in the war-torn China of today; and *Albert the Good*, a delightful study of Queen Victoria's "perfect husband," by Hector Bolitho.

* * *

Two members of the old school, Rudyard Kipling and Edwin Markham, have just come forth with fruits of their increasing age. The former presents *Limits and Renewals*, fourteen short stories and nineteen poems which maintains the Kipling tradition of glorifying the British Empire. Markham celebrated his eightieth birthday by issuing *Eighty Songs at Eighty*. In the dedication of his book, the poet describes himself as "one day old on life's romantic road."

* * *

In the death of Gamaliel Bradford last month, American letters suffered a keen loss. Since the publication of his first work, *Lee the American*, in 1912, he was recognized as the nation's foremost exponent of biography. Bradford, who was 68 when he died, was modern in his psychological, analytical method, but his unflinching understanding and sympathy set him apart from the "debunking school." His more important books were *Damaged Souls*, *Confederate Portraits*, *The Quick and the Dead*, and *Life and I*. His last work, *Saints and Sinners*, was published the past month.

The Birth and Death of an Idea

By ALDEN STAHR

I, in common with everyone else who thinks, am continually groping about for new ideas, and during one such psychic exploration I struck on an idea for the evolution of the perfect love.

Since I think in terms of plot and narration I immediately tried to weave the idea into a story. At first the elements were chaotic and unrelated. This ideal love would require the death of one of the lovers at the point of greatest amorous ecstasy, normally conceived as the union of body and personality. Then the survivor of such a fatal conjugation could live in the memory of that love with no chance of disappointment. He would see only perfection in the deceased and would run no risk of disillusionment.

But the birth of such an idea is usually associated with some character, who immediately begins to think for himself through the medium of the writer's brain. The man my mind conceived was not satisfied even with the psychic realization of such an ideal. His mind, in turn, went further. He proceeded to show me that no person is whole within himself, and that only in the momentary union of male with female is a complete personality ever realized.

Then he asked me why it was not psychologically possible for him to create love in some female of the species and by a great exertion of the will to absorb her will and personality just at the point when the ideal is realized.

The idea grew; in fact, it was already almost beyond control. Now came the matter of allowing this chief character to supplant myself in the making of the story, for an actor can cause a better complication than a writer. I was motivated by laziness, too; I'd let him do the work. For the purposes of the story the hero must be something of a psychologist, and he must devote his life to carrying out his idea. He must live alone, be financially independent, and there must be some local color—old brown house, many books, beautiful heroine.

The hero's name will be Barzillai, something unusual, and the story will spread over quite a long period: When he is fifteen, Barzillai loses both his parents, and having no other relatives, he stays alone in the old stone house they leave him, preparing his own meals and spending his time in reading and thinking. After five years of this sort of thing, reading the philosophers and evolving philosophies of his own, he turns his attention to a study of the mechanics and psychology of love. Here is the first difficulty, for how can he learn of the mechanics of love while living alone? At any rate, he sees the imperfections of love as it is popularly misconceived and decides to devote his life to the evolution of the perfect love, with himself as the male lover in the experiment.

He prepares his plans, making them as fool-proof as possible, and the object here is for the writer to arouse curiosity as to what these plans might be. The explanation of the first step should begin immediately. Barzillai goes to an orphanage and buys the prettiest ten-year-old girl in the institution. I must now qualify that word "buy." He has to bribe the keeper, because the law will not allow a minor to adopt another minor. He takes her home and

Pierrot Dreams

By OSMOND MOLARSKY

Epilogue to the Show

(SPOKEN BY PIERROT)

"... each one
Must go into the lighted space
And take his lot:
Laughter, applause or jeers . . .
Not what his acting's won,
But according to the plot,
Until the curtain falls
And the play is done."

The Dream

(DREAMED BY PIERROT)

. . . and as he stands within the lighted space,
He sees black darkness swallow up her form,
And hears her laughter mingled close with that
Of one whose laughter rings like strident brass
That summons him to battle.

(The audience is mirthful, and he sighs).

Battle is not for him: he can not leave
His lighted space. The play, the dusty stage,
Is now his little world, and he can not
Part the thieving darkness there without
In quest of one who loves him still, perhaps.
But, suddenly, all thought of battle halts;

A gentler pastime here presents itself:
Within the brilliant circle there appears
Another. She is fair, but more than fair,
And Pierrot finds his heart is whole again.
Ah fickle heart! Their eyes, their ardent eyes,
Meet in something deeper than embrace.
Each penetrates the other's soul and finds . . .
A soul. A soul that each can comprehend!

(The house applauds, for there is royal sport).

With movements lithe, sped by quickening pulse,
He curves her straining body to his own
And finds the frosty freshness of her lips.
She is a simple child and does not know
The sparkling, blue-white fire that kindles hearts
Into a whirling wildness that o'erflows
The low and shallow brim of proper minds.
A stifled moment . . . then with vigor mad
She frees her quivering body from his strength.
A burning glance,—fear mingled with delight!
A fiery look,—hate tinged with fearful love,
She darts him! Then, with noiseless laugh, she flings
Into the thieving darkness.

(The people jeer, for he has lost the game).

Why does the sheltering curtain not descend,
The screaming brilliance of the spotlight die?
Alone, upon the stage, he can but try
To hurry on the slow approaching end.

names her "Eudora," which means "good gift." Any name will do, but this sort of tale seems to demand oddity.

Eudora is brought up *not* in the "nurture and admonition of the Lord", but in accordance with the scientific plan which Barzillai has evolved. He instructs her in the arts with which he himself is familiar, and so directs her education as to give her a well-balanced mentality. Here the reader of such a story might argue that a self-educated man would find it difficult to give another person a well-balanced intellectual diet. I, as the writer, must fool him into getting so interested in the story

Interlinear Translation of West Point Slang

By MARGARET FIREY

On arriving at the *Jail on the Hudson* (West Point), to visit the *Nation's Pampered Pets* (The Corps), Pat met her *Kaydet* (Cadet) in the Visitor's Room, where he informed her that not being *Pro* (proficient, good) (excellent in studies) he was *D* (deficient) (not so good) in *Spic* (Spanish), and in danger of being *found* (expelled). To add to his troubles, he was on the *skin sheet* (black list) (demerit list) for having "*flappers on bed*," (gym suit) and his *old woman* (sewing kit) on the floor; he had tried to *B-ache* (excuse) (get out of) it, and so the *Tac* (Tactical Officer) had put him *in con* (confinement to quarters), therefore he wouldn't be able to *drag* (escort) her to the *feed hop* (dance with refreshments). She wasn't to worry, though, for he had procured a *blind-hopoid* (heretofore unknown dance enthusiast) for her and he had told him that she was *cold max* (perfection itself) so that he knew that there wouldn't be any trouble. The *snake* (blind-hopoid) came panting in at that moment, having just come from *elephant drill* (dancing class), and was duly presented as "*The Wife* (the roommate) *Mr. Dumbguard* (another name for plebe—a freshman) *from Podunk*" (home town). He took charge of Pat and *P.S.'d* (conducted) her on an inspection tour, where she was presented with *skags* (cigarettes) at the *Boodler's* (drug store); a view of the *Area Birds* (those men forced to walk around the quadrangle so many times, in order to get off the skin-sheet); a fleeting glimpse of a *Hivey Bird* (good student); the *Beasts* (plebes) were pointed out, as well as some *Walri* (non-swimmer), and as a fitting ending they watched a *P-rade* (parade) by the *Corps* (the Cadets) in *F.D.* (full dress), which meant, of course, that *B.-plates* (breast plates), *tar-buckets* (full dress hats), and *fried eggs* (U.S.M.A. insignia worn on caps) were what the well-dressed Kaydet had on.

That night at the *formation* (dance) there were a number of *L.P. Femmes* (unattractive girls, wet smacks), but Pat rated 3.0 (highest marking possible to get) with both *engineers* (good students) and *goats* (poor students).

The next morning, awakened by the *Hell Cats* (buglers), Pat groaned as she discovered that she had a bad case of *Bell-buttonitis* (bruises derived from dancing with many bell-buttoned individuals. Forty-four brass buttons on each full dress uniform). As she said good-bye to *Mr. Ducrot* (another name for a plebe) at the *Sally Porte* (gate) he asked her to be his *O.A.O.* (One and Only—sweetheart). This was too much for Pat's capacity for slanguage, and so she gave him the *go-by* (said no) and shipped for Annapolis. Anchors Aweigh!

that he overlooks technicalities. In order that the girl will be physically as well as mentally beautiful she must be properly exercised and fed, but in writing the story I must be careful not to go too fully into detail and so bore my reader. This thing begins to offer too many difficulties.

The process of grooming goes on for about ten years until Barzillai is satisfied that the woman is mature in mind and body. Thus far she has come in contact with no man but himself, and it is only natural that she should look up to him as a sort of god and see in him the perfection which he has

(Continued on page six)

Lucene

By W. V. SHEPHERD

From behind my back there came a soft, modulated laugh. I did not look around. I was too busy buzzing for that. Cocktails before and after dinner, whiskey and soda at intermission in the bar of the Moulin Rouge, and the second glass of champagne that I was now sipping had raised within me an internal glowing that seemed to radiate from every pore in my skin. I rejoiced in my surroundings. Zelli's was awake tonight! This was the gay Parisian night-life I had waited for. I did not take into account that the assemblage was mostly American.

Idly watching the girl I had brought with me whirling gracefully around the dance floor, I began to wonder if any event would happen to provide a climax for the evening. Suddenly, that low laugh floated to my ears again. This time it lasted longer and was more perceptible. The voice was that of a woman—low and rich, yet of ample volume to be distinguished over the murmur of the room.

Impulsively I turned my head. She was sitting at the next table, her back turned to me. A wine-colored dress of shining sequence, cut in that inevitable continental V behind, displayed her back until it disappeared below the rim of the chair. Her olive-colored skin was softly illuminated by the reflection of a green-shaded light above, shading off into the smooth vertical shadow between her shoulders. Her lustrous black hair, illuminated by the brilliant kaleidoscope of lights, fell far down on her neck. A puff of cigarette smoke was wafted in a halo around her head.

She threw back her head and again gave that low, undulating laugh that had first drawn my attention. Her mirth seemed to be directed at the receding form of a drunken American, whose uncertain movements were creating a little consternation among the waiters. This second laugh, together with the sensual appearance of her back, was sufficient to induce me to disregard the strict laws of conventionality.

I arose and approached the table. With an affectedly nonchalant lift of the eyebrows and a grimace towards the dance floor I signified my desire for a Tango. Her moist, dark eyes carelessly surveyed my figure from beneath the sweep of her long lashes. I noticed particularly that dark-red lipstick was the only form of cosmetics she used. Then her lips parted in a smile, disclosing teeth of a texture not unlike the pearls suspended at her throat. Nodding her consent, she arose.

When she put her arm around me the blood rushed unexpectedly to my head. The pressure of her body against mine produced in me an effervescent sensation. The rest of the world faded away in a dim blur. All that I was conscious of was that we were moving gloriously through space. Who was she? My fancy played romantic tricks on my imagination.

The music ended entirely too soon. We stopped and she released her embrace. Again she looked at me and displayed those gleaming teeth in a smile. She had not spoken a word, but the softness of her body seemed to have told me chapters. Suddenly I was aware that we were alone on the floor and that I was a little unsteady on my feet.

We approached her table. Would she let me sit with her? I wanted to know her, talk to her. Then she turned.

Ah, Year, Grow Slowly

By MARY FRANCES PARKER

*Exquisite, holy, swiftly passing days—
Filled with the beauty of an April smell,
Filled with the tale that early linnets tell,
Know that my thoughts of you are thoughts of praise.*

*When butterflies side-leap from bud to flower,
And small, blue violets dot a rugged hill,
And small, white clouds are perilously still—
Know that my heart discerns a greater Power.*

*Exquisite, holy, swiftly, days go on:
Swiftly in leaps from night to glimmering night—
Not in small steps and skips, nor gentle flight,
As does a child or lamb in early dawn.*

*Grow slowly, year. Prolong your ecstasy.
Let their be spring for all eternity.*



To the Ascetics

By BRADFORD WHITE

*Leave off the claret cup and ale.
Be nurtured on a bone.
For strength that comes from stringency,
Contemplate a stone.*

*Wear cloth of an ascetic weave,
And eat what drought may send
Of shrunken hazelnuts and pods
Of tannic tamarind.*

*Sufficiency can be no step
To the realities.
Scorn our trivial want and thirst
As banalities.*

*Assert that taste is useless here,
Since tangs will never last.
Then find—the empty cup of death
Terminates the fast.*



To Be

By W. A. WRIGHT

*To be the master of my time,
My hopes, ambitions, and desires;
To be a man apart from men,
My soul consumed by living fires.*

*To give defiance to the rain
Of public noise and talk;
To break convention's burdening chain,
That I might freely walk;*

*To will discretion to the meek,
To hear all, and to see
A world unhampered by restraint;
To be . . . is to be free!*

"You will come to see Lucene again, no?" Her softly pronounced words and delightful accent thrilled me.

"You bet I will. Try and keep me away!"
"Ten francs, please."

My little imaginary world came tumbling down around me as I reached in my pocket. Departing, that insidious laugh followed me to my table.

Small Town Divorcee

By LOUIS CLIFTON

I

After the temperate Mrs. Johnson divorced the tempestuous Mr. Johnson, she ran a boarding house until her two oldest daughters were married. Then she and Margery, her youngest child, went to live with the most well-to-do of her sons-in-law. For indefinite periods she frequently visited her other daughter and, until her mother died, spent two months of every year at her old home in the country.

Mrs. Johnson was a helpful person who never meddled into the family affairs of her daughters and their husbands. She attended the birth and early education of each of her six grandchildren and was a perfect mother-in-law.

But Margery was by no means a perfect sister-in-law. Upon reaching high school age, she developed into a problem. She began going with boys and reading confession-story magazines entirely too early. Her escapades were the secret inspiration of many a sermon in the Baptist church. But she had a good time.

"It's her mother's fault. She lets her do anything she wants to," the townspeople said.

When Margery graduated from high school, she was sent to the best girl's school in the state. Loans from the well-to-do son-in-law and money sent by her father in Georgia were her principal resources. The dresses her mother made for her were the marvel of the whole school. The dresses her mother made for other people's daughters helped to pay her expenses.

It did not take Margery long to learn all the tricks and subterfuges practiced in girls' schools, so she was never shipped in her two years there. Only once was she put on "the island," then for a month.

Returning from school, she did stenographic work for a lawyer at \$60 a month and began to look around for a husband.

II

When old Mr. Harmon died he left his many acres and his big farm supply store in York to his two sons. When Spencer, two miles south of York on the railroad, outgrew the older village as a trading center, Mr. Milton Harmon moved the store and stables there. His family went with him to occupy the big house that he built on a hill overlooking the town. Before long, Mr. Harmon was made president of the Spencer bank, as is the wealthiest man in every small town.

Walter Harmon, an only son with three younger sisters, was fifteen years old at the time. He had been driving a car five years, smoking cigarettes two years and shaving over a year. At fourteen, he had wrecked the first of ten automobiles. His participation in the wild life of the town boys was casual and unmalicious.

Naturally a quiet boy, he was considered just mischievous. "His father lets him do anything he wants to," the townspeople said. Their criticism of him was tempered by awe of his father's influence.

It took several years to get Walter through high school. It took even longer to get him ready to work. Life in military school was too hard on him. The university curriculum was too difficult and college-town influence distracted his mind. So, he went to Richmond to business school.

Having acquired a surprisingly legible business
(Continued on page six)

Bill and Jed

By W. M. HAYES

A Story With Two Endings

Bill stood at the mouth of the monster machine and fed raw materials into it, hour after hour, day after day, ten hours per day, five and one half days per week until the Union cut the hours down to eight. At the other end of the machine Jed caught the finished product in a wheelbarrow and carted it away down the hall to the elevator where it was carried to the crating room and boxed ready for shipment. Bill's job consisted of ripping open the bundles of materials, whirling them around and pushing them into the machine. Rip, whirl, push! Rip, whirl, push! Rip, whirl, push! ten hours per day till the Union cut it down to eight. His job did not make a strong man of him as Jed's did of him. Often his eyes would stray from his task to glance admiringly at the bulging arms and rippling shoulders of Jed as he wheeled his heavy load down the hall. On the other hand, Joe would often let his frank and boyish eyes rest in admiration on his friend as he rolled his empty wheelbarrow back up the hall. "I wonder what ol' Bill's thinking up now," he would muse. Bill's fingers and arms had intelligence in themselves to *rip, whirl, push* the material. His mind and fancy were free; therefore, he planned many amusing and exciting adventures for himself and his pal. He solved all their problems and gave Jed advice in his love affairs. They were spending their spare time in studying a correspondence course in aviation, and in constructing an airplane from material taken from a junk heap.

Bill and Jed were happy in their jobs and in their study and experiment. They were young and they were dreaming.

Sales fell off and their employer gave them a week's vacation at Christmas. They spent practically all of it in their workshop under the floor of Bill's house. The house was built on the side of a steep hill and the floor was ten or twelve feet from the ground at the back. At the end of the holiday they had the motor ready to put in place and had finished lesson ten of the Fifteen Easy Lessons in Aviation. They pulled a piece of canvas lovingly and reluctantly over their "plane" and returned to their jobs.

Here endeth part 1A

When they got back to their machine a wonderful transformation had taken place. Jed's wheelbarrow was gone and in its place a long belt ran under the machine and disappeared into the elevator shaft. They examined it curiously and with much interest until starting time. Then the boss came around and explained the new addition to them. He showed them how the belt passed under all the machines in the shop, and was enthusiastic about how it would practically cut the *cost* of production in half. He told Jed that the "Old Man" wanted to see all the "dumpers" in the office.

The dumping crew ranged themselves anxiously around the room to wait for the "Old Man" to speak. He told them that he was sorry but he would have to let them go. (And he really was sorry). He said that the plant that was manufacturing the belts had jobs for half of the dumpers. Jed was so dazed by the blow of having to part with Bill and from their old job that he was in the last half of the dumpers.

He pattered around the "plane" a day or two, visited Bill often, and looked for a job in a half-

hearted manner. Finally he drifted off to Detroit to get a job in an automobile plant. He came by the machine to tell Bill "S'long." He stood looking at the revolving belt for a long, long time, then turning he bade Bill farewell with a smile on his face and a thorn in his heart. (Oh, yes, the Bills and Jeds of the world have heart pangs and brave smiles like that, just as do the knights and ladies, lords and princes.)

Rip, whirl, push! Why did his fingers and arms continue to work? Why did they not rip, push one time or whirl, push one time and wreck the whole plant? Why not? Jed was gone! Then he realized that they were no longer his fingers and arms. They were a part of the machine. His mind might consume itself with revolt and fury but they would continue their labor. Rip, whirl, push!

Here endeth part 1B

Go Back and Read Part 1A

Here beginneth part 2B and the last

When they got back to their machine a wonderful transformation had taken place. Jed's wheelbarrow

Astarte

*The moon is an evil enchantress,
Though she dresses herself like a saint, in a white
woolen gown
And a halo of radiant light,
She roams through the sky while the night winds
Run away from her presence in fear.
She has green werewolves leashed to her white wrists,
And they tug and they strain at their thongs.
But, merciless, to the stark beaches
She drives them, and laughs at their fury,
Those snarling green wolves of the sea.*

—ANONYMOUS.

was gone and in its place a long belt ran under the machine and disappeared into the elevator shaft. They were examining this new addition with much interest when the foreman came around to explain it to them. He showed them that the wheelbarrow was no longer needed. The belt carried the finished product to the packing room. He told them that this would cut the *time* of production in half. He said that the General Manager wanted to see all the boys in the auditorium. Everyone was jubilant and excited as they crowded into the room.

The General Manager rose to speak. He said: "Boys, while you were out on your vacation we installed some more machinery. With it we can produce our quota of the world's supply of our goods in three fourths the time we have been doing it. One half of the "dumpers" will be needed in the new plant. Those wishing to go to a new job can leave their names with the secretary today. The other half will be placed on feeding and we will cut the hours to six. You won't get as much pay per day as usual but will get the same amount per hour until the new machinery is paid for, then the old daily wage scale will be resumed. The boys who go to the new factory will get no cut at all. Your section foreman will assign you your machines."

Bill and Jed got machines side by side and hurried home after their six hours of work to finish their lessons and to work on their "plane." For as soon as they finished this preliminary training they would be eligible for scholarships in the Public Training School of Aviators.

One wonders if Bill and Jed appreciated enough

their living in an age when men, and friendship, and life meant more than money, and profits, and production.

THE OVERCROWDED GOD

(Continued from page one)

medium of doctrine. "No, God would not permit anything obnoxious to himself *here*."

They looked up with the crowd. Jehovah, now one, stood astride the wall, surveying his flock. His crown of gold was slightly awry. Truth to tell, the resurrection time had been set so far ahead that he had forgotten the day and the hour. Gabriel's deafening blast had awakened him also; and now he stood perplexed, realizing the immensity of the gathering which had answered to the summons.

He had not expected many. His rules had been strict. The peculiarities of his existence fashioned a thousand years as one; and only several years ago he had cautioned St. Peter, who ruled the outer gate, to be especially harsh and hard in questioning and entering those bold to the point of actually soliciting admittance.

Jehovah looked within the walls at the result of his preparatory labors. True enough, there were many mansions. But outside were more than enough to fill the confines to the solidity of a can of sardines. He, of course, even though he knew each sparrow's fall, did not think in this material relation.

Jehovah descended, crossed the garden of silver-leaved fancies, entered his private chamber where curtains beat in a soft breeze, and rang for St. Peter.

The venerable assistant came by a secret passage; for entrance by the gate would have been almost impossible, and besides unwise. Many worthy of themselves had brought friends and relatives whom St. Peter had sorrowfully to turn down.

"Many are immediately outside," said Jehovah, staring reprovingly upon the keeper of the gate.

"From their stories *all* deserved admittance," was St. Peter's plea for justification. "But in doubtful cases I consulted our files; and I am sorry to inform you that in most instances I was able to detect serious evidence of intent to mislead."

Jehovah, who had employed somewhat the same language in dictating to his minor officers of the earth, darkened; and the curtains unduly agitated. Then he generously reflected that association influences habit of speech; therefore he turned his power to the crisis at hand.

"They are well separated. How does it go?—the wheat from the tares. And now, the simple fact is this: 'have only so much room. Seven times seven the number of my calculating apply to enter and begin residence. Wherefore, of every forty-nine, forty-eight must be sent to one of the other castles allowed by the Great One for the followers of other gods. Provision is spacious and just about as excellent as mine."

"How to do this?" respectfully inquired the anxious St. Peter.

"They are well-disciplined, especially in the field of truth-saying," mused Jehovah.

Thereupon he rose from his throne and outside went up and down in the brightness. Then slowly he mounted the stairs and stood again neatly balanced astride a scallop high above the crowd that cheered him.

"It is likely," he said, thunderously persuasive, "that a number are here who do not belong."

(Continued on page six)

SMALL TOWN DIVORCEE

(Continued from page four)

hand, he came home to work for his father and to marry.

III

Since they were in high school, Margery and Walter had gone together regularly, except for occasional intervals after their frequent arguments had become too violent. Then Walter would leave her abruptly, but he always came back.

Margery thought that he would make a good husband because he was tractable, had money and seemed to love her. Walter thought that he would like to marry her because she was an entertaining, intelligent girl and because she had written him in Richmond that she loved him. She would settle down after marriage, he reasoned.

After many family conferences, the ceremony was performed in the home of the well-to-do son-in-law. Margery's father embarrassed the family and aroused the curiosity of the wedding guests by coming from Georgia for the occasion. However, the check he gave Margery compensated for all this.

IV

Furnishing and moving into the new bungalow was a lark. Keeping house was also fun, at first. Walter never questioned the amounts of her charge accounts and he loved her almost too much.

Two days before the wedding, Margery had told her duenna-friend that she had no intention of giving up the company of other men after she was married. And she didn't.

Having the baby stalled off her impending boredom with the marriage adventure for a while. But when Walter, Jr., got big enough to be aggravating, she began to leave him with her mother. Then, while Walter, impressed with the responsibility of supporting a family, worked late at night, she gradually got back into the old crowd. Nearly every night they would come to her living room or she would go off with them.

Before long, Walter was taking his meals at his father's house, and Margery was living practically alone. People said that Walter got drunk, a thing which he rarely had done before. It was rumored, too, that Margery was having wild parties at her house, and her sister cried. The well-to-do son-in-law was worried. Mrs. Johnson looked after the baby.

V

Again, the families conferred. The furniture in the bungalow was stored and Margery took Walter, Jr., away to her sister's home in Greensboro. Walter drove away in an old car and came back in a new one. He was gone for over three months. Nobody knew whether he went to Reno or not. He told tales about traveling and working in the West.

For almost a year Margery charged cigarettes to the not-so-well-to-do son-in-law's account and then went to work as a director of home-talent musical comedies. She traveled the North, South and Mid-West, making a good salary and leading an interesting life. Between seasons, she came back to see her boy, who was being kept alternately by his two grandmothers. When her itinerary brought her to Spencer, the show was a flop, because the people were hesitant about helping her. She was about to be sent to California when her company went into bankruptcy.

Meanwhile, besides going once a week to see his son, Walter followed his former ways.

On the occasion of the funeral of Walter, Jr., a large number of Spencer people went to Greensboro, because they wanted to see the meeting of the estranged couple. They saw a weeping father and mother.

VI

Walter and Margery have been separated for four years now. During that time, Mr. Harmon's bank has closed and his business has declined. Although there is little for him to do, Walter still works for his father and on the first of every January speaks of leaving Spencer. He never stays home at night and always comes in late. Every second night he calls at the home of Miss Bertha Shemwell, an attractive young school teacher.

In Baltimore, a beauty shop owner promises Margery that she will be made manager of a branch establishment next year. No longer does she meet interesting people, but she likes her independent position in the city.

Last month, Walter felt it his duty to attend the funeral of the not-so-well-to-do son-in-law. Margery was there. She was not as slim and pretty as she once was; her clothes were not as fashionable. He looked much the same as he did five years ago, except for the slight bulge around his belt-line.

It might have been the meeting of two acquaintances of the past summer. The onlookers stopped gaping, in disappointment.

BIRTH AND DEATH OF AN IDEA

(Continued from page three)

sought to create in her. He never explains his relationship to her, for he thinks it better to leave it as something of a mystery. She does not know whether he is father, brother, lover, or tutor.

I must be careful not to make her seem too subservient to the hero's will or she will become his creature and not his equal. Even though he closely watches her every action he seeks to inculcate in her a spirit of freedom of will and to avoid the odious spirit of acquiescence which marks so many women in love. This woman must be an individual, in her thought life, at least, and it is Barzellai's wish that she become as complete a unit in her feminine way as he tries to be in the masculine way, without, however, losing sight of the fact that neither male nor female is complete within itself, but in the union of the two. This is a debatable point and must be handled skilfully in order to remove any doubts from the reader's mind. He must be convinced in order that the story lose none of its effectiveness.

After these careful preparations Barzellai gets himself into a state-of-mind which convinces him that he is in love with Eudora. He makes passionate love to her in a room especially furnished for the

occasion, a half lighted chamber so draped as to steal none of the beauty from the bodies of the lovers. He gives her a slow poison, and then while she is dying he realizes with her the consummation of love. In her poisoned state she is so weakened that the orgasm kills her. Barzellai, now mad with exaltation, cuts a hole in her forehead and puts his mouth to the wound to suck out blood and brains while he makes a terrific exertion of his will in an effort to absorb her soul. He feels her will uniting with his own, thus completing his personality, and for a moment realizes a power which no man has ever felt before. But the terrible effort he has made and the poison he has sucked in with her blood combine to ruin him; so he goes crazy and dies all in the same moment.

What can I do with an idea like that? It is not true to life. It is not fool-proof, nor is it adaptable to commercial publication. It is too gruesome. It is not psychologically sound. If I were to try to write it as a story, all these doubts would assail me at once and spoil the effectiveness of my writing. And even if I *should* gratify my desire to record my idea on paper, nothing would ever come of it except a few moments of morbid self-satisfaction. No doubt I would be inordinately proud of my brain-child; so I would send it off to some "slick-paper" magazine. Within a week I would get it back with a neat slip: "The editors regret that the enclosed contribution is not adapted to the present needs of this magazine. They are therefore returning it, with thanks for your courtesy in giving them an opportunity to examine it."

Bah, Then I would grumble that my art was not appreciated, and would bury the rejected story in my manuscript graveyard. I had an idea; it had been born; it had grown; it had become unruly; and if it had tried its wings, it would have had them untimely clipped by some hard-boiled editor.

So perished my idea, and I sought consolation in the stanza:

*"Full many a gem of purest ray serene
The dark unfathomed caves of ocean bear;
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen
And waste its sweetness on the desert air."*

THE OVERCROWDED GOD

(Continued from page five)

At this the assembled looked among themselves with glances calculated not to reveal their exact reception.

He continued, saying, "I have been forced to the decision that only those who from an examination of their consciences believe themselves worthy of this reward are to enter."

Thus spake he, intending to sort those who, true to their training, outside obediently remained, among the enclosures of the other gods.

Then the gates were opened, and the crowd beheld the much-visions portals swing for the entrance of the conscience-free portion. They stood undecided for a time, and then all, except a small youth of crutches, with a rush came pouring in, forcing open the gates to their extent.

And that night through the mansions lights burned and sounds of harp and singing and happiness echoed within the walls and through the cloud-valleys; and Jehovah, sitting without (for there was no comfortable room inside), with the cripple on a small cloud-mound lamented his credulity, and gave sour glances at the celestial city.

Come with no Sharp Surprise

By BRADFORD WHITE

*Blow gently March, as you come near.
Do not disturb this brazier of brown leaves.
Within, a flickering flame of yellow crocus burns,
Giving its fragile lamp to light the Spring this way
(Quick footsteps rustled on the hills but yesterday).
Blow gently March, a saffron lantern overturns
So easily. Come with no sharp surprise.
A too imperious breath would break this cup
That keeps its vigil fire for April's eyes.*

AS THROUGH A GLASS

(Continued from page one)

before it got in to where the saw was and run around to ride on the conveyor that went to the drying kilns. One day a man fell into the big saw in the first shed, and they found pieces of him all over. He had been eating an apple, and the core was still held in his hand when they found his right arm. The niggers down on the river sang and swung their cant hooks, and he and Frank took off their shoes and ran across the log rafts. Sometimes they fell in and the niggers laughed. The cant hooks looked murderous, and his feet always ached as he watched them bite into the pine logs. It was a fine spring. That spring he was fourteen.

* * *

(He listened to the silence. Someone walked on the street outside, crunching on the gravel. God, he thought, now we see as through a glass, darkly, but then face to face. —The gravel crunched and slid outside.)

* * *

The gravel rolled under the toe of his shoe. He kicked at a pebble and stepped on the first step. He came up the stairs and opened the front door. The house was quiet, with the wind blowing outside, and the shades inside swinging slightly in the small drafts over the windows. He looked up the stairs.

"Terry," he called.

The house was quiet. He snapped two coins together in his left pocket and rocked on his heels. Terry would come and put her head over the rail upstairs, and they would smile. He made mental pictures. She would not yet have her hair up, and it would fall over her face when she looked down at him. He would wait while she put it up.

"Terry," he called again.

He heard a door open and slam upstairs. A woman put her head over the rail. She was wearing a blue wrapper, which she held close to her throat. She looked annoyed.

"She's not here," she said.

"She's not?" he said.

"No," said the woman.

"Do you know where she is?"

"No," said the woman.

"Thank you," he said.

The woman's head disappeared, and the door opened and closed again upstairs. He wondered where Terry had gone. Probably with Frank. She liked to talk to Frank. They would be sitting by the river, where the three of them always sat. He went out of the front door and stood on the top step. He had forgotten to ask if she had left a message. He clicked the two coins in his pocket. The wind blew his hair over his forehead and back again. He buttoned his overcoat, and went down the steps, two at a time.

* * *

(That was clever, he thought, very clever. Not to know she was mentally starved, that was clever.)

* * *

"That was clever," said Terentia, "wasn't it?"

"I didn't mean it to be clever," he said, feeling himself a fool, rubbing his chin with his cold hand. Why had he begun this, why had she taken him up so suddenly? It was natural for her to want to talk about it. It was one of the things they had wasted most words over. But now he wanted to be quiet, to say nothing at all. This was good, and they could only spread discontent over the peace. Or maybe they were scraping the peace off, maybe it was the peacefulness that was coated over the dis-

content. This was the whole of his life, wondering which was up and which down, never knowing whether he was really thinking or only pretending to himself. But he said, with a slanting smile:

"I'm trying to be serious. I don't want to be clever. Don't make it any harder for me."

"I'm sorry," she said.

"What I want to say is hard to phrase exactly," he said, "because I'm not very clear about it myself. I don't love you. Do you mind if I say that? It's something to begin with, something to work from. I want you. There's something physical, and there's something else about this. The other is a respect, an admiration, a trick we have of fitting together like two spoons, in many ways. A trick, I suppose that's all it is, because there's naturally a wide divergence in our ways of thinking. But there are these things. They don't merge into one—they are separate. If they fused, I'd call it love, but they don't. I don't know what it is. But I want you, now, and more than ever."

"It's the word you resent, isn't it?" she said after a little. "You used it once before, and it did something to you. Now you dislike it because of its connotations."

"I suppose so," he said. I haven't liked to remember it, because it's a period in my life that I'm not exactly proud of. But that's it."

"Isn't there another word you could use?" she asked.

"No," he said. "I won't say 'love' to you, and I don't know another word for this. Anyway, this isn't young love. It's something else."

"All right," she said. "All right. I'm glad you said this to me. It's enough for me. But don't think about it."

He took a breath. One more estrangement because he was quick to see hidden meanings, existent or not. She was soothing him, telling him not to think, relieving him of the strain. He let his breath out slowly, feeling a fool to have mentioned it. He pushed the gear lever into first and let out the clutch.

* * *

(This was how it was, he thought, this was how it always was. I could not talk to her. I could not see her mind work. I could only watch her body move in its grace and go by me.)

* * *

He shut off the motor and slid out from under the wheel, putting the ignition key in his pocket as he walked uncertainly through the dark of the garage. The smoothness of the flat key was still strong on his fingers as he closed the big doors. He noticed that the lights were out all over the house, and he thought of his mother still awake, waiting

Plea

By GEORGE BROWN

*Perhaps I am a fool to speak my soul;
Perhaps you'll laugh—scoff at my impudence,
But deep gorged streams are recklessly intense
When over-fed, and forge to gain their goal—
And thus my mind has been; a hungry fire,
Profusely piled with fuel, my thoughts have fed,
And raging, now has burst its walls in dread
That it might strangle on its prisoned pyre.*

*O can't you see how tangled our dreams are?
My pride won't stoop to an apology—
How can one mate a comet to a star,
Or probe the weather's inconsistency?
But would I strain our silken thread too far
If I begged one last kindness, —speak to me?*

for him to come in. She could not sleep until he was in the house. She always called to him as he went by her door on the way to his room. Even as far away as Dumbarton he had sometimes had a strange feeling that he could hear her calling him in the soft voice she used only for him and Peter. When this feeling came to him, lying in his bed in Dumbarton, he would remember his idling and would work harder for a day or so, feeling that she had caught him out. Now he walked up the concrete drive toward the back door, fingering the key in his pocket. The crystal of his watch had left that same bland feeling on the night Terentia had talked about Frank. He wondered where Frank was now. There had been three of them, then there had been only two. Frank had gone away from them mentally long before he vanished physically. He wondered which would be the next to leave—himself or Terentia. Perhaps she had already gone, mentally. She was intellectually starved since Frank had left. Those two had talked, and he had listened with his ears while his mind made images. That was the way he thought—in pictures—creatively. Never clearly and with logic, the way Terry and Frank did—never aloud. He thought: Terentia making coffee, Frank sitting on the steps and talking earnestly, Terry answering earnestly, himself sitting (as he felt) apart, Terry drinking her coffee, Frank talking to him and never getting much of an answer. Now it was all broken apart, and Terry was mentally starved because she could not talk to him as she did to Frank. She had told Frank, the summer he was not with them, that she was starved physically. It was a choice, simply. He could supply something—a word, a happy phrase, a picture, a sense of rhythm, a body—but Frank thought with her, or had until the break. And the break had been because Frank began to think she preferred being with the body to talking with the mind.

He went in by the back door, taking an apple as he went through the pantry. The apple was hard, and made a hard sound as he bit it. He put it on his dresser while he took off his clothes. He emptied his pockets and lighted a cigarette and watched himself in the mirror as he blew out the match with a grey funnel of smoke. He put the cigarette on the ashtray and bit the apple. He chewed slowly as he took off his shirt. He picked up the cigarette, watching his face in the mirror as he blew out the smoke. He pushed out his lower lip and looked at it as he held the rising smoke before his face. He smiled.

"You never think," he said to his face in the glass.

* * *

In the glass behind the fountain his face was quiet and pale. He put some money on the marble slab and picked up the dope. He walked toward the broad plate-glass window, unbuttoning his overcoat. He looked out through the window, seeing the clouds sneaking past behind the steeple across the street, the moon bathing the phallic symbol, washing it in a calm light that shamed its great erection. He rocked on his heels and drank the dope, crushing bits of ice between his teeth. He stood looking out through the window, drinking, and seeing the people walking past outside. People were crossing streets in other places now. In Athens now, Frank would have finished his supper, and Terry would be putting up her hair, and the rafts of logs would be crawling past on the black face of the river, for it was spring, he remembered, and the river would

(Continued on page eight)

AS THROUGH A GLASS

(Continued from page seven)

soon be warm enough for swimming, and Terry would be slender in a black swimming suit. Or would she be? he thought. Then he remembered, it had all been a trick of hers, he had never known why. She had not even told him, it had been Frank she had told. He had always invited confidences, tacitly, and she had told him, naming the boy. It had been a shock to him, to them both, when Frank told him. Something had gone out of himself, and it had never come back, not even yet. He would have married her himself, if the need had arisen. She had said she wasn't sure. But she had never mentioned it again, and she had never told him at all. Something had gone out of him, and now that he knew it was all a concoction out of the whole cloth, he knew that what he had lost, something of the feeling he had had for her, would never come back. One more small illusion lost, he thought, and a blank space where it had been. It wasn't her doing what she had done—he had understood and even admired it—but it was the realization that it had all been trumped up, for no apparent end, to no good purpose.

He looked out of the window and felt lonely. A girl went by, walking fast in flat sport shoes. She walked nicely and firmly, like a boy, and the small curve of her breasts caught his heart. He felt something warm and flowing in his belly, knowing it was his love that went out to everything without discrimination. He felt lonely. He looked out at the night, pitying himself, feeling sorry that he was alone. He crushed the paper cup and buttoned his coat. He felt better now. The cold air made him feel clean and fresh, and his mouth was sweet from the drink. He lighted a cigarette, and the smoke trailed backward past his left ear. The cigarette made a quick orange arc as he threw it away.

* * *

(His mouth was wet, and there was a salty taste that he could not explain. He wanted a cigarette, but he dared not move again.)

* * *

The organist played, and he listened not at all. He sat staring at the tails of the frock coat that hung over the back of the organ's high seat. He folded his white program carefully backward and forward until the fold was worn almost through. He was only vaguely conscious of the painful softness of the organ. He stared ahead of him without anger, without resentment, with only a great pain about his heart for all that he had lost. Without self-pity, without violence of emotion, he drew a long breath and let it shudderingly out. The girl next to him turned and looked at him for a moment, and he suddenly bent to rest his forehead on the back of his hand. It was as if he had awakened from a nightmare, and the shock of it was still upon him like a blight. Names began to come into his mind, passing in a slow procession, each condemning itself as it passed—slowly and sorrowfully. Now that he knew, it was only with a great ache, a great emptiness in his heart that he remembered them, knowing that this thing had touched them with unwholesome fingers. Scraps of old conversations floated in his mind. Frank said—You can't be intelligent until you have some understanding of it, some tolerant view of it, a freedom of thought that will prevent your being disgusted by it. Mischa said—I'm afraid of it. It might get me. They all said—It is this. It is that. His brain reeled and recoiled, for he knew now that his tolerance had

been an intellectual pretense. It was a double failure, the loss of friends and the loss of a concept of intelligence. Now he was beaten, he was down, and this was the thing that had beaten him. The names and the faces passed in mocking review, hypocritical faces, names that had been the synonyms for virility. Suddenly he began to laugh without realizing that he was attracting attention. His shoulders shook, and he laughed long and sobbingly. He arose from his seat and left the hall. As the door closed behind him, the organist turned from his seat to bow.

A wave of applause followed him to the outer air. He put both hands over his ears and screamed, finding the volume of his voice good, and the shriek satisfying. Then he sat down on the steps and laughed once more.

* * *

Up and across the dark buildings, the dull beating of the music came to him as he stood beside the tall pillar. Bump, bump, the resonant beat of the bass, twice in every measure, with the thin silver wailing of the brasses. Not continuous, only the bumping bass was steady. But sometimes almost desperate, and always cloyingly sweet, with the somberness of some velvet instrument running in a slow counterpoint. He stood still and listened.

There was the dance, one more of a set of five. He could go there, he remembered, and lose his mind in the steady beating, slide with his body through the sinuous curves of the melody, be insensible with the influx of the rhythm. But he stood apart and listened, and his brain whirled. He sat down and buried his face in his two hands, looking for some trace of self-pity in this turmoil, but there was none. Fragments of thought floated up, stray spars from the wreck of his stability, but the old self-pity was gone with all the other sure things. Desperately he tried to fasten to just one of the remnants for time to regain his breath. He closed his eyes tight until the spots danced in the blackness, danced like the light splinters of his mind. All but formless, the fragments of memory floated up, and he breathed unsteadily as he sat there.

So this was all. So might others have sat, in other years, whirled into a broken dervish-dance of madness. To cry, to raise a keen, to beat the forehead, all this were vain. Too late, said the mind, throwing up its fragments of memory, its unused scraps of thought. So have others sat bewildered, stammered the mind, so have thousands beaten their souls into shapeless masses against this wall, this hopeless impasse. Small consolation, he thought, going slowly down the dark steps of the library. Small hope, he thought. Too late, said the mind, too late. You have waited too long to confront this thing. Now that it has struck at you, you will break.

"I will break," he said aloud, going slowly across the grass. The steady beating of the orchestra came across the still air, punctuating irregularly his uncertain walk. He was weak, and this thing was too great.

"Now," he said, "we see as through a glass, darkly, but then face to face."

The brasses mocked him with a last crowing shout, and he broke into a little run. This was weakness, Terry and Frank would say, this was a lack of stability. But thinking this, he ran stumblingly. His mouth was dry.

* * *

—The little frogs sang down in the creek guts: Bury him deep. Bury him deep. Bury him. Bury him.

And here he lay, and above the roofs, above the beating of the night upon the tin, the stars shone and wheeled and swayed. There was no way back from the place to which he had come. For then he had seen as through a glass, darkly, but now face to face. Now he saw that it could not have mattered, that he was giving up his life for a unicorn, a myth of his own making. The threat could never have touched him. The thing he had thought his weakness had been his strength, yet it had killed him. Now he saw, face to face. All these years he had never thought logically, clearly, and Terry and Frank had. He had looked at pictures, and pictures had been easier to control than words. He had not thought. He had not talked. That had protected him until words had been forced upon him. Then his stability, his little world, had crashed, and the wheels were even yet turning slowly from the momentum, with a pathos that made a laugh start up in his throat. He coughed, and the barbed points of pain pulled downward at his breast. He clamped his teeth hard, and put his face in the crook of his arm, moving slowly and with great care. Life would go from him slowly now, he knew, and it would not be pleasant in the going. Above all, it need not have happened.

And in Athens now, out over the river, the stars would be swinging. Terry would be putting up her hair, a thing he would never again see. The old self-pity took him by the throat, and he began to laugh, deeply. This was good, this was clever, this was perfect. It had waited until the last minute, then it had come back upon him when he was thinking he had lost it. He laughed, and his body shook. A warm salty taste rose into his mouth, and he knew he had hastened it. Sobered, here he lay with his head in the crook of his arm. Now this was all. And now face to face.

Leaves

By WALTER ROSENTHAL

There was something about the leaves . . . The leaves were dead and there was something dead in him. The way they drifted lazily down . . . He was looking for a place to rest. He came to a gaunt tree whose bare limbs were raised towards the sky, as if in supplication. He lay down on the soft brown leaves that strewed the ground beneath the tree. Thoughts came tumbling through his mind. Scenes of his various relations with her . . . Scenes that rose gradually to a *crescendo* of happiness. And now she was dead. The love that he bore for her had been the one truth upon which his life was based—before meeting her he had never really lived; of these things he had assured himself often.

From the day of her death, wallowing in a mire of tortured love, he had watched the hours drag by, waiting for something to happen. He had gone among the trees to get away from the people who insisted upon intruding their sympathies on his grief.

He lay watching the sky through the branches of the tree. A strong wind was blowing the clouds across a grey sky. He felt a great bond between himself and the earth. Pressing his face among the cool leaves, he murmured little consoling words to himself. It began to rain. He opened his mouth and tried to catch the drops in it. Suddenly he realized that he was getting wet and cold. Rising, he began to run.

After a while he stopped. Looking down at his clothes, he saw what a queer sight he was. Unconsciously he smiled, and began to walk briskly home.

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"Sixteen and a Crew of Nine"

By JOHN HOLBROOK

WE ARE SIXTEEN and a crew of nine on the "Raven," bound from New York for somewhere. We are glad to be bound from New York, all but J. Henry Van Dyke, Jr. He stands beside the rail of the "Raven" and stares dully at the farewell flourish of a pink handkerchief, waved from the Van Dyke Pier. He looks as though he were sailing from the port of heaven to heathen harbors of hell. We josh him about girls who wave men out of their lives with pink handkerchiefs. He becomes furious and threatens to reverse the course of the "Raven," but we hand him a freezing mint julep and watch him drink a toast to Mrs. Liberty. He drinks a silent toast and throws the empty glass into the foamy wake of the "Raven."

"Two days out," says J. Henry, "and we don't know where we're going. Senior would call out the navy if he knew we were out in this man's ocean—not cruising into the Gulf—somewhere in God's Atlantic, mind you, and bound for nowhere, as though we were planning to hew a home out of white-caps for ourselves and our salty, motherless posterity. Consider our posterity!"

"Progeny," Billy Smythe grumbles. "But J. Henry's right. We'll be jumping over-board pretty regularly now, and who wants to be the progeny of suicidal ancestry?"

The only logical answer to the situation, we decide, is a definite destination. We set Havana as a goal, and the captain aims the bow of the "Raven."

We like Havana for a week and grow fond of brown-skinned Cuban girls. But the crew of nine trails us through the streets and helps us fight the toughs and sailors. We are green hands in a bar-room crowd. The captain smuggles us aboard for repairs and sneaks us out from under the arms of the law. We are outward bound again, satisfied for a while.

The crew of nine converts the deck of the "Raven" into a gymnasium—"to toughen yez up a mite," as the captain puts it. For a fortnight we cruise about the Indies and learn tricks from the nine who know.

We are bound for the Mediterranean. The sun dries our sweat before the boards of the deck can suck it up.

"And all the boards do shrink," grins J. Henry. "Senior will weep."

We are content to sweat and eat and
(Continued on page five)

Gimghoul Impressions

By MARY FRANCES PARKER

Sunlight on rough stones,
Wind in the trees,
A flock of dark birds,
Low-sung symphonies,

Air filled with sunset—
Lingering rays
On the cleft battlements—
'Ancient of days.'

Stone upon piled stone,
Reaching the sky,—
Hold fast your mysteries!—
Great, dauntless, high.

Glimmering shadows
Star after star
Clangor and silence
Peace after war.

Stump Victory

By JOSEPH DE R. HAMILTON, JR.

STANDING on a balcony above three thousand people on a June night in 1876, a two hundred and thirty pound giant of commanding carriage threw back his massive, black thatched head and, holding his white, shapely hands high, cried in ringing tones:

"Before my god no dishonest dollar has ever soiled these palms."

A wild roar of approval rose from the packed street in front of Raleigh's Metropolitan Hall. Zebulon Baird Vance—the hero of his people and 'Zeb' to them—had accepted his party's nomination for the governorship of the state, and in these few words, simple but sincere, had defended himself against charges of corruption made by his enemies.

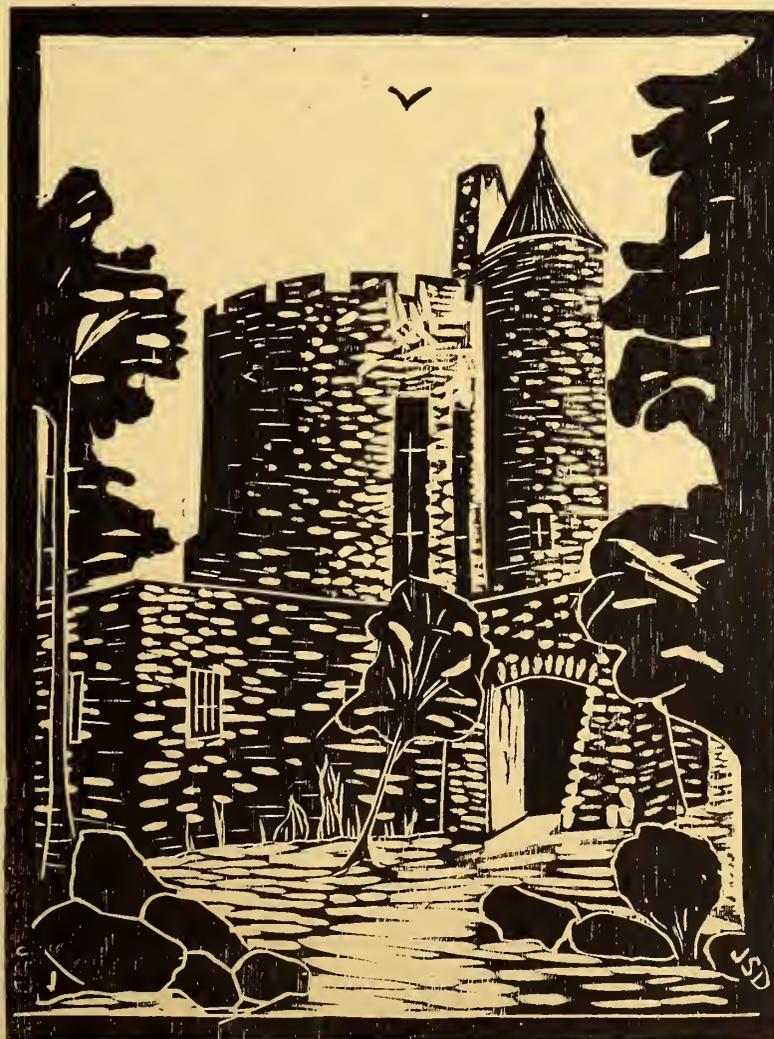
A few weeks later the Republican party selected Supreme Court Justice Thomas Settle to make the race against Vance. Settle was another giant, both in mentality and in stature. He stood well over six feet; weighed nearly as much as his rival, and was one of the most handsome and imposing men in the state. Few men could lay claim to a superior mental endowment, and he was an able and astute debater.

Settle immediately challenged Vance to a series of joint campaign debates, which Vance, over the protests of his friends and supporters, accepted with alacrity. The Democrats feared, with some reason, that Vance would never be fully able to meet his opponent's arguments. In this, however, they reckoned without due consideration of the character of their man.

For what Vance said made little difference to his auditors. His mere presence was enough for them, and the minute he rose he was invariably greeted by a wildly enthusiastic chorus of "Vance! Vance! Vance!" from all parts of the crowd. It would be hard to find a case in which a man's presence and personality were so strikingly superior to his own words and arguments.

This enormous personal popularity had its foundation in the fact that within him was focalized the average tendencies of the people. His power to express in simple language and with homely illustrations great truths in political economy and government so clearly that the average man could comprehend was proof, not only of his brilliant creative power, but also of his capacity to act as the interpreter between the people and their needs.

(Continued on page seven)



Probably quite inadvertently Dr. Battle, the first of our post Civil War University presidents, started the habit of carrying rocks out to Piney Prospect. Later, he wrote a couplet suggesting that others follow suit. In 1926 Gimghoul Castle was built from more than forty year's accumulation. The medieval battlements of Gimghoul Castle reaching above the heavy foliage of Glandon Forest stand as a striking memorial to one of the University's greatest presidents.

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SUNDAY, MAY 22, 1932

EDITORIAL

The pen is mightier than the sword. So it is, and oftentimes, it is mightier than the impulse that starts its vagrant peregrinations. Many is the time that a great idea is lost in a welter of words. The pen delights in destroying the very thing that it sets out to construct.

Great literature is not simply the use of coherent verbiage. Something more subtle is the real mark of great writing. Perhaps it might be called the idea. Dr. Hu Shih says an idea belongs to the realm of the spiritual. Ideas are the seminal origin of inventions. Writing is the material manifestation of spiritual stirrings. When writing becomes the end in itself, rather than a means, it loses its significance. The structure gets the "spot" and the spirit, the idea, languishes backstage.

A painting, one of Leonardo's for example, is inferior photographically speaking to the representations that almost any cameraman can obtain on his chemical-treated papers. But if one is sensitive to things spiritual, the aesthetic interpretation which lies in a canvas touched by the hand of da Vinci is far more real than any cold, accurate photograph.

The profoundest realities lie in the realm of the spiritual. When groups of people cause their comrades to face downward and look at the things that can be touched and described there is cause for alarm. A monkey can see and recognize the steel bars of his cage, but only a civilized human being can appreciate the beauty of a sonnet or evaluate the importance of such an intangible thing as honor. Relinquish the freedom of trying to understand the indefinite and evanescent and one's claim to civilization is relinquished simultaneously.

Impermanence is a salient characteristic of the college generation. A college lives for the day. It is, largely, oblivious of yesterday and tomorrow. THE CAROLINA MAGAZINE as an organization is aware of the difficulties of this discontinuity. But being aware of it, it turns its energies all the more toward urging that out of the fleeting passage of this day something permanent may grow. In many ways it is unfortunate that the MAGAZINE's schedule must be interrupted now for a period of months. If the summer with its leisure will facilitate student writing so that next fall there will be an abundance of high quality writing, then this interruption, this discontinuity may be regarded as something of a boon and not entirely a bane.

NO RENAISSANCE

By ALDEN STAHR

"What are evidences of a cultural renaissance in the South?" was part of a telegram which the editors of *Contempo* received from *Time Magazine* last March. The Abbey Players of Dublin asked the same question when they came to Chapel Hill. There is some question as to the presence of an artistic and literary movement in the South. Assuming that literature is a reflection of sectional culture, it is worthwhile to consult some of the more prominent Southern writers on this same question. Not that they necessarily portray the Southern scene, but they are a part of the South and can behold its artistic outcroppings.

Mr. Russell says there is no such thing as a renaissance in the South, but a decided change is taking place. The romanticism of Poe and Page is being replaced by a realism which has accompanied the new industrialism. Not a rebirth, it is a first awakening. Creative writing requires leisure. During the reconstruction period following the Civil War the energies of the Southern people were spent on things other than the creation of a great literature. Literary development was seriously retarded. The old romantic South was a pleasant illusion in the imaginations of writers who chose to call it that.

Mr. Howard W. Odum, novelist and sociologist of national repute, discusses the growth of literature in the South saying,

"Naturally my viewpoint is that of one who looks at literature as social interpretation or the interpretation of life, rather than from the viewpoint of art and form, in which I am not capable of speaking. I point out from this growth of literature in the South as well as its substantial influence on the national literature. It is the contribution during the 1920's of the South to American literature which features regional and folk society. Evidence that this is more than southern may be found in the con-

siderable number of Pulitzer awards to literature of this sort. Examples are this year's current novel, *The Good Earth*, last year's *Scarlet Sister Mary*, and previous awards, such as *Laughing Boy*, *In Abraham's Bosom*, *Hell Bent for Heaven*, *Time of Man*, and others. Other evidence may be found in the spread of this folk-regional literature to other regions and in a large number of volumes dealing with pioneering America as well as New England, the Middle West, and the Far West.

"In order to check the evidence for this conclusion we may classify the southern folk-regional literature of the 1920's into seven groups: the South in conflict, the frontier South, mountain folk, the poor farmer and tenant group, the cotton-mill worker, the Negro, and the Negro-white conflict. The mere citation of authors and titles in each of these would make a long story."

In 1914 Dr. Henderson said, "Here in the South of the past so far as art and literature are concerned, we have not lived and worked in the noblest strivings of one's nation and of humanity. In literature and art, for more than a century we have received; even, in a sense we have learned; but we have not lived."—"Investigation has convinced me that North Carolina is lamentably backward, woefully deficient, in her activity and representation in the great national organizations making for the development of art, literature, drama, and all the multifarious influences for artistic culture in a democracy."

On the same occasion the *Boston Transcript* carried an editorial which stated: "Great as have been her names in the nation's list of lawyers and statesmen, the South's contributions to our art and letters have not been fully worthy of her size and spirit."

In an interview, Dr. Henderson gave the opinion that strictly speaking there is no renaissance, but a new literary consciousness. This new writing is a result of "the transit of an era," an outgrowth of the South's revival since the Civil War. The new realism is a reflection of a too-sudden growth and change to commercialism. It has resulted in a coarse type of thought which is unaccompanied by the rich culture of the old South. As far back as 1912 Dr. Henderson expressed similar opinions on the same question in several articles: "North Carolina's Intellectual Awakening" in *The North Carolina Review*; "The South's Awakening"; and "The New South in Letters and Art." He quoted the South Carolina poet, J. Gordon Coogler:

*Alas for the South! Her books have grown fewer;
She never was much given to literature.*

The Old South was a thing of romanticism and illusion. Edgar Allan Poe, O. Henry, Thomas Nelson Page, Christian Reade, and Walter Hines Page are representative. It amounted to little in a literary way and existed only in the imaginations of the writers who depicted it in all its chivalric glamour. Then came the Civil War, which provided a lot of material, but the ensuing Reconstruction retarded literary development.

Strictly speaking there was no literary South until recent years. Then one of the first evidences of an awakening was in the appearance of *The Reviewer*, a literary magazine published in Richmond and edited by Emily Clark, author of *Innocence Abroad*. *The Reviewer* reflected a new restlessness and an attempt to show the South realistically. Among its

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contributors were: Julia Peterkin, James Branch Cabell, Emily Clark, Joseph Hergesheimer, Du Bose Heyward, Addison Hibbard, Archibald Henderson, and Paul Green. The last named took over the editorship of the magazine in January 1925, in the fifth and last year of its existence.

Any appraisal of this new literary awakening in the South can best be made in terms of the new writers and in the sort of things they are turning out.

William Faulkner is perhaps the most significant, but he is a Southerner only in his locale. His themes of sex and psychosis are universal. His handling of sex does however, reflect a new sex consciousness in Southern literature.

Thomas Wolfe is one of the latest and most outstanding of these writers. His writing exudes a spirit of morbid realism. His subjects tend to localism, but colored with the touch of groping idealism. His is the paradox of writing realism subjectively. He reflects the tendency to *Look Homeward, Angel* for material. According to his own statement: "The dramatic is not the unusual. It is happening daily in our lives. Some of us, perhaps, toil on a mountain farm, and when we relax from the stolidity of mind and allow ourselves thought, it is to think on the unvaried monotonous grind of our existence. Here is drama in the true sense." But Wolfe is not yet over his first-novel complex.

Erskine Caldwell is distinctly social. He writes of the white trash in Georgia in *Tobacco Road*, showing the vicious economic system which makes people slave and starve.

Fielding Burke wrote *Call Home the Heart*. Michael Gold says this is the first Southern novel with an intelligent discussion of communism and socialism. It is a novel of the strike and the troubles arising from the intense new industrialism of the South.

Roy Flannagan is a newspaper man who is evidently worried about the southern social situation and is conscious of the pernicious caste system in the South. His *Amber Satyr* depicts realistically the poor white in contrast with the better class negro, a mulatto repelling the amorous advances of a white woman.

Julia Peterkin and Du Bose Heyward are much alike in their treatment of the negro. The former's *Bright Skin*, *Black April*, and *Scarlet Sister Mary*, and Heyward's *Mamba's Daughters* reflect paternal realism, the attitude of the intellectual toward the black.

Paul Green shows the decaying South in a highly romantic fashion. Perhaps consciously, perhaps not; he is advertising the downfall of a social system. He is patronizing toward the negro, and his more notable contributions are *In Abraham's Bosom* and *The House of Connelly*. His first novel *Laughing Pioneers* will appear in the fall.

Evans Wall writes of the various mixed breeds in the south, their passions and jealousies, the complicated life problems of the "no-nations." He wrote *The No-Nation Girl* and *Love Fetish*.

Ward Greene in *Weep No More* presents the more sophisticated element of the southern social picture; Dorothy Scarrboro's *The Stretch-Berry Smile* and *Can't Get a Red Bird* deal with the poor white farmer; Ellen Glasgow's *Barren Ground* and *They Stood to Folly* show the South in conflict; and Langston Hughes's *Not Without Laughter* pictures "the pathos, the crude brutality, the blind and tireless struggle of his people."

The Carolina Playmakers are attempting to bring

Ballade for June

By JAMES DAWSON

*Run like a rabbit, or crawl like a snail,
Sweat in the lamplight, or sleep in the sun,
Grind, or squeeze through by the skin of your tail,
What have you got when the anguish is done?
Blow out some brain cells with cradle or gun,
Think or be stupid, the end is the same.
What have you got at the end of the run?
A parchment, a cheer, and a measure of fame.*

*Comrades, you cry me the quest of a grail,
The hunt of a unicorn, gryphon, or one
Of the fabulous creatures of saga and tale.
But I who was proud when the chase was begun
Cry you but mercy for purpose undone.
Give me a number, or name me a name,
What can I show that my fervor has won?
A parchment, a cheer, and a measure of fame.*

*This is the burden, and this is the wail
Of the chosen, the stupid, the brilliant, the dun:
Where is the gold at the foot of the trail,
Where is the thread that our grandfathers spun?
Throw out a pittance, ah, throw out a bun
To those who lost shirts in the sweet little game,
Ask what they got for a song and a pun.
A parchment, a cheer, and a measure of fame.*

*Dean of admissions, to you be the fun
Of the morning and noon, but on us be the blame,
Who but get, at the final descent of the sun,
A parchment, a cheer, and a measure of fame.*

folk drama to the fore, but the stimuli they produce are short-lived by virtue of the fact that a folk play is something which is seen and forgotten. H. L. Mencken says that "most student writing is atrocious," and there is no reason why the Carolina Playwrights should be any exception. The one notable thing this group has done is *Strike Song*, and even that is only a temperate exposition of the industrial situation in the South.

A number of new periodicals were twin-born with the new awakening, but taken as a group they have not amounted to much. *The Reviewer*, *The Southern Literary Magazine*, *Agora*, *The South Atlantic Quarterly*, and others have had different degrees of success and length of life, but they have given no appreciable impetus to Southern literary development except to provide a place for the lesser Southern writers to appear in print. *Contempo*, although not a southern periodical in essence, is one of the cracker crumbs in the bed of the somnolent literary South. In its All-Southern issue appeared stories and articles by many notable Dixie writers, and the Scottsboro number is still causing excited gossip among the provincials. It provides an asylum for freedom of thought and expression and attempts to present the new writers of the old south. *Contempo* is one of sperm cells which is causing the South to become pregnant with literary life.

If no renaissance is taking place in the Southeast, something is which is equally effective. It is better for literature to be born the first time than to be born again; then there can be no rehashing of old stuff nor a crying back to the sacred literary traditions. Happily, present-day Southern writers are disproving J. Gordon Coogler's statement that "Her books have grown fewer."

Before Burial

By E. K. GRAHAM

Rain and sleet were falling out of the gray sky and making a rustling patter among the dead leaves in the corners of the yard. Charlie and I, both home from school for the spring vacation, walked up to the front door of the Abbott home. We knocked, and Fred's uncle came to let us in. He shook hands with us gravely, and nodded toward the long coffin in the library at the left, piled high with wreaths and flowers.

People stood in the hall and in the living room, all silent; or whispering to one another in low tones. In a group of women, somebody was sobbing.

Charlie said: "That must be his mother."

In the hall, we felt conspicuous and ill at ease; so we went back to the staircase and sat down. The smell of the flowers hung on the air with an unearthly sweetness—it was thick, like fog.

An older man came back to us and asked us to go in and speak to Mrs. Abbott. When we came up, she was crying softly into her handkerchief; but when she saw us, she put out her arms and drew us close to her. And then she broke down. Two of the women took her upstairs. Someone said, that since the wreck had occurred, we were the first of Fred's companions who had called; that the sight of us had brought home to her, more than ever, the fact that her son was dead. We felt as though we had done something wrong.

The people about us were so grave they seemed unnatural, even in the presence of death. Fred had always been of a happy nature—and flippant to the point of blasphemy. I remembered his saying that the best funeral he had ever heard of was one where they had staged a big torchlight procession, with the band playing, *There'll Be a Hot Time In the Old Town Tonight*. He would have been disappointed in the long faces about him now—or he might have laughed at them.

Charlie and I stood around for some time, not knowing what to do. Because we were friends of Fred, everyone was looking at us. We could feel their gaze. Then Fred's uncle came over, and asked if we had seen "him." We shook our heads. He led us into the library.

As we entered, the fragrance of the flowers came out to meet us in new strength. It was like a heavy breathing in our faces. I had never seen a dead person before, and as we approached the coffin I could feel my heart pounding away. Charlie was a step behind. I hung back a little so we would get there at the same time.

The first thing I noticed when we looked at him, was that Fred had on the new gray suit he had worn when we had gone over to Durham together the week before. He had said it cost him sixty dollars. At first glance he looked as though he were lying there with his eyes closed, listening to everything that was going on. But I noticed something queer about the left cheek. An off-color patch showed where they had had to replace part of it. Charlie had seen it too.

"Flying glass," he said simply.

More people were coming in now. The rooms were getting crowded. As we went out by the front door, somebody reminded us that the funeral was to be held the next day at three o'clock. As we walked along through the rain, we turned up the collars of our coats. But the cold wet trickled down our necks anyway.

Dawn and Dogs in Chapel Hill

By W. M. HAYES

Since I have been in Chapel Hill I have had the privilege of meeting and becoming a part of one of the strangest and most interesting groups on the Hill. I call this group the Dawn Brigade. It is composed of milkmen, pressing club agents, janitors, cooks, workers on the laundry trucks, and newspaper delivery boys. They are on the campus alone from the peep of dawn to about seven-thirty o'clock. At this time there is an awe-inspiring silence over the whole place causing an extra-ordinary spirit of friendliness and comradeship among the members of the Dawn Brigade that does not exist on the campus later in the day as people hurry from class-room to class-room. These early risers call greetings across the campus and give each other cheery good mornings. Seven days a week they rise with the clanging of their alarm clocks into the gray of their rooms—milkmen, newsboys, dining hall men. The milkmen come from out in the country to make their rounds. There used to be a youngster of about fifteen or sixteen on one of the milk trucks that attracted my attention. He was tanned and colorless and undoubtedly under-weight. We became pretty friendly and I often stopped and talked with him when we chanced to meet on our routes. He said that he had been rising at three o'clock every morning for the last four years. We were pretty good friends until I stopped my town route and began to work only on the campus.

Here contacts with early risers are closer and more frequent. One sometimes meets the same person three or four times on the same morning going up or down steps in the dormitories or on the walks across the campus. One sees and hears many strange and unusual things early in the morning. The boy who delivers the *Daily Tar Heel* and I had a terrifying experience in one of the dormitories on the morning before the Carolina-Virginia game last fall. It was not yet daylight, and this particular dormitory did not have hall lights. The *Tar Heel* boy and I reached it at the same time. We finished the first floor and I started up the stairs at one end of building and he at the other. Before I reached the second floor I heard him running down below and calling me in a frightfully excited voice. I knew something was wrong. I met him and asked him what was wrong. He said that at the first turn of the stairs he had found a man who was either dead or hurt very badly. The building was dark and spooky and we were awed and frightened as we stumbled up the stairs together. When we arrived I could make out the form of a man lying in a twisted pile on the floor. He looked exactly as if he had stumbled at the top of the stairs and had fallen head-first into the wall below. We decided to pick him up and carry him down to the door where the street light was shining in so we could see what was wrong with him. It was with great reluctance that I put forth my hand to take hold of him. I did not know whether he would be warm or cold when I touched him. I had never touched a dead person before. He was warm. Reassured we hurried down with him and stretched him on the floor. He was dog drunk and that was all. We left him lying on the floor and went on with our work. However, I got the creeps every time I entered that building in the dark for a long time.

Light and Shadow

By BRADFORD WHITE

*A hand upon black velvet as
The whiteness of anemones above dark water.
Blue veins
Are tints in alabaster. Feel
The sense of the cool of marble. See
White against onyx: the pale asphodels
And the earth
Dark with the rain.*

In connection with my work in the Dawn Brigade I have met a number of interesting personalities in the campus dogs. They are as diverse and as hard to understand as are human personalities. There are six or eight outstanding characters that I have come to know quite well. When I first began delivering papers in town, the stillness of the early morning tended to depress me and make me lonely. I had not become oriented into the comradeship of the Dawn Brigade. To furnish companionship and diversion on my rounds I cultivated the friendship of the dogs I found roaming around in town and on the campus. They are peculiarly friendly and playful early in the morning. Take Scottie, for instance, who will run to greet me as far as he can see or hear me while I am on my paper route, but who cuts me dead at any other time during the day. This seems to be characteristic of all the dogs on the campus. I have had as many as six traveling with me as I deliver papers and not one of them will recognize me after eight-thirty.

They got me into trouble one morning or very nearly did. At one of the houses on my route there was a very large shepherd that kept one eye open all night so he would not miss me when I threw the paper on the porch. He finally got so bad that he would not let me get into the yard and I had to throw the paper from the street. One morning when about half a dozen of the campus dogs were with me he became so infuriated that I feared for my safety. Their presence seemed to enrage him more than ever. He came tearing up the street to meet us. I was awaiting their reaction and looking forward to seeing a good dog fight, but to my surprise they all turned tail and ran away leaving me to face a doubly enraged watch dog. I stood very still until he became calm and went back into his yard. That taught me not to rely on my new friends in an emergency.

Soon after I started working on the campus I met a long-haired, yellow mongrel that went the round with me every morning for about three weeks and then disappeared. The Medical School must have gotten him. I always leave my bundle at the door of the dormitory and only carry enough inside to supply all the subscribers. Every time I laid the bundle down the dog would sit himself down by it and would not move until I came back. Even though this service was not needed I appreciated the spirit behind it much more than I did the friendship of those weak and superficial curs who fled at the first sign of danger. He was certainly faithful, however, he must have gone the way of all dogs at Carolina.

Chapel Hill dogs as a whole are happy-go-lucky and carefree, having a good time and always avoiding unpleasantness. They are either friendly or indifferent to people, never hostile. They, like everyone and everything else, seem to be filled with the friendly, tolerant spirit that is so much a part of Chapel Hill.

Blood Like Water

By JAMES DAWSON

It was a nice night but hell there was nothing to do and I felt like hell lying around with nothing to do. April weather outside and no rain and cool like the first part of spring and nothing to do. I took off my clothes and shaved, lathering my nose the way I usually do and slapping the brush on my face and feeling the warm water. When I had my right cheek half shaved David came in and said let's go somewhere. He didn't have any idea where he wanted to go and I didn't have any idea so we walked down the street after I put on my clothes and tied my tie in a nice small knot. That was about seven thirty. We had three drinks apiece before we went down town and we were feeling as good as you can when it's April and there's nothing to do. Sort of restless and on edge and not caring a damn whether it's April or December. That was the way we felt. Going down the street on an evening in April and nothing to do.

But Gifford was standing in front of the theatre and we hadn't seen him for three years because he graduated a long time ago and went to New York to work. He said he had a big roll in his pocket and took it out and showed it to us and wanted to know what there was to do. We laughed because we didn't know what to do either, but when there's money there's always something to do so we said let's go over to Prattville and look around. Gif said O K because he knew a school teacher in Prattville who hadn't seen him for two years either and she must be practically dead to see him again so we pushed down to the garage and hired a car. Gif was so tickled at the idea of letting his girl see him again that he wouldn't let me pay any of the rent on the car but did it himself. So I said well we had a fifth of gin and a half of rotten corn down at the house and there was no sense going to Prattville without that. It was hidden in a closet down at the house and we might as well go by and get it. Gif thought that was so and we drove by the house on the way out. The house is right on the way to Prattville and we went right on out the road and started out making about seventy except on the curves because Gif wasn't drunk yet and anyway we wouldn't have let him even if he had been drunk. But the night was sort of good and the wind in your face made you feel sort of funny inside like something melting and running all around and we went down the road with the tires singing.

Coming into Prattville with the car slowing down and all of us singing because we felt kind of good. We drove down the main street once and then out one of the little side streets that goes by the court house where there's a statue of a soldier. Prattville is a little town with one main street and a lot of little side streets and one movie theatre on the main street. About nine o'clock and we were feeling good because it was April and we had an idea that nothing mattered very much, going down the side street to the school teacher's house.

She came out in her nightgown with a coat around her after we knocked and blew the horn for fifteen minutes. Poor girl, we got her out of bed. But a damn funny thing because most people don't go to bed at nine o'clock but she lived with her folks in a little country town and I guess that's the way they do. Poor girl. She came out and saw Gif and squealed a little bit and was really glad to see him.

(Continued on page eight)

"SIXTEEN AND A CREW OF NINE"

(Continued from page one)

sleep, following the training routine of the crew of nine. The gin is good—champagne once a day.

Sixteen brown men and a crew of nine spend a month in Mediterranean ports. We handle ourselves there better than in Havana, but we have much to learn from toughs and sailors and bar-rooms.

We board the "Raven" for repairs. J. Henry remembers a pink handkerchief and wants to head for the Van Dyke Pier. His determination seems an insurmountable obstacle, but we bribe him with pretty pictures and pleasing promises. Leaving the "Raven" and her crew of nine in a port of France, we go to Paris. We are wearing white pants, tight about the hips and full in the legs, and close-fitting striped jerseys. We carry dress suits in canvas bags. Four abreast, swaggering and full-chested, we parade along the streets of Paris. Men look wonderingly. Women stop, and we stare at shapely figures, at curved red lips and startled eyes. Urchins, ragged little gutter gamins, open great eyes and mouths. There is a motley crew of the fellows at our heels, and they follow us to a lodging place.

Sixteen men, brown faces above the stiff white fronts of dress-shirts, gather at the door of a restaurant and promise good behavior. There are other white fronts at tables that nearly fill a large dining room. In front of a platform at one end of the floor there is a cleared space. We point to it and follow a waiter. The place is quiet as we walk among the tables and stare into upturned faces, at low-necked gowns, jewelled necks and arms, smooth bare shoulders and white fingers.

On the platform an orchestra plays a tango. A couple whirls into the cleared space. The room becomes dark, except for a shaft of light that follows the two in their dance steps. We see a slender bare waist, and we hold our breath. Billy Smythe nudges J. Henry.

"Why don't you break?" he says.

J. Henry stands up at the table and weaves toward the dancing couple. The woman looks him over from head to foot and pushes her partner away. She seems to melt into J. Henry's long arms. He closes his eyes. The tango ends, and the room resounds with clapping and shouts of applause. The woman reaches up and kisses J. Henry, and then she runs off the floor. The lights are turned on, and there's J. Henry doing a tango solo. He stops short, looks at the white fronts and the low-necked gowns. His hair falls in little curls across his brown forehead. His face is flushed. We hear voices asking who he is, where he comes from.

"How beautifully he dances!"

"Handsome brute!"

"Quelle figure!"

"So mysterious and attractive!"

J. Henry goes back to his table. Some one exclaims:

"He even walks gracefully!"

J. Henry starts.

"Good God!" he mutters.

We hold him, push him back into his chair, but he slips away. He is dancing again. His partner's gown is low-necked, and she holds a pink handkerchief on his right shoulder. Other couples are dancing, too, and we lose sight of J. Henry and the pink handkerchief. He returns before the dance ends.

"Let's get out of here," he says.

We find our lodgings. Sixteen men walk the

To the Hillside

By VINCENT H. WHITNEY

The man who loved Nature lay alone on the hillside; and as he lay the falling sun, burnished and brazen, beat the cloud sea into yellow foam and dashed the pale twilight with fiery brush, streaking the heavens with scarlet and crimson and gold; and dipping low, it spanked the somber green of the distant hills. Night, deep and silent, came and washed the sky. And the darkness was extraordinarily tender and cool. Then, climbing slowly in the east, a copper sphere of moon sailed overhead trailing a star of dusky silver.

But it was late. The man who loved Nature hastened home to the city. And when he came to it, it was sodden in his eyes. Its stifling odors clogged his nostril, for he had drunk of sheer sunshine. Its naked homeliness, its squat seriousness, hurt his eyes, for he had seen beauty and caprice never given to the rabble. Its harlots and scoundrels sickened him, for he had lived pure and free as winter stardust.

So he left its evil, its pain, its shame, and came back to the hillside where Nature lay alone. And here he built himself a rude tent. But it was beautiful, because he thought it was beautiful. And because everything, the dawn, the dusk, the sun, the moon, the bird, the beast, the tree, the flower, was so exquisitely fair, his life soon filled with beauty. And Nature said, 'Here is a son sprung from my own body.' And she drew him close to her and opened her bosom to his caresses. And supreme content came to the man who loved Nature; for he had sought wind and woods, brook and clouds, day and life, night and solitude; and he had found peace.

streets of Paris, four abreast, clad in white pants, tight about the hips and full in the legs, and close-fitting, striped jerseys. We enter a bar-room. Billy Smythe stops at a table near the door. He motions to Binks Dillon, and fourteen men line up at the bar. In the mirror behind the rows of bottles we see Billy and Binks leave the room with a couple of girls. We grin at each other and order drinks, and some look around at the tables.

Eight disgruntled men stalk along the streets, enveloped now in a drifting mist. J. Henry snaps out of a moody silence and begins to sing. We chime in on the chorus, throw our arms around each other's shoulders, walking rapidly, jauntily, laughing and singing.

Women approach and gesture, smiling or sullen, ashamed or brazenly confident. We smile or frown, pity or sneer, but we go on to another bar-room. We order drinks, search vainly for loose waists and short skirts. We stumble into the street and move on to other places, where we find soft red lips and laughter—and quiet.

Sixteen men leave Paris and France. We enter Germany, walk the streets of Berlin. J. Henry walks ahead, alone and silent; but we laugh and talk and sing. J. Henry enters a beer garden, and we follow. Garth Pierpont wipes his mouth with the back of his hand.

It is a vast place, filled with tables, tall glasses and mugs that overflow with clean foam, and the chatter of men in starched collars and women in furs and light wraps. We are wearing white pants, tight at the hips and full in the legs, and close-fitting, striped jerseys.

Burly, white-aproned fellows stand in our way and gesticulate, but J. Henry gives one of them a shove. We swagger to tables marked "reserved," thump on

them, stamp on the hard ground. The white-aproned fellows rush up, rubbing their hands, bowing and smiling. They hurry away and back, balancing great trays of mugs.

J. Henry stares at a nearby table. A foam-topped mug is raised and lowered. A pink handkerchief flutters to red and white lips. J. Henry starts from his chair. A tall, broad-shouldered fellow stands up, brushes aside the hand that crumples a pink handkerchief. He pushes J. Henry backwards into a table. Glasses crash, and voices shout curses. J. Henry is on his feet again. He feints with his left hand, and his right stops against the point of a chin. The tall, broad-shouldered fellow staggers back and falls to the ground. J. Henry grasps the hand with the pink handkerchief and forces his way through a gathering crowd, pushing his open hand into startled faces. The pink handkerchief flutters and disappears through the gate of the beer garden.

We find him later in a saloon, sitting alone with a bottle and a small glass. He grumbles. He doesn't want to stay, but he doesn't want to leave. We talk to the proprietor, who leads us through the back of the place into a large room. There is a great table in the center. Along the walls there is a number of easy chairs and a couple of great wide lounges. We order supper and whisper to the proprietor, indicating ourselves and J. Henry, who is slumped in an easy chair. The proprietor counts on his fingers and bows himself out of the room. A waiter comes with champagne and other wines. We drink toasts and sing and laugh—all but J. Henry. He is sleeping.

There is a knock at the door, and the proprietor sticks his head into the room.

"O. K., mine herr Prop.; sehr gute!" shouts Billy Smythe.

The door swings open, and sixteen pairs of legs, sixteen smiling faces appear. We pour more drinks, caress smiling faces. We sing and laugh and drink. J. Henry sits up.

"My God!" he shouts.

Billy Smythe thrusts a boxom girl into J. Henry's lap and hands him a glass of champagne. The room is quiet while J. Henry proposes a toast to the "frauleins of the 'Revue.'"

Waiters bring in great trays of shrimp and oysters, bowls of crisp crackers, and caviar appetizers. They bring more champagne—and beer for Garth Pierpont. Later they bring stuffed bird and mushrooms and special orders of lobster. They bring liquors.

It is time for the theater. Sixteen pairs of legs, sixteen laughing faces leave. After the performance we are thirty-two again. The large table is taken apart and removed. We dance in the center of the room. Bottles are carried in, bottles of champagne, Scotch, Bourbon, gin—and beer for Garth Pierpont. Noise gives place to murmuring whispers. We are not sixteen or thirty-two; we are one or two.

Sixteen brown-faced men, four abreast, swaggering and full-chested, parade along the streets of Munich. We exchange white pants, tight about the hips and full in the legs, and close-fitting, striped jerseys for white fronts and tails. We go to the opera house and sit in the pit. J. Henry watches a box next to the stage. A pink handkerchief dabs at the slightly aquiline nose. J. Henry leaves his seat. From the box near the stage he holds up three fingers. Three of us join him where slender, tapering fingers dangle a pink handkerchief over the rail and above upturned faces in the pit.

Twelve men sing and laugh and swagger, search-

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"SIXTEEN AND A CREW OF NINE"

(Continued from page five)

ing the streets of Munich for a night club or the German equivalent. We pause in front of a great stone house. Strains of American music are muffled by huge twin doors. Laughing and singing, we pound an iron knocker and enter, smiling at faces that smile at us from chairs, couches, and gambling tables.

We separate and wander through several large rooms. We stare at men who put monocles in their eyes and scrutinize our persons, men with well-trimmed beards. We smile at ladies whose eye-lashes glisten, ladies whose necks wear sparkling jewels, whose eyes are dark and watery.

"Can this be Munich!" whispers Billy Smythe.

"But so many brunettes!" Binks Dillon exclaims. "An unexpected pleasure!"

A man approaches and asks if we will join a game.

"Is there a bar?" asks Eddie Lane.

"Certainly, certainly, gentlemen—everything to delight the American's heart."

"Everything?" asks Billy Smythe.

"Everything. Yes, yes—I think I know what you mean. Everything. Won't you be seated at this table? I shall be back in a moment."

"Understanding chap," says Billy.

We are two at the bar, looking ruefully at Billy Smythe and Binks Dillon. They smile into smiling faces, toast red lips and dark eyes. Garth Pierpont joins us.

"How's the beer?" he asks. "I left Shady and Bob at a roulette wheel. Bill Johnston's watching them, I guess, but he'll be over here soon. Come—I'll roll you for a beer."

We are four at the bar. Bill Johnston watches us drink a stein of beer, wanders off among the tables. He's back soon and says:

"The others have come in. J. Henry's dancing with some dark-haired girl. She keeps mopping his brow with a handkerchief."

"Dud Parker there?"

"Sitting on the orchestra stand—and almost sober!" "Fred?"

"He's leading the band. Dud's laughing at him, but Fred's doing a right good job, despite a remarkable case of screaming jitters."

The orchestra stops playing. J. Henry walks up to the bar and orders a drink.

"Let's get out of here," he says.

Sixteen men and a crew of nine are aboard the "Raven," bound for somewhere. Our skins look pale, our bodies soft. There are dark circles under our eyes. Time changes from hours to days and from days to weeks. The boards on the deck of the "Raven" drink our sweat. What they don't seep up is dried by the sun. We eat and sleep and sweat, touch at ports for food and drink. We fight the waves and laugh into the gale. We pull the ropes and work on the engines—a whistle on our lips and surging confidence in our limbs. J. Henry sings. He wipes his face with a blue bandana.

Sixteen men are drinking at a dance-hall bar. Billy Smythe follows a pair of dusky legs. There are other dusky legs and red lips and dark eyes. We follow, fight, and win.

The "Raven," manned by a crew of nine, carries a cargo of sixteen across the Pacific. We lie under awnings on the deck, sipping gin and champagne. A breeze fans the flies of the hold from our naked bodies and dries the starting sweat. The boards are dry and warped.

We are sixteen sweating, stinking bodies. Little

Book Marks

By JOSEPH SUGARMAN

The Pulitzer prizes in letters were divided between the South and New York. Dixie prize-winners were: Pearl Buck, who was born in West Virginia, although she has lived most of her life in China, the locale of her novel *The Good Earth*; George Dillon, author of the volume of verse *The Flowering Stone*, and a native of Jacksonville, Florida; and that old literateur, John J. Pershing, of Missouri, recipient of the history award for his account of his experiences in the World War.

While on the subject of Pulitzer prizes, it is significant to note that scores of critics have assailed the committee for passing over *The Autobiography of Lincoln Steffens* in favor of Pringle's life of Roosevelt.

* * *

Books that are making more than an ordinary stir in sales and critical circles include: Phil Strong's *State Fair*, a vigorous, humorous tale of the Iowa corn country; *20,000 Years in Sing Sing*, the prison memoirs of that humane jailer, Warden Lewis E. Lawes; *Amber Satyr*, by Roy Flannagan, which recounts the bitter tragedy of a half-breed's clash with poor whites; and Prince Von Bülow's third volume of diplomatic revelations in which he names Austria as the chief source of guilt in the crisis immediately before the World War.

* * *

Gene Tunney, Yale lecturer on Shakespeare, has decided to publish his autobiography in book form after it has run its course serially. Gene recently announced "When my story is told, I will tell it myself. It may not be great literature, but it will be the truth." The book will be titled *A Man Must Fight* and will probably be issued by Houghton Mifflin before there is a new heavyweight champion.

* * *

The pre-summer book announcements contain such promising items as *The Journal of Arnold Bennett*; a new novel by the poet John V. A. Weaver, entitled *Joy Girl*, a satire on the cinema; *Berlin*, by Joseph Hergesheimer, a study of the conflict between pre and post-War European civilizations; and *The Diary of an Ex-President*, pages from the journal of John P. Wintergreen, the crooning executive in *Of Thee I Sing*, edited by Morrie Ryskind, co-author of the play.

* * *

Commenting upon the modern attitude toward obscenity, Humbert Wolfe, the English poet, writes in *The Saturday Review of Literature*, "In the English-speaking world the three great figures in the revolution (against prudishness) are D. H. Lawrence, James Joyce, and Aldous Huxley . . . These three have all approached the problem from different angles and with different aims. But though they did not or do not know it, they are under one command—the well-known General Restlessness. And again, unconsciously, they have operated as allies finally and completely blasting the romantics, who continued to believe in love, out of their positions."

painted Chinese girls brush away the flies that gather on our naked limbs. Nine men, groping along a misty water-front, pick us up and pay a price for sixteen bodies.

The "Raven" is tossed on mounting waves. We fight to keep a course. The sea carries us from the

mid-Pacific to an island in the south. The "Raven" is badly smashed, and we work to repair her crudely.

We see brown legs and healthy bodies, dark eyes that watch us at our work. At night there is champagne and gin, soft music and brown bodies, dancing in the moon-light on the beach. We wrest white pants and striped jerseys from our tingling bodies.

The crew of nine completes repairs, searches the island for sixteen sweating, stinking bodies.

The "Raven" dips her newly painted, black bow into the waters of the Gulf of Mexico. She runs along the northern coast. Her shrunken deck boards lap up sweat and resound with running steps and thumping bodies. Sixteen men, brown and clean, laugh and sing, eat and sleep, and sweat. We lay in provisions at New Orleans. A Pensacola we stop for a day. J. Henry sees his father, runs into open arms. We spend a week in Perdido Bay. We sail along the coast and back again—sweating, eating, sleeping. J. Henry sings and laughs and wipes his face with a blue bandana.

The "Raven" skirts the coast of Florida, rounds the peninsula, and sails north. She stops at Savannah, again at Norfolk. We strike out to sea, into storms that we fight with sneers on our lips.

We walk the streets of Liverpool, sixteen brown-faced men, clad in white pants, tight about the hips and full in the legs, and close-fitting, striped jerseys. We sing and laugh. Swaggering and full-chested, we challenge sailors and toughs of the bar-rooms. Billy Smythe hits a sailor with a bottle, slaps a painted face. The girl screams. We retreat in the face of the law. Garth Pierpont spits a mouthful of beer in the bartender's eyes and shrieks:

"Slops!"

The "Raven" noses about in among a myriad of ships. We drop anchor and hurry ashore to London.

We walk four abreast. Men watch our jaunty strides, stare into our sun-burned faces. Women stop, and we grin at comely figures, friendly faces, inquiring eyes. Newspaper boys at the corners forget to shout. Policemen neglect the heavy evening traffic. We grin and nudge each other.

A handkerchief falls to the side-walk in a pink heap. Slender ankles show beneath a skirt that fits snugly about gently curving hips. Raven hair scarcely covers the delicate lobes of ears. Dark, watery eyes look into ours. J. Henry stoops and picks up the pink handkerchief. He stands straight, his nose touching a black curl, and places the handkerchief in slender, tapering fingers. He bows over the hand, and we walk along the street. J. Henry walks ahead, smiling and humming.

The "Raven" carries sixteen men and a crew of nine. Her deck boards soak up sweat. We eat and sleep and sweat, swim in warm salt water, box and wrestle on the deck.

We are sixteen, walking the streets of Havana. We stand at a long bar, order drinks, laugh, and sing. We leave, and painted faces frown. Full red lips are pursed. We hear curses, hurled at our backs in bad English. Billy Smythe laughs over his shoulder.

We are sixteen, clad in white pants, tight about the hips and full in the legs, and a crew of nine on the "Raven." We hand J. Henry a glass of champagne. He drinks a silent toast, throws the empty glass into the seething wake of the "Raven." We hand him a freezing mint julep. He drinks a silent toast to Mrs. Liberty, throws the empty glass into the foam that sprays away from the bow of the "Raven." A pink handkerchief waves from the Van Dyke Pier.

STUMP VICTORY

(Continued from page one)

The campaign opened in Rutherfordton in late July and continued through the first three weeks of October. During the period the rivals spoke together some sixty-odd times, each fighting desperately for victory, each denouncing the other's party, and, sometimes, in the heat of the fight, putting the issue on personal grounds. Through it all, though, the spirit of friendship and fair play dominated so that, at the Swift Creek final, Settle could say, turning from the crowd to Vance:

"Fifty-seven days together has left no hurt that rankled."

Both candidates used a skeleton form in presenting their arguments on the issues of the day, altering their speeches to suit the need. The following account, taken from the Raleigh *Sentinel*, a leading Democratic paper of the time, touches on some of the points at issue, and shows the impressions made by the speakers:

Bakersville, N. C., Aug. 3—(Extract from account)—The discussion today was before the largest crowd ever known in Mitchell county. It was a finely matched couple, Vance and Settle; two of the handsomest men in the state, and each with a master mind to grapple with. Vance shows an advantage over Settle from his long experience on the stump, in fact, he was born for that business. And another advantage he has, he only appeals to the good judgment of the people while Settle opens up the old war sores and tries to make capital out of their prejudices in holding up Vance's war record. Vance figures up the great stealings and corruptions of the administration party and calls on Settle to stand to them or deny them, and Settle answers by not answering at all, and dodges the question behind Vance's war record. The people see this too plainly. Many Republicans expressed themselves much dissatisfied at Judge Settle's course in regard to these questions.

The nine questions which stun the Judge are as follows:

Was Holden's suspension of the writ of habeas corpus legal?

Which of the constitutional amendments are good?

How did the South get out of the Union?

Were the reconstruction acts constitutional?

Can Congress confer the right of suffrage?

Was the Louisiana outrage constitutional?

Was Judge Settle not elected to the Supreme Bench by fraud?

Does Judge Settle approve Grant's administration?

Does he approve the civil rights bill?

Was desertion from the army right?

These questions Settle dealt with playfully, saying they had no sense in them, and reminded him of the question, if corn was fifty cents a bushel, how much would it take to shingle a house? He then retired into winter quarters behind Vance's war record. To say Vance has gained votes in this radical county would only be speaking the general sentiment of the people, and to declare further the strong probability of his carrying the county, is only rehearsing what some of the Republicans have whispered with fear.

The bearing of the two men on the stump is admirable. The utmost good feeling prevails, and while hard blows are hit and received they are given with an *entente cordiale* which keeps the crowd in a good humor and arouses no personal bad feeling.

There seems to be little doubt that in a formal debate Settle would have had an undeniable edge on Vance. But Vance was a born stump speaker, having always a fund of humor, the ability to turn his opponents remarks into boomerangs, and a keen sense of showmanship.

On one occasion when Settle charged that he

would have been able to stop the war, Vance replied in his rebuttal:

"If there is any man, woman, or child, white or black, before me who is foolish enough to believe this, I want to know it, for I will take him on a tour of the state and exhibit him for twenty-five cents a shot, ten cents for niggers and children."

Then turning to Settle:

"And if you believe that I am so powerful, what do you think is going to happen to you on election day?"

Vance's nine questions became famous before the end of the campaign, because of Settle's vigorous attempts to evade them. Occasionally he was drawn into an answer, usually resulting in his discomfiture, as at Boone, where he attempted to place the seal of his approval on the Grant administration.

"While it has its faults, as have all things, I think that Grant's administration will emblazon the pages of history and shine beside that of George Washington."

To which Vance replied: "I don't doubt the shine part of Judge Settle's statement, but I would like to suggest to the people that a number of things shine, such as, say, a mackerel rotting in the sun." Any effect the Judge sought by his remarks was certainly lost in the roar of laughter that went up from the crowd.

Settle could not move without placing himself within range of Vance's sharply barbed tongue. Sometimes he depended on wit to gain control of the crowd, sometimes fast, but clear, thinking, relegated the Judge to the background.

At Charlotte Settle concluding his speech with a hymn of praise of the Republican party on the ground that, through it, the negroes had been freed.

When he rose to speak, Vance lost no time in turning to the negroes:

"Black men are not freemen. Let one of you undertake to vote the Democratic ticket and then see whether you are free. In old times you belonged to Southern gentlemen, but now you belong to red-legged grasshoppers. My competitor says that I was the cause of all the property lost to the State during the war. If that be true, then it was I, not the Republican party, that freed you, for the negroes were the only property lost. He also says that I could have stopped the war. If I could have stopped it when he says, you negroes would be hoeing cotton this day under blue cowhide."

In the course of his speech at Danbury, Settle got into an argument with a heckler named Johnson, who accused him of having drummed two men out of his company for cowardice during the war. Settle declared they had been drummed out for larceny and finally, as the crowd was leaving, he cried:

"Johnson admits it; they were drummed out for larceny."

Like a flash, Vance turned to the crowd:

"Would to God, fellow citizens, all the others, for larceny, could be driven out of Captain Settle's company."

Even the actions of the crowd, bad already though they were from Settle's viewpoint, could be used by Vance to prod the sensitive Judge. For instance, at Wentworth, near Reidsville, Vance was told that several young ladies wished to express their affection for him. Nothing loath, Vance descended from the platform and kissed a dozen or so, and then paused long enough to shout, with a nod toward the negroes:

"Settle, I'm kissing my girls, now you kiss yours."

Vance's keen insight into human nature was a

factor that enabled him to get himself out of many difficult situations. Stopping for the night in a small Republican town, Vance wandered down to the little general store. Here he found a group of fourteen or fifteen voters sitting around. As usual, he was soon on good terms with the group, but he sensed, somehow, that something was lacking, that he had not yet received the full measure of their approval.

Finally, he singled out one weather beaten, gray-haired old man as the leader of the group, and also as the source of his discomfort. Vance approached him, and looking up, the old man said:

"You are Mr. Vance. There's one thing that has got to be settled. What church 'mout' you belong to?"

Here was a hole. Vance belonged to none, and he would not lie. But he knew that he had to make the old man think that he belonged to some church; not only 'some church', but the right church. Slowly, he said:

"Well, my gradfather came from Scotland and you know that everybody from Scotland belongs to the Presbyterian church."

He paused to note the effect. There was no change in the old man's expression.

"But my grandmother was from England and everyone in England is Episcopalian."

Again he paused, but the old man merely marked another line in the sand with his stick and shifted his quid from the right to the left cheek.

"But my good old mother was a Baptist, and it's my opinion that a man has to go under the water to go to heaven."

The old man woke up, drew a flask from his pocket, and offered it to Vance as a seal of good faith. Turning to his flock, he said:

"He's all right boys. I thought all the time he looked like a Baptist. I reckon you can go ahead and vote for him."

Throughout the campaign the large majority of the native whites were Democratic. A few, for one reason or another, opposed him; the migrated Yankee was almost invariably a Republican; and, lastly, the negro vote was overwhelmingly Republican, whether by reason of gratitude or of coercion is unimportant.

The average white man, however, was not only Democratic, but was a Vance man, pure and simple. It was an insult to suggest to him, even though he might be down and out, that he should vote against Vance; voting for the state's hero was considered a privilege.

One of them answered, when asked if he were a Republican:

"You're sure wrong there, stranger. I reckon I do look too dirty to be for Zeb Vance, but I have got outside lots of mean whiskey, been in many a mudhole, been 'sent up' for three months, and, in fact, have touched the bottom of meanness, but I'll be damned if I ever got so low in my own self-respect, or so far forgot my white blood, as to vote the radical ticket."

Vance did not confine to the speaker's stand his attempt to 'get Settle's goat'. Any time as they rode along together, in their buggy, or on the hand-car they used in Western North Carolina, Vance was likely to perceive and use the opportunity for making sport of the Judge. Once the pair passed a mountain farmer plowing far above them. Vance grinned and said:

"I'll bet that's a Vance man, Judge."

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STUMP VICTORY

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The Judge wouldn't bet, but he expressed himself of the opinion that it was a Republican.

Vance stood up in the slowly moving car:

"Hurrah for Settle!" he yelled loudly.

The mountaineer looked up, dropped his plow, and seized an enormous rock which he heaved down the hill, following it with:

"Get to hell out of here. Caint no damn fool yell for that no-count Tom Settle around these parts."

The campaign of 1876, had it been fought between Thomas Settle and anyone else, might readily have resulted in a victory for the Republicans. But Zeb Vance, who had long before captured the imagination of the people of his state, had too much ability as a stump artist and was far too popular to go down before the cold logic of the Supreme Court Judge.

His popularity and his ability on the stump were such tremendous factors in his success that, the writer feels, had their positions been reversed and Vance had been Republican, the same man would have been elected. For, the people knew, as one contemporary remarked, that:

"He kept his ear bent close to hear the people's heartbeat, and the uttering of their wish to him was the mandate of the law."

BLOOD LIKE WATER

(Continued from page four)

So she put on some clothes and went to get two more girls who didn't go to bed so early. The girl we went to get first was named Kathy or something but they called her Kat. Gif's girl who was named Alice called her and she came out of the house. Gif's girl said:

—What you doing honey?

And Kat said:

—Nothing honey. Only they said honey like it was spelled huh-ney, with a stop in the middle of the word. I guess they thought it was cute or something. Kat came out toward the car and I was sitting in the back and Gif and Alice and David were sitting in the front so I opened the door and took her hand and said:

—My name's Chatfield, I guess you know yours.

It was a dumb thing to say but she was that kind of girl and I knew it and she grinned and said:

—Yeah I know mine.

So she got in the back and settled down under my left arm and we drove off and went back up the main street again to drop Gif and Alice because they wanted to be alone and we had to find another girl. After they got out Kat said she knew another girl who lived out about five miles toward Dumbarton so we said what does she look like? Kat said:

—Oh she's a blonde and she's got long hair.

So we started out the Dumbarton road because Kat said she was a hot little girl and David handed us back the flask of gin because he didn't like gin and he kept the jar of corn in front with him while he drove. The first mile he kept stopping to drink out of the jar without any chaser and it made my stomach go up and down to watch him so I stopped looking. I had enough to do anyway with Kat under my left arm and bumping on my side every time David slipped off the curb of the road. That was a damn crooked road and I didn't like watching the road because my head was beginning to go about as

For Lesbia

By JAMES DAWSON

*what can I say that has not many times
been said? what touch of fingers is there left,
what turn of head, that has not been bereft
most utterly of meaning? all the rimes
of centuries inform my verse, the chimes
in crenellated towers shape the weft
of music ages old, and no new theft,
however subtle, can escape the mimes
who used these phrases in the lustful past:
pale ghosts that stand beside me in the night,
mocking the way we kiss and sighing slow
these very words I whispered to the last
dim lover, holding lovelessly her bright
new body, far away and long ago.*

*this would I have you hear, for I have come
like smoke, from far beyond the place you know,
to touch your ears, to speak and then be dumb
forever, silent. I have come to show
your too evasive eyes the stuff of dreams
that are not thin and fanciful, but strong
with all the smell of ages, with the seams
of oldness deep upon them, deep and long.
this shall you know, but quickly, for my time
is measured, and I have not long to stay.
this am I sent to tell you: love is rime
and rhythm, but the song will fall away
to nothing, if you look beyond the song.
love is a sonnet, love, and life is long.*

*I that have known can come and say to you
these things, for it is best that you should know
what follows when the poet has sung through
his sheaf of words, what happens when the bow
has left the strings, and song can no more hold
your heart and body in the shameless way
of love. remember, when the hands are cold
with carelessness, what I have come to say.
this can I teach you, quickly, with a glance,
a gesture, an inclining of the head,
a word or two: love is a little dance
set to the beating of a heart, a bed
of roses, and it needs not me to say
that roses fade, and dancers go away.*

crooked as the road. Kat was all curled up on the back seat and she took her head off my shoulder every few minutes to drink out of the flask of gin and then passed it to me and I took a drink every time she did but she was way behind me and women don't get tight very fast anyway. So I drank every time she did and that didn't make my stomach act so funny because I can drink gin without any trouble except lemon is a good chaser. But we drank out of the flask and David drove and drank out of the jar like a fool because he wanted to get drunk because it was April I guess and he didn't have anything else to do. A crazy thing to do, riding along the Dumbarton road with Kat under my left arm and David driving and the damn road going under the car like mad. The gin made my head feel queer and the telephone poles looked like a fence going by and I know that's trite as hell but that's what they looked like my head going round and Kat under my left arm. She was heavy on my side and I moved away to get a breath for a minute and she said:

—Where you going honey?

And I said:

—Hell it's no fun playing while he drives like a damn fool.

So she sat up and patted the back of her hair and drank out of the flask and I saw something damn funny. Not clear because my head was feeling funny but a couple of bright lights came out of the side of the dark and there was a hell of a lot of noise. Then my head was going round and there was a lot of crashing, and I opened the left door and stuck my head out. The car was stopped and it was a damn funny thing because the car was over on one side and I was standing inside with my head sticking straight up through the left door which was on top. I crawled out of the car and looked at the other car in the ditch and the motor still running. Our car on one side and the lights on and two of the wheels on the left side still turning around and I walked to the front of the car and put my hand on one of the wheels and it stopped. There was mud on my hand from where I had put it on the wheel that had splashed in the ditch and I wiped it off on the fender and went back and opened the front door of the car and pulled David out. He was limp as hell and there was something funny about his right arm and his coat and shirt were wet, a damn funny thing, I thought, because there was no water in the ditch, only mud. Remember thinking it was thick slimy mud but not wet. Laid him down on the side of the road limp as hell must be drunk I thought must be drunk as hell. I went back to the car and looked in the back for the flask and it wasn't broken, a crazy thing when the car had turned over like that, and I took a drink. Little gin left in the bottom of the flask when I held it up and I drank the rest of it and it felt warm in me. Kat was curled up in the corner and I pulled her out, a damn heavy girl, and laid her on the road and slapped her hands. She woke up and wasn't hurt and neither was I and we looked at David on the road and I put my hand on his chest and it came out all wet and Kat yelled and said it was blood. Blood and a goddamned fine end to a swell night and the other car still in the ditch. And I didn't look in the other car because I didn't know who they were and I didn't want to find any more blood because my stomach couldn't stand it. Kat was crying and I told her to shut up and get off the road or some car would hit her and she'd be all bloody too and she cried some more. I saw a car coming down the road and I stood on the road and waved and yelled to him and he stopped. A nice guy in a Buick coupe and he stopped and looked scared and Kat talked to him and cried and looked white. I didn't talk but I went and sat down on the side of the ditch because my head was going around worse than ever and I didn't want to see this guy pick David up because he was all limp. He came over to me after he put David in the car and said the guy in the other car was dead he thought and he sniffed when he got close to me and I could see he was smelling the gin. But I didn't care because there wasn't much to care about and there was blood on my hand that was making me sick, a damn crazy thing because I don't usually mind blood. This guy took David and Kat in his car and drove off because I was all right and he said he'd come back after me. I went and sat down on the wheel of the car and wished I had some more gin to drink because I couldn't drink corn and the jar was broken anyway. The steering wheel was all smashed and the glass was all out. Sitting on the damn lonely road waiting for the guy in the Buick to come back and looking at the other car in the ditch, a crazy night I thought a damn crazy night.

