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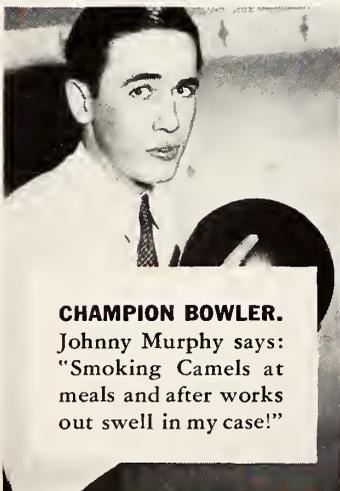
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THE CAROLINA MAGAZINE

Oldest College Publication in the Nation

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October, 1950

Helpless on a Hilltop

IN THE NEWS this fall you find a notice that the King's Daughters, whom you know as Chapel Hill housewives organized for social work, have protested that "students are taking jobs away from the Negroes." If you are indifferent to the problem of your five hundred self-help schoolmates, you laugh at the King's Daughters. If you are at all concerned, you laugh anyway. But this time it is a humorless laugh, a bit painful, really not a laugh at all, but an attempt to throw off something that is too unpleasant to think about. In your wisdom, of course, you realize that the King's Daughters deserve a tremendous amount of commendation for their charitable work among the village's poorest classes. However, they have forgotten that Chapel Hill labor is graduated from the professors through townspeople and students down to the Negroes. With an imperfect understanding, they have blamed the laboring class that is just a notch above the Negroes, whose members are—whether you like it or not—the potential recipients of A.B. and B.S. degrees from the University of North Carolina.

And yet, remember, board is running close to twenty-five dollars. Other expenses have also risen. Those not fortunate enough to get a room in a dormitory have discovered that very poor rooms are hard to get even at top prices. So you naturally wonder why self-help labor is in such a position that it has to live by competing at times with the Negroes. If you are really concerned, you start thinking.

First, you recall the case of an eating establishment that worked almost a dozen students from three to four hours a day and paid them in food a limited amount that would have cost a cash customer \$3.50 a week. Thirteen to seventeen cents an hour, yet the proprietor had no trouble finding people who were so greatly in need of help that they would work for these wages. If you should wonder what recourse there might be to the courts in such cases, you will recall the three Chapel Hill men who were convicted this fall in the local courts of having employed female labor more hours for less pay than is permitted by the

disgracefully low standards of the state labor department. These three men were fined court costs (about ten dollars each) and are now operating "as usual."

Then you remember the friend who lives with the University professor who turns his dungeon-like cellar over to three students and then requires from them the same amount of work to which he would be entitled if they were sleeping in the front guest room.

About this time you begin to ask, "Why can't the school do something about this?" You start up to South building to pose your question. On your way, you stop by your dean's office. He's in conference with an inanimate looking student.

"Ugh, bad, bad; grades down again this month. You don't look well, either. What's the matter?"

"I guess I haven't been getting enough sleep. It's the job I've got downtown."

"But I thought you told me you were just working for your board. That shouldn't take more than three hours a day."

"Yeah, that's all I'm supposed to take. When I started working the boss told me my hours would be from nine to closing time, which is twelve. But it isn't. He stays open until any time he pleases, about one o'clock on most nights and when there's a big dance it's usually two before he closes up."

"How much do you get for overtime?"

"That's what I call it, overtime! But the boss can't see it that way. He says I'm supposed to stay there until closing up for my meals. I kicked about it at first, but he says if I don't like it I can quit. He says there are plenty more waiting for the job."

And there are, too, plenty of boys who would work for what this student is getting. The boy cannot quit. He has to have the job to stay in school. And what can the Dean do about it, sympathize? Nothing else. Oh yes, there are rules about this. The self-help office says that no boy should have to work more than three hours a day for his meals, but it has no way to enforce this.

Why can't the University stop these practices? In the first place, the University is not entirely

innocent itself. The administration pays the same hourly wage it did twenty-three years ago. At that time—to illustrate with one particular—the board cost was twelve dollars a month. Now it is between twenty-three and twenty-five. And yet, the minimum hourly rate for self-help labor is still twenty-five cents. Worse, still, this minimum has in most cases been made the maximum.

For instance, many boys who have acquired peculiar efficiency through long practice, or who are doing specialized things such as stenography and statistical work, are receiving exactly the same hourly wage as those boys who have just begun working or who are doing work that calls for no particular skill.

Worried about this unjust arrangement, one self-help student has already gone to Dr. Graham. The president, whose genuine interest in the problems of Carolina students can never be doubted, immediately called in Mr. Rogerson's student assistant, who functions as a go-between for the business office and the student body. The result was that Mr. Rogerson's assistant is now making a complete investigation of self-help regulations. He is consulting the budget to see: (1) if the twenty-five cent hourly minimum can be raised, (2) if this rate can then be made more flexible so that skill and experience may be rewarded. It is hoped that it will be possible to set the minimum close to thirty cents, the minimum relief wage.

In a few days this report will be in Mr. Graham's hands. Whether or not any changes are made in the wage scale, the students will have the satisfaction of knowing what the possibilities are.

Thus, for the students employed by the school, the problem is comparatively simple. But this does not affect the majority of the student laborers. They can be divided into two general classes: those who work on projects supported by the N. Y. A. and those who work for people in the village. The former group, whose employer is an "emergency" agency, can not be classed as part of the general self-help set up. It, too, has its troubles, but since its very existence probably depends upon the outcome of the November election, now would not be the proper time to suggest readjustments.

The latter class, employed by townspeople, however, is a permanent one. In numbers it surpasses those employed by the University on non-relief funds. For it, conditions of work are as diverse as the nature of the work itself.

Much of it is irregular "occasional" work. Even when the person is a "regular" employee the amount of work and the hours are most unstable. When business is rushing the student must work overtime regardless of his own convenience. When business is slack he is discharged without notice. If a student is dissatisfied with working conditions he does well to keep that fact to himself. There are too many fellow students who are desperately in need of money for him to endanger his job by complaining. Thus, the student remains completely at the mercy of his employer.

Too bad, isn't it? Too bad that those students who find it necessary to give up a great part of their college life should be in such a predicament. But save your sympathy. This is a practical bread-and-butter matter, and it is debatable whether or not they deserve your sympathy. True, they are completely defenseless. But this is their own fault. Self-help students have made no attempts to better their condition.

On almost every college campus such conditions exist or have existed. Self-help students at Columbia University, at Chicago University, at Penn State, and at Michigan have corrected them. They made the changes through co-operation. In each of these institutions there is a self-help protective association, an organization which enables the students to look after themselves.

We at Carolina need an organization for self-help labor. The main function of such an organization here should be to work *with*, not independently of, the self-help bureau. It could act as a voice for the students in the formation of self-help rules such as: those limiting working and living conditions in private homes where boys work for their rooms, the requirements of notice of discharge, the setting of minimum wages, and the reformation of school requirements for eligibility for school jobs. It could act as an agent for the *enforcement* of such rules as either the self-help committee or the association would make. Public opinion—student opinion—is generally in favor of the mistreated worker. But this power is so scattered it amounts to little. *Even if a small number of self-help students formed an association it would act as a nucleus around which public opinion would gather and become a protecting force.*

The association could concern itself with problems dealing with employment both on and off the campus, both relief and non-relief. The present

labor conditions at the University dining hall can be cited as an example of the type of maladjustment which the association could straighten out. One of the main arguments put forward by those advocating the reopening of Swain hall was that it would give more employment to needy students. The effect has been just the opposite. Daily from seven to eight hundred persons are served there. Yet only a few more than twenty self-help students are employed. For this group, working conditions and wages are reported satisfactory. But is that small number justified? Last year while Swain was closed most of Swain's large clientele ate in establishments where their patronage caused many more than twenty self-help students to be employed. Yet Swain has a large staff. Approximately seventeen non-student girls are employed full time to serve the food. Despite the King's Daughters' complaints to the contrary, many Negroes are hired to do exactly the same work as is done by the student labor and to wash dishes and do other work formerly done exclusively by students. This preference for non-student labor is not, as might be expected, because non-student labor is cheaper. Almost all the money paid to students comes back in payment for meals. It is because the various arrangements of student class schedules, etc., calls for more work on the part of the management. Since this dining hall is almost entirely supported by students it is only just that they should receive preference when its workers are chosen.

The formation of a Self-help Protective Association would not be easy. The feeling of individuality on this campus is strong and much jealousy exists among the self-help boys. Some of the students will themselves oppose it, saying that if student wages are raised, unorganized, non-student labor will take its place. In a few cases this will be true. Some work for the towns-people, especially some of the "occasional" work will go into other hands. However, it must be remembered that almost all the employment of self-help students is by the University or by employers whose customers are mostly students. Students will back a *working* organization in demanding student service for student trade. Thus, if well organized, an association could increase both the amount and quality of student employment.

Some of the village population will at first oppose such an organization. One can scarcely expect anything else from people who openly criti-

cize one of the leading citizens because he "pays his Negro help so much he makes all the rest in town get dissatisfied." The majority of the village people, however, are not of this mold. They have an interest, often latent it is true, in the welfare of the students. In sort of a vague way they realize the present injustices. One function of the organization would be to make these people conscious of student living and working conditions. Most of the business people want to treat their student labor fairly. Many are prevented from doing this by the competition of those competitors who lower prices by squeezing their labor. A working organization could change such conditions by stabilizing student employment. With stabilization would naturally follow an improvement in the work done by the student. Constant fear of losing his job prevents the student from doing his best work either for his employer or for himself and his University.

Co-operation with the University administration and the student body would be essential to the real success of any such association. Three conditions would greatly increase the possibility of such co-operation: First; the association should be free from any political actions, opinions or associations. Campus politics have no more place in such an organization's activities than would national politics. Second; there should be no affiliation with any other organization or group whose activities might draw attention away from the primary object. The aid of outside groups might prove valuable but care should be exercised to see the association remains independent of them. Third; there should be a seriousness of purpose. Since this is a bread and butter business affair, the association's activities should be strictly businesslike. Any actions to the contrary would cause employers to doubt its power and cause students to doubt its real purpose.

A Self-help Protective Association would be a voice for the more than five hundred people in this student body who have part time employment. It is greatly needed. A labor union? Yes, a "union" if you like. But if you are shocked remember that the only labor union at present existing in Chapel Hill has as its members the highest-paid group, the professors and teachers. If they, who work for the (comparatively) benevolent employer which is the state, find it necessary to unionize, how much more necessary it is for the students?

Come Out to Dinner

NO, HE DOESN'T room with me any more. For one reason, he thought our personalities didn't match, and I agreed with him. We didn't have a fight or anything like that; we just drifted apart. He went his way and I went mine.

One afternoon at the end of rushing season he put on his going-to-town coat and asked me if I weren't going up to the dean's office to get my fraternity bids. When you get there you write the name of three fraternities you would like to join, and the dean's secretary opens a sealed envelope with your bids in it. If any of the names on the two lists match, you are pledged. Of course most fellows have shaken hands on an agreement already and know which they will pledge. Anyway, I told him I would walk down with him.

At Administration Building I waited out under the shade of a big oak while he went in. I wasn't much interested in a fraternity then. Being a superior person didn't attract me much. About fifteen minutes later he came out walking nonchalantly as usual.

"Which one?" I asked my roommate. He had talked a lot about Psi U and Delts.

"Neither one," he answered carelessly. "I would have to wait too long in the line outside the dean's door."

"Aren't you going to sign up at all?"

"Sure. But I'll let them come around and ask me personally instead of signing on the dotted line with the rest of the mob."

"When do you expect them to come around?"

"Oh, in a day or two, I guess. It will take them a couple of days to register all the other pledges; then they will see that I am not there and begin to check up."

"You'll be late joining, won't you? With everyone shaking hands this week, you'll be alone."

"That's just what I want. Everybody will notice who is coming in then. And you don't *join* a fraternity, you *pledge up*. You have to be careful what you say so everyone will know you know what you are talking about."

I suffered the rebuke in silence and we walked down toward our room in Griffin dorm. The self-

confident bearing of my roommate made me feel more insignificant than ever. He had clothes on his full frame like those you see in magazines and movies. Short tan slacks showing yellow and brown crew socks blossomed out of grey shoes. A canary yellow shirt with a white collar and blue tie completed the minor details. The crowning glory of the spectacle was a coat of many colors—a veritable Joseph's coat which fixed the gaze of all who saw it. From a distance the coat seemed to have only a horse blanket check. Closer, it was seen to be a Glen-Urquahrd plaid woven with tan, orange, and brown stripes that glimmered and trembled like heat waves. He always wore that coat when we went to the large fraternities.

He knew how to get along with fraternity boys, too. He always began by greeting everyone he knew in the room with a jovial and pointed question. Then he would settle down to more or less subtle bragging about the superiority of his family, cars, acquaintances, clothes, women, or whatever came up in the conversation. He didn't hesitate to tell the Sigma Nus that their furnishings were better than the Kappa Sigs' or to tell the Kappa Sigs that their lawn was much better than the Sigma Nus'.

He refused to admit that anyone had outdone him. So you thought the Chi O girls were pretty good dates? They are fair, he grants, but have you ever taken one of the Pi Phis out? Sure he likes tennis; he isn't doing so well though. Davis, the number four on the varsity, has beaten him two out of three sets. No, he did not hang around Myrtle Beach very much during the summer, except for the big dances. His folks had a big summer place on an island about a hundred miles down the coast and he had to pay his own hotel bills when he came up to the beach. Surely McIntire would be defeated in the campaign for governor. Senator Baylor told him so at their home last fall. You like his suit? It ought to be pretty good. It cost as much as any two others he had.

And he had gone back again and again to three of the houses. Sometimes when they forgot to phone him for an afternoon date he called and reminded them to come by for him about three-thir-

ty. He certainly knew his way around among the fraternity boys.

A week after rushing season Jim Hinkle and Bill Woodson on our floor and three others upstairs were moving their clothes out to houses. As yet none of the fraternities had missed Hot Shot. The silence was puzzling. He confided to me that after one more day of grace had passed, if the rushers were too busy to call him, he would get in touch with them. Next day just after lunch hour when everyone was at home, he put a nickel in the phone screwed to the wall outside our door, and whirled the dial.

"Hello. Tau Delta house? May I speak with (he never said *talk to*) Archie Davis? Tell him it is Hot Shot, the fellow from Traneboro who played tennis with him last week. He will know who you mean."

A long pause.

"You say he is not there? Let me speak with Charlie Singer, the editor of the annual. Tell him it is Hot Shot, the freshman who is going to help him do the new section on famous alumni."

A long pause.

"He is not there either? Would you mind asking him to call me when he comes in and tell me when he wants me to come around again? Thank you. Goodbye." As he hung up the receiver, his nickel rattled to the bottom of the box.

Many more nickels and two more weeks passed without anyone answering. Hot Shot bragged as much as ever about pledging but qualified some of the claims by saying that his father wanted him to wait a while before committing himself to any fraternity. His former rushers greeted him on the campus with impersonal *hellos*. His chief interest remained the same, but he started spending most of his time in the office of the *Student Sheet*, our college paper.

Soon I learned the reason. Pledges from nearly every house on the campus were trying for positions on the paper. The novelty and the hard work of writing who, what, when, where, and why into a news story brought Hot Shot close to some of them. At the first opportunity he started a one-man advertising campaign to impress them with Hot Shot's importance. I happened to see it all because I work in the office mailing out exchanges and watching everyone come and go.

Hot Shot concentrated in particular on Joe Bard, a pledge to Phi Psi. This fraternity, a very conservative and high-ranking one, had not even

had him out during rush week. (A pardonable error, Hot Shot admitted to me, because none of the boys had known him.) Bard was somewhat impressed by his free talk and appearance of having been places, but never seemed to catch the hints to invite him out.

"Come on down to the room and try on a coat I have. You may be able to swap it for that blue gabardine one you don't like," Hot Shot would say.

"Sorry, but I can't this afternoon. I have to study some," would be the answer.

"I'll tell you what. I'll walk out with you and we can try them at the house."

"I'd like to, but I'm studying in the library. Maybe some other time." But some other time never came.

Magellan street is the street on which all the fraternities are built. Groups of boys walk out that way to lunch every day. One morning after the last class Hot Shot told me he had to see Joe Bard before lunch. I was in no hurry, so we walked out to the Magellan street corner and waited in the shade of a big elm tree. I noticed that he had on his high-pressure coat. Soon after, Joe walked by. Hot Shot hailed him:

"Hey, Joe. Wait a minute."

"Hello, Hot Shot. What's on your mind?"

"I just stepped out before lunch to tell you that I found that social science outline you were looking for. I always remember best before meals."

"Thanks a lot. I'll step down and get it sometime." Then the hint registered. "Say, if you haven't eaten, come on out to the house with me for lunch. And isn't that your roommate? Bring him too."

The lunch seemed to be a success. Joe's brothers listened with polite interest to Hot Shot and liked his coat. I sat down in a corner and talked with one of the boys about collecting rocks, which is my hobby.

Next Saturday night Hot Shot borrowed a swell roadster from Marvin Campbell, who owes him ten dollars, and prepared for another *coup*. He waited outside the Monogram Club dance, and when Joe Bard and some of his brothers came out, he picked them up and took them home. He stayed a while and made a good impression again, he said.

Tuesday Joe saw me in the newspaper office and said, "Come out to dinner tonight and bring your roommate." I told Hot Shot. He said "Thanks," and went home to start dressing. When

I came in to wash up, he had put on his going-to-town outfit and was polishing his nails. He looked like a million dollars in his Joseph coat and the canary yellow shirt. I put a couple of my best quartz crystals in my pocket and we started.

On the way out he said he had the boys fixed right and wanted to bet me a dollar that he would be pledged up that night. I didn't take him up because I'm no gambling man, but now I wish I had.

Dinner had already been started when we got there. Joe had a late story for the paper and couldn't get back in time, so he had asked Ted McRae, the pledge-master, to look after us. Hot Shot said afterwards he couldn't have wanted any better arrangement. We three sat at a table by ourselves and waited for our dinner.

Hot Shot settled down to getting invited to pledge. He complimented the house, the yard, the dinner, the membership, Ted's clothes, and everything connected with the fraternity. Ted, taciturn as usual, thanked him each time and went on eating. Finally, in the restful intermission between dessert and leaving the table Hot Shot popped the question.

"You know Ted, I've looked over nearly all the fraternities down here and I can't find one I like as well as yours. You have maybe a few too many northerners, but no other house on the campus has as good a bunch as yours. I've been thinking about it a great deal and I believe I am ready to pledge up with you now."

"Umph." Ted's grunt might have meant "yes," "no," or "maybe."

"Maybe you can't tell me until you get the official approval of the others. Suppose you call me tomorrow night after your chapter meeting. I'll wait down in Griffin dorm."

"Umph" again. Then we all got up.

I went upstairs with Alex Kirven to look at his mineral collection and stayed almost an hour. When I came down, Hot Shot was teaching one of the fellows a new southern jig step. The cards were piled up on the table as they are after he

does his favorite card trick. He had apparently been doing his best stunts.

I sat down in one of the big easy chairs to read until he was ready to go. His pupil explained that he had to study and excused himself almost as soon as I appeared.

In the room that night Hot Shot asked me how I liked the way he had gotten himself practically pledged up. He told how he had offered to get them a new swing from his father, who was a big hardware man. For some reason they were attached to the old shabby cushioned one.

He took off his victory coat carefully and hung it in the end of the closet where it would not get wrinkled. Clearing his throat like Mr. Sullivan, the math teacher at home, he began lecturing me. "You ought to kid the boys along more, if you want them to like you. Act like I do and I'll have you pledged in a week."

All the next day he talked as usual, but I noticed that he smoked one cigarette after another. In the room that night Hot Shot fidgeted with his economics map. I settled down to study history. The phone rang. He said, "You answer it."

I did and called Benny Pope on the third floor.

We settled down again with the hum of dormitory noises and the click of the clock to lull us. Hot Shot pretended to read and cleared his throat continually while I studied. At ten o'clock his curiosity conquered his pride. He went out to the wall phone and called Ted McRae. A long pause.

"You say it is not a question of character? You just have your full quota of pledges? — — No, I'm afraid I couldn't wait until next year."

He came back and sat on the edge of the bed. Five minutes later he went to the closet and took down his newly-pressed Joseph coat. As he left he said, "If anyone wants me, I will be over in Carroll Foreman's room. I hear he pledged Theta Kappa."

What happened to me? I pledged Ted's fraternity even though Hot Shot warned me that it wasn't as good as he had thought.



Tortillas or Hotdogs?

IN CUATLA, a daub of white on the palette of confused colors that is the plain of Morelos, there are two plazas. In one a bandstand; in the other a monument.

Under the shady trees of the main plaza old men in dirty loose cotton sit all day smoking and staring at brown toes protruding from their huaraches. So little change of tempo marks the beginning and end of the siesta, a tourist without his watch will not know when the midday rest period is being observed unless he tries to purchase something in one of the shops which front the square.

Only the arrival of a foreign car causes a ripple on the pool of quiet. A covey of dark-haired *ninos*, jabbering like monkeys, is on the running boards the minute the machine enters the plaza streets. Without a replete understanding of Mexican Spanish the victim is clever if he comprehends that they wish to take him to the hotel; he is less clever if he consents, for it is just across the way.

Our knowledge of Spanish was far from replete, but few tourists who have motored into Mexico as far as the state of Morelos give in to these onslaughts—certainly no one who has learned the word "*basta*" (Mexican for scam), a word which we employed as much as the young Mexicans did "*watchacar*," known wherever in the Republic there are foreign automobiles.

Thus, on arriving, we were prepared to meet the attack. At first we said "*no gracias*," and that being of no avail, "*basta ninos*," very firmly. Without any difficulty we found the hotel unassisted, or rather unencumbered.

From observation of Mexican habits I had concluded that plazas, especially shaded plazas, were meant to be sat in, and glad at any opportunity to snatch a siesta, I sought a vacant bench.

In the center of the grove of trees stood the customary bandstand, a round structure with an elevated floor and fretted iron columns supporting a conical roof. A structure quite foreign to the aboriginal adobe walls flanking the plaza. A dactylogram of a great dead mute, Porfirio Diaz.

In the thirty-odd years this man ruled as dictator he forgot how to speak his native tongue when he learned the language of foreigners—

European and American investors. Mexico had to be developed. The British, the Spanish, the Germans, the Americans with their capital and machinery—they were the ones to do it. Unfortunately Diaz did not consider whether Mexico was being developed for the Mexicans, nor did he ever question if Mexico wanted to be Europeanized in the first place. In 1911 he left a country in revolt, a country which for years after his death abroad continued in revolt against the grip of foreign imperialism which he had fastened upon its veins. But the bandstand remains the earmark of his era, like the emblem of the Spanish domination, the church with which Cortez replaced the pagan temple, a pathetic reminder of his frustrated efforts to leave more than a superficial imprint upon the soil of Mexico.

"Have you been to see the monument to Zapata?"

I am startled from my contemplation of the bandstand by the others' return. We rouse a fellow bench sitter from his reveries long enough for him to direct us to the other *zocalo* several blocks away.

A treeless acre of baked ground flanked by plain adobe house walls, and in the center the monument to Zapata—this is the other plaza. Three buzzards, sentinels of the siesta hour, perch hump-shouldered on the rim of a flat housetop. In three blocks we have come from town to village, from the symbol of a dictator to a monument to the peon who helped overthrow him.

He wears a wide sombrero and around his pajama waist a cartridge belt. He is bending down from his white horse, his hand placed on the shoulder of a hatless peon who looks up into his face. Where have I seen him before? In Linares, in Villagran, Hidalgo, El Mante, in Morelia, Tlaxcala, or Taxco? Yes, I have seen Emiliano Zapata, or many of his kind, in all these places. Men wearing broad hats and cartridge belts, riding sturdy, stunted horses. Men with dark, sad eyes set in expressionless brown faces.

The figures rest on a rectangle of stone some five feet high. On one side of this a red sun in *bas* relief is rising beyond green folds of culti-

vated land. Land lighted by the fiery rays of the sun of new culture. The rectangle is supported by a low base of steps representing an Aztec or Toltec pyramid. At its corners squat four lions, in their crudity illustrative of ancient Mexican art. The monument in both setting and symbolism seems to us eloquently appropriate.

Time for tourists, even in Mexico, marches on, and so we were off to Cuernavaca thirty miles west. As we sped over the dusty road I remembered the sad eyes in Zapata's face as I had seen it in Diego Rivera's fresco. Could that man have been the terror of the *hacendados*, a thorn in the flesh of the National Government which countless generals with trained soldiers for years could not dislodge? His was almost a gentle face. It did not belong to a man of blood and terror. Then I recalled the cause for which he fought, "Land and Liberty," the thrilling story of his resistance, and finally his death treacherously accomplished.

The road suddenly sliced through a high wall. We were in a village. The lonely smoke stack rising over the roofless walls to our left identified an abandoned sugar central, and this was connected by arches of heavy masonry to the buildings on the right of the great courtyard. Apparently all belonged to one large establishment—a ruined hacienda!

Our appearance at the threshold of the main residence was challenged by four mongrel dogs, more vociferous than vicious. Their alarm set off a bedlam of noises from the turkeys, chickens, and geese which seemed to have the run of the house. Had not the beauty of the long cloister, or veranda, in which we found ourselves, and the glimpse of the ruined garden through the arches supporting the cloister's beamed ceiling so sharpened our curiosity and interest, we might have cautiously retreated without ever learning of the magnificent plight of the Hacienda of Los Arcos.

Curiosity having overcome timidity, we proceeded farther along the cloister to gain a fuller view of the ruined garden; its silent fountain half covered by the decaying limbs of a fallen tree, its tall austere palms, and its voluptuous banana trees. Beyond the fountain the encroaching jungle presented an impenetrable barrier.

Our attention was suddenly diverted by the presence of an old woman. She sat in a pile of rags by a doorway opening on the veranda, stroking in deep concentration a parrot almost as wasted as the finger on which it was perched.

"*Con permiso?*" we inquired politely. The old

hag went on stroking her pet, apparently unaware of our presence. From another door, however, scuttled a dirty little man, unshaven and emaciated. Judging from his beard and the lightness of his skin it was plain he was not a peon. We subsequently learned he was Spanish. "*Buenos tardes, Senor.*"

To our surprise, he responded to our greeting in strained English, and to our delight, he asked if we wished to see the house. "Don't mind the old one," he added. "She is . . ." and he made a motion to his head.

"This room," began our guide in broken English that soon degenerated into Spanish, "was the dining room for the master and his family." We had traversed the long cloister and were standing on the marble floor of a spacious and beautifully shaped room forming the far wing of the house. One looked through an arch on the garden side across a grassy court to the other wing, which had housed the dining and sitting rooms for the clerks, managers, and over-seers. Through an opposite arch pressed the rich greenness of the jungle almost hiding a rushing brook which tunneled its way under tangled leafy boughs.

Seeing me focus my camera our host rushed off to get his own photographs. Some were pictures of the place which visitors had sent him, but of more importance to our host were the photographs of his numerous family. Out of courtesy we professed much interest in his "splendid" son and his "beautiful" daughters, but at the first opportunity switched the conversation back to the hacienda.

"What happened to this place anyway?" we enquired. Our concern over the family photographs had been well-feigned. It had warmed his memory and loosened his tongue. From Senor Gonzales (we shall call him that) we learned something of the fateful history of the Hacienda of Los Arcos.

The hacienda, once the largest and richest in the state of Morelos, had belonged to the Della Torres, an aristocratic and wealthy Spanish family. Once a year the master returning from Madrid or the Riviera, of the capitol, paid a short visit to his country place. In his absence the hacienda functioned under the management of numerous overseers who worked salaried peons in the sugar fields and in the sugar mill. Like a medieval feudal manor, the hacienda with its flour mill, its smithy and carpenter shops, its orchards and gardens, had been largely self-sufficient—a little kingdom under the absolute rule of one man. Senor Gonzales

had been the station master before the revolution.

"Many a time I have dined like royalty here with the clerks and managers. But that was before Zapata and his bandits came," concluded our informer with more resignation than bitterness.

"Why hasn't this place been re-built? Why is there such poverty and desolation here now? Doesn't the government help you?" We flooded him with questions.

"The government?" he echoed as if surprised by the sound of the word. "The government does nothing, but it could not help. You see, it is these worthless peons . . ." and he began his tale of woe.

After the revolution the land had been divided equally between the peons and a company composed of five men. Gonzales was retained by the company to look after their property. Nine months ago the company turned over all its land to the peons—all except thirty acres. They could get no one to work it. The Indians cultivate only a small portion of their own fields, raising just enough corn to feed themselves. No sugar has been grown in years. The peons on this place have no love for the land for they were not born here. During the revolution the rebellious inhabitants of Morelos had been exported in wholesale numbers to a distant state, and people from the north brought in to take their place. This had been the government's method of quelling the Zapatistas.

"Any money they get they spend on *pulque* and other drink. They live in filth and squalor. It is *muy triste*," concluded Gonzales.

Comment on the living conditions of the peons was hardly necessary. The dirt and decay of their quarters was more offensive than in most of the backward villages. I thought of Zapata's slogan "*Tierra Y Libertad*." They had the land. I wondered if they had liberty. I wondered if the fields in the bas relief were planted in corn or sugar cane.

We asked Gonzales for his solution. From the reminiscent vein he had pursued we might have guessed his reply. "The Spaniards must return," he said. "Under them the peons were much better off."

Even as we bade our host and his ragged family goodbye I shaped my own solution to the problem: a co-operative farm under government leadership. The land should be returned to the Morelenese who love it. The government must supply the capital, the machinery, the scientific agricultural knowledge, the leadership and the incentive. Then it must market the crops.

As we twisted through a range of mountains I expounded my plan, launching into an attack on the government for refusing to accept the responsibility of operating agricultural and industrial enterprises.

"My God, they've taken the land away from those who knew how to farm it profitably, and given it to a bunch of ignorant, irresponsible, and ambitionless peons. For nearly four hundred years the Indians were used to being told what to do. Now there's no one to direct them."

To illustrate my point I repeated a story I had heard in the city about a mine owner. When the mine owners objected to the government's demands for shorter hours, higher wages, and better working conditions President Cardenas informed the operators that if they could not meet the demands they could always give their mines to the workers. One canny Scotchman, who had been losing money on his mine for several years, took the president up on this proposition. When the workers found themselves with a mine and without capital and knowledge to operate it, they marched in protest on Mexico City. The government tried to attach the Scotchman's bank account for the mine. When they discovered he had left only twenty pesos in the bank, they put the man in jail. They did everything but take over operation of the mine themselves.

"They say they haven't got the money," I scathed. "Of course they haven't got it for that sort of thing. Look at the hundreds of soldiers we see everywhere! Look at the graft!" I sighted the case of the ex-minister of foreign affairs who went into office with not more than a handful of pesos and when he came out proceeded to build a couple of theatres and apartment houses.

"The only reason work is stopped on the new two million dollar hotel he's building now is because he thought he could get by without paying hush money," I expounded scornfully.

Without graft, without vast military expenditures, I was confident my program of government operation and ownership could be realized. I should have added "without the Mexicans."

Several of the others voiced their agreement with Gonzales and argued for the return of imperialism. No one argued for things as they were.

The road wound down from the mountain barrier to another rolling plain.

One . . . two . . . three white puffs of smoke above the trees a mile or so ahead. Fireworks. "A fiesta!" we cried.

And so it was. In a tiny village the Eve of The Assumption of the Virgin was being celebrated in a delightfully deliberate and unruffled Mexican manner. In front of a small and ancient church a corral of poles, tied together with thongs, had been constructed. We climbed to the top rail and saw our first Mexican cow fight.

Actually a cow fight amounts to our western rodeo steer riding with the added excitement of a torreador. A steer is let into the corral. Twenty sombreroed horsemen ride in hot pursuit of the animal attempting to lasso his horns and hind legs. When the whirling loops find their marks the two horsemen holding the lariats spur off in opposite directions. The ropes tighten with a crackling sound around the smoking saddle horn and the steer is stretched stiff on the turf. A rope is fastened around his belly, an Indian lad, spurred over his *huarraches*, straddles the beast, restraining ropes are removed, the animal bounds up like a released spring, the band strikes up a lively march, and steer and rider go careening across the corral. Usually much rib-prodding is necessary to persuade the steer to charge the cloak holder. Yet if its courage can be prodded to the sticking point the danger for the cloak holder is much greater than for the trained torreador of the bull ring. A steer charges head up, can swerve from right to left; a bull's head-down charge is predictable.

Only one animal, a great grey steer with spreading horns, was induced to show some fight while we were watching. He bucked round and round the ring, his wide horns grazing the sides of the corral as he attempted to scrape off his rider. Just as he approached our perch the second time the corral began to collapse under the weight of the spectators. Only the combined efforts of the sturdy Mexicans saved us from landing on a pair of sharp points.

Rhythmical music called us into the church. To the strains of a fiddle, punctuated by the beat of a bass drum, twenty or thirty little figures in white were going through the movements of a dance before a candle-lit altar.

The air is misty and heavy with a strange incense—perhaps the same perfume with which Montezuma's representatives fumigated the invading Cortez. The fiddler saws out his tune over and over again. Not a Mexican tune, no it is more familiar. Where have we heard it, not the exact tune, but that same music? In grammar school days, of course, for it is an old English Morris

dance tune. The dancers, each holding a crescent hoop of white twined with daisies and four o'clocks, perform without direction the simple figures—turning in circles of four, then dividing into twos, meeting and parting, all the while keeping time with little sliding steps.

The music stops. A tiny girl goes over to her mother sitting nearby on the stone floor with her head wrapped in a dark blue *robosa*. The mother adjusts the child's white veil and flower wreath.

In one transept Indians are decorating the litter in which the image of the Virgin is to be carried in procession on the morrow. Tomorrow the priest will come. He does not get to this small parish often.

A maypole is placed in front of the altar. The fiddler begins a new tune and the little girls commence a May dance in honor of the Virgin.

A barefoot Indian enters the shadowy nave, drops on his knees, crosses himself, and raises his face to the candle light.

Our presence in the church is hardly noticed. Their dancing and adoration is free from all self-consciousness. This is *their* fiesta and we are not come as masters to watch the amusing display of their servants. For no longer are these people servants to a master. Poor, yes, but not enslaved to poverty. They have horses to ride, steers to lasso, and they have enough to eat. *Tortillas*, made from the corn, poultry, beef—theirs is the land that produces these. *Pulque* they have to drink, a far sweeter drink than rum squeezed with sweat from foreigners' sugar cane.

Superstitious? Yes, but superstition unexploited brings them happiness, the comfort of a sweet faith. Theirs too is the church, which once like the land, belonged to oppressors.

Do these people want to be regimented, Europeanized? Do they want the plumbing, the tractors, the radios, the spring beds, the window screening, the "comforts" and the cash my cooperative farm would bring them? Would they be any happier working for the government than they were toiling for the Spaniards? Do they not now enjoy that liberty for which Zapata died?

So long as their simple wants and standards are not displaced by more complex imported wants and standards, so long as they have the land they can retain this liberty.

It must have been fields of corn, not sugar cane or cotton, growing in the *bas* relief on the monument to Zapata.

The Green Masters

"And the time will come when the consolidation of the Greater University will be the brightest gem in the crown which the people of North Carolina will place upon the brow of O. Max Gardner." The Hon. Cam Morrison addressing the last meeting of the trustees. Fearful that North Carolina will never have reason to elevate her ex-governor to the ranking of royalty, the CAROLINA MAGAZINE is nevertheless interested in Mr. Morrison's implication that there will be further results of consolidation. For this reason, we present Mr. Rabb's parody.—EDITOR'S NOTE.

CHARACTERS: The Lawd Gahdnah Almighty, Josy, Grabraham, Old Teacher (Mr. Risay), boys, girls, company of lawmakers.

SCENE I

(In the crumbling, ivy grown ruins of an old college building is seated a class of children. The roof of the structure and most of the walls are gone. About the landscape are other ruins, including the cracked dome of a library just in front of a partly demolished bell-tower.)

The teacher is a bearded, tolerant-voiced old man who speaks gently to the class.)

Old Teacher. . . . And there were hundreds of teachers and more than three thousand pupils here. They came from many states to study. Great men sat in classrooms here once, where now stand these ruins. The big tower over there had bells in it that rang tunes in the afternoons. The students played a game called football and people came by the tens of thousands to watch and cheer. Many of your ancestors thought that it was the greatest University in the South. It was a place of freedom and tolerance.

Boy. Were there pretty girls here then, Mr. Risay?

Old Teacher. Yes, son. There were hundreds of girls. They were called "co-eds" (writes word on board). And some were very beautiful.

Girl. And did good men run the school, Mr. Risay?

O.T. Yes, at least everyone seemed to think so. They were going to make this the greatest American university.

Boy. Well, Mr. Risay, why didn't the school stay big like it was? Why don't people come here any more?

O.T. You see, son, there were many reasons. I'll tell you the story as I have read it:

Back in the year 1930 and thereabouts, there were three colleges that North Carolina people paid to have run. All of them were jealous of each other and all of them were growing. One day the powers that be were seized with a new idea . . . (Slow curtain.)

SCENE II

THE HALLS OF DESTINY

(Several score lawmakers are busy having a good time. They are talking among themselves. Much laughter rings out and all kinds of good cheer flows freely.

A tax-fry is in progress.)

1st Lawmaker. Here, Brother Forsythe, let me put some more of this tax-sauce on your salary-bread.

2nd Lawmaker. Thank You, Brother Davie, thank you. I believe this here salary-bread could stand a little more.

1st L.M. You know, we sho' had terrible poor luck this year catching taxes. First thing you know we going to have a hard time catching enough to eat.

2nd L.M. Ain't it the truth. Some one of the brothers was saying Saddy that first thing we knowed, we going to have to use a sales net to catch them taxes a-tall. This property-bait ain't doing no good.

1st L.M. Why you know that sales net ain't gonna work, Why my constituents . . .

(Interrupted by entrance of Josy, carrying the



trumpet of doom. He is dressed in frock coat, fancy vest, and shoestring tie. His collar is high. He comes in from side. The first part of his body visible is a large paunch.)

Josy. Gangway! Gangway fo' de Lawd Gahd-nah Almighty.

(Enter the Lawd—Lawmakers stand in awe.)

Lawd. Let the tax-fry proceed.

Cries. "Praise the Lawd," "Jine in Lawd," etc.

Josy. It's some tax-fry, ain't it, Lawd?

Lawd. Sho' is, Josy, sho' is.

Josy. Try some of this tax-sauce, Lawd.

Lawd. Thank you, Josy, don't care if I do.

(Tastes sauce, smacks lips, and looks pensively at cup.)

Josy. What's matter, Lawd? Ain't it good?

Lawd. I don' know, Josy. It jist seems like something is liking. Is this the way you always been makin' it?

Josy. Yes, Lawd.

Lawd. I know what it is—it needs some more consolidation. I'll jist r'ar back and pass a miracle.

(Raises hands high.)

Lawd. Let there be *Consolidation*. And when I say consolidation, I don't mean jist a little consolidation, I mean a whole mess of consolidation.

(Lightning and deep roll of thunder.)

(Curtain)

SCENE III

THE LAWD'S OFFICE

(An impressively appointed room with big desk, several telephones, etc. Josy is standing idly over by a set of law books. The Lawd is looking out of the window with a grim intentness.)

Josy. What's worrying you, Lawd?

(No answer.)

I said, what's eating you Lawd—that consolidation bothering you agin?

Lawd. Yeah, Josy, it sho' is. Them lawmakers sho didn't do much with it. Bad. Mighty bad. There's those three colleges out there. And all of 'em are getting on jist fine. Might as well not passed a consolidation miracle. All that r'arin' back for nothin'.

Josy. That's awright Lawd. I been looking at that college they call State a lot here lately. I'd kinda like to run that place myself.

Lawd. Would you? You never tole me, Josy.

Josy. Didn't think I'd have to tell *you*, Lawd.

Lawd. Tha's right. You ain't supposed to have to. (Pauses.) You know what I'm gonna do, Josy? I'm gonna give you that school you was talking about and let you sort of run it.

Josy. Thank you, Lawd!

Lawd. Josy, put in a call for my faithful servant, Grabraham. I'm gonna put him in charge of the whole shebang and then I'll bet we'll get some results.

Josy. Yes, Lawd.

(Music: "Steal away, steal away," etc.)

(Curtain)

SCENE IV

THE LAWD'S OFFICE

(Josy, Grabraham, and the Lawd are in conference.)

Lawd (Looking up from a sheaf of papers). . . . Now that's how I want it done, boys. Remember, we got to have consolidation because I done passed the miracle.

Josy. You wants me to see about gittin' the engineering branch across, don't you Lawd?

Lawd. Sho' Josy, Sho'.

Grabraham. We can work it awright, Josy. What we got to have is *Allocation of Functions*. (To Josy.) Have a ten-cent engineering school,

Josy.

Josy. Thank you, brother.

Lawd. All right, boys, now you all git to work. I got to go out and git caught up on some lobbying.

(Curtain)

SCENE V

(Ten years later)

(Grabraham is alone by an old well. He talks to himself in a low voice.)

Grabraham. Sho' is bad not having any girls in the school. Professors leaving. (Voice sinks very low.) Guess I ought not ask the lawmakers to give us more money. Got to do the best we can with the Lawd's consolidation. (Raises hand to head.) Everybody going . . . going . . .

(Curtain)

SCENE VI

OFFICE OF THE LAWD

(Josy is in high spirits.)

Josy. Sho' have got a fine school out there, Lawd. You ought to come see it.



Lawd. Don't have to—you know I kin see everything.

Josy. Sorry, Lawd.

Lawd. A fellow in the North said the other day that we didn't have a real University in this state any more.

Josy. That's all right Lawd. We'll have one soon.

Lawd. You gonna try to make your school a university too, ain't you.

Josy. Sho' am Lawd.

Lawd. Guess we won't be needin' that school over where Gabraham is staying.

Josy. No, guess not, Lawd.

Lawd. All right, Josy. I never did like that school. Too much radicalism. Josy, tell you what I'm gonna do. You forgot how to blow your horn of doom?

Josy. No Lawd. No *indeed* Lawd.

Lawd. Then sound it Josy, sound the horn of doom for the school we don't need any more. Sound!

Josy. Yes Lawd. (Blows mighty blast—thunder rolls, choir sings "Jericho—the walls came tumbling down.")

(*Fade to first scene*)

SCENE VII

(Same as Scene I)

Old Teacher. . . and that's the way it happened. Where once lived and studied three thousand students, there are but us.

Boy. Gee, Mr. Risay, how did the horn of doom sound?

O.T. I'm not sure—but they say that the main quality of its noise was something called propaganda.

And now that will be all for today. Be careful as you go out the door not to step on the rotten planking over there. (Points.)

(Mr. Risay closes the book in front of him and sinks into reverie. A squirrel chatters on the wall behind him. Mr. Risay closes his eyes.)

(*Curtain*)

Beantown Symphony

*Leaden skies over gloomy streets—
The air dead still, no breath, no stir
And silence broken now and then
Only by some clang or whirr.
Then as the day creeps slowly on
More noises vaguely blend
Into a jangled hymn of sound
Without reason and without end.
The radio's disturbing blare,
The playing youngster's shouted song
The airplane droning overhead
Seem out of place, entirely wrong.
The sticky stillness seems to clutch
At each sweltering human fly.
This unholy sweaty day is
A Boston sabbath in July.*

—RALPH MILLER.

Small Tragedy

PINKY WAS very fond of his mother. He told himself so as she tied the big napkin around his neck.

"Now there, Sir," she told him, "you're all ready to eat. You're going to eat ever so much this morning, aren't you? Which will you have—oatmeal or cornflakes?"

"Which will make me grow most, Mums?"

"Why, I suppose they'll both make you grow."

"Then can I have them both? A whole big lot of both, Mums, so I'll hurry up and be a man?"

She laughed and hugged him to her. How nice she smells, he thought. I'm glad she's my mother. She's a lot better than Jimmy's mother.

"Why do you want to grow up so soon? Don't you like to be mother's little man, and play with Rover and Tabs and your toys? Here your poor mother wants to be very young, and you want to be an old man with a great long beard!"

"Why, so I can get you that animal-coat! Policemen make a lot of money, don't they Mums? I bet if I took my policeman's pay and my bank-money I could buy you a coat, couldn't I Mums?" She laughed. "Why of course you could! Would you spend all your money to buy me a coat?"

"Sure I would," he said, puffing out his chest. "I'd buy you two coats! I'd buy a hunderd trillyun coats! And I'd give 'em all to you, too! Then I guess you'd have enough coats, all right!"

She hugged him again. He giggled. "Ow! You tickle!"

"Here—here's your sweater. You can go out and play now. But don't go in the street." She kissed him. "Love Mums?"

"Um-hummmmm!"

"How much?"

"This much!" He spread out his small arms in a great circle. "A whole world-full!"

* * *

Outside he wandered aimlessly along the curbing, kicking at stones, and now and then stooping

to add to a bunch of dandelions he would take to his mother.

At the corner some older boys were playing marbles. He wandered toward them. He wondered if they'd tease him. They always did.

He stumbled and the dandelions flew out of his hands. The wind blew them into the ring, where they fell on the dabs and taws.

One of the older boys shoved him. "Gee whiz!" he screamed, "gee whiz! Whaddya come round here for, ya little son of a bitch!"

He wandered on, pensively. The wind blew harder, and he buttoned the frayed red sweater closer around him. Soon he had more dandelions, and he sat down to count them.

Another boy, older like the others, came rolling a hoop, his lips vibrating as he imitated a high-powered motor.

"What ya doin', Sis—pickin' posies?"

"Yes. They're for my mother. My mother likes flowers. Do you know what a son of a bitch is?"

"Sure! Don't you?" He laughed, slapped his trousers leg. "Say, you're dumb! Don't know what a son of a bitch is! Why, it means your old lady's a dog! Why? Who told you?"

"Johnny Jacobs said I am one."

"Yeah? Well, that means yer mom's a dog. Hah-hah-hah-hah-hah! Pink's old lady's a dog! Pink's old lady's a dog! Yah-yah-yah! Pink's old lady—"

Pinky jumped to his feet, the tears hot in his eyes. "She is not! She is not! Don't you say that! Don't you—I'll kick you, kick, kick you!" He kicked his small foot twice, three times, hard against the other's shin.

"Ow! Watch out, you crazy fool! I'll bat yer brains out!"

He swung into Pinky's wet face. Then he ran.

Beside the curb Pinky lay, his face pushed into the batch of trampled dandelions, and his feet beating the ground. "She is not! I know she isn't!"

This Time and Place

Sermon a la Brisbane

Before the twenties, the era of expansion, Chapel Hill fraternities lived quite simply in their shabby little cottages in Old Frat Row. Now they dwell in many mansions, each of which looks grand enough to have been the home of a Washington, a Lee or at least a Confederate general.

Before the twenties, getting into a fraternity was the freshman's look-out. He selected a brotherhood and then made the advances. He was called a "booter" and he was despised for his lack of self-respect. But the hope of receiving an invitation to membership was reason enough for any amount of humiliation. Bids came only after the fraternities had spent months considering him.

Now Chapel Hill fraternities with scant success spend the summers fishing for bass, or perch, or pike, or trout. But in the fall they cast an indiscriminating dragnet: Jefferson Standard must be paid.

To owe money is to give up freedom, for debt is but a form of servitude.

Boycott?

This fall three Chapel Hill merchants (their names will be found in the court records although they will probably be absent from any roll of the Village's better business men) were brought before the local court charged with violating the state labor laws. One had worked his female labor overtime; but another had worked the women in his employ for more hours and less pay than is permitted by the low standards of the labor department. The three were convicted and sentenced to court costs (about ten dollars each). They are now operating "as usual," except that they are appealing to a higher court—for justice, they would add.

The entire truth did not come out in the testimony. The goddess herself, having already suffered too many indignities among legal gentlemen, exhibited a justifiable shyness about exposing herself. But an industrious investigator can discover the facts about the worst of the defendants. He was working young women twelve hours a day, seven days a week, for meals (costing the *cash* customer around five dollars) plus five dollars in actual money. We were not surprised to hear this.

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Two years ago we knew of one of his employees who was said to be supporting herself and a small child on less than these wages, for she was getting only two meals daily.

Our hometown lies in the heart of Dixie where wages are always on the subsistence level. But even there a competent Negro housemaid gets her meals and five dollars a week. Furthermore, she has her afternoons off.

For employers with the squeezing tendencies conscience pangs are about as troublesome as mild twitchings of heartburn. Labor statutes are likewise inadequate stimulation to fair dealing with hired help. But pressure from the purchasing public—ah, there is the eloquent persuasion.

If any organization of the campus is looking for a worthy program, we suggest an investigation of wages and labor conditions on Franklin Street. Inquiry might reveal justification for measures so strong as the boycott and picket line.

Renascence in Politics

In three years the University party has lost three offices. For one hundred victories that is pretty good. But there is a significant fact that these statistics as stated do not reveal. All three were lost last spring to members of the then freshman and sophomore classes. This indicates that an increase in political activity is occurring among the younger citizens of the campus.

The indication is now growing clearer. The same small group that was responsible for the election of the president and treasurer of this year's sophomore class has offered its assistance to the five hundred freshmen who will not be members of the fraternity parties in the imminent freshman election. For political bosses, they are behaving queerly. They have assumed no prerogative to select and direct the candidates. Modestly and wisely, they have invited the freshmen to name their own ticket. To whoever is chosen they have promised their aid and advice for the campaigning. This is something new in campus politics.

An increase in the political influence of the dormitories is the necessary corollary to their physical and organizational improvement. The business office and departments of student welfare are accomplishing the latter changes. The assumption of their rightful political power is the task of the dormitory residents.

Apparently, they are going to do their job.

About "Village Chronicle" *

JAMES McCONNAUGHEY doesn't have to write for a living; he married wealth, and can afford to scribble as much and as unpopularly as he wants to, without publishing anything. But unlike some wealthy writers he isn't a dilettante. However incongruous the fact may seem with the popularistic tinge of *Village Chronicle* and with the few genus pot-boiler characteristics of the book, the author is nevertheless a serious artist.

When, about two years ago, Mr. McConnaughey decided to write a novel about life in a university village, and to use Chapel Hill as the physical setting for that novel, he and his wife moved into the Bynum house, out in Westwood. They made friends with their neighbors, with the Phillips Russells, with Mr. and Mrs. Louis Graves, with the Ashby Penns, and with students. Before long they were so much at home that they began to hail their new acquaintances by first names. They became thoroughgoing Chapel Hillians, set their watches by the bell tower quarters, stopped their car in the No-Parking space before the post office, chatted at Eubanks', subscribed to the *Weekly*, got gravel in their shoes without cussing about it.

Most of *Village Chronicle* was written during this year that the author spent in Chapel Hill, when he conferred often with Phillips Russell about material and technique in the first part of the book. The denouement, however, which is its most stereotyped and unconvincing feature, is a product of his own unaided invention and exposition. From English Bagby, the psychology department's specialist on personality, he sought (and followed) advice about an important point in his chief character's psychological make-up. He was quite serious about the whole thing.

What he finally achieved is an entertaining little story of the summer fiction type, the kind of book which the ordinary intelligent reader picks up some empty evening, reads through in one or two sittings without ever being bored, and retains hazily in a section of his memory crowded with recollections of interesting second-rate novels.

The hero, Joel Adams, a young English instructor and graduate student in the University, is

the high-strung, sensitive son of George Adams, who edits the village newspaper. Joel, partly because of an unhappy experience during his undergraduate days, has a tender heart that can't resist stray dogs and stray people. He provides sumptuous banquets for the dogs and fights the powers that be for the people. So, when one of his freshmen is precipitated into trouble with the administration by publishing in the college magazine a story about a white girl who gave herself to a Negro man, then is discovered to be himself an octo-noon, is shipped, and commits suicide, Joel, already a little deranged by grief over his father's death in a recent automobile accident, begins in the *Weekly*, which he has inherited, a crazy one-man campaign against the whole college personnel, later including in his satirical attacks, faculty wives, who, after the first editorial of the campaign, have almost unanimously refused to have anything to do with Eleanor Adams, his wife. Eleanor herself, although loyal to him, cannot give him the sympathy he demands, agreement with his beliefs and policies. Consequently he dabbles at infidelity, trying to find comfort in the physical charms of Lila Brenner, the sirenish secretary of the English department. The breach between himself and Eleanor begins to appear irreparable. The newspaper campaign produces nothing but wholesale subscription cancellations. He is at the end of his rope, when Eleanor, herself nervous and in ill health, has a miscarriage of their first child and comes near dying. In the hours of loneliness and despair during her sickness, he comes to his senses, realizes the futility of his ways, and finds that his only interests in living any longer are her recovery and the restoration of their former ideal relationship. The book closes as Eleanor, convalescent, forgives him and talks about a trip to Bermuda, to be followed by a resumption of his teaching and studying at Churchill.

II.

Mr. McConnaughey's insight and proficiency at

*VILLAGE CHRONICLE. By James McConnaughey. New York: Farrar & Rinehart. 357 pp. \$2.50.

dialogue and description make his superficial treatment of characters very skillful; the greatest charm of *Village Chronicle* is in the fascinating host of minor figures who form a background of personalities for the actions and thoughts of Joel and Eleanor. Many interesting little sub-plots definitely niched into the central story introduce these figures: Guy Wheeler, the shrewd, lovable pulp writer, philosopher, and woods-tramper; Dr. Stevens, a linking character who affords the author several opportunities for digressions about human nature and physicians' social problems; Harvey Dunn, the brilliant young Presbyterian minister who can't with honesty force himself to be orthodox enough to suit the ruling elders; Herman and Sophie DuBois and Alec Prentiss, who flaunt a scandalous triangle on odd pages in the book; a faculty family, Dean and Mrs. Burton, Priscilla, and Billy; Jean Erdman, a pathetic beauty shop attendant; Caine, the octoroon; and enough other sharply-sketched and properly subordinated characters to make the background very much alive.

The inseparable combination of fairly effective characters and fairly effective plot and sub-plots makes a fairly effective novel. Once he has made his choice of subject matter, the author fails, in his attempt to do a really significant piece of work, through his treatment of Joel and Eleanor Adams. Successful in creating sufficient minor characters and plot outlines to support a strong treatment of central figures, he handles Joel and particularly Eleanor too superficially, too much as he does their less important companions, and solves their problems with a denouement about as widely circulated and about as significant as a 1925 Lincoln penny. So, albeit the book affords excellent entertainment, it doesn't give the reader much to smoke in his mental pipe.

III.

Now, about this business of Mr. McConnaughey's "entirely erroneous conception of Chapel Hill," which has caused so much indignation and scorn among natives of the village that, with a few exceptions, they have overlooked the numerous good points of the novel: The author states in a brief foreword that

A little thought will convince most "Churchillians" that no character in this book is supposed to represent a living person. If certain types are easily recognized, I can only plead that those some types might exist, and probably do, in almost any town or city in the country. But several factors have worked effectively in

preventing a general acceptance of the sincerity and truth of that foreword. First, of course, there is the popular knowledge of the author's residence here and of his writing the book here. Then the physical setting is located definitely in the south-east corner of Orange County, North Carolina, eleven miles from Durham, and twenty-eight miles from Raleigh. The streets, the campus, the buildings, the landmarks (*Weekly*, bell tower, Confederate statue, stadium, arboretum, etc.), and many *mores* of Churchill are unmistakable. People have argued, "Chapel Hill, therefore of Chapel Hill."

Third, Mr. McConnaughey, a true novelist in his ability to capitalize upon the fiction-values of unusual or illustrative facts, has incorporated in his story, in some cases essentially, several incidents in village and University history. The Robbins Fowler-Julian Starr-*Carolina Magazine* episode of 1927 was adapted to furnish the most important early climactic event. Village folk of several years' residence recognize a basis of fact in Harvey Dunn's adventures with his congregation. And so on.

Fourth, there are numerous characters whom Chapel Hillians (possibly with justice in one or two cases) like to think of as peculiar to the village and not as "types" who "might exist, and probably do, in almost any town or city in the country." Harvey Dunn is a composite of two supposedly unique, or at least very rare, Chapel Hillians, The *Weekly* and, to a considerably lesser extent, George Adams are expressions of one of the town's most unusual and attractive personalities. Guy Wheeler is a composite, perhaps; and Joel and Eleanor Adams definitely are, although their types are not uncommon among the younger faculty generation in college communities. It might be said that Dr. Stevens, Stella McCallum, and a few others act as people like them would act nowhere else than in Chapel Hill. But on the whole there isn't a great deal of meat here, except for a very hungry imagination.

Finally, *Village Chronicle* has been advertised, both vocally by most of its readers and in a few instances publicly in print, as "a novel about Chapel Hill," without the qualification that its characters and plots are not peculiarly local. The book has been much advertised and even more misunderstood.

IV.

The majority of town and faculty people (particularly the ladies, who, although they are never

so cruel as the faculty wives of the story, still have very definite and often not very gentle opinions about things they don't like) have condemned *Village Chronicle* as trash. Once you understand the prevalence of the idea that the book is specifically a description of life in Chapel Hill, it isn't hard to see why they condemn it. This is no condemnation based on a dislike for unpleasant hints at the truth, because people familiar with the village know, for instance, that matrimonial infidelity isn't a vice frequently indulged in by faculty folks here, that the persecution of Eleanor Adams has few or no precedents in recent University history, that, though faculty meetings may form the basis for a lot of current joking, they aren't circuses for the display of narrowness and pettiness.

What local people object to is the unfavorable impression of Chapel Hill which the book is likely to have made in the minds of its readers among week-end visitors, summer session attendants, mothers and fathers of University students, alumni who have lost first-hand connection with Chapel Hill, and, primarily important eternally, voters and legislators and Davy Clark. Less logical misunderstandings than this one have been reflected in University salary checks.

V.

But it seems to me that Mr. McConnaughey, the serious artist, made his greatest mistake in passing up (for the time, at least) an opportunity to write a really constructive and significant novel or book of non-fiction.

Chapel Hill, this little oasis, has more literary wells trickling conspicuously but vainly away into the desert than it would take to supply inspiration for a score of books like *Village Chronicle*. Yet the author tapped only two of these wells, getting muddy water in one case and a scant sip in the other.

For a powerful novel of personality conflict, he could have chosen a mightier and more dramatic figure than Joel Adams. He doesn't mind indulging in personalities, remember; so there should have been considerable inspiration for him in the

tragic case of a high-ranking administrative official here who, endowed at the same time both with an unshakable intellectual integrity and idealism (which lead his critics to call him quixotic) and with a generous, sensitive, tender-hearted emotional make-up, finds his life often made hellish by the conflict between these two personality forces.

That the author recognized another important subject is best indicated by the following quotation from page 172 (Guy Wheeler is speaking, about some clippings he has saved):

"Editorials about a story a boy wrote. Doesn't make much difference what they're about; it's the genre that I'm interested in. This is a great state, Mom. There are no large cities, not even much of the Old South to cling to, so the University has been elected the state's cultural sun. And that's a tough job to fill, because an awful lot of people who can run typewriters like to feel that they are the guardians of the state's morals, ethics, future, and everything else. A lot more of them are as narrow-minded as backwoods evangelists and just as suspicious of new ideas. So when the university tries to make a little progress in one direction or another, they've got to fight forty different elements in the state, all of whom would be better off if they minded their own business."

Yes, Mr. McConnaughey saw a dramatic situation and expressed it as well as it could be expressed in 132 words, but he didn't do anything else about it.

For the trained artist, creative opportunities in Chapel Hill are probably as numerous as could be found in any other village in the country. Yet Mr. McConnaughey wrote about that oft-treated subject, small town life in general. Possibly he didn't feel competent to attempt anything more ambitious. But other authors live here, or come here, and, with their elbows rubbing against topics that ought to delight an artist's heart, write about places or times not here or now, sharecroppers, mill people, the Southern Negro, the 18th century, a willful Norman duke, relativity, Shaw, introspective geniuses from the mountains, and practically every other subject of sufficient importance except a nationally significant local Cicero or how college professors manage to butter their bread and salve their intellectual consciences at the same time.



C. C. C. Agglomerata

Four falls ago the United States was alive with a "wandering youth," jobless fellows who were hitch-hiking about the country looking for jobs in nonexistent "areas of plenty." The newspapers raved about this milling youth; pictures of it were flashed across the screen in various newsreels. They, the wandering jobless, were discussed over coffee; cursed by the already jobless into whose territory they penetrated; and were worried about by lean families from which they were estranged in their search for the glorious corner around which something was just.

Those were the days that necessitated the postponement of college entrance dates for many high school graduates. Food prices were down; and money was out. A constantly made remark was: "I wonder where all

the money went." It became the vogue to boast of wearing last year's clothes — if you were amongst those who wore clothes. In Washington, improverbial as it seemed, the horse had been changed in the middle of the stream. Banks became as so many snail shells scattered about grey and hopeless corners. Printer's ink seemed almost automatically to take the form of the word *suicide* when it lapped at the paper the pressmen fed. *Harpers* and other magazines of its class began running human interest stories of the true confession type but with a content of nationwide importance: "Why can't we of these lean years marry? We love! Our feelings are still human. Times haven't changed them." Christmas was looked forward to with dread. Stores were afraid to stock anything extra; refused to hire any noticeable extra help. The middle class along with the deflated wealth put up cheap, tinsel-thick fronts and shopped for their children's Santa Claus while the army of salvation attempted to keep its pots boiling and workers, living in mill villages where manufacture was a dangerous venture, were clinging to their rented hovels in the midst of a carol for peace on earth and good will toward men.

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EDITOR'S NOTE: *Gordon Mull, now a student at the University, has for some time been working in the Civilian Conservation Corps. He here attempts to give short bits of C.C.C.-life as he knew it and to show its importance as he felt it.*

In March of the New Year by Executive Order No. 6101 under the authority of Public Act No. 5, Seventy-third Congress, was approved and ordered the Emergency Conservation Work, commonly known as the Civilian Conservation Corps, the purpose of which was "to relieve acute conditions of distress and unemployment in the United States and to provide for the restoration of the country's natural resources and the advancement of an orderly program of extensive public works."

The "wandering youth" had a place to stop. Camps began to appear here and there over the country under the combined direction of the

departments of War, Labor, and the Interior. The Army was authorized to handle all funds. The selection of the men was to be the responsibility of the Department

of Labor; they, the men, were then to be turned over to the Army for enrollment and mobilization into camps as well as for the administering of physical examinations. Likewise the Army was to command the corps from the time of the acceptance of the men until their final discharge. Such a command was to "embrace all functions of reconditioning, organization, administration, transportation, supply, sanitation, medical care, hospitalization, discipline, welfare, education . . . and demobilization of the Civilian Conservation Corps."

People rejoiced at the great idea. Not only the wandering youth were to benefit by these camps but also the older, experienced men who were without jobs. There flashed across the brain-screens of many pale, underfed individuals a picture of themselves revitalized, suntanned, and muscular. This was a great country: in it they hoped to find a great life. Somewhere there arose a cry that the C.C.C. was a veiled method for militarizing the nation's jobless. From another corner came the statement that thirty dollars a month and "room and board" was not enough pay . . . the jobless were being exploited.

IT IS in the Fall of Nineteen Hundred and Thirty Four; it is early of a Sunday afternoon in the area of Eastern Standard Time and is four weeks after Labor Day. Labor Day was the day of the General Strike that swept over the land and settled down in industrial cities for a period of three weeks and more. In the city of Durham a family of textile workers is sitting on a blue grey porch that chins a dirt street. The man of the family is whittling on a stick which he has angled at the floor; he has a thin face, steel-grey inspecting eyes, and tow hair. A child, skinny, wide-eyed, and milkish is coughing on the steps. The other partner, the wife, is looking down at her baby suckling its fill in dumb satisfaction. The flicker of tenderness in her look to the child is scarcely evident. The something in her face that ordinarily transmits expression seems to have in previous years been placed in a sort alum water of futility leaving only a hardened and furrowed front . . . eyes that accept the good as the bad . . . which to expect they never know. She and her husband, sitting there, are thinking of the same thing. A thing they have never worried over until the new government came. Their son, Earl, has pawned himself for thirty dollars a month . . . to the government in the C.C.C.

Sunday afternoon is an abundant thing: anyone can have all of it he wants without infringing on any one else's portion of it. It can be fished in, slept in, read in, walked in, or even owned. Enrollee Earl Mitchell sits and dangles his feet in it . . . on a wall inside the gate of C.C.C. camp number 4413 . . . in the afterdinner sun.

ENROLLEE EARL MITCHEL

If I'd gone with them other fellows "over the hill" last night it'd all be over with. Why in the hell did I come here in the first place? Why ain't there other jobs? Why don't pap get full time work? They give me money here, why cain't they give it to me at home? This work would be good if I was home. The hours ain't bad, I don't mind anything but this place . . . way off with no downtown to go to. All these green mountains cuttin' off your sight. You cain't see nowhere; you cain't see nobody. If I go in there to that canteen I'll just spend more of these canteen books; seems like this sorta money goes easier than real money. I hope I can get a pair of Sunday shoes. If mama'll just send some of that money the guvment sends home back to me, I could get shoes and maybe a shirt. Maybe I'll be a rated man and draw eleven

dollars a month on top of the twenty-five . . . then I'll be sittin prutty. Naw hell, I cain't never be a rated man. This place is dead, deader'n a door knob. Sunday's are too long and so quiet they make my ears ring. Wonder if Joe and Slim are shootin pool over at Five-Points? Wonder if they went to the game at Duke, Saturday? Those damned fence guards like to beat you with a stick. This place is too far off. This typhoid shot's making me sick.

ENROLLEE JOE COLEMAN

This last batch of "fresh meat's" the worst I've ever seen and I've been in the three C's ever since it was started. I argued with those four that went over the hill last night, but they wouldn't pay no attention to me. They had to get back to the towns, back to their gals. God knows what they expected when they came up here. The three C's ain't no playground; at the same time it lacks a hell of a lot of being a workhouse. A lot of things could be different . . . that's true of anything. Of course I know it's tough on them fellows that don't get their money back from home . . . still they're a lot better off here. Three suits of underwear, two shirts, two pairs of pants, two work outfits, socks and two pairs of shoes . . . that's better'n most of them ever have had. You oughta seen those poor critters when they got off the train . . . filthy as hell and most of them next to naked.

LIEUTENANT WALLACE SNOW

Why that damned little bastard Smith's refusal to let me have that G. I. (government issue) underwear is gonna cost him.

ENROLLEE O. B. SMITH, *Supply Sergeant*

I didn't mean to make Lieutenant Snow sore . . . but orders from the Quartermaster say that no G. I. clothing is to be issued to anyone but enrolled men. He's a fool to expect me to take a chance on him . . . a chow officer. I know he ain't by himself in trying to get something for nothing. Anyway I didn't think he'd play such a dirty little trick on us. We were havin a poker game in the latrine . . . the game was goin good. Us rated men were the only ones that had any money that day. Me an Coleman was winning steady when we saw the Looey. We all said "howdy" and went on bettin. Out of the corner of my eye I could see that he was mad about somethin. All of a sudden he yelled at us and said to come up to the office. He said we had broke a rule. It was a rule he had never enforced before. He fined us two days pay

and put us all on extra duty. I don't draw but 'leven dollars; the low down skunk.

ENROLLEE SAMUEL SKINNER

I had started to the infirmary . . . I couldn't stand the pain any longer. I'd been to the doctor and told him how it hurt and how I'd rather be dead than have all that pain shooting through my head. He said he knew how bad it was and that he'd requisitioned the Fort to see if I could be operated on. I knew he didn't know what it was like to have all that nasty fluid dripping from your nose and your head pounding and stinging and you wide awake with nothing to grab and bite but the pillow and it wet with pus. He gave me something to make me sleep . . . but that didn't do much good. When my eyes were shut I could see the painshots flashing through my head. Every time a new pain started it vibrated like a spring that's been pulled away out and then let go. It was one night after I'd tried so hard to sleep and couldn't . . . I'd bit my lip; stretched out and stiffened my feet against the foot rail of the bed; held the pillow and done about everything else . . . that I got up and started to the infirmary. I was cryin because there wasn't anything else to do. I'm not a baby . . . it is just that when you've got nothin' to turn to for relief, nothing to let loose all the stuff you've held in with gritted teeth and stiffened muscles, you must let go and cry. I could see that the light was on and I tried to walk fast so as to get there before the First Aid went to sleep. It was cold outside the barracks . . . the cold got in me and I felt a hollow hurt in my windpipe . . . a sickness in my stomach. I was so happy when something black covered me all over and hid me from my Sinus. I got relief in the hospital.

ENROLLEE EARL MITCHEL

It come to me all of a sudden . . . kinda like a warm wind. We were workin on the road up Nolan Creek and I was pickin up rocks for the crusher. The sweat was on my forehead sorta like the steam that hangs under a kittle lid: old man Mills, the foreman punched me and said did I want a smoke. I looked up and somehow didn't see nothin but the round yeller tags that were hanging from the mouth of the tobacco bag. They got terribly big . . . and rounder and I began to feel sick. I used to sit with my ma and the others on the porch puttin those things on tobacco bags. I guess that's how come ma's so bent . . . she used to bend over slidin them tags on a string and tyin a knot; reach for another bag an start all over agin. The truck from the Mill came twice a week with bags that had to be tagged . . . they left us thirty thousand to tag. We got paid \$2.85; it was two days work for the whole family. I hated that work. I hated sittin on the porch all day just movin my fingers. All of us just sittin, puttin somethin that wasn't no good on tobacco bags. Nobody talked much; my ma's close mouthed.

All of a sudden I was away from all that. "Well, I don't care for no smoke Mr. Mills."

When quittin time come and we got on the truck everything seemed kinda new. Them green mountains all gettin colored up from the frost . . . that air . . . sunshine . . . no missin supper . . . back to camp where there was plenty of grub. The three C's is ok. Joe Coleman's right about it . . . good clothes . . . real underwear . . . and a bed to myself. "Hey Joe, it's some place up here, ain't it? When Spring comes, maybe we can fish for trout. O. B. says they's a good show on in town Saturday."—*To be continued.*

Perversity

*I am as one who having heard
A sentry's cry at morning
Would do no more than lie and die
Despite his ample warning.*

*I am as one who having seen
A dozen ships go under
Would steer his own into the storm
Despite the crash of thunder.*

*I am that one—let subtlety cease—
Who knowing you before
Swore to forget you, purposely met you
And fell in love once more.*

—WILLIAM WOODSON.

This Thing Called Swing

What is this thing called "Swing?" The air (and not merely radio) is full of "swing, you gate," "jam," "cats," "gutbucket," and such slang-
uage. A new trend in dansapation has caught the public's fancy, and though it has survived its birth pangs, one wonders in these beautiful autumn days "If the winter comes, will swing be far behind?" The public is notoriously fickle and trends vary from one extreme to another, constantly.

Well, what is it?

Why, any swinger knows what swing is. But, just ask any of them to define it. If he is one of the more intrepid souls, he may attempt a definition, and after hemming and hawing around a bit with a many a "Sure, I know what it is. Just a minute until I find the right words, etc.," he may admit honestly that he can not define it, or he may ask for a "few days grace to give you the right words". And then, you'll leave knowing that he is one of the nine out of ten who'll never come through with even an attempted definition.

Various prominent dance music artists have tried to define swing. Here are some attempts.

RAY NOBLE: "Swing music is based on one of the oldest musical forms: that of variation on a theme. As applied to dance music, it consists of mostly improvisational material with rhythm predominating over melody. The nature of the musical phrase used, varies with different districts and also changes from time to time. A 'good swing phrase' is amongst musicians a matter of fashion; a 'bad swing phrase' is equivalent to saying 'last year's hat!'"

BENNY GOODMAN (also concurred in this by two of our greatest swing authorities): "A band swings when its collective improvisation is rhythmically integrated."

GENE KRUPA (Benny's ace swing drummer): "Complete and inspired freedom of rhythmic interpretation."

JESS STACY (Benny's white pianist): "Synco-
pated syncopation."

WINGY MANNONE: "Feeling an increase in tempo, though you're still playing at the same tempo."

GLENN MILLER (Famed trombonist and arranger, who has played with Bert Lown, the Dorsey Brothers and Ray Noble): "Swing is something that you have to feel; a sensation that can be conveyed to others."

OZZIE NELSON: "Swing is a vague something that you seem to feel pulsating from a danceable orchestra. To me it is a solidity and compactness of attack by which the rhythm instruments combine with the others to create within the listeners a desire to dance.."

CHICK WEBB (Colored ork leader and drummer): "It's like lovin' a gal, and havin' a fight, and then seein' her again."

LOUIS ARMSTRONG: "Swing is my idea of how a tune should go."

MORTON KAHN and PAYSON RE (Latter swing pianist is with Ruby Newman's ork): "Feeling a multitude of subdivisions in each beat and playing or implying the accents that you feel; that is, if the tune is played at the proper tempo, so that when you're playing it you'll feel it inside."

A close inspection of all these statements reveals that rather than tell what it is, they have more or less said how swing is produced. As no of-

ficial definition has been agreed upon by the practitioners of swing, it is quite a bold step for me to advance my theory. But here it is.

Swing defies defining. It is a sensation—and you can not define a sensation. Or can you define something like tickling? I believe that you can tell how to be tickled, but what it is that you actually feel, leaves you incoherent—as does swing. Therefore, I am in agreement with only Glenn Miller's definition, the only one, which, I think has come close to really defining it. There you have it—*swing is a sensation, which is capable of transmission to a responsive audience.*

Swing is not new. It had its origin far back in our ancestry, and it still persists, as a feeling, though buried more deeply in some of us than others. The contributions of the African blacks enhanced its rhythmic appeal; Whatever melodic lines the present popular form possesses are influenced by the sickeningly sweet types of dance music, to which swing is evidently a reaction.

Many people credit swing to the outfit that played such an important role in its development. The Original Dixieland Jazz Band was the first of the name bands to be "spreading rhythm around."

In 1914, when this American combination was first organized, the members comprised Gus Miller, clarinet; Raymond Lopez, leader and trumpet; Tom Brown, trombone; Albert Loyacano, piano; and William Lambert, drums. The band was installed in Grunewald Cafe in New Orleans and was then known as Brown's Band.

Two years later, the combination moved to Chicago, and played in Lamb's Cafe under the name of Brown's Band from Dixieland. In 1917, the unit was reorganized and became known as the Original Dixieland Jazz Band. The following

year, the band went to New York, where, after vaudeville appearances, it settled down in Reisenweber's Restaurant. At this time the personnel was made up of Larry Shields, clarinet; Nick LaRocca, trumpet and director; E. B. Edwards, trombone; Henry Ragas (later and now Russell Robinson), piano; and Tony Sbarro, drums.

Then, after a triumphant stay in England, in 1919, they returned to America for some intensive recording activities. They have been disbanded until recently, when this month, four of the original personnel (Eddie Edwards, trombone is no longer with this outfit, but he is playing with Paul Whiteman at the Texas Centennial) came together and are now performing under that name. Mr. R. P. Wetherald of the RCA Victor Company informs me that their present releases of the tunes that they wrote and made famous, as "Tiger Rag," "Clarinet Marmalade," "Bluin' The Blues," etc., were made by the personnel just given, augmented by some ten other instrumentalists, but that RCA Victor will also issue some records by the original group.

Next came the era of Paul Whiteman, Isham Jones, Louis Armstrong, *et al* for the swingers, and a corresponding sweet music movement represented by such as Guy Lombardo, Wayne King and Jan Garber. Now, amongst the flashier luminaries we have Fats Waller, Benny Goodman, Bob Crosby, and the Dorsey Brothers. Such is the past and present of swing.

Well, what is the future of swing? I hesitate to predict—but I do think it is too firmly entrenched within us to be discarded, as soon as the trend changes. Undoubtedly, it will lose favor to an opposite type of dance music, such as Shep Field's Rippling Rhythm—but it will never die entirely.



He Sat on Lincoln's Knee

A SOILED SKY wet the heads of twenty thousand living spectators and the graves of countless more the day that Gettysburg was dedicated. But down in the first row, right up against the platform, there was one person who didn't mind the weather. Five-year-old Wyllis Rede, comfortably perched upon his grandfather's knee, could see everything that was going on. With a child's lively interest he watched the great men approaching the platform. Among them one figure in particular stood out, a gaunt, grave man in a shabby, ill-fitting suit. As Lincoln came nearer and nearer he seemed to grow taller and taller, like the genii who come out of lamps and bottlenecks in Arabian fairytales. Little Rede shrilled loudly.

"It's Jeff Davis! Take me away."

For Yankee children and Allied babies, Jeff Davis and the Kaiser were both boogermen. Little Rede, himself, had probably gulped down much unpleasant medicine under the threat that "Jeff Davis will get you if you don't watch out." Could he be blamed for confusing Davis and Lincoln when both were tall, gaunt and ugly?

Perhaps Lincoln understood these things. Certainly, he was not offended, for he then lifted young Rede to his own knee and held him there throughout the flowery oration of Edward Everett, entertaining him with the stories which he knew so wonderfully to tell. He told of his son Tad and of thousands of other sons in blue, many of whom were buried near where they were sitting. Lincoln was fond of telling stories against himself. On this occasion he told young Rede this famous one. A man came to see him one day telling him that he had something belonging to him. Handing Lincoln a jack-knife he said, "This knife was given me because I was the ugliest man known to its owner. I was instructed to pass it on to an uglier man if I ever met him. You are that man." Another time an old woman had come to ask him to pardon her son for some breach of duty. Lincoln was persuaded and for a few moments the poor mother was speechless. Then she said.

"I knew it was a copper-head lie."

Lincoln asked what she meant.

"They told me you were an ugly-looking man, but you are the handsomest I ever saw in my life."

Such stories, typical of the many known to school boys, were told to this five-year-old a few minutes before Lincoln made the greatest speech of his life.

Young Rede is now Dr. Wyllis Rede, ex-college professor and author of several books. At this moment he is living in Chapel Hill, completing another book. From his memory he contributes the anecdotes in this article. With one exception, he has seen or spoken to all the presidents since Lincoln.

As a matter of general interest, I asked Dr. Rede what he considered was the reception of Lincoln's speech at Gettysburg. I had read in various books and magazines, notably the *Readers Digest* that this short address was thought very little of at the time and that Lincoln himself was thoroughly ashamed of it. According to Dr. Rede this is not true. This speech, he said, marked the beginning of his reputation as a really great statesman and orator. Before Gettysburg, Lincoln had been regarded by most as a clever, crude, unlettered westerner. It was this speech that really made his reputation.

"Lincoln," said Dr. Rede, "was not definitely informed that he was going to speak at all until the very morning of the ceremony. On the train the day before and at the hotel, he had jotted down a few sentences 'just in case!' They couldn't very well of course include Lincoln in the ceremony unless he spoke. Lincoln himself had some qualms as to whether he *could* speak. Edward Everett was the greatest orator of the day and Lincoln thought, as did some of his friends, that he would be made to look something like a fool beside him. Lincoln was a renowned stump speaker, but this occasion demanded a very different style from the political harangues he was used to. Nobody was more surprised than he when he made a success of it."

Some hundred thousand people crowded the cemetery to hear the orator of the day, Edward Everett. Although a masterpiece of literary style finished and polished to a wonderful degree, Ev-

erett's address was far above the heads of most of his hearers. Good old Pennsylvania Dutch stock they were and not particularly receptive to orations of the classical type. Then too, few of his audience had seats. By the end of the oration scarcely more than half of them remained—the rest were wandering among the graves.

The scattered many, however, came back for Lincoln's short speech. There was a wave of applause, far more than most historians seem to think. Some applauded we might suggest, because it was so short, but most, Dr. Rede feels sure, because it was so impressive and worthy of the man's position. It touched them deeply and even Everett was forced to praise it more highly than he need have done. His famous exchange of compliments with Lincoln serves more weightily to fix his name in history than his oration, over which he spent so much time and labor.

When a university student, Dr. Rede happened to go to a reception in Philadelphia given to the three foremost men of the day, Grant, Hancock, and Sheridan—all generals in the Civil War and all idols of the North if not of the South. Grant at the time had just returned from his tour round the world and was campaigning for re-election to his second term of office. This reception was in some degree a political move on his part. Hancock was his opponent as all of you will *not* remember. He was to speak to the student body at the same time.

"Grant was a fool," exclaimed Dr. Rede, "He had not the faintest glimmerings of intelligence to fit him for the White House. Throughout the whole reception he hardly spoke a word and when, afterwards, he was called on to make his speech, there were noticeably painful pauses between each thought. When one did finally struggle to the surface, it was not worth very much."

Grant a fool? Quite conceivable, for he was the typical military man of low intelligence and little initiative, but at the same time with a bull-dog tenacity, a dogged perseverance that simply wore out his opponents. Lee's brilliancy and Jackson's dash, were powerless against him.

Dr. Rede went on, "If I were serving in a fort Grant was defending, I would feel perfectly sure that it would never be surrendered while a shot remained in the magazines and while Grant was on his two feet. But in an attack or some other operation that called for initiative and intelligence, I would not be so willing to follow him."

"Hancock," said Dr. Rede, "now Hancock had

something behind him. His powerful physique, his clear and gripping thought, held the group of students rapt and interested. They never missed a word of his speech. He was far the better man for president than Grant.

"Now it was Sheridan's turn. Sheridan hadn't been paying much attention to Hancock. He had been sitting slouched over in his chair seemingly half-asleep and I thought that he could never better Hancock's fine speech. I was soon disillusioned. The moment his name was called, he was out on the front of the stage giving a speech far better than any preceding it. Unless one knew Sheridan, it is almost impossible to get any idea of the impression he made then. He was a Dutchman, red-faced and jolly, no dignity, but an extraordinary sense of humor. Except when he was resting, his super-abundant energy drove him along at a full gallop. Whatever he did was done at a gallop. In his speech he pranced about the stage, and used such gestures that he very soon had the students galloping right along with him, hanging on every word, breathless with excitement."

James A. Garfield, from Rede's earliest years, was his fast friend and adviser. When Rede was fifteen, Garfield had been unable because of his senatorial duties to act as his legal guardian. But he remained interested in young Rede and exerted a strong influence upon his life. For instance, he chose his college, Williams.

It was quite natural then that when the time came for young Rede to graduate, this was taken into consideration and Garfield was asked to give the graduation address.

Dr. Rede was walking home through the early morning's light after his class supper. The graduation exercises were to be held that day. He noticed as he went along groups of students discussing something with evident interest, but on his approach they faded away. At last, cornering one young man, he asked him what was the matter with his class-mates. Surprised by his ignorance, the young man answered,

"Didn't you know? President Garfield has just been assassinated."

Long before Dr. Rede was born his family had been intimate with that of Garfield. About the time of the assassination Dr. Rede had an aunt living in Washington. Through the war she had actively engaged in working for the North. What is more interesting about her, however, is that she had been sitting only a short distance from

(Continued on page thirty-two)



ELMS ON FRANKLIN STREET

—Margaret Munch

FROM THE PUBLISHERS

A Campus Slant on Current Literature

KIT BRANDON. Sherwood Anderson. Charles Scribner's Sons. New York. 373 pp. \$2.50.

Sixteen years of cutstone American—white, stark and virile—are interpreted in the life of Kit Brandon, a native of our southern Appalachians, and presented in the latest novel of Sherwood Anderson. The book is subtitled "A Portrait;" we feel it to be more: a gallery with Kit in the center; a broad white roadway, concrete and curving, sidelined with people going where, going why? The people are all so different. ". . . you can't go through America . . . saying 'the Highlanders are so and so, the southerners, the workers, the rich, the poor, the proletariat, the bourgeoisie are so and so,' making these terrible Mason and Dixon line judgments, believing in them." Can there then, Mr. Anderson asks, be a common solution for their problems?

Kit Brandon at the age of fourteen runs away from her father's mountain home—from her squalid mother—down into the milltown in western North Carolina. (Kit is telling this, the story of her life, to Author Anderson as she drives his car.) The mill is a new thing to her. It is drawing on the mountain people, making them mill people. Kit has run away from a father who too suddenly recognized her womanhood. She has run to independence in the mill. What is it she wants that she hasn't? Agnes, her radical mill friend, says that revolution is the only solution. But Kit's hunger is not for a social change. Maybe new people, new places will help.

In a more northern town, she allows herself to be picked up; the boy turns the wheel over to her. But speed—shooting down the white roadway, knifing the wind—is no end in itself. It is in the boom time, the prohibition and liquor-flowing time. Kit marries the power of the automobile of a rumrunner's son. Money comes her way. With it she indulges to the limit her tastes for clothes. But the jellyfish husband is too much for her.

She becomes a driver for the Rumrunner Tom Halsey himself. Great long highways at night and speed become her life. "The notorious Kit Halsey" becomes a headline. What does she like in Tom Halsey? She decides that she likes nothing in him. She sticks with him because she wants him to know that she has something to offer in return for the money he has thrown her way.

Of-F.F.V.-stock, Weathersmythe, a college student on a thrill hunt, gives Kit a new angle on life. She had not known that there were families that spent a lifetime flaunting their backgrounds. She sensed in Weathersmythe a feeling collateral to her own but less developed. He too was looking for something that he felt should be a part of him. For the time being he thought he had found that something in excitement. Then he found himself loosing everything when Tom Halsey made him shoot a man. Kit began to realize that all Tom saw in people was the fulfillment of his purposes.

The revenue men close in on the Halsey gang. Tom is shot; his jellyfish son imprisoned. Kit escapes through the aid of a disillusioned ex-overseas boy, John Hanaford. In Hanaford she finds a story more troublesome than her own. She feels a peculiar security in sympathizing with him. For the first

time she realizes what it is she has needed to fill emptiness she has so often sensed: some sort of partnership. At the end Mr. Anderson says for her that "she would get into some sort of work that did not separate her from others. There might be some other puzzled and baffled one with whom she could make a real partnership in living."

The style of *Kit Brandon* is essentially rough; not crude—but rough in the sense that a cloth of large weave is rough. As the book progresses its style becomes attractive in its roughness; it possesses something that is whole; that is solid and good. One feels it to be American art molded by American pressure. Mr. Anderson has expressed us, crystallized and objectified us. The importance of the book seems to lie in truthfulness of the vein in which it is written: a native and temporal vein. But Kit's problem, the core of the book, is solved only insofar as Mr. Anderson has solved it . . . and he does not seem to have solved it at all. Partnership, loss of self in others, may help. But a companion in misery alleviates without obviating the misery. —WALTER LANE.

HOMER'S GOLDEN CHAIN. Virginia Moore. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 80 pp. \$1.50.

Virginia Moore says that she increasingly prizes "those things in poetry which well up from the deep springs of being." The most pleasing poems from her particular "well of being," however, are those of a simple beauty and lilting tone. Her greatest charm and skill seems to lie in her sense of trivial sensations and her way of picturing feelings.

Nevertheless, she includes in her latest volume of poetry much verse that was written before she began to prize the overflow of her "well of being." She admits in her preface that it was perhaps unwise to mix indiscriminately the untrustworthy products of her clever brain with the products of impulse. We cannot but agree with her. She does not succeed when she goes profound. We much prefer her less pretentious stanzas:

*Say lilac-heads are heavenly for scent
When May is hot and bright:
Sagging with sweetness, earthward bent,
Cupboards for bees' delight.*

These lines were taken from "Lilacs," a poem typical of her best work. There she is simple and effective.

Others, of course, may find charm in her more ambitious attempts. There is much of merit in them. Her blessing of phrase and aptness of expression are still evident. Although we much prefer the other verses, some people like bread while others are fond of cake. —RALPH BEAUCHAMP.

THE BIG MONEY. John Dos Passos. Harcourt, Brace. \$2.50.

John Dos Passos here deals with material which is within the field of those books published to sell well because they tell quickly and often racily just what the average American reader has lived and lives with intimately. *The Big Money* is redeemed because the author has succeeded in projecting into it his own tremendously vital personality together with an embracing sympathy which has been characteristic of the greatest writers of our language.

In his previous books (forming together with this a series projecting the last decade) Dos Passos has educated us to his method: blocks of straight narrative interspliced with brilliant short compositions gleaned from wherever he has turned—the newspapers, autobiographical flashbacks, and estimates of men who arose during this period or influenced it greatly. One might expect the result to be confusing (as it probably is, to some), but, withal, it is the insertion of this “incidental” material which accomplishes the redemption and lifts the series to a higher place than has been given similar works in which the authors failed to show the insight and intelligence characteristic of Dos Passos’ works.

One of these interspliced forms is called *newsreel*. This is composed of scraps of the production of the newspaper, popular songs, the health-ballyhoo of California and Florida, in fact anything printed during the time with which the book deals (the “twenties”). The result is fun for the reader, who is likely to have taken part in some bit of headline or at least known the lady who was slain in her bathtub of the night of suchandsuch. Certainly he will remember the songs. The false predictions of the brokers and the politicians lend a genuine humor we can all appreciate. This new form of literature, a most attractive one, has a definite place in the book: it locates the narrative in time, lets you know, and in an amusing way, just where you are, and in such a way that you translate the story in terms of your life and its relation to those of the characters—just the result it is apparent Dos Passos wishes to produce. For he too is concerned with that great question: Time; not in such a way as was Proust or Mann or even so crude an expositor as your Thomas Wolfe, but in overcoming it as an obstacle in the way of writing good narrative, not in its lengthened effect on the characters of that narrative.

Another interspliced form is *The Camera Eye*. Here language is wedded to the “flashlight-eye.” The result is language so stark as to be mere black-and-white, so clear as to be blinding-bright. Often it passes comprehension—that is, words in their particular linked form hold no association for the reader. They are “flashbacks” from the past of the author, one in which we have no part. They should make absorbing and pregnant reading for John Dos Passos himself, but for us, when wordforms arranged in this order have no connections, there is no true appreciation but only a vague sympathy with the author because he happens to have attracted us elsewhere.

A third type of interspliced composition is made up of biographies and estimates of important men of the decade. It is here that the author does his best work: here his human sympathy is best shown, even with the magnates who have broken the hearts and heads of those with whom Dos Passos throws his lot. He does not hesitate to show their unscrupulousness and exploitation, but at the end he has not only informed us but has made us understand; and what one understands can not be blindly hated. Even the yellow-dog of American journalism exacts our pity as an old man waiting (without guts or selfconviction) to die. There are studies of Fred Taylor, Henry Ford, Thorstein Veblen, Frank Loyd Wright, Orville and Wilbur Wright, Rudolph Valentino, Isadora Duncan, William Randolph Hearst, and Samuel Insull. *The Big Money* closes with a view of a young vagrant, child of the depression, hitch-hiking in rags—a condition which (it is hoped: God bless Roosevelt) we as college students have just escaped.

The main narratives themselves are disappointing. They concern the most typical characters: those made by and those

broken by “the big money.” Best of the lot is the tale of Bark French, student of Vassar who went into social-work and eventually took part in radical demonstrations for the miserable who are starved in the tenements, maimed in the factories, and clubbed off the streets. If the majority of the work in these major blocks, which form the bulk of the book, are disappointing, it is because they are overshadowed by the method of the whole and because they appear very small in the shadow of their generation. —SHELBY FOOTE.

BIRD ALONE. Seán O’Faoláin. Viking Press, New York. 388 pp. \$2.50.

It is seldom that one discovers a book written in beautiful and telling prose. *Bird Alone* is such a book, and for that reason, a remarkable modern novel. Seán O’Faoláin, a word artist as well as a novelist, has the ability to express in richly poetic, almost lyrical prose a forceful theme without losing in his writing the lucidity of good prose. When Mr. O’Faoláin wrote *A Nest of Simple Folk*, an outstanding first novel of a few years back, he was acclaimed by critics as a new and great novelist. Now he proves, even heightens, that greatness by producing a second novel written in the same flowing prose so praised in his first book, which also portrays the lives of ordinary Irish people.

Unlike many modern Irish writers (and by Irish I mean those poets and novelists who write about Ireland), O’Faoláin does not escape to the realm of fancy or to the seemingly inexhaustible supply of Irish legends for his subject material. He writes from actual life, the simple life of Irish folk in Cork, a small town in Ireland.

Bird Alone relates the story of the childhood and youth of Cornelius Crone during the days before and after Parnell. Crone’s story, because it is told by himself, wears the humorous and wistful mantle of reminiscence. Persons who influenced him while he was a child are humorously characterized; his pious father and kind, big-bosomed mother, his belligerent grandfather, an ardent Parnellite, and lovely Elsie, her auburn hair blowing in the wind, innocent Elsie counting her rosary like a little nun. These people and the place of Cork with its red brick buildings and cathedral were reality to him as long as he remained a child.

But he grew older, away from his family and nearer to Elsie. He found a world of awe and wonder no one except him and Elsie might enter, “a world where the tender and sweet flowers of the heart can blow and blow.” Because of his youthful love for Elsie and his defiance of social and religious traditions, he was made to suffer deeply, the most tragic consequence of his defiance being Elsie’s death.

Then he became a bird alone, not because he did not believe in other men but because “he could not believe in what other men believed.” A self-exiled pariah of society, he lived with his memories of Elsie, and these memories were so associated with the places he loved that one cannot say by which he remembered the other. His reflection that “all life hangs on heavenly order that all may sense in the rhythm of a turning world, that the child obeys, and men forget, that old age discovers just as it begins to feel the stopping of the wheel” is the lofty soaring of a bird alone. He who now lives in peaceful solitude with himself alone may be content with that belief.

Bird Alone should be read because of the sheer beauty and magic of O’Faoláin’s prose. But it should be read for more than that. It possesses a charm that belongs and appeals to youth. —MARY MATTHEWS.

Notes

STEIN

The English language's singular Gertrude Stein announces the end of her last period of literary pregnancy with the publication of *Geographical History of America or the Salvation of Human Nature to the Human Mind*. We hope Alice B. Toklas had no hand in this last. Few Steinites will forget the terrible fate of *The Autobiography of Alice B. Toklas: Transition* exposed many of its little gossipy intimacies. Random House is the publisher of the latest book and the price is \$2.50.

PHOTOGRAPHY

Pose Please by Schaeffer, Alfred A. Knopp. This publication is much like its forerunner, *The Body Beautiful*; it devotes itself, however, to varied subject matter; rather than totally to nudes.

U. S. Camera, 1936, Morrow. Being a spiral folder of excellent photographs, this photographic annual will interest many of the campus photographers. One particularly valuable feature about this publication is the recording of the time, shutter speed, stop opening, and type of camera used for each picture.

HILTON

James Hilton of *Good-bye Mr. Chips*-fame and author of the yet selling *Lost Horizons* formerly passed under the pseudonym of Glen Trevor. He wrote mystery stories.

EDITIONS

The Heritage Press, apeing the style of the Limited Editions Club, has come forth with several volumes unique in cover and of pastel tinted illustrations. One volume of this series, Naturalist Hudson's classic, *Green Mansions*, is bound in a verdant green cover all set about with tropical trees and is illustrated with nature pictures of unnatural proportions. Worth the money: \$3.75.

The Dial Press has come forward with a "real buy" and, for them, a best seller: The Jowett Translation of The Works of Plato complete in one volume for \$1.95.

Out of five hundred novels entered in the contest for the American Contender for the All-Nations Prize Novel Competition Judges, William Soskin, Carl Van Doren, and Joseph Wood Krutch, unanimously chose *Steps Going Down*, by John T. McIntire. Farrar and Rinehart are the publishers; price: \$2.50.

To the long list of odd-price publishers including: Garden City, Tudor, Simon and Shuster, Three Sirens, Macmillan, and Harcourt, Brace, Random House now adds its name under the title, Carlton House. Notable amongst the Carlton House proposed list are: *The American Historical Scene* (formerly \$20.00) for \$1.98; *The Poetry of Keats and Shelley*, \$1.59; and *Life of Michaelangelo* by Symonds for \$1.00. (Odd-price books are in reality reprints, for the most part, of onetime big sellers. Such well known books as *Birds of America*, Garden City, the various low priced editions of the *Arabian Nights*, and, *Droll Stories*, and the Three Sirens editions of *Green Mansions*, *Cyrano de Bergerac*, etc., are good examples of the odd-priced book. This type probably began flourishing with the coming of Tudor Publishing Company, which bought up old plates and typesets and "ran" them in cheap editions much to the pleasure of the booklover with small income who lived through the just-passing depression.

Page Thirty

Pete Ivey, Lexicographer

"I'll be damned" can be said by an expert, and the most sedate dinner party is unperturbed; but just let a tiny oath be uttered by one who is new at the business of swearing, and the unfortunate guest finds himself blacklisted. For the latter man there is a whole language of mild profanity. Auxiliary cuss words may seem sissy, but used properly they are just as effective as the darkest *damn* or *hell*.

Darn is a doggone good word, and so is *doggone*, the adjective used to emphasize *darn*. *Doggone* may be diluted still more by saying *daggone*. It may be used as an adjective, noun, interjection, or as a phrase using several parts of speech, as *doggonit*, or I'll be *doggoned*.

But back to *darn*. *Dern* is another form, perhaps a first cousin. It is spelled *dern* or *durn*, many authorities preferring the English *u* to the American *e*. *Dang* is seldom used, but it has possibilities and is growing steadily in favor. Other formations of the expression are *gol darn* and *double darn*.

Closely allied with *darn* and *doggone* is *ding* and *ding bust it*. *Ding*, of course may be traced to *darn* and *bust* is just an ordinary word put in for stabilizing effect.

Not in the same lexicographical category as *ding bust it* but nevertheless expressing the same emotions is *dad burn it*, *dad gummit*, *dad blame it*, and *dad blast it*. You will note that *dad* appears in all those forms. *Dad* does not really come from *father* but is a mild expression for *damned*. It used to be spelled *dam'd*; then it was changed to *da'd*; and finally the apostrophe was dropped, leaving the final expression *dad*.

Expressions of ancient origin, still remembered by the old folks, are such mild swearing as *by jiminy*, *jiminy crickets*, *fiddlesticks*, *holy mackerel*, *holy smoke*, and *I'll be swiggered*. None of those deserve special mention, but they are examples of expressions of mild surprise that may be substituted for modern cursing that is shorter and much less euphonious.

Words invented by farmers, especially farmers who grow roasting ears, suggest a back-to-nature type of swearing. *Shucks* is as mild an expletive as you may meet. *Aw shucks* is stronger, but *shuckins* is intentionally weaker. *Pshaw* seems

OL' JUDGE ROBBINS



"ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL"

MANY THANKS FOR THE BIRTHDAY GIFT, CHUBBINS— BUT HOW COME YOU GAVE ME THIS JAR OF TOBACCO? IT'S THAT HARSH BRAND UNCLE CALDWELL HAS SMOKED FOR FIFTEEN YEARS

GOOD GRIEF! I GOT YOUR PRESENT MIXED WITH UNCLE CALDWELL'S. HIS BIRTHDAY IS THE SAME DATE AS YOURS!

NO, I WOULDN'T WRITE HIM, IF I WERE YOU. UNCLE HATES EXCUSES AND HE NEVER FORGIVES OR FORGETS A MISTAKE. HE ISN'T NICK-NAMED 'CRUSTY' CALDWELL FOR NOTHING — HE'LL BE HERE IN TWO WEEKS

TWO WEEKS LATER

I HOPE HE WON'T BE TOO TOUGH—I WANT HIS APPROVAL ON A FAMILY BUSINESS DEAL

THERE HE IS!

WELL, WELL, LITTLE CHUBBINS, YOU'RE PRETTIER'N EVER. ROB, YOU OLD RASCAL — YOU DON'T LOOK A DAY OLDER!

UNCLE, YOU'VE CHANGED, AND DID MY EYES DECEIVE ME OR WAS THAT PRINCE ALBERT YOU JUST LOADED IN YOUR PIPE?

YEP! I TRIED SOME OF THAT RA. CHUBBINS SENT ME, MAN, WHAT A TASTY FLAVOR IT HAS! DERN SMART GIRL, THAT CHUBBINS!

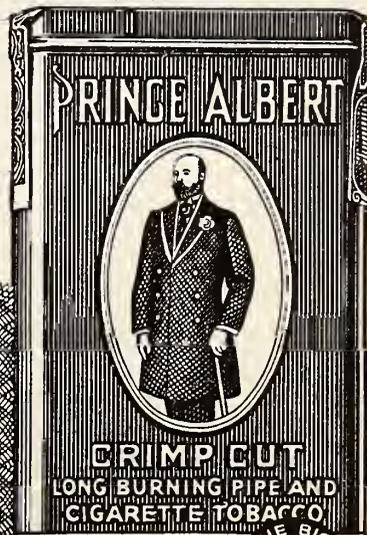
Copyright, 1936, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company



P.A. BRINGS YOU MILD, TASTY SMOKING

Right on the back of the Prince Albert tin it says: "Prince Albert is prepared under the process discovered in making experiments to produce the *most delightful and wholesome tobacco.*" We think you'll agree once you try Prince Albert

and discover the extra smoking joy it brings. Prince Albert is "crimp cut," with the "bite" removed, made of choice tobaccos. Make Prince Albert your tobacco! P.A. is swell "makin's" for roll-your-own cigarettes too.



PRINCE ALBERT GUARANTEES SATISFACTION

Smoke 20 fragrant pipefuls of Prince Albert. If you don't find it the mellowest, tastiest pipe tobacco you ever smoked, return the pocket tin with the rest of the tobacco in it to us at any time within a month from this date, and we will refund full purchase price, plus postage. (Signed) R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.

PRINCE ALBERT

THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE



50 pipefuls of fragrant tobacco in every 2-oz. tin of Prince Albert

associated with this group because of euphony, but historically it is not readily determinable.

Gosh is an every day expression and its tributaries are *golly, ye gods, ye gods and little fishes*. From the same Biblical origin come *gee, gee whizz* (to make it more robust) and *gee whillikens*, if a more rustic touch is desired.

A few mild expletives, used mostly by Englishmen, are *zounds, egad, by jove, beastly, and by jingo*, to mention the more prominent.

Miscellaneous expressions like *plague take it, goodness gracious, aw shoot, blankety blank, confound, jumping jehosephat, and I swan* are not immediately traceable but are frequently used for want of a better idea.

A spade is not the same spade to a profane man as it is to a mildly profane man. The same may be said of shovels, or plows or mules or goats, although it is hard to be mild with goats.

Occasionally, mild swearing would be unable to carry the full burden of a person's emotions. Then he could retire to a specially provided place and curse as strong as he liked.

If a group of people wanted to swear they could hold a profanity caucus or convention.

HE SAT ON LINCOLN'S KNEE

(Continued from page twenty-six)

Lincoln in the theatre at the time he was shot. She had seen the whole tragedy and had never quite gotten over it.

The night before the assassination she had given Garfield meticulous instructions about young Rede. As aunts usually do, she found that, after she had left him, she had forgotten one rather important thing. She did not like to disturb him again that night, as he was to be off on an early train the next morning, so she decided to wait and speak to him at the station.

From the lady's waiting room the next morning she saw Garfield walking on the platform deep in conversation with Senator Blaine, and hurried out to meet him. She was only a few yards from him when suddenly a man stepped from behind her, and, shooting past her elbow, shot Garfield fatally. She saw him fall, saw Senator Blaine attempt to support him and then she fainted.

Like Garfield, she lived about a month in a secluded spot where Dr. Rede took her to recuperate. But the shock of seeing two great presidents murdered was too much for her. She had known

both well. Lincoln through her war work and Garfield as a family friend of long standing. EDITOR'S NOTE: Dr. Rede himself is by no means unknown. He has been dean of the cathedral at Quincy, Illinois; professor of philosophy and ethics at Goucher College (where he taught the daughters of Woodrow Wilson); librarian at Goucher; and editor of a college magazine.

STATIONERY

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Ledbetter-Pickard

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(Next to Post Office)

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CHAPEL HILL . . . NORTH CAROLINA

-ain't got time for
loose talk folks



*they've got TASTE
and
plenty to spare*

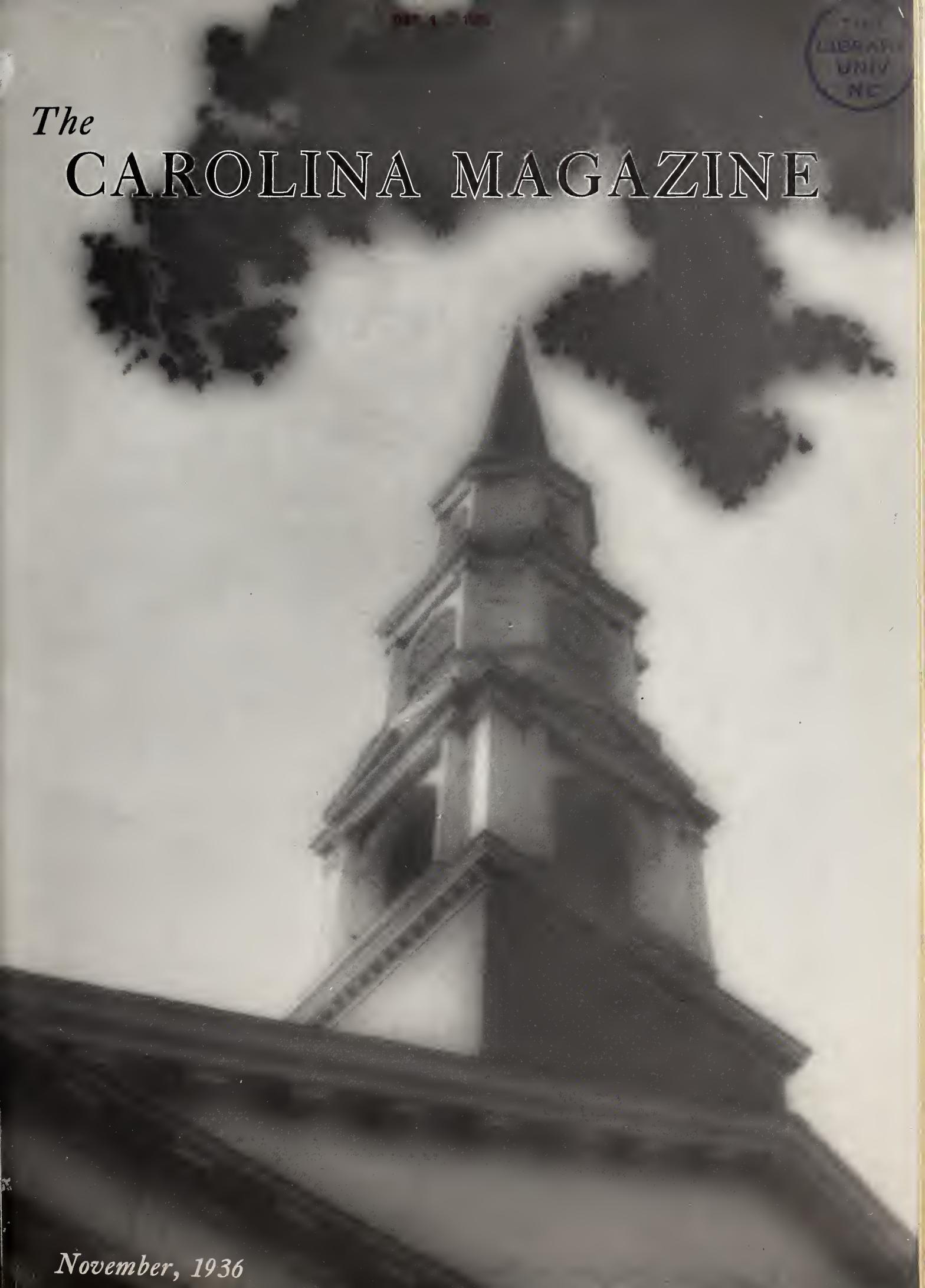
Chesterfield

Made by LIGGETT & MYERS TOBACCO COMPANY—*and you can depend on a Liggett & Myers product*

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CAROLINA MAGAZINE



November, 1936

DEEP INTO THE WOODS.
 No luxuries here, as "Herb" Welch — famous Maine Guide — makes noon camp. Hearty outdoor appetites welcome the sense of digestive well-being that smoking Camels encourages. As "Herb" says: "I've lived on dried meat and I've dined on the best—but no matter what I'm eating, it always tastes better and digests better when I smoke Camels."



**WHEREVER...
 WHATEVER...
 WHENEVER
 YOU EAT—**

*For Digestion's Sake...
 Smoke Camels!*

Smoking Camels encourages a proper flow of digestive fluids...increases alkalinity...brings a sense of well-being

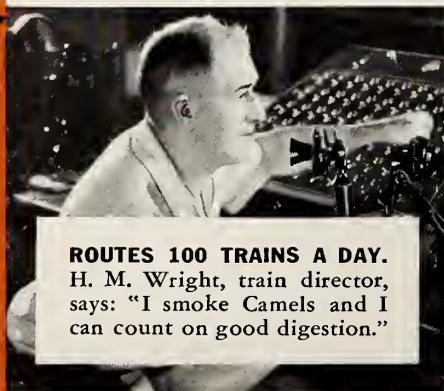
YOU eat over a thousand meals a year! Food is varied. Place and time often differ. Yet, thanks to Camels, you can help digestion meet these changing conditions easily. Smoking Camels speeds up the flow of digestive fluids. Tension eases. Alkalinity in-

creases. You enjoy your food—and have a feeling of ease and contentment after eating. Mealtime or *anytime*—make it Camels—for digestion's sake, for Camel's invigorating "lift," for mildness and fine flavor. Camels do not get on your nerves.

Costlier Tobaccos

Camels are made from finer,
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THE CAROLINA MAGAZINE

Oldest College Publication in the Nation

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While the River Flows

I FOUND the Judge as I had left him, only shrivelled, like the orange you stuck cloves into and put away and forgot for a long time and were surprised to find it at the bottom of the trunk, wrinkled and dry. Greetings over and our mutual reminiscences reviewed, we pulled our chairs to the window and looked down upon the Saturday morning crowd of country people come to town.

Still on his pedestal rising from a circle of yellow grass in the middle of the Main and Center street intersection, the Returning Confederate Soldier marched hopefully southward. Behind him, Appomattox; somewheres ahead of him a home that must long since have become a filling station or a tourist inn for middle class Yankees travelling south for Herman's health. The court house still stood on the corner. Thin Roman letters incised on the pediment carried the inscription:

DAVIDSON COVNTY COVRT HOVSE

While I was smiling to think how I had once worried about the confusion of the *u*'s and the *v*'s, it happened.

Far up the street a blue car swung out from behind a big red and yellow van, flashed in the sun, and bore down upon the monument. When it was still over a block off a dusty old sedan started to cross. Halfway over, its driver saw the smaller car, kicked against his brakes, and stopped with his radiator across its path. Before he could reverse it was upon him, swinging towards a pedestrian about to pass from the other side, and growing small down the street.

I watched until it turned off on a side street four filling stations down. Then I looked to the Judge.

"Who the hell was that?"

"Bob Cameron. Drunken fool. Mother died when he was a baby, grew up with the pool room bunch. Smart fellow; runs the liquor business and the town's afraid to touch him."

The Judge paused, added significantly, "His mother's folks were the Thompsons."

"Thompson's?"

"You remember the Thompsons."

I certainly did. The same thirty years that had

padded my waist had blanketed my memory with a mist through which only the termination of distant experiences protruded, like church steeples above a ground fog. But I couldn't forget the Thompsons. The old Colonel, the value of whose gold-headed cane was the subject for juvenile conjecture. Mrs. Thompson, who decided that Sarah could not know the boy whose mother lived on a mean street and supported herself and small son by doing hemstitching for the genteel ladies of the village. And Sarah herself. The Thompsons were the biggest thing in town the night that I, my fifteen-year-old heart in my throat, said goodbye to a new grave in the old cemetery and took a freight train out of Jefferson City.

Nevertheless I said no and the Judge began.

"Old Colonel Thompson died the week that Sarah graduated from White Springs College . . . his heart (the Judge snapped his fingers) like that. Sarah got the letter while she was putting on her commencement dress. Mrs. Thompson fussed about being made a widow on every page. But Sarah saw just one line:

Father died this morning. I don't see why God.

"She came straight home and stayed until most of the furniture and land went on sale in August. Then she told her mother that she was taking a job teaching down the county. Her mother said that Thompson women didn't work; Sarah said it was better than starving. Soon as she came to Lick Creek School she met Travis Cameron. Big, husky fellow; not much of a talker. Just before Christmas they borrowed a buggy and drove to the nearest parson's house. Even old lady Thompson didn't know they were going to be married.

During the ceremony Sarah stood straight, one hand tense but lightly resting on Travis' strong arm. Only once did the hand move. ". . . to love, honor and obey until death do you part?" and somewheres in the back of the house a door banged open and a child's catarrhic voice was hushed in the middle of a greeting so that a big question mark was left suspended in the silence that was broken when somebody lifted an iron lid from the kitchen stove and then clanked it back into place.

It was completely dark when the couple drove up to the gate of the Cameron place; windy and chill. In the first shiver of indecision that follows an act too hurriedly committed, Sarah thought of not going inside, of having Travis take her on to her own single room a mile beyond the school-house. Then she considered how hard it would be to make him understand, pushed open the gate and walked a few steps ahead of him to the front door. The lilacs in the wind made a cold dry sound as they scraped their naked branches against the clapboards.

Their son was born in February a year later. During the long nights before, Sarah lay awake beside her heavy-breathing husband. In the dark her mind senselessly repeated the happenings of the previous year and a half. The morning she packed her curve-topped trunk while the other girls in frothy white Commencement dresses giggled in groups under the oaks of White Springs College. The ride home. There the white columns and red brick at the end of a long avenue of maples lipping in the early summer breeze, carrying on a lazy conversation about the sun, the weather, the blueness of the sky, and not knowing that there was death inside the house. The summer that followed when she came to dread visitors because they were a pretext for her mother to weep about her misfortune and her brother Sam to chatter stupidly of other people's overdrawn accounts at the bank where he clerked. The day strange men uprooted the Sheraton sideboard from its place against the dining room wall. Then the golden autumn at Lick Creek School. Travis with a triangle of bronze at his throat where his collar stood open to the sun. Travis whose brown arms made her realize with a naive astonishment that there might also have been bones and muscles inside the stovepipe sleeves of her brother's black serge suit. Travis whose inarticulateness seemed such a blessed reticence after her family's chattering.

The visit to the parson.

The first time she went to call on her mother. Her mother saying that she had given her life for her children now look and then trying to break her down with tears. And the next time when she called how her mother never got up from her chair but sat stiffly and talked of impersonal things she would have said to a grocery clerk.

Against these things her disordered mind over and over again weighed the day she found one of

her sisters-in-law running curious hands through her wedding things. The way her mother-in-law never spoke except in her periodic rages when she screamed curses at the dog and the dishpan. The rumors that her father-in-law who smiled at her because she was young and pretty had attained his economic stability by bartering his own and his family's youth for money and then denying themselves its enjoyment. Rumors which she had discredited until she saw the stoop which field work had given his wife's back. And rumors which thereafter hung unpleasantly around the back door of her mind even when the old man was at his jolliest.

They named the boy Robert after the Colonel.

Spring came with a two weeks rain; then a long drought which was followed by another rain just as the crop hopes were almost abandoned. The first day that the sun shone thereafter they were all in the fields.

By night Sarah's hands were blistered. A weaker woman would have cried; she was only cross. In the days that followed she solaced her spirit by remembering the easy life behind the columns of the Thompson place. Then one day she allowed herself to make a verbal reference to that existence: she had not been raised to work in the fields. Almost before she said this she regretted it. Afterwards she could not bring herself to apologize because Travis had a clam-like mind that was susceptible to influence at rare intervals. It would open, then shut immediately, according to some internal reasoning of its own that had nothing to do with the efforts of others to pry apart its covers.

Sarah awoke the next morning to find that Travis had preceded her to the fields. She ate quickly and then carried her baby to the south field. Her mother-in-law and the sisters had been hoeing since dawn. Sarah laid the child in the shade of the hedgerow and fell into line beside the other women. In spite of her late entry she tired soon. The sun smote her from above and the wet earth steamed at her feet. Between the two forces she felt her strength and resolution melting.

Nevertheless she was forced on by the competition of her companions. They never stopped to rest or talk, but advanced steadily down the cotton rows. Behind them the weeds, uprooted, withered in the sun, and even the cotton plants

drooped slightly, having come to depend for some support and protection upon the oppressing weeds. Sarah drooped with them. Finally, the baby cried. She moved it further into the shade, then returned and worked the harder in order to come abreast of the others. But the acceleration cost her. In a moment the baby cried again and she cast aside her hoe. On her knees beside the child, she untied the strings of her black bonnet, pushed it back from her forehead and brushed away the damp hair from her face. Then she took the baby in her arms to nurse it.

Why couldn't they talk? Why couldn't they say something? Did their lives follow the plow-share down the furrows? She was sick, she told herself, of farm life. For that matter, she had no desire to return to her mother; but fatigue had anaesthetized the part of her mind where that realization was stored. Gradually her anger subsided. Her eyes looked over the Piedmont scene. Low rounded hills rising from the edge of the green bottom lands. Everything under cultivation. The wide flat river flowing easily between banks of willows, giant sycamores and wild grape vines, a sun-drawn vapor clinging to its slick muddy surface and then curling lazily up into the hot air. Sarah looked down at her baby and felt calmer. Soon its hunger would be satisfied and she would return to her hoe. Her anger was almost gone.

It was then that she saw a horse and buggy coming along the road around the bend from the house.

Her husband saw it, too; saw its occupant jump down and walk hurriedly past the other women until he came to Sarah; saw a short exchange of sentences; then saw them start back towards the buggy. Even at a distance he recognized the intruder by his city clothes. It was Sarah's brother—one of the Thompsons who had not been raised to work in the fields. Travis dropped his plow handles and ran. He reached them as Sam took the baby in his arms to help Sarah up. They heard the pounding steps behind them. Sam turned to give the explanation.

"Mother's sick. The doctor says she's dying."

For a moment Sarah thought that Travis would strike her brother. Sam did, too, because he held his living shield higher and closer. Then Travis understood and addressed the intruder slowly in spite of his fast breathing.

"She'll go with me." He was walking towards the harness house. When he returned, the family

was still hoeing and Sarah stood alone with her child at the edge of the field. Sam had driven ahead. Sarah climbed into the wagon unassisted, not expecting assistance.

They drove to Jefferson City in silence over the dusty sandy road that threw the noon sun back into their puckered eyes. Nothing was said. Once Sarah saw a chipmunk scuttling across their path, its tail straight into the air. She started to remark; didn't when she saw that Travis had not been looking. Once Travis almost said something about a field of tobacco.

As they walked up to the Thompson house, Sarah saw that the rose garden was a tangle of briars in the shadow of which somebody's chickens had made dust beds and were occupying them by turns, ruffling their feathers and moving from side to side to suffocate the body lice. In the fan over the entrance she counted three broken panes. But Travis felt only the mass of the columns and the pediment; even in neglect the Thompson place awed him.

From the gloom of the hallway Mrs. Thompson watched them coming up the walk. When they were on the porch she stepped deliberately into the sun light and inventoried each by turn. The mud on the man's heavy shoes, his unkempt hair. The woman's thin dress. The almost naked baby in her arms. Here Mrs. Thompson's composure began to give under the pressure of her impounded resentment. Her daughter had looked otherwise; her grandson might have been any poor white's child.

After this a rising pitch in her voice and a jerkiness in her gestures indicated the weakening of the dam which held back the emotions which would turn her into a raging old woman. With a struggled-for composure she reviewed the past of the family—as much for Sarah's benefit as for Travis'—the governor, the distant-cousin-senator, the dead colonel. Then she looked again at her grandson—a Thompson, too—and her anger broke its barriers. She pulled her daughter to her side, turned and heaped upon her son-in-law all her scorn for country clods who married above themselves.

While she ranted Travis looked to his wife for support. But Sarah's eyes were for herself and her child. With almost horror she saw her own untidiness, her rough hands, her battered shoes, the baby in bleached flour-sacking. She could not look at her husband. She had offended him the night before, had regretted the hurt but had been

unable to assuage it. Towards him she felt the unreasonable resentment a person feels towards an animal that avoids him after he has harmed it in a fit of temper. The acknowledgment of the hurt sours his regret.

Thus she delayed returning to her husband's side even after she was no longer restrained by her mother's hand. And Travis who could not see her thoughts saw only that she was not with him. When he realized this he turned and left.

Mrs. Thompson, not emptied of her fury, addressed his back.

. . . no Thompson going to be raised as a common field hand. . . .

As soon as the Judge finished his story I began devising an excuse to leave. I did not want to hear any more about Bob Cameron, about his regular drunks when his frightened wife hurries the children to the neighbors, then returns to hide

the kitchen knives and face him alone when he reels home in a sotted temper. No, it was a long time since I'd had a dinner of snap beans, corn-bread, tomatoes and onions. But I couldn't stay over for dinner. Had to catch the twelve-thirty five.

I was glad when the train was running straight through green fields. Several miles out of Jefferson City we came to a river and a scene that looked familiar. On a low hill a magnificent stand of oaks almost hid a gray little farm house. The house was unpainted. But the barns and outbuildings to the right were in perfect condition. Clean fields covered the low rounded hills that rose from the edge of the green bottoms land. A flat river flowed easily between banks of willows, giant sycamores and wild grape vines. The Piedmont sun raised a thin vapor that clung motionless to the river's slick surface until a stray wind caused it to shift slightly and then wear away.



Lady Bountiful and the K. D.

SHE IS THERE every time court convenes. It just wouldn't be court without Mrs. Lawson. But she is not merely curious. She knows that almost inevitably one member of her sixty-two families will be "up" and she is there to see that he gets justice. If he is guilty she gives him a tongue lashing which hurts more than the judge's thirty days. But she sees to it that the rest of the family eats regularly while he is doing his time.

Sixty-two families, not "average" people but ignorant, helpless ones—these are the people which Mrs. Lawson, as "Lady Bountiful" for the King's Daughters has chosen to look after. Officially she is the "case worker" (without pay) for Chapel Hill's oldest charity organization. The K. D. have been on the job for over fifty years, calling themselves the King's Daughters in the God's children idea. But the origins of their needy class go back farther than that.

A long time ago there was a handsome plantation house on top Laurel Hill. A wide carriage road led up to it, passing through fields of tall corn and groves of wide-board pine. In the fifties Orange county could boast of many such plantations. But now—two fallen chimneys are all that is left of the great house. A wide red gully follows the line of the old carriage road. Scrubby second growth, with now and then a saw-dust pile tell the story of the forests. Dwarfed, blighted corn pushes up in the fields. One thing only remains of the old glory; the gracefully curved iron chassis of a once beautiful carriage that rusts beside a tumbling shed.

So with the other plantations all over the county—constant farming, careless farming.

A textile mill was built in Carrboro about the turn of the century. Many were glad to forsake the land for sure wages. In 1912 more factories were built. During the first years of the current "depression" all of these mills shut down. Now only one is in operation. Here, then, were left a large group of stranded people. They knew no other trade. They lacked the capital or initiative to return to the land. A few found work in Durham and in Chapel Hill. Many more moved out. But, as usual, the weak were left behind, unable to ad-

just themselves—without support.

"And they are hard to help, too," says Mrs. Lawson. "They just don't seem to know what it is to plan and save. Those who are left, they've got sense enough to watch a machine or pack socks—most kinds of mill work, and would do it if the other mills would open up. But they can't do much else." Idleness is their downfall, liquor their destruction. Somebody must look after them, and the K. D. were not ones to shirk. They fed and schooled them, clothed and nagged them. When the funds of the K. D. gave out the state welfare office, and through that, the Federal government recognized them as such capable workers that they allowed the K. D. to distribute government food and clothing grants and to certify people for work relief.

"We just couldn't possibly have come through the last few years without the Federal aid," said Mrs. Lawson.

Looking after the white people who need help is only half the problem. Conditions among the Negroes are even worse. Most of the colored population of Chapel Hill and Carrboro is native to Orange county. Their grand parents worked its plantations. Their parents replaced many of the emigrating white people on the land. A few of them learned to work it properly and saved its fertility. Most of them soon gave up the struggle and sought work in the growing towns of Chapel Hill and Carrboro. Soon two new "residential sections" were formed by their make-shift shanties: "Tin Top"—located between the two towns, beyond where the University laundry now stands, and "Potters Field" in the Northwest corner of the plateau. The University and the people connected with it furnish most of their seasonal employment. Wages at best are barely above subsistence level. So when boarding houses close for the holidays, when fraternities dismiss their servants during the vacation months, when the smaller summer school enrollment makes it necessary to "lay off" some of the laundry labor, there is want—a great deal of it.

"They get so little," went on Mrs. Lawson, "and whenever they have any little bit of money

extra you can just be sure it's going either to the bootlegger or to the installment man. Oh, they just will sign up for anything they have the first payment for. Some of them can't seem to realize that there is going to be a dinner time next Thursday too." Mrs. Lawson has discouragements. Sometimes she takes them chickens so they can have eggs only to go back the next week and find they have eaten the hens. Out in Tin Top there was a family of ten which she was helping. They had a large house. "It was a right good house, too," emphasized Mrs. Lawson. "But they were short on stove wood. Well, they started tearing down the shelves and burning them. The house had a sort of shed on the back of it and they started pulling at that. When the shed was gone they kept pulling boards from the back rooms. Finally it got so cold that all ten of them had to move into the front rooms, but they kept pulling. I was out there just a while ago and all ten of them were scrouged up in two little rooms. They had just about finished with the rest of the house and somebody was pulling a board out of what was left. 'Matty Bell,' I said, 'Don't you know it's going to make you all cold, pulling those boards out like that?' 'Yessum,' she said, 'I ain't gonna do it no more.' Pshaw. Won't do it no more! They'll keep on till they are on the naked ground."

With such discouragements as that to face, one wonders how Mrs. Lawson has the courage to go on. But thirty-two years of charity work has taught her patience. Somehow she has developed an affection for these helpless ones she calls "my people." With an almost savage determination she goes after the things the people need. She is one of those women best described as bumptious—who have a peculiar gift for getting what she goes after. How she gets so much done no one knows. But that white head, quick smile and strong voice seem to be everywhere. She is an extremely kinetic person. Her presence makes inertia impossible.

Some encouragement she does get. Many of the people she helps are not inferior, they just have not had a decent chance to better themselves. Her chief joy seems to be helping these to find work and to better their homes. Mrs. Lawson, herself, found permanent non-relief jobs for over fifty people in the last year. But she doesn't "drop" them there. Through their employers she checks up on the quality of their work. She tries to see that their families get more of their wages than the bootlegger and pounds into them the necessity of planning for the future. Last summer some of

her families canned as many as 200 jars of food for the cold weather.

"How," many people have asked, "has Chapel Hill managed to keep as pleasantly free of the beggars and professional transients who disturb the housewives of almost every other small town. Being off the railroad line explains it in part, but the K. D. have a great deal to do with it. All housewives are advised by them to refuse to feed people who ask for a 'hand out,' but send them around to a local cafe where the K. D. would pay the cost of the meal. Also they are asked to report to the police persons who persist in hanging around the residential sections. In this way much petty thievery is avoided—at the same time the hungry are fed.

"Some of them have this place spotted, too. They think there will be easy pickings here. I saw one of them getting off the bus just the other day. He rolled up his sleeve so people could see his horribly syphilitic arm, got his pencils in his hat and started down the street. Well you know that man's got no business selling pencils or even being on the street with an arm like that. Some child is as liable as not to get one of those pencils and put it in his mouth. Children just will do things like that. Well, I went around and got the policeman and in about thirty minutes that man was on the bus going out of this place."

Although an independent organization, the K. D. does cooperate with other charitable agencies in the Village, both public and private. The K. D. is the only purely charitable organization in Chapel Hill, and for a long time it carried on all the charity work, "and did it well, too." But the task became too great. Other organizations began to give charitable assistance and, finally, a county welfare agency was set up. This agency had professional case workers, office facilities, was backed up by funds donated by the Federal government. But the K. D. did not stop working. They found that no amount of professional training can fully prepare case workers for the problems of a particular community.

So the King's Daughters still has found a need for their services, a need that cannot be met by any other agency. "Lady Bountiful" works steadily on.

Last spring Mrs. Lawson was chosen Chapel Hill's "best citizen." People in West Wood and Park Place, in Buttons and Tenny circle approved of the choice. But the people in Tin Top and Potter's Field, they knew how completely she deserved that title.

STEEPLE

Margaret

LEFT—The spire of the Methodist church may not be as typical of Chapel Hill as a stone wall, a doorway, or a single shrub; but it does dominate the Village by its height. We use it in these sketches and on the cover because it appears in almost every scene of the town, and not because we mean to say editorially or subtly and artistically that it possesses some essence of Chapel Hill. It is, instead, an orientation device, like a compass down in one corner of the map.

The Methodist church with an auditorium so vast that the congregation on Sunday feels lonesome does not dominate Chapel Hill without a sacrifice. Jostled by store buildings, it lacks the spacious setting that would make its candy jar urns seem less amusing than they do when seen above the Coffee Shop. Sir Christopher Wrennaissance in style, it shares an original inspiration with many of our colonial buildings. But its ornateness is as far removed as Duke's High Gothic from the bluntness of the older campus buildings like Old East, South and Old West.



RIGHT—Nigger shanty on Windy Hill. Windy Hill is the north end of the street that runs between the President's Mansion and the co-ed shack, past the Pi Phi house and down into Windy Hollow where Sparrow's dairy pastures fringe Bolling creek. The town's first family at one end, cows at the other, and co-eds, a social fraternity and pickaninnies scattered between. In winter, Windy Hill is the coldest place in town and the best sledding. For a short walk and a sight of Chapel Hill you haven't seen go down Windy Hill until you strike the old Hillsboro road just at the edge of the creek. Take that road back and you'll come up behind the fire station with something more to talk about than the lovely old houses and the charming stone walls.

Other Negro sections have names with as much flavor as Windy Hill: Tintop, out past the laundry, so named because the roofs are shingled with coca-cola signs and other pieces of tin hammered out; Potter's Field, east of Church street and north of Rosemary, because part of it was once used to bury paupers.

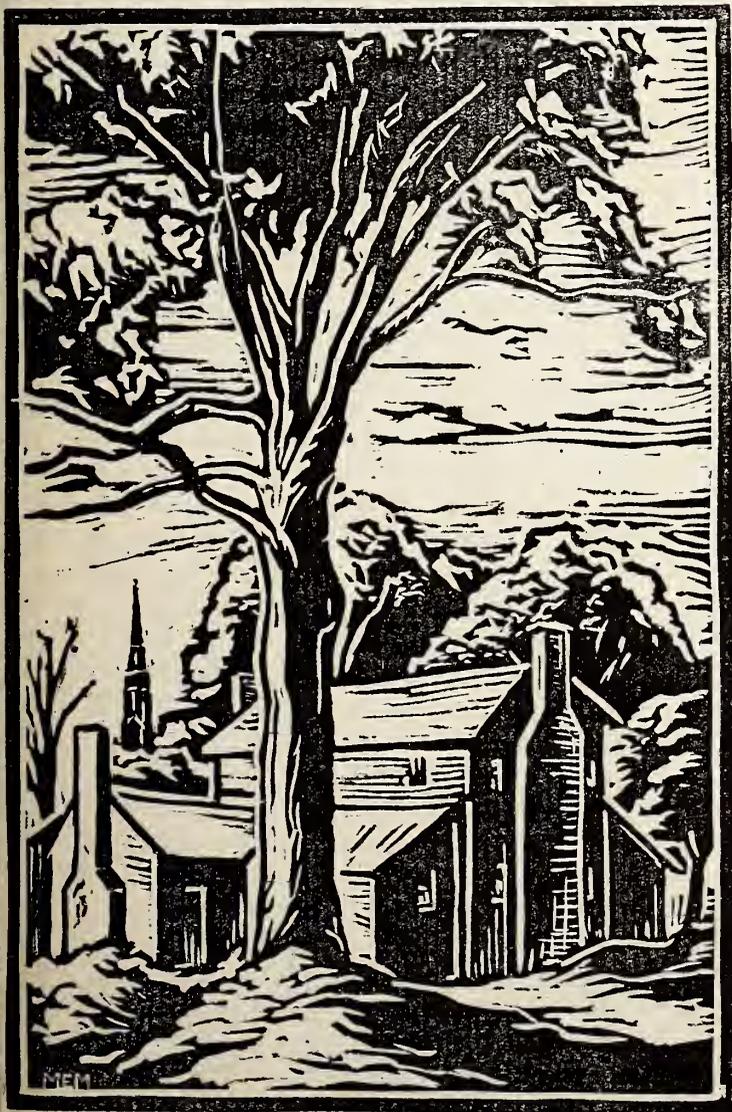


SKETCHES

Munch

RIGHT—Rurality hedges in close to the Village. But the fields are no longer the kind that inspired the first settlers with "New Hope." Cotton and tobacco have done their destruction. Morgan's creek is lined with abandoned farms, seamed with gullies. The hills there are covered with sorry pine, but you can still see the last furrows that were plowed, so slowly does erosion take place after the land has been returned to the forest.

Coming back up the Hillsboro road after your walk down Windy Hill, take the little road that doubles back on your right just as you come around the bend in sight of the fire house. It climbs the hill to a persimmon tree (good eating now that the frost has come); from that point this sketch was made. Over at the left is the Billie Noble cabin overgrown with Virginia creeper. The floor is littered with straw; the place is a stable for small animals. Then return to the road and go further back along the hill. Negroes live there, too, with the finest view in Chapel Hill. A rutted road wiggles along the top of the hill with scenery on all four sides.



LEFT—The old Mangum house has the straight up and down-ness evident in Old East, Old West and the remodeled and refined South; the complacent contentedness with four walls and a roof and nothing more. But this plainness is modified by the rambling additions behind: a kitchen here, a pantry here, another room nailed on here because the family was growing. A homely house, it has gathered charm with the years. A tall house, it has oaks and chimneys much taller and sits quiet at the end of its long gravel walk on Rosemary lane.

The window glasses are of the wavy hand-made type that boom-time antic-quarians bought for five dollars the pane to use in the windows of the lovely old walnut corner cupboard they discovered in the Negro wash woman's house and "bought for a song." The wash woman, who had owned it since some earlier employer moved it out to make room for Victorian godawfulisms, was glad to swap for the pushed over-stuffed chairs; and she may have understood that she would get the cupboard back when the furniture fashions changed.

C. C. C. Agglomerata

TOWN NIGHT

Enrollee Earl Mitchel for twenty years had known no life but low urban life. His town, Durham, had aided the running up of his body along with a conditioning to goose bumps and an empty belly; it had filtered out the deepness and the steeliness of his mother's grey eyes; it had taken his father's will and carded it to lint and the lint it sent away with the plume that daily rose from the mill's smokestack. Trail work in the midst of the Southern Appalachians had made Enrollee Mitchel forgetful of the bad things of Durham and had instilled in him a craving for the good things, the town things that C. C. C. company 4413 did not afford him: money spending, movie house, loafing people, and girls.

An Army rule makes it necessary that C. C. C. companies go to the nearest town for their entertainment and for the purchasing of food supplies. Company 4413 always went to Brills Nook, a town west of Asheville, North Carolina. Brills Nook lies at the entrance to Nantahala Gorge on the banks of the Tuckaseegee.

BRILLS NOOK

Not so long before the sun had set in the Nantahala, a cheap lilting melody could be heard all over the town. It was magnetic to some; stimulating to others; and to the better folk of the town it was disgusting and they shut their ears to it. It filled the C. C. C. and many of the workers with a desire to do something. It made young girls, who belonged at home, paint their lips and strut up and down the main street snickering at the pants their downcast eyes encountered. It stimulated middle-aged women to rouge up and to put on pink and organdy gowns and to circulate about the crowded part of the Nook. It was a melody with a spell and it spilled its magic into the air where all could breathe and absorb it.

ENROLLEE GORDON MULL

I don't like the way that guy smiles when he waits on me. This place's just after our money. Funny how this ale drowns out that sweet winy

taste. No more cheap wine for me. Hm, I spilled that ale right on my pants leg . . . bring me a Peter Paul Mound. Hingejaw, are you gonna leave now? The law? Where's the law. Fee snatchers. That's all they are . . . a bunch of fee snatchers lettin us spend all our money and then draggin us off to jail and finin us for somethin we ain't got. Le's go to the show until this wears off . . . hurry up 'fore some of the fellows come moanin about their troubles.

EDUCATIONAL ADVISOR DRINKWATER ADAMSON

I was taking a shot at the eight ball . . . bending down over the edge of the table . . . when I saw her. She was a knockout: long, chestnut hair . . . not oily. Her eyes were dark brown awned with showy upcurved lashes . . . her breasts were unrestrained by undergarments. She smiled from the far end of the room. I missed the eight ball.

ENROLLEE RALPH "SCARFACE" HINSON

I was taking a shot at the eight ball from the side of the table when I saw her. She's really different. The dark kind that smiles. We went down to the school house. Afterwards she hurried away. Oh, well . . . what the hell anyway.

ENROLLEE WILL NOLAN

It's curved around in my head a thousand times and I know it ain't no use thinking about it no more; but after what Mull told me, I cain't help but worry. I was standin under the awnin of the cafe and she was leanin up against the street light. She kept smilin at me and kinda bendin herself so's I'd notice how she was built. I said hell I wasn't goin to hitch up with no squaw and I could see clean through the upper part of her dress. Funny how I forgot how dirty lookin her clothes was . . . somehow it got so I didn't see them after a while. When she smiled she didn't look so sallow . . . and there was somethin so whole and good about her that I felt her from where I stood. Hell, the fellows always razz squaw-pickers. The show

musta just started about that time 'cause the street was kinda empty. She dropped somethin and when she reached over to pick it up I could see 'em fall forward. She was like a tight stuffed pillow in a soft smooth cover. We went down on the river at the mouth of the gorge. She said she liked the moon on the water when the water was low . . . she said that moonlight was good to drink. She didn't fool me though, that stuff's all crap. A line she had. We laid down under a willow and she told me what the name of the gorge meant. Nantahala is indian for in-the-valley-of-the-noonday-sun. She was warm and sort of unseparate. I forgot what we was and kissed her. I'm trying to make myself think I didn't . . . but I know I did because she pulled me closer and mumbled something in indian. Two of the fellows say she's got it. They say they know it for sure. God I wished I knew I never had let my lips come near hers . . . I did though, I know I did. When I asked Mull what I ought to do he said I was a fool and what did I kiss her for; that I was takin a chance anyway. Maybe the fellows are wrong. They just heard that stuff about her. It's sorta funny to think that shinin water, a green valley, and a warm brown body could go right along with the Siph.

ENROLLEE EARL MITCHEL

Wonder if anybody noticed my looking down at 'em. They are nice. I always wanted a white pair. Ma'd most likely say I'd wasted money. That's one good thing about this three C.'s you can most always finda fellow that'll lend you some money till payday. I wished I drewed all my money here like Joe does . . . guess they really use that twenty-five dollars at home. It'd pay four weeks' rent and some payments on the furniture . . . and go a long ways. Maybe ma could git her hair fixed . . . she's been wanting to for a long time anyhow.

Why that jackass! bumping into me. Guess I must be dreamin'. Maybe it was one of them fellows from a Wop camp. By God it was. "Hey Jonesy! one of them Goddamned wops bumped me on the elbow."

ENROLLEE RAYMOND T. "JONESY" JONES

Somebody calling me? zznhah, zznhah, my breath's comin short. Musta been drinkin . . . Guess I have. Wop! Who said Wop? Where's my razor? Can't feel straight . . . my hand's floatin . . . Oh here it is . . . black and shiny . . . black

and shiny. Razor git ready. A Wop. Son's of bitches yankees. Uh, or here's the law—black dressed bastards . . . alleyway! Where's the alleyway.

ENROLLEE RALPH "SCARFACE" HENSON

Wop? Whose says Wop? If one of them God damned yankees lays a hand on our fresh meat men I'll wham the hell out of him. What do they come down here for anyhow? I'll knock his face in . . . where's Jonesy . . . we'll cut hell out of 'em . . . we'll hotta mighty there's that prig of the law. Damn yankee musta beat it for the show.

ENROLLEE BERNIE SLAVIN

Jesus, what have I done this time. Who's that comin in? They wont find me down here in the front row. Cheez, I saw this picture before. I didn't even see nobody and that fellow came chasin me with a razor. I wouldn't even get near them southern guys if I could help it. They'll get me after the show. They cut up Minsky . . . slashed him right across the face . . . and Jesus, only because he said hi to one of the whores. God . . . it ain't no relief to have to stay in a camp down here when there aint nothing but butchers. God damn em . . . I aint no Wop . . . they can call us all Wops though, I dont mind just so I dont get cut up. Jesus I wisht I was home.

ENROLLEE EARL MITCHEL

I aint sure Scarface got the right one but he got him all the same . . . them Wops is all alike . . . I hope Jonesy ducks the law all right . . .

I'll be damned; got a scratch on my shoe. Wonder how in the hell that happened. Brand new white shoes. Them damn Wops. Well we got him anyhow.

ENROLLEE GORDON MULL

Well here's the story; first a boy from one of the yankee camps came out of the show house and started down the street. Then he saw Scarface come running by me and he turned around and lit out down the highway with Scarface. The joke is that Scarface wasn't chasing the yankee; instead, Scarface was running from the brother of the girl that hangs around the pool-room. That *was* funny . . . all three of them running down the highway as fast as they could go. Let's have another beer.

Louis Graves and His Paper

SO NEARLY identical with the spirit of Chapel Hill is that of its *Weekly* that a whimsical critic might be tempted to reverse relationships and portray Louis Graves as a genial goblin using his magic journalistic style to charm Village folks and make them conform to his own conception of ideal community life. At the risk of allowing prior claims to this discovery, the critic might quote a Raleigh *Times* columnist of a few years ago, who confidently predicted that Mr. Graves would some day *be* the Village, all by himself.

Strict realism, however, forces consideration of the fact that the delightful social rhythm of the town had been following its leisurely course for some time before Louis Graves' paper fell into step with it. Only that fact makes it impossible to believe that the Village echoes the *Weekly*, instead of the *Weekly's* echoing the Village.

Even if supernatural magic can't be admitted seriously, the editor of the *Weekly* does possess a trade charm almost as potent and almost as rare. This is the magic of journalism not only sound in craftsmanship but delicately, perfectly adjusted to the mood of its physical and human environment. You have to understand the mood of this environment to appreciate the virtues of the *Weekly*; but the easiest way to comprehend the tempo of Chapel Hill is to read the *Weekly*.

Like the Chapel Hillians and exiled Chapel Hillians whose names make up the greater part of his subscription list, Louis Graves is interested in his neighbours in their various acts of being human, in dogs which bark, in cats which have kittens and catch Chapel Hill mice, in birds which nest in Village elms, in the annually flowering mimosas and daffodils of Village lanes and lawns. These things are the barrier which isolate the town from speed and money-grabbing and elbowing. These things, too, allow perspective to play over the suburbanity that distinguishes Chapel Hill from other little country towns.

Mr. Graves knows all this. So he reports M. C. S. Noble's hospitality in allowing a guest to cope with two intruding copperheads; makes a public character of John Booker's Scottie, Boojums; heralds the birth of puppies to a dog owned by one

of his printers; tells where the dogwoods blossom thickest, and can be seen with least exertion; and twice annually wages a campaign in favor of seersucker suits.

But his paper isn't just an ubiquitous policeman who tells charming little stories while he covers a large beat to keep guard against disturbing intrusions from the outside and small town bigotry from within. Like every true journal (but unlike most policemen), it's also an efficient information agent and a stimulating leader of thought. News of town taxes, community projects, university activities, and so forth is retailed in a manner capable of teaching lessons in journalistic terseness, clearness, and restraint to many a big-time reporter. The editorials are straightforward expositions of progressive liberalism tempered by conservative good common sense.

But this is too summary a summary, and we have a healthy fear of involuntarily damning with faint praise; so we'll cease paying our respects here and go on to other matters not so widely known as the excellence of the *Weekly*.

Louis Graves was born in the eighties, and grew up in Chapel Hill. His father, who was professor of mathematics in the University, died when the eldest of the four children in the family was eleven; and they had a pretty hard time for a while. But the mother, a courageous woman possessed, like her uncle, the Alabama wit, Johnson Hooper, with a sense of humor, managed to bring them all up and see them through college. Now, living on Hooper Lane with her daughter Mary, a hundred yards or so from the home of her son Louis, she can rightfully be pleased about them; for they have all achieved more than usual prominence. Ralph, the oldest, has been prominent in New York journalism for thirty years; recently the manager of the Doubleday, Doran syndicate, he has now established a syndicate of his own. Ernest, who retired in 1921 as a major in the Army engineer corps, has been brought back into the service to be chairman of the Mississippi River Commission, which has command of flood control along the

Mississippi. Mary is a successful portrait painter here in Chapel Hill.

The future *Weekly* editor, going to college in his home town, did such things here as play first-string quarterback on the University football team for two years, make Phi Beta Kappa, and win the college singles and doubles championships in tennis. Whether his college football experience lies back of the expertness of the gridiron critiques running currently in the *Weekly*, or whether somebody else writes them for him, we don't know. "Sideline's" real name, he says, is a secret. However that may be, he is still a first-rate racket-handler, particularly in doubles, where his brilliant volleying and overhead game have put many an opposing team into confusion. In 1920 he won the state singles title. He and one of his tennis cronies, Lee Wiley, or A. M. Jordan, or Bill Olsen, sometimes have friendly matches with pairs of Carolina varsity netters, although he says old age always yields to youth. In the summer session tournaments, however, the ultimate winners in singles and doubles usually come from among this quartet.

Graduated at nineteen, he went to New York and landed a reporting job with the *Times*, on whose staff his brother Ralph was already working, three months after his arrival. He remained in this position for three years, until 1906.

From that year to 1921, when he returned to the University as professor of journalism, he spent his time becoming convinced that he was a "born villager," but getting to be an important urbanite. Jotted down in cold-blooded understatement probably designed to throw us off the track of discoveries uncomfortable to his modesty, his own summary of these years follows:

"From 1906 to 1913, various 'free lance' jobs—press agenting, occasional writing for magazines, writing for Sunday newspapers.

"1913, went with New York City government as assistant to the President of Borough of Manhattan. There for about 3 years.

"For a while, 1916-1917, various free lancing.

"From 1917 to 1919 in the Army; to France in August, 1918. Was in no action of importance. Stayed in France a year after Armistice. Returned December, 1919, after being discharged from Army in France.

"Did some magazine and other various writing 1919 to 1921."

Gerald Johnson remarks about this period: "As an essayist he gained entrance to the most ponder-

ous and dignified of the monthlies. As a fictioneer he attained the short-story writer's Valhalla, the *Saturday Evening Post*. But his real interests were bounded by the crumbling field-stone walls that inclose the campus at Chapel Hill, and no hall of fame attracted him as did the eighteenth century buildings that are the heart of the University.

"So when the war was over . . . he came back, abandoning, his friends said, a brilliant career for the obscurity of a country village.

"But somehow he doesn't fade out."

On March 1, 1923, the *Weekly* was born—like so many Chapel Hill babies, in Durham. The editor had to write copy for it between journalism classes, on perfectly good tennis afternoons, and at nights after going over his students' assignments; he would mail his stories to the printer in Durham. From then on they would be in the hands of the gods—or rather of uncontrollable and uninterested type-setters, compositors, and proof-readers. And every newspaperman knows, or can imagine, nightmarishly, what that means. How he must have cursed at the errors that he was powerless to prevent creeping into his paper! How *Weekly* copy and class-room copy must have got mixed up! How the whole arrangement must have interfered with the editor's tennis!

The pressure was too much for a real newspaperman. He had to bring the technical work closer home, where he could supervise it personally, where he could actually get his fingers on sticks of type at making-up time—a habit of puttering around which he still indulges (to the occasional impatience of his shop force) and which wouldn't be possible for anybody who wasn't editor, owner, and staff all rolled into one.

So in May of 1923 he bought some second-hand equipment and set up a little printshop in the basement below Sutton's drugstore. Things went pretty well from this modest beginning—people liked the *Weekly*, job-printing was profitable, he was having a lot of fun. Figuring that he and Mrs. Graves could make about as much out of a printshop and a good country newspaper as he was making by teaching, he resigned from the faculty in 1924 and put up a fairly good-sized plant on Rosemary Lane. This, with additions that have doubled its size, has been the home of the *Weekly* ever since.

By the time it celebrated its fifth birthday in 1928, this little village journal had become the

(Continued on page thirty-two)

Evidence to Show the Presence of Anglophilism in the Subconscious Minds of the D. A. R.

I WAS A STUDENT in the local high school and the object of too much attention because of a strong English accent when I first became acquainted with the Daughters of the American Revolution. On one occasion, in spite of my family's English citizenship, I carried the American flag in a patriotic celebration staged by the D. A. R. At that time I understood that the Daughters were organized to preserve American traditions arising from the War of Independence. And even now I will admit that they still keep up appearances by "expurgating" American history textbooks, presenting flagcodes to the high schools with fitting ceremony, and endowing colleges which offer military training. But in their private life the Daughters are confirmed Anglophiles.

One worthy member I know tells me that she has forbidden her youngest child to open the paper at the funny page when there is any danger of being observed. Then she goes on to say that her older children are allowed to read only English authors of the nineteenth century. In spite of my fondness for Popeye, I am afraid to sympathize openly with the baby. I nod my head in a solemn and hypocritical agreement. But I do manage to begin a timid defense of the more obviously valuable works of American literature. But I have no more than started my innocent praise when she interrupts me—Daughters have a tendency to interrupt—and expresses at great length her distrust and dislike for American literature beginning with Hawthorne and ending with Thomas Wolfe. I am unable to qualify any American to stand beside Dickens and Thackeray.

I meet my friend another time. This day the papers are filled with the news that miscellaneous pieces of human anatomy have been found floating on the oily surface of a northern harbor. The story is the excuse for my Daughter to make a tirade against American institutions in general. The criminality of judges who cavil before political bosses. The general uncouthness of Americans, so especially deplorable to the members of the old aristocracy. All this in such contrast with the way the really intelligent Englishmen manage their

affairs. Always before, I have been flattered when the Daughters allude to the excellence of the English character. I have been pleased by their compliments but I have not taken them seriously. Now by an earnestness worthy of a better cause, this friend convinces me that her belief in England is really a very important part of her. I give her opportunity to speak favorably for America. I ask questions that would lead to a discussion of American freedom—not political, especially, but intellectual freedom. It is I, however, who must exclaim about the sunsets on the Arizona deserts, hair-raising drives over Rocky Mountain roads, the honest midwesterners, the astute Yankees, New Orleans; I must comment upon the egoism of the Californians. I am already aware of England's greatness—why tell me more about it? I want someone who really appreciates America to supplement the knowledge I have gained through travel and reading. Instead I am coddled in sympathy as a poor lone little Englishman lost in the midst of unspeakable barbarity.

If a Daughter comes upon me while I am in the Library reading the *Illustrated London News* to see how the British press reports the devaluation of the franc, she sees only the title of the magazine and imagines me in a weak nostalgia. Then she brings up the subject of my homeland with a tender reverence she would use in speaking to an orphan about his just dead parents.

Of course, I can explain some of this Anglophilism. Before the D. A. R. became Anglophilic—in the days preceding the Civil War—its members spent much time in a sincere attempt to discover the full extent of England's perfidy. With English history of George's reign they were much better acquainted than with any period of their own. True, they were not profound scholars—they could not, for instance, understand that George III was more interested in turnips than he ever was in America—but still their study was so time-consuming that it precluded an examination of anything in their own country's history except the genealogical records by which they could establish their right to membership.

Thus they unconsciously acquired the habit of thinking in terms of England, originally, of course, in condemnation, but later in subconscious praise. As George III slipped further back into history they developed a toleration for him as a phenomenon capable of occurring in even the best of nations. All this time, however, they were making unavoidable contacts with the America around them. Aristocrats underneath they were annoyed by the ruthless democracy to which they were subjected. In their mental galleries the picture of America they knew soon seemed less beautiful than the pictures of England which other people had painted for them.

As a matter of course the Daughters on periodic pilgrimages to England visit Stratford-on-Avon and the Lake District. They ogle at the crown jewels in the Tower and are "thrilled to death" by the changing of the guards at Buckingham Palace; but they never go down into London's "East Side" or up into Birmingham—England's "Pittsburgh." No, they come home chock full of those "funny beafeaters" and "My dear, I saw the Prince of Wales!"

But even understanding this I see no reason why the D. A. R. should be ashamed of America. I do not see why American children who may not enjoy *The Return of the Native*, *Vanity Fair*, *Dombey and Son* must read them. I believe firmly that a man's education is not complete without some knowledge of English literature. Yet I would not say that young American genius is fitted for any forced perusal of another country's writing. American genius is quite unfitted for anything forced.

I cannot sympathize with the suppression of all American literature as though there were nothing in it worth fostering. I don't blame the American boy who prefers *Huckleberry Finn* and *Moby Dick* to *David Copperfield*—I do myself. Emerson's essays are as deep as those of Bacon or Carlyle. *The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table* is as enjoyable and probably more so to Americans than the dissertations of Addison and Steele. And for the moderns, Van Dine's thrillers are as hair-raising as Agatha Christie's. Even if you agree

with the patriotic D. A. R. members that American writing is inferior to English literature, you need not reject the former. Not for a minute would I suggest that anyone outside the D. A. R. is ashamed of America, but I would say that the organization might seem a pernicious influence especially because it has so much to do with education.

Boston, the museum of American patriotism and headquarters of the D. A. R., has banned *Huckleberry Finn* and *Tom Sawyer* as trash, and has vigorously preached against the *Scarlet Letter*. O'Neil's plays have been banned; Sinclair Lewis and Theodore Dreiser have met no warmer receptions in that historic city.

Of all Americans, the Daughters have one of the greatest tastes for the English cuisine. Without exception they all love tea—Boston popularized the tea party. Of course, the English do not call afternoon teas "tea parties." But I suppose the idea is the same. I am told that among the more militant sections of the D. A. R. tea is served religiously at four o'clock every afternoon. My friends can never understand why I do not trot home for tea every day at that time.

The description of Christmas in Dicken's *Carol* will survive the language. Bob Cratchit, Scrooge, Marley's Ghost can not be forgotten. What interests the Daughters, however, is not the character studies but the description of the meal. Just before one Christmas of the prohibition era a Daughter told me of her intention of having the pudding, at least, like the Cratchits'. I thought there was no harm in such an ambition until I found that I, an Englishman, was to preside. I did get an excellent dinner but the embarrassment hardly made it worthwhile.

I can't forget the picture of this stately "Old Guard" American reverently pouring smuggled brandy over her pudding, lighting it, and then smiling across her bountiful, beautifully-laid table as the blue flames duplicated the effect of the Cratchit's "speckled cannon ball" about which no one would have been so flatly heretical as to remark that it was a "small pudding for a large family."
—JOHN CREEDY.

This Time and Place

. . . *Who Help Themselves*

This fall a senior, who had passed through the worst of self-help employment and was at last comfortably fixed, thought of a way to protect others from the conditions he had met. A self-help protective association was his idea: an organization of students to prevent exploitation of student labor.

Because incipient organizations on this campus have to begin with a bang in order to last, he took a delegation to Dr. Graham and suggested a higher minimum wage for University-employed. Then at the meeting where Dr. Graham announced the higher wages, the senior laid out his plan. But the hundred students present were not to be convinced at once. They appointed a committee to work out the organization of the association.

Committees are the handmaidens of inactivity and confusion, the graveyards of good ideas. Half of the committee members said they were against any type of unions. One said that it would be awful to have all the people in town mad at the student self-help boys: the big manufacturing companies don't like it a bit when their laborers join a union. Another objection: students are now proud to be self-help boys, but they would feel branded if they belonged to an association.

The president of the University, the secretary of the self-help committee, and one other important manager of student labor have encouraged the association. Mr. Ed Lanier says that it would give more power to his faculty committee on appointments in dealing with employers. Mr. Graham has granted the first request.

Now only the students, the principal beneficiaries, need to be interested in the Student Self-Help Protective Association.

Say It With Smiles

Bob Perkins sent them up to see us. A nice looking young couple. They wanted to see some back issues of the MAGAZINE. Which issue? Then she smiled: the one with the review of *Village Chronicle*.

We handed them October, 1936. They opened to page seventeen on which the lead sentence of Bill Hudson's review is: "James McConnaughey doesn't have to write for a living; he married wealth and can afford to scribble as much and as

unpopularly as he wants to, without publishing anything."

They read the first paragraph and then leafed the other pages, asked if they might have the copy, smiled pleasantly when we said of course, remarked that it was a nice day, nodded when we concurred in the opinion, then said goodbye.

From our little cubicle on the left mezzanine of Graham Memorial we watched Mr. and Mrs. James McConnaughey go down the stairs and out the door—still smiling.

Comments

"The best writers on the campus never contribute to the Mag."—an observant senior speaking of the phenomenon of a literary magazine languishing in a cultural center.

"Well, I always assigned three times as much stuff as I expected to get and then printed what came in."—an ex-editor after we had complained of the way contributors walk in the day of the dead-line and explain that they don't believe they'll turn in that article you assigned them six weeks ago. "You could hold off publication five or six days, couldn't you?" they ask.

"Always before the CAROLINA MAGAZINE had nothing on the cover and something inside. You just reversed the policy."—a *Buccaneer* contributor commenting on the innovation last month of a design on the bare face of the CAROLINA MAGAZINE.

"Do you really have to read all that stuff that goes into the MAGAZINE? You do! My, but you ought to get a lot of money for that."

Teething Rings

In the recent freshman elections the Hubbard party polled the largest vote that has been set up against the regular political interests in such an election. They did not win an office, but that matters very little. Freshman politics are merely the teething ring for the first-year class. The independents indicated that they may have something to bite with next spring.

The anecdote of the campaign: A Hubbard man was arguing with a Baxtor Taylor man. The latter with more conviction than knowledge insisted that his party was not dictated by organized fraternity politics. "Who named the ticket, then? Who organized it?"

The Taylor man began to haw. "Oh, it just sort of came in by itself, without anybody helping it."

"I see," said the Hubbard man, "another case of the immaculate conception."

Of Brick and Stone

BUILDINGS are like people: if their architectural faults are not too numerous one becomes used to them and can overlook them to such an extent that it is difficult to spot them at all. It is a problem, then, to judge with an unbiased mind buildings one knows intimately.

Another hindrance is that, in spite of the architects, the architecture of the campus seems good to the casual observer because of the simple informal planting which screens and frames the buildings. This excellent and natural planting is one of the chief reasons for the homogeneity of the campus, the other being uniformity in building material: brick has been used throughout, with one or two exceptions. The harmony which exists among them, the most remarkable thing about the truly remarkable conglomeration of architectural styles packed together here is: we have everything from Norman Romanesque to Georgian Colonial. There is the more or less classic revival in that notable Alumni Building, the Victorian adaptation of Italian in New East and New West, the Tudor of Phillips, and the utterly complacent lack of any style whatsoever of Peabody. Each of these radically different buildings politely remains in his own backyard and never picks quarrels with his neighbors. Most of this harmony must be attributed to the shrubbery, but some credit should go to the walks and walls. With this background many a fault of architecture is hidden.

Now let's pull away some of the shrubbery and strip some of the ivy off the famed "ivy-clad walls" and see what we have. Old East, Old West, and the Well, particularly the Well, have become, locally speaking, architectural clichés. They are indelibly associated with the University and have been overdone in this connection. However, no architectural survey could possibly overlook them; they are too typical of the conditions under which they were built. It is perfectly obvious that they were simply four walls and a roof constructed to make a place to live and conduct classes; no thought of architecture entered the minds of the builders. So architecturally, Old East and Old West aren't. The lines and proportions are not bad, but design is totally absent. The

most interesting feature of each is the north end, with the recesses. The cornice of the buildings overhangs too much, giving a heavy, beetle-browed effect. The doors are not important enough; one prays for emphasis on some feature of this kind to break the monotony of wall and windows.

The Well's worst point is that it lacks finesse; the design is so simplified that it is too blunt and straightforward. An infinite amount of grace would be added if the columns were tapered slightly inward to the capital. The capitals themselves are too simple and the roof too heavy; it suggests an oversized derby set down on the ears of a little old man. This would be remedied by not having the roof extend to the cornice, but stop off, leaving an edge the width of the cornice.

The design is that of the old circular Roman temple, but the specific antecedent seems to have been a small temple in the garden of the Petit Trianon at Versailles, which had in it a statue instead of a water drink. The water drink is doubtless the best solution of our problem: one wonders what would be the fate of a statue of the type generally found in French gardens in such an accessible position. Imagine *Beat Duke* in black letters around Venus' middle.

South Building is not particularly impressive. The front door, a perfect rendition of the Georgian Colonial doorway, is its best feature and that is a new addition. The proportions are not pleasing: they are too steep and yet do not seem lofty. The back is better than the front, the columns adding interest and giving better ascent for the eye. They are much too slender for Ionic, however; true Ionic is much squatter. The cupola is too heavy; the spaces between the louvers are the same width as the windows. The dome has a bulbous appearance and the whole affect is one of squareness; since there is no pyramiding of planes, the feeling of bluntness in the other buildings is repeated.

Of all the buildings, new and old, the remodeled Person Hall is the best from all points of view. Built in 1797, it has been juggled from one service to another and has now fallen into the hands of the new art department. In the remodel-

ing, only the walls were left, with the beautiful texture given them by sand-blasting away the old paint. The proportions in each unit taken separately or in the structure as a whole are very pleasing, though a little squat perhaps. An old lady lamented the filling up of a doorway in the side of the east wing; she must have had sentimental rather than esthetic reasons, however, since it is obvious that a door in this wall would completely tear up the design of the end.

Gertrude Stein, unfortunately, was just a little more than poor old Gerrard could stand and it was condemned after her notable lecture there two years ago. Miss Stein was disconcertingly intelligible, so it was the principle of the thing no doubt; it is a pity, though, because this building probably approaches the divine proportion nearer than any other building on the campus, unless it be Person. The design is not too good; a little more emphasis in front would help, but the texture of the brick shown slightly through the paint is very pleasing, more so than the dirty brown of the Playmaker Theatre. A brown Greek temple has never seemed quite fitting somehow, and yet no other color would work in these surroundings. The less that can be said here, the better; the Playmakers have been dragged into the mire on so many accounts it would be a shame to berate them for their building, too. However, I must comment on the columns. Here we have the only example of its kind on the campus: columns too squat. They are an adaptation of Corinthian and the Corinthian is the slenderest of the orders. The columns are too low and the capitals too heavy for their height. The design is very good, but they have the misfortune of having been spread, that is leaving more space between the center columns than the others. This always gives the impression of a person with one of his front teeth missing.

Now we arrive at those outstanding and inexplicable bones of contention, New East and New West. They are the enigmas of the campus; why buildings just like these ever happened to be built is a puzzle. The severe vertical and horizontal lines give them a distinct flavor of modernism, yet they were built in the fifties. The Italian villa type, prevalent at that time, undoubtedly influenced them. This is most evident in the heavy wooden cornice with the ornate corbels. New West is considerably better in proportion than its companion. New East is much too steep because of the extra story. The best feature is the good

proportion, the worst is the chopped off appearance of the wings; the square, abrupt roof line and narrow cornice in contrast to the peak roof and heavy cornice of the center gives the impression that they were never finished. The wooden capitals on the pilasters are useless and give a bad effect; the idea evidently was to carry through the horizontal feeling by continuing across the facade the roof line of the wings. This would have been infinitely more pleasing and effective by lowering the windows in the middle section instead. The doorways here are quite good, one of the few cases here where there seemed to be some idea besides just that of having an opening through which to get on the other side.

With the construction of these two, building more or less ceased until about 1890, when, to the detriment of the campus, another building boom took place. The structures of this period are either overdone or underdone; the architects could not seem to strike a happy medium and the results were such malformations as Alumni. There was absolutely no feeling at all for the future use of the building; for example, Pharmacy looks more like a bank and Hill Hall is suggestive of anything but music, or a library either for that matter. The construction is much too ponderous for the subject.

The best example of all that was bad in this period is still Alumni. This monstrosity was committed in 1898 and the pediment does not need to carry the date; it is typical of its time, the worst thing to be said about it. It looks like an 1890 beaux-arts problem; the architect opened his bag of tricks and cut loose. Almost every conceivable decoration has been lavished on this malformation of good architecture. Eight distinct types of windows have been used. There is French feeling, particularly in the ridiculous round windows at the top; the Greek key is prominent in places; and miscellaneous other bits of architectural design have been daintily misplaced. The design is supposed to have been taken from the New York Public Library, scaled down to fit Chapel Hill and this is so obvious it is painful. The porch is now only a place to put the columns; the same number of windows are still used, giving poor design in the wall spaces. The interior is even more distressing than the exterior. It was probably here that the famous simile was drawn comparing the study of philosophy to a blind man in a dark room looking for a black cat that wasn't there. The best feature of the building is the fact that it is almost

completely hidden by shrubbery and trees. When the leaves fall we wonder how we have endured this architect's nightmare for so many winters.

Davie trails along in the lowly precedent set by the Alumni Building. It is fortunately less ornate, but the design is still bad and the arrangement of the windows is peculiarly unhappy.

Howell, as said before, is too massive and the lavish use of arches is foolish. Arches are supposed to be used to carry weight that is too heavy to be borne by post and lintel construction. A few arches might not be bad, but in this case the architect must have had some kind of mania on the subject; he filled every bit of space with big arches and little arches giving no thought to arrangement and getting disturbing results.

Carr is another of those unforgivable contributions of the pseudo-architects about the turn of the century. How such creations could be produced by the brain of a man who professed to be an architect is beyond conception. The lines are terrible; design is utterly foreign here; the cornice consists of a gutter big enough to carry off the flood of the Nile. What could have inspired such a gutter is beyond reason; even the notorious rains of Chapel Hill would not require the services of such a canal as this. The corners of the building are weak, due to the fact that the windows are so near the edge. The doorway in itself is good, but it does not relate with the rest of the building at all.

The main comment to make on Bynum Gymnasium is to hope it will be torn down when the new one comes.

Where to drag the Y. M. C. A. into this is a question. It is typical Victorian Gothic and looks like the gingerbread house in Hansel and Gretel; to enhance the feeling of mystery there are two windows playing peek-a-boo behind the buttresses. The thing cannot be described adequately in polite society, but this is one of those reasons we can thank God for ivy.

The Hill Music Hall has a distinctly rococo feeling about it; the elaborate capitals on the pilasters remind one of the fancy frosting on a cake when the baker has outdone himself. The central unit is not bad, but the wings look unfinished; the windows are the same size as those in the center and are not held in by pilasters. As mentioned before, there is no idea whatsoever of the use of the building in the design; it is a heavy structure, suggestive neither of books or of music. Another of the worst features of the era was its predilection for concrete bricks, a type of construction with

which it is practically impossible to get good results under any conditions.

Interspersed among these classic renderings was a great Tudor movement; the first and most successful example of this style was Smith Building, although it lacks many of the most outstanding features of the style; it is in that fact that lies so much of the success of Smith: it is not overdone. This is a good example of the beauty added by having brickwork of the proper texture; the bricks were well burnt in the first place, they were laid with the right kind of mortar, and they have weathered nicely.

Battle, Vance, and Pettigrew are the next attempts at Tudor and are not as successful. Battle and Vance are the best; the design of the facade is much better: there is not the tendency for the roof line to slope off too suddenly as in Pettigrew. The oriels with the diamond panes, the mouldings, and the gargoyles are highly typical. These gargoyles are a problem, however. The original function of a gargoyle was that of waterspout; here there is no water to spout—they are purely decorative. Since nobody notices them anyway, they are quite harmless.

The least Tudorish of all is Swain Hall, where the decoration has been reduced to a minimum. It is so severe and the portico is so heavy that it looks more like an armory than a dining hall. The windows are too large for the type and the general lines of the structure would be helped if the vertical feeling were emphasized by representing the upper and lower windows as a single unit, in a similar way to the treatment in Phillips.

And now we have arrived at Phillips, that nemesis of freshmen, and the last contribution of Tudor architecture to the campus. It is a typical modern representation of Tudor and looks more like a consolidated high school or a factory building than anything else. The factory idea is emphasized by the chimneys of the buildings department which are visible over the top, and look like part of the building. It disagrees with the rest of the campus more than any other building here except the library. The bright red brick give a little too much contrast and the parapet at the top gives it a fortress-like appearance appropriate, no doubt, but not too satisfactory. Cannon around the top would not seem out of place. The salient features of Tudor architecture are evident throughout the building: the typical moulding, arch, and pediment decoration.

Peabody is a thing unto itself; it is so nonde-

script as to be negligible. In a wildly imaginative moment one might ascribe to it some Italian influence, suggested by the heavy overhanging roof, but it could be noted as the perfect example of no architecture whatsoever. It is utterly lacking in design, but the proportions are not bad.

Following the Tudor and Classic revivals there began in the twenties a Georgian movement which is still going on. The best result of this movement is Graham Memorial and the worst is Manning Hall. In Graham Memorial the lines and design are good and the texture of the brickwork is beautiful; only the chimneys are bad. The heavy tops are entirely out of proportion and the chimneys themselves are too small for the size of the building.

The most upsetting feature of Manning is that the facade forms an inverted pyramid; the design builds out instead of in as it goes up. At the bottom there is a medium sized doorway, just above it is a much larger window, and over the whole is a tremendous fan window which almost fills the pediment. At this point one doesn't know what to expect, but the most unforgivable of all climaxes is achieved in the ridiculous cupola, too small and too steep with its economical little gold dome. The columns seem to be a duplication of those of South Building and the same faults are evident in them: they are much too slender for Ionic. It seems unreasonable that the architects would repeat an idea that was not good, but it seems that it was the repetition, not the idea, that they wanted.

Saunders, Murphey, and Bingham are somewhat office building-like adaptations of Georgian. The lines are good, but the design is cut up by too many windows. The doorways would be much improved if the small round concrete seals were not there to pull the eye away to each side.

Memorial Hall has many fine points, but they don't belong together. The portico is rather good, but it is dwarfed by the extra story and the heavy black roof over all. The color is cheap looking; one hopes the paint is also cheap so that some of it will weather off, giving better texture.

The other buildings of this period are not notable. It is rather a difficult thing to murder Georgian, so if the main idea is followed results will be passable. In none of them is there any particular interest, no doorway or portico. They are

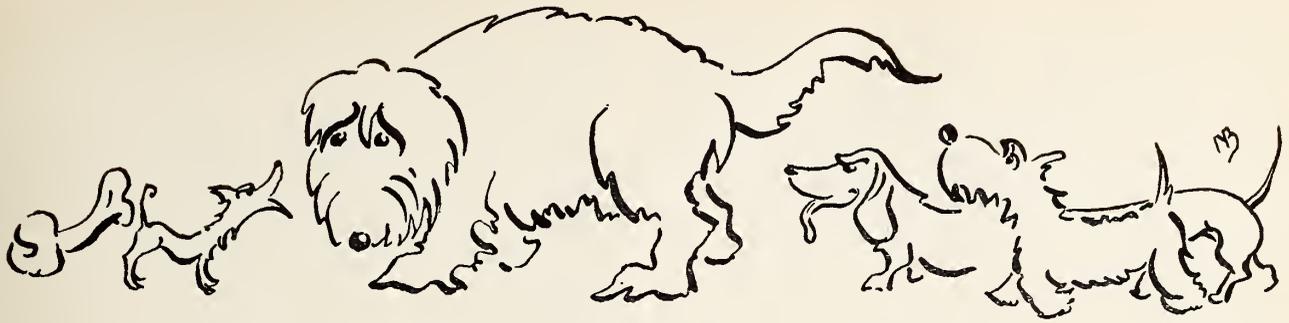
strictly utilitarian and it is written all over their facades.

With the library we get on burning ground. In itself it is a very pleasing building, but it is entirely out of the scheme of things here. The exterior does not strike a kindred note with anything else here. The trend of our buildings is toward simplicity and straightforwardness, even bluntness in the older ones, and then this elaborate, sophisticated structure is placed at the end of the campus. It would fit better as the library of an industrial center than on a university campus. It has been said that it is fitting that there should be a change in the style of architecture for a building as important as the library, but in my opinion it is entirely too ambitious. Some of the money spent for columns with that certain ring and ten cent store gilt capitals might well have been used to better advantage, judging from the results.

Taken separately it is a very good piece of architecture. The columns are the best on the campus, there is good emphasis on the doorway, and the general proportions are good. In time the limestone of which it is built will be weathered and it may grow itself into the feeling of the campus.

Looking over the dome of the library our attention is centered on the bell tower. The design of this illegitimate child of egotism was inspired by the Italian Romanesque campanile, but our architects considered themselves superior to the Italian masters and proceeded to do the thing in their own way. Instead of the usual flat top or square peaked roof they finished it off with a conical Gothic roof, typical of those found in medieval castles. Directly under this they placed an open arcade, so that the roof does not appear to have enough support. A blind arcade in the Lombard Romanesque manner would have been much better. The tower itself is in fairly good proportion, but the windows look like loopholes; they should be in some way related to the rest of the building or left out altogether.

In a general statement it could be said that the best features of our architecture are good lines and proportions; the worst are poor design or entire lack of it. One might at first think our architects were only contractors, but we must be polite and say that they were certainly sons of contractors. We can console ourselves by considering that if we do lack uniformity, we are not an upstart growth of High Gothic mushroomity.



“WHAT KIND of a dog is that?”
“I ’on’t know,” mumbled the little girl.
“Spitz?”

“No, it just dribbles a little.”

The dog was the Eskimo spitz owned by Law Professor M. S. Breckenridge. We are not sure about its other habits.

When a student talks of Chapel Hill dogs, he means those denizens of the campus and its environs who are unimpeded by any physical or mental restrictions. Stay-at-home animals can be found any place. They lead unexciting, monotonous lives, subject to the whims of their masters. For a life of freedom, no one can beat that of the campus mongrel. If his behavior is good he is disturbed by none. He is as much a part of Chapel Hill as the bell-tower or the Confederate statue, and much more alive.

People in Chapel Hill delight in comparing dogs to their masters—no reference meant to the law dean—or to the student body as a whole. In some cases the masters or students are unconsciously flattered. However, it is a fact that professors’ dogs are usually quite intelligent, although some of them are unimpressive to look at. English Bagby owns a brown and white collie, “Donnie,” which smiles by lifting its upper lip into a sneer.

There are dogs in Chapel Hill which have entered the sacred realms on Sunday in order to “get religion.” They are the firm believers in religious dogma. Mrs. Johnny Booker was forced to leave the church one Sunday. Boojum, the Booker scottie, allowed his religious fervor to get away with him.

Dogs demand their rights and gain admittance to any of the social or other functions which take place in Chapel Hill. They are the most enthusiastic spectators at political rallies. The summer school outdoor classes and the freshman assemblies bear the brunt of the canine horde. It is a daily occurrence in Memorial Hall for several flea-carriers to take the stage and demand equality with the lecturers.

Summer classes are enlivened by the sports of the hounds. New subjects are constantly being brought up—bones, newspapers, twigs, and other dogs.

Dogs seem to know that among college students they can find many creatures who, like themselves, are playful, friendly and with not too much work on their hands. Collegians like dogs. After being lectured at and ordered about by professors for hours upon hours, they enjoy being able to assert their superiority and in dogs they find things which are alive and at least slightly inferior. The dogs do not mind it either.

Drew Martin, now active in campus affairs, has probably forgotten his freshman days when pent up emotions had no outlet. He collected all available dogs, and with the assistance of another Manlyite, proceeded to give them shower baths, to the disgust of the dogs and his roommate.

In the numerous workmen and janitors about the campus the four-footed beasts find others with whom they have something in common. The labor class is said to live a dog’s life.

Where do the decrepit, homeless looking ones come from? Well, some belong to janitors and other dusky inhabitants, and others just come. Why do they come? There are several reasons. First, dogs are the most intelligent of animals, it is said. It is only natural that a cultural center like Chapel Hill should draw them like fleas. Here they “put on the dog” and study such vital subjects as puppy love.

The dogs also find numerous means of satisfying their omnivorous hunger in Chapel Hill. Tarzan, a Great Dane owned by Dave Bennett of the music school, has the distinction of earning his own food. This self-help animal watch-dogs for his meals at Brook’s Cafeteria.

In appearance the ordinary Chapel Hill dog is of a once-white shade with black and brown blotches scattered about indiscriminately. He has a waggy tail and a wet nose. The details of his private life are public property. Well-known are

his nonchalant quests for culture, even in the psychology lecture rooms. In the afternoon he may gambol with his fellows on the library steps, or haunt Swain Hall or the medical building. On football days he might ramble down to Kenan Stadium to join informally in the fun on the field or lap up peanuts, popcorn, and other things. Then at night, "dog tired," he may rest his bones almost any place he chooses.

There was a spectacle put on during a recent football game, where a tiny little female rat terrier chased a big dog all over the field. Interest in the football game became secondary during the tussel which ensued.

Rubinoff, the some-part English sheep dog who underwent stream-lining last summer is one of the leading characters of Chapel Hill. He spends most of his time around the mathematics build-

ing. His rival for the title of most distinctive dog-about-town is the dachshund of Isaac Warner Jeanes II. Although he is often mistaken by his fraternity brothers on Saturday night for a snake, he is a congenial beast and clearly the favorite of old Delta Psi. Incidentally he does not wear pants halfway up to his knees. He bears a name almost as long as his body which has been shortened to Bupser. He is often called "Baron Munchausen," probably because of his tall tail.

Chapel Hill could be changed to Canine Hill without much loss of identity. Rubinoff and his comrades are as distinctive a bit of scenery as can be found here. So what are we humans to pick bones with these pups of nature. Let them lead their comfortable lives of their gay, "yappy" ones. In either case a dog's life here is not to be barked at.
—BING STEWART and R. M. POCKRASS.

Captain, Farewell

Chapel Hill, Oct. 24—Passenger service between University station and Carrboro was discontinued today. Capt. Fred Smith, who has served on the line for forty-eight years, was on duty this morning as usual.

Grandfather folded back the covers and looked at the clock. Six-thirty and time to begin his day. Black slippers on he shuffled into the bathroom. The spigot sputtered and water came after a few moments. Even the cold water couldn't wash away the heavy feeling.

The blue serge trousers and dangling suspenders hung at his waist. With habitually careful strokes he brushed his hair. The shaving mug frothed and the brush soaped his whiskers with creamy lather. He shaved without the usual satisfaction and clipped his mustache mechanically.

Back in his room Grandfather dressed in a clean shirt and stiff collar and his short black tie perhaps a trifle less neatly than usual. He heard the Daily News being tossed against the screen door. "I could have had the whole line," he thought, "Captain Nesbit and I. Colonel Andrews, who used to own it, he offered it to us. We weren't wanting to, though, but we could have had it."

Sitting in the car that drove him to the station, with his black fedora and blue coat on, he felt

that this was like every other day. Strange that the world could be so happy on his last day on the passenger line. Never again would he greet old friends returning to school. No more drunken college boys with whom to cope. The train wouldn't have to be held for Frank Graham again.

At the station he chatted with the engine crew, they talked of the weather, and what "Cap," as everybody called him, would do now that he was retiring. Grandfather thought there was a genuine holiday air about it all; he couldn't be a part of it but it was all around him. Even the coach seemed new that day. The red plush seats grew carmine when the sun rose above the treetop; and the brass lantern, never lighted, hung at a jaunty angle.

Soon the engine moved; the baggage car hooked the arm of the passenger coach and dragged it on. White smoke occasionally clouded the windows, and the train settled into its regular pace. The passenger coach began its song—gotta-leave-yuh-now gotta-leaveyuh-now—as it passed over the rails. Over the trestles and on through the lit-

tle stations and farm lands. Grandfather sat in the rear of the coach, puffing on his old cheroot stub and checked records and counted the baggage and freight.

University station seemed to run to meet him, and Grandfather stepped down on the gravel runway to walk over to the station. He ate a sandwich and a glass of milk, but they were no more satisfying than the conversation with the baggage boy—"Yes, last day with the passenger coach." Couldn't he tell them? Couldn't they see? No, they wouldn't understand that the coach was the simple pattern of his life; the warm stove, potted at the waist like the drummers who used to come here to sell things to the college boys. The smell of wood and stale tobacco floating about the compartment—the blue spittoons, the windows that wouldn't open, the cinders and dirt. For forty-eight years they had been his world. No, they wouldn't know.

Then he rode back to the station when the baggage and freight was checked. Clinging to the side of the coach, "Cap." waved the engine to a stop. What chattering! Mothers, children, and more children, all had come to ride on the last run of the coach. Some of them he knew, but only a few. How different from the old days when he knew everyone and everyone knew him. What a jolt the old coach was in for now. More passengers today than there had been in weeks together. Yesterday there had been three and none for four days before.

He watched a few strange people and their children, one of his own grandchildren, and a great-grandchild board the train. And so started another run, the last. It wasn't much different from

any trip, except, perhaps for the ceaseless chatter of the passengers. The noise was music for him, sad music because it was a sort of requiem to an old friend. As he checked the passengers he was proud of the years of service that were his and of the responsibility he had sustained through them.

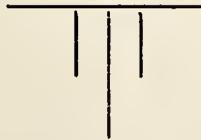
At University station the train emptied. A few of the women talked with Grandfather. Children got drinks and candy while baggage was loaded. After a few minutes the train lurched into motion to cover the ten miles back. It almost seemed as if the engine were sobbing.

Grandfather was completely alone. Soon—in just a few minutes, and it is done. Time reached to him for remembrance. Just a young man you were, not even thirty. You and your young wife. Ambition and youth were yours. A future of service. Maybe a big run, but you stayed here. Who was to imagine it would end like this. That bus broke you and now—well, you're not old. Seventy-nine yes, but you don't look your age.

The run was over. Momentarily there was a silence and a hesitation, as though all were in the presence of death. It doesn't take long to add the final period to one's life work. Grandfather rode back to town. He ate a short lunch and shuffled to the post-office.

He and Grandmother sat by the fire the afternoon's length. A rather barren mellowness settled on him. He made no effort to tease his youngsters into laughter. With supper over and little left to do or say, he finished another cheroot while listening to the radio. He laid down his Railway Conductor, dropped his spectacles, drew a deep tired breath and slept.

—WILLIAM WEAVER.



Upon This Hill

If the earth could slough off several eons, much as a snake sheds its successive skins or a locust unbuttons the back of its exo-skeleton and leaves the amber thing clinging to the brown tree bark; and if this sloughing off process would leave us our little minds even after it had reduced our bodies to ugly little swimming things snapping at each other's tails and then had devoluted them to nothing at all—if, in short, we could take our intelligences back into the haziest antiquity then we might be able to see how Chapel Hill looked five hundred million years ago.

We would not want to take our bodies. At the time and place we are going the earth is still too hot for our delicate feet and the air is too scorching for our thin skins. The sky around us is still clouded with smoke and steam. Volcanoes are still blub-blubbing all around us. One of them, now four miles high, will have worn down completely before geologists will find its evidence near University lake.

At our feet the earth is cracking open just as a muffin splits a crust that is formed before the contents have set. Out of the crack comes white hot lava. In geological language, an immense core of magma is coming up from the earth's liquid insides.

Several million years go by—anybody getting tired?—and the earth has radiated much of its heat into outer space. Great clouds still overcast the sky but now they are condensing into a torrential rain that strikes the hot rocks and then reverts to steam quicker than spit on a smoking skillet. Thunder peals and lightning flashes—just like the fireworks at Coney Island. Gradually the world cools off enough for puddles to form and grow into seas. Right now we watch especially carefully. Someday, people speaking of that little amoeba who oozes along and wraps himself around food particles may say that he is your great-grandfather.

Still more ages go by and at last a bare knob of granite broods forbiddingly over the silent expanse of waters. An anonymous monster rolls and disports himself in the warm brackish sea. Pres-

ently, he half crawls, half slithers up on Gimghoul hill, leaving a trail of slime behind him. For a time he basks in the oversize sun and then he sees your grandfather swimming by, slithers back into the water in pursuit of food. They both dive out of sight but we can guess who swims faster: you're here.

Still more millions of years pass by as so many hours. The seas recede from the bare granite knob and the waters wash the softer stone away from around it. Lichens break into some of the granite soil which later is the garden for larger plants. And finally you pack your trunk, tell Mother goodbye, pull Sister's hair one time more and leave for Chapel Hill and the University of North Carolina.

Scientific geologists, of whose dry facts the foregoing is a romantization, will probably call it also a distortion. But we've had our holiday. In a soberer mood we'll return to established facts.

Chapel Hill is set upon a knob of granite which, because it resists erosion easier than the soft rock around it, is several hundred feet high. On the east the hill slopes to what was the sea basin during the Triassic period, on the north to Bolling creek and on the south to Morgan's creek. Only to the west is there no declivity.

Chapel Hill as a hill was well-known before the Village and the University were ever spread over its top. Before the Revolution a road from New Bern to Salisbury and a road from Petersburg to Pittsboro intersected near where New West now stands. Both roads carried what was then a heavy traffic.

Just about where the Carolina Inn is now there was a little church called New Hope Chapel. Some say it was called New Hope because that is what it gave the weary traveler who had just climbed the hill from the east. At last, he could take his breath and thank Heaven there were no more hills like the one behind him. Others hold that the first settlers were so impressed by the beauty of the country and the fertility of the land that they were also inspired with "new hope."

Thus the hill was New Hope Chapel Hill. The New Hope was dropped even before automobiles and better roads obviated the climbing difficulty and tobacco farming leached away the soil's fertility. But Morgan and Bolling creek still empty into New Hope creek and there is a New Hope valley between here and Durham.

This part about the people and names has occurred in the last geological split-second. And we have almost forgotten it. But if you will go out to the seat at Gimghoul hill some night when there isn't much moon and the whole valley between here and Durham and Raleigh is filled with a mist; and if you will not allow your attention to be distracted by that pile of stone which has as much right to its appearance of age as a family of Smiths deserve the coat of arms they have just purchased with the first profits of father's doughnut business; if you do this then you may go back to the time when the sea monster slithered up on

Gimghoul rock, leaving his trail of slime behind him.

Hundreds of feet below you the Raleigh road comes in over little hills and down into little valleys, then finally it straightens out and starts climbing. As you watch an automobile reaches the top of a low rise far out and points its head lights up into the fog. There is a flicker and a glow like the light of some phosphorescent sea animal. Then you close your eyes and the automobile reaches the straight away. The motor sounds are drowned out in the noise which the tires make on the gravel paving, a noise that rises in a long slow crescendo like the sound of a breaker sweeping up on a wide flat beach. At the peak of the crescendo the road leads the car in under the right side of the hill and suddenly the hill and its trees intervene and you hear nothing. You open your eyes and expect to see a broken wave flowing back across the wet sand, a lace of white foam on its dark surface.

An Illusion

Upon a hill
Is Chapel Hill
And the world recedes below.

During time
This hill sublime
Directs and acts its cosmic show.

A tiny daily
Loudly waily
Says Graham's plan must go;

While in Spain
A race is slain
In revolution's ebb and flow.

An axman's stroke
Fells an oak
Where builds a filling station;

But none bemoan
Selassie's throne
As a comparable desecration.

Upon a hill
Is Chapel Hill,
The mill of opinionation.

An illusion,
This protrusion:
A fly speck on the nation.

JAMES LANE.

Profits Without Honor

GEE, LADY, this is serious. Just look at the pile of soot I got out of your smokepipe opening.”

I stepped back from the fireboxdoor and held my flashlight so that the lady of the house might stoop and peer into her furnace's yawning black belly. Overhead, the big hot air pipes, covered with a dirty grey asphalt paper, writhed uncomfortably and then disappeared into the darkness and cobwebs. Inside the furnace, I had laid a sheet of newspaper over last winter's dead ashes and deposited thereon a quantity of soot. In this particular case, the smoke pipe opening had not yielded quite enough to impress the lady of the house. A little collecting had remedied the deficiency. Unlike the electric sweeper salesmen, however, who pack a supply of filth to augment the contents of the dust bag after they have swept Madam's best rug. I, a service salesman for the Dutchboy Furnace Company, had been bound by professional ethics to find my material on the spot. The extra effort was justified by the maintenance of personal honor.

The lady of the house straightened up—the signal to continue my spiel. I reminded her that the soot in her chimney flue would become a serious hazard as soon as she started her furnace the following fall. A flue fire might overheat the chimney and thus set aflame the entire house. Having explained this, I recalled to the lady's memory the story of the ten sleeping Theta Chi's who had been asphyxiated the previous winter by escaping coal gas. I was certain that there must have been an awful lot of suffering and sorrow in the homes of those young men, gassed to death right at the age of hope and ambition.

At exactly this point, I assured the lady that I did not want to worry her unnecessarily, but that I must call to her attention another result of my inspection of her furnace. I pointed to a little heap of loose cement, discovered, I told her, while I was running my fingers around the joints between the firebox and furnace jacket. The cement had been put there to prevent the deadly coal gas from leaking into the air compartments. With

this protection loosened, the furnace was now unsafe to use.

What could she do about it?

Well, fortunately, the Dutchboy Furnace Company had a special service to remedy such a situation. It was called the reset-reseal service, in which the heating plant was completely dismantled and reassembled with new cement, guaranteed as safe and efficient as a new furnace. And the price was remarkably reasonable. Only ten dollars—how little when one considers the peace of mind and the security of ones family. I nodded where the two small children of the house had found a large cock-roach and were playfully pulling off its legs.

“Cute kids, aren't they? I'll bet you wouldn't take a million dollars for either one of them.”

I became a Dutchboy Furnace Company service salesman after applying for work in answer to a blind newspaper ad. The job carried no pay, but the commissions looked good and I was pretty sure of my capabilities.

Six of us, bearing the title of service salesmen, worked for this particular branch office. Our job was to service all the furnaces which the company had sold in that area and any others we could get at. The routine was simple: Each evening we were assigned a street to work and given letters to distribute to the homeowners. The letters explained that the Dutchboy Furnace Company, instead of spending a huge sum on advertising, had decided to render a free service to show its appreciation for past and future patronage. It was a good will proposition, absolutely no cost. A service salesman would be around the following morning to perform the services enumerated in the letter: to clean and paint with a fireproof substance the furnace front; to caulk up leaks in the smoke pipe; to clean up around the furnace; to instruct the lady in the summer care of her furnace, and to tack up a large placard which contained directions for the most effective operation of the furnace and advertised the Dutchboy Company.

All the gadgets in our tool kits were designed for very specific operations. All, that is, except one: the screw driver seemed to have no particular use until we had discovered that the loose-cement demonstration already mentioned was not always so easily staged. Frequently, indeed, the cement was too firm to be dislodged by the fingers. In such a situation (if we were left alone to do our servicing), the screwdriver served very handily to chip off enough cement to be the principal stage properties for our little drama. It's only fair to say that the company did not furnish us with the stage instructions. On a commission basis, however, we found this little art effective in fattening our paychecks.

As soon as we had completed our goodwill service, we would call the housewife away from her dishpan (dustpan or piepan) to show her what we had done to and for her furnace. The soot banked in the smokepipe opening gave us the opportunity, quite by accident, of mentioning our company's new cleaning service. The equipment for this operation was a forty h.p. suction pump attached to a huge canvas bag, forty feet long and eight feet high when inflated. A giant electric sweeper, which made a roar that attracted children and dogs from blocks around.

This operation cost ten dollars. If our own words were weak, we brought out our newspaper clippings about whole families burned or gassed in their innocent slumber.

Whenever we sold a reset-reseal order, two company workmen would be around the next morning. By working all day at a killing pace they somehow managed to finish their dismantling just before quitting time. Next morning the company inspector would drop around quite early to check over the work. Sometimes, he really did find the furnace in good enough shape to be reassembled without any new parts. More often the jacket was warped or the firepot was cracked (the workmen frequently had the worst luck; a firepot would slip out of their hands—and a three foot drop to a concrete floor is hard on cast iron). Having made such discoveries, the inspector was compelled to report them to the householder and

quote prices on new parts. Often, he would make a better proposition: no charge for the work already done, a small allowance for the old furnace, a new modern heating plant that would slash heating costs, all this for a special summer installation price. New parts were always slow in coming (it sometimes took a week to get them from the company warehouse downtown to the residence) and this gave the company's inspector a chance to fully present his arguments.

All was roses if the Dutchboy Furnace Company got as far as this. However, some people can be terribly obstinate in the face of benevolence. The householder might insist that the company stick by the original contract and finish the job begun, even using the same old parts. If the man persisted, the inspector hid the horror in his soul and pulled out a waiver of responsibility to be signed before the work was continued. "Because," he always added, "Dutchboy would not want to feel or have the responsibility in the future should some serious or maybe fatal misfortune happen because of the faulty heating plant."

This was the final argument. After a man has had the fingers of scorn and ridicule pointed at his old furnace and has heard so many deprecating remarks, it is difficult to imagine his ever again taking pride in his faithful old heating plant. By this time, he was usually ripe for picking. But if the argument did fail, the salesman looked towards heaven, crossed himself, figuratively speaking, and ordered the reassembling of the old furnace.

How did I happen to quit the job?

Returning to the branch office one day, I was met by the manager in a stormy mood. "Why the name of . . ., and . . ., and . . . had I told Mrs. . . . that she needed a reset-reseal job?"

At the time it struck neither of us as being especially funny that Mrs. . . . had had the reset-reseal service less than a year ago and that the dag-gone things were guaranteed for at least three years.

EDITOR'S NOTE: Second of a series of confessions by Carolina students about summertime employment. First was the story last spring by an ex-rumrunner.

FROM THE PUBLISHERS

A Campus Slant on Current Literature

HALF WAY WITH ROOSEVELT. Ernest K. Lindley. The Viking Press. New York. 1936. 426 pp.

After the crushing Democratic victory at the polls November 3, the public probably feels that Mr. Roosevelt needs no sympathy. However, for a thoroughly sympathetic but authentic treatment of the first three years of New Dealism, Mr. Ernest Lindley's volume does its duty.

Particularly enlightening is Mr. Lindley's survey of Franklin Roosevelt's much-discussed personality. The author feels that there has been no basic shift in the President's attitude since he took office. "When Mr. Lippman," states Mr. Lindley, "finds that Mr. Roosevelt's general philosophy has changed in the last three years, his observation does not conform with mine."

Mr. Lindley feels that Mr. Roosevelt was much too prone to submit to the definite proposals of the oft-quoted Democratic platform of 1932. This platform, Mr. Lindley believes, was concocted to serve as a "sop" for the right wing Democrats.

An entire chapter of Mr. Lindley's book is devoted to answering and refuting James P. Warburg's *Hell Bent for Election*. Mr. Warburg, as it developed later, forsook his former antagonistic stand to board the Roosevelt bandwagon at the eleventh hour.

News to many is Mr. Lindley's revelation:

"If every man employed by WPA not from relief rolls were a politician, the proportion would not run over ten percent.

Mr. Lindley concludes his work with a chapter in which he evaluates the specific projects undertaken by the New Deal. Some he places on the "debit" side of the ledger, but the majority—and in all cases the important legislation—goes to the credit of the Administration.

Mr. Lindley has performed the almost unique service of giving the reading public a political book refreshingly free from partisan propaganda. He has done so at a time when the exclusion of such campaign bias is extremely difficult.

For those who find it interesting to speculate upon where the next four years will take us, *Half Way With Roosevelt* can at least indicate the direction.

—STUART RABB.

A HOUSE OF WOMEN. H. E. Bates. Henry Holt and Co. 274 pp. Price \$2.00.

Three decades out of the Time-span of Rosie Perkins, barmaid at the Angel, are crystallized in the four books which make up H. E. Bates' new novel, *A House of Women*.

Genuine of character and florid of figure Rosie, tired of queening the bar, says she'll "try anything once" in answer to the marriage proposal of Tom Jeffry. Thus . . . transplanted into farm life . . . Jeffry life . . . she begins a thirty year battle against a deaf old woman and her two sex-starved, passion-pent daughters: Maudie and Ella Jeffry. Maudie, an indelibly sketched character, is inwardly singed with a jealousy of Rosie's topography and general appeal to men. In Tom Rosie finds a sort of fixed being to whom she nightly submits. In Tom's brother, Frankie, she finds sex gratification which she has unconsciously wanted. With Maudie's discovery

of the meetings between Rosie and Frankie there begins a cycle of battles within the family . . . jealousies which pervade the green fields of the farm ruining them as the family goes to ruin. Tom, war-worn, remains a jealous, bedstricken "griper" till the day of his death. In the end Rosie is left with the proceeds from the farm sale and thirty years of married life to her credit. With so much wealth she is enabled to answer the proposal of an old acquaintance: "I'll try anything once."

Written in a lucid and individual style, *A House of Women* places before the reader a set of characters described with an artistic precision creating well felt impression. Few will forget the low, river-edging fields of the Jeffry family; the pinchgut religion of Maudie and Ella; and the character of Rosie. A fine book to be read not once in a life time . . . rather twice or thrice.

—WALTER LANE.

BOOK MARKS

STEIN

Freshman Class' singular Sanford Stein says of John McIntyre's American contender novel (see Car. Mag., October, 1936) *Steps Going Down*: "this is good reading but not great Literature."

COLE PORTER

Random has come out with a limited and signed edition of the complete score for Cole Porter's "Red, Hot and Blue" which is now running in the big city. Durante's briny ballad, "I'm about to become a mother," is also included. We hope Boston won't ban the book as it banned the ballad. The copy, \$10.00.

SAN MICHELE

Best seller of some years back, *The Story of San Michele*, is out in a fine illustrated edition with an "Instead of a Preface" by author Axel Munthe. E. P. Dutton is the responsible organization.

BOTANICAL

MacMillan has issued Homer House's *Wild Flowers* to sell for \$3.95. Formerly one of the books that only libraries could afford, it now comes within range of the student's financial sling shot. With 364 photographs in color it makes a companion for the Garden City *Birds of America*.

EDITIONS

Alexander Woolcott's *While Rome Burns* is now out for a single dollar. The author agreed to a reduced royalty and thus made the new price possible. For many people who do not follow the fads of current literature, who waited a year or so to read *Anthony Adverse* and who do not intend to read *Gone With the Wind* until some of its attendant breezes have passed over, now is the time to look into Woolcott's little book of anecdotes without much expense. A movie that seemed extremely unimportant when we saw it for 75 cents might have been a delightful bit of amusing fluff if we had paid only a quarter.

The Literature of Fury

Being essentially a review and a placing of William Faulkner's new novel, *Absalom, Absalom!* with relation to his other works.

THE CHARACTERS of a William Faulkner novel seem to be struggling like monsters seen through distorting glass, subsisting on some inward reserve of undefeat without air or food. The medium in none of the eight previous novels has been alike; nor is *Absalom, Absalom!** any exception. But in all of them the final impression is the same: there are the same emasculated lusts and spent desires when the tales have spun their lengths, and the reader is left with the feeling that someone—sometime during the last few pages—has stolen his insides and left him suspirant on the beach of tragedy, with the tale of fury done and the fine proud tall figures gone to dust. In *Light in August* Hightower is left to people the scene where conflict had its round, but is unfit, spent—and, knowing so, expires as the August dusk falls on him: *Sanctuary* was the same way, with the stone angels mounting into the gray rainy foreign sky, motionless bearing the nightmare Temple Drake would never escape: *As I Lay Dying* consigned Darl, the content of the whole, to the state asylum: *Soldiers' Pay*, attempted to say at the close that there was still a world ahead, but still the veteran felt the dust in his shoes: *Sartoris* showed the brave conquered by the modern: *Mosquitoes* left nothing but mockery for Talliaferro, one of the most pitiful characters in all literature: *The Sound and the Fury* left nothing but a memory of idiocy, frustration, and suicide as the backdrop across which flowed the posts and lawns and trees of mankind: *Pylon*, perhaps the most forceful and skilful of all, closed with admitted defeat and violent relapse: and now there is *Absalom, Absalom!* with "one last crimson reflection as the house collapsed and roared away, and there was only the sound of the idiot negro left."

This is more than a literature of horror; it is a literature of fury. Shakespeare set the model for Faulkner and the school which is sure to follow him in the immediate years (and there is very little that does not stem from Shakespeare) when he wrote:

... his Vertues

Will pleade like Angels, Trumpet-tongu'd against the deepe damnation of his taking off:

And Pitty, like a naked New-borne-Babe,
Striding the blast, or Heavens Cherubin, hors'd
Upon the sightlesse Curriors of the Ayre,
Shall blow the horrid deed in every eye,
That tears shall drowne the winde.

(*Macbeth*, I. vll. 18-25)

This is language expressing fury better than pages of detailed discussion of incident and reaction. Faulkner knows, as no one else does now, how an economy of words—chosen for sound (suspension of breath recalling horror, speed, mortal fear, any one of a dozen forceful types of experience) as well as in their lexical connection—can create a mood and frighten (or perhaps excite) the reader into understanding the full import of an action or a frame of mind. To sustain such a pitch would be to pass the breakingpoint and fall into what would appear to be burlesque. William Faulkner is redeemed by his genius for the phrase and a happy touch for outlandish but nonetheless excellent simile.

Absalom, Absalom! is a continuation of this method, but (as in all the other eight novels) with an entirely different style. The sentences of this book often are more than a page long, frequently much longer, and as a result the syntax (most of the book, as were all of *The Sound and the Fury* and *As I Lay Dying*, is made up of monologues) becomes so complicated that frequent dashes and parentheses become necessary to extract himself from his selfspun mesh of rushing language. It is the story of Thomas Sutpen who appeared from no-one-knew-where in the square of Jefferson, Mississippi, in 1833, with a band of wild slaves and no money save one gold-piece, and within a year owned a hundred square miles of the best land in North America and the finest mansion.

"Out of a quiet thunderclap he would abrupt (man-horse-demon) upon a scene peaceful and decorous as a schoolprize water color, faint sulphur-reek still in hair clothes and beard, with grouped behind him his band of wild niggers like beasts half tamed to walk upright like men, in attitudes wild and reposed, and manacled among

RANDOM HOUSE. 384 pp. \$2.50.

them the French architect with his air grim, haggard, and tatter-ran. Immobile, bearded and hand palm-lifted the horseman sat; behind him the wild blacks and the captive architect huddled quietly, carrying in bloodless paradox the shovels and picks and axes of peaceful conquest. Then in the long unamaze Quentin seemed to watch them overrun suddenly the hundred square miles of tranquil and astonished earth and drag house and formal gardens violently out of the soundless Nothing and clap them down like cards upon a table beneath the up-palm immobile and pontific, creating the Sutpen's Hundred, the *Be Sutpen's Hundred* like the oldentime *Be Light*." (pp. 8-9.)

In much the same manner he secures money to furnish the house. He gets for wife the daughter of one of the town's leading citizens and has by her two children, a boy and a girl. Through the novel runs themes of gigantic proportions: injury, incest, miscegenation, all played against the backdrop of the War and Reconstruction. It is a powerful story—and it is not unfolded from beginning to end as in a newspaper, say. The reader himself must play an important part: that of piecing together the information, separating truth from untruth, establishing order among the conglomerate of clues dropped at irregular points of the narrative. The last half of the book takes place in Quentin's room at Harvard, where he and his room mate piece it all together, arriving at what are bound to be false conclusions some of them, but, it is evident, drawing the conclusions which they—and perhaps the author behind them—consider to make the better story. The book has an appendix in the forms of a chronology, a genealogy, and a map (which locates not only the incidents of this work but also all the important incidents that have taken place—within the scope of the map, or course—in all his novels, and to which, it is hoped, we shall have many additions to make).

To succeed in projecting fury into his writing Faulkner found early that he must use words that, essentially, produce a common feeling, and to be sure of this he restored many words which had been stripped of their original connection and had accumulated over this period of years very different meanings, and he found that by joining them in unusual order they set one another off to greater advantage and left no doubt as to their absolute meaning, especially if, under this new sys-

tem, they were not previously seen in connection with one another; "volatile and violent," "impotent and static," "deadly and merry"; and in "dry vivid dusty," and "speculative, urgent, intent," where the contrasting word is put between two that are similar, so as to call especial attention to it: words which to a superficial glance seem not only contradictory but impossible, but which, nonetheless, create precisely the mood at which it is evident he is aiming. By such methods he has been able to rejuvenate a language staled by Dryden and small-talk.

There is humor here but it is sardonic and is not likely to make you laugh out loud. As an illustration: the Rebel army, right at the end of the war, has been retreating toward Richmond for so long that they are soon likely to forget how to walk forward, and at night both armies camp so close together that the rival pickets can talk to each other without shouting; a Yankee picket speaks across the darkness:

"Hey, Reb."

"Yah."

"Where you fellers going?"

"Richmond."

"So are we. Why not wait for us?"

"We air."

This is characteristic; indeed there is no place for side-splitters in work whose main intent is to look deep into the bowels of the human brain and come up with horrors past some folks' bearing.

Because that it the purpose of William Faulkner. If he goes as deep as his particular insight permits him, we have no right to condemn him for what he finds; there can be no doubt of his honesty, for for him there could be no writing without it. His presentation of reality is entirely different from any other in all writing: for he does not so much show us stark reality as scare us with the prospect of it. He reaches into the sack and feels about with his hand, all the time describing what he feels and perhaps even suggesting what it might look like—and constantly threatening to bring it out into broad open daylight, while we sit there scared stiff because we know he is capable of doing it. But he does not; even when he tells of the sound a butcher-knife makes on neckbones he does not let us see it. For he knows well that the most tragic figures man has imagined are not Tantalus and Sisyphus who were tormented with reality, but Orestes and Hamlet who were tormented with the suggestion of what reality might be.

—SHELBY FOOTE.

OL' JUDGE ROBBINS



A HANDY TRICK



IT'S FUN WALKING IN THE RAIN! ISN'T IT, TIM?

YES, CHUBBINS - BUT IT'S TOUGH KEEPING A PIPE GOING

SPLUTTER SPLUTTER



TIM, WHY DON'T YOU TURN YOUR PIPE UPSIDE DOWN?

IT'S AN OLD DODGE OF WOODSMEN AND SAILORS. THE TOBACCO STAYS DRY AND THE PIPE DRAWS WELL.

SEEMS LOGICAL



BUT - IT TAKES A TOBACCO THAT STAYS PUT LIKE CRIMP CUT' PRINCE ALBERT

MY LAST LOAD OF TOBACCO TOO



YOU'RE RIGHT, JUDGE - THIS PACKS EASIER AND SNUGGER THAN ANY TOBACCO I'VE RUN INTO

TOBACCO



LATER WELL, OLD RAIN-IN-THE-FACE, HOW GOES IT?

SWELL! P.A. NOT ONLY STAYS PUT - BUT IS SO MILD AND TASTY - I'M PUT TO STAY WITH P.A. FOR LIFE!

WITH P.A. FOR LIFE!

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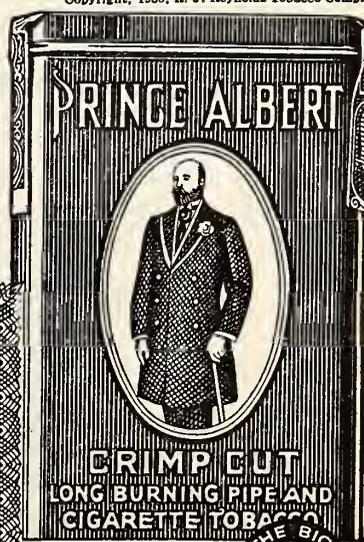
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OUNCE
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50 pipefuls of fragrant tobacco in every 2-oz. tin of Prince Albert

LOUIS GRAVES AND HIS PAPER

(Continued from page thirteen)

highest standard of comparison for aspiring small-town weeklies all over the country—"the world's finest village newspaper (Fountain Inn Tribune a bad second)," one enthusiastic editorialist in a big daily called it. It had been quoted and admired in the New York *Herald Tribune*, *Times*, *Evening World*, and *Sun*, in Chicago papers, in most big state papers. It had pursued globe-trotters into Europe, Africa, Asia, South America. It had subscribers wherever homesick Chapel Hillians languished in foreign climes.

We doubt that the *Weekly's* first-five-year fame will have tripled by 1938. There are limits to such things; and the editor and Mrs. Graves, who quit keeping her scrapbook of clippings about it in 1929, won't mind in the least. They don't care for that sort of thing, or they never would have settled in the Village.

When Louis Graves quits editing "this damn' paper," as he calls it, from Monday through Thursday of every week, the Village is likely suddenly to become very old and very weary; for what's a beauty deprived at once of her best beau and her best looking-glass?

Hampered by the maybe-I'll-write-it-maybe-I-won't attitude of upperclassmen and the inexperience of new contributors, the editor of this publication takes a risk when he makes any announcement of future material. But he will announce a feature for the December issue.

"Our Literary Heritage" will reprint and review the contributions of such early editors of the MAGAZINE as Thomas Wolfe, of *Look Homeward Angel* and *Of Time and the River* fame, and Paul Green.

Looking through old trunks is always fun. When you find a letter in which Uncle Soandso, now portly and past forty, addresses Aunt Lou, now angular and prunish, as his "Sweetest Gift from Heaven," it is perhaps irreverent to laugh. But if you realize that your own letters will someday seem even more amusing it is probably all right.

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Know the answer? So do I
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They Satisfy

The Oldest College Publication in the United States



The CAROLINA MAGAZINE

Examines

“Our Literary Heritage”

Shelby Foote

Thomas Wolfe

Paul Green

O. J. Coffin

Jonathan Daniels

Judge John J. Parker

Archibald Henderson

Phillips Russell

W. R. Wunsch

Robbins Fowler

VOL. LXVI. NO. 3

Established 1844

DECEMBER, 1936

Season's Greetings

FROM
R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO COMPANY
 MAKERS OF CAMEL CIGARETTES AND
 PRINCE ALBERT SMOKING TOBACCO



At your dealer's you'll find this Christmas package—the Camel carton—200 cigarettes.

Another Christmas special—4 boxes of Camels in "flat fifties"—wrapped in gay holiday dress. (right, above)

Camels



There's no more acceptable gift in Santa's whole bag than a carton of Camel Cigarettes. Here's the happy solution to your gift problems. Camels are sure to be appreciated. And enjoyed! With mild, fine-tasting Camels, you keep in tune with the cheery spirit of Christmas. Enjoy Camels at mealtime—between courses and after eating—for their aid to digestion. Get an invigorating "lift" with a Camel. Camels set you right! They're made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS—Turkish and Domestic—than any other popular brand.

Prince Albert



It's easy to please all the pipe-smokers on your list. Just give them the same mellow, fragrant tobacco they choose for themselves—Prince Albert—the National Joy Smoke. "P. A." is the largest-selling smoking tobacco in the world—as mild and tasty a tobacco as ever delighted a man. And Prince Albert does not "bite" the tongue. Have bright red-and-green Christmas packages of Prince Albert waiting there early Christmas morning... to wish your friends and relatives the merriest Christmas ever.



One full pound of mild, mellow Prince Albert—the "biteless" tobacco—packed in the cheerful red tin and placed in an attractive Christmas gift package. (far left)

Here's a full pound of Prince Albert, packed in a real glass humidifier that keeps the tobacco in perfect condition and becomes a welcome possession. Gift wrap. (near left)

No single purpose inspired this issue, "Our Literary Heritage." Of course, the editors hoped to amuse the reader. "Toujour l'Amour: A Golden Pleasury, or the Selected Love Poems of O. (for Oscar) J. Coffin" will leave few solemn faces among the students, alumni and journalists who know O. J. Coffin as the saltiest wit in a professorial chair. And the one-act play "Deferred Payment" will be disturbing under the name of Thomas Wolfe.

But we are not trying to embarrass our preceding editors, by reprinting their adolescent scribbling. We hope that they will also be amused, and that the reader who coddles his own literary ambitions will be encouraged to see that the great once were not. With a commendable moralism we hope to point that those who went the farthest sometimes had the farthest to go.

We also wish to prove the stability of personalities. On the editorial page Robert B. House is talking as he talks today, Francis F. Bradshaw is defending the honor system as he is still defending it twenty years after he was president of the student body, and Judge John J. Parker is swinging along on the theme of democracy.

And we want to show that though all ideas change in time, some have changed in comparatively short periods. When written, Thomas Wolfe's war poetry may have seemed Titan in its power. Now, in our war-cynicism, it is almost laughable. Characteristically, we are always thinking that we have a strangle hold on truth; then finding that it has changed in our fingers to something else.



—Margaret Munch

Authors

Out of the dark
They rise—
Puffed and impressive.
Create a spark;
Realize
A profit and, passive,
Lose their size
As others rise.

—Lane James-Lane

THE CAROLINA MAGAZINE

Oldest College Publication in the Nation

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Of Time and The Magazine

The Carolina Magazine, now the oldest college publication in the nation, was born *The University Magazine* in the spring of 1844. A group of seniors fathered it. Printer Loring of Raleigh, who printed it, did not receive enough copy from the editors, filled in with material lying around the shop, angered the editors, who ever since have had to scramble to fill all the columns.

During the rest of the century the Magazine suspended publication five times, enlarged its name to *North Carolina University Magazine*, reverted to *University Magazine*, passed into the hands of the Di and Phi (who not only sustained the Mag but endowed the Library), and at different periods was written entirely by the faculty and historians. One issue of 162 pages was given exclusively to "indices of documents to be found in London libraries relating to the period of American colonization."

In 1893 the Magazine's suggestion that a newspaper relieve it of the necessity of publishing news was followed. The *Tar Heel* (progressively a weekly, semi-weekly, tri-weekly, daily) was founded. In its second issue it reviewed the Magazine, its literary parent. "A pretty fair issue," or something to that effect. Thus began a sporadic battle that continued until uni-party politics put upon editors a compulsion to refrain from printing their uncomplimentary opinions about each other. The Magazine also suggested the foundation of a humor publication. Its section of the alumni notes is the spiritual father of the *Alumni Review*.

During this period and up to the war years, the editorship was alternated between the Di and the Phi. Historical articles, discussions of "Poetic Art in Vergil's Aeneid," and similar topics filled the body of the issues. Poetry was Wordsworthian or "fraught" with Grecian heroes and references to Athens, Olympus, and wine cups. "A Spring Song" of 1901-1902 started

Spring is coming—spring is night!
Lift, O Trees, your branches high . . .

During the war the campus, the nation and the world lost its head. Also, the Magazine. Issues

Page Four

followed issues cursing the Kaiser, describing battle fields, and shouting war War WAR and Let Freedom Ring. Thomas Wolfe was completely taken in (some of his poems later). Only once did the editors slip. In the middle of strongest Germanphobe issue was dropped a little poem paying tribute to Goethe. W. R. (Bobbie) Wunsch, of late a professor at Rollins College, now at Black Mountain, and leading short story critic, was the author. Whether the editors were ignorant of Goethe's nationality or were trying to prove their lack of bias is unknown.

After the war, when one year's entire football team enlisted, the Mag came out as *The New Carolina Magazine*. Chief features were Fortunesque reviews and ballyhoos for North Carolina's industries (how beautiful and wonderful are Durham's factories), articles shouting North Carolina's potential place in the nation, and little talks by Archibald Henderson who had always been contributing history but was now called on for philosophy. One was entitled "A Thought for the Hour." Most of the Hendersoniana was accompanied by pictures of "Dr. Henderson in his Study," surrounded by books and in various poses. Most interesting picture: Dr. Henderson standing on one leg, the other knee on the seat of a straight chair, his forearms resting on the back of the chair, his eyes on a book held in both hands. The chair was tilted towards him to increase the marvel of a man so intent on intellectual pursuit in such an uncomfortable position.

One article "Why Do Girls Close Their Eyes When I Kiss Them?" was significant of the collegiate decade just beginning. Jonathan Daniels continued the trend with his "essay" on "The College Widow and the Baby Vamp." In 1924 "Spotted Fruit" was a thesis-like survey and discourse on *petting* practices. Of 17 cases the most proficient was the man who dated 17 girls in the summer, tried to *neck* 17, *necked* 14, *necked* 13 on the first attempt. Poorest showing: the fellow who dated one, made no attempt to *neck* and therefore deservedly *necked* none.

"The Lie About Russia" as a title indicates the

political thought of the 1920-21 year diametrically opposed to the censuring of Russia in issues of 1919.

The most constructive of the articles (articles predominated over fiction and poetry in that era which seemed the most important time in the world) was a campaign for more dormitories. Pages of pictures of rooms where four or five slept and studied together convinced the Legislature of the need for Steele and the two quadrangles.

As early as 1924 the Magazine was accused of aping "old man Mencken." Satire reached its worst point in 1926. Julian Starr, who led a clique of the intelligentsia that believed everything in the University to be wrong and said so with brilliant wit, edited a private publication called *The Faun*. First issue appeared simultaneously with first issue of the Magazine. To revenge, the *Tar Heel* and the student council pounced on a story in the Magazine. The story was "Slaves" by Robbins Fowler, an assistant editor in both Mag and *Faun*. Mumford Jones of the English faculty said that the story would have been an A paper on class. But the *Tar Heel* and the student council called it "obscene and improper." The president of the council whom the *Faun* had accused of visiting fraternity houses nightly in order to sniff the air and scan the card tables called a session that demanded the resignation of Starr and Fowler after both had refused to promise that similar stories would not appear in the future, or

to admit that they had erred in anything but their judgment of the intelligence and tolerance of the campus. The editors appealed to the faculty. A committee there overrode the council's action, saying that publishing "Slaves" was bad editorial judgment but not personal misconduct.

In 1929 the Magazine was aborted into a yellow paper bi-weekly supplement to the *Tar Heel* and reached a new low of inefficacy. In 1933 Joseph Sugarman rescued it to its present form, stripped it of any literary flavor, used newspaper type, drew straight lines on the cover, and published little but articles.

Editors of the Magazine have been several Governors, University presidents, and some persons of literary ability. Hatcher Hughes, editor in 1906, later won a Pulitzer drama prize. Paul Green, did the same thing with "In Abraham's Bosom." Phillips Russell, editor in 1903, has done several biographies and this fall published *The Glittering Century*. Tom Wolfe, an editor in 1919-20 has published *Look Homeward, Angel, Of Time and the River, From Death to Morning*, and *The Story of a Novel*. Jonathan Daniels did a novel that won him a Guggenheim fellowship, has since then been content to edit the *Raleigh News and Observer*. Contributions have come from the University's son, the obscure President Polk, the *Charlotte Observer's* Jake Wade and Legette Blythe, Deans House and Bradshaw, and innumerable faculty members.

Lilies of the Valley

W. R. WUNSCH

Fragile fairy lily-bells,
That tremble in the breeze,
That peer from leaf cups ere the snow
Has melted from the leas,
You have heard the voice of spring;
Modest in your blossoming.

Were your pure lips fashioned from
Textures fine of dew and air,
From Moonbeams' loving kiss,
Or veils of angels fair?
God with beauty fashioned you;
In His Heart he treasures you.

From the above poem it is not hard to believe that one with such literary potentialities should become a professor of creative writing in the nation's most important institution of creative learning, Rollins College at Winter Park, Florida. Mr. Wunsch left Rollins last year with the secessionists who founded the much talked about Black Mountain College in Western Carolina.

Deferred Payment

PERSONS OF THE PLAY

THE MAN Jack
THE WOMAN Lucy, his wife
THE CONVICT Jack's brother

SETTING: *A cabin interior. To left forefront a rude wooden table with red cloth. Thick table-ware thereon. Walls garishly decorated with newspaper supplements, etc. Large stone hearth at right center. Tongs, pokers, iron kettle, and andirons. Spinning wheel. Rocker before fire. Two straight chairs at either end of table. Door at right rear. Window left rear. Exit to kitchen shed left center. Trundle bed left rear, with patch-work blanket. Lithograph over door inscribed with "God Bless Our Home!"*

THE WOMAN—*worn, frail, perpetually frightened looking—is laying thick, ugly pewter stuff and iron table-ware on the table. She looks toward the door furtively, and wipes hands on a dirty apron. The sound of heavy boots outside, and an impatient rattling of door knob; then a hammering on the door.*

THE WOMAN [*in a frightened voice*]. Who—who's thar?

THE MAN [*outside, in harsh voice*]. Lemme in, Lucy.

THE WOMAN [*wearily*]. Oh, hit's you. All right. [*She unlocks the door. Enter the man, bestial, unshaven, gorilla-like.*]

THE MAN [*glowering*]. What th'hell's this mean? A purty welcome—th'door locked, eh? Whut fer?

THE WOMAN. I—I didn't think y'd git back so soon. Y'come earlier'n usual.

THE MAN. Well whut uv it? Is thet any reason for keepin' th' door locked?

THE WOMAN. I—I wus afeared. I git afeared somehow, lately, when hit gits dark. I—I didn't know when ye'd git back—ye're gone so much lately.

THE MAN [*roughly*]. That's nothin' to y'—so keep yer trap closed. I'm boss uv these here diggins, an' th' sooner yer find hit out th' better fer y'. [*He scowls at her a minute, then grips her suddenly, brutally by the wrists and draws her to him. She shrinks back frightened.*]

THE MAN [*jeeringly*]. My lovin' wife! Glad t' see me, ain't ye?

THE WOMAN. Oh, y've been at hit agin!

THE MAN [*mockingly*]. Sure. Hit's m' right.

THE WOMAN [*timidly*]. But—Jack—hit's not right—hit's agin the law!

THE MAN. Thet so? Why? I use m' own cawn an' m' own still, don't I? I don't sell none uv hit. Whut right's the law t' stop me? I ain't ha'min' no one, an' if they come botherin' me, by God—[*He pauses ominously.*]

THE WOMAN. No, y' don't ha'm nobody—I reckon . . . but yerself . . . an'—an' me.

THE MAN [*in surprise*]. An' ye? Gitting all-fired high an' mighty all uv a sudden. Whut y' got t' do with hit? I guess yer in need uv a little hoss medicine agin.

THE WOMAN. Jack—don't—be keerful! Ye hurt me last time ye—ye got this way, an' I couldn't do m' work fer a week.

THE MAN [*sullenly*]. Aw, fergit it. Supper ready?

THE WOMAN. In a minute. [*He scowls.*] I—I didn't think y'd be hyeh.

THE MAN [*irritable*]. Fer Gawd's sake git a move on. Th' way y' moon aroun' hyeh hit's a wonder y' git anythin' done. Now, hurry—I'm hungry. . . . Whar's th' paper? Come yet?

THE WOMAN. On th' table thar. I haven't opened hit yet.

THE MAN. Well, git out uv hyeh an' bring yer supper on. [*She goes out. He picks up paper and tears wrapping off, then opens it casually. Sits down and puts boots on table, fills corn-cob pipe, lights it, and prepares for a leisurely perusal of paper. He reads silently for minute, then grows tense at something he reads, and leaps to his feet.*]

THE MAN [*after a minute, slowly*]. Gawd, he's got away—flew th' coop clean. [*He is greatly agitated and paces the room.*] Knocked a guard in the head, hits says hyeh, an' made 's getaway. I—she mustn't know uv this. [*He crumples paper in back pocket.*] Gawd! Whut if he did come hyeh! [*He looks into fire, in great agitation. The door opens and another man comes in quietly. He*

is badly dressed in ill-fitting garments, coat buttoned up tightly, hat pulled low over his eyes; unshaven, but not bestial-looking. In fact, his features are characterized by sensitiveness. His skin glares ghastly white under his beard. He slowly unbuttons his coat. Under it is seen the glaring black and white shirt of the convict.]

THE CONVICT [with soft irony]. My—brother.

THE MAN [jumping as if shot, then turning and gazing stupefied]. You hyeh!

THE CONVICT [coughing hoarsely, and grinning a ghastly grin]. Glad I come, ain't y'?

THE MAN [fiercely]. Y' fool—why'd ye come hyeh? I told ye when they got ye not to try t' git away. I told y' not t' come hyeh.

THE CONVICT [slowly]. No, I reckon hit wan't th' best thing—fer ye, anyway.

THE MAN [startled]. Whut d' y' mean?

THE CONVICT. Oh—yer sech a good, law-abidin' sort uv a citizen. . . . By the way, how's the cawn crop this year?

THE MAN [sullenly]. Aw—ye—Look, hyeh, yer a fool f'r gettin' away like this. An' hit'll go hard with ye fer gittin' th' guard. Why'd ye come hyeh?

THE CONVICT. I reckon ye know why. I told y' I'd be back.

THE MAN. If ye think I'm goin' t' hide ye, yer powerful wrong.

THE CONVICT [quietly]. I'm not askin' y' to.

THE MAN. They'll git ye mighty quick. Ye can't git away.

THE CONVICT [coughing hollowly]. I'm not tryin' to.

THE MAN [bluntly, but a little uneasily]. Well, what d' ye come for?

THE CONVICT. Oh, ye know, even us jailbirds gits tired uv th' same ol' scenery an' all thet sort uv thing, an' we feel as if we jest has t' visit our dear friends an' relatives—sometimes. Thet's th' way I felt anyway.

THE MAN [sharply]. Whut y' mean?

THE CONVICT [drawling]. Oh, nothin' much. . . . I've been plannin' this hyeh leetle visit quite a bit now.

THE MAN. They'll git ye.

THE CONVICT. Thet's all right. It 'twon't take me long t' make m' visit.

THE MAN. Fer Gawd's sake, whut're ye drivin' at?

THE CONVICT. Cain't ye guess?

[The Man does not answer, but trembles. He is greatly agitated.]

THE CONVICT [continuing in a slow, gentle voice]. Evah see a cat play with a rat—huh?

[The Man still gives no answer, but he trembles.]

THE CONVICT [insistently]. Did ye?

THE MAN. Yes.

THE CONVICT. Well I'm the cat. [He pauses a minute.] I reckon I've played with y' enough. Y' dirty dawg, y' know why I'm hyeh.

THE MAN [wildly]. No—no, I don't—

THE CONVICT. Shet up! I know all about that frame-up now. [After a minute, impressively.] Will Carver died in th' pen two months ago.

THE MAN [horror struck. After a minute]. Gawd! Did he—?

THE CONVICT [grinning sardonically]. Oh, don't worry ovah thet. They won't git ye. He didn't tell no one—but me.

THE MAN. But—but ye? Whut ye mean?

THE CONVICT. I mean I know now who stole my gun outen my room. I mean I know who fixed Smithers that night—with my gun—

THE MAN [blustering]. Look hyeh, d' y' mean t' accuse me—

THE CONVICT [quietly]. Quit yer bluffin'. I got th' goods on y' now. Carver, th' feller y' fixed thet deal with, got sent up himself 'bout a year ago fer a job he did down East. Y' never knew whut 'come uv him, eh? Well, they got 'im—not like they got me, nobuddy framed him—but they got 'im clean—with th' goods.

THE MAN. Did th' damn skunk tell—tell y'. . . .

THE CONVICT [going on, disregarding The Man]. He couldn't stand th' inside work down thar at Hell's Half-acre—whar ye sent me. Hit got 'im as hit's gittin' me—hit gits lots uv us. [He coughs hollowly.] Consumption—thet got 'im—but before he died, he tole me.

THE MAN [determined to brazen it out]. Well, whut uv hit now? Nobody knows but th' three uv us, an' he's gone. Hit's yore word agin mine, an' ye're a jailbird. So thar y' air. Ye cain't do nothin' 'bout hit.

THE CONVICT [significantly]. Cain't I?

THE MAN. No, y' cain't.

THE CONVICT. Thet's whut y' think. But I tell y', Jack, if y'd spent th' last two months in a six-by-eight cell, a-grinding yer teeth an' a-clawin' at yer skin, an' stuffin' yer jacket in yer mouth t' keep frum yellin', y'd be ready t' do somethin'. So I made my plan down thar in my cell. When th' cough got bad they sent me out on th' road

gang. Three days ago my chance come. Hit was night. I got th' guard frum behin'—I slugged him an' took 'is clo'es—an' 'is gun.

THE MAN. An' here ye air?

THE CONVICT [*with deadly intensity*]. Thar's a reason. [*He moves slowly toward the man and reaches his hand into his rough convict's shirt. He pulls a blue steel automatic from his shirt. At sight of it The Man's face becomes a dirty gray.*]

THE CONVICT. An' now y' know why I come, I reckon.

THE MAN [*hysterically*]. Fer—Gawd's sake, Sam—n-not thet. I'm yer brother!

THE CONVICT [*sneering*]. Air ye? I fergot about thet a long time ago. Y' oughta remembered I wus yore brother.

THE MAN [*wildly*]. Good Gawd! Ye cain't be meanin' t'—t'—Ah—yer jokin'!

THE CONVICT [*speaking with low intense passion*]. Am I? Well, hit's a rough joke on ye, Jack, I'm goin' to kill ye. [*He raises the gun slowly, it's blue barrel winking ominously. The Convict seems to get a cruel satisfaction out of his sport. With a bitter smile he watches the man sink back on the table, a palsied shaking heap.*]

THE MAN [*pleading*]. Give me a chance. I'll make hit up t' ye. I'll 'fess up. I'll take yer place in th' pen—anything—only in Gawd's name, give me a chance.

THE CONVICT [*with a sneer*]. Ye use His name a lot, don't ye?

THE MAN [*groveling pitiably*]. A chance—jest give me a chance.

THE CONVICT [*ironically*]. A purty chance y' gave me!

THE MAN [*eagerly*]. I'll fix hit up now—I'll fix hit fer ye.

THE CONVICT [*giving a croaking cough and tapping his chest, as he grins bitterly*]. Ye'll fix thet, will ye? Naw, hit's too late. I'm a goner. Y've fixed me, Jack, already—fer keeps—but I'm goin' t' fix ye 'fore I go. [*He raises the gun slowly again, and points it. The door opens, and the woman comes in.*]

THE WOMAN [*sharply*]. Sam. . . . Don't!

THE CONVICT [*turning in amazement and uttering a choking sob.*]. Lucy! Here! Oh, my God!

THE WOMAN [*speaking rapidly*]. I stood behind th' door. I heard y'—[*Turning fiercely to The Man who cowers in the corner, she hisses:*] Y' beast—y' murderer.

THE CONVICT [*sternly*]. Whut're ye doin' hyeh, Lucy?

THE WOMAN [*breaking down suddenly and sobbing*]. He lied t' me, Sam, he lied. He said y' wanted—wanted I sh'd—sh'd— [*She shudders.*]

THE CONVICT [*horror struck as it dawns on him*]. Air ye—his wife? [*The Woman nods dumbly.*]

THE CONVICT [*in an agony of passion*]. God! God! God! [*He is seized by a paroxysm of coughing. When he recovers, he is calm. Two hectic flushes burn in the pallor of his face. He speaks to The Man.*]

THE CONVICT. That's another count agin' y', Jack. I'll fix ye now. [*He raises the gun.*]

THE WOMAN [*pleadingly*]. Sam—don't—fer my sake! [*With scorn.*] Let 'im be, Sam. Don't dirty yer hands with th' likes uv him. [*She grasps his arm gently and takes the revolver from him. The Man notices this with a quick furtive glance. He sidles over to the table and grasps a long sharp carving knife, holding it behind his back, unnoticed.*]

THE CONVICT [*wearily*]. Yeah, I reckon yer right. But y' must leave hyeh, Lucy. Now, I say I'll go back an' give up. Don't matter much now, anyway. They won't have me much longer. [*He coughs . . . then continues.*] But y' go t' ol' man Judson—tell 'im I sent y'—he'll give y' work. Y' cain't stay hyeh now. Y' gotta go Lucy. [*He pauses, then says sharply:*] D' ye heah me?

THE WOMAN [*dully*]. Yes, Sam.

THE CONVICT. Ye'll go?

THE WOMAN [*dully as before*]. Yes, Sam.

THE MAN [*interrupting furiously*]. Trying t' separate us, huh?—lawful wedded man an' wife! Tryin' t' come 'tween us, huh? Tryin' t' threaten m' life, air ye? Well take thet, ye meddlin' fool! [*As The Convict takes a step toward The Man, The Man stabs him in the breast with the knife. The Convict reels back, staggers, and collapses in a chair. The Man gazes dully at the knife, then at The Convict, then lets the knife fall to the floor and wipes his hand furtively on his coat.*]

THE CONVICT [*slowly, from between white lips*]. You—dawg!

THE WOMAN [*horror-struck*]. Oh God, he's stabbed y', Sam!

THE CONVICT [*quietly*]. He got mē.

THE WOMAN [*sobbing*]. Hit's my fault—I should've let ye.

THE CONVICT [*musingly, as it comes to him*]. No. I see it now. Y' were right. Thar's a law for sech.

THE WOMAN. A law?

THE CONVICT. Yes, an' all air bound to hit.

THE MAN [*stupefied*]. Gawd—what've I done? [*He stares unbelievably at The Convict, then at the knife on the floor. He gasps chokingly and looks again at The Convict, then stumbles to door.*]

THE MAN [*with eyes fixed on The Convict in a fascinated stare, and fumbling for the latch*]. I

—I cain't stay hyeh—I gotta leave hyeh. [*He stumbles out blindly.*]

THE WOMAN [*sobbing hysterically*]. Oh, Sam, hit's all my fault. [*She clasps him almost fiercely.*]

THE CONVICT [*smiling gently, and speaking almost inaudibly, as he strokes her hair*]. No, hit's all right. Hit's all right. Nothin's lost. . . . [*In a whisper.*] I—love y', Lucy.

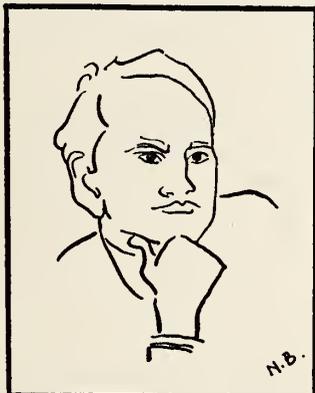
THE WOMAN [*monotonously*]. He got y'—I c'd've saved y'—he got y'. . . .

THE CONVICT [*through stiffening lips, as he dies*]. No! He will pay!

A VERY SLOW CURTAIN

About Tom Wolfe

When Thomas Wolfe came down from his Asheville hills he was six foot three, 130 pounds and not then sixteen. His account in *Look Homeward, Angel* of his freshman agonies draws undue sympathy from the reader; for Wolfe was



not as unpopular as his retrospect leads one to believe. That he couldn't have been the misfit his novel makes him is evident from the length of the statistics after his name in the Yackety Yack, Carolina annual, of his senior year.

Irreverent persons who remember Wolfe as a student recall that he was expelled from his fraternity for not bathing. In his autobiographical novel his hero hates the self-assured easy-mannered members of the leading fraternities. His climactic college experience is his visit to Exeter, ten miles away from Pulpit Hill. There he swaps innocence for vermin. Asheville took the novel badly. "Anybody who'd say things like that about his own mother and sister!" In Chapel Hill it almost displaced Somerset Maugham in favor.

The appearance on these pages of "Deferred Payment" is probably the first reprint of either of the author's first two one-act plays; this one has the strongest flavor of Pa-hev-ye-slopped-the-hawgs-yit? to be found in any folk literature in the history of the Magazine. Wolfe was a member of the original Playmakers group organized when Professor Koch first brought art to this bucolic campus. Therein lies the explanation of "Deferred Payment": the Koch ideal of native drama.

In a recent letter to Proff, Wolfe says: "I was a boy of 18 when I wrote those plays and I wrote each of them in a few hours, because I did not then understand what heart-breaking and agonizing work writing is. I think the two plays show this and are fair samples of the work of a boy who did not know what hard work was and who wrote them in a few hours. . . . I should like to be remembered as a Playmaker and as one who had the honor to be a member of that pioneer first group, but I do not want to be remembered for the work which a careless boy did."

Not because we wish to embarrass Mr. Wolfe by exhuming his early efforts do we reprint them—or simply because they are amusing. Instead, we think, they indicate the truth in the admonition of Koch and Phillips Russell: write about what you know about. Significantly, Wolfe has since made his fame by writing of himself and his mountain people. Paul Green has done the South and tenancy, and Hatcher Hughes (Pulitzer drama prize) did the comedy of Carolina mountains in "Hellbent for Heaven" and "Ruint."

Toujour L'Amour: A Golden Pleasury

The Selected Love Poems of O. J. Coffin

What I Would Be

When my dearie takes her violin
And makes it croon and sing to me,
And I see it prest snug under her chin,
'Tis the violin I would be.

When from the piano her spirit floats,
And my hand on her music lies;
Then I would be the bold black notes
That stare at her dear gray eyes.

And when my dearie smiles on me
With her truthful tender eye,
There's never a person I would be,
But this same old worthless I.

I Can't Help Loving You

Sensitive hand of my dearie,
With your pressure firm and true
Making my sad heart cheery,
I can't help loving you.

Soft gray eyes of my dearie
Sorrow-wise but joy-filled too,
You meet mine so trustingly,
That I can't help loving you.

Give me your hand my dearie,
Those eyes so tender and true,
Lips meet mine, oh my dearie,
I can't help loving you.

You Are You

What are you to me, my dearie,
With your face and smile so cheery,
And your honest eyes so blue? ***
I cannot write it, scarce can think it,
Yet my love for you won't shrink it,
You, oh, dearie! You are You!

You're a light to guide my life by,
Love to soften hate and strife by,
Faith to fasten every faith to;
Hope for higher things and better,
Freedom to loosen every fetter,
You, oh, dearie! You are You!

You are comrade, strong, tender, brave,
You are counsellor wise and grave,
You're my love forever true;
You are all I hope for, care for,
All life long I'll love and care for,
You, oh, dearie! You are You!

***When we read this line we were disturbed. In the previous two poems O. J.'s dearie possessed "soft gray eyes." Now she has "eyes so blue." Has the Skipper been inconstant? Or has the changing light given a new color to dearie's eyes? Neither. The rime scheme of aabccb demands that *blue* rime with *you*.

To—

Oh, for an inspiration to sing of my love's duration
Through time and through space unknown!
That a fancy wild and free might come and and seize on me
From the realm of poesy blown!

Then might I hope to sing till all the world should ring
With all your graces, dear;
Had I this power been granted, love in my heart firm planted
Would have used it, never fear.

But although my heart is warm my lips will not conform
So I bring but love to you;
Take it, dear heart, and use it, but please do not abuse it,
For this much is my due.

An Oasis in the Dreary Miles of Waste

An oasis in the dreary miles of waste,
Dear friend you are, and vastly more:
Land first sighted while far from shore;
This, and yet dearer, nearer to my taste.

Dear Girl, loving truth, tho' beset with lies,
The rules, the rites, and forms of men,
Have not seared you, nor have they been
A thing for awe: for you, dear heart, are wise.

Satisfaction

One day when God was feeling good,
A sunshiny day, and cheery,
When he wanted to do the best he could,
He made you then, my dearie.

But he made the angels mad all right,
And the saints got angry, too;
They said he used up all the light
To make the smile of you.

But he kept on, as indeed he should
Have, and let the angels wince;
And tho' that day he was feeling good
He's been feeling better since.

"A Song of Myself"

(At the same time begging Whitman's pardon)

I pity myself, I'm ashamed of myself,
For loving a girl like you;
I'll pardon myself, and envy myself,
If you'll to myself be true.

I loathe myself, I despise myself,
There's little myself can do;
Yet I'd love myself and cherish myself,
If I were a part of you.

Oh, myself is weak, and myself is small
Drawn on a wretched plan;
But this is clear, I love you, dear,
As well as myself can.

Slaves

Clay Center, Virginia, was only the poor remnant of a town—a drab, straggling hamlet of some three hundred inhabitants. There had been a time when people of consequence resided there, when Clay Center had tasted its brief draught of prosperity. Before the war numerous plantation owners had made it their bartering place and point of contact with the social world. Well-filled tobacco warehouses and rolling acres of cornland had been the making of the community. There had been dancing and gaming, buying and selling in sufficient quantities to bring about mild affluence and complete contentment. The war had treated Clay Center with unusual harshness; its trade wrecked, its families scattered, the town had sunk into dismal obscurity. The plantations were in ruins now, and the descendants of the men who built them were mere bits of trash blown against a fence and left stranded. Many had eventually moved on, but a few found the effort too great for them. They were cursed with inherent laziness and could only stay where God had thrust them, waiting apathetically for an end that approached on limping feet.

In many broken Southern towns a pathetic feeling of class superiority still clings like a cheap perfume. The penurious offspring of the old grandees take on the air of lords and ladies merely because their ancestors were once somebodies in a deplorable nowhere. But the spineless dwellers of Clay Center had failed to erect even a shaky scaffolding of pride. They were content to exist bleakly in a bleak present—with the one stern exception of old man Willoughby Cranford.

The Cranford home stood at the intersection of Main and Oak streets. It was a shabby, respectable barn which passed for a mansion in Clay Center, and indeed was, in comparison to the hovels that surrounded it. Its paint was peeling off, leaving great raw welts, its front steps sagged rottenly on the side by the dusty hydrangea bushes and two panes were cracked in the fan-shaped atrocity of green glass that spread over the door. Still, its vast, rambling size was impressive for the same reason that a mangy circus lion is impressive; it hinted at something better than itself and stirred a dormant realization of past power.

Old man Cranford spent most of his time on the wide porch, glaring with childish hauteur at the passers and chewing greedily on his moustache. In him the stupid pride of caste was incarnate. He despised his fellow townsmen with a superficial rancor and secretly gloated over the envious glances they threw at the crumbling dignity of his home. There was no logical reason why he should set himself above the others, but like a true Southerner he had no need of logical reasoning. Pig-like, he wallowed in the muck of self-sufficiency, and found in such sullied baths the essence of satisfaction.

The comparative elevation of old man Cranford's fortune was due partially to luck and partially to stinginess. His father's home had been providentially spared when the Yankees razed the town in the clashing days of war. An elderly aunt in Georgia died intestate and her moderate means reverted to him. Willoughby Cranford was an accomplished hoarder. No spark of the vaunted Southern generosity ever burned in the dry kiln of his breast; when money came into his hands he clung to it tenaciously, reluctant even to spend it on himself. So when his aunt's meager thousands, vast wealth in the eyes of Clay Center, became his property he quit his profitless brokerage business and turned to a life of leisure. He fastened a cold clutch on the inheritance, guarding the exit of each separate dollar, meeting the bare needs of existence with an impatient whine. Such methods endeared him to no one, but they enabled him to sit idly on his porch with a dirty shawl around his shoulders while he meditated on his consummate grandeur. The people of Clay Center hated Willoughby Cranford and looked up to him. His miserly habits and the fact that he classed his neighbors as unworthy inferiors made him tremendously unpopular. However, the glamour of an independent income and an authentic ancestral mansion was not to be denied. Though in public they derided the old man and referred to him as "that stingy old son-of-a-bitch who thinks he's better than God Almighty," they grudgingly admitted to themselves that Willoughby Cranford was cast in a superior mold. Their treatment of him was a queer mixture of disgust

and humility. As for old man Cranford, he simply ignored the whole crowd, not even deigning to grunt when some rash individual gave him a hesitant good evening.

He shared his voluntary seclusion with his niece, Jane,—a shy, sensitive girl of nineteen. She was the child of an emotional younger brother whose wife had left in despair after a vain two years effort to rationalize him. Relieved of this burden, young Cranford bestowed his tiny daughter on the sedate Willoughby and casually drank himself to death. Jane was old man Cranford's sole gesture of kindness, and even in her case the kindness was selfishly motivated. When he took her he looked into the future and saw his declining years lightened by the services of a girl with a heavy debt of gratitude to pay off. In some ways Jane had been a great disappointment to him; despite rigid discipline she still showed traces of her father's unbecoming temperament, and though she usually ministered to the old man's crabbed wants without complaint she had her moments of rebellion. These attacks were quelled when old Willoughby faced her with the sorry fact that his generosity and, smouldering inwardly, the girl sank back into her role of unpaid servant. Clay Center folks pitied her, but did nothing to help her. To them she seemed beyond aid—a weak princess in the grip of an ogre.

This fallacy was due to Jane's introspective nature. Surface weakness spread like an opaque film over the turbulency of her thoughts. Her face was a dispassionate oval, meekly pretty—a precise duplicate of her mother's vapid countenance. Her mind was a seeth of emotion, intense to the point of hysteria. She was able to hate bitterly and equally able to conceal the angles of her attitude. She hated old Willoughby Cranford. At first, the realization of hatred shamed her, but as time passed and her uncle's actions became more contemptible she felt that her secret animosity was justified. Through the indulgence of hatred she had become so hypersensitive that the old man's most harmless remarks seemed to convey insults and his every inoffensive request was a stern command. She went about her duties, silent, unassertive—waiting for a chance to nullify her real and imagined wrongs. Her own distorted ideas and her uncle's stupidity had filled her with a subtle poison. Her one wish was to make Willoughby Cranford suffer—to tear something from him in return for the pleasures she had been denied.

In the rear of the Cranford home old Mammy Linda lived with her mulatto son, Joe; they occupied a small white-washed shack adjoining the main part of the house. Mammy Linda was a heritage—born a Cranford slave and philosophically willing to die one. Joe was a slim yellow negro, cringingly anxious to please. Their servile natures fitted admirably into Willoughby Cranford's scheme of things; he, the master—they, the creatures to crawl at his bidding. Given material of such plasticity the old man had shaped for himself a minute image of Southern serfdom. The days of slavery were over, but Mammy Linda and Joe were gratifying survivals. To Clay Center, the possession of living, breathing black slaves placed the stamp of divinity on old Cranford's mottled brow. It was seen as the supreme gesture of a man living in an alien age who refuses to break with tradition. "What's that old fool want to keep those niggers hanging around for?" they asked loudly. (Oh, God, wouldn't it be grand to have slaves of your own?) Oblivious to all comment, Willoughby Cranford ruled his household with vicious serenity.

One morning Jane was clearing away the breakfast dishes. A ring flashed on her finger; old man Cranford's eye grappled with it, incomprehendingly.

"Where'd you get that ring, Jane?"

Jane started, pretending not to hear.

"Where'd you get that ring?"

"Ed Grant gave it to me; we're engaged." She wiped butter from her fingers on a soiled apron.

"You're what?"

"Engaged—to be married."

The old man struggled for speech. The boiling syllables within him refused to form words. Finally—"Joe." The mulatto hastened in. "Go down to the store and tell Mr. Grant I want to see his son Ed—right now."

Jane's pale lips moved rigidly. "What are you going to do, Uncle Will?"

Rage engendered by the first shock was fading; he would soon have the matter in hand. "I'm going to break this thing up. Do you think I'd let a niece of mine marry the brat of a grocery-store keeper?"

"But I am going to marry him."

"And I say you're not." They waited in silence. After several minutes Ed Grant entered quietly, a thickset young man with hard eyes.

"You wanted me, Mr. Cranford?" His impersonal glance covered the over-furnished room.

Willoughby Cranford stared implacably. (He doesn't seem to be much impressed.) "My niece says she intends to marry you."

The hard eyes caught an appealing look from Jane, fixed themselves stubbornly on a yellowing spot in the ceiling. "We're goin' to be married next month."

"You're wrong. She'll not marry you next month—or any other time. Cranfords don't marry below their level."

"Uncle Will, you have no right—"

"Keep out of this, Jane. Did you understand me, young man?"

The words fell stolidly like a memorized fragment of scripture. "We're goin' to be married next month."

Repetition pierced the old man's shield of stern aloofness. His face purpled—the hue of a crushed grape. "Who are you, sir? The worthless, sniveling son of a grocer—a damned dirty merchant who says 'thank you, ma'm' to every nigger wench that buys a bar of soap! And you a filthy lout smelling of hog guts. You're common—you're nobody—you're not a damn bit better than a dirty field hand."

"Uncle Will—"

He flung more words forth, obscenely; they were like flecks of foam on his lips. Mad words. "And you want to mate with my niece. She's a Cranford, an aristocrat—and you the offspring of a country shopkeeper and a draggletailed Clay Center slut. Nobody in town fit to kiss her feet and you say you're going to marry her. Not while I live. And she willing to do it after all the sacrifices I've made for her—willing to give herself to a misbegotten bastard without a cent to his name."

"Uncle Will—" (stop him, dear God. Ed's so proud.)

"I suppose you want her money. Well, you won't get it. Now get out of this house and never show your rotten face around here again."

A bowl slipped unnoticed from Jane's fingers. She stood stiff against the wall, her throat ragged with sobs. The young man came toward her. "Give me the ring, Jane." He wrenched it off, harshly.

"You're leaving me, Ed?"

"Yeh—I didn't know what the Cranfords was. He's old—I won't kill him." Ed Grant was gone.

Old Willoughby Cranford closed his eyes and rubbed his hand across them. (Lost my temper.

Anyhow, that's settled.) Jane stooped over like a rusty automaton and picked the broken china from the floor.

The old man was vaguely embarrassed by her grief. "Don't worry over that, Jane. You'll soon see that I did right. There's nobody in this town fit for a Cranford to take up with."

The girl crouched as if beaten. An unctuous clearing of the throat. "After all, my dear, you owe me something. I gladly took you in and treated you like a daughter, gave you a good home—so shouldn't you have some respect for my wishes? Just think, you might have had a child by him and destroyed the purity of the Cranford blood. I acted for the best. Now go to your room and try to get over this foolishness."

"Yes—"

Jane parted the frilled curtains of her window. Her tears were gone now, her face an expressionless mask. She could see the zigzag burnt-orange rutteness of Oak street, the squat shape of a Ford standing at the curb, the projecting eaves of the store on the corner. (Ed's store—but he's gone. He'll pass me on the street, not speaking. It hurts, God.) She could see a splayed, quicksilver puddle on the pavement, two children gravely sailing twig boats. (I might have had a child by him. He bruised me—my uncle. What can I do to bruise him worse?) Mammy Linda was washing clothes in the back yard; Joe stood waiting to hang them, his lithe body drooping languidly. She sang "washed in the blood of the lamb." (*Mammy Linda, Joe and me—slaves. I'm no better. I belong there.*)

With the passing of minutes Mammy Linda left and Joe lazily pegged up the clothes. Jane watched him—her fellow slave. The larva of an idea squirmed in her mind. (Hurt Uncle Will; twist his soul. That damn Cranford pride.) She pushed the heavy blinds apart.

"Joe."

The mulatto bobbed respectfully. "Yes, Miss Jane?"

"Come up here—I need you."

His tread sounded hollow on the stairs. (Might have had a child.) He stood in the doorway, a carven yellow figure—immobile. (Purity of the Cranford blood.) "You want me, ma'm?"

Jane's words came soft through clenched teeth. "You told me you'd like to leave here and get a job in Richmond, Joe."

"Sho' would, but—"

"I have some money saved up. It's yours if you help me."

Joy rayed in the negro's face. "Anything, Miss Jane—just anything."

She spoke rapidly. Joe's eyes rolled in their sockets, he drew back terrified. "I—I couldn't."

"But you must." (My uncle—it will kill him.)
"You've got to."

The mulatto hesitated. (A white girl—a pretty white girl.) He shuffled his feet and stole a furtive, sidelong glance at Jane's body. "You guarantee I git away safe to Richmond?"

"Yes."

"All right, Miss Jane."

She cautiously reclosed the blinds. (Goodbye, Ed. Slaves—together.) Her feet dragged through the bristling carpet.

About Robbins Fowler

Robbins Fowler (one novel since graduation: *All the Skeletons in All the Closets*: the type of story that belongs in a drug store rental library) customarily wore a beret and a black shirt when he was a student here. A non-conformer and a brilliant satirist, he was a member of the clique that despised the blue nosed puritan whom it thought to constitute the body of the campus. His clique controlled the Magazine for several years and also published six issues of a private paper, *The Faun*, in the fall of the same year that "Slaves" appeared. His story, "Slaves," provoked the biggest battle in University history over the subject of freedom of the press.

The same day that the Magazine appeared, *The Faun* was distributed at a football game. It declared that the University had become a diploma mill, that football was a Roman spectacle, that the town should be named Chappell's Hill, after Student Body President Chappell who, *The Faun* said, nightly visited fraternity houses to sniff the air and scan the card tables. The editors had expected the University to lose the game that day and thus create an atmosphere of dissatisfaction favorable to the reception of a satirical publication. The University won.

The following week the Open Forum of the semi-weekly *Tar Heel* swelled until it filled the editorial page. One writer, commenting on the Magazine editor's sin in publishing "Slaves," concluded with great originality "We can't all be perfect." But others were not disposed to such tolerance. The *Tar Heel* called the story "indecent and immoral." The defense retorted that literature is neither moral or immoral—it is unmoral. When the student council called Editor Julian Starr and Author Robbins Fowler up for trial, the defense suggested that the council meet

in the Library to censure Boccaccio, Wilde, Chaucer, Rabelais and Walt Whitman.

The student council demanded the resignation of the Magazine staff. Starr and Fowler appealed to a faculty committee. There the council's decision was overridden. Said the faculty: "The publishing of the story was bad editorial judgment but not personal misconduct." The editors remained. And the *Tar Heel* and student council were much chagrined.

The "Slaves" incident is spoken of as the greatest battle in local publications' history over the freedom of the press. Actually, it had very little to do with freedom of the press. It was a personal fight provoked by those who considered themselves the *intelligentsia* and who scorned the *bourgeoisie* (words so popular in the last decade). To avenge *The Faun*, which was private and invulnerable, the campus bigwigs made a counter attack on the Magazine, which was public property and vulnerable.

Actually, "Slaves" contains nothing to disturb the person of understanding. Many things published in the Magazine before and after 1926 were less precious. Paul Green's "White Dresses" in 1924 had a double suggestion of miscegenation, inoffensively but plainly given. No one was tried before the student council.

People say that the plot of "Slaves" is too powerful for the structure, another way of saying that the ending (where the offense was given) is totally unprepared for. In this they are correct. The ending of "Slaves" is obviously added to give the reader a surprise-shock. If the author and editor succeeded in their intention, we hardly see why they should have to run to cover behind the skirts of freedom of the press, even though the story was not so bad as the opposition said.

The Long Night

The curtain rises on a high-ceiled, oblong room apparently of stone and darkened, save for the soft afternoon light that comes in through a tiny barred window high up in the wall at the rear. In the center of the room sits a man dressed in loose fitting hospital ward clothes, with his elbows resting on his knees, and his chin propped up on his hands. The features of his face are indiscernable, but from the contour of his head and shoulders outlined against the light, one would say that he is a young man somewhat past thirty. A dimly seen bed at the left rear completes the furniture of the bleak room. At the right front is a door that opens into the corridor. This is cell number 38 in the State Insane Asylum.

It is late afternoon in March. Through the little square window can be seen the swelling tips of maple twigs perfectly still against the glow of the setting sun. From the hedge outside come the notes of the first thrush. Inmate 38 knows that winter is past. Other than the birds' notes, there is no sound to break the complete stillness of the passing day. This is one of those queer calms that often come near night in March; when the winds have blown all day, just before the sun goes down they let things be. One can almost feel the stillness. Night will fall soon.

The sounds of footsteps are heard coming along the corridor outside. The man raises his head quickly, listening intently. The steps pass by. He relapses into his former position. There is nothing about his actions to show that he is nervous, despairing or beaten. Rather, as he sits staring into the shadows he might be Rodin's Thinker or a man with a mighty purpose caged by change behind the unheeding thicknesses of stone walls. Or, too, he might be brooding on some wrong he would make right for his fellowman, when his deliverance from a life of stone should come. In the State hospital for the Insane an inmate may, perchance, though dreaming from March to May and then to spring again and repeating many times, arrive where he can sit resolutely, chin in hand listening calmly for footsteps he has waited years to hear.

The door is opened almost silently, and a young woman about twenty-six or seven, fashionably

dressed, enters. The man sits bolt upright for an instant and then relapses into an easy posture, still looking straight before him. The woman stands timorously holding to the grating of the half-closed door behind her. There is light enough in the room to disclose the fact that she is exceedingly beautiful. From all appearances she is a society woman, one of the petted type. And evidently for her, life is a round of dinner parties, theatre-going and delirious balls. She might have no ambition higher than taking care of her own beautiful body and humoring its desires. One knows her kind. Or she might have had ambition to do great things. She might have dreams. Who knows? It is easy to be fooled in this world.¹

For a moment neither speaks, and then the man without looking towards the door, says quietly and in a pleasant voice, firm and even.

THE MAN. Is that you, Marie?

MARIE [*hesitating*]. Yes.

THE MAN [*stretching his arms indefinitely toward her*]. I've been expecting you.

MARIE [*hiding her face*]. Don't! Don't look at me. Don't, I shall run away! [*The Man lets his arm fall and sits silent in his seat. When he speaks, it is kindly, without bitterness.*]

THE MAN. I've been waiting five years.

MARIE. I received your letter only today.²

THE MAN. Yes, and all the others I have written every month for four years received—

MARIE [*petulantly*]. No, yes—but I—

THE MAN. You found your way in all right? The watchman left the door unlocked? [*Genially.*] He's done several things for me—

MARIE. Yes, Yes.

THE MAN. Close the door. There's no danger here and I shall not look at you. And maybe you would not mind calling me by my name. [*Abruptly.*] No, it doesn't matter whether you received the letters or not. The glorious thing is that you are here. Oh, how wonderful! [*Something like joy comes into his voice, but it is joy that appears to frighten Marie, for she draws back into the doorway.*]

MARIE. Yes, oh dear!—

THE MAN [*coaxingly*]. Close the door and don't draw away from me! Oh, I have starved!

starved! [*She impetuously closes the door and moves a few feet away from it towards the man. The man raises his head boyishly.*] Ah, you still use that faint far-away perfume—that wonderful *Claire de Lune*.³ Oh, the old times!

MARIE [*putting her hands to her face*]. Don't—you hurt!

THE MAN [*eagerly*]. Do I? [*He stops.*] Call me by my name, won't you?

MARIE. Yes, yes—Frank—I—oh, I don't know!—

FRANK [*with a deep sigh*]. Five years to wait for that. [*Silence for a moment. Outside the thrush sings.*]

MARIE [*bursting out and moving towards the door*]. Oh, I can't stand this. Oh, Lord! These walls and this darkness. No wonder people are crazy here—oh!

FRANK. Don't leave me! Marie! [*She turns from the door.*]

MARIE. Well, I'll stay a little while then, but it's growing late. Mother's waiting in the car. I told her I wouldn't be long. It's near night.

FRANK. Yes, it's near night. It's growing cold. The west must be almost a pale gray now. But the thrush still sings.⁴ He sings every year. Did you say it was near night? Yes, it is near night. [*Broodingly.*] And when night comes it is so long.

MARIE. Yes, I know.

FRANK [*quickly*]. Do you? [*Slowly.*] Yes, five years is a long night, but a lifetime is longer. Oh, let's forget it. Tell me about yourself. Tell me about your world. What you do during the long days. Tell me everything.

MARIE. I can't. Oh, I can't—There's nothing to tell.

FRANK [*tenderly*]. Never mind, little girl, don't notice a blind old—

MARIE. Don't, Frank. Don't, oh, I shall— [*She bursts into sobs.*]

FRANK [*calmly*]. Forget it, dear—"Dear." How strange and sweet that word sounds. Five years! It almost makes me hope—that— [*He bows his head.*]

MARIE [*drying her eyes. After a moment*]. What?

FRANK. It almost makes me hope that I might—that I might—even touch your hand again,—Why do you cry? Did I hurt you?

MARIE [*shuddering and drawing towards the door*]. No, no.

FRANK. But I can't ask that, I am—blind—and too horrible. [*Brightly.*] But you needn't

touch my face, and my hands are smooth. [*He makes a movement as if to turn towards her. But she cries out.*]

MARIE. No! no! [*He turns back in his chair.*]

FRANK. Pardon me, dear; but I am so thoughtless of you. There is too much light yet. But it will soon be night, and then you'll let me touch your hand, won't you?⁵

MARIE. Oh, my God—hush! You're breaking my heart.

FRANK [*deeply moved*]. Forget it! I've forgiven long ago. I've had time to think. Time a plenty! You couldn't help it—the acid—Maybe you didn't know it would blind. I was so careless to leave it open in the laboratory.

MARIE. Please—I can't stand to think of it any more. Hasn't it driven me wild in the hours when there was no one to talk to—oh!

FRANK. But we were both so happy then, just starting in life together and I wanted you to know the secrets of my work. I was to do great things. We should not have quarreled. It was all in fun, wasn't it dear? [*Accusingly.*] But then afterwards you wouldn't look at me, my face . . .

MARIE [*half sobbing*]. Frank—

FRANK. Poor dear, I hurt you—Oh, but I have been so lonely these years. And—you never came—

MARIE [*half wailing*]. Oh, I couldn't, I couldn't, knowing that I had done it, and they thought it was you yourself who—

FRANK [*laughing softly*]. Yes, an accident, and then I had to play crazy to get rid of myself—But it isn't so bad. Maybe I oughtn't to complain. One always has a window. It's near night, isn't it?

MARIE. Yes, and Mamma—oh, you are so wonderful! How could you forgive me?

FRANK [*interrupting*]. To play crazy! Crazy! And I could have done wonders. Do you know, I loved my lab next to you.⁹

MARIE. Yes, yes . . .

FRANK. Have you never married?

MARIE [*after a moment*]. No.

FRANK. It would have bothered you, wouldn't it? You should have, you know. You were free. I didn't want to ruin your life because mine was ruined. Has *he* married yet?

MARIE. Who? Oh—no, Frank, don't! [*With a sob she falls on her knees beside him, covering his hand with kisses.*] Oh you are so good, and noble! Forgive me, oh forgive me! [*For a moment Frank sits motionless and then he begins stroking her hand. Suddenly Marie springs to her*

feet and stands away from him shuddering.] What is it? I'm afraid.

FRANK. Don't be frightened you little goose. What became of that Tiffany emerald I gave you?¹⁰ You no longer wear it. Whose ring is that you're wearing?

MARIE [*confusedly*]. I—I couldn't wear it. I couldn't after that had happened.

FRANK. Oh, I don't know what I'm saying, dear. Let's forget it. Tell me about yourself. Isn't it dark yet?

MARIE [*looking out of the window and shivering*]. Nearly, there's just a faint glow in the sky now.

FRANK. Are the stars out? and I guess the moon is on the river now. [*Quickly.*] But let that wait. Can't you tell me of everything, little woman? I never hear. What is Sam Boger doing now? And Toz and Jim and all the set we used to run around with?

MARIE. Haven't you known?—these years? Like most people they're married now, most of them.

FRANK. Yes, quite naturally, do they ever ask about me?

MARIE. Sometimes, but they all . . .

FRANK. They all think I'm crazy, don't they?

MARIE [*hesitatingly*]. Yes, Oh, it's too horrible. What a mess things in this world can get into! Oh, Frank! [*Beginning to sob.*]

FRANK [*heedlessly continuing*]. Thought I went crazy and tried to kill myself. Well, that's what I made them all believe. You never told them your part in it, did you?

MARIE [*horrified*]. Oh, how could I!—Frank, let me go! I—

FRANK. Wait, dear, you know I promised I should never ask you to come again. It is too terrible for you, but may I,—may I touch your hands again—your face? You must be as beautiful as ever. I can only see beauty through touch. Oh, I can remember your eyes—so deep, so true, and your neck and shoulders, your bare white arms—How they shone those evenings when we loved so. And the dances—and all—To remember it all! I remember them now as a great sea of gladness—those long ago years. [*Marie starts towards him, but stops.*]

MARIE [*sobbing*]. Oh, my God, if it had never happened!

FRANK [*sadly*]. Don't cry, don't. It wasn't your fault. But I've needed you so! [*Pushing his hand through his hair.*] How can I endure it,

dear! Don't be afraid. Can't you come nearer to me. [*He reaches out and touches her dress; then he catches her hand, all the while sitting with averted face. She shudders at his touch.*] Five years to wait for this night and never to have you again. But I want you to know that I forgive you, dear. That it's all forgotten! [*He draws her nearer to him.*]

MARIE. Please don't, oh Frank I must go. It's dark!

FRANK [*calmly*]. Then don't mind if it's dark. You cannot see now, sweet. [*He fondles her hands. Then he reaches up and brushes his hand across her face. She starts away.*] Don't! please, for this night. Ah, you're beautiful still—so beautiful. And you were all mine once. Please, can't you imagine that it is back the way it used to be, before it happened. Make yourself do it and let me be happy once—once, for there will never be another time, so sweet—for—me—Stay with me close a minute now and I can mock at these walls forever.

MARIE. O, why can't I? But I can't. No! No! Let me go! Frank—I'm afraid.

FRANK [*passionately*]. You shan't go—you shan't! Oh make me happy once. The years— [*He holds her tightly to him. In a wave of emotion she leans towards him. Suddenly he sweeps her to him across his lap and holds her to his breast.*]

MARIE [*half-screaming*]. Don't, don't kiss me! Oh—

FRANK [*reassuringly*]. No, dear, I shan't kiss you. Don't be afraid. Rest now and I'll let you go presently. Your mother is waiting. Don't tell her you came to see me. Don't. [*Brushing back her hair.*] What might we have accomplished together! Your lips! Your eyes! Beautiful, beautiful! [*Her sobbing ceases after a while and both remain quiet. The last notes of the thrush are heard from the hedge.*]

MARIE [*moving restlessly*]. I've done my best now. You must let me go. I'm so sorry. Why did it have to happen like this! Oh— [*In rising terror.*] Let me go! It's dark! Oh, Frank! My God! [*Sobbing.*]

FRANK [*sadly*]. Why did it have to turn out like this? But you were so quick-tempered—No, it was my fault. I shouldn't have had the acid open. Don't worry, dear, you know I forgive you. [*As he speaks he reaches around her with his left arm and takes both her hands in one.*]

MARIE. I must go now. [*Uneasily.*] What is it, Frank?

FRANK. Nothing. I'm just thinking how I shall dream all my life about this hour. One minute more, please—

MARIE. I must go. Let me go.

FRANK. Yes, yes, dear, you must go. Remember me to your mother. Oh,—don't forget me. [*With his right hand he has reached into his coat pocket, silently unstopped the bottle, and taken it out.*] You may go now, dear. [*And with this he calmly pours the acid into her eyes. She utters one wild shriek, "The Acid" and lies unconscious in his arms. He smothers her groans by holding her to him.*] Yes, it hurts. How it hurts! Like a million flames burning, burning. [*Sorrowfully.*] You are blind now, for ever and ever. Your beauty is gone. You are horrible. Your face is like a dirty mop.¹¹ No one can bear to look at you. [*He throws her from him.*]

MARIE [*writhing on the floor*]. Oh, My God! my God!

FRANK [*calmly*]. It must be night now; the thrush has stopped singing.

CURTAIN

Notes from a Master's Thesis

¹ Here is clearly illustrated an embryonic sage quality which later was to settle out in Green's character in the form of philosophy. Notice the awareness to the ever eminent disillusionment: "It is so easy to be fooled in this world." Also the reader must not here overlook the storybook manner in which the author, a product of the wilds of North Carolina, treats the subject of social life: ". . . for her life is a round of dinner parties, theatre going, and delirious balls."

² This line has been a problem to dramatic critics for two decades. Some think that Marie means that she just received the letter; others that she means that he didn't mail the letter five years later. It has been suggested that this decasyllabic line of Marie's is symbolic of her lack of two of the twelve proverbial virtues supposedly possessed by womankind. Herein probably lies the key to this tragedy of horror.

³ The interpretation of the first line here is still quite hazy. The use of *Claire de Lune* is to emphasize the dependence of The Man on olfactory senses.

⁴ The thrush represents hope and the stability of nature. Nature is always true . . . even to the blind.

⁵ This line further amplifies the superficiality of Marie.

⁶⁻⁷⁻⁸ In the stage directions to these three lines (half sobbing, half wailing, and laughing softly) lies the value of the play. This contrast of sob, wail, laugh, etc., is essentially symphonic, and is without a doubt an example of Green's first use of the symphony in the drama . . . a thing which had its birth way back in the long night.

⁹ A strange and baffling line is this one. Whether he means that he likes his lab next to her, her next to his lab, or next to his lab her, is not yet known. Truly a subject for a doctor's dissertation.

¹⁰ The significance of the Tiffany emerald is to most critics inconsequential. There was in these times a jewelry house of Tiffany from which the fashionable bought their jewelry. It is thought that calling Marie a goose is suggestive of her foul qualities and the fact that she let him down.

¹¹ "Your face is like a dirty mop." This is a very poor figure, but it does point out Mr. Green's thesis that the woman's face is in the home.



About Pea Green*

Paul Green, fresh from the fields and avid for knowledge, mosied into Chapel Hill in 1916. As a Freshman he swiggled at the springs of learning offered by the University and wrote poetry on the side. He entered and won the senior play contest, his play, "Surrender to the Enemy," being presented by the seniors at their graduation. Preferring the medium of poetry to that of drama, Green turned out quite a number of poems during his first year. A few of these were published by the Carolina Magazine which, then as now, was trying to be fair to all classes in its choice of material.

With little more than a year of college life lived, Student Green heeded the call of the army and, leaving his knowledge wells, went overseas. But, being a serious minded youth and wishing the world to realize that he too had felt the "slings and arrows of outrageous fortune," before leaving he privately published a little volume of his own poems. These poems he left behind as a landmark, having resigned himself to the fate of Brooke and Seeger. Typical of Mr. Green's poetry of this time is the following verse from "Under a Window at Dawn" published in the May, 1917, issue of the Carolina Magazine:

We will wander away where the wild lilies blow,
And the daisies are starring the lea;
Where the bluebell is yielding with face bending low,
To her lover, the wild honey-bee.
Oh, awake from thy slumbers, we must not delay,
For the great world is waking to laughter and play.

Atlantic transit and the associations in France had a marked effect upon the poetry of Tar Heel Green. Consequently upon his return to the University he published such Kiplingesque lines as "Song," a four stanza-ed poem from which the following is quoted:

Over the top! Over the top!
Like Hell with yer bayonets rushin'!
Over the top! Over the top!
An' charge through the mud an' blood splushin'!
A groin lunge! a butt stroke!
A gut cut! an' they fall—
Oh, it's each un for 'isself,
An' the devil for us all.

Probably the tenderest of all this experience-

frittered poetry is the poem which appeared in the Christmas issue of 1919 under the title, "Le Vieil Omnibus"; this is a poem tinged with pinkness of adolescence in its sympathetic presentation of a vignette of a woman of sin.

Her home is one lone dirty room,
A chair, a bed its furniture,
And four flights up. Perennial gloom
Clings to its ceiling; yet I'm sure
The lights that flash in her dull eyes
Were gathered from far sweeter skies.

Each week she dons her ragged best,
And goes to the movie show,
Forgetting poverty's unrest
In fairy scenes that come and go.
And stings of ancient hurts and sins
Are lost amongst the violins.

All that her hungry heart desires
Is hers—young love, a little child,
Freedom and rest, and bright home fires.
Her spirit leaps out in the wild,
Sharp roaring fight, the shots and bangs,
And capers of the fierce mustangs.

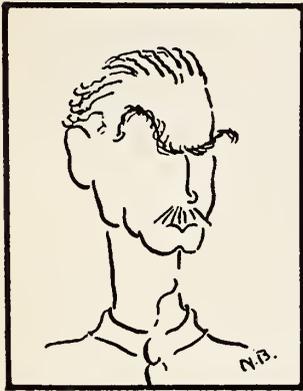
Some day she'll meet the common fate;
They'll let her worn out body down
And cover it, a thing of hate—
No sorrowing friends, no flowerlet crown
To speak of love,—unknowing that
This one of scorn with kings had sat.

Following the appearance of *The Long Night* in the magazine came the much talked about play, *White Dresses*, which was published in a collection of plays including works of Anton Chekov, Lady Gregory, J. M. Barrie, August Strindberg and others. Paul Green was becoming recognized nationally. Soon there followed a number of honors for him: he edited *The Reviewer*; won the Pulitzer Prize with his *In Abraham's Bosom*; went abroad on a Guggenheim fellowship; returned to write three novels at various times; went to Hollywood to aid in the cinematizing of his *The House of Connolly*; had several unsuccessful plays open on Broadway; and lastly, has running on Broadway this season *Johnny Johnson*, which has been hailed as a successful play. His novels have not yet come into their own and for that reason have not been mentioned separately. Mr. Green is at present occupying a professorial chair in the school of Dramatic Arts at the University of North Carolina.

*A school nickname.

THIS TIME AND PLACE

Two former editors and two contributors take over the editor's page and write of this place in other times.



OUR DEFENSE

... Amid the general chorus of praise for the Magazine we have heard but one dissenting voice and this critic spoke as follows: "The Magazine is as sorry as h—I; why don't you put sump'n' funny in it?"

Now we love "sump'n' funny" as much as any man, if not more, and when the right kind of "sump'n' funny" is handed in we will gladly publish it, but, lest the above sentiments be shared by others, we will try to explain our position. It seems to us that a college magazine should represent the institution's serious thought—not that its matter should be so solemn and weighty as to be wearisome but that what goes in it should be worth preservation; it is true we are not always able to get material of this sort, but we are doing the best we can. The *Tar Heel*—no disparagement being meant to that excellent publication—stands for the every day thoughts and doings of the college—lectures, athletics, local happenings, etc.; but the Magazine should represent thought that is permanent, lasting, enduring and worth preservation. And this ideal we shall endeavor to keep in view.—Editor Phillips Russell, February 1903.

THEN AS NOW

... The student council . . . is nothing more than eight supposedly representative students organized for the purpose of carrying out the will of their fellows. Its life, then, depends on the place of the law in the life of the individual student. Some men take the law in their own hands; others consistently leave it to the other man. In both instances we have a conspicuous absence of law, and a corresponding loss of liberty. In the first case the majority oppress the minority, in the second the minority tyrannize over the majority. Then, let each one of us ask himself these questions: May not a continued lack of interest, on the part of the students, in their own government necessitate the restoration of direct faculty control? What should be my part as a private citizen of the campus, in the perpetuation of student self-government and

in the realization of the "Honor Ideal" of the student conduct?—Francis F. Bradshaw, Nov. 1915.

MY FRIENDS

... It was the sacred principle of democracy, my friends, that inspired Jesus of Nazareth as, bending beneath the weight of the cross He faced the ignominious death upon Calvary. It was the principle of democracy that inspired Martin Luther at the Diet of Worms, when, standing before the assembled potentates of a misguided theology, he dared declare the sovereignty of the individual soul. It was democracy that inspired our forefathers at Valley Forge, where with bare and bleeding feet they marked the winter's snow, fighting not for relief from a paltry tax, but for the recognition of the individuals who inhabited the American Colonies. And it is the vision of democratic civilization which inspires the modern hero in our industrial and political life, who, casting aside political fortune, grapples in a life and death struggle with organized greed and sordid selfishness. Democracy has been the dream of the past: it is destined to be the reality of the future. Wider and wider is to be its acceptance. Deeper and deeper is its principle to be applied. Baptized in the blood of martyrs and tried in the fire of persecution, it has survived for the regeneration of the world. The principle for which Christ suffered has been lifted up: it is drawing all men unto it.—J. J. Parker, 1907.

THE PASSING OF THE BOY

... The University is becoming less and less a place for the boy with the faulty notions about work and conduct that cling to boyhood. "Boys will be boys" and references to "college life" are becoming more and more absurd as condoning explanations of laziness, immoral conduct, and disregard of the rights of others. Fired with all the zeal of youth and enthusiasm, the University has yet come to realize itself as a place where men live, work, and hope—men guided by the identical principles of good citizenship that prevail in the higher reaches of maturity. The campus with its dormitories is supposed to be the home of men at work and not the playground of children. Rowdiness, water-fights, yelling and such rever-sions to the high school age appear more and more foreign to an environment where manhood is now evinced by more than the sprouting of a moustache.—Editor Robert B. House, 1915.

SKETCHES

Poetry appeared very early in the Magazine. Typical is this one "To a Southern Girl:"

All ye muses, bards and poets
Sing her praises o'er and o'er.
But to *see* her is to *love* her—
But to know her, to *adore!*

But the Magazine had been going for perhaps a half-century before recognizable fiction developed from a department titled "Sketches." The O. J. Coffin anecdote appeared in this section. The Jonathan Daniels bit, although much later in authorship, would have fitted as a sketch, or a "delineation of a character." We revive the department in order to publish both.

* * *

The luckiest fool on the face of the earth is the college masher. I know the luckiest one of these. He has forced his attention upon willing and unwilling maidens for years, but even his luck has been known to fail him.

Last fall, when this man, whom we shall call Jack, to save his feelings, went to the State fair in Raleigh, he was successful in his flirtations. Confidentially, you know, college girls are about as bad as college men, and there are several college girls in Raleigh.

Having passed a whole day of success he fell into a crowd from Buie's Creek Academy. The girl he approached was good looking, and she appeared to be unsophisticated. Perhaps she was, but we leave that to you.

Jack went up with a wide smile, his hand outstretched, a look of recognition and personified brass on his face.

"Do you know me? I wuz at ye pa's farm wunst."

The girl looked him over, then smiled. "Yes," she flashed, "you wuz there. The last I seed of you, you wuz hitched to a rack, flopping your ears to keep off the flies."—O. J. Coffin, 1906.

THE COLLEGE WIDOW AND THE BABY VAMP

A few paltry years ago college widows a la George Ade were exerting a very diverting influence among the college men of the country, but now, with the exception of a very clever few, the type has become extinct. The old college widow has given away to the modern baby vampires. The two types are alike in many things but the young group has radically broken away from the out-of-date methods of their antediluvian sisters.

College widows were content to break a heart here and there in a class and pass on to the rising class. Usually when they had collected fraternity pins, banquet souvenirs, flowers and candy from six or seven college generations they were content to retire from the field to become the wife of a faculty member.

College widows were almost always residents of college towns. They were interested in college activities and knew the relative weights and merits of every football team in the locality. They made themselves a real part of the life of the college and were as deeply interested in campus affairs as were the students themselves. They understood football, baseball, basketball and men. And the college widow even though she was perhaps free with her kisses was after all a very healthy type of girl.

The baby vampire pretends to little of this. She is, however, a wonder in her understanding of the sophomore. Her great fault lies in the fact that she judges all men by his standard. She is absolutely ignorant of every outdoor sport but a past master on indoor and front porch games. She's right there with a hot line of soft chatter even if she doesn't say anything. If she has a brain she does her best to conceal it, even as her ears. No self-respecting girl today has ears. In times of service she lasts not half so long as her has-been sister. But in point of distance covered she has set a record as yet unsurpassed.

She is rarely a resident of the college town or the particular property of any one college. Using home as a base and as a supply depot she goes from one set of college dances and games to another. At every college she uses the same old line about being good to get back to a real college after those perfectly terrible dances at Suchandsuch College and the pitiful part is that men who are supposed to be intelligent fall for it. The baby vampire uses all the old stock pieces such as the baby stare, the "You're so big and strong," and old lines that their mothers used twenty years ago but they do it in a different way.

It is hardly fair, however, to judge the baby vampire thus far as her type has only had a year or two in which to develop. Next year when the skirts go up or down with the change of styles she may change her line. Perhaps she's a result of the war, like high prices.—Jonathan Daniels.

The Nine Young Men

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The sole purpose of this article is to describe the typical manner in which violators of the Honor System are tried by the student council. The author feels that if he uses his real name it will become in the mind of the reader an individual affair, and this he does not want. However for those that wish it his real name will be available.*

You have just finished your last exam and are in your room getting ready to leave for a Christmas at home when a boy brings you the letter. You read it and find that you have the option of appearing before the Student Council at 10:30 that night or being expelled from school.

You remember that you indorsed a check a few days ago and wonder if it might be some trouble about that, or you think perhaps that they might be calling you for a witness. You try to make yourself believe this but can't. You know by the finality of the letter it is something more important.

You ask some friends about it but they know even less than you. They kid a little and say, "So they finally caught up with you."

This doesn't bother you very much. You can hear them talk, and see them joking, but you are outside of it. You know they are trying to cheer you up but it just passes by.

You enter Graham Memorial, early of course, and see at the foot of the steps three boys from one of your classes. They say hello and ask you how you made out on the exam. You reply that you thought you did okay. They ask some more questions and everything seems nice and chummy, but you know that it isn't. Some more double talk passes and you are waiting for them to let you know what this is all about. It comes, suddenly.

"Tell them the truth. You're a Freshman and this is your first offense. They'll just warn you. Don't lie and everything will be all right."

It is only then that you fully comprehend that you have been reported for cheating. You don't say anything because for a minute you can't and besides they seem very eager to hear their own voices. They talk fast and all at once as if they are trying to hide something.

"You understand there's nothing personal involved," one of them says. "It's the Honor System and we just had to do it. It's the principle

of the thing. (You feel like laughing.) Yes, that's right, the principle, and there was nothing else we could do. You understand, don't you?"

"Yes," you say politely, "I understand," (you sonsofbitches).

They talk some more but you don't hear them very clearly. You get a vague idea that one of the boys really didn't want to report you, but because the other two asked him he did.

You wish the hell they'd stop talking so you could sit down on the steps and think the whole thing out, but they keep right on excusing themselves and telling how sorry they are.

Someone comes into the hall and you are properly introduced to the President of the student body. You refrain from commenting on the shallow formalities, and after a good deal of confusion at the foot of the steps (more bizarre politeness) *you* go up first and enter the student government office.

The President sits down at his desk and straightens up some papers, the three boys sit on the chairs lining the wall, and you walk around looking at the pictures of the former student body Presidents because you can't sit still.

Irregularly the student council members come in. Appearing not to, you listen to what they say, hoping to get some hint, but they only talk about the exams *they* have just finished, and what *they* intend to do during the vacation.

You want them to get started with the business but one member hasn't shown up yet; so you try to absorb yourself in a newspaper. Nobody speaks to you and you're glad of it.

The last member comes in and the President asks you and the other three to step into the hall. You notice how careful the three are to move away from the door, out of earshot. It seems that they are very conscientious tonight. Every move of theirs is exaggerated. They are effusively polite, lift their feet high when walking, and try to be as noiseless and inconspicuous as possible.

If they should happen to brush against you by accident they say almost tearfully, "Oh I'm so sorry. Please excuse me." They act the way you feel inside. Jumpy, inferior, and very careful not to offend.

While you wait there they are called in one

at a time, the preceding one leaving before the next enters. At no time are two of them in the room together.

They are all three in the hall again. You wait to be called, but nothing happens. The other boys are standing together and talking in whispers. You try to hear what they're saying but can't. There is a fountain in the hall and you realize that you have been drinking a great deal of water.

The President of the student body opens the door and tells the other boys that they can go now. You hear them clattering down the steps and imagine that they must feel greatly relieved at being able to act normal again.

The President looks at you. "Will you step in?" he says.

You walk into the room and sit down in a chair he indicates. The student council is seated in a semi-circle, the desk overbalancing it at one end. One of them is taking notes and the others are looking at you.

You still don't know exactly what you have been accused of. You haven't heard any of the evidence against you, and have been left free to imagine what you want to.

When they begin asking questions you answer them, but at no time do you get the slightest idea of what has been said against you.

"Where did you go to high school?"

"In the North."

"Was cheating prevalent in your high school?"

"I wouldn't say it was prevalent."

"But cheating did go on there?"

"Yes."

"Did you cheat in high school?"

You hesitate for a second, then say yes and wonder what god-damn business it is of theirs.

"Did you make a practice of it?"

"No."

"But you did cheat?"

"Once or twice, but it really wasn't cheating."

"Just what do you mean by that?"

"Well it was more or less of a game between the pupil and the teacher. If you got away with it you were good, if not well you—"

"But you did get aid from another student's paper or a book during a written examination?"

"Yes."

"Then you did cheat in high school."

"Under that definition I suppose so, but we didn't look at it as cheating. I mean by that that it wasn't a particularly dishonorable thing, and we didn't attach as much importance to it as you do."

"When you first came to this University you were made aware of the Honor System, were you not?"

"In a general way, yes."

"Just what do you mean by 'in a general way'?"

"Oh I knew that this University was operated under the Honor System and one was not supposed to cheat, but I never thought much about it."

"Then you didn't understand the Honor System very well?"

"I imagine I understood it as well as any Freshman."

"During your examination this morning did you look at any other student's paper?"

"No."

"You're sure that you didn't look at, or copy from any other student's paper?"

"Yes, except of course in glancing around the room I probably saw other student's papers. I don't see how you can keep from seeing them."

"Did you copy anything from a text book?"

"No."

"Did you see any text books?"

"Why yes, there were quite a few in the room."

"We mean did you see any *open* books?"

"Yes I did see one."

"Was it yours?"

"No."

"Whose was it?"

"I don't know."

"Will you please explain further?"

"During the examination our instructor brought in some of our old corrected papers and put them on the desk. Quite a few of the students went up and got theirs. I walked down the center aisle, selected mine, and then on turning around I saw an open book lying on the floor."

"Just where was this book?"

"It was at the feet of a boy sitting in the first row in the first seat off the center aisle."

"On which side of the boy's feet was the book?"

"On the side towards the center aisle. The book was almost lying out in the aisle."

"Did you look at the book?"

"Why yes, I saw it there and I just stopped and looked at it. I guess I was more surprised than anything else."

"Did you see where the book was open to?"

"On one leaf was a picture of Newton, and on the other I knew were Newton's laws of motion."

"You saw then that the book was open at Newton's laws?"

"Yes, but I really didn't read the laws, I only

knew that the book was open at that page. I may have seen some of the words or headings on the page."

"Go on please."

"I went back to my seat and continued my examination."

"You wrote on your paper then after you saw the book?"

"Certainly, I hadn't finished yet."

"Were there any questions about Newton's laws on the examination?"

"Yes we were asked to illustrate his three laws of motion. But you don't think I copied them. Why I could recite them right now for you."

"Never mind, that won't be necessary."

"Wait a second. I know Newton's laws cold. I didn't *have* to cheat on that exam. I was averaging better than ninety for the quarter."

"If you please, sir, that will be all. Are there any further questions, gentlemen? No? Do you have anything further you wish to say?"

"Well all I *can* say is that it may appear to you that I cheated, but I know and feel that I didn't."

"Is that all?"

"I guess so."

"Then would you mind stepping outside for a minute."

You go outside and light a cigarette. The hall is deserted, and the only light comes through the glass window in the student government door. You barely have time to get a few drags when they call you in again.

Nobody asks you to sit down; so you stand in front of the desk. The President finishes writing something on a piece of paper and then looks up at you.

"We are not going to expel you," he says, "but will be fairly lenient because you are a Freshman and this is your first offense. While we feel that you haven't lied to us you are nevertheless guilty of cheating and a violator of the Honor System."

"You will be suspended through the winter quarter, and because there is now some doubt about your other work you will lose all credit for this quarter. If you wish you may apply to us for readmission in the Spring."

"You will have to be out of Chapel Hill within twenty-four hours."

You accept what you hear without really thinking of it. That will come later. You only realize that twenty-four hours is a pretty short time to move yourself and all your things out of Chapel Hill. (You think of a wild west horse opera—

"Ef I ketch ye in town after sundown I'll shoot the living daylights out of ye!) The student body President kindly extends the time to forty-eight hours.

"Bu—but can't I do anything?" you say. "Isn't there something that can be done. Can't I appeal the case?"

"We're the only appeal," the President says.

* * * *

The three boys have been waiting for you downstairs. They ask what happened and you tell them.

"Oh, we didn't think they'd do that. Gee, we're sorry. We thought they'd only warn you or put you on probation. We're awfully sorry about it."

The next morning you rush around frantically. You begin to realize what it means to go home now.

You want some help and advice and go to see your advisor. He helps by telling how much he enjoyed your acting in a Playmaker's production, shakes your hand, pats you on the shoulder lightly, and tells you how sorry he is.

The President of the student body who has already left for his vacation is in Raleigh. You call him up. You want a retrial, a reconsideration, anything. He sounds rather annoyed at being disturbed and asks if there is any new evidence. When you tell him of course not, you just want another hearing he replies, "I'm sorry but I don't feel justified in reopening the case." The receiver clicks in your ear, but you are still unable to believe that everything is finished.

You go to see the dean and he tells of how his father whipped him for something he didn't do when he was a kid. He begins a discussion of religion and hides himself behind it. When he's finished his lecture and fogged you up completely he says he hopes to see you come back in the Spring and make good.

Someone informs you that you have the right to bring the case before the student body and put it up to a majority vote. Although this has never been done before for one wild instant you are going to do it. But it's no use. You would become a laughing-stock and to the students it would only be a short sensation. If they didn't support their democratically elected student council, it would be a definite blow against their self-government.

You finally realize how hopeless it all is so you pack your belongings and get ready to go home for Christmas.

All Right About That

Manny and I went across the fields, stopping along the way to pick flowers, strange ragged ones mostly blue with great hairy boles. Manny already had her arms full, so she began putting them into mine and by the time we got across the field my arms were full too and we couldn't pick any more. But that was all right because it had been that way before: our arms would get full but then we would see some we thought were better and would throw away those we were carrying and fill our arms again with the better ones in the new field.

Manny's mother was Ellen, who had been cooking for Mother a long time before I was born. "You ghy get em tore the way you doing," Manny said. I stopped and she put hers down and straightened mine so they didn't tear. "There. Now they won't get mussed."

There was a big pool of water here, with willow trees that let down shade and smelled good. It was cool up under the trees, by the water. We sat there and put our flowers on the grass and lay down and let our feet hang in the water. Every now and then a frog would go *plunk!* and we would laugh because it would sound so quick.

"Let's go in, Manny."

"You know yo momma won't let you. How come you got to carry on like that?"

"Ellen won't let you either."

"That's all right about that," Manny said.

"Mother says Ellen's on her last go-round."

"That's all right about that."

"Then let's go swimming."

"I bet you better quit carrying on."

"Yaaa," I said. "Manny's scared."

"Girls," the boy said, surprised. "There's girls up here!" He stopped right behind us, panting from running. He almost had his shirt off, fixing to go swimming. There were three of them and they all had on khaki shorts and tennis shoes without socks. I knew two of them: Louis Nicholson and Wilson Eatherly. The other one I didn't. He was a frecklefaced boy with bleached hair and a snub nose and a big mouth. He was the one that ran up on us. "One of em's a nigger," he said.

"That's all right about that," Manny said.

"It's old Ann Taylor," Louis said.

"Golly," Wilson said.

"Yawl better go on," Manny said.

"Hello, Louis," I said. "Hello, Wilson."

"Golly," Wilson said. "Girls."

"Humph," Manny said.

"Where you all going?" I said. "Swimming?"

"Yair," the boy said. He began nodding his head at me, like he was mad, like he was boss of me. "And you better go away so we can."

"We won't bother you," I said. "Will we, Manny?" Manny didn't say anything. They didn't say anything. Then Louis said,

"You can't stay here. We ain't got any suits."

"We got here first," I said.

"This is our place," the boy said.

"I like to know how come," Manny said.

"Don't you get uppity," the boy said.

"Humph," Manny said.

"Yes," I said. "We got here first. You can't make us go."

"We'll go in anyhow," the boy said.

"Go on, then," I said. "But you can't make us go."

"Golly," Wilson said. "Girls."

"Come on," the boy said. "All we got to do is go in. It ain't our fault if they look."

"How do you get that way?" Louis said. "I ain't going to get nekkid in front of any girl."

"We can't help it if she stays," the boy said. "And the other one's just a nigger."

"That's all right about that," Manny said.

"Golly," Wilson said. "Girls."

"That's okay," the boy said. "We'll go in anyhow."

"Not me," Louis said.

"Me neither," Wilson said.

"You're all scared," the boy said.

"I ain't," Louis said. "I just ain't going to get nekkid in front of any girl."

"Me neither," Wilson said.

"You can't make us go," I said. "Can they Manny?"

"I reckon they cain't," Manny said. "I reckon if we don't want to they cain't."

"There," I said. "You all see?"

"Golly," Wilson said. "All this ways."

"And one little old girl," Louis said.

"You're all scared," the boy said.

A Tale Untitled

From the corner of the house, between the gaunt sunflowers, Lonzo could see the man coming up the road with a leather briefcase under his arm. He was wearing a tight black suit with no vest and cuffs that were soiled with dust. When he got to the porch he stopped and faced Lonzo. "Is the lady of the house in?" he said. Lonzo looked at him without speaking, squinting slightly against the sun, with one long lock of dirty blond hair across an eye, and stopped whittling. Then he spat over one leg.

"Luce!" he called. "It's a man out here."

"Thank you," the man said. "My name's Ladyson."

"Luce'll be out to reckon."

"Yes. Thank you."

The woman came to the door, wiping her hands on an apron made of flour sacks. "Was it something you wanted?"

"Yes, madam," the man said. "My name is Ladyson. I represent the Breen Brothers Company."

"How do," the woman said. "Won't you set?"

"Thank you," Ladyson said. He put his briefcase on the floor of the porch and began to unbuckle it.

"If it's something to sell—"

"Let me show you first, madam." She made a motion of protest but Ladyson already had the case open. From it he lifted a black leather-bound book, a big one. Then the woman saw it was a Bible. "That is J.43," he said. "It is probably the best."

"I'm afraid not," the woman said. "I couldn't, just now. Not just now."

"We have cheaper," Ladyson said and began to dig again into the case. Lonzo picked up the big book and turned it in his hands, spitting over his leg.

"It's a book," he said. Then to Ladyson he said, "Do you read books?"

"A great many people read that one," Ladyson said.

"Do you read it?"

"Yes. Yes, I read it."

"Oh, and now you want to sell it to us."

"Yes. No; not that one. I have another copy. That one has not been read. Besides, that is just a sample copy."

"One like it?"

"Yes, just."

"I don't see how you can—"

"Lonzo," the woman said.

"But—" Ladyson said. Lonzo rose and dusted off the shavings and went into the house, the lame leg making a dragging sound on the worn boards.

"I'm scared we couldn't," the woman said. "You won't sell any here."

"If you would just let me show—"

"You couldn't sell any here," the woman said, wiping her hands on her apron. "Couldn't nobody sell anything here."

Then it began to rain, great round drops that struck the dust in pattering sounds. Ladyson came up on the porch, where he and the woman stood watching it begin to rain still harder. The sun was still shining and Ladyson could see colors in the drops hanging on ditchweeds. "The devil is beating his wife," he said. He watched it, his lip lifted in something like a smile. "I will trade you a Bible for supper," he said.

.II.

After supper, when she had finished the dishes and was sitting in the chair by the cooling stove, the woman heard Ladyson and Lonzo sitting on the porch, talking. "I have been through Alabama," Ladyson was saying. "Yes, I suppose I sold over three hundred Bibles in Alabama. Everywhere I went they were happy to see me and wanted Bibles. I slept in the cabins of the white and the black and traded them Bibles for food and we both were satisfied."

"He talks a lot," the woman said, sitting by the cooling stove, thinking "He has been away from home so long he has forgotten people and silence can go together" seeing like a streamer of print the pale faded words *Loneliness is terrible* and then trailing behind it across the wall of darkness like a dummy headline *God loves the lonely*.

"Say. There were people in Georgia that only knew the Book by hearsay, like from travellers

down the road, and when I showed them they said 'So that's the Bible.'

"'Yes,' I would say. 'That's it.'

"'So that's the Bible,' they would say. 'Well, say. I always wanted to see it.'"

The woman remembered him at the supper-table, leaning forward eagerly and talking around his fork about selling Bibles up and down the South, in that bright hurried voice and his eyes shining, telling of people like them in Georgia, Alabama and Tennessee. "And now I am in Mississippi," he said. "Well, I do declare."

"Sho now," Lonzo had said. "Sho. And I be bound you'll be on for a spell."

"Hush, Lonzo," the woman had said.

And now he did. There on the porch there was no one talking except Ladyson, in that hurried eager voice like a sparrow might. "She was telling me about her husband that sold whiskey, and her child. She carried it all over the house with her. I said, 'I think you carry it too much,' and she just stood there holding it against her narrow chest looking down at it all pinch-faced and breathing in fits and starts. And she saying,

"'He's not a it. He's a him.' And I gave her a Bible and told her to read it and she said—she was holding that child against her chest—she said 'I'm thankful. But I guess I will have to learn how, first.' And when I went down the road I looked back and saw her standing there in the old sunlight with the child on one hand up against her chest and the Book in the other resting against her thigh, there in the dying light back down the road." He stopped, and the silence seemed to strike down like a sledge, until the jar flies began, became heard.

From where she sat the woman could look through the hall out onto the porch and see the road out front, its dry dust white in the moonlight. From time to time she would see the miniature comets of Lonzo's cigarettes as he would flip them from where he sat, out of her sight, in the cane-bottomed chair leaning against the wall. Ladyson's voice resumed and droned along of negroes in Georgia and a woman there with twelve small children, all hers. Then he said, "But your wife. Why doesn't she come out here?"

"I got no wife," Lonzo said.

"But—"

"Luce? She's not my wife. She's Lester's wife." He said it slowly, without heat or apparent interest, leaning there against the weathered wall,

smoking in quick darting puffs without removing the cigarette from his mouth.

.III.

"Then what do you do for a living? Cotton?"

"You didn't hear us asking you," Lonzo said. His cigarette was going off and on, like a signal light, while for a time the two sat without movement. Then Ladyson said,

"All I've seen up and down this country is cotton. Cotton. Cotton, everywhere." Neither of them said anything for a time. "It's fine the rain has stopped," Ladyson said. "I can be moving on, now." Lonzo said nothing. Then a sound began like buckshot scattered slowly among leaves, each with a minute yet profound sound, the whole a dull cacaphony.

The woman could see it through the hall: the white of the road darkening in the moon, thinking "He can't go out in that. And I don't know where I will put him." Then knowing slowly "Lester is going to be awfully mad." The stove was quite cold now. Her arm, resting along the length of its edge, became cold and she removed it and stood up, hearing the rain on the roof.

"Do you have room?" Ladyson said.

"I don't say so," Lonzo said. "I just live here."

"Yes," the woman said. "You can stay here. I will make room, a pallet, in the kitchen." She was standing in the doorway with her hands in the white of her apron which she had not removed from serving supper and doing the dishes.

"I can get on," Ladyson said. Lonzo said nothing, sitting motionless in his chair tipped against the wall smoking one of a series of cigarettes. The woman said,

"You can't go out in that. It will be all right. I will lay you a pallet by the stove." She stood there looking down at the small man in his dark suit and with his pale esthetic face, like out of a medieval painting of monks, listening to something beautiful being chanted in an unknown tongue.

When she was laying the pallet by the cold stove she could still hear Ladyson speaking up front on the porch. And as she spread the blanket taken from her bed she saw again words progressing across the further wall, though at first she could not read them, could not bring them into focus, realize what the words were trying to tell her as they moved like magic-lanternslides without blur in themselves but in her own head, since they were there for her to read and clearly, but her own crass

inability to recognize them for what they were as they passed before her, was the thing that kept her from reading them. She believed they were not her thoughts, nor even thoughts of which she was capable. Rather, she believed they were messages, advisings, from a Someone (yet not thinking, God), some Hand always at her shoulder, to show in crises what to do, what was truth. Now her brain, eyes, began to focus and from among the lazy streamers she could pick one word clear and unblurred from among the gleams: *Love* the word moving among blurs across the wall as she watched it: *Love* moving in undeterred progression across the screen of dark smooth boards: *Love*.

.IV.

Through the thin pallet Ladyson could feel the grain of the wood planking there beside the cold stove where it had not been worn smooth by the feet of more people than the woman. Soon the rain had stopped and he could hear the cicadas, until at length they ceased too and there was nothing but the moonlight, lighting up the kitchen, streaming in through the one low window over a zinc basin, over the edge of which hung a pale still-damp dishrag that gave off an odor of stale cheap soap. He did not attempt to sleep but lay with his hands behind his head watching the window and feeling the line of moonlight creep up his body from his feet, brightening the gray blanket from which the nap had long since disappeared. After some time the edge of the moon appeared inside the windowjamb and he watched it continue until finally it stood full and gold, framed by the

small window. The entire kitchen was lighted, or rather flooded, by the liquid golden light. It imparted to his garments, carefully laid on a straightbacked kitchen chair, and to the worn shoes, a quality of princely raiment, so that the buttons looked like jewels and the worn serge like cloth-of-gold.

Something—some blind intuition out of olden resource utilized by forebears before barred windows and locked doors, let alone pistols—made him turn his head on his hands and see standing in the door the woman clad only in a long white night-gown which fell from her straight shoulders without fold or wrinkle except for the slight lift of her breasts, so that standing there just on the edge of darkness yet bathed in moonlight she was like a figure on a church window, without depth or reality, yet with the head bent forward looking down absorbedly into his face, so that it made him think of angels, want to cry like when he was a little boy, without knowing why. He did not connect what he saw now with the woman he had known and talked to that afternoon, a gaunt woman with a square face and red ruined hands and limp hair without color. He did not connect what he saw now with anything that was ever clothed in flesh and linked by bone. This was holy, unreal, and he lay motionless, even forgetting to breathe, watching her with uplifted eyes and open mouth. Even as he watched and apparently without motion, she disappeared into the blackness, and he was not sure what he had seen had been real or even that he had not been asleep and dreamed it all . . . in beauty and mysticism.



FROM THE PUBLISHERS

A Campus Slant on Current Literature

BEGINNERS OBJECTIVE ARITHMETIC. On the Objective Method. E. McN. Carr, B. F. Johnson Pub. Co.

Mr. E. McN. Carr's book is written to supply the beginner with the simplest, easiest and quickest way to write and read numbers. As the title explains, the objective method is adopted, real objects not pictures of them being used. The four fundamental operations are clearly and thoroughly given and on the whole the book seems very well adapted for the purpose in hand.

—ARCHIBALD HENDERSON.



PIPE AND POUCH. The Smoker's Own Book of Poetry. Compiled by Joseph Knight. 12-mo., pp. 182, cloth, gilt top, \$1.25. Boston. *Joseph Knight Co.*

This dainty little book, bound in white and gold, and ornamented with tobacco leaves and blossoms, is made up of single poems from various authors, each poem the happy and oftentimes the only inspiration of its writer gleaned from the poet's corner of the newspaper or the pages of a magazine. They range in date from the days of Sir Walter Raleigh to the present time. Among the more recent writers there has been no more devoted smoker than James Russell Lowell, as his recently published letters testify. Three of the most delightful poems in praise of smoking are his, and with Mr. Aldrich's charming "Latakia" are the gems of the collection.

—B. V. G.

ASPECTS OF WILDE. Vincent O'Sullivan. Henry Holt and Company. New York. 213 pp. \$2.50.

There have been so many sentimentalized as well as slanderous opinions written about the life and works of Oscar Wilde during the last quarter-century that another Wilde book—unless it contains some rare bits of dirt—runs the danger of being shrugged out of countenance. Mr. O'Sullivan's work, however, deserves a better fate than this.

The most informally written biographical book we have read in a long, long time, "Aspects of Wilde" draws its matter from a deep well of humanity and social experience of the author. Vincent O'Sullivan was much younger than Wilde and was the latter's cordial if not intimate friend. In his preface to the book, the author makes an especial point of this—or rather two points: in the first place that the comparative reserve which was a part of their relationship miti-

gates against a distorted point of view by Mr. O'Sullivan in relation to his subject; and *sub rosa*, in the second place, makes it apparent that he does not wish to be held accountable for seemingly important omissions.

In his preface O'Sullivan says: "The title I have placed on the title-page gives the explanation for the book. I knew Wilde pretty well. I was never under the slightest obligation to him. I have no grievance against him either. Therefore what I have written may be taken as being without bias of any kind."

This statement, in face of the obvious interest with which O'Sullivan recalls Wildean episodes and his zeal in presenting his subject as a warm and friendly human being makes it difficult for one to accept the author's protestations of complete scientific detachment. However, too much can be made of this discrepancy.

The book is admirably free from overstatement and pathos. It is freshly and vigorously written and possesses a variety of anecdote and rhythm of purpose which makes for absorbed reading. O'Sullivan is not only interested in Wilde as a conscious artist but also as the great literary figure of his time, as the colossus of the London theatre, as the lion of the social gathering—the master of repartee—and above all, as a human being caught in a maelstrom of social vituperation and abuse.

The style of the book is simply and informally conceived: each anecdote or conversation piece is written as if spontaneously recalled; and at the same time throws revealing light upon Wilde's character and personality as revealed in a particular situation.

There is little important digression from this scheme. Now and again O'Sullivan finds it fitting to spend a few minutes with some of Wilde's contemporaries, but there is no indication of a conscious "padding" of the material at hand. Arthur Symonds, Pater, Beardsley, Ernest Dowson, Ruskin and de L'Isle Adam move among the pages of the book with a colorful felicity and purpose. W. E. Henley, the journalist, and Brookfield, the actor—bitter enemies of Wilde and champions of the lewd campaign of "moral purge" against the poet—appear briefly, yet vividly. The resurgent William Morris and that remarkable publisher of *erotica*, Leonard Smithers, are characterized in other sections of the book. The latter was one of the few men who stood by Wilde after the writer's imprisonment; his essentially bohemian nature and his penchant for taking wild gambles in the publishing of books—resulting in the production of some of the most beautiful books ever printed in English, and eventually his financial ruin—provide a fascinating footnote to the main theme of the work.

To modern readers, the extent to which the moral and intellectual aberrations of Wilde inflamed the public imagination of the Nineties may seem a bit incredible. With the advent of Freud and the popularization of the "psychological" novel a tolerance bred of familiarity has been engendered—so much so that it is difficult to imagine the intelligentsia of the English-speaking world hounding a man of Wilde's artistic stature to prison for a moral laxness which is today considered either casually humorous or merely pitiable.

Of the early days of Wilde's ascendancy—of the sunflower and pantaloon epoch—Mr. O'Sullivan has nothing to say. His interest is merely to record and interpret cogent aspects of the writer's later days, especially after his release from prison. There are a few comments on the period just preceding the trial in which Wilde's essential spiritual inertia under the concentrated attack of outraged public virtue is admirably shown. Wilde was always the gentleman. But in this tragic time his lack of "fight" is a sardonic commentary on his character. O'Sullivan writes: "In Wilde there was a great deal of what Cardinal Newman gives as one of the attributes of the 'gentleman.' He was 'too indolent to bear malice'."

That Wilde was an extremely "social" person is only too evident; his plays and his reputation as the greatest talker of his day bear witness to this fact. The painfulness of having to endure social ostracism must have been doubly great for him. Recurring again and again in his works is Wilde's "play to the audience." What ideas he expressed were consciously soft-pedaled in order not to distract the reader or playgoer from enjoying the brilliant dialogue or discourse.

"In reality Wilde has only a small number of ideas in his plays and they are very simple. He disliked hypocrisy in social intercourse, he glorified individualism, he denied the moral right of the community to sacrifice the life of any member of it. These ideas he hardly ever expressed directly like Dumas fils or Augier. He was either more afraid of his audiences, or he had not the same confidence in their patience if they were preached at. When the American girl in *A Woman of No Importance* gives what seems to be a sincere deliverance of what Wilde really thought, he cuts short the tirade with a joke, and, seeming to mock his own sincerity, he nullifies the effect of it. *He resigned himself to be the amuser from fear of being the bore.*" (The italics are the reviewer's.)

Aspects of Wilde's thinking in regard to religion, love, patriotism and literary and artistic criticism are caught by Mr. O'Sullivan with a keen sense of proportion and a true facility of pen. Short sections dealing with episodes of the last days in Paris are especially interesting.

The immeasurable harm which has come to the memory of Wilde through the neurotic and maudlin Frank Harris biography will require more than Mr. O'Sullivan's contribution to erase the stigmata of gross sentimentalism which are attached to the writer's name. However, "Aspects of Wilde" affords valuable insight into the character of a man about whose nature some of the most irritatingly biased writing ever written has been produced.

—V. J. LEE, JR.

STRAVINSKY: AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY. Igor Stravinsky. New York. Simon and Schuster.

A man may get his bread and butter by many ways of work—Igor Stravinsky gets his by composing strange and often beautiful music—and he is more frank about saying so than most composers.

A complete self-assurance, an indifference to critics, and an ability to capitalize on the fame, both laudable and notorious, which surrounds him, have produced this autobiography. Most musicians and music lovers who like Stravinsky will like this anything but naive and modest account of himself.

Although he tries to follow a chronological, matter-of-fact history of his progress as a musician, it is when he digresses and becomes less a musician and more a human being with likes and dislikes that Stravinsky really speaks. His relations with prominent figures of the music world, his personal comments on composers, choreographers, and dancers (Stravinsky

until recent years composed almost entirely for the ballet) are much needed life-giving paragraphs to sustain dull pages and pages which tell of his receptions in Europe and America.

If the book were less matter-of-fact, it would be more interesting. To those who are not particularly music conscious, this book is like any other of the thousands of autobiographies already written and being written—better left unread.

—M. MATTHEWS.

More Poems

To France

O France, you truly are sublime,
The thought of you shall make men thrill
Throughout all ages and all time.
Your story lives and ever will.

When Huns come down with bloody hand,
And left fair Belgium desolate,
Up bravely from their peaceful land
Rushed strong defenders of thy state.

They fought until all hope seemed gone,
Without a groan—without a sigh.
And still brave France kept fighting on
Until it seemed that France must die.

Oh France, to you who never feared,
To you who nobly stood the test,
With blazing eyes and plumes upreared,
The eagle comes from out the West.

—THOMAS WOLFE.

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,
And growling guns their mighty thunder make.

A way-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 secret holds,
But in the gutted field the plowshare turns
A grinning skull which sneers its message bold.

—THOMAS WOLFE.

"Buy and By"

Let's down the Kaiser in a sea of consternation,—
Let's show him how our money can fight;
Let's sacrifice the wealth of our nation:
Let's buy a bond, and buy and buy.
Let's all do this as our part, and then—by and by—
Let's enjoy our freedom—and watch old Kaiser die.

VERNE JOHNSTON.

OL' JUDGE ROBBINS



ICE SKATING

HI, CHUBBINS — WHAT'S CHARLES LOOKING SO GLUM ABOUT?



OH, HE'S KINDA PEEVISH BECAUSE HE LOST HIS OLD PIPE AND HAD TO BUY A NEW ONE

A FINE BRIAR ALL RIGHT, BUT YOU DON'T SEEM TO BE MAKING MUCH HEADWAY BREAKING IT IN

CAN'T DO IT FAST. I HAVE A SENSITIVE TONGUE, JUDGE — AND A NEW PIPE ALWAYS STINGS AND BURNS



LISTEN SON, TAKE A TIP FROM AN OLD-TIMER. BREAK IN YOUR PIPE WITH PRINCE ALBERT AND AVOID TONGUE-BITING UNPLEASANTNESS.



YOU OUGHT TO KNOW, JUDGE, I WILL

IT'S NICE TO SEE YOU SMILING AGAIN

GOSH, CHUBBINS, WHO WOULDN'T SMILE? THIS P.A. IS AS SMOOTH AND TASTY AS CAN BE. AND IT DOESN'T BITE MY TONGUE



WELL, DID CHARLES AND P.A. AGREE WITH EACH OTHER?

DID THEY? I'D CALL IT A CASE OF LOVE AT FIRST PUFF!



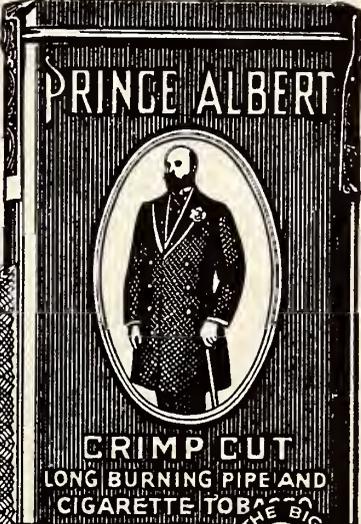
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Miscellany

A page of errata used to be published and bound with the issues of the Magazine. From the errata page of April, 1903, we reprint a small selection:

In the article headed "The United States and the Tariff" the following corrections should be made: On page 363, third line from the bottom of the page, for "embrace" read "enhance."

Page 368, middle of page, for "monopolies that train children" read "monopolies, the twin children."

Page 370, six lines from the bottom "fostered" read "fastened."

Page 371, twelfth line, for "He" read "She."

* * *

Anent the "movie show," an editorial of the same period as "Le Vieil Omnibus" says in defense of the old Pickwick Theatre, now under a 99 year lease to the Carolina Theatre and then the object of much criticism for perverting and disturbing this sylvan retreat:

"On the Pick screen one sees all the ups and downs and joys and sorrows of life and loses himself in the sheer joy of their contemplation."

* * *

is dark?

CHARLES ST. G. NAPIER

the night was

dark

(in fact)

) the night was very

dark

, but then

all nights are dark

i went out and sat
in the

dark

: then

i-ate-breakfast

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Page Thirty-two

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many of them...

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"For Digestion's Sake Smoke Camels!"

**"MIGHTY GOOD ADVICE," SAYS THIS
HARD-RIDING TEXAS COW PUNCHER**

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*During the Absence of James Daniel

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FROM THE PUBLISHERS

Ruth Crowell, Ralph Miller, Newby Crowell

Cover by Nell Booker

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—Margaret Munch

Bricks Without Straw

YOU can make a silk purse out of a sow's ear. You can make bricks without straw. The *Tar Heel* says so. And here's how.

What this University needs is more Thinking and less studying, the same principle as that illustrated by the student newspaper's policy of more editorials and less news. Here on this campus—a tiny pin-point on the globe—we have just discovered a truth that may well affect all the other earnest people on all the other pin-points on the globe.

This truth is that *the purpose of a college education is learning to Think*. On this astounding and revolutionary discovery we might well rest, assured of our intellectual and social laurels; but complacency and smugness have been seared out of us by the crusader's inward flame. We must lead our fellows down the trail which we have blazed.

Way back in the eighteenth century, our ancestors died to prove that all men are born free and equal. Today, in the face of such conclusive proof, only Thoughtless scorners dare doubt the truth of their conviction. A few such scorners have objected to our educational ideas on the absurd hypothesis that some people can't be taught to Think. "You can't make a silk purse out of a sow's ear," the scorners say. But we are firm in the faith of our forefathers. All men are equal, and all can be taught to Think by some such system as that I am about to propose.

I realize that it would not be politic to disestablish the whole educational status quo all at once. Certain features of the old system would be kept, for a time, at least, by my plan. For example, college would still have a four-year temporal

unity. Anyone should be able to learn to Think in four years, although some, such as the *Tar Heel* correspondents, cartoonists and editorialists, have proved they can accomplish it in two or three years. Further, certain professors, who can demonstrate that they have been devoting their time to Thinking rather than to Thought-deadening scholarship, would be retained as the nucleus of the new faculty. But examination of the new program will reveal the few hangovers from the individuality-repressing factory method.

The advantages of my program over such systems as the present American one and the fruitless, long-established one of England and the Continent (including Scandinavia) are patent. Excepting such minor eccentrics as Bacon,² Milton, Swift, Coleridge, Shelley, etc., what real Thinkers have the English and Irish public schools and colleges turned out in several hundred years? Consider the potential geniuses who have been discouraged by the discipline of classical learning. You can't subject a genius to discipline and facts, and preserve him. Look at what happened to 116 poor little geniuses in the sophomore class of this University this fall. Then consider how different might have been their fate if they had had the benefit and sympathy of such a program as I am going to outline.

The first year of my program would be devoted to the problem *How to Think*. It is in this first year that incidental resemblance to the old system would be most marked, but this is necessitated by the fact that high school training is what it is. Freshmen come to us shackled in the discipline of the old system. They are accustomed to studying and learning facts; and unfortunately all their modicum of Thinking has been done in reaction to the Thoughts of other men. I realize the manifest impracticability of putting students with this sort of background immediately on the basis of Thinking for themselves. They must be allowed some of their familiar props.

¹ The educational program that follows is hardly an original idea of the author's, hardly the product of the Higher Thinking—that pure, glorious Cerebration in a vacuum, independent of such external nourishments and stimuli as the Thoughts of others. It is toward this Higher Thinking that we of the earnest younger generation must bend our efforts, toward this that the enlightened educators of the future must lead us. But the author, warped and trade-marked in the old, outworn system of Cram-Exam-Scram, still finds his brain too compressed by the educational stamp-mill to be capable of entirely original Thought. Consequently, he must admit that this article is largely a mere systematization of numerous ideas scattered somewhat haphazardly throughout the cartoons and columns of recent issues of the *Tar Heel*.

² Poor Bacon gave promise of being an original Thinker; but (doubtless under the malign influence of an admiration for Aristotle, *acquired at Cambridge*) he frittered away his precious original Thinking time gathering facts for such a vain compilation and interpretation of knowledge as his *Instauratio Magna*.

Therefore an instructor, for example in Plato,³ would be held over to give the new students the artificial Thinking-stimulation made necessary by the bad habits acquired in high school. Tommy Tettveed of Equusoonusville, for example, would obtain exercise in critical Thinking by being asked, "What do you Think of Plato's monistic conception of reality?" He wouldn't have to *know* what the conception is. Similarly, a few verses from Shakspeare, a short life history of the amoeba, and a brief comprehensive survey of Renaissance and its implications would take the places, respectively, of English, zoology, and history courses as they are now taught, to provide some familiar aspects in the first-year orientation. No student would be required to *know* anything about them. He would merely be encouraged to *Think* about them.

Such comparative coddling, however, would be abandoned after the first year; the sophomore would study the problem *When to Think*. Doubtless, by the end of the second year, many students would have begun to grasp the conception that one must Think at all times, keep one's wits constantly about oneself. But whether or not this goal could be reached so early by any but the most precocious, suffice it that the student would have spent an entire year in Thinking for himself. He would not have been pulled, pushed, or warped in any way, but left to develop his own personality through intensive original Thought.

The junior year program would be centered somewhat loosely about two broad concepts, *Where to Think* and *Why to Think*. It will doubtless be objected that the consideration of two such important subjects would double the amount of work done, in comparison with that of the

sophomore year. But my object is certainly not to force intellectual discipline⁴ of any sort upon potential geniuses. Rather it is the very opposite. The third-year program allows for the flexibility demanded by expanding original Thought. Early in this session the junior would select, between *Where to Think* and *Why to Think*, one or the other for his major. Thus, the more practical would take the former, the more philosophical the latter.

The grand culmination of the program would be reached in the senior year. Picture for yourself twenty classrooms each filled with forty young men—seniors, earnest, determined, self-dedicated to developing their own personalities through original Thought, and each a finished master of *How to Think*, *When to Think* and either *Where to Think* or *Why to Think*—all transported by an accomplished hypnotist (the instructor) into a deep, inspiring reverie on *Thinking for Oneself about Thinking for Oneself!* Each young man would have three such classes each day, under different instructors (he would register for *personalities*, not for courses). This process would continue until the young man could state with conviction that, on the basis of original Thought for himself, he Thought he could now Think for himself. Then he would be graduated with the degree of B.A.T.S. (Bachelor of the Art of Thinking Seriously). Thus there would be nothing arbitrary about even the graduation date.

I offer this, what I Think to be a superior educational plan, quite humbly and, as I have said earlier, quite dependently.⁵ You may take it or leave it, but for Thought's sake! Think for yourself about it.

³ In connection with Plato, the instructor could make didactic profit for the new educational system's idea by holding a class reverie on the subject of how much greater and more original a Thinker Plato would have been if he had not been subjected to the discipline of studying facts under Socrates.

⁴ Scorners have said that we liberals dislike the present system because we haven't the guts to do the work required by its discipline. But why use guts when you have brains?

⁵ See footnote 1, *supra*.



Up Till Now

EDITOR'S NOTE: The author of the following article, the one-time breeding-conscious, ambitious would-be-sophisticate Nelson Lansdale, appends a prefacial note to the effect that he does not speak in an unprejudiced manner.

MY VIEW of campus editors my freshman year when I was a novice to the publications world, is even now not untempered with the awe all freshmen feel for campus big-shots. There was, for instance, *Tar Heel* Editor Charlie Rose. Those I came to know later who knew Rose intimately agreed that he was a Phi Beta Kappa dolt who aped his predecessor's mannerisms, but lacked the force, the flair for sensationalism and the intelligence which made the name Dungan a byword in publications years after his departure.

In the year 1932-33 two campus editors sat upon the inner councils of the handsome new Beta house. Yet neither was representative of, nor particularly liked by, the majority of his brothers in the lodge.

Magazine Editor Bob Barnett had few intellectual interests in common with the male debutantes surrounding him, and found the majority of his friends elsewhere. One has only to look at the Betas today—the present occupants are the heirs to the social tradition—to see that an intellectual would not be altogether happy there.

Visiting him in Oxford last spring, I remarked casually that the clique which once sat at Bob Barnett's feet had scattered to the four corners of the earth. Bob indignantly denied that such a clique ever existed. But some of us who wrote for his *Magazine* met daily for supper at the (then) Crescent Cafeteria, to settle the problems of the universe over tasteless food and luke-warm coffee. Bob Barnett, Don Shoemaker, John Lindemann, Carl Thompson, Bunny (Vermont Connecticut) Royster, Don Pope and I, with a few stragglers, were the serious intellectuals of the college world. In its old yellow format, sandwiched in with the *Tar Heel* twice a month, the *Magazine* furnished the campus with excellent bath mats. Certainly few aside from its contributors, and their long-suffering parents, read it. Which was no loss. Two of the worst articles

ever to appear anywhere were my discussions of *Edna Millay and the Critics* and *English Lady Novelists*. Bob's own article on *Chinese Art*, and some of Royster's fiction were runners-up. The one readable (and well-read) issue of the year was a personality number. One plane above a high school paper's gossip column, the *Magazine* sketched a handful of campus personalities, students and faculty, successfully.

The *Buccaneer* editor was a genial sot with a real flair for drawing. Bobby Mason's Christmas cover set an all-time high for taste and looks on the back of a *Buccaneer*. His copy alternated between mild pornography and personal gossip. The campus loved it.

As I recall "Nut" Parsley's *Yackety-Yack*, it was a perfectly conventional collection of pictures of people and buildings with some equally conventional remarks. Though I remember him indistinctly, I think it probable "Nut" deserved his name, and was editor of the year-book because he fitted into the SAE scheme of things.

II.

One of the most bitterly contested elections in the history of campus politics was the campaign in the spring of my freshman year. The centre of the controversy between the dying All-Campus machine, and the up-and-coming University Party, was the *Tar Heel* editorship. The contestants were newspaperman Don Shoemaker, editorial board chairman and columnist, and sportswriter Benny (Claiborn) Carr, who adored all athletics and *was proficient in none*, who came of a distinguished Durham family, dressed like a tramp, and preferred Swain Hall cooking to the cuisine of the Inn. A born politician, Benny knew well over half the campus by their first names, shared their interests and mixed with them while Shoemaker burned the midnight oil putting out the paper. It suited the SAE's to run brother Carr for the office. Benny ran. He was as poorly equipped to run the paper as any editor in its tumultuous history.

Both sides stuffed the ballot boxes by running through repeaters. Lindy Cate (who wanted to be President of the Student Body, having served

as President of the Senior Class), poet Mary Frances Parker (for editorship of the *Magazine*," artist Carl Sprinkle (for the *Buccaneer*), and Shoemaker went down to defeat by a narrow margin, carrying the lesser lights with them. Phil Hammer, Bob Page, Bill Anderson and I were the All-Campus Party's freshmen "minute-men." Black days followed for all of us while the SAE's rejoiced.

Somehow the sharp edge of calamity dulled. While Benny trotted about to athletic events, his staff put out one of the best *Tar Heel's* on record—because Benny had the sense (or the indifference) to let competent people do their work unhindered, a virtue his successor Lonnie Dill ignored to the *Tar Heel's* loss. I never knew or wanted to know Benny well enough to comment on the assertion later made by some of his fraternity brothers—that he was crazy. He may have been, but at this distance at least it seems unlikely.

E. C. Daniel defeated Mary Frances Parker for the *Magazine*, produced *one* somewhat collegiate number and failed to return to school the following fall. As a sop to the wronged and wretched Shoemaker, the University Party gave him the *Magazine*, which immediately became less "literary." Shoemaker's column—his "Our Times" in the *Tar Heel*, was one of the best—and his witty "Little Helen" stories set the keynote. He wrote mildly alarming political exposes, and published acid articles by Joe Sugarman, who was to succeed him, articles by Phil Hammer, and a good deal of my fiction. Of course we were not the only contributors.

Pete Ivey talked more amusingly than he wrote when he edited the *Buccaneer*. His effort to give the campus a clean humor magazine failed, and he fell back on the old stand-bys of dirt and gossip. His art editor, Bob Ruark, was more talented than any other member of his staff. On the strength of its illustrations, the *Buccaneer* was a mild success.

Alex Andrews, gentleman, edited the SAE heritage—the *Yackety-Yack*, worked hard at his job without going off his evenly balanced keel, and produced a book which pleased everybody—no mean accomplishment. No editor in my Carolina experience had as much charm as Alex, and it's a pleasure to recall that he did his job so well. It won for him and his University national recognition.

III.

By comparison with its predecessor, the next political campaign was mild. Lonnie Dill, frozen

in the ice of his own conservatism, defeated an equally competent journalist, Carl Thompson, for the *Tar Heel*. Lonnie's extreme conservatism drove his editorial board chairman, Phil Hammer, nearly to distraction. His meddling and rewriting made my job as chairman of the feature board intolerable, because Lonnie never knew what he wanted, but only what he didn't want—and that not until he saw it ready for the press.

Despite my political ambition, I gave up the feature board, and concentrated on a column haphazardly begun the preceding spring. Casual Correspondent weathered the storms of paucity of material, scraps with Lonnie over what was or was not fit to print, and competition. It survived to appear twice a week, amusing the majority of its readers because it was the one positive thing on the editorial page. Except for being at the mercy of campus publicity hounds, who never tired of telling me dull stories (which I never used) in hope of seeing their names in print, I enjoyed writing it.

Joe Sugarman took over the *Magazine*, and bulldozed the P. U. Board into changing its format from a bi-monthly tabloid into the present size and shape. This was his chief contribution. I should explain that I detested Sugarman as I have despised no human being before or since; and as his editorial assistant stood his presumptuous self-importance only because I hoped to succeed him. Tactless and arrogant, Sugarman rode rough-shod over opinions as well-formed as his own, and angered many of his contributors by rewriting their articles until they expressed, not the contributor's ideas on the subject, but Sugarman's. But he meant well, worked hard, and raised the standard of *Magazine* content. Despite the fact that its editor was a socially impossible, personally unpleasant New Jersey-ite who had no manners and no breeding, the *Magazine* gained campus respect.

The first issue of Pat Gaskins' *Buccaneer* overstepped the bounds and was banned. Bred in the usual pornographic *Buc* tradition, Gaskins was obliged to put out seven clean issues of his magazine or suspend publication. The result was a compromise—the *Finjan*, with which campus publications reached their lowest ebb during my four years at Carolina. Why it was called *Finjan* and what made it a humor magazine were mysteries known only to Gaskins.

Because I thought him insipid, I never understood the legends which clung affectionately about

Bob Drane. But he, or somebody in the *Yackety-Yack* office that year, produced an excellent year-book. Its motif was the old days in Chapel Hill, but its watermarked pages and ledger-like bindings were delayed by an engraving strike. Before it went to press, Drane had sailed for Europe, so it contained many unnecessary errors, which, with pictures "ruined" by watermarking, accounted for its failure to please the campus which paid for it. I liked the book enormously.

IV.

In the spring Charlie Poe defeated Thompson for the *Magazine*, and surprised everybody—particularly me—by doing a splendid job with it. By no means qualified for the job, Charlie inherited his format and the campus respect for the *Magazine* from Sugarman. He cut down the length of the articles, wrote and discovered first-rate fiction, and produced a *Magazine* that was not "literary" at all. Nor did he mean it to be. He saw that articles of current interest to the campus were well-written, and what intelligent opinion there is at Carolina did the rest.

Phil Hammer was the *Tar Heel's* unanimous choice for its editor. It is true that he had his fingers in too many pies, that he projected many changes that were never made, or were changes in name only; but it is also true that he worked like hell, not to improve the *Tar Heel*, but to better conditions on the campus. The paper is the only medium through which the faculty can be induced to look at the realities around them; and Phil used the *Tar Heel* with unswerving honesty and untiring (if tiresome) energy to gain ends bigger than slicker paper and smoother reading for the great minds down in Aycok. Hammer continually makes the mistake of believing he understands himself—and others—completely; frequently he confused his own ideas with campus opinion; but he is—and will be—the outstanding Carolina graduate of the last decade.

Claude Rankin smashed the five-year tradition of SAE ownership to become editor of the *Yackety-Yack*. Like Alex Andrews, Claude had charm, worked hard, and produced a book it's a satisfaction to own and a joy to look at.

I called the first *Buccaneer* staff-meeting I ever attended as uncontestedly elected editor, and there announced the idea of being clean, well-written, more interesting than amusing, and urbane—which, substantially, we followed. Up until the time it went in for political exposes, the "sophisticated" (I wish I knew what the word means)

Buc made far more friends than I expected it to; popularity was neither its aim nor mine.

Nobody could ever believe that my airing of University Party dirty linen was anything but sour grapes, because the phenomenon of an ex-fraternity man (whose friends were all among the Greeks) who lived at the Inn and crusaded for the rights of the great unwashed in the dormitories he didn't know was beyond belief. Dormitory residents were only incidental to the chance I wanted to give to talented people who are prevented from achieving legitimate rewards for superior publications work by a vicious political machine. Like most crusades, this one was only partly successful. My disgust with it was complete when one of the people in whose behalf I waged it single-handed—Bill Hudson—commented in a review of the last *Buc* that the superior quality of the new campus leaders made pointless any further remarks about the machine's wickedness.

V.

When the superior new campus leaders were inducted into office, I was—fortunately, I suppose—investigating the charms of Paris in the Spring. When I returned in June to graduate, I was amazed to learn that Don McKee's *Tar Heel* satisfied most of the people whose opinions are of any importance. I distrusted McKee because he devoted his junior year to being nice to people. I thought he must be a hypocrite to even seem to like so many people, or else—which is worse—he had no opinions of people at all. *It Ain't Necessarily So*.

I divided my attention between Julian Bobbitt's first *Buccaneer* and the English countryside, remembering that I wouldn't have liked being judged on my first issue. Handicapped because I drew my staff from seniors wherever I could, and because the people who liked my *Buccaneer* aren't going to like his, Julian has a tough row to hoe, despite the fact that he ignores the advice I left him and sets out to make the *Buc* popular. My days for arguing with Julian are over.

The first *Daniels Magazine* surprised me by the bitterness of its attack on Hammer, and the snippy assurance of its one reference to me. Since its editor has later assured me he was suffering with a visceral reaction against my generation, I think I understand both a little better. It's possible that all of us devoted our publications mostly to ourselves. For that I, at least, do not apologize. As well as I remember, that's what I was elected for.

Men's Dormitory

I.

SCENARINO

Room 402:

Square, calcimined box with one door flanked on both sides by single closets. Two beds, one on each side, their heads toward the twin windows under which is placed a large radiator. In front of the radiator two tables joined at the ends; the line of conjunction marked by two rows of books. Two cane-bottom chairs and a few shoddy pen-nants make up the rest of the furnishings. Meade, a dimple-jowled, darkheaded boy sits before the table; his room-mate lies on the bed, belly down-ward, reading Milton.

MEADE [*searching about the desk*]. Where're those specs? They were here when I went to the show. I wonder if any . . .

ROOM-MATE [*looking up*]. No, nobody's been here. I put 'em away, you nitwit. If anybody saw them around here they'd be giving you twenty-four hours to leave town. I hid 'em behind that regulations card over there on the door. . . . [*Mumbling*]. Don't interrupt me any more—I'm reading my MILTON.

MEADE. Well, I wish you'd leave me to put up my own property. I paid for those darn things and I'm footing the consequences.

ROOM-MATE [*over Milton*]. Remember that—those words won't be easy to chew. When you wear those glasses you play with fire.

Room 306:

The interior here much as that in 402 with a few exceptions: the beds both on one side of the room, the tables on the other side at opposite ends. At one of the tables a boy, Joe King, is pasting circles of some thin material on discs of glass. He is obviously preoccupied with his work, though he is memorizing coal tar derivatives as he pastes.

JOE KING [*reciting memorized passages from a book which lies nearby*]. Toluene . . . See six, aitch five, seeaitch three . . . father of benzyl alcohol, benzaldehyde, and benzoid acid . . . ho hum . . . ethyl benzene . . . see six, aitch five, seeaitch two, seeaitch three . . .

II.

SKETCH

"Men's dormitory. Who? . . . Just a minute and I'll see if he's in." The telephone receiver left dangling . . . six steps down and cupped hands to his mouth, "Vent . . . two sixteen . . . John Vent . . . telephone."

* * * *

John Vent sat in expectant ease between the four grey walls of the metal box in which he was enclosed reading one of his own letters in the Student Wail section of the campus' popular daily, *The Glimmer*. They, these words of his, were so tasty in print . . . like rich chocolate but not so bitter; like round nutty pies, yet so much more permanent; like great columns of marble, yet so much more solid . . . he must write another letter; many more letters. Surely this verbal solidity of his was singular. More letters! words in print . . . his words in print. A slight sickness suddenly swept over him . . . the sort of loss-sickness that gnaws at the stomach of a trader who sees too late his opportunity to make a *put over*. He regretted that he had not written a letter to appear in the following morning's paper. He deeply regretted it . . . a chance gone. Well, he must write one for Wednesday's issue.

What would be a fit subject? INDIGNANCE! . . . unbridled indignance surged up in John Vent. He had for some inner reason all at once seen the handwriting on the wall. Vulgar phrases and even more vulgar drawings were scratched about on the grey walls and the grey door of the compartment in which he sat. The idea! the very idea! Something must be done to stop this drawing . . . an end must be put to these lewd poems. EDITORIALS . . . the writing of editorials was the one way out. Did he, John Vent—Di, Y, and junior—dare mention those walls, those grey metal walls? Would he, John Vent, leaden his tissue-white name by linking it up with "lines upon a metal door." No. All that he stood for would be bruised. His pure white symbolism would become a muck-and-mireism. There were

other causes worthy of his support. He would find another.

* * * *

"Okay—tell 'em to hold the line," Vent was calling out the second story window to the boy who had answered the phone . . . the door . . . editorials . . . stairs . . . door . . . down . . . scuttle . . . receiver: "Hello."

"We've about got it in the bag," joy-whispered a voice from over the line. "Have you done your part?"

"What part?" Vent was slow of thought. . . . "Oh sure—anything else."

"Who are you?" asked the voice.

"John Vent. Why?"

"I thought I was speaking to—never mind. Goodbye."

The receiver clicked and Vent muttered a "Well I'll be." He wondered who had been speaking. The conversation had keyed his interest. Something was up. . . .

III.

SCENARINO

DORMITORY STORE:

Outline and plastering of the room is just as that in 402. Few furnishings present: one green, pantsbottom-sleeked bench is tilted against the wall opposite the brown, initial-carved counter upon which rest displays of crackers, candy bars, peanuts, etc. Two pendant lights burn from behind the counter where Millward, a basketball-playing storekeeper, is balancing the day's books; on a coca-cola crate in front of the counter sits Don Kurfew . . . opinionizer.

VENT [entering the open door from the hall where he has just finished a telephone conversation. He is lighting a cigarette.]. Hi fellows . . . 's anybody got the time?

MILLWARD [looking up from his books]. It's 8:30 . . . [Continues his adding.] and four to carry makes seventy-six and . . .

KURFEW [with a chinsweep of authority]. That was a mighty fine letter you had in today's paper, Vent. You know that I agree with you that a man is how much he has to show . . . I mean like you said . . . , Phi Bait keys stand for something and people who can wear them ought to be looked up to . . . , It's just like my Y, my Y shows that I've got some push about me . . . , when you see it on my sweater you know it doesn't hide a pot . . . or anything.

MILLWARD. Or anything . . . that's right . . . and twenty-five makes seventy . . .

VENT [Not hearing Millward's aside]. Thank you Joe I think you're right . . . , Phi Bait's a real honor . . . it shows a higher level exists . . .

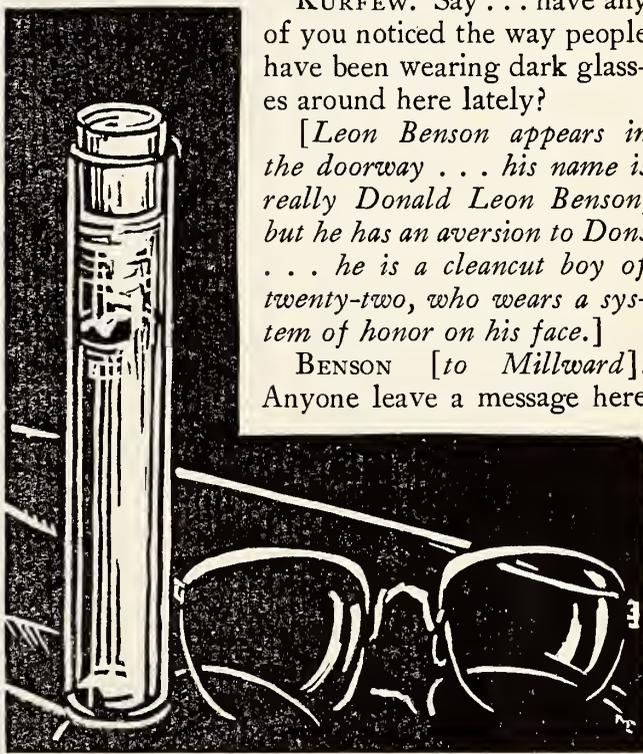
[A short, blond fellow appears in the doorway; stops a moment on the threshold to see who's in the store, and finally enters. He is Jazzper Seagrams, a gadabout lad who crashed the entrance gates to the university.]

JAZZPER [to Vent]. Saw you made your way into type this morning . . . letter writing's a chronic thing. . . , gad, but I had it bad when I was younger.

KURFEW. Say . . . have any of you noticed the way people have been wearing dark glasses around here lately?

[Leon Benson appears in the doorway . . . his name is really Donald Leon Benson, but he has an aversion to Dons . . . he is a cleancut boy of twenty-two, who wears a system of honor on his face.]

BENSON [to Millward]. Anyone leave a message here



for me to call 'em. I mean a number?

MILLWARD. No, Leon . . . sorry.

BENSON. You mean no one's left a number for me . . . have you been here all evening?

MILLWARD. Yep, ever since supper.

VENT. Maybe the call I got a little while ago was for you. Somebody hung up on me.

BENSON. When was that . . . I mean about how long ago?

VENT. Just a few minutes. I was called to the phone and when I got there somebody asked me something about had I done my part . . . and then hung up when I answered.

BENSON. Then they did call. [He exits, closing the door behind him.]

JAZZPER. Say you know there's a little more to

that dark glasses business than you realize. From something I heard this afternoon . . . and I'm not at liberty to tell it . . . the campus may be turned upside down over night.

[*Vent is obviously much interested in what has been said. He appears to be about to leave.*]

MILLWARD [*to Vent*]. John, seems to me you had a pair of those dark specs on last week sometime. Didn't I kid you about something like that?

VENT [*hastily*]. Not me . . . I'm not one to hide behind anything. Hahah.

KURFEW. It's funny though. Last Thursday during the Chem. quiz there must have been thirty out of the one hundred and fifty people there wearing dark glasses. And the day was so dark you couldn't see the nearest building.

VENT [*moving toward the door*]. 'Night fellows . . . gotta be going.

ALL. Goodnight.

JAZZPER. Goodnight, John. Don't work too hard. [*Exit Vent.*]

MILLWARD. You know this business about the black specs is getting serious. There was a comment about it in *Grit and Grease* this morning.

KURFEW. What do you think about that column, *Grit and Grease*?

JASPER. That's a pretty good column. That guy's got sense. You know he and I get together on a lot of his material.

[*The door opens and Benson looks in; he is excited, and sorethumb importance is obvious from his looks.*]

BENSON. Say, have any of you fellows seen Joe King around here this evening? Is he in his room?

KURFEW. He was in his room just before I came downstairs about eight.

IV.

SKETCH

Benson was a too good fellow. Early in the day on which Vent's letter appeared in the *Glimmer* Benson finished gathering his clues. He had been to the Chemistry department to get a quiz book. He had stolen a pair of dark spectacles from an unlabeled set of books in the campus commons, Barney Hall. He had sat in on a psychology quiz in an effort to tabulate the number of persons wearing dark glasses. All this he had done out of the goodness of his heart. Someone on the *Glimmer* staff had gotten wind of his investigation and had come running for a story . . . a story that would have put Benson's name in the headlines. But Benson was patient . . . the time

would come. Just after supper Benson told the president of the council . . . the student council, an honor council . . . that he would get the low-down on the ring leader of the whole thing. The president had called Benson at Men's Dormitory, only to have Vent answer the phone. Now Benson was calling the president.

The thin index finger swung the dial, awaited the click, and swung the dial again. "Hello, Don? This is Benny. Yeah, everything's all oke for the present."

"Are you sure that King is in his room? There can't be any slips in this business."

The store door opened and John Vent came out into the hall. Vent would never intentionally overhear a telephone conversation. He rounded the corner of the hallway and stopped in the shadows, affixing his ear to the wall corner. Letters must be written. Things must be righted . . . yes things . . . just plain anythings.

"Not sure . . . but just a minute, I'll ask Millward." The hand released the catch on the store doorway. "Say, have any of you fellows seen Joe King around here this evening? Is he in his room?"

The answer to Benson's question was "Yes." The president said that the council would be around in a little bit. There was a desperate note in the president's voice . . . a keynoter this president . . . a desperate man was at large in Men's Dormitory.

V.

ASIDE

John Vent ran to his room to write a letter. A letter to the paper it was to be. A letter about Honor on the Campus. A long letter with flourishes and moralizations. A Christian letter to better brotherfellows . . . even that intense: to better brotherfellows. First, however, John Vent threw a pair of dark glasses out the window.

VI.

SCENARINO

ROOM 402:

[*The door opens and Meade enters. Room-mate is still reading his Milton on the bed.*]

MEADE. Great balls of fire! They've got onto it! Somebody's tipped off the council and they're coming here tonight. [*Room-mate is seven fathoms deep in his Milton.*] Damn it all Roomy don't you hear me? Benson's downstairs now waiting for the rest of the mob. Christ-a-mighty,

they'll try me before all those hooded Ku Klux honor students. [Room-mate and Satan take the Elevator up from Hades.]

ROOM-MATE. Throw the damned things out the window. I'm reading my Milton. [Meade proceeds to the desk; takes up a pair of glasses and a small vial and walks over to the window with them. He hurls them out.]

MEADE. Well . . . that's that.

A VOICE FROM OUTSIDE. Who threw something down here on my head?

MEADE [to in-Milton-immersed Room-mate]. Sssssh.

ROOM-MATE. I told you that I was going to say "I told you" when you first told me you had those damned things. Cheater . . . cheater . . . [There is a knock on the door. Silence within. More knocks.] Come in.

MEADE. Well, what do you want?

JAZZPER. Wait till you hear. News . . . my man, news. Jazzper sees all and knows all. They've uncovered a cheating ring that will set the whole nation agaga.

MEADE. What do you mean . . . cheating ring?

JAZZPER. You know these dark glasses people have been wearing around here? You've heard about them surely? Didn't you see that article about it in this morning's *Grit and Grease* column? Well, anyway a whole batch of fellows around here have been taking their quizzes while wearing a pair of filter spectacles. When they have on their spectacles they can read things you can't ordinarily see.

MEADE [in amazement]. How's that?

JAZZPER. Well, it's this way: really a very slick scheme. Joe King, the guy that lives down on third floor, worked out a scheme for cheating and started selling it around. He sells the fellow a pair of spectacles that have filters pasted over the

lenses and along with the specs he gives them a bottle of some salt-like stuff. And when you mix the salt with water you get a sort of ink which can't be seen except with the filters. So you see . . . gee, it's sure slick . . . you can write a whole quiz book full of notes and then take the quiz with the filters on and nobody knows the difference.

ROOM-MATE. Gosh that is something. Seems like King wouldn't be the kind to use that sort of thing. He really studies.

MEADE [impatiently]. How did they get onto this business in the first place? I'd noticed people wearing dark glasses around here . . . but I'd never thought up any reason as crazy as that.

JAZZPER. That's slick too. I mean how they got onto it. You see it was this way . . . somebody . . . nobody knows who, yet . . . wrote a story about glasses like this and sent it in to the magazine. It was a story called "The Magic Filter" and it had so many real places in it that Kjimsram, he's the editor now, got interested in it and said he was going to see where the guy who wrote it got his idea.

MEADE [wide awake . . . interested . . . hungry . . . sick . . . flushed . . . pale]. And where did he get it?

ROOM-MATE [looking up from Milton]. Yeah . . . where did he.

JAZZPER. Well, you see the author of the story signed the wrong name. Well anyway just about ten minutes ago Benson came in downstairs and soon a whole batch from the council will be here. They're coming to get King. You know I bet he's made a lot of money off of that racket. And just think of all of those dern A's he's made.

ROOM-MATE. What about those A's. So far as King goes I think he's damned honest. If he sold these whatever-you-call 'ems, that's only a part of the story.



. . . there was a beating in his chest; there was a plunging at his Adam's apple.

VII.

SKETCH

There was a noise of paper on stone just outside Joe King's door and when Joe looked up from his chemistry book he saw a letter slide in at the threshold space.

"Student council men are here. Know all about you and the filter." There was no signature; the note was typewritten.

The room was dark save for the light from a deflected gooseneck-lamp. Guilt, Guilt, Guilt . . . the word rang . . . the word boomed . . . guilt, guilt, guilt. About the walls, on the beds, under the chairs, from every inch of the square, dormitory box there squeaked, there cracked, there banged GUILT. Photofloods of the family framed in guilt; Mildred over at the Girls School smeared with Guilt. A college record with Guilt . . . A's, intelligence, reputation and guilt. King tore a sheet from the bed and stripped three lengths from one of its ends. These he tied together in twists, one end of which he fastened to the radiator, the other to his neck. There was a beating on the door; there was a beating in his chest. He crawled over the window ledge and dropped downward.

VIII.

ASIDE

The Dean was worried. He was a good Dean, a just Dean. That is why he was worried. He had heard of the cheating filters. He was disillusioned. Where he had once thought the scholastic standard of his institution was extraordinary . . . he now knew it was ordinary . . . oh so ordinary. One hundred and seventeen sophomores had flunked out during the last quarter and the Dean had said our standards are rising. Now the falsity of it all struck him: the "117" were honest, unfiltrated fellows. They had tried, but competition had been against them. Everything was relative. Was honesty where you hung your high school diploma? Where had honesty gone. What was the honor system? Didn't people sign pledges? People also signed checks. The Dean was worried.

IX.

SKETCH

Joe fell slowly. There was a plunging at his Adam's apple and a blackness of bubbles that rolled in and around his head. He was floating in a sounding darkness that thudded from somewhere deep down. He was in a sphere that was growing smaller and smaller. Thin light. The dazebubble

was clearing and rolling up the past-time incline of Joe's experience and Joe was peering through the concavity of his life while the resonant thud vibrated against his senses . . . people were talking about Germans and Kaisers and armless Belgian children and as they talked Joe was running downhill to a store muttering "number sixty spool of cotton thread," and deep down something went thud-thud. Was it the Germans marching? No it was Toni sobbing in the closet where his mother had put him until he could be mucha better.

Away outside the sphere there was a child's voice. It was Joe's voice thanking Mrs. Martoni for the thread and asking her how long before Toni could come out to play. Now it was a low, pulsating sound, the imaginary sound of tomtoms beating in the jungle: Joe and Toni were seeing the first silent version of *Tarzan, the ape man*. He and Toni could go to the jungles and hunt elephants. The trees were green along the river. Joe's daddy said that the long, reddish tub boats were taking shipments far away to a place called New York. Joe was spellbound by the name of the far away metropolis . . . in his ears the words of his mother rang: "You've got to be somebody, you've got to amount to something some day."

Joe was seven and the war was over. Where was Toni . . . ether-like the word sounded . . . Toni. Thud, he was walking the streets . . . with Toni. They were both living in the town of Winston-Salem and the little cigarette pictures of movie stars were very precious. Joe's daddy was selling a wonderful brush called "Fuller." Something, somebody, what was something, what was somebody. Maybe a cowboy was somebody. Chapter eight of *The Life Of Buffalo Bill Cody* was over; Toni and Joe ran out into the street. The light was blinding. It was springtime and the news boys were yelling extra. The Flying Fool had flown the Atlantic. Lindbergh had amounted to something; he had become somebody. Thud, thud, it was a slap from the principal. "You little Bolshevik," she yelled. It was a distant yell and Joe swept on past her . . . and his temples beat and the thud thus became deeper. Far away in the future there was doorbanging. "Best sport, most studious" . . . silly highschool superlatives. You've gotta be something . . . amount to somebody. Be . . . There was a great long hall with open doors and echoes. Freshmen had to come early. Joe's roommate was named Jack. "You must pat 'em on back," said Jack. "You must work hard and be

somebody," pulsed the homefolks. Thud, thud . . . the football playerclown was running away from a father who had come in the dormitory. Far away . . . weakly . . . everybody was yelling. Closer Jack was yelling: "You'll never be anybody unless you slap 'em on the back. I'm going places." A foggyness . . . figures . . . Jack saved the campus with his honor council; they tried the culprits in the candlelight. Tried . . . tried . . . Joe would be tried. Jack would be there. JACK, a bloated judge . . . Jack the good . . . Jack, the bootlicker. Jack would say "I told you." Jack had said "I'm very proud of how far I've got." Jack would forget the two pair of socks that the clerk took to be one. Jack would forget the way he chiseled on the broken window deal. But Jack would judge. There was a crackling noise way out side . . . it was thin and drowsed. There were voices. Distant, present voices! "God, he's hung himself."

"Is he dead?"

"Here, put him right here."

"He landed on that little bit of portice . . . lucky devil."

"Here he is Doc."

"Badly hurt?"

"How'd he happen to fail to completely choke?"

"Landed on that ledge that covers the stoop. 'S only a body's length from the window sill."

"Lucky Devil."

"What's that the Doctor says?"

"Everybody go out into the hall."

"Hi. Toni."

"Toni, your roommate's tried to kick the bucket."

X.

ASIDE

"ashamed that we are of the blot our campus record received with the disclosure last night of the cheating ring . . . we must face the fact that . . . honor is a tradition with us . . . nip dangerous characters in the bud . . . surely there can be no . . . truly there is . . . "

JOHN VENT.



Drive

IT'S a swift feeling you're getting as you drive your car across the gray road, the wind smacking your face, strands of hair whirling about your ears, your eyes; a mite of sight of slumbering greens flutters past. It's a masterly feeling you're getting; oiled machine servant to your touch trained by masters to fit your purpose, one will fulfilled. You feel good as you curve around a flivver, and you can't help noticing the old farmer driving the car apprehensively stare at your sleek machine, and perhaps he's a bit bewildered by the fastness of it all: he's driving, potatoes in back seat to be brought to town market, and suddenly, he never even dreamt it, a low silent car passes him, and soon he only can see the blue color, and that whizzes away.

Glance at the speedometer: 55. Staying at 55. Steady. A steady feeling. No abruptness, no jumps. Just a steady run. But monotonous, and a minute passes, and you awake to realize you hadn't known you were driving. Concentrating on nothing. Losing all stand. What's the matter with me, you think. Everything so steady, so swift, and your mind had blanked. You look beside yourself and there's your hat, green felt, expensive, you recall, and a box of candy. Picture of Elaine smothers your mind. Slight smile creeping onto face, but approaching town. I'm driving this car, and let's do it, you grimace. More than once you had lost all bearing, and that mastery had disappeared: just a piece of flesh with one foot on gas, one hand on wheel, and your mind would picture all future, real and ideal. And more than once you had a raucous horn banging into your ear, bringing sudden awakeness, a bit of hysteria, then calm, and maybe a stuttered apology to an angered driver who just can't understand in a not much different wording why in all hell you can't get on the side of the road.

So you find yourself approaching a small town, one of these many towns built about the railroad station, on this briskwinded sunny fall day, and your foot off the accelerator and slowly pumping on the brake: 55-50-45-40-35-30. And down, finally stopping, waiting for a car to back out a space, and a moment glance at rurality. Not many

people stumbling at supertime, and that barber pole gets you. You're always wondering in what way it symbolizes a barber shop. And of course, your hand to your face, sandpaper, she called it, you recall, and once more smile. You're off again. You put 'er in first, then second, and finally high speed; and you just feel you're crawling. And you look, quite naturally, for a pretty girl. Blue dress walking along, and you think, not bad: you pass her, staring at her, and she notices your stare, and you smile, and she smiles back, and slightly pushes her hand forward as if to say, hello. You feel damn good. You feel like turning back, and perhaps, who knows? Too much hesitation. You're quite a distance from her now. O hell, forget it. And you remember Elaine. Out of the town, and you're driving alongside the railroad tracks which had curved toward the road.

You met Elaine at a Thanksgiving dance at school. Soon you were telling her what you thought of school, and soon certain mutual friends sprung up, and you were telling her of something comical Billy Stewart had done the other night at the fraternity meeting. And what a swell dancer she was. And you told her you come from New York, and have you ever been there? Of course, she said, I go up there most every summer. And you told her the orchestra is fine, and four steps yielded: softly, I'm glad I came tonight. Expected, and knowing the answer, she asked, why? You smiled, and she couldn't help but smile, you not answering the question, of course. Cut in by blond immaculate, and you smiled at Elaine as she was foxtrotted away, and two polite minutes later you cut back and you were dancing with Elaine again. And quite deftly, but of course she was aware of it all the time, you made your way to one door, and suddenly, but of course she expected it and almost nodded before you finished asking the question, you noticed the humidity rising, and suggested a stroll outside. Perhaps you'd like a soda, you muttered.

You walked slowly, saying hello to an acquaintance, and he nodded to you and said hello to

Elaine, and she smiled. And of course you asked her if she knew him, knowing well she must have, but expression wasn't easily found in those spirited moments. She said, yes, and told you what kind of a swell fellow he was, and you agreed. You walked toward your car, suddenly taking her hand: a ride? you asked.

Toward the lake, and you parked: the romantic urge caused romantic talk, and you couldn't help feeling a bit guilty, remembering you told that to all the girls. You whispered how glad you were to meet her, and it's odd how something springs within you when you meet somebody you know you're going to want to see again, and you told her it was funny how strangely jealous in a way you became when she danced with that other fellow. Your arm about her, her head resting on your shoulder, and silent for a time as she and you looked up at the moon; your eyes turned toward the picture of the moon's rays cascading, dancing on the softly colored waters, and you, for slight moment, in all your hopeful maturity . . . you lost all thought of her sitting beside you, only thinking of beauty, conjured landscapes pouring into your mind: wondrous atmospheres for perfect living. Awakened by her sigh: isn't it beautiful. Softly you imaged: perfect . . . imagine two lovers surrounded for life by such as this. Silent again, and you asked her, tell me something about Elaine. Stemmed laugh: then simple declarations in outline form of her life. And she told you of the more boring moments and the less exciting ones, and how she'd always hoped for something thrilling to happen to her. Doing something, and then letting convention try to catch up with you. And that started you on a discussion of society and she nodded always at your Byronic ideas, and at times, affirmed them with bits of speech. And silence again. You listened attentively to the chatter of the woods about you. Crickets and bird's sounds. You marveled in voice at the lack of mosquitoes . . . turned and looked at Elaine, concluding she is pretty in a hopeful manner toward beauty. Nothing startling. No brown eyes that shone in the black night, no full lips, ripened by age, made for kissing, not speech. Just plain pretty. For a moment you congratulated yourself at the side of a lake: not one Elaine to yourself at the side of a lake: not one No, you thought. You were looking at her, and she was resting on your shoulder, her eyes half-closed, and of course you asked her, what are you thinking about?

And she turned her head slowly, and upraised her eyes, and you saw brown eyes that shone in the black night and full lips, ripe lips, and you tightened your hold, swooping down upon her, and you caught one final glimpse at her eyes closing, and you heard one voice within you once more congratulate you on your catch, kissing her hard and quite passionately. A long kiss: slowly ascending from her lips, very slowly, your lips brushing hers, and finally parting. Silence. Your face was all seriousness. Glanced at the oil, the gasoline meters, noticed again the automobile clock had stopped, looking out at the waters, and and you left her whole being warm. You offered her a cigaret. Inhaled deeply, and the cigaret felt good, went through your whole being. You sensed her flesh through the silk of her dress. These feelings, what can you call them, stung you. Gosh Elaine, you said, I'm a lucky guy. Imagine meeting you. You flung the cigaret away, held her tightly. Your other hand held her free hand. You told her you were crazy 'bout her. And she was silent, but you could feel her skin heat, and she upturned her lips, and you kissed her again.

No, she suddenly cried. You felt her whole self revolting from you: resisting. O, please darling, she whimperingly plead.

Let me have a cigaret, she asked. You lit one for her, the bursting flame radiating paleness, a dim visage once enthralled by a burning impulse, now fading, fading away: a shadow.

And you were stepping on the starter, foot on gas, on clutch, reverse, brake, clutch, first and second and third. The night was very black: the trees palmed the moon. The piercing spotlight made the way. You felt pained, but of course it wasn't difficult to understand. And you said to her:

Wasn't the lake beautiful?

She smiled, you could hear her smile, and she cuddled up to you. Soon you were speeding through the wind. O, this is wonderful she said. You put your arm about her. Speed through the night. 40-50-60. Back to the dance.

Goodnight, Elaine, you said. A rustling kiss. See you Thursday, you thrust over your shoulder. Damn nice girl, you thought, as you took off your shoes, glancing at your sleeping roommate.

You saw her Thursday, sat on her quiet porch-hammock, and talked and talked, and as the night waxed, you found yourself, your head on her lap, looking into her eyes. Kissing fervor: lying side by side. Please no, she sobbed.

You saw her the next Tuesday, then Saturday. To a movie, a long walk, porchhammock, and please no.

Christmas holidays, home, and you missed her. Come back and Saturdays and Saturdays and Saturdays. Telling her how much you loved her, and one night: O, darling, she said on the porchhammock, I love you. First you were surprised, then flattered. And as you listened to her tell you that she never thought she'd fall in love, she never had, really, but she knew she was in love with you, how, O, I don't know, I feel it, I know it . . . and as you listened to her you thought, you realized that your love for her was merely infatuation, that the passion was waning, no longer did you see brown eyes that shone in the black night, full lips, ripe lips, but you saw Elaine, Elaine, Elaine, only Elaine, and you heard please no, please no, please no, o, no, please no. But she loved you, and you felt masterly; you knew how much you were on her mind, you knew how much a part of her you were, you knew how important you were.

And thereafter, you kept on repeating that our love isn't being fulfilled if we don't consummate it, and you plead with her, telling her you couldn't stand it. We must love, you said, or else where is our love? And she despaired.

Summer approached. You only pitied her now, had compassion for that tiny self that cringed from you, fearing, everfearing. And once you threatened to leave her, and how she begged, begged, don't leave me.

Summer, home, she didn't come to New York. You felt her absence. O, how you wanted to see her. Wrote her feverish letters. You missed that soft body next to you. And at night, bedlying, you almost feared she had instilled some sort of connection with her love in you.

And here you are, and the nontempered wind smarts your being, a fleet wind, always remaining, everlasting, and the masterly feeling: 50-55-60. On the gray road, passing the frankfort stand, a car, a wagon, finally sighting smoke, and the turmoil of the retiring city nearing you. Apply brake, clutch, neutral, and the light changes: green. Many cars, past cafes, movie homes, retail ports, suburban section, and something goes through you as you left turn into a side street, park, pass your hand over your hair, hat on, candy in hand, ring bell. Elaine, you smile. Demurely smiling

you in. Good to be back again, you say, as your eyes travel over familiar mirror, stairway, rug, pictures.

On the porchhammock later, you are kissing her. She sighs, saying, I made up my mind not to let you kiss me. You know what always happens. But gee darling, I do want to have you kissing me. And you tingle at her naive expression of desire.

Repetition. Almost stilted as you're lying beside her and soon: protest. This time it is rattling. Like continual samespaced knocks on hollow wood. It's paining. Damn it, Elaine, you tremble. I can't stand this any longer. She is crying. You feel very remorseless.

And you sit up, lighting a cigaret, saying, very softly, almost melodramatically, you can't love me. You can't. And you turn on her. You can't love me, do you hear me? You just can't. Fierce. Pride causes silent tears. A pitiful silent. What is it, you demand, what is the matter? You near-scream.

Damn convention. It's no longer her you blame, but convention now. Yeah, that's it. Afraid. O, darling, you know I'd marry you in a minute if I had the opportunity, the money, the chance.

And again: but darling, it isn't marriage, it's our love. And with a sob in your voice, O, I love you so. And she is silent.

You take her into your arms. She is cold. You kiss her. And her arms slowly wind around your neck. Time stops. You feel mad. You crush her. Woman's recomposure develops, takes place.

God damn it, you think aloud. You pick up the hat you had placed on a chair nearby after the walk ceremony, and without further emotion, not turning back, you walk down the four graystone steps, her please no, don't go, dont, through your ears.

You bang the door after you, turn the key, down with brake, away. Through the mirrow seeing her on the sidewalk, and in your mind a picture grows, descending upon you, magnifying to the sky: she's crying and crying and crying, and fading away: a shadow.

Two weeks later, a moment devoid of sensitivity, just sitting at a table, rolling a pencil between your fingers, noticing the colorscheme of your room, writing your name on a piece of paper, squares and circles, and you go to the phone and call her number, Abashed, weakly, say, hello, to Elaine, and you hear a spirited voice. Time, no,

love heals, you remember. O darling, you say, so happily, and I've been wanting to see you too, and so much. O, I've been so stupidly stubborn. Let me come over tonight.

And you take a shower, singing joyfully, and soon you are driving down the gray road, through

the town, past the railroad tracks, into the city, left turn, park your car, and she is waiting for you on the porch; and she does not object as you kiss her goodevening, but as you kiss her you know that the same thing is going to happen again, and you wonder what to do.

THIS TIME AND PLACE

Inflation

The P.W.A. has come across. Mr. Charlie Woollen has pushed through a bond issue and squeezed out enough individual subscriptions from alumni to hold up our financial end. It seems certain at last that Carolina will get a new gymnasium.

There has been spirited talk of the new swimming pool, the squash and handball courts, the excellent equipment the gym will contain, and the resulting big expansion of physical education activities. Nothing has been said publicly in regard to the cost of keeping up this equipment. But it is time some public announcement is made concerning the matter.

Not because we like to uncover other people's business but because it is our business, the students' business, do we bring it to public attention. All students who pay fees belong to the Athletic Association; and the Association supports the physical education department: intramural sports, upkeep on playing fields and equipment, and all salaries except that of Mr. Cornwell. In the name of a student activity we are supporting a department offering degrees. If this is logical, why does not the Publications Union pay the salaries of Mr. Coffin and Mr. Spearman of the journalism department?

Students have been paying long enough for services that the state should render, at least in part. Long before the advent of the physical education department in 1935 and the addition of freshman hygiene to the curriculum, student fees had been going toward the upkeep of athletic fields and equipment which are no less necessary

than class rooms. Athletics (physical education) is as essential to our curriculum as mathematics or French. It is not, or should not be, "student activities;" it should be "educational activities."

There is yet another reason why the state should support a physical education department combining the work in physical and health education with intercollegiate and intramural athletics. The largest source of the Athletic Association's income is football gate receipts. In the year 1935-36, though the Association lost on every other sport, it cleared \$47,195 on football. The past season likewise, according to reports, was an excellent one from the standpoint of gate receipts. But there have been bad seasons; there may be worse seasons ahead. Suppose the Graham Plan works. With the Athletic Association's whole program—hygiene, intramurals, intercollegiate sports, etc.—perched upon an inflated pigskin, where will come money to operate the new gym and salaries for coaches and directors to supervise the gym's activities when this pigskin is deflated?

There are three alternatives. We can triple our present athletic fees and, at the same time, greatly curtail our athletic and physical education program. In this way we might operate the gym if nothing else. We can buy a good football team and keep our present student fees. Or we can *try* to get state appropriations enabling us to abolish student fees and to maintain an integrated physical education department to which gate receipts are a supplementary rather than a primary source of income.

We recommend this last course of action; and in the light of next year's football prospects, we urge its speedy pursuance.

We Tycoons

WHEN you pay your publications fee at Carolina you get more than reading matter. You become a member in a \$18,500 investment trust—the Publications Union. This trust, administered by the Publications Union board, has realized a profit of more than \$4,000 in the current stock market dividend—enough to pay each student now in school a \$1.80 bonus. But times have not always been so prosperous. In 1934 the value of our investments were down to \$9,000. But that was before the more abundant life.

In the beginning there was Mr. Louis Graves, now editor of the Chapel Hill Weekly, but Professor Louis Graves back in 1923. He it was who wrote letters to leading American university presidents to find out how they controlled the finances of their publications. The result of his research was the first University of North Carolina Publications Union, with the executive and legislative powers of the body centralized in a five-man board.

The board met for the first time on May 24, 1923. Y. M. C. A. President Reed Kitchin was chairman, R. C. Maulsby and Knox Massey the other student members. Professor Matherly and Professor Hibbard, who later became dean of the liberal arts college, were the faculty members. The board met and did nothing.

When, on the following day, the board convened again, the members characteristically began to argue about the salaries asked by managers from the three publications—the Buccaneer had not then been born. Minutes of this first meeting reveal that the “sentiment seemed to be that the positions (manager’s jobs) should be dignified more by the student honor element and less of the commercial.” This principle, according to what present publication managers say, has remained unchanged through the years.

Not so with the division of student fees. In 1923 it was compulsory that each student pay five dollars to publications. For their money, students got three dollars’ worth of what we would call a shabby Yackety-Yack, plus a dollar and a quarter’s worth each of a thin Carolina

Magazine and a bi-weekly Tar Heel. Now we pay \$6.90 for three publications, all superior to those of 1923 models, plus a humor magazine. It is significant that the level of student fees is highest when the surplus is the largest.

There was a comic magazine on the campus back in '23. Run by a man aptly named Steve Brody, this publication was called the “Boll Weevil”. Mr. Brody, soon after the P. U. board was organized, took a chance, and asked the board to take the “Boll Weevil” under its wing so that he might call it an official publication.

“I’ll give you 10 per cent of the profits,” Mr. Brody offered. But there were strings. According to the agreement proposed, Mr. Brody reserved the right to keep the “Weevil” under his control, or to pass it on to whomever he saw fit. The board offered to submit the proposal to the student body for a vote. But that did not appeal to Mr. Brody. He thought that his name should not be mentioned in connection with the deal. According to the minutes, “The board . . . found it difficult to pin Mr. Brody down to any definite statements of his income, expenses, etc.” Mr. Brody withdrew his proposal.

By December the new board was hitting on all cylinders. In fees, it had collected \$3,802. Only six students had refused to pay their union dues. Consequently, the union wound up the year with a \$1,241.49 surplus. This was the beginning of its transition from guardian of publications funds to student investment trust. That surplus was destined to grow. And as it grew, there appeared in the minds of those who administered it, the desire to invest it profitably.

In the fall of 1924 there was born a comic magazine later dubbed the Buccaneer. It’s parents were six students who petitioned the board: C. B. Colton, George Ragsdale, Charles Bishop, Charles Massey, A. H. Hartsell and William Proctor. Innocent child, the Buccaneer—little did its parents suspect the trials it was soon to know.

Financial transactions of the board were all directed through the window of Cashier Gigou. When Mr. Gigou resigned in May, 1924, there appeared upon the board’s financial horizon the

figure of Mr. Robert Sherrill. Mr. Sherrill, until recently, was bookkeeper-auditor for the student audit board. At present Mr. Sherrill is book-keeper-auditor for the Haywood Weeks-Harper Barnes enterprises, somewhat loosely called co-operatives. These enterprises, incidentally, are indebted to our Publications Union to the extent of \$3,500. But we are getting ahead of our story.

By the end of the year 1923-24 the Union surplus had reached the healthy total of \$2,768.07.

On October 23, 1924, the board found that it had \$1,050 in bad debts. With a 15 per cent commission for his trouble Mr. Sherrill was authorized to collect them. The year expired with the young "Buc" in debt to the tune of \$600. This sum was borrowed from the board at six per cent.

By the school year 1925-26 the Union's surplus had mounted to \$6,700. At this juncture came the most important single event in the history of the P. U. board. Professor Matherly resigned and recommended as his successor Economics Professor J. Merritt Lear. With the coming of Lear, the board began a new period which we may call "the monarchy." The ruler, of course, was "King" Lear. Mr. Lear, as those who deal with him know, has a keen eye. The first thing he saw was that \$6,700 surplus. Here was a sizeable bloc of capital lying fallow. No economist could sanction idle capital. Accordingly, on January 7, 1926, Mr. Lear pointed out to the members of the board that they were passing up an opportunity. He was told to investigate possible investments. And one week later he presented his recommendations. The board accepted his advice and thus began leading a double life. To all appearances the board was money bags for the publications. But it was also an investment trust. Any organization of this nature that feels obliged to maintain a large surplus must become necessarily a trust. A bank deposit represents, to a certain extent, an investment. Brokers say that it is best to keep investments sufficiently diversified so that a sudden drop in one holding will not prove ruinous.

Accordingly, on February 21, 1926, the board found that it had invested \$1,491.25 in American Telephone and Telegraph stock (made out to Mr. Lear) \$1,000 in Orange county Building & Loan stock, and \$1,020 in Baltimore Trust Company mortgages. These were considered safe investments and quite unspeculative. The date, however, was 1926.

"King" Lear's firm hand squeezed down again on seekers after free publicity. Publications business managers had been complaining about the editors' passing out free publicity. Even Kike (pronounced Kay) Kayser was not sacred. The photograph, ready to print, was "killed" and the first P. U. board "policy" had been established: No free publicity for student organizations existing primarily for profit. A little later the board shook down the hard-boiled athletic association for \$20 a Yackety Yack page instead of the customary "free ride."

But do not forget the surplus. By the fall of '26 there was an additional \$1,200 for Mr. Lear to invest. And the big stock market boom was getting under way.

Came the school year 1928-29 and the Tar Heel had become a tri-weekly with Walter Spearman in the editor's chair. But the magazine had wedded the Tar Heel and had been given a new name—Tar Heel Supplement.

And so in the following fall we climbed up to the peak that was 1929. The board's surplus, liquidated at current stock quotations of the day, stood at \$14,340—almost as much cash as the board could raise tomorrow. No one knew what the stock market was going to do during that fall, but most people thought that it was going on up. But it didn't.

The merry month of May, 1930, found our board with a surplus considerably flattened and sagging (gently) in the middle. Student fees were hiked to six dollars and the Tar Heel found itself a daily. Here's the way the fees were split:

The Daily Tar Heel	\$ 4.00
Yackety-Yack	\$ 1.60
Buccaneer	\$ 0.40

The Carolina Magazine was still combined with the Tar Heel.

By May, 1931, the board had shifted most of its investments into stocks. It owned:

- 10 shares of American Tobacco "B".
- 20 shares of Warner Brothers.
- 20 shares of Liggett and Myers.
- 20 shares of Northern Pacific RR.
- 10 shares of Union Pacific RR.
- 10 shares of American Telephone and Telegraph.
- 10 shares of Illinois Central R. R.
- 20 shares of R. J. Reynolds Tobacco.
- \$500 in Standard Mortgage Co. bonds
- \$500 in Federal Mortgage Co. bonds

10 shares of Orange County Building and Loan stock.

Mr. Lear was drawing \$300 as treasurer, a salary which has not been cut.

During the school year 1932-33 there was formed, upon recommendation of the student advisory committee, an audit board. This new agency was to have the authority to select or approve the auditing of accounts composed mainly of student fees. The P. U. board was approached and asked to join the set-up. Mr. Lear, with characteristic caution, deferred action. Mr. Sherrill was the chief auditor.

Later the board agreed to the student audit's conditions. The members were assured that they would never be assessed more than \$500 per year for services. The audit board will have occasion to remember this agreement next week when the P. U. board protests the \$600 bill it recently received. The fight between these two "protective" organizations will be an interesting one. Each is trying desperately to look out for somebody's interests.

One feature in the relations between these boards is the incident of 1933. The P. U. board had agreed to the auditing proposal, but had disagreed as to the advisability of transferring the Union's funds to the Audit board's common pool. Professor Peacock, the late Mr. Milton Hogan, and Dean D. D. Carroll were asked for an opinion. They agreed that there was no necessity for transferring the funds. Mr. Sherrill held that the issue was, "Will the shift be safe?"

To which the advisors replied, "Yes, it was, in their opinions, safe but unnecessary." The funds were transferred.

Meanwhile Mr. Lear was granted permission by the board to "make a suggestion to the student advisory committee so that politics may be taken out of selection of business managers for publications." Mr. Lear was granted permission to make his suggestion. But he must have said something that touched campus politicians in the quick. Very shortly they were after him, swearing to kick him off the board. There were conferences in the high citadels of intrigue. "King" Lear had too much authority—nothing personal—but he was just too powerful.

The fight was carried to the student advisory committee. Phil Hammer led the pack. Mr. Lear suggested that, if he were too powerful, more students be added to the board. His suggestion was rejected. The politicians were out after

blood. The advisory committee was faced with a baffling problem. The students were calling for Mr. Lear's dismissal from the board. But at the same time it was realized that the "King" had saved publications thousands of dollars, that he knew the workings and technical functions of the board too well to waste his ability. The matter was carried before President Frank Graham. The anti-Lear forces won what they thought was a victory. "King" Lear was stripped of his vote on the board. But he was appointed *ex officio* advisor to the board with his \$300 salary retained. The politicians shouted victory too soon. They hoped that, without a vote, Mr. Lear's power would wane. Now, they thought, the board will loosen its purse-strings and the editors will prosper. But they called the wrong turn. Instead of decreasing his power, his new position gave "King" Lear added prestige and influence. The editors find money harder to get now than in the good old days before the revolution. You never can tell about a boomerang.

It was not long after the revolution that an organization known as the co-operative cleaners came into being. The inside history of this concern is quite nebulous the exterior features are common knowledge. You pay a dollar and become a "member" of the "co-operative." Although your only voice in determining the policy of the concern is the election of directors (the new trust agreement now makes this impossible), you get your work done for "membership" prices. The feature exciting the most comment about the enterprise was the fact that a customer was seldom if ever asked to identify himself as a member so that he might receive price preference. Students began to ask what their dollars had bought. Meanwhile a branch called the Co-operative Clothing store had sprouted, offering additional memberships at one dollar each.

The status of these organizations interests us for the following very good reason: In March, 1935, the P. U. board made the clothing store a \$1,000 loan. And the following September the board passed out \$3,500 to the cleaners. As one student put it, "They were co-operatively taken to the cleaners." Interest rates on these loans is set at six per cent. The board holds a mortgage on the cleaning machinery and on the clothing store's stock. Just how much this loan is worth in cash money today, no one knows for sure. It is known that the Bank of Chapel Hill refused to make the co-operative enterprises a loan.

Some students are saying that the P. U. Board, had gone far enough when it began playing the stock market. They say that the banking and money-lending business is outside the scope of the board's activity. But Mr. Lear didn't vote for it—the politicians had seen to that matter. They had already taken his vote from him. If the loan goes "kerphlooeey" we can blame only the men who made it. And we elected them.

The co-operative loans have been upheld by some on the supposition that the enterprises afforded loans to save students money. These organizations undoubtedly make it possible for students to buy clothes and have them cleaned at lower prices. But the board has always sworn that its duty lies in administering funds collected for the publications—not in helping worthy causes. There are so many worthy causes. . . .

And so we look to the brace of faculty members and to the three students who control our \$18,000 surplus. This money belongs to the students because we are the Publications Union. The board is our agency. What shall it do with our money? Play the stock market? Loan it to "worthy causes"? Or shall the funds be passed out extravagantly to the publications?

Tomorrow may bring repeal of the compulsory publications fee. This month the University Trustees will hear a petition sponsored by Professor M. S. Breckenridge to make fees optional. If the compulsory fee is repealed, our surplus will not last us a year at the present expense-rate.

It is easy to see why the P. U. board must retain a reasonable surplus in order to take care of possible losses by the publications. An account of \$8,000 should perform this function well in every case. There is no reason why the surplus should be built up beyond this figure. If student fees levied at present lead to the building up of such a treasure, then they should be reduced. Student fees should be pared until the surplus is brought down to a reasonable figure. If, then, it is found that surplus is diminishing, the fees might be raised until a balance is reached.

This manipulation would call for giving the P. U. board power to lower or raise fee collections up to a maximum of \$6.90—the present rate. Mr. Lear says that he favors this plan. It remains for members of the fee-paying Union to save themselves money.



Didn't Used To Be That-a-Way

*As told to the Author by an Old Man from
Carrboro*

It was at the big Virginia game. Football wasn't nothin' then; it was all baseball . . . a bunch of us kids was tryin' to slip in. That was when the baseball field was where them first new dormitories is down in that hollow below the Carr buildin. They had a big old board fence around it to keep people out. Well, the night fore every big game us kids 'ud go down there and knock one of them planks loose . . . ya know, jus' leave it hanging' by one nail so we could pull it out and sneak in. Well after a while they commenced catchin' on an a great big ole fat-bellied cop they called Revis, he started hangin' around. Jus' fore this game I was tellin' you about a bunch of us was hangin' 'round the outfield fence. Rube Davis . . . he's the one runs that big grocery store in Durham now . . . he pulled back the board an stuck his head through. Wham! An that board knocked loose an' come *sailin'* back on us. Davis 'bout broke his neck gettin' outa the way. That damn Revis had jus' missed him with a rock as big as your fist.

Well that made us so mad we swore we was gona get in that game if it killed us. So we hung around awhile and then tried to climb over the fence round next to the stands. Ole Revis seen us an' commenced atrottin' over there—we could see him comin' through the cracks. Well the rest of us run, but Davis, he was as mad as a *hornet*. He picked up a piece of two-by-four that was lyin' about an waited. When Revis reached up an grabbed the top of the fence to climb over, Davis swung that two-by-four down on them fingers till its a wonder they didn't *all* break. Ole Revis let out a yelp loudern a home run an' while he was nursin' his hand the whole bunch of us run around the other side and clamber over.

Lord, that was a game, though! Ole Potts Satterfield, he knocked a homer that busted out a winder light on the third floor of the Carr buildin. Ole Potts was one *evermore* good ball player. Busted more un one winder light outa that buildin . . . Funny thing how the boys will tare up a buildin'. Take that Carr buildin, now. It used ta

be one of the finest buildins' on the campus. But the boys just *would* tare it up. They'd hammer up the walls and knock out the door pannelins. Every Spring it seems like they'd take special trouble to get every single pane a glass in the buildin. Ya know it was the last one they passed goin' down the road when they's leavin' for home and they just *had* ta chuck a rock at it.

The Playmakin' buildin, that was the library back about 1900. An' along then they had bath tubs in the basement. They was the first bath tubs in Chapel Hill . . . Ceptin', course wash tubs what all the home folks washed up in. Afore they had them tubs the boys had ta use any kind a ole pan they could find. 'Ell, in the basement there was six ah these long tubs with a little heater wood stove up on a platform that heated the water. Everybody had a special day to take a bath an you couldn't take a bath ceptin' on your day. Everbody got a chanst onst a week, sometimes twist, but always onst. They wouldn't let the Freshmen take a bath when anybody else was in there. They had to get in there on a special day. 'Ell, all round the tubs there was a kind a lattice walk made outa boards 'bout as wide as my two fingers an laid across two-by-fours. There was somebody special there watchin' all the time, cause they had two special little foot tubs next to the door an you couldn't even put a foot on that board walk til you'd sloshed your feet around in 'em special little holes and got the worst of the dirt ofen em.

In the winter time there wasn't hardly any hot water an' in the fall when the boys first come back and from about April til leavin time they locked the base-ment up an the boys ud have to take baths where they could find water. Most of the boys went down to Morgan's creek but that was muddy bout all the time an' besides us fellers that lived in town here, we knowed what them people did that lived up the creek so we found us *another* place.

The big road from Hillsbura to Fayetteville run through here then. Most every day you'd see about a dozen big wagon trains go by here. There was lotsa railroadin' then but most people seemed

ta like ta send their own wagons down to Fayetteville ta get their store stuff . . . sugar, an' such like, offen the boats. My brother run a store up there on the corner. Wasn't but three of them then an' they took carea all the tradin' for this whole section in here. Course there wasn't no caf-ays or nothin' but my brother sold plenty a crackers an cheese.

The University didn't have many buildins then, but they shore used what they *did* have. I reckon you've seen picturesa old Memorial hall with that big high sealin an' all covered with ivy growin' on the outside? Well they used ta use that for commence-ment exercises an' sometimes the crowds was so big you couldn't even get em in *that*. But most of the time they wasn't nothin' that Gerrard wouldn't hold so the boys ud take all the seats out an use the auditorium for a gymnasium. They'd put mats on the floor an' put them weight pullin' things up on the wall an they'd hang a rope with a ring on the end of it up to the ceilin' so you could swing an skin the cat or fall off an bust yaself. I busted my bottom morn *one* time on that floor!

Lord, they didn't have no fancy dormitories like they got now. There was Old East buildin and Old West buildin an a few fellows slept in the South buildin and the resta the fellers roomed about in town. Wasn't no furniture in the rooms, neither. All of 'em just as bare as a board. The students had ta furnish their own beds an' buroes an' desks an' stuff. That's how old Hiram Smithwick . . . that feller that runs them two big instalment furniture stores in Greensboro, 'Ell that's how he got started . . . sellin' second hand furniture to the boys. He'd buy it offen em in the Spring for a coupla dollers an' then he'd sorta paint it up a little an' sell the same stuff back to 'em the next fall for bout three times what he give for it. He had a nigger workin' for him that didn't do a thing all summer but work on baid. He had a great big vat an he'd fill it up with boilin' water an stick the baidsteads in it—ya know ta get all the bedbugs out. They always did have chinch in 'em when they come outa them dormitories.

Yeah, the students had to even down' get their own fire dogs. Corst mosta 'em just used a coupla bricks or somethinuther just ta keep the fire up offen the bottom. Yes sir, every single room in them two dormitories had a fire place in it. Wasn't nothing like central heatin'. First furnace I ever seen, reckon the first in this town,

was in that Battle-Vance-Pettigrew buildin. Them fellers that built it didn't know nothing 'bout puttin' one in an they had to send clear ta Richmon' for a man that could do it.

Course lotsa fellers lived out in town, jus' like they do now. There was some fine houses round here too. Nothin like these here little two room shacks they been puttin' up lately. There's one of the old houses over next ta the school. Mis Klutz had one . . . an all round. Funny thing, too, mosta these houses had a little office settin' off from it like that one up at Miz Klutz's place. Used ta be one in the cornera that yard right over there. I reckon they was handed down from the plantation days when the men had their little offices settin' off from the house . . . ya know where they could get away from their wimen-folks. Well, there was a lota them little offices around an the perfessers used ta use em' stead a havin' a room up on the campus.

Wasn't no such thing as a fraternity house then. They wasn't nothin' but little sorta lodges, then, no way. An most the time they would just rent onea these little offices or a loft up over a stable or some place like that where they had their nicia-tions an such. Thats bout all they *did* do they, niciate. But all the rich fellers had a special room-in' place. See where them two ole cedars is stickin' up just over that Texico fillin' station? 'Ell them twos all that's left of the purtiest rowa cedar trees in Orange county. It started way down next ta the road an there was great big trees on both side 'a the path all the way back. Back there where all them messa little houses is now there was a big house biult specially to rent rooms to the rich students. Had a boardin' place there too, an fed all the boys that was too *good* ta eat in tha *slop hall* . . . thats what they called the University eatin' place . . . tha *slop hall* . . . Lord them *grits!* 'Ell, at this boardin' house they had a little nigger workin there named . . . dam' if I can remember what they called him . . . but anyway, he had the *hardest head* I ever heard tell of. He had a special trick. Give him a quarter an he'd let anybody hit him across the head with a *board* just as hard as they could an he wouldn't even *budge*. I seen manya board split on that head. But *boy*, I remember one time! A buncha us was hangin' round the back of the kitchen an one a the fellers said he was gona see just how hard that nigger's head really *was*. So he give him a quarter an swung his board. But insteada holdin' the board flat out he brung it down edgewise. *Carwow!* just

as hard as he could. An do you know that nigger just stood there! But after that he wouldn't take no more quarters.

Had another nigger round here then 'at runa barber shop. He usta shave Dock Noble all the time. Dock Noble never would let anybody elst shave him. An this nigger'd listen to the Dock an' remember all the long words he used. After a while he got so he could string out a buncha words that mosta the seniors even couldn't understand. Course he didn't know what they meant but he used 'em all the same. 'Ell, this nigger's shop was the great hangin' out place fa all the hell-raisin' students. Lord, there was *plenty* of 'em then, too. Ever time they was gona get drunk they'd go down to his place to do it and he'd look after em. If'n they got too drunk he'd put em ta bed upstairs in a room he had over his place . . . spent many a night up there myself! Lord, I never *will* forget the fight we had up in that room one night. See, this nigger had a boy, great big feller with a right like a mule kick. 'Ell, he was always gettin' mixed up with the students some way eruther. Bout every fall close to Christmas time he'd get to fightin' with some of 'em an have to leave town an stay gone til a new batcha boys come in. He beat up soma the fellers purty bad, too. 'Ell a bunch of us was up over the shop bout half drunk when this feller comes up the steps an tells us ta get out cause he wants ta go to bed. 'Ell Tom Groves got up an smacked him with a bottle an' the resta us piled on! Reckon we was too drunk o' somethin' cause that nigger kept all sixa us off for about ten minutes. After a while somebody hit him cross the backa the head with the poker an' we throwed him out the winder. He was out cold when he hit that ground but in bout five minutes he was comin back up them steps with a kinfe in each hand. We held im off with bed slats an chairs an finally chased him round so we could run down the steps an' outa the way. 'Ell somehow the fellers up on the campus heard bout this fightin' an in ten minutes half the student body was out lookin' fa that fellah. They didn't catch im, though. Never *did* catch im. One boy from Richmond said he saw him up there on the street durin' the Christmas holidays but he shore 'ight never came back ta this town.

We had lotsa boys herè from Virginia then, an from South Carolina an' all round. But there wasn't none of these northern fellers. They started comin' in just 'bout the war time. One or two came before that, though. Lord, I remember the

first one I ever saw here. He was a hell-raiser I mean! Blake, the feller's name was, ole lean, lanky, redheaded sonofa gun. Wore them funny pinch kinda glasses with a gold chain at hooked right here on his la-pel. Been kicked outa Yale an Princeton an couldn't get in no college up there so he decided he'd come down South. Him an another feller he always had round with him, they got a room on the top floor a Old East buildin' an started raisin' hell the very first night. Ole Southern boys thought they could put it on purty good til this Yankee got started!

One night bout the second week of school Blake, he decided he wanted ta go ta Durham. That was when I was a little shaver an' course they didn't have no busses an instead a havin' regler hacks like most places several people in town had great big wagons—what they call "Jerseys" that they'd hire out ta the boys. These was great big high-bed things with a lota soft-seat benches set cross wise in em. Old Blake, he hired onea them things an started out, When he got ta Durham he got drunk—an I mean *roarin* drunk. He'us a rich fool—had all the money in the world he wanted an' he got the idea a treatin' all the boys back on the Hill. So he jus' pulled them seats right outen the Jersey and throwed em over on the street. An then he started loadin it up til the horses couldn't hardly move it—Lord, he toated a couple a barrels a beer outa every swingin' door in Durham!

A couplea other students had seen him over there an when they got back they spread the news around. It was just like a fire! The whole student body got outa bed an went ta meet im. They met him bout where that little creek crosses the road at tha bottoma Strouds hill an before they got back ta town *every* damn one of em was drunk!

Next mornin' they didn't even try ta hold classes . . . knowed it wasn't no use. But bout dinner time the bell commenced just a ringin. Word went around that the president of the University wanted ta talk ta everybody in chapel. When tha boys got there tha president was settin' in the big chair behind the pul-pit an all the faculty members was lined up behind him—all ceptin for one or two of tha young ones at was sick that mornin'. The president got up an' tells the boys that this is a *court* an that he's gona put every student there on the stand. An' he *did*, too. They was holdin' court til after seven o'clock that evenin' and when it ended up he had told *forty-eight* boys to go pack their duds.

'Ell, ole Blake, he knowed it was all his fault

that got the boys in trouble so he went to the president. He told the president that ifn he would let all the boys back in school he'd give the University \$2,000 dollars in *cold cash* an'ud pay for buildin' 'em a runnin an' bycyclin track a *mile* around. 'Ell, the University was in a bad way for money then . . . didn't have no alumni organization much like they got now . . . an' so the president said he'd take him up on it.

Ole Blake, he paid up, too. An' he had 'em a regler fine racin' track fixed. Huh? Where'd it go? 'Ell, it ran down beyond Memorial hall where the power plant is now an over round past where the medical buildin' is, and hooked round the arboretum up behind where the Piscaple church is, an then straight down til it curved back behind where the Smith buildin is now. Reckon you can still see somea it left back there behind the girls' co-ed hall.

Ole Blake 'us the kind at couldn't stap outa trouble. Smoked cigarettes . . . reckon the first feller ever I saw smokin' 'em regler. People thought it was a *sin* ta smoke 'em then. Pipe was all right or a bite ofn a plug but cigarettes was *coffin nails* . . . at's what they called em then, *coffin nails*. Blake ud hand out cigarettes to the fellers an' get em ta walk in a store when it was fulla lady customers an' smoke it up so bad they would all leave. That made the storekeepers mad aplenty but they didn't stay that way cause Blake was always spendin' so much money on the boys. The fellers us *always* pumpin' him for money. He just bout paid for buildin' the first real fraternity house in Chapel Hill. It was that big white house that the welfare people are usin' now. Blake he had that thing built for the D.K.E. fraternity.

Ole Blake was *some* card player, too. He'd sit up all night with anybody. One afternoon him an a bunch was down to a little game—bout five or six fellers in all an' one of 'em was the son of the president of the University. 'Ell, after a while the president's son went broke. But he told the fellers ta just sit still that he'd be back with some more money in a little while. 'Ell, he went out ta the house . . . that place where ole man Horace

Williams lives in now, that was the president's mansion . . . an' he went into his Daddy's study. The ole man was alyin on the couch catchin' a little nap in his clothes an' had just hung his coat an vest over a chair. The boy, he felt around in the vest and couldn't find no money so he took his ole man's *watch*. When he slipped back ta the game it wasn't long fore ole Blake'd won that watch ofen him.

Ole president, when he got up an started feelin for his watch, *boy*, he was one evermore *mad* man. He knowed darn well he couldn'ta dropped it outa his pocket cause he had it tied to his button hold with a chain that had a big red ruby charm on the end of it. Course he didn't suspect his own boy. He set aheapa store by that watch an' he told everybody he could stop on the street about losin' it. An' all the time that Blake was agoin' round with that watch an' chain strung across his vest!

'Ell bout a week after the game, president was goin' up onto tha campus an' he met Blake acomin' down toward tha post office. Ole Blake was walkin' along with his coat unbuttoned an' that red watch fob was just a *bobin*-up-and-down! President, he seen it an he calls Blake over to him an he says, "Blake," he says, "Blake, where in the *hell* did you get my watch?" That's what he said. "Where in the *hell* did you get my watch?" Ole Blake, he wasn't one ta talk down ta *nobody* and he just smiles an says kinda quiet like, "Well, I don't reckon I ought to tell you. But since you'r actin so nasty about it I just reckon I will. I won this watch offen your son in a poker game" 'Ell that just about *finished* President. He was so mad he kicked Blake out an' he expelled his *own boy*, too. Yessir, his own boy! An he never did let either one of em back in, neither.

Lord, but them was hell-raisin' times, though! Aint like that now. But they didn't learn nothin' much then . . . hell *now* they didn't. I know, cause I went up there a whole year myself an all they taught me the whole time was that I was a Freshman!

Alumni or Mice

JACOB'S wrestling match with the angel is the earliest record of anything approaching inter-collegiate athletics. We know Jake must have been a college man because of his flare for fine coats, such as the blazer jacket he gave to his son, Joseph. The angel undoubtedly was the representative of some kind of academy that frowns upon subsidization by alumni.

The details of the match, other than the fact that it was a night contest lasting until sunrise, are of no significance. It was merely a meager beginning of what has developed into modern American football with yelling throngs, armor-plated ruffians banging one another up, double wing back formations, and disgruntled alumni.

There may have been earlier games similar to football; as a matter of fact archaeologists report finding skeletons of stone age wen with all the bones broken, this giving credence to either of two contentions: our ancestors knew about football, or in those remote times the earth was victimized by earthquakes and landslides. But the first written account of the modern game was in a Roman newspaper. The Roman ball game, harpastum, in which there was a scrimmage with a man carrying the ball, was introduced into England at the time of the Roman Conquest. As soon as the Romans were out of sight on their way back home, the British changed the name to rugby, and American football evolved from that.

The rise of football in America has been closely associated with what is laughingly called the "pioneer spirit" and "rugged individualism." Americans were rough and they roughened the game. Carl Jung, speaking of people of the United States in 1930, said, "Look at your sports! They are the roughest, the most reckless, and yet the most efficient in the world. The idea of play has practically disappeared from them. Your sport demands a training that is almost cruel and an application that is almost inhuman. Your sportsmen are gladiators, every inch of them; and the excitement of the spectators derives from ancient instincts that are akin to blood-thirst."

II

The strange phenomenon of the alumnus in his assumption of responsibility for the football team of the college where he used to be a student is puzzling to psychologists, philosophers, sociologists, zoologists, economists, mathematicians, geologists, astronomers, librarians, doctors, lawyers, civil and locomotive engineers, farmers, merchants, and WPA workers.

Football needed only impetus of the post-war push for big business in the United States for it to become just as big a business as oil companies or automobile manufacturing concerns. Colleges and universities were growing and help from alumni was eagerly sought to aid in the growth. "Loyalty" was the watchword of campaigns to link alumni to their alma maters. A missing link, football, was adopted as a means to stir the beneficent instincts of flush old grads.

Rapidly, alumni assumed control of collegiate athletics. On almost every college and university committee in control of athletics, alumni representatives sat with faculty members and students in shaping policies of undergraduate athletic competition, hiring and firing coaches, and providing means for "worthy athletes" to enter college.

Competition waxed keener between institutions. The system of football was enlarged. Coaching staffs increased in numbers and salaries of coaches were raised. More money was appropriated for training. Mammoth stadia were built. Recruiting and bidding on the semi-open market for husky players was a general practice, encouraged by alumni who wanted better teams so that their university might keep up with Jones University. Alumni gave material support and the Coach produced championship teams or else when the coach's contract expired, chances for renewal were slim.

Rules enacted to curb evils found the elusive methods and machinations of the football system too strong. Regulations were easily evaded. The laws had false teeth.

College and university presidents, knowing now that the crisis is past, are still beating their

tom-toms of anti-professionalism with more and more vigor in favor of non-subsidization, spotless amateurs, and pure and unadulterated scholarship.

But alumni, always opposed to change, erected fortifications and won their battle according to popular judgment. They want their kill, must have their blood, even if it be the blood of the university presidents. Without strictly clear reasons alumni know they are right.

III

Attitudes of alumni can best be studied by using them as white rats. Alumni organizations mainly are mobs. A mob need not be gathered in one spot to be a mob but can do just as much damage if all members of the group are of the same mind or purpose. In the crowd-mind, the individual loses his individuality and does things he would not dare do alone. Alumni, as a group, cry for the scalp of a coach or a college president, but individually they are as peaceable and considerate of the rights of others as the man who lives next door.

A crowd has no reason; it needs only the image or suggestion to catapult it into action. Alumni need only the promptings of an old grad or the editorial indignations of a newspaper sports writer to attempt their destructive efforts.

A characteristic of the crowd is that it masquerades its real purposes behind a screen of nobleness. Alumni want to "help the poor boy attend college." Question the sincerity of their noble intentions and the alumni, feeling hurt and indignant, are on the defensive.

Rabid alumni believe someone—perhaps the faculty or the president—is persecuting them, a distinct symptom of paranoia present in the workings of the crowd-mind.

Because the mob is egotistical and this ego must be appeased the crowd must be flattered. Alumni want to win football games because it increases their pride in themselves. They wear ribbons, wave pennants and sing the college songs and yell the yells.

The crowd is homicidal. It must have a victim; either the opposing team, the job of the

coach, or the dignity of the university must be sacrificed. The crowd hates and is a bad loser.

Football-mad alumni are in the advanced stages of *dementia praecox*. Inferiority is a characteristic of the mob, their inferiority being expressed by a superior air and aggressive stand. The I. Q. of the whole crowd is below the average of intelligence in the group and is never as sensible as the more intelligent members of the mob. The crowd retreats from reality and erects air castles.

IV

"But why can't we pay boys to play on our football teams? Others do it. It's our money. It gives the university a reputation. What shall we do with out Saturdays? It's nobody's business but ours anyhow. Let the professors stick to their classrooms and let us handle football—they are just jealous of the coach's salary." Such is the tone of alumni contentions. They believe themselves advocates of the only sensible and practical suggestions, deeming all professors too stuffy and theoretical to advance opinions for a "human" world.

Most fanatical of alumni are ones who have been out of college more than 10 years. They have had enough time to develop ponderous waist-lines and wax reminiscent of the times they were young collegians with lither muscles and more chest expansion than stomach. Their association of themselves with athletic vigor makes them contribute for the upkeep of the gladiators so that alumni may revel in their own lost glory.

But alumni do not respect the intelligence of an institution as they do the athletic prestige. They believe themselves sufficiently intelligent already, and instead of having respect for educators they scoff at "college professors with too much theory."

The white rats will fight for their frustrations and inhibitions while the professors and presidents are in the process of de-emphasizing football. Many former benefactors will refuse to donate. A fellow who steals marbles doesn't like to have them taken away from him.

You Asked for It

EDITOR'S NOTE: As an answer to the many protests against the MAGAZINE's undemocratic method of choosing copy, the editors print "You Asked for It."

Bill Martini glanced down at the letter addressed to him. His (long slender) fingers tore the envelope open and a small white card dropped to the floor. It was a bid from a fraternity. He found that the bid was from one of the most expensive fraternity houses on the campus.

"What is the sense of them sending me a bid? I have only one friend in there that I know of, and he knows I couldn't afford it," Bill said to himself. A little note on the bottom of the card informed him that he must go to the fraternity some time that day.

Bill walked up the gravel path leading to the Zata Zata house. He was greeted by the boy from his home town. They shook hands and the boy said,

"Excuse me, you just go in the house and make yourself at home. I have got to see some more boys in here first." Bill walked in the house and introduced himself to one of the boys. They were very nice to him, and showed him all around the house expaining everything about the house to him, and pointing out how much better their house was than any other on the campus. Bill noticed all of the expensive things in the house, and his heart longed for a life of leisure like this.

They walked down to the livingroom, and Alek Farmtown, the home town boy, sat talking to another boy from the home town. It was James Smith, a good friend of Bill's. They shook hands.

"Hello, Bill," James said, "I haven't seen you for a long time; how are you getting along?"

"Swell, thank you and how about you?"

"I have been doing pretty well," Bill said. "That is, until they sent me this invitation, and now I have to come around here for awhile."

"Really," Farmtown laughed, "You know we have the greatest house on the campus, and you ought not to talk about it tha' way."

"Nuts," Bill joked, "I have seen a lot better houses. I don't like this one anyway."

"Come on, James," Alex said. "I want to show you some more of the house." They left Bill

standing in the middle of the room. He walked over to one of the boys he had met previously and they started talking.

"What are you planning on taking up here, Bill?" the boy said.

"I think I will take up journalism," Bill replied.

"Why, if you are going to take up journalism this is just the house for you to get in. You see we have an assistant professor in journalism and some of the best reporters on the campus. They will be glad to help you with your work, and we have such pull on the campus. We can get you in a big paying job pretty soon, and that will pay your bills here almost immediately. Just go down to the office tomorrow and tell them I sent you. They will fix you up with a job right away."

"O. K.," Bill replied. "I tell you I am going home now. I will tell you what I decide tomorrow."

"Wait a minute," the boy said. "Let us have some dates with you. How about a date every night at eight for the rest of the week?"

"No, you can sign me up for tomorrow night, but none after that."

Bill walked out of the house. His blond hair blew wildly in the cold October wind. He was a modern version of an ancient Viking.

His broad shoulders and narrow waist made him a pleasing curiosity wherever he went. He had a long nose and a chin that fairly shouted determination.

Bill walked slowly back to the boarding house where he was now staying. His typewriter started hammering as he wrote off a doleful letter to his mother saying that he wanted to get in a fraternity. All of his friends were and why couldn't he? If she didn't have the money, borrow it. He finished the letter and walked hurriedly down town to mail it. He mailed it and walked slowly back to his house. Something on the inside hurt him. It was the first time he had opposed his mother, and asked for anything he knew she couldn't afford. He crawled into bed without studying, and tried to sleep. It was no use. Sleep was impossible. He resolved next morning that he would write his

mother, and tell her that the letter was a mistake, and that he didn't mean to worry her.

In the fraternity house Alex said to himself, "That fool came tonight as I thought he would. I will build it up for him, make him want to get in so bad it will hurt him. He will probably persuade his mother to borrow money to let him in. Then after that I will find some little thing to keep him out of the fraternity. Then he will feel like a fool, and I will have my revenge for the way he treated me. He refuses to associate with me at home, and makes comments about the crowd that I go with. I reckon this will show him."

Next night Bill walked in the Zata Zata house. Alex came running to the door, and stuck out a thin, bony hand.

"I am sure glad to see you tonight. You sure are looking swell. I hope you are still planning on joining this fraternity," Alex said with a big crooked smile spread all over his face. "Come on up to my room and let's discuss this thing."

"O. K.," Bill replied. They walked up the long, mahogany steps into a well furnished room. They sat down and Alex went into the cost of the fraternity exaggerating the cost immensely.

"That is a lot of money, you know," Bill said. "However, I know mother will let me join if I want to. She always has let me have my way, and that's probably been bad for me."

"We sure want you to get in the fraternity," Alex lied easily.

"Not half as bad as I want to get in," Bill replied.

Bill kept waiting for that letter to come from home. Finally it came. Very nervously he tore open the letter. The first line of the letter took all the wind out of his sails. It told him that he had been spending too much money, and that he need not be thinking of joining a fraternity for awhile.

At first the letter made Bill feel mighty bad and then he thought it over and came to the conclusion that his mother was right. They didn't have the money to let him join a fraternity. He wrote his mother the next day agreeing with her that it was impossible and that he should never have mentioned the idea.

Later a wire came to Bill from his mother. He tore it open and it contained the brief message: YOU MAY JOIN ANY FRATERNITY YOU SO DESIRE STOP I THINK IT WILL DO YOU GOOD STOP

LOVE

MOTHER

Bill rushed over to the Zata Zata house with the telegram stuck in his pocket. He called Alex over and told him that he could join the fraternity.

"Ah, the fool has finally gotten permission from his mother to join. I might as well start to rub it in now," Alex thought to himself.

"Bill, you understand the thing we want in this fraternity is quality and not quantity. You understand that you might not get a bid to join. You see we are trying to get a bunch of the best boys from all over the country and there are quite a few trying to get in from our home town," Alex said sarcastically.

"I don't know of but one boy other than myself trying to get in from my home town," Bill thought to himself.

"I see," Bill said to Alex. "Well, do what you can for me." Bill got up and made a hasty exit out of the house. He walked down the path feeling entirely different from the way he had felt when he walked in a few moments ago with the telegram that was going to let him in. So it might be hard for him to get in now. He thought over all of the things he had ever done in his life and decided he had never done anything that should keep him out of a fraternity. But he was worried about what Alex had said.

Next night he walked in the fraternity and was called aside by one of the boys. "Come upstairs with me," the boy said. "I have something to tell you." He led Bill upstairs and sat down on the bed beside him.

"Bill, I like you," he said. "I have something to tell you that I think you ought to know. You know there is one boy opposing you getting in the fraternity. The rest of us are pulling for you, but we can't get you in unless we have everybody wanting you to get in. The boy opposing you is Alex Farmtown. He is a very narrow-minded person and has no right to put up the minor things he brings up. I thought I would tell you this—I believe he would forget all of his oppositions if you would play up to him and compliment him or offer to play tennis with him. He is just that kind of person."

Bill's face turned a bright red as the blood rushed to his face. "Why he couldn't have"—he started and then stopped. "Why he is the person that sent me the bid, and the one that has been egging me on to get in this fraternity. I thought he was a friend of mine. Why, that dirty so and

so. I will kill him," Bill spoke getting from the bed, seething with rage.

"Sit down," the boy said. "There is nothing you can do about it that will do you any good. Just sit down and take it easy."

Bill thought it over and decided that the other boy was right. They walked down the steps and met Alex coming up with James undertow. He smiled at Bill and said,

"I am glad to see you tonight. I will be down in a minute and show you some of our things you haven't seen yet."

"That's all right," Bill said in a voice that he tried to keep the anger from showing in so plainly.

He walked out of the house after thanking the boy for telling him what he did. He walked disgustedly back home, planning some way that he could hurt the fellow that had caused him so much trouble. He figured Alex had knocked him out of fraternity life forever because he knew that Zata Zata was the only fraternity he would like to join because he had made some good friends in it.

He crawled into bed and tossed and tumbled in his sleep. In a few minutes he got up and took a knife out of the table by his bed.

He started on that long walk to the fraternity house with his knife in his hand intent upon one thing—to kill the boy that had caused him so much trouble. He was clad only in his pajamas and an overcoat. His eyes were very bloodshot, and his face had a look on it that had never been

there before. He passed a dog that howled eerily as he passed and then ran for protection.

He continued his mission of death. He approached the fraternity house and glanced cautiously through the window. He saw Alex and some of the other boys engaged in a game of poker. He walked boldly in the house. The people turned and looked at him.

Alex let out one screech of genuine terror as Bill leaped upon him with a drawn knife. There was a sound of steel cutting through cloth and flesh as the knife bit into human flesh. Bill ran from the room as the dead carcass fell before him. He ran down the side of the house. There were many shouts and he heard footsteps rapidly approaching from behind him.

"Stop or we will shoot," a voice said. Bill laughed hysterically at them.

"Come and get me," he hollered. He ran on until he came to a bridge over a river. He glanced back and saw the people rapidly closing in on him. He stood on the railing until he could see them plainly. Then he jumped from the bridge into the cool water. His head swam as he sank deeper and deeper in the water. Painfully he tried to swim through the water. Bullets from the pursuing party broke the water all around him. He decided to end it all by opening his mouth and taking in big mouthfuls of water. Slowly, painfully he started to smother. He could no longer breathe. He was out. Cold water ran in his lungs where only air should have been.

FROM THE PUBLISHERS

A Campus Slant on Current Literature

MORE POEMS. A. E. Housman. Alfred A. Knopf. 73 pp. Price \$2.00.

This collection of poems was published soon after Mr. Housman's death in 1936. While the work must inevitably suffer in comparison with *A Shropshire Lad* and *Last Poems* we may be fairly safe in assuming that it will add to the poet's reputation rather than detract from it.

The five subjects with which A. E. Housman dealt most often in his writing were, Soldiership, Love, the Gallows, Nostalgia, and Death. In this, his last volume of verse, we find that he adhered to his life-long preference for these themes. The bitterness of frustration and a belief in the permanence of death preoccupied his mind to such an extent that he always returned to the undeniable fact of ultimate departure from the earth. Perhaps his philosophy of life, if such a complete negation may be called that, is best expressed in his stanza:

To stand up straight and tread the turning mill,
To lie flat and know nothing and be still,

Are the two trades of man; and which is worse
I know not, but I know that both are ill.

His conception of love, consistently enough, was based upon melancholy cynicism. Love is unrequited, false, blotted out by death—never fulfilled. He wrote:

All knots that lovers tie

Are tied to sever;

Here shall your sweetheart lie,

Untrue for ever.

The lyrics are marked by brevity and clarity. An overwhelming preponderance of short, pithy Anglo-Saxon derived words serves to prevent the weight of the thoughts from bearing down on us too heavily. Mr. Housman conveyed his gloomful messages with that simplicity which comes only after great creative effort.

OL' JUDGE ROBBINS

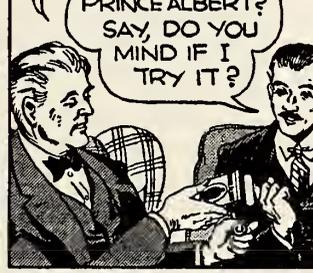
POLYNESIAN PIPE

I'VE SEEN PIPES FROM ALL PARTS OF THE WORLD, JUDGE, BUT NONE FROM THE POLYNESIAN SOUTH SEA ISLAND GROUPS



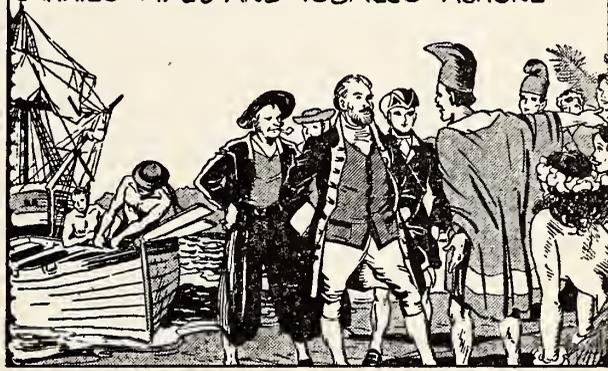
FRANKLY, THE SOUTH SEAS ARE A POOR HUNTING GROUND FOR A PIPE COLLECTOR

SMOKING IS A FAIRLY RECENT INNOVATION THERE. LET ME FILL MY PIPE AND I'LL TELL YOU ABOUT IT



PRINCE ALBERT? SAY, DO YOU MIND IF I TRY IT?

CAPTAIN COOK, THE EXPLORER, WAS THE FIRST EUROPEAN TO DISCOVER MANY OF THE ISLANDS. NATURALLY, THE BRITISH SEAMEN CARRIED PIPES AND TOBACCO ASHORE



THE NATIVES TRIED SMOKING-LIKED IT - AND TODAY MAKE A RATHER CURIOUS PIPE ALL THEIR OWN

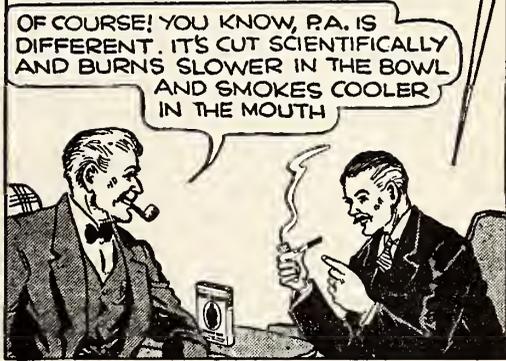


HERE IT IS - A SOUTH SEA PIPE MADE FROM A SEA-SHELL. IT MAKES A SURPRISINGLY COOL SMOKE



NO COOLER THAN THIS PIPE I'M SMOKING NOW

IT ALWAYS SMOKED HOT BEFORE, BUT WITH PRINCE ALBERT EVERY PUFF IS AS GENTLE AS A SUMMER BREEZE



OF COURSE! YOU KNOW, P.A. IS DIFFERENT. IT'S CUT SCIENTIFICALLY AND BURNS SLOWER IN THE BOWL AND SMOKES COOLER IN THE MOUTH

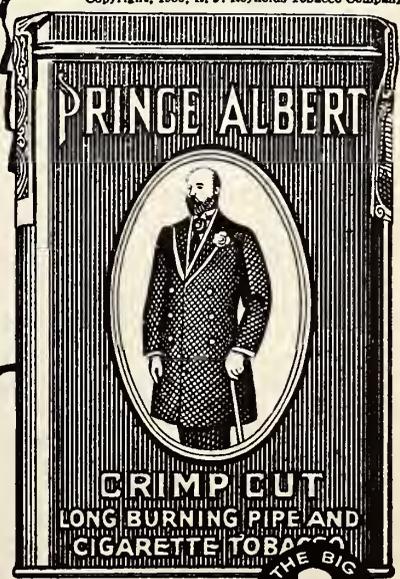
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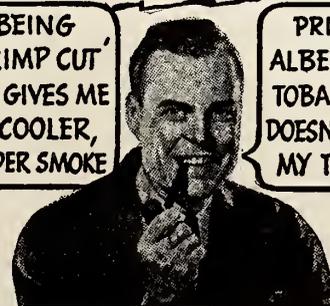
MEN, TAKE UP P.A.'S 'GET-ACQUAINTED' OFFER

PRINCE ALBERT MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE
 SMOKE 20 FRAGRANT PIPEFULS OF PRINCE ALBERT. IF YOU DON'T FIND IT THE MELLOWEST, TASTIEST PIPE TOBACCO YOU EVER SMOKED, RETURN THE POCKET TIN WITH THE REST OF THE TOBACCO IN IT TO US AT ANY TIME WITHIN A MONTH FROM THIS DATE, AND WE WILL REFUND FULL PURCHASE PRICE, PLUS POSTAGE.
 (Signed) R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N.C.

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50 pipefuls of fragrant tobacco in every 2-oz. tin of Prince Albert



- AND PRINCE ALBERT IS SWELL "MAKIN'S" TOO!

Although it is far too early to attempt a definitive estimate of his work one might hazard a guess that A. E. Housman will never be considered as one of the major poets in English literature. His craftsmanship, however exquisite, cannot outweigh the narrowness of his range and the morbidity of his vision. Perhaps he will be remembered as a minor poet writing in a minor key.

—THOMAS R. MEDER.

THE OXFORD BOOK OF MODERN VERSE. Edited by William Butler Yeats. Oxford University Press. New York. 454 pp. \$3.00.

As important as the poems contained in this volume is the Yeats introduction. This introduction of some forty pages will undoubtedly become valuable in itself as a critique of modern poets. Not only has the editor been able to "include in this book all good poets who have lived or died from three years before the death of Tennyson to the present moment, except some two or three who belong through the character of their work to an earlier period" but he also has labeled and characterized each one and each one's artistry.

"Wilde," says Yeats, "a man of action, a born dramatist, finding himself overshadowed by old famous men he could not attack for he was of their time and shared its admirations, tricked and clowning to draw attention to himself. Even when disaster struck him down it could not wholly clear his soul."

Henly he accuses of not permitting a poem to arise out of its own rhythm as he contends Turner, Pound, and Pater did. The entire introduction deals with each of the poets who were contemporary with Yeats. He spares none criticism and stints none his praise when he considers plaudits warranted.

"The Shropshire Lad," writes the editor, "is worthy of its fame, but a mile further and all had been marsh." Oliver Gogarty he credits with being "one of the great lyric poets of our age."

The contents of the book are made up of selections from the work of 100 poets from Walter Pater, whose birth was in 1839 and his death in 1894, to George Barker, who is of our own generation—born 1913.

Of his own work Yeats includes 14 selections among which is *An Irish Airman Foresees His Death*. In this poem he sets out in two lines what must have been the feeling of practically every Irishman who fought for Britain during the War.

"Those I fight I do not hate,
Those I guard I do not love; . . ."

—RALPH MILLER.

AN AMERICAN TESTAMENT. Joseph Freeman. Farrar and Rinehart. New York. 668 pp. \$3.00.

"An American Testament" is more than the life of Joseph Freeman as he moves forward from an intellectual rebel to an intellectual revolutionary. It is the history of the awakened social movement in America from the beginning of the twentieth century to the present, not merely a factual presentation, but a personal story, vibrant and moving with the colorful characters of the period presented in reality.

Joseph Freeman is a Jew born in Russia in a culture which can only be described as medieval. His family moved to America when he was eight years old and he was thrown into the modern capitalist society. Some adjustment to such a confusion was necessary for Joseph Freeman. How he made this adjustment, how he was torn inwardly between old beliefs and new, his struggle to reconcile romanticism with reality, for he was essentially a romanticist, his contacts with

writers of the new cult, his associations with the workers of America, Germany, and Russia, his conception of the U.S.S.R.—all make *An American Testament* the narrative of the new order as told through the life of a man born in the old trying to understand the new.

According to the author himself, he wrote the book to explain how a man living in modern times arrives at the viewpoint known as communism. This is not done in a prejudiced way. Freeman does not attempt to show only positive qualities of his belief. The doubt, confusion, and strife in his life, the argument and dissension among his co-workers and their intelligent working out of their problems are clearly shown.

His attempt to find his place in the new order takes the reader with him in all of his experiences with all types of people, both in America and in Europe. The reader will know intimately such men as Egmont Arens, Hugo Gellert, Michael Gold, Scott Nearing, Waldo Frank, John Dos Passos, Floyd Dell, Kenneth Burke, Robert Minor, Max Eastman, and Irwin Edman. He will know the Russian people and their attitude toward socialism, and he will know exiled Russian nobility and their attitude to the new government. He will understand the early background of the movement in America, the still living voices of Joe Hill and Bill Haywood.

The narrative moves swiftly with power and vigor, incident after incident, development after development, confusion after confusion until the author reaches a rational decision and finds his place: a revolutionary writer.

One of the most pleasing features of the book is the inclusion of the author's poetry which shows the inner thoughts and emotions of Freeman during the various stages of his development. Rich in characterization, rich in real incidents and rich with human emotions, *An American Testament* is the expression of the intellectual approach to social change.

With *An American Testament*, Freeman takes his place in the front ranks of that group of writers devoting themselves to bringing about the new order. Yet he can not be restricted to that one group. *An American Testament* will stand as a part of that literature which is America's.—RUTH CROWELL.

MURDER AND VENGEANCE

A find for the lovers of epic literature is in the recent publication of *The Saga of Gisli, Son of Sour* translated by Ralph B. Allen and illustrated by Rockwell Kent (Harcourt, Brace & Co., 1936, \$2.50). This is one of the more important of some thirty Icelandic sagas which have come down to us. As a tale of feuds and vengeance it is not to be equaled. In ancient Iceland as well as in other primitive countries it was the custom that any death in feuds be avenged by the next of kin. Gisli's brother-in-law Vestan was slain and it was up to him to do the avenging. It was the law in those days that whoever pulled the weapon from the dead man's body was the one to do the avenging. This duty fell to Gisli. From then on it is a succession of killings and blood feuds. Interwoven throughout the whole saga is the idea of fate. It is written that Gisli will avenge the death of his brother-in-law but it is also written that he will die in the end and die he does. Some will think that this tale has too much horror and blood in it but it is to be remembered that there is a purpose behind all this. Gisli is morally obligated to avenge the feud murder. As a tale of ancient Iceland this heroic narrative is not surpassed.

—NEWBY CROWELL.





Chesterfield
Wins



they're Milder
and they Satisfy

The

CAROLINA MAGAZINE

February, 1937



For Digestion's Sake... Smoke Camels

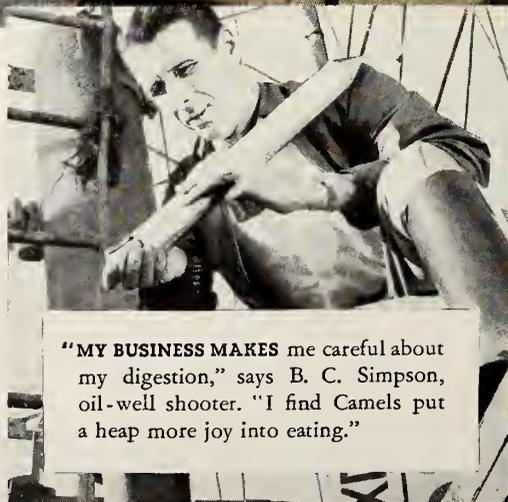
"I'll back that to the limit," says Miss Dorothy Kilgallen, spunky globe-circling girl reporter

AROUND THE WORLD IN 24 DAYS. "It was a breathless dash," said Miss Dorothy Kilgallen, famous girl reporter, back at work (*above*) after finishing her assignment to circle the world by air in record-breaking time. (*Right*) Her exciting arrival at the Newark Airport. "I snatched meals anywhere," she says, "ate all kinds of food. But Camels helped me keep my digestion tuned up. I'll bet on them any time—for mildness, for their delicate flavor, and for their cheery 'lift.' Camels set me right!"



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"MY BUSINESS MAKES me careful about my digestion," says B. C. Simpson, oil-well shooter. "I find Camels put a heap more joy into eating."



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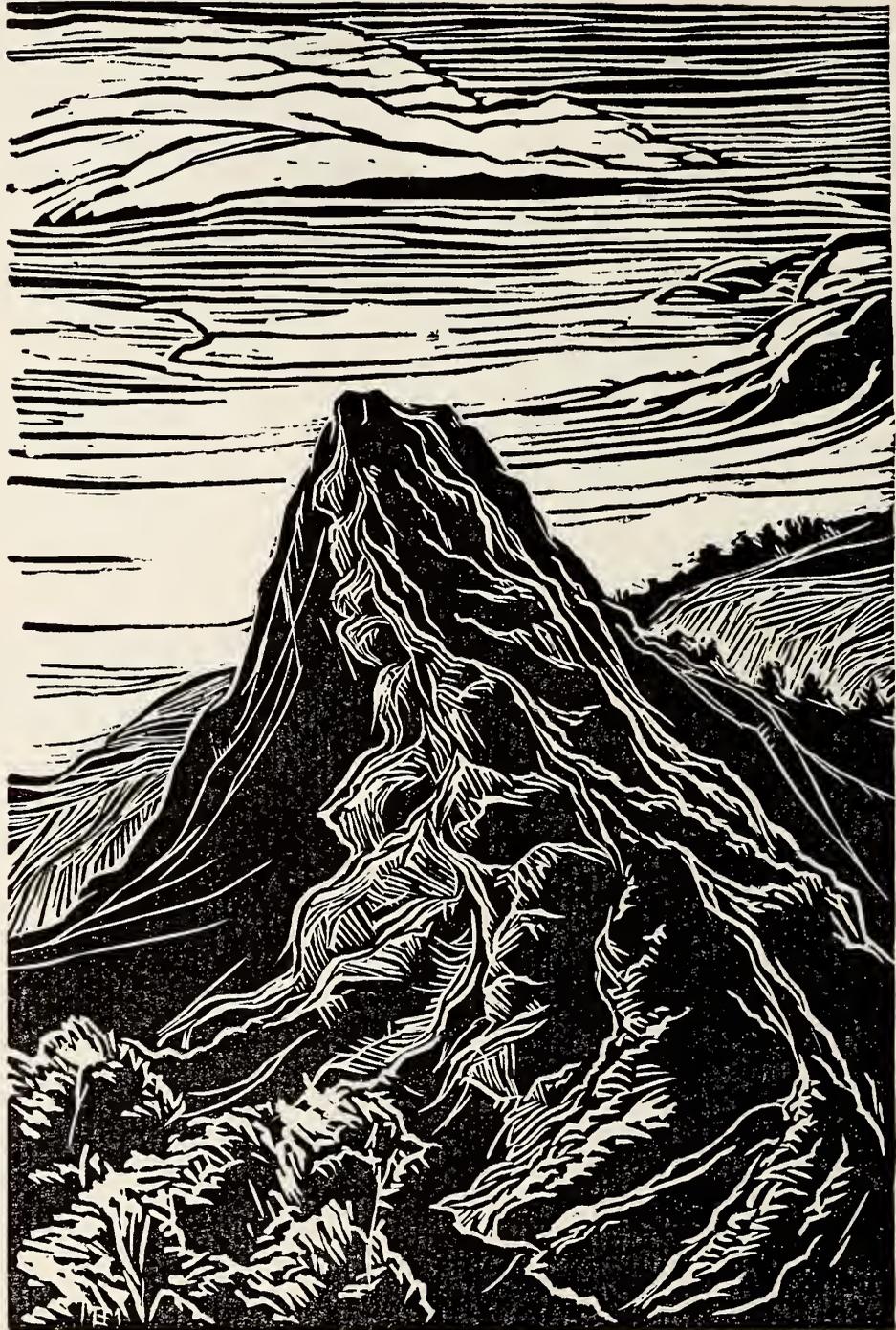
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End-pieces by Nell Booker

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—Margaret Munch

“Chimney-Top”

A Subtle Graft

THE American Textbook Racket is one of the most subtle and yet one of the most openly practiced of grafts; subtle in that its victims are unknowingly exploited and open in that no attempt is made to conceal its operations. Such a term as *textbook racket* does not refer to the selling of textbooks in general; it does, however, refer to the graft connected with the selling of *particular* textbooks, which have been imposed on students to benefit the author.

As all racketeers, so the textbook racketeer begins by producing a me-

di-um of extortion, which in his case is a book designed for use as a text in the college or university in which he has influence enough to be assured of its adoption. The next step is to find a suitable publisher. Often, however, the author is approached by an alert bookpublisher, of which there are many, who realizes that many schools foster home products. In

many cases the publisher demands that the author bear a certain percentage of the cost of publication. The author in such a case frequently brings his book out in mimeographed form first.

These copies, little more than rough drafts of the finished product, are used long enough for corrections and amendments to be made. In the meantime, the students who are required to buy these unbound sheets at an exorbitant price practically pay for publication of the book. Thus, using his school as a laboratory and the students as "guinea pigs," an author is able to publish his work for a minimum cost, is provided with critics who *pay* for the "privilege" and is assured of a market. A good illustration of this mimeographed stage is to be found in the history of a local mathematics text:

Several years ago an introductory mathematics text by local men was adopted by the math de-

partment. Freshmen taking mathematics were required to pay approximately \$2.00 for the text in spite of its being so poorly mimeographed that in many parts it was almost illegible. It was used in this form until the authors had time to correct and amend. Then it was printed in a bound volume, and polished as it should have been before it was used as a text. Students who had to use, or try to use, the book as it first appeared didn't get a fair break. Although the text proved to be an adequate one, there seems to be little justification

for its having been forced on students before it was completed. A university should not be made an experiment station for authors.

The mathematics department furnishes by no means the only example. Nearly all divisions in our University foster the same practice. Only a short while ago, the English department replaced a seemingly satisfactory text for freshmen, "Practice

Composition," a 300 page book which sold for about \$1.50, with a 155 page book "in the rough," "Functional College Composition," which sells for \$2.30 and which, needless to say, was written by local men. It seems incredible that these sheets should sell for so much more than a finished book. But that's the way it seems to be on this as well as many other campuses. If the "Functional College Composition" is good enough to be used in its unfinished state, the "Practice Composition" must have been a poor piece of work and it would seem that it never should have had a place in the University. And now that students have helped finance and perfect the new book, its authors are about ready to bring out a bound volume—more sales and more profit for the publisher and the authors.

The romance language department only recently put into use a little mimeographed book

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Frequently condemned by students and open-minded professors the American Textbook Racket, though one of the most widespread non-governmental grafts in the country, has not yet come to the notice of its primary victims, the parents of the nation's college and university students. Working on the conventional hypothesis that all things vicious are cyclic (ATR cycle being: parent's money to student-consumer to publisher and professor-writer with the parent-victim left holding the bag) the author feels that the victim with some enlightenment will withdraw himself from the circle through protest. This article attempts the problem of enlightenment.*

called "Outline of Spanish Literature" which is a valuable work for Spanish students. Its authors, however, like all the others, couldn't wait until it was finished to offer it as a text. Students using it this quarter are the first to get it as a finished product.

The commerce department has been as favorable toward its professors as any other of the divisions of the University have been. To give only one example, a book called "Basic Economics" was used in its three stages. Although the book was not widely received, although it was not considered one of the very best, it cost a lot of money to get it out and it had to be paid for. It was left up to the students to pay for its publication. This they did. It became known as a little-used book. Now, for some reason, or for no reason, the book is no longer used as a text. Students do their reading of it in the library where it seems they could have been doing it all the time.

It is well known that this practice of drafting the aid of students to get a book published is only one of several in the author's and publisher's bag of tricks.

Once the printed book is on the market, the exploitation is continued by the issuing of new editions as often as possible. Thus the sale of second-hand copies is curtailed and the author's annual income is increased. One of the most striking examples of a frequent and seemingly unnecessary change in a good and widely accepted text is that of the *College Omnibus* which has appeared in a new edition each year since 1933. Five editions in five years. Every year students *have* to buy new editions. Second-hand ones are discouraged. At first glance it appears that one edition of the *Omnibus* is quite unlike another, but a close analysis reveals that the principal difference lies in the novel contained in the book. A different novel is inserted each time. The majority of the other material is used again with a slightly altered arrangement. In some instances the compiler hasn't even taken the trouble to change the page numbers. In fact, the difference in the several editions is so slight that, excepting the novel, one edition could easily be used for another. But this is not allowed. It doesn't pay.

And now the *College Omnibus*, which has served both its master and its users well (thousands of students having paid \$2.85 a copy), and which has been considered an adequate text, is about to fall into disuse at our University. *Nelson's College Caravan*, a similar book but in 4

volumes, has made its appearance. Its three authors are from Chapel Hill, Raleigh, and Greensboro. In Greensboro it is already in use.

Aside from the imposition of mimeographed forms and frequent changes in the editions of textbooks, there is a practice fully as unethical which is that of requiring a book which in reality is unnecessary as the personal property of the student.

It is questionable whether our own English department could have had the welfare of students at heart when it adopted "A Handbook to Literature" and required everybody taking sophomore English to buy a copy. The book is an excellent dictionary of literary terms, but there seems to be no justification for its being used as a text. Its necessity in sophomore English is indicated by the fact that the majority of them are sold to book dealers almost unopened. This book seems to be an example of one adopted *before* any justification for its use as textbook was found. Only a lame attempt has been made as yet to find an excuse for requiring students to buy it. In the meantime, the book is being sold, students are wasting their money, and those connected with its publication are reaping the profits. If students who have to buy the book actually used it, it would be unfair to say that money is being wasted. But the point is they do not use it enough to need a copy of their own. Several copies on reserve in the library would more than take care of student needs.

Probably the solution to this textbook racketeering lies in the formation of a board, or boards, whose members would realize that their first consideration should be for students, not for a friend who has written a book. If a text is to be replaced by another, there should be some basis for the change. And that basis should not be the "pull" of the author. In fairness to students and to authors at large, a book should be judged only on its merits, on its ability to meet the requirements. If a book superior to the one in use is put on the market, it is the duty of the impartial board to select it whether its author is a local man or one unknown to any member of the board. If a local man writes a text which in the honest opinion of the board is better than the one in use, the book should be adopted *after* it has been completed. It should not be sold to students in mimeographed form with corrections and amendments yet to be made. A fair-minded board would not ask the University to be an author's laboratory nor the students to be his "guinea pigs."

Bristol's Gargoyle

MISS Esther Weathers was born in 1854, was weaned on the War and grew up in that period of fear and outrage come to be called, by the books and the men who claim the knowall, the Reconstruction—not because there was a re-birth or even a building-up out of what remained merely creased by Yankee shot and shell, but because all things (whether men or periods or just mules) must have a name. Her father was a colonel six and a half feet tall, with a long stiff white beard somewhat (though genteelly) stained about the mouth, and long white hair that went down his cheeks into his beard and which from time to time he would have one of his negroes trim across the back with muleclippers. Her mother lived until Miss Esther was five, so that any remembrance Miss Esther had of her was based on heresay more than experience, and even that little based on experience was vague: of a bedridden palefleshed woman who could eat nothing solid and whose eyes were like holes burnt in old paper and who wore a high lace-collared nightgown, propped (mounted) upon at least four pillows (the face was far above Miss Esther even when she mounted the steps at the side of the bed, to kiss her mother goodnight) and permeating all the room (even over the camphorreek from yellowed lace) with the acrid odor of old female flesh long embattled against disease, pale and stretched tight across the cheek bones and the high transparentlooking forehead surmounted by loose unwindstranded and faintly damp gray hair. When the mother died the father took Miss Esther aside and said, "They did this. She is dead because they made her live off what ditchweeds the negroes who stayed would bring her. They killed her."

I only knew her toward the end of this story (and that as a boy) but I remember a small (it was the skeleton which was small, the individual bones) slightly hunched and as I remember rather terrible little old lady who walked with a long ivoryheaded cane and carried at her other wrist a lace handkerchief. We were all afraid of her—that is, we would not shout (certainly not at her) when we knew she was near, and sometimes we

would run—though I am not so sure it was fear so much as respect and of that peculiar form which only children know. She lived in her father's house in that section of town which had long since become known as "the other side," though in olden days, when the town was beginning to grow, and later, up into the War and for some years after, it had been where the best people lived (the in-town planters and the gentry-traders) among the glitter of fine carriages and sleek horses and the grand highcolored Sunday mornings with the people returning from church, not speaking to one another in high jesting voices but nodding in slow reserved motions, as if the word *decorum* were written across the base of each hitchingpost.

The town had a large regard for her, comparable to that in which we held the Courthouse (where Norman Spans had practiced and where Winkie Trotter rode a horse up the steps and into Lester Greegold's trial) or, better, the tree beneath which General Furgusson died with the bullet through his lung. "You never heard of Miss Esther Weathers," they used to say. "So few people have. When her father died she nailed herself in that very house with his body for a solid week." Some even said, "No, she don't bother anybody. She's just waiting there to die. She's been waiting there to die for twenty years."

"To die?"

"Yes. But she just won't die."

"Has she tried?"

"No, she just waits"—until later, when we were the ones doing the saying, it became, "You've heard of Miss Esther Weathers. She lives right over there." And the visitor would say.

"Oh yes. She killed her father, didn't she."

"No, that's just what they tell. She lives right over there. That's where she boarded herself in."

II.

My mother was not born in Bristol. She was from North Carolina, and when Father married her and brought her home no one told her of Miss Esther. Grandfather was still living and in the house which in turn his father had built, in

that part of town later to be called "the other side," with Mother and Father with him. It was right across the street from Miss Esther's. Mother said she would see Miss Esther late every morning come out onto the front porch and look out at the weather; if it was the least bit cloudy she would reenter the house and come out again wrapped in an old rusty operacape, which hooded her head, and carrying the umbrella (though this she would bring back, no matter the weather, though she would never come out with it the first time). Then she would come down the steps, with the umbrella over her arm, and walk down her cracked sidewalk with short stumbling steps which now were comic but were in her day dignified—since, then, the feet were not seen and ladies floated, so far as men (or even the other ladies) knew.

One morning ("It was spring," Mother said, "two months after your father brought me home to Mississippi, and there was no sign of a cloud in the sky") Miss Esther came out, reentered and reemerged bearing the eternal umbrella, and came out toward the street. Just as she reached the public sidewalk she stopped and pushed at her hat from the front as if it were pressing hard on her forehead. The umbrella fell from her arm but she did not pay it any mind; she just turned (pivoted, Mother said) as fast as she could and tried to get back to the house, but her legs gave way and she fell onto her knees. Mother said Miss Esther did not put her hands out before her as anybody would have naturally done, but clasped them before her in something like prayer so that when she fell forward she caught herself on her elbows. It was like she was on allfours and crawling, with her skirts all spread out about her (there were ruffles and petticoats in plenty) and her hat shoved on the back of her head.

Mother was already halfway across the street before Miss Esther fell all the way. By the time she got there (it is a wide street) Miss Esther's eyes were set open and she was foaming a little at the mouth. Her hands were locked and she was stiff as a bundle of glued sticks, and just as light; Mother said Miss Esther did not weigh a thing when she lifted her (she said she did not know what she was going to do when she stooped to lift her but when she got her up in her arms she found Miss Esther did not weigh a thing and she could even run with her) and carried her and put her onto the sofa in that house where not even a servant had entered in twenty-five years. Some people were standing on the sidewalk outside

(none of them came even onto the steps) looking at the open door with that bland uncourteous interest groups have; Mother told them to go call a doctor, and one of them went next door to telephone. Mother said she could hear them. *That was Miss Esther Weathers. Did you see that?*

Yair. Boy, she sure fell.

That was Miss Esther Weathers. She fell plumb out.

Who saw her fall?

I did. I was right over there. Boy, she sure fell. Miss Esther was still locked in that burlesque of prayer with her little veined woman's hands (there were thick old yellow rings—one of them had a small bright diamond, which caught the light of the late morning sun through a chink in one of the drawn jalousies and threw a beam directly into one of Miss Esther's set-open eyes and made it look mad, Mother said) and her legs were bent up almost against her body.

The room was like a State Capitol museum. All around the walls were pictures of men and women from before the War. Over the fireplace there was a large portrait of a man in his middle thirties but who did not look young, who looked like he had never experienced youth but had been conceived in a maelstrom of pride, fullgrown and set with the hard and seemingly unpracticeacquired aura of unregeneration and disregard. It was not a good piece of work, Mother said, but (over that stiff absolute unyielding beard which hid mouth and jowl) there was something about the eyes. On a small table in the center of the room there was a belljar waxed airtight about its base and within which was a spray of orangeblossoms resting on a doily of quaint intricate and beautiful lace. Beside this there was a big brasshinged Bible with a bullethole in the cover; the bullet could be seen deep in the leather. On the other side of the belljar rested a rusty leather ridingcrop, the leather thong of which had parted with age.

Dr. Marshall came in just then and hurried over to Miss Esther. He pulled her eyelid back further and after looking quickly, straightened up. "We must get her to bed," he said. "Which is a bedroom?" Mother went to look and when she came back Dr. Marshall already was carrying Miss Esther and had started back. "You go on, Mrs. Royall," he said. "I am following." Mother went into the bedroom and Dr. Marshall followed and deposited his misshapen burden on the high fourposter and immediately began to unfasten the

lace collar. Then he stopped and said, "Do this for me, please. I am going and call a nurse."

"You can use our phone, across the street."

Mother said while she was undoing Miss Esther's collar Miss Esther began to move her mouth, trying to say things, but Mother could not make out what they were because Miss Esther was breathing fast and still foaming some at the mouth (more now) and words got mixed up in the sputtering sounds the saliva made, though from time to time Mother would hear a phrase or a word. Several times she thought she heard Miss Esther saying, "Porter. Porter," and then it would be lost again until Mother said she heard "You've got to . . . and it won't. It won't!" Then Miss Esther, her fists clenched tight, began screaming "Porter! Porter!" and ". . . demon get of demons . . ." Then Miss Esther lay back and said "Porter. Porter. Porter" over and over again in a low voice, getting lower and lower, until even the foaming stopped.

III

No one comes near me now and doubtless you would not if you had even the inkling they have of the story of which they believe they have the entirety even down to the murder the rapine the violence which (they will tell you) occurred one spring night of eighteen-seventythree and mortified their small souls (yes, of the same spring) one week later. I do not expect you to understand; perhaps it is too much to ask you to listen; but at any rate you carried me into this house none of them was willing to so much as approach (but will as soon as I die. Ah yes: mark them then—) and thereby showed me the one kindness of this my later life, or rather my (how was it Keats said?) posthumous existence. And also maybe you are the one to hear it, the one to get this last full measure of outrage, to approach my solitary tower beyond tragedy, my miasmatic selfspun womblike chamber of horrors.

"*But you are not strong,*" Mother said.

Strength? I do not need it. I have survived for fortyone years of my sixty, on this reserve of undefeat I have nurtured out of misery. It is you who will need strength: I have already lived it.

I said, last full measure: but that will be impossible for you (you have only just come, I know—not that they told me) because you never knew my father, and mystery has no share in this telling (though they will tell you it not only has a share in but is the very substance of my life). I

never knew him in even his comparative youth (he was fortyone when I was born) but there is a painting in the sittingroom. You must have seen it: over the mantel.

"Yes," Mother said. "I saw it."

Then you remember that face: face not of man and never of men, though they told me his youth was hot, and I believe them. I do not believe much they say, but I can believe that. Yes; for what hate, rage, or outrage, I can believe it: no matter the telling or the teller, it was within his capacity—within that iniquitous avidity which he did not need to absorb (as most of us do from contact with the crass rife avidity of man) since he was born with it: yes, that lithic face, rufus beard appearing too strong for comb or brush, and behind these the very avatar of hell the very mouth of recalcitrancy, hard (no, you never saw him. I believe they never did—) and shaped not for badinage but for whatever common language it is they all speak in hell; and behind it all, the brain (what shall I say, how tell it?) brute blunt instrument of evil (ay, formed to fit the very shape of evil)—brute blunt actingpost of Lucifer on earth.

There was a young man (they never told you that, I'll vow. But how tell a story without one?) from Virginia, too, the University lawschool, and riding down through our Mississippi on his way to New Orleans to visit a classmate: yes, come out of old Virginia to appear into that hot shrill dusthovered stillness of the square of Bristol, Mississippi, with the people (it was Sunday) in linens and crepes under parasols, churchbound, their prayerbooks, under their arms, to look up and see pleasantfaced and youth-handsome the traveller, cool-looking even in the dust the heat, envoy of Love (do you mark that I said it? I?) from peaceful Virginia. "Stop the coach, Ramey," he said. I was nineteen then (that is your age—I can tell. I know that time, when the heart is high and death never was. Oh they will not tell you that, but I know it, even now—)and it was Sunday. Father and I were on the way to church; he always took me. It was only a short walk, then; the church was where Mrs. Elkerson's is, over there. I had on white and so did Father, and I carried a pink silk parasol. We were at the corner when the coach drew up; I could see him high in the rear of it, though I did not see him till I felt him looking. Then I looked up and there was something of a smile about his mouth and I heard him say, "Stop the coach, Ramey."

We were not late and we were not early; we

never were. As we kneeled I could see the people who were always there and more still coming in. And soon Dr. Flowers began the services and we sang. Then I could feel it again, but I did not look around; even though I could tell exactly where he was (as if by the angle the eyebeams made with the back of my neck) I did not look around—as I suppose girls will not, even today, though the one or two newspapers I have seen seem to indicate differently (but still I know you all are good, though in saying it I am not sure just what I mean). I was feeling and feeling the looking. "Kneel," Father said, and I saw they were all kneeling but me, and I quickly kneeled.

After the services Father went to talk to the veterans (he was their colonel) and I stayed in the pew to wait, as I did every Sunday. The veterans had on their clean and brushed uniforms (which if God could let them lose in, He could at least let them approach sanctity in) and they stood straight and proud, as they always did: some of them already beginning to bend and with their beards grayed and thin, but Father's just grizzled and that stiff enigmatic face even I (then) did not know what was behind. Then looking up I saw him. He was in the doorway and pencilings of sunlight streamed over his shoulders from the latticework, and he smiled and I looked away. Father came back and I took his arm, already walking toward Love in a nimbus of sunflow, thinking Shall I drop something? (I was nineteen, you see; coquetry inborn, desertisland coquetry conceived from loneliness and nurtured by grief, clung to and clinging—some tie to bind, some single sign of ordinariness and feminine normalcy, given us by the great Maker of signs). But I did not. No, I did not raise my face as we passed but shrank closer to the side of (demon, unregenerate proselyte of all the evil under the sun and not the approximation but the very stamp forged and cast from every bog slough and brinepit of evil's very substance, effluvium of hell with its aura of sin, how can I say?) Father (yes: Father: from Love to the very jaw and portal of hell).

Yes. This town looks at me and I do not look at it; ah, do not I know them? small eager souls who thirst for the midmorning prattle across backyard fences and the officehour badinage over folded hands on the comfortable pouches—the kind and overkind sidewords of concern let fall between the teatalk and the bridge resumed, the high shrill voices amidst the clatter of cards in each other's homes at the meetings of Les Jouers of

Thursday afternoons; yes, know them all, the quick gimlet eyes and the sidelong stare, the shallow concern, the vacuous mandacity moiling the surreptitious concomitant advocacy of their acrimonious vilification of what they are pleased to call one poor old defenseless woman. These made of this a sewerspawn. Oh I can hear them. "Have you heard? But they meet at night."

"Poor Esther. The town should do something."
"Virginia scamp."

"It is high time Colonel Weathers was told."

"I should say. Poor Esther"—like the wake of a sternwheel riverboat wherever I passed, a long suspirant and attenuated series of whispers as I passed: "Poor Esther."

What should I tell you of courtship, who are three months married? Because mine was no different: the same handclasps and secrets and even the same notes secretly and hurriedly written on quite good family stationery and the quick light hot pressure of palm to palm as we passed, the same hot sudden moons of June (that was all mine knew, but yours is continued) and suns of the bidding and victorious spring weather of sticky buds and weeping honeysuckle (who of us does not know that time? promise of summer and the long laden days rife with the odor of sap) over our heads raining distillation of youth. Mine was no different. Even the fact that it ended does not mark it out from those of all regions all lands and all times; no, others have ended, and so did mine. How but with pistols?—the grim ogreface of death and damnation, those eyes above that stiff already grizzled beard and above the hot round hard hypnotic eye of the pistol as he said, "Get out, rake. Get out of my house." And Porter (did I tell you? Yes, Porter Merritt, of Virginia) left and I never saw him again—nor heard his name, but only my father saying "Bitch. You bitch," who hardly knew the word but nonetheless knew that coming from him it was bad, but who (living with and crouched beside) had never suspected till then.

And there you have it, though doubtless it does not mean much to you: only an old woman (yes, even in you I detect the pity, the "I may go bad and I may go out, but oh God I'll never be her") an old woman (go on: say it: say virago—

"No," *Mother said.*

No? Then perhaps you understand, though if you do, you are the only one.) Old woman cheated out of near-sin and a Virginia rake, of home and love and, yes, content—cheated and bitter, hating



2

the father who stopped her (the settee is in the parlor now) halfway in sin as well as life; killed a girl and gave birth to hate, with a pair of satan-eyes over the o of a pistolumuzzle, and loosed the virago fury which has continued (yes, this is nineteen-fourteen) for forty-one years feeding on its own bitter entrails and breathing its own effluvium—apart, but observed (ay: observed—they will tell you of me even though now I am rather out-dated), but who died and was born that evening in June eighteen-seventythree.

IV

Mother told Father what Miss Esther told her and twenty years later this is what Father told me:

Now that she is dead there is a certainty clamped onto mystery because if her life was a lone wind souging down the corridor of her years then her death is that irrevocable and final clapping of the door at this farthest end. Because while she lived we believed we would always learn more, but now she is dead and there aren't even papers. Nevertheless I believe I know it: a large share of it, that is. I believe that, with the aid of what your mother told me Miss Esther told her twenty years ago and that share I choose to accept of what is called common knowledge, I can build up the picture, even to the very features inclosed in the no matter how vague and shadowy outline of those years before even I (who am ancient, believe me) was born or conceived.

At the funeral yesterday I saw that Bible of which your mother told me. Perhaps that was a Yankee bullet which struck his rucksack (or his equipment-wagon since he was a colonel) and buried itself in the very skin and hide and flesh of the Word of God. But I do not think so: not only because (churchgoer though he was) Colonel Weathers was not the type to carry a Bible to war but also because I believe I can see that gleam of truth which enables me to tell you this. I believe I know where that bullet came from, from what gun in what hand beneath what hating woman's (young girl's) face and fired by what itching homicidal maiden's finger out of the white hot glare of not only hate but also what she conceived to be honor, since who yet has not thought his belief his conviction, ay, his very creed not only right but honest. Yes, Miss Esther fired that ball. Listen.

You can almost see that room (that table bearing beneath the airtight belljar the very panache of woman's desire and goal, never to be hers, no.

Oh now she knew it—) highceilinged, postwar, saturated with the aura of the man who occupied it (demonhaunted, Miss Esther would have said if she had told your mother of this, ogreinfested): and there in the highbacked chair, the Bible balanced on his knees, Colonel Weathers—that strong rufus beard grizzled now but no jot less firm, the glint of the steelrimmed spectacles with the highlight on their lenses, the face hard and the lips not moving as he read the Word (this a week after the dispersal of the scamp the seducer—envoy of Love, Miss Esther said, ay, believed) from the oversized brasshinged family Bible. I like to think he, back from the conflict, the foremost and focal fire of the grandest war the world has ever seen, was there in Deuteronomy, where there are words for a veteran. *For who is there of all flesh, that hath heard the voice of the living God speaking out of the midst of fire, as we have, and lived?* because they had; they had known death and destruction privation and hunger, and (what is more) defeat. Yes, those were the words, mounting like figures in flame to his brain and catching the breath in the chest beneath. And then to grow aware of the presence of hatred and to look up and see—

Why, his daughter—but unrecognizable, or rather recognizable for what he had never known before: recognizable for the cauldron of hatred (the face puffed from a week's crying and tear-stained still, but the eyes clear, yes, and deadly, most likely mad, with that same glint of highlight from the gasjets which made his spectacles opaque) and beneath the eyes (as formerly beneath his) the gun, the pistol, though perhaps this time the hand shook some: or perhaps a great deal (or maybe just from inexperience with firearms) because she missed. It was not a bad shot, but she did not kill him. The bullet struck that hidebound Bible, that skinwrapped word of God, and buried itself in the uncompromising Flesh.

That to me is the extreme paradox, the climax-capper, of the whole mad tale—that it should have been God) ay, God's very flesh and the shape of God's voice) God (to whom we turn when we want anything badly enough—to whom the atheist turns at death, not because he thinks it will help but because he just doesn't want to take a chance, particularly not with God) who intervened and foiled Miss Esther in her attempt at riddance of the one (ogre demon Lucifer) whom she conceived of as opposing His will. I believe that is why she never tried again: because now

she knew even God was against her. And she lived with that for sixtyfour more years—twenty of them side by side with the object of her final and indomitable frustration.

Yet those first twenty years passed; she got through them somehow and emerged onto one clear winter morning and found him dead in bed. Only she did not think *He is dead*. No, she did not say Death: just “He is gone”—and she did not say it in that tone of comfort which every smalltown newspaper adopts (to soften the word death and to comfort those behind. Soften? Miss Esther? Oh no.—Comfort? She? Oh no) since what had she to do with softness or comfort, who had lived side by side, eaten plate to plate, with the constant recapitulation standing sitting reposing at her side, with one enigmatic face six feet above every board in the house (as though, suspended from the ceiling, on a plane six feet above the preWar oak floor, the badge and panache of hell moved with frictionless ubiquitous celerity ever before her and on a thirty degree angle with her haggard and outraged furious eyes) the brooding secret undefeatable object of her frustration as though by nervetension invoked out of shadowshades into the secret heart of her every curse and tremor. Yes, and to emerge into the unfired chill of the house that January morning and find him dead in bed. I believe the shell, the corpse, betrayed no quittance; but she knew. She knew. Because the eyes were open and she could see them—and what she believed they had carried (demonlitter ogreflicker) was gone, and the avatar had descended again to the side of Satan among the brimstone and sulphurreek to tread again its private Hell Avenue paved with infant-skulls.

This next is what they all know, and what none of them can explain: why when (one week later after all their gossipconjecture the neighbors began to complain to the health and sanitary department) after knocking at the boarded door and receiving no answer (they had expected none) and after breaking in the door, the young officials saw before them—past the savage bars of late afternoon sun quick with the dustmotes their hammering had roused—on the yellow silk settee (where twenty years ago sin had died in its birth) the big body of a bearded man with his

sword at one hand and his valorcitation at the other, in the full regalia of a Confederate colonel, and at his feet in a high straightbacked chair a small holloweyed and grim maiden of forty facing the corpse, with her eyes (there was no triumph in them: there was not even despair: there was nothing) yet fixed on the stern unyielding corpseface with its lowered eyelids, as the young officials stood there in slackmouthed o-eyed amazement, with the odor of decomposition strong in their nostrils.

Well, son *Father said*, there you have it; it is finished—ay, truly now since the funeral yesterday—and doubtless now if you go and stand before where your grandfather's house used to be, you can look across the street and see them, hurried rapacious velvetclawed, taking the house apart from the inside and descending the steps (which two days ago they would not approach) with their arms loaded with linens and (yet more precious) what few letters may remain. You must have marked that this tale has a villain; they are it—the coupling of their velvet claws the tongues to emerge triumphant with the smack the tidbit-morsel to be passed across their backyard fences and the grocery counters, to tear down what might arise, to beat down the human will and the human ache for normalcy and good, with their combined myriadmassed badinage, just as they forged and moulded Miss Esther Weather's final and indomitable frustration.

Yes: final indomitable. But from what? begot by what? from what waterhead? what stream, what trickle from what whorled bedrock of agitation? Can I say, from being cheated of love and halted halfway in sin?—from that itching discontent of womanmeat (blood bone tissue) which every virgin knows yet cannot comprehend? I do not believe I know. But I can tell you this: whatever it was (whatever begot and nurtured that twisted maidenhate which until yesterday called that upright virtue's representative, ogre) was too much for her or him: too much, too, for the South which even today we watch dying not as a mammal dies, slow and of a malady grim and omnivorous, but as a wind dies as the movement gives out, leaving every last eddy about the room's corners and baseboards, there but dying too.

Neo-Humanistically Speaking

"How has it come about that it is possible to assert, in all sobriety, that the state university of today threatens the health and security of American democracy?"

Except for the shadow of possible intellectual doubt cast by the infinitive "to assert," the above question might have appeared, quite inconspicuously, in the editorial columns of *The Textile Bulletin*. Instead it constitutes the argument of a book which, for its devastatingly logical iconoclasm, fully deserves a place on any Index Mr. Clark may find time to draw up whenever he disposes of current educational problems.

Published last month by the University of North Carolina Press, under the innocuous-sounding title, *The American State University*, Norman Foerster's new book, while not really iconoclastic except for unsophisticated readers, will be at the very least disturbing to any person, however wise or worldly-wise, who will consider it thoughtfully and honestly. Essentially, it is an appraisal of state-supported higher education from the viewpoint of the new humanism espoused by the late Irving Babbitt, Paul Elmer More, and others, an appraisal offering a provocatively well-substantiated answer to the question, quoted above, with which Mr. Foerster concludes his introduction.

I remember a painting which, viewed from below in the ordinary manner as it hung on the wall, appeared to represent a genial, long-bearded patriarch. But once, when the picture was taken down to receive a new frame, I saw it from above; and the difference in lighting and shadow had changed the face to that of a villainous-looking old sot. The critical process of Mr. Foerster (and of his fellow humanists) is analogous: having attempted to invalidate what he calls the "naturalistic" criteria of the modern age, he proceeds to judge educational situations and conditions by his own humanistic criteria. Seen from this angle, they make a doleful picture.

II.

He begins his examination of the American state university with an analysis of its political basis. Originally, he says, this basis was Jeffersonian,

intended to provide for a selective education analogous to the representative (as distinguished from the later equalitarian) democracy in which Jefferson believed. A natural *aristoi* of brains and talent were expected to be the leaders of this representative democracy, and this *aristoi* were to be sifted from the masses by an educational system which would emphasize quality rather than quantity in its students and broad culture rather than specialization in its curriculum. This was the right idea, Mr. Foerster thinks.

But the Jeffersonian spirit was superseded by the equalitarian frontier spirit personified in Andrew Jackson. Governed by this spirit, universities had to offer "all sorts of practical education to all sorts of people," and became "primarily organs for the exploitation of a continent by a race of pioneers." As such, state universities in time "were founded in every commonwealth south and west of Pennsylvania. Acquiring something of a history, they gradually developed into a fairly definite type of institution, best exemplified in the Middle West."

More important than the political basis were the forces which had shaped that basis and which, operating upon it, energized the American state university of the early twentieth century. These forces, designated by the author as "the humanitarian impulse," were essentially faith in and dedication to material progress. A heritage from the revolutionary eighteenth century, humanitarianism in the nineteenth century lost much of its emotional aspect; but the complementary utilitarian aspect thrived and, combined with another eighteenth century idea, that of progress, developed by the beginning of the present century into an all-important principle—rugged individualism, and not only made possible but also rationalized the machine age. And, at the outset of the period of greatest expansion in the size of universities (1900-1930), "Rugged individualism had pictured the pursuit of happiness, which Jefferson and Jackson had left vague, as the pursuit of wealth and power—as a race in which all could enter and anyone hope to win."

III.

Mass education was the result of the operation

of these forces upon institutions of higher learning. Young men and women began to need college diplomas to get jobs, and college educations (which rapidly became specialistic) offered a relatively pleasant apprenticeship to the trades and professions. Between 1903 and 1928, the total enrollment in state universities grew from forty thousand to one hundred and eighty-five thousand, and the number of instructors from thirty-five hundred to fourteen thousand. This was education for "all sorts of people." Dozens of new specialistic and theoretically equivalent curricula mushroomed to provide "all sorts of education." Extra-curricular activities "repeated in miniature the passion for mere activity and speed which has all but banished reflection from our society."

The objective of undergraduate as well as graduate study became training for power and service, and this meant training for materialistic and narrowly specialized power and service by a method which the author calls "scientistic" rather than scientific. The accompanying rationalization of mass education and training for power and service operated in this fashion:

"Though inexpert in philosophy, the psychologists seemed to sanction the naturalistic and humanitarian philosophy held by the educationalists, who were also inexpert in philosophy and sometimes in psychology as well. The educationists then passed on this philosophy to the teachers and administrators, who passed it on to the pupils in the schools. And through this series of indoctrinations, together with the journalistic indoctrination of adults through popular magazines and the raucous Sunday supplement, it came about that the American public was confirmed in its inherited faith in the humanitarian ideology, which seemed to rest upon the authority of science."

With this paragraph, the tail-end of an attack upon recent philosophic and scientific justifications of the system of higher education, Mr. Foerster concludes his appraisal of "The University Before 1930."

IV.

If the period 1900-1930 is considered the climax of state university expansion, Mr. Foerster implies that the crisis developed during the depression years. "As the economic situation improves, the state universities find themselves at the parting of the ways. One way leads toward

higher standards and a redefinition of function; the other, toward lower standards and aimless miscellaneity. Which will they choose?" The emergency in economic affairs is over; the educational issue is one which cannot be dodged. "The paradox of a 'higher' education for 'all' is becoming apparent to a public less and less subject to illusions as to the perfectibility of average and sub-average humanity." There can be no debating the choice, Mr. Foerster thinks, if the health and security of democracy in this country are to be preserved: "If higher education is to deserve the name, it cannot be brought within the reach of the ineducable and the passively educable."

The author favors a reversion to the Jeffersonian principles of selectivity as the basis for determining who shall receive the higher education. The "intellectually robust" among young men and women, he says, are more numerous than they appear to be; they have simply been stifled and made indifferent by the low standards of universities in which the intellectual tone has been harmonized with that of the unfit. Further, higher education should be made practically accessible to all capable of assimilating it. Whereas in theory state universities have offered "free" education, in reality many intellectually capable boys and girls either have been entirely unable to take advantage of it or have been handicapped by having to earn their way through, the latter, according to Mr. Foerster, being almost as harmful a situation as the former. If the states ceased spending great sums in attempting to educate the uneducable, and offered really free instruction to the smaller number of the "intellectually robust," the investment would be a better one. "The state universities are handling large sums of money, but almost none of it in the interest of the most promising and valuable young citizens of the state." He proposes in each university a hundred or so state-subsidized students, recruited from the "intellectually robust" but financially weak, who would receive a liberal (non-specialized) education of two years in advanced sections and two years in an honors program; if, at graduation, they wished to specialize, they would be provided with professional training.

V.

Equally important with the problem of who shall get the higher education is that of what the higher education shall be. The solution to this problem is bound up in the national outlook on

life: should this outlook be naturalistic, humanistic, or religious? More exactly, he says, because the step from humanism to religion is an easy and frequently, depending upon the individual, a logical one, should it be naturalistic or humanistic? At present it is naturalistic. In a chapter on "The Idea of a Liberal Education," he attacks vigorously and even passionately what he designates as "dogmatic naturalism," and concludes that "In the pursuit of this human knowledge [the direct study of human nature] lies our surest way of transcending the bewilderment of a world that has acquired all the talents except the talent to make use of them."

Having declared that "it should now be apparent that liberal education will not be revived till a humanistic outlook on life is reestablished," he proceeds to outline general and particular schemes for liberal education. Agreeing that the object of higher education should be teaching to think, he denies the validity of what he says is the naturalistic conception of this objective—"teaching how to think scientifically," and quotes his master, Babbitt: Thinking is "that humane endeavor which it is the special purpose of the college to foster—that effort of reflection, virile before all others, to coordinate the scattered elements of knowledge, and relate them not only to the intellect but to the will and character; that subtle alchemy by which mere learning is transmuted into culture. . . . The task of assimilating what is best in the past and present, and adapting it to one's own use and the use of others, so far from lacking in originality, calls for something akin to creation."

Mr. Foerster calls at the end of the book for a liberal arts college that will be truly liberal, with a common curriculum which will provide a common intellectual experience for all liberal students, and declares that an essential antecedent action must be the breaking up of the vicious cycle of specialized instructors training "liberal" students to be specialized instructors for the next generation of "liberal" students. The fact that professors themselves are beginning to realize the unfortunate implications of the present system and are beginning to have doubts as to the human values of specialization, he says, is a hopeful sign.

VI.

The foregoing, of course, hits only random

high spots, and does not pretend to be a comprehensive analysis of *The American State University*. It is particularly neglectful of the philosophical aspects of the book, which offer a fascinating demonstration of the new humanism in action upon a problem of great practical importance. For the curious intellectual, the work is well worth reading merely for this demonstration of humanistic critical method and for the revelation it gives of humanistic tenets.

The author's style, although it would hardly appeal to admirers of "the raucous Sunday supplement," or of naturalism's greatest journalistic advocate, *Time Magazine*, has the terseness and effectiveness of good essay style. Mr. Foerster seems never to hesitate about quoting when he can get his point across better in somebody else's words, when he feels the need of greater authority than his own logic, or when he is dissecting the reasoning of his enemies. He has also plenty of facts and figures drawn from extensive reading and from a wide personal experience with his subject.

Most of his destructive criticism of college methods and objectives is the application of no more mysterious or controversial a tool than exceptionally keen common sense. It is largely in his suggestions for reform that he will run into the opposition of anti-humanists. He apparently realizes this, for he delays full development of his critical credo until the last one-third of the book, where he applies it most extensively and constructively. And it must be admitted that he succeeds in imbuing it with most appealing colors, especially for those readers who are already sick of naturalism and humanitarianism.

The immediate dynamic value of a book like this is almost negligible. It most profoundly affects a restricted group of intellectuals; and intellectuals, for the most part, aren't the people who are getting things done these days. Probably, from the standpoint of early practical results, its potentially most fertile reception will be among the educationists; but their bread is buttered on the naturalistic side.

The book will be more important, I think, in the long run—as a document of protest in a revolt against materialism, as one of the attendant midwives in the renaissance of spiritual values which more and more appears to offer the only salvation for a things-ridden people.

This Time and Place

Cover

There was much comment concerning the cover of the last issue, the stupid and somewhat common question being: "What is it? What does it mean?" As a rule the cover doesn't mean anything. It isn't set up to be full of meaning. However, the cover for the last issue did have a meaning. And logically enough, the first time a cover was designed for meaning the campus felt it necessary to ask what the meaning was. Miss Booker, the artist who executed the January cover, was asked to do an impressionistic epitome of campus life. This she did. The critics, being then recently enlightened on the subject of Surrealism by the easily understandable magazine, *Life*, pounced upon that term and used it to describe Artist Booker's work. There is a distinct difference between Impressionism and Surrealism. Miss Booker wishes it known that she was employing the methods of the impressionistic school.

The cover for this issue has no meaning. However to forestall any negative comment, we are calling the issue a *higher levels issue*. The photograph was actually taken near Mount Buckley in the Great Smoky Mountains. The cloud in the foreground is approximately 6,500 feet above sea level. The Kodak was an Eastman Kodon set at f. 11 and s. 1/25 without sunlight. The time was six o'clock P. M., July fourth, 1936. The tree to the right is a spruce, the one to the left a balsam. The cloud was mainly composed of water vapour.

Pushkin

All that's left of the long edit. on Pushkin is the following: "Pushkin was one of those rare genii whose work had the good fortune to be recognized by its author's contemporaries as well as by those who came after. Though Pushkin's works live in themselves as literature, they have taken life in the form of music also. The Russian composer Glinka has taken the magical tale of Ruslan and Ludmila and transformed it into an opera. The text for Mussorgsky's opera, *Boris Godunov*, was Pushkin's tragic poem of the same name. Tchaikowsky's *Eugene Onegin* was in like manner borrowed from the Russian poet. Such bitypic immortality in art, that is—the living of one man's genius in two of the arts, is so rare as almost to be limited to Goethe, Schiller,

Shakespeare, and other nigh-suches." We had more to say, but the rest of the nation with more stable deadlines than ours has already said it.

You, sunshine, and the honeyed word

Student-reader, you are a stupid ass. You sit back and harshly criticize this magazine, never realizing that it is your thumb-tiddling placidity that is the cause of all the magazine's defects. It is you, in part, who writes the copy and you, *in toto*, who allows the campus hollow-heads (Big Wigs) to choose *anything* they wish for editor. Mark these words and watch what happens in the near future. In about a month's time you will be approached by little boys radiating facial sunshine and flinging honeyed words. You will look at them and say: "My what nice little fellows. That one there would make a good editor for the *Tar Heel*. What a good sense of humor that tall one has . . . I'll bet he'd really do something with the *Buc*. I certainly am glad that one over there is running for the magazine, he always sees the right side of things."

They, these little brainchildren, will say (all in one voice): "You know we really hate all the hypocrisy of campaigning, but it's the only way to do. We musn't let the campus know that these jobs are all sewed up. We must appear to be working for a cause. We must bumblebrain with innovations."

Meanwhile you, reader, will be making yourself happy with a little introspective survey: "Every man has a chance here and the best is sure to win. Our student party, the University party, is the great ballance. The best man will out. It's good to know that the editor of the magazine for next year has won six cake races."

When the elections are all over and the returns are just what the hollow-heads had planned, you will think that everything came out o.k. It was a fair election; the campus was divided into parties; the best man was *bound to win*. You will be satisfied and the candidates will be happy. Where once they had been a bit conscience stricken about their worth, they will then be sure of their good; for they will have rationalized saying that the campus wanted them therefore they must be good. They will then sit down in their respective corners and put in their thumbs and pull out their plums and declare what great boys they are. You reader, being a happy moron, will carefully criticize the forthcoming publications and never realize who's to blame for their *status quo*.

Preface

*I came with scores
On busses and trains
To College Station,
Where open doors
Barred with chains
Awaited the youth of my Nation.*

*What a paradox!
Closed open doors
Barred with chains and locks . . .
Not chains of iron,
But links of words—
“Milk is white?”*

*My answer was right!
I got in.
(The inside
Was the other side
Of the outside.)
However,
That was of no import,
I was in.*

*I got a room
With a bed and a chair
And in due time
Received a visitor there.
He was a Greek
Whose handshake and joke
Were full of Alma Mater.
He sugared as he spoke.
In a fit of friendship
I showed him my purse—
It was but a thin strip
Worn with crimping. Emitting a curse,
He left for better coined frosh.*

*The classroom was more cordial,
The prof more kind.
I learned to trip
A foreign tongue
And took the tip
That writ wasn't right
In my own.
Beautiful Evelyn Hope still was dead
As she had been the year before,
More observant now, I saw the flower by her
bed,
And knew that Browning was at the door;
Browning and many more.
In calculus Phi might Delta be;
Again it might be four.*

*People were starving in the streets.
Lord! how the dance music beats.*

*I have neither given
Nor received
Aid
On this quiz.
Yet I have striven
And retrieved
The Grade,
And that is
The Grail of desire.*

*After mealtimes,
Especially at night,
We flopped about the room
Basking in artificial light
And a Bull Session.
Words were cheap,
Unassorted and bare . . .*

*“What do we come here for?”
“Where do we go after?”
“It's all a joke,
A Great American Joke.”
We burst forth with laughter
As some serious soul
Declares the good of it all.
One silent looker thinks:*

*“And a fond mother, left at home alone
Leads by the hand a smaller child than I,
And wonders not of me, nor makes a ‘why’
Of what and how I seek and where I've gone;
Instead she revels in the thing she's done,
Cherishing fine illusions of a lie.
Misled by those who cast the die?
She joys in the education of a son.
There is, though, consolation for her kind;
For she desires no more than a shiny word,
A thing which seems to her a part of life.
She does not know that the same mills still
grind
Despite the glitter of the worshipped word,
Withal the silver and the higher life.”*

*To see clearly the sham of a desire to be
Softens the will.*

*There is a part of me
Which seems not to be within.
I saw it one day
On the road out from town.*

It fingered a bit of clay
That was red
And smeared it on the sky.
Once again at the oak barren by the creek,
It took the twang of a woodthrush
And carried it home.
This me I feared
And 'twas not long before I said
To my gem-fingered Aunt
Who had confined three coin men:
"You sop too much honey
With your bread.
The poor are underfed.
They need your money.
If things go on as they are,
You'll be birthing another star.
Where once they looked through the window
and grinned,
Now they'll break the window
And come in,
And lick the honey from your chin,
The rouge too.
And as for your money . . ."
She sat cat-eyeing me:
"You immature brat
Upon who's honey did you get fat."

Football was played on Saturdays
I was always at the wickets
Barking the entrance-ways
And halving the tickets.
The fee was high
(My pay was low)
And thousands came.
And a number much the same
Died from lack of food.
The crowd would yell
And be happy.
The opaque gin bottles
Lay under the juniper trees
For the colored children
To pick and sell.

While Hitler rose in Germany
And the Duce braced toward Judah,
We talked of war.
War was bad.
It had been.
It would be.
Warism was defeatism,
A limiting ism
Singeing the desire to be
And recreate.

Not too late,
To speak our mind
To the warring kind
We took our stand,
And, in a band,
Stood a demonstration,
A plea for peace
Throughout the Nation.
Some time after,
A doctor of thought
(Philosophy)
Teaching the science of living matter
Debased my clan
In a burst of verbal spatter:
"You yellow beings!
Where are your guts?
When my country calls
I'll go——
If age does not hinder."
Upon the board
In yellow chalk
Were the tenets of his talk.
War and the science of life
All in one man!
God, let me see through this
If you can.

With a burst of laughter
Came my first fit at the crossroads.
The clay was not really red,
The sky not really blue.
And, the twang of the thrush rang,
But didn't ring true.
Like the girl with the eggs to sell
I stumbled on the hillcrest
And fell
To the level of the rest
Spilling my purisms,
My idealisms.

In an age of Ists and Isms
Replacement is not hard.
I filled my basket with a stone:
Weight, one pound.
Color, cold grey.
Feldspar and gneiss thrown in.

Apart as the Earth
From the Polar Star
Are facts and ideals.
Though the range
From amoeba to man
Is sequenced in "the Great Change,"
There is no such span

From man to man.
Like facile clay
Men are remoulded from day to day.
I became a scientist.

In my science
There were sub-divisions of sub-sub-divisions
Down to threads of specialization.

Ist, ism,
Specialist, specialism,
Quibblism, one-channel-ism.
The universe was an ismic aggregate
With an ismic God.

"Hitch your wagon to an ism,
Be a great ist,
First of all, a scientist."

One plant they gave me
To know cell by cell.

"Watch it, watch it carefully.

Be sure you watch it well.

Know it now for later.

When your four years are over

It will be the basis for a thesis.

A Master's thesis cell by cell."

Day by day I watched it,

Observed and recorded,

Musing in my occupation

With this thing—specialization.

The work was completed,

Its soundness granted

By heads larger than mine.

"Save it for your Master's.

Be patient,

Only one year more."

Meanwhile in another school

My thesis was used for a degree.

Steal silver, steal gold

Steal information,

Steal anything,

Even specialization.

"Don't mind," said the Consoling Head,

"Keep your information cell by cell.

It will be good for marketing

When you're ready to sell your wits."

In the summer of the third year

In a fit of despair

I took to the mountains and the air.

I left the door with the chains,

Left it waiting for more brains;

Or are they?

Pack strapped

And a trail ahead,

The high swelling of an inner delight

Cleared my head
And bettered my sight.

Great green sweeps
Became in themselves not chlorophyll,
And two parts hydrogen to one part O.
Flowed as cold spring water.

I was above the three years,

Above the unknown fourth,

And above the grind to be,

But without a degree.

"We know all that,"

The employers said,

"But we'd rather see a diploma instead."

In the fall the college paper

Began once more to campaign.

In its effete way

It cried for knowledge for men.

Better had it cried for men for knowledge.

That's the way of it:

Those whose voices are heard

Have no word

And those who have go unheard.

A system of such design

That knowing is sought by swine

Indeed is low.

But lower still

Is the knower

Who,

Seeing the miserable situation,

Uses it to sell his publication.

But it does give uniformity to the thing.

Cyclic at that.

Centrifuging so that in the spin

Clarity is lost

And with it, sin.

With the four years up

And the exit tape clipped

I brink the social mud hole,

So steep-sided

And so hollow.

The sheepskin roll

Lengthens the fall.

Once in,

Then what?

To be a flea on the tail-chasing water rat?

The cyclic that!

No—better to watch for a corky ism

Floating on the surface;

Cling to it

Till washed by the solution to the shore.

There must be a shore.

Hill of Orchids

When the Queen of Sheba planned her famous visit to the Court of Solomon she was at a loss for something unique in the way of a gift for the potentate. It is written that she set her entire court to thinking and that after two days of celebration one grizzly-faced subject suggested the making of a beard comb of gold studded with emeralds and rubies. Sheba, having, as she did, quite a knowledge of the mines of Solomon, shook her head irritably and replunged the court into thought. Finally a shy maiden, one of the Queen's attendants, suggested that they might take *orchids*. That was an idea! Soon the entire populace of Sheba's land was on an orchid hunt. They chopped down the trees in the tops of which the rare blossoms grew and marched towards Solomon's kingdom like a legged forest.

It is further recorded that Solomon, perceiving the approaching forest, gazed from his window in amazement. The fragile petals with their exotic coloring fascinated him and he was royally pleased with the originality of the woman who brought them. No less was he pleased with the glamorous, though unmodest, Queen herself.

As Time has twisted so many things, so it has changed the fashion of orchid-bearing. No longer do women come with garlands of orchids for the men. Instead, it is the man today who carries the bouquet . . . a oneflowered one at that. With orchids growing all around our town of Chapel Hill, why don't just a few of the dance-attending maidens pin orchids to their gowns? The author knows of no other place on the globe where natives show such a disdain for the orchid. In the Philippines one sees these flowers in constant use in homes and churches. In the streets of Mexico City flower girls sell bunches of orchids for a few cents. Not so in the singular town of Chapel Hill. Here girls seem well enough inclined towards the distinctive orchid, but for some strange reason they never wear them. Is it because they never receive them? If so, why? Are the swains too lazy to go into the orchid patches and pick them? Possibly it is because they are ignorant of the whereabouts of the so-called rare plants. Maybe they have the idea that orchids only bloom in the dead of the night. In any event, let it never be

said after the reading of this account that the florist's most expensive article cannot be had for the asking in Orange County, North Carolina.

The shapes taken by the orchid flowers of the Chapel Hill area are so varied as to make suitable all sorts of suggestive bouquets . . . from one that inspires in the recipient the thought "he loves me deeply" to one that declares openly "he hates to do this, but he can't get out of it." There is, for instance, the sober-colored *Adam-and-Eve* orchid which grows in large beds at the north end of the University Lake. It should in time become a favorite with the few post-nuptial student-couples who wish to show in the choice of their garlands an away-from-ness toward the cerebrovacuity of their undergraduate brothers. Along with the springtime arousing of sap comes the flashily colored *Showy* orchid which openly speaks all the hot heart has to say. This particular flower is at its height in May, growing in scattered localities all around the town. Should orchids come into Carolina vogue, the *Showy* will be a first choice with sorority boys. For the girl whose demureness and purewhiteness kindles a flame there is the *Spiralled White* orchid found mainly in the New Hope Creek swamp. Its blossoming period is a long one, lasting from April through September. It should, therefore, become a favorite with the summerschoolers. For the dark siren who strings her lover on, there is the *Crane Fly* orchid, a weird spider-like flower colored greyish-green. A list of the diversity of flower forms in orchids would be almost as long as a similar list of human beings. It is enough to say that the orchids are here. Getting them is another thing.

The romanticist will be dismayed to know that tree climbing, snake charming, and tiger killing are entirely out of the Chapel Hill orchid-hunting picture. Whereas in the days of the finding of the *Tiger* orchid in the Jungles of South America, the discoverer in whose memory the flower was named was eaten by a tiger, a Chapel Hill hunter in seeking a parallel species will be doing well to encounter a house cat. Nor can any one simulate the experiences of the English explorer Hammlin who, landing on the coast of Madagascar, was granted hunting permission by the

native king only upon the understanding that should anything happen to the king's brother-in-law (Hammlin's guide), Hammlin should be boiled in oil. The unfortunate brother-in-law met with the appetite of a carnivorous cat and Hammlin to escape death in oil took on the ill-fated man's wife and twelve dark children. An experience based on that of Hammlin's might be



gained by trying to collect bouquets of the precious flowers in the Strowd's Low Grounds bog; for nearby is the home of a colored man who owns a pack of ten hungry, assorted, and loose hound dogs. Best of all the orchid tales is that fictional one of John Collier. He writes of a man who bought an orchid bulb and planted it in his greenhouse. The bulb sprouted and before long bore tendrils which exhibited the special property of catching flies. After all the flies in the conservatory had been consumed, the plant went into a resting stage for a period of a few days after which it bloomed forth with fly-blossoms. With the withering of the fly blossoms the plant once more became appetitious and made away with the tabby cat of the house. The climax came when the gory tendrils sucked up the man of the house and

his sister-in-law, both of whom were agitated in their blossoming by a bee that chanced through a crack in the conservatory window. Though such flower may not be found in Orange County, it has its counterorchid in the *Crested Orchid* of the Morgan's Creek region, a flower that feeds on dead leaves, old wood and what not. Why is all of this information recorded here? For a very good reason.

Think how much finer an evening would be if, accompanying the lady fair's corsage, there were a story about how the swain caught the rare flowers while they were in the midst of munching on a pile of soggy leaves. Or better:

"Wilderbliss, these are lovely. Where *did* you get them."

"Gee, it was some narrow escape I had. I lost the seat of my pants. My other ones, I mean; I went neck deep in the disposal pond as I outran a pack of hounds a mile long."

Even this is possible:

"Vladisloff, where did you get them. They rrr just de culuh to madg mah gown."

"It wasn't an easy job. They were all out chasing bees and there was a band of crickets nearby marking time with *The Flight of the Bumblebee*. Every time I'd get near a flower, the crickets would get on that extra fast zzzzzzzzz part and the bees would go all the faster with the orchids chasing after. That one there in the middle of that bunch was the one I caught first. He musta been about three days old because he was winded enough for me to hear him panting. And those others. . . ."

"Vladisloff, what is the matter with your chin?"

"I'm coming to that. Well the others ran up—only there was one that got away—the others ran up against a rock and there I cornered them. And when, well . . . well when I picked them up they each spat some of their bumblebee gorging right in my face. It stung to holy h——, but I held onto the flowers *for you*."

"Oh, Vladisloff."

No money spent; nothing lost—and Vladisloff became the most popular boy on the Hill. When in doubt what to give *her*, one should think of what Sheba did two thousand years ago . . . think of that and hit it for the woodlands out from Chapel Hill. Remember, of course, that our largest orchid is three quarters of an inch across.

Interim

10:30 a. m. on a fall day at the University

The first young sophomore said, sipping his dope, "What a quiz in French we had today. I didn't crack a book. If I fail this I'm through for the quarter."

The second young sophomore said, sipping . . .

The stimuli here listed are the adequate or usual stimuli for the respective receptors. Nuts. In many cases the latter. The variety in the receptive structures and functions furnishes. The variety. The variety in the receptive structures. The variety. If Joan would only come down for the Germans. Dance. In the multiplication and differentiation. Multiplication. Variety. Imagine showing her off . . .

Black hair, brown-eyed girl said, "How did you make out on the Chem quiz, Burn?"

Brown hair, blue-eyed girl said, "Goin to the game this Saturday?"

Burn said, "Missed the third question . . ."

Brown hair, brown-eyed boy said, "Who isn't?"

Burn said, ". . . And I ought to hit an eighty-five at the top."

Brown hair, blue-eyed girl said . . .

"But dear," Billy said, twiddling a green vine, sitting on the steps leading to the South Building, "I can't help it if I had to study for an Eco quiz last night. You know I won't break a date with you for nothing. And anyway, if I see you too much the fellows are liable to talk. And you know how I hate that." *Pest.*

"O, that's what you always say," Jeanette half-sobbed, flicking ashes from her cigarette.

He, quite unconsciously, glanced over the spread of dead leaves which covered the fading-green campus. *What in hell is the use of it all? So you make A's and B's. Four long years wasted. You can be out making money. But. But hell. Culture be damned. Culture wouldn't earn for you fifty dollars a week. Plenty of the cultured are on the relief lists. What's the . . .*

. . . His dope, "French is a snap. You can crib up the translation. Down at the bookstore they're selling guaranteed A's."

The third young sophomore said, sipping his dope, "Talking about crib courses, take a look at Archaeology. If you get less than an A . . ."

The second young sophomore said, sipping his dope, "Say, do you know what happened to Vicky in his Government class?"

"Harnett," cried the doctor.

Harnett entered the infirmary doctor's office. "Doc, would you excuse me for being absent from classes this morning. I woke up with a heck of a cold."

"What's your name?" Instructor Miller asked, putting on his spectacles.

"Brown."

"O, that's right. Now let me see."

They made a handsome picture: the brown

Night Song

*After the wild night cry has torn high heaven
And the warm full peace of the blood has brought
us sleep,
Are we to count our joys among the seven
Deadly sins of the blood and remorsefully weep?*

*Or, having heard our loins groan with the throbbing
Of strange new life all human thought transcending,
Are we to blind our love-bright eyes with sobbing
Because the moment's joy forebodes joy's ending?*

*After the heart is pierced, the body broken
On the rack of love, I who was proud am meek,
And bravely grope for the one word yet to be
spoken,
The word I know your fear will not let me speak.*

*Before the world's wide eyes I would have told
you
That you are mine, and I intend to hold you.*

—WILLIAM PEERY.

leaves jiggling in air, so free and unconcerned.

"Two coffees and doughnuts."

"The philosopher knows everything about nothing and nothing about everything," said one student of a group of three.

"True. True," said the second student of a group of three.

"Where'd you get that from?" said the other student of a group of three.

"Well, in Philosophy today . . ." said one student of a group of three.

"Give me facts. No philosophy," said the other student of a group of three. And went on, "There're no lefts and rights about facts. They stand there. Real, definite, tangible, true, exact. They stand there. You can't move them. That's what real life is based on."

"And what exactly and definitely and tangibly is meant by real life?" said the second student of a group of three.

. . . Use of it all? Taking subjects like French, Geology, and History and so many others which you forget all about as soon as you write out the pledge for the final examination. Why don't they teach you typewriting? shorthand? Why don't they show you how to plant seeds? Why don't they show you how to run machines? He lit a cigarette, watched two students chatting their way to the library. Then he opened his French book and began to memorize the subjunctive of the verb, aller.

"You say you love me. Gosh, Billy, you don't know what agony it is not to be with you every minute of the day."

Why can't she leave me alone? "Well, heck," Billy said, still twiddling a green vine, "I love you. But certain things. You know what I mean."

The wind, a light fall type, breezed over the campus: with no strings attached, so to speak.

. . . Darling. But the division of labor. Variety. Did not stop here. "Hey, Bob." And specialization. Bob isn't a bad sort. Nice party type. Wish those psychology profs would get together. With respect. With respect to the kind of influence. Psychology. Mouse. Blue big eyes. She loves flowers and . . .

Page Twenty-two

"How'd I make out on the last theme?"

Instructor Miller scanned his mark book. "C. And you're doing a general C work."

". . . Who're you taking?"

Burn said, "How'd you come out?"

Brown hair, brown eyed boy said, "O, I don't know."

". . . You ought to go back to kindergarten."

The first young sophomore said, sipping his dope, "What about Vicky?"

"By real life I mean that life which one actually lives," said the other student of a group of three. And went on, "Not the idealistic conception or the dreamer's. Life is what you make it. Dreams do not come to you. You strive toward a fulfillment of dreams. But the actual happenings are the constituents of real life."

"But," said the second student of a group of three, "What would life be without ideals, without dreams? There is no life without them. So certainly no real life."

Up the steps of the Beta Beta fraternity walked four boys.

"As far as I'm concerned, the boys can go to Cain," said Smith.

"But you can't . . ." said Smythe.

"Any mail for me?" said Smithe.

". . . Do things like that in a fraternity. Think of the traditions," said Smythe.

"What traditions say that you can take a kid out and freeze him to death in a lonely cemetery looking for a grave of a man whose first initials are C. L.?" said Smith.

"Now, wait a while, Smith. Take it easy. We have to show those kids where they stand," said Smyth.

Free and placid and unconcerned.

"Listen here," said the redcoated female, "Everybody hollers at the Playmakers because of a simple case of jealousy."

"Jealousy?" said a male in a funnylooking hat.

"Yeh, jealousy. When somebody can't do something somebody else can do, that somebody starts to belittle that somebody else."

"Or sometin!"

"Will you gain anymore respect from them

by hurting them?" said Smith.

"Aw, nuts!" said Smythe.

"O, you guys give me a pain in the neck. If you . . ." said Smith.

"O, boy, a check from home," said Smithe.

". . . If . . . if. O, the hell with the bunch of you," said Smith.

"I don't know what you mean," Jeanette said.

"That's the trouble. Billy darling, see me tonight. We'll take a nice long ride in my car."

"I'm not sure. I'll give you a ring."

Aille. Ailles. Aille. So what?

Sensitivity, then, is selectivity. Italics. Italics. Italics. Selective. Aw, the hell with it. If he comes in with paper in his hand I'll walk out. Bubbling coca colas. Joan O! Say, Mike!

Sam was reading a three month's old issue of TIME and was waiting for the doctor to call out his name. He knew an operation would chop a month from his school time but he had to wait for the doctor to call out his name. The appendix weren't paining now; it was his mind. It hurt him to think that that one month would be lost but he had to wait for the doctor to call out his name.

It was the white sun ray flashing across the palm of Finley's hand that first attracted him to the sun. He looked up, above the Library, and blinked. He was sad because he knew a blinding sun couldn't hurt half as much as a possible four F's.

Alliez. Allions. Allions allions allions. Where?

"O, Billy," Jeanette said. "You hurt me when you say that."

Damn! Wish the bell would ring! Damn Jeanette.

Free and . . .

"True fraternity spirit," said Smyth.

"Hello, Freddie."

"Say, Mike, what's the chances for a coupla tickets to the game this . . ."

"Good morning, Mr. Miller, and thanks."

Three professors matched coins for dopes.

"Heads."

"Heads."

"Heads."

"Try again. Ha."

"Well, then, what is life?" said one student in a group of three.

". . . Saturday?"

Black hair, brown-eyed girl said, "Pretty good. But you can never tell."

Brown hair, brown-eyed boy said, "But Sue may come down for the game."

"Heads."

"Say, Natalie, how's about an orange juice. I got a terrific headache. What a night!"

"I'd like to deposit this money for my fraternity."

"Life," said the second student of a group of three, "Is the realization of the sex urge in the form of true love which leads to happiness making up life."

Doc finally excused Harnett, but he was quite sure Harnett never woke up with a cold. But others were waiting and the bell would ring . . .

"One orange," said Natalie, who was thinking of nothing in particular.

"Tails."

"Any mail for me, sir? Hutchinson. H-u-t-c-h-i-n-s-o-n."

"O, I'll try to make it, Jeanette, but don't bank on me."

"I can get you a couple on the fiftyyard line for . . ."

"I disagree with your conception on life completely," said one student of a group of three.

"Heads."

"Two and a half dollars."

"That's all you can say," said the red-coated female. "The Playmakers have one cause in common."

"I believe life to be a pursuit of that which makes up life upon observation."

"And that's . . ."

"Very specific, I must say," said the second student of a group of three.

"What did you mean by that: true fraternity spirit?" said Smith.

". . . And . . . If . . . But . . ."

Prayerful

*Leanin' on a coffin
Talkin' to God
Old nigger woman
Mind half gone
Old County Home
Hillsboro Town*

*Reckon they're a long way
Too far to come
Back to Old County Home
Far from the Lord*

*Askin' for the oldfolks
Where are they now?
Old nigger woman
Mind half gone
Lookin' for help
From great Lord God
Prayin' in a store room
Old County Home
Leanin' on a coffin
Talkin' to God.*

—R. M. BRAGDON, JR.

School Day

THE strident monotone of the bell echoing through the dust-smelling school corridor did not rouse him. He was already awake. Lying in his cramping iron cot, he had been staring out of the window at the framed vista of brown fields, brown hills, gray sky and the dulled steel lines of persistent rain. It always rained, it seemed. There had been only two clear days in the past month. The sour taste in his mouth (a relic of last night's gin) was comparable only with the acidity of his temperament. Why had he taken up teaching? A life run by a bell, which whined one into wakefulness, shrilled its call for Chapel, jangled one's nerves through a day of classes, piped all hands into the lockstep procession for meals, and, with a shrieking crescendo, brought the school day to a close after its monologue for study hall, end of study hall, warning bell and lights out,—a crescendo which carried in its hysterical note the everlasting dreariness of routine.

Running feet and muffled voices forced his thoughts back to the realization that he had ten minutes in which to make breakfast. As he got to his feet the dull pain crushing in on his eyes reminded him of the few hours of "escape" last night. Nothing had been accomplished, certainly; a pint of rotten gin which was the only drink procurable in this New England stronghold of prohibition, a sentimental movie of shipboard romance that brought to mind his own by unfavorable contrast, and the fifteen mile drive over rutty, muddy roads through sheets of rain back to school,—the record of an evening off without the knowledge of the Head. Why had he gone? Was it the lights and shops and trolley cars? Was it people thronging the streets, French factory girls laughing and talking, men standing in groups, smoky glimpses of poolrooms? Or the fact that he had dinner quietly by himself, even though the surroundings were tawdry and cheap? Partially it was these things which drew him, partially the sense of being free from the school, although that was an illusion which the gin strengthened into belief only for a while. The real reason, he admitted to himself, was that he was not supposed to go, and like many others, he desired what he

should not have. The feeling of escape was transitory, and the laughing beckoning eyes of the girls, or the sight of two lovers wholly absorbed in each other was sure to bring Ann to his mind,—Ann, who was teaching and waiting too. For what? Would not the hell be doubled if she came here?

As he entered the teachers' room adjoining the dining room, he felt so thoroughly disagreeable that he only nodded and continued on his way. Paunch-bellied, pursed-mouthed, bald-headed Remington was talking. His nasal Yankee tones jarred one's ears in the same fashion as the bell.

"Anyone who would waste time takin' a Ph.D. these days is a fool. Look at the results! Feller comes out thinkin' he knows everything, by cracky! Why, I can learn more about teachin' and science in one day of classes . . ."

In another corner the Department of History was fussing, "I'm sure I smelled cigarette smoke coming from your corridor last night about eleven."

He shrugged his shoulders hopelessly as he went on to his table. In a few minutes the sounds of the bell, the shuffling of feet and the rasping of chairs died out, and the meal began. This was the last morning for this batch of coffee, thank God; tomorrow there would be fresh. Today was Wednesday. That meant hominy, dried rolls and salt chunks of bacon. He ate mechanically, and almost as unconsciously said from time to time, "Use your napkin, Benson."—"If you reach across the table and grab like that again, Johnson, we shall be obliged to continue the meal without you."—"Hemingway, if you take all the sugar once more, you'll go without any the rest of the week." Who could blame him? The poor kid had to do something to disguise the coffee.

A voice broke into his bitter musing. "Are we responsible for adverbial clauses in today's quiz, Prof? I came over to your room last night, but you weren't in."

He answered absently, "as we have been going over adverbial clauses for the past two days, I should fear the worst if I were in your shoes."

In walking back to Appleton with the Jacksons,

he noticed the line of boys stolidly tramping down into the woods. They knew the whole school couldn't be expelled for smoking. The sight made him conscious of his own desire for a cigarette. If he could get those quizzes made out and have ten minutes of the period left, he could go down the road for a couple of drags himself. He had cut down pretty well, but last night's trip in town was a chance to smoke to satiation,—and he had not let it go by, even though it meant he would suffer as a result for some days afterward.

"Did you have a good time last night, Don?" Mrs. Jackson's low voice had a dependable, friendly note in it, that instantly drew people to her. "You needed a night off, but it doesn't look as if it had helped much. Worrying about Ann again?" she added.

He nodded briefly. "I was wondering last night as I drove into town what was going to become of us. I don't think we'll ever get married. Salary cuts—and now I don't even know if I am going to stay. The Head doesn't seem very enthusiastic about my bringing a wife here; but for that matter, I'm not myself. How do you stand it!" he said defeatedly. "Don't you feel the narrowness of this, the monotony, the everlasting drabness? It seems to do nothing but rain," he continued petulantly.

She put her hand under his arm, as they entered the dormitory. "Come in with Bob and me and have a cup of real coffee and some orange juice before you two go over to Chapel. He felt grateful for her refusal to discuss his affairs. How she endured it herself, he could not understand, particularly since she always seemed to be willing to listen to everyone's troubles, and still keep her cheerful interest in everything. Hers was an acceptance, moreover, which did not grate on other people's nerves, making her even more valuable as a general receptacle for the woes of others.

The coffee was bubbling after a few moments on the electric stove, and even its fragrance made his spirits rise. Bob, his long length balanced on a small chair, smiled as he took the steaming cup from his wife's hand. "I don't feel very lively myself this morning," he confessed. "It's the weather, I suppose. But cheer up. One more week, and we have spring vacation. I can do with it, myself."

Don felt better and grinned ruefully at his fit of sulks, finished his cup of coffee and rose to his feet. "That helped a lot, Dorine," he said. "I don't know what I'd do without your breakfasts,

your books,—and both of you," he finished impulsively.

The chapel bell interrupted his work. For a moment, he was strongly tempted to cut Chapel, but decided that attendance was the better part of future freedom. He had already stayed away one day this week. On leaving his room, he slipped an apple in his pocket. He would have that cigarette after Chapel; the quizzes could be finished in class.

He was almost too late, and flushed as he walked the length of the room under the accusing stare of the Head, and settled himself in the Faculty Bench between Bob and Jack, facing the boys. Something was wrong with the Head this morning; had he been on a bat the night before too? But no, it was something else. The story in the little red book about the express train (brilliant and flashing scholar) and the freight (plugger and coal carrier; we don't want you here!) would not be read. They were spared that at least. The big, beefy figure was, by some miracle, on its feet—a gargantuan pear on two lollypop sticks. From the rust-colored face with its shining black eyes, pomegranate nose and sliver of lips, a voice was thrown out, a voice with a perpetual note of entreaty in its forced friendliness. At first meeting with this voice, one would have a warm, comfortable feeling, engendered by its booming heartiness, one would feel trickles of gratitude at the confidential note and syrupy reasonableness which drew each listener into a private little intimacy with it. But soon an intangible and uncomfortable feeling of something out of tune would be discernible; the note of entreaty changed to one of complaint, and a hint of threat appeared behind the camouflage of persuasive reasoning. "The percentage of failures has increased five per cent since the last marks were handed in," the voice was full of hurt disappointment. "Now you fellows can't go on in this way. Suppose I let up on my work like that, or some of the members of the Faculty here. Where would the School be? Each fellow in this world has a job to perform; if he doesn't do it he will never get anywhere . . ." The voice went on and on. Don thought of the cigarette he would have if the old fool ever got through. They were ten minutes late for the first class already. Even the faculty members were getting restless,—with the exception of the Department of History, who sat staring straight ahead, his hands folded sedately in his lap. The Shadow, the boys called him. Suddenly, he detected a change

in the voice. ". . . We only have time for a hymn this morning; let us join in using number 304, 'Work for the Night Is Coming,' and see if we can't resolve to do better."

Don lingered a few minutes before leaving the building until the noise of the feet of one hundred boys had subsided into a half-hearted scraping now and then. From near and far came the voices of instructors with occasional responses in a different tone. Pulling down his hat, and buttoning his coat tightly around his throat, he went out and plodded down the muddy track, trying to avoid the many puddles. When the school buildings were hidden by a bend in the road, he drew out a pack of cigarettes and stuck one in his mouth. It rapidly became sodden as he stood bent before the beat of the rain, striking with a metronomic patter on the soaked and rotting leaf-littered ground. He sucked in the smoke in deep draughts that bit far into his lungs and made him slightly dizzy. In a few moments only a stub was left. Then he pulled out his apple and started eating it, after successfully resisting the temptation to light another. Apples, he had discovered, were better than Life Savers for getting rid of a cigarette breath. As he walked back to school he had the same guilty, small-boy feeling that always attacked him after smoking near the premises. He knew he had looked ridiculous, walking in such weather at that hour, but he wouldn't have a chance for another until after three o'clock. He tried to slip into the dormitory secretly, and did not stop to speak to Mrs. Jackson, who was sweeping her husband's office, although she waved gaily as he passed. Going into the lavatory, he brushed his teeth as an added precaution. Then, having dashed off a few questions hurriedly, he went to class.

His room, in the basement, aired only by three small clouded glass windows, was cold, and seemed to have condensed all the dampness outside within its plaster walls. But he did not have time to think of that. Quickly he wrote the questions on the board, aware of the deathly stillness behind him, and passed out the paper. Then, sitting down, he made out the tests for the next classes. Every now and then he glanced at the class, particularly at one boy, Denton, in the back of the room, a boy whose sly smirk and general impudence had been the cause of many clashes during the year, and who had been just another eternally annoying factor in Don's school day.

When he had finished making out the questions, he sat back and fell into one of his periods of

musings that were his one escape from the present. When would he be able to finish his thesis? Would it be before June? He had not done anything for the last fortnight. He might be able to get something accomplished during spring vacation, but it was the only time in the spring he and Ann had together. They were looking at furniture these days, planning a life in which they could be alone nine hours out of the twenty-four. Instinctively he knew it was foolish, as they would never be married unless some miracle happened. He had seen that coming for some time. Still, they could plan, and nine hours a day were better than none at all. There were many things they could do together—walks in the afternoons, an occasional trip down to his college for a lecture or a concert, reading aloud to each other in the evenings . . . His thoughts continued dwelling pleasantly on the pictures thus evolved. He saw her sitting opposite him at the table, and at their own meals which they would be able to sneak in once in a while. He pictured her smile, the blueness of her eyes, the little curl at the nape of her neck, sitting in a nearby chair so that he could lift his head and look at her while he was hard at work. He thought of holding her in his arms during the long, dark hours when the bell at last was silent! To . . . His somewhat sentimental dreaming was suddenly interrupted. Something warned him to look up swiftly. He noticed Denton writing furiously while glancing aside at Chilton's paper. He walked down the aisle and picked up the papers. Silently he compared them. Then tearing Denton's paper slowly into quarters, he said quietly, while the boy's face reddened with anger and disgust at being caught, "You are a fool if you thought you could get away with that, Denton. Pick up your books and get out; there is no need for you to remain any longer today."

Swaggeringly the boy collected his books, lurched ostentatiously to the door, and opened it noisily. Then, turning, he remarked with a grin, "You and the whole god-damned bunch of you can go to hell!" The door closed on the last words with a slam that rattled the windows. Don took a couple of quick steps toward him as it slammed. But a titter behind him made him whirl in his tracks. At the sight of his face there was a deep silence, and the scratching of pens was resumed.

He turned back to his desk, breathing deeply for a few minutes. The period passed. Another quiz, and then a third, with the boys looking slyly at him when they entered. He remained grim

and silent, speaking only when necessary, and then in a tone of low clarity that carried to the farthest corners of the room. At the end of the third period he picked up the test papers and went up to study hall. Denton was there. As Don came in, the boy came over to him, again in the atmosphere of deadly stillness that had started when he had slammed the door of the classroom. With a slight smile of attempted friendliness, he started glibly, "Prof, I want to apologize for what I said this morning. I guess I was peeved and . . ." He stopped.

There was silence for a moment. Then staring at that face he longed to smash, Don replied coldly, "I don't care to accept your apology. It is the fifth time, I believe, that you have offered an apology for approximately the same thing. You will kindly stay out of my classes in the future. Now, sit down!" He went on to his desk. The bell rang. When everyone appeared hard at work, he called one of the seniors to his desk. "You will be in charge until I return. If there is the slightest disturbance you will be held responsible."

He left the study hall door open and walked down the corridor to the Head's office. Filled with cold disgust and rage, he was determined that Denton should not be in any of his classes again. He knew it meant the boy would have to go elsewhere, as English was required for graduation. He realized also it was a bad policy financially to drive a boy out of school when the enrollment was so low. But he was past caring. He reached the door, and just as he was about to knock, it opened, and Ferguson came out. His face was pale, and he breathed heavily. Don nodded and started to enter, but the other stopped him.

"Wait!" he said in a harsh whisper, as he closed the door and pulled Don down the hall. "The Old Man has just given me the gate—and you, and the Boyntons, and the Petersens and Jack Richards. We've been fired because the bank didn't reopen. Nice mess, isn't it!"

"The bank!" Don cried. "But— . . ."

"Exactly. BUT! He didn't need to tell me that the five of us who are going are the five who smoke, the five, with the exception of the Jacks-sons, who like a good time, and even, God forbid! a drink once in a while. Bob is too popular with the Alumni to go, so he didn't get it in the neck too, thank God. The Shadow and Remington are his pets. What are Sally and I going to do? We haven't saved anything on this salary. And the

Petersens, with those two kids? Eric has about a hundred bucks in the bank. Oh well, what's the use of talking about it? I just thought I'd give you warning before you went in. And here's another. For Christ's sake, or Ann's or your own, keep your temper. Remember you've got to get a recommendation from him. It may mean your whole future. I didn't keep mine—the damned hypocrite with his deprecatory grin! As a result he's as sore as hell. Remember—keep your temper!" And with these words, Ferguson left to tell the wife whom he'd married eight months before.

Don stood there when he had gone. He must have stood there a long time, because he heard the clock strike and realized dully the period was nearly over. He was not thinking what the news meant to the others and himself. He did not realize that it was too late in the year to get another job, unless a miracle happened. Even the thought that this was probably the finish of things between him and Ann did not register. He was not thinking at all.

But habit, brought back by the striking of the clock, moved him jerkily down the hall toward the office door. Then, with his hand on the knob, he suddenly began to laugh. What the devil was the matter with him? Denton had the right idea about the place! Turning, he went quickly down the hall, still laughing in deep breathless gusts that were almost sobs. The bell began to ring as he entered. As the boys started out, he waited at the door until Denton approached. Don stopped him.

"Denton," he said, "Forget what I told you the beginning of the period."

Denton stared at him a moment in complete amazement, and then, as he began to understand what the words meant, a grin appeared on his face—a grin tinged with contempt. So the prof was afraid to go on with what he had started, was he? But he'd make sure.

"You mean that I can come back— . . ."

"Yes, Denton, come on back. The whole god-damned bunch of us are going plumb to hell and you might as well join the happy throng. Yes, come back, come back. I never knew you had such a sense of humor, Denton."

Abruptly Don turned and walked down the hall. Denton gaped after him as he entered the Head's office without knocking, and shrugged his shoulders, muttering to himself, "Jeez, the guy must be nuts!"

FROM THE PUBLISHERS

A Campus Slant on Current Literature

THEY SAY THE FORTIES. Howard Mumford Jones. Henry Holt and Company. New York. 73 pp. \$1.75.

In the thirty-six sonnets that make up *They Say The Forties*, the author has presented a kaleidoscopic impression of the paradoxical position in which his generation, those who are forty, find themselves. Cynically romantic, looking for peace and the beauty of simplicity, Howard Mumford Jones, like many others of the War's young men, is afraid to look for too much that is whole and good in life. It is only occasionally that an expression of his almost hidden romanticism shows itself. Only occasionally will he allow himself to write in the beautiful vein he uses in his thirty-fifth sonnet

There is stillness in October air
Deeper than wisdom. On the dying hills
Wave after wave of orient glory spills
And burns in silent flame.—

Too often and too effectively Mr. Jones writes with his pen dipped in lime-juice. He shows this age and his contemporaries to the world in a tart and bitter manner. In his ninth sonnet he complains

—God left us empty under an empty sky;
Let us get drunk then: we have been double-crossed,
And in our nostrils the smell of the mold is rotten,
And our bones are water, and mouths are dry.

But do not think him only a railer against the fate of his age. He is not all bitterness. Into much of his work he pours a sort of sad humor . . . Laughable but a tear-starting humor. In the third sonnet of the series he says,

To all you ladies now at hand, we men,
Where waist-lines will permit us, make our bow;
You observe our hair is somewhat thinner now,
Our shapes more circular than they were then.—

Again in the fourteenth

When silver threads appear among the gold,
Love's old sweet song expresses mainly gratitude,
Endearing young charms, a sentimental platitude,
Dear ruins, I find, leave human nature cold.—

The author of *They Say The Forties* has published two other volumes of verse. He is at present a professor of English at Harvard and at one time taught at the University of North Carolina. His work will be appreciated by readers of all generations and should give those of us who are inclined to be intolerant of the War's young men a better understanding of those silent, bitter men—many of whom are our fathers.

—RALPH MILLER.

THAT WAS A TIME. Harriet Gift Castlen. E. P. Dutton & Co., Inc. \$2.50. 243 pages.

Harriet Castlen's work is not "just another" tale of plantation life, but the true life and memories of Mammy Lou, a slave brought to America from Africa 90 years ago. Its simplicity and freshness are its particular values, and as Mammy Lou presents much of the material herself, she seems to come alive in a real and moving way leaving a touching and often inspiring picture.

This woman, who as a child was separated from her parents, put aboard a slaver and taken to America is described as

" . . . tall and well rounded out, kind and motherly, and born to rule. Besides this she has a keen sense of humor and great magnetism." Mammy Lou tells of the fear and uncertainty in her heart during those days of the voyage to a new land. Upon arrival here she was sold and her early childhood on the plantation was happy until she resisted the men forced upon her by her master. Branded as no good and stubborn she was sold again. This time the kindly Marse Jimmy bought her. Especially touching is her description of the sale in which she told Marse Jimmy she knew he was going to buy her because she could tell by his footsteps.

Real happiness and peace came to her in this new life. She was promised a wedding and a cabin, both of which she received when she found Jake. From then on she followed, with the simplicity and faith of her race, the will of God. Tragedy came into her life more than once but the only time it threatened her happiness was the loss of Jake, unjustly accused of murder by a jealous slave on another plantation. Until her death she never gave up hope of seeing him again.

She goes on to tell of plantation life before the war. Her description of Sherman's march and the havoc he wreaked is vivid. After the war came confusion and hopelessness but Mammy Lou never faltered. Hers was a philosophy of contentment which she instilled into those close to her. Her bravery more than once in the face of hopeless odds kept others going in the direction of success. How proud she was to hear herself called "Old hero" and "Old Patriarch."

A member of a proud, strong, full-blooded race, never once did she leave the close-to-earth-and-realities life she chose to lead. She is a shining example of loyalty—loyalty to her beliefs and loyalty to her friends. She has suffered and enjoyed every emotion permitted the human race and through a manifold experience has developed a spirituality few persons of education and other advantages ever hope to have.

A rather unusual book, it is biographical in content with a brief introduction in Africa and a second in America. No famous personage, nevertheless, Mammy Lou was an important figure in the lives of several generations from the early 1850's to the present.

—WILLIAM DOWNS.

WHERE THE WEAK GROW STRONG. Eugene Armfield. 395 pages. New York. Covici, Friede. 1936. \$2.50.

Where The Weak Grow Strong is a book based on life in a small Southern town during the autumn of 1912. It is not a novel so much as it is a series of running impressions.

The story takes place in the small Southern village of Tuttle, N. C. The book is divided into four parts or days. These are morning, afternoon, Saturday night and carnival day. Mr. Armfield pictures various episodes in the life of the town but in very fleeting glimpses. His manner of depiction has been termed as something "new"; however the technique employed seems to be a common one consisting of simultaneous chronological order with a change in scene. Though this literary technique has resulted in much excellent writing it seems that *Where The Weak Grow Strong* would

have been much better if Mr. Armfield had not tried this style at all. Its use is conducive to hasty treatment of the characters with subsequent loss of interest.

Another literary device that Mr. Armfield uses but with greater success is that of opening the story with the arrival of a train. Gerald Johnson's novel of North Carolina, *Number 36*, also opened with the arrival of the morning train. As the engineer gets down from his cab the flames from the open fire-box cast flickering shadows against the station wall while in the east there is the first faint flush of dawn. In a shanty near the tracks a negro woman is shrieking in the agonies of childbirth, in a furniture mill worker's house a small boy is dying of pneumonia, men are awakening with bitter tastes in their mouths, women are submitting to their husbands' lusts. So it is in short sequence that Mr. Armfield presents the familiar cross-sectional view of life in an awakening town.

In a similar fashion Mr. Armfield deals with the village life on a hot autumn afternoon, a Saturday night, and a day when every one turns out for the carnival. Its rapid staccato style leaves one somewhat breathless at the conclusion.

The structural looseness of the book leaves no definite idea in one's mind as to what the purpose and theme is unless it is to show how far the cultural level in the South had sunk by 1912. Some will argue that it hadn't sunk but merely risen.

However, many North Carolinians and particularly those who happen to live in the town of Tuttle (fictitious for Thomasville) resent Mr. Armfield's depiction of their town. They complain bitterly that he has picked out all the sordid incidents and left out any ones that would show that the townspeople were capable of good things as well as bad. He is inclined to overemphasize their sexual experiences. It is true that such things do happen, declare his former neighbors, but why make us out as such gross monsters when we are like any other people in the country? Such a constant repetition of sordid incidents leaves one fairly sickened after finishing the book, which may be good medicine for some of us who are sated with smugness.

It can, however, be said of Mr. Armfield that he knows his scene and the idiom peculiar to his characters. But in his headlong rush which is quite confusing at times, Mr. Armfield seems never to realize the depth of experience that he could have had if he had lingered longer on his characterization.

—NEWBY CROWELL.

AMERICAN HURLY-BURLY. Ernest Sutherland Bates and Alan Williams. Robert McBride & Co. \$2.50 339 pages.

Two men, tired of hearing the average citizen inanely remark how he longs for the good old days when life was really exciting, conspired to put a stop to such rash statements by reviewing the year 1936 in such manner as to make him wish he were back in the peace and quiet of those "good old days."

Absolutely and conclusively have they shown that we live in an utterly and impossibly mad world. To begin, they cunningly subtitled the work, "Dramatic Highlights of last Year's Parade of Events." After that they delve bitingly and interpretively into the social, political and economic trends of the nation, viewing it through the amazing changes wrought by the clash of powers and personalities.

Nothing escapes their spotlight. They describe the year as one of Black Legion, Al Smith, Father Coughlin, Nine Old Men, Mrs. Simpson, Recovery, and what-have-you. Everything and anything of importance pertaining to the above-

mentioned trends is subject to treatment. The presidential campaign takes on the aspects of comedy with the well-known tragic results. From the presidential campaign it is shown how the curtain dropped on the careers of Smith, Landon and Coughlin.

Smith found too late that he could draw more votes from a brown derby than a silk hat. With Landon and Coughlin it is a different story. Landon rode to defeat at the hands of his well-meaning comrades in arms, Hamilton and Knox. Coughlin's story is a bit amusing. The honorable father felt quite sure of himself when a straw vote taken in the city of Brotherly Love showed that 80 per cent of radio listeners preferred him to the Philharmonic broadcasts at the same hour. The only thing the good man forgot to take into account was his religion and the rest of the country including Maine and Vermont.

On they go to tell how in spite of the Supreme Court decisions adverse to labor interests, social progress was made, especially against the evidences of Fascism. Still with labor they reveal the disclosures made by the LaFollette senate committee investigation as to how Pearl Bergoff became king of strike breakers. Most interesting is the sad tale of the New York elevators' strike in which the employees of Bergoff were earning some \$9 a day to break the spirit of labor which had been earning less than \$3.

After giving the United States a heavy workout, the authors go abroad to take up the Simpson affair. To them it had all the appearances of a Hollywood scenario and they worked the king's dramatic declaration of love to make it appear just so. However, they prove that the abdication revealed the weakness of the Labor party and the relative strength of the Crown, the Ministry and Parliament.

Journeying down to Spain they wax a bit inconsistent by hoping that Mr. Cuse gets his planes to the front which is in direct contrast to their expressions of indignation over the neutrality problem on social and political fronts.

The finest quality of this book is the candidness and point of view of the authors. They hit and hit hard, not particularly caring whom they hit. When there is revealing to be done they do it honestly and clearly and unbiasedly.

—WILLIAM DOWLING.

SHAKESPEARE'S SONNETS, edited with introduction and notes by Tucker Brooke. New York. Oxford University Press. 1936. 346 pp.

It is widely accepted that Shakespeare's sonnets have been preserved in a sequence different from what their author intended; for though there have been many theories as to the original order, none of them has been accepted. Nor is this one likely to supersede the original order (though it is to this purpose that it is dedicated), even though the editor is one who has devoted his life to Elizabethan literature and should be believed, if anyone is to be.

Nevertheless, when such a critic as Tucker Brooke attacks the problem, the result cannot be ignored.

Not based on any interlocking rimescheme or "acrostical discovery," the system by which Dr. Brooke has attempted his restoration is one which commands the respect of all who have looked into the mass of attempts already made. The attempt is founded on a thorough acquaintance with the sonnets, individually and as a since-distorted sequence, including the sonnet-story. Only after such preparation was the problem attacked. Immediately, Dr. Brooke says, it became apparent that some misplaced sonnets were unmistakably con-

OL' JUDGE ROBBINS

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nected; there were three kinds of linkage, for each of which there were numerous examples:

(a) syntactic:

"When I have seen by Time's fell hand defac'd
 . . . (1) lofty towers . . . (2) brass
 eternal . . . (3) the kingdom of the
 shore . . . (4) the watery main." (lxiv)
 "Since (2) brass, nor (1) stone, nor (3) earth,
 nor (4) boundless sea." (lxv)

(b) echoes (of word or phrase or idea):

"No love toward others in that bosom sits

That on himself such murd'rous shame commits."

(ix.13,14)

"For shame deny that thou bear'st love to any . . ."

(x.1)

and (c) thematic unity, usually of pairs, as 18-19 on the immortalizing power of Shakespeare's verse, 109-110 proclaiming Love superior to Time, and many others.

After the sonnets were connected in this way, the editor found that at intervals there would be unconnected sonnets; these would divide the whole into parts, each being a facet of the whole, which was in turn divided into two parts (1-126 addressed to the young man, and 127-152 to the dark lady), or more properly three parts, since the last form not an epilog but a disconnected pair, being, as Dr. Brooke says, two translations of a single sonnet or two versions of a single incident—though the editor does not believe any one of the hundred and fifty-four is spurious.

All the evidence is aggregated into the introduction and indeed little of it can be disputed. This introduction discusses many other things, such as the dates of composition, a beautiful examination of the Shakespearean sonnet as a verse-form, and its position with regard to the plays. Each sonnet has (conveniently in the back of the book) notes which not only explain "every word in the sonnet that is obscure or can be easily misinterpreted" but also quotations from the plays which parallel passages in the sonnets.

The introduction does much toward convincing the reader of the worth of the edition, but when he comes to examine the text (with its new order) the whole comes to take on a new beauty as a monument to the poet's genius. Whether this is the original order or not, it satisfies the imagination. That seems enough.

The format and typographic execution is indeed worthy of mention, as it is entirely up to the Oxford standards, giving satisfaction to the sight and the touch.

—SHELBY FOOTE.

BOOK MARKS

CENTURY

As fast moving and stirring as good fiction is the book *The Hundred Years* by Philip Guedalla. The tangled history of the century from 1837 to 1936 is presented in a manner that makes the old familiar facts stand out in a new light and new charm. As pure entertainment it is unexcelled. Just published by Doubleday, Doran at \$3.00.

REFUGEES

Cities of Refuge by Philip Gibbs is another of this prolific writer's novels about the days following the war when fear and uncertainty were everywhere. It is a story of the White Russians who were forced to flee the country after being de-

feated by the Reds. Their tragic struggle for existence is described in all the major cities of Europe and America. A Doubleday, Doran book at \$2.50.

CHAOTIC CASTILE

A timely book on the Spanish civil war is the recently published book, *The Spanish Tragedy* by E. A. Peers. An Oxford Press book it is an authoritative work which has been in preparation for several years. It begins with the abdication of Alphonso XIII in 1930 and brings the history up till the street fighting in Madrid. A very readable account which will give an essential background for the present situation.

TRILOGY

If you are fond of "tough" literature, read James T. Farrell's trilogy *Studs Lonigan*. A Vanguard publication it has had immediate success. If you can read 1100 pages at a sitting, do so, because you won't want to lay it down until it is finished.

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The
CAROLINA MAGAZINE

MARCH, 1937

"Why I choose Camels..."



NAT'L OPEN GOLF CHAMPION, record-smashing *Tony Manero*, says: "I had healthy nerves and good digestion on my side. Naturally I would. I'm a hearty Camel smoker. Camels don't get on my nerves. And 'For digestion's sake—smoke Camels' hits the ball right on the nose. When I enjoy Camels, I feel cheered up, enjoy my food more, and have a feeling of ease."

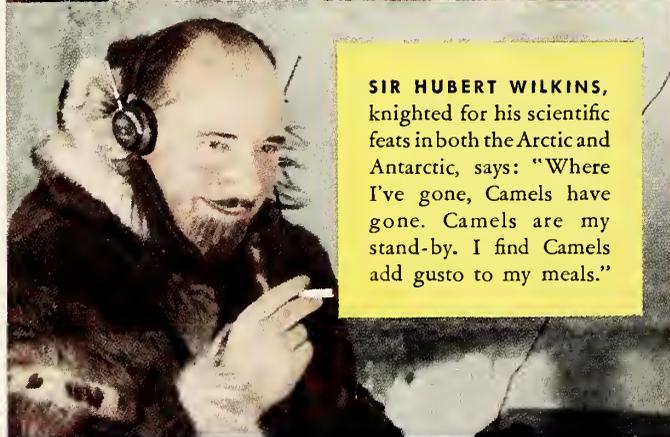
Take up Camels yourself. Enjoy Camel's costlier tobaccos the whole day through. At mealtime, smoking Camels aids digestion—speeds up the flow of digestive fluids—increases alkalinity.



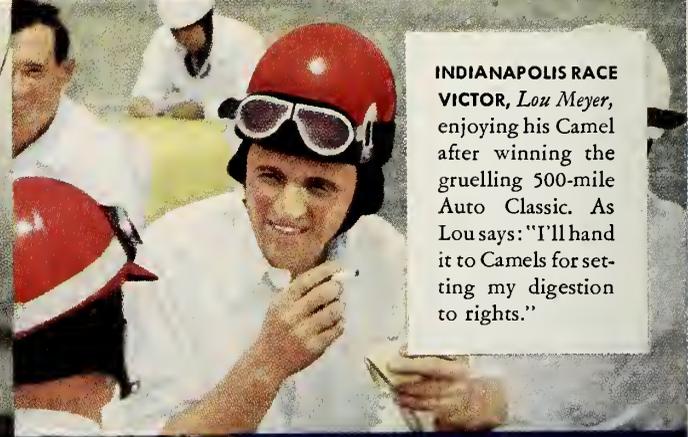
GLOBE-CIRCLING REPORTER, *Miss Dorothy Kilgallen*. She carried Camels on her record dash. "I ate all kinds of food," she says, "but Camels helped to keep my digestion tuned up."



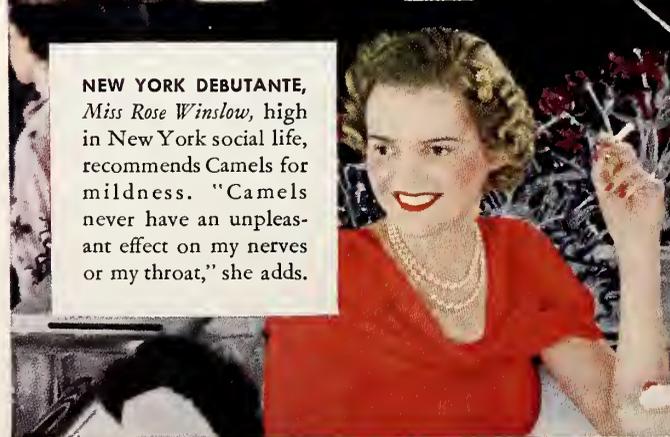
JUNGLE EXPLORER, *Lawrence T.K. Griswold*, has had this experience: "Eating in the jungle is no picnic. I like the sense of digestive ease that smoking Camels brings me."



SIR HUBERT WILKINS, knighted for his scientific feats in both the Arctic and Antarctic, says: "Where I've gone, Camels have gone. Camels are my stand-by. I find Camels add gusto to my meals."



INDIANAPOLIS RACE VICTOR, *Lou Meyer*, enjoying his Camel after winning the gruelling 500-mile Auto Classic. As Lou says: "I'll hand it to Camels for setting my digestion to rights."



NEW YORK DEBUTANTE, *Miss Rose Winslow*, high in New York social life, recommends Camels for mildness. "Camels never have an unpleasant effect on my nerves or my throat," she adds.

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—Margaret Munch

The South: A Middle Way

WHEN Sam Franklin, thirty-five year old Y. M. C. A. worker, could not return to Japan because of the "state of tension" in that country, he went back to his native Tennessee for a visit. It had been a long time since he had left the South and ten years in the foreign missions field had changed his views considerably. He had a new pair of eyes.

Whatever childhood memories he had of moonlight and magnolias and darkies singing to the white folks sipping mint juleps on the white columned veranda vanished before the harsh outlines of the landscape which flashed by the windows of his train. Most of the northern passengers were impatient with the delays of the train. They were anxious to escape the sordid monotony of straggling fences, unpainted shacks, rain-gulied fields, and rattle-trap Fords, which had impressed dreariness upon them for a thousand miles. But Franklin was not impatient. This was his native country. He wanted to see it.

It came as a shock to Sam Franklin to discover that while he had been spending the best years of his life carrying on educational work in a country where 99 percent of the population can read and write, the number of native born illiterates in six southern states totaled over a million. It was still more shocking to learn that the poverty which he saw all around him was not confined to one section of the South or a small part of the population, but was result of a very common evil. A disease known as cotton tenancy had spread throughout the length and breadth of the South affecting eight million people—61 per cent of the Southern cotton farmers. Franklin wanted statistics to substantiate his observations. He found them not lacking. Sociologists had been compiling lengthy reports. Committees had been investigating. He learned that in Arkansas the average gross earnings of black and white share cropper families was \$210 in 1934. From a study of Negro tenant farmers in Macon County, Alabama, in 1932 he was amazed to learn that only 9.4 per cent made a profit and this ranged from only \$70. to \$90. a year. From reports on Mississippi where 72 per cent of the state's farmers were tenants and most

of these sharecroppers he learned that the average value of all machinery and equipment on the farms (which averaged only 62 acres in size) was \$11.01 and of livestock but \$24.53. In four southeastern cotton states, he read that 580,000 farm families had no cattle, 900,000 no pigs and 300,000 were without a single chicken.

While Franklin was making quiet observations in Tennessee trouble was brewing in Arkansas. In the northwestern part of that state a number of white and colored tenants had formed a tenant Farmers Union demanding better wages during picking season, better living conditions, the right to examine the landlord's account books, and the right to gin and market their own cotton. When the union called a cotton pickers strike violence flared.

Franklin determined to investigate conditions. His friend Sherwood Eddy, veteran "Y" worker and writer of numerous books and pamphlets, answered his urgent wire by rushing down to join him for a few days. Together they entered Arkansas when things were "hot." They talked to evicted tenants, to tenants who had been beaten, to women whose husbands had been lynched. Then they were popped into jail. Before they were escorted out of the state, however, they had seen how southern justice operates in an emergency and how the tenants fare when they try to improve their lot. What they saw prompted them to found the Delta Cooperative Farm.

Purchasing two thousand acres of "buckshot" black cotton land at a bargain price (\$17,000 cash) from a hard-up Bolivar County landlord, Franklin and Eddy set the Rochdale cooperative principles to work along with their tractors in the fields and their saw mill in the cypress swamp. They began, Eddy declares, "on faith and a shoe string." But they didn't lose their sound business sense. A large part of the money they had to borrow. They got it at 2½ per cent—"the Wall St. rate."

A board of five trustees was formed to hold the property, Sam Franklin became resident director, and twenty-four of the neediest white and colored share-cropper families were moved over from Arkansas.

The first year of such an undertaking is naturally the hardest and these pioneers had to build from the ground up. Yet in ten months time the farm had made remarkable progress. Suffering from a bad drought and handicapped by a late start—too late to plant some of the land in cotton, the cooperative, nevertheless, made a net profit of \$9,587.62. The average cash income per family amounted to \$327.53, to which must be added a credit for deferred payment of \$122.29 for each family.

The farm is organized as a producers and consumers co-op. The workers cultivate a garden, tend a poultry farm, a hog farm, and manage a store as consumers cooperatives. Profits from the commercial crops and other productive activities are divided among the members in proportion to the amount and quality of the work done. For example, the governing council decided that the saw mill operator should receive three times as much as the unskilled field hand. Advance dividends replace the old "furnish" system. With these the members purchase supplies at the co-op store, which sells at current prices for cash only. At the end of the year the store returned a dividend of nine per cent!

A sum is set aside at the end of the year from the gross earnings of the farm for meeting interest charges, replacement costs, capital investment, etc. The balance is returned in dividends. The trustees have proposed that in proportion to the repayment of capital investment the control and ownership of the farm shall pass into the hands of the members. At present the trustees have the power of veto over the acts of the council of five which is elected by the members. They have not had to exercise this power.

Two things enable the cooperative farm to produce cotton more cheaply than the small farm independently owned: large scale production on the most scientific lines and economy in finance. The expert advice of Dr. John R. Fain, head of the Department of Agronomy of the University of Georgia, has helped the cooperators attain scientific efficiency. The financial connections of Sherwood Eddy has enabled them to borrow at 2½ per cent. While Eddy was exceptionally fortunate to obtain such a low rate of interest, the small southern farmer is extremely unfortunate in having to pay (according to Harry L. Hopkins' estimate) between 10 and 16 per cent on short term credit. The tenant farmer pays around 27 per cent. The Delta Cooperative Farm can produce

cotton for \$5.50; the independent farmer on the same land for \$14.00 an acre.

Eddy and Franklin are proving that in at least one case the cooperative farm can be a financial success. They are disproving the theory that tenants are biologically unfit for efficient farming. No longer do the members of the D. C. F. let the soil wash away in gullies. It is their land, they are told how to conserve it and they do. The members do not tear up the porches of the houses for firewood. They own these houses. They built them—built them snug and neat and clean. They keep them that way and plant flowers in the yard.

Many of the men like Norse Hurley, who had been an illiterate, sickly field hand in Arkansas, came to the farm as unskilled workers and now have learned trades. Some are carpenters, some machinists. Norse, who had never been in an automobile before coming to the farm, is now a truck driver. Without a single mishap he has hauled thousands of feet of lumber. Others like Jim Hinson, who ran away from his plantation master in Alabama because he would not submit to whippings, are learning to read at the night school.

The psychic income of the D. C. F. cannot be measured by statistics. It can only be suggested by smiles on furrowed faces, by the light in eyes once listless and dull.

II

Less than a hundred miles down the Mississippi River is another large farm which was quite as financially successful last year as the Delta Cooperative. From the little hamlet of Scott, Mississippi, the broad flat cotton lands of the Delta and Pine Land Co.'s plantations stretch away in every direction as far as the eye can see. Thirty-eight thousand acres worked by a thousand Negro sharecropper families, owned by English capitalists. In 1936 the Delta and Pine Land Co. made a profit of \$153,600 for its British owners. The company has outstanding debts of \$5,200,000 divided between first and second mortgage bonds, three thousand shares of \$100. per common stock outstanding, and an \$800,000 suspense account on which no interest is being paid. Here is big business with all its inflated financial structure in farming.

Last season the D. P. L. raised 638 pounds of high grade lint cotton per acre and sold it for a premium price of 13.25 per pound. The average cotton farmer raised 187 pounds per acre which brought 11.9 per pound. Here also is efficiency in farming. This efficiency means more money all

'round—for croppers, for managers, for owners. Especially does it mean more profits for the stock holders.

Insurance companies and banks own around thirty percent of the south's best cotton land. The Delta and Pine Land Co. has proved that large scale corporation farming under fair conditions can be immensely profitable. The corporation farm is likely to spread. It has the sanction of practical business men and planters.

Will this prove the answer to the cotton farm problem? It is certainly no answer to tenancy. Though the tenants on the D. P. L. plantation are more prosperous than the workers of the less efficient surrounding plantations, they are, by the same token, more restricted. For example, they are not permitted to own their own mules. They would harm their mules' working efficiency by riding them after working hours. In the name of efficiency, producing profits for owners, they are under rigid supervision.

It is conceivable that governmental supervision and unionism might establish fair returns, hours, and decent working conditions on the large farms, but this has not yet been accomplished in industry. How much harder it would be in agriculture! Southern factories have long produced profits for their northern owners; southern workers have long remained underpaid.

If the corporation farm takes hold it will only prolong the ultimate solution. Mexico is considered a backward country, but Mexico has gone much further toward solving her land problems than have we. It took a century of agrarian struggle and the pillaging of Villa and Zapata to break the power of the hacendados. But today the land is being returned to the people.

The cost of this violence has been terrific. Too often when the owners and managers fled the country, efficiency, scientific technique, and capital fled with them. The peons returned to a hand-to-mouth existence, raising only enough maize to keep them alive and neglecting the sugar and cotton fields. Until recently the government has failed to come to the rescue, but a late news dispatch from the Mexican capital reveals a new policy. It reads as follows:

"On his arrival here from the Laguna region where he has spent the last few months organizing producers and credit cooperatives in the cotton belt, the director of the National Bank of Ejidal Credit announced that the sowing of approximately 250,000 acres for this year's cot-

ton crop is about to begin. More than 30,000 members of 270 newly formed cooperatives will take part in the task of initiating this first experiment in large-scale agricultural production on a cooperative basis."

A century of struggle has led to this experiment in Mexico. Might we not try this experiment before firmly establishing the system which Mexico could not endure?

III

The spread of either the large cooperative farm or the large corporation farm in the cotton belt will decrease still further the number of small independently owned farms in this region. But the effect will be felt much less in the upland and Piedmont regions less suited to staple crops. Yet in the Piedmont and the Appalachian highlands the small farmer, as in the rich lowlands is menaced by tenancy. Forty-nine per cent of North Carolina's farmers are tenants. In South Carolina, and Georgia the figures are over sixty per cent.

In the uplands tenancy must be attacked differently. The government is at present experimenting with a way known as Resettlement. The government buys up poor land, improves it, moves tenant families from sub-marginal land and sets them up in farming 30 to 60 acres, allowing them a long time in which to repay. The interest charges run around six per cent—much lower than commercial bank rates. There are of course numerous objections to the Resettlement plan. The cost on even a small scale has been terrific. Rexford G. Tugwell, ex-head of the R.A., estimates that it costs between \$4,000 and \$5,000 to resettle each family. (Eddy figures that it required only \$1,000 to transform tenants into cooperative owners on the Delta Farm.) There is always the danger that without strict supervision the new owners will mismanage their small farms and run into debt.

Resettlement is no novel and visionary experiment concocted by "Brain Trusters." It has been tried before and its success proven. The English government bought most of the land in Ireland from the absentee English landlords and restored it to the Irish peasants. The Irish farmers, once as pauperized and ignorant as the lowest sharecroppers, are now prosperous husbandmen. They have now welcomed cooperatives—not producers co-ops but marketing organizations—through which they receive the best prices for their potatoes and consumers cooperatives where they purchase the best supplies for the least possible cost.

The English government is being repaid. For England, this was a good investment.

Just as Ireland has adopted cooperatives so the southern uplands may some day be served extensively by consumer and marketing cooperative organizations. But the growth of co-ops in this region will be proportionate to the stability and independence of the farmers. Last year two million American families were patronizing consumer co-ops. Most of these were rural families, in the midwest, some in the east, but only a small proportion in the South. Why is the South lacking in cooperative enterprise? It is not that cooperatives are new to the South. As early as 1878 the Texas Grange organized the Texas Cooperative Association with a capital of \$100,000. Besides acting as a wholesale agent for 129 cooperative stores, the Association handled cotton for its members. In one year it sold 16,000 bales.

Of greater size and influence were the early co-ops of the Farmers Alliance. The Farmers Alliance Exchange of Texas claimed to have saved for growers a total of \$3,252,000 on 1,300,000 bales of cotton handled the first year of its operation. Later the Exchange formulated a plan for selling cotton direct to the mills. Realizing that many of the farmers because of obligations to credit merchants were unable to market their cotton freely, the Exchange attempted to finance the growers. The strain brought ruin to the organization.

It is apparent that cooperative enterprise is not compatible with the tenant system. The credit system of tenancy forces the tenant to market his crops where the landlord directs and to buy his supplies where the landlord says buy.

Despite conditions hostile to growth however there are in North Carolina today three vigorous and thriving cooperatives. Like most of the other Southern states North Carolina has its cotton growers cooperative. Since its beginning fifteen years ago in a dingy two-room office in Raleigh, the Cotton Growers Cooperative has done a total business of over \$130,000,000. Those who visit the office today on the main business street in the capitol may see government experts at work in the finest sampling room in the South classifying cotton for 20,000 members.

Another co-op with headquarters in Raleigh is the Farmers Cooperative Exchange, the largest consumers cooperative in the South. The remarkable success of this organization since its birth two years ago has sent its energetic and plump manager, Mr. M. G. Mann scurrying all over the state

telling farmers how to save money by buying F. C. X. "open formula" feeds and fertilizer, and adapted seeds. But the F. C. X.'s \$4,000,000 business has not clouded Mr. Mann's good business sense. A former small town banker, he believes in hard cash. The F. C. X. will not pay cash dividends until it has accumulated a \$50,000 cash surplus in the bank. The past failures of less conservative co-ops testify to the soundness of this policy.

In the far western counties of the state James G. K. McClure has written a dramatic success story with his Farmers Federation. Under his zealous leadership the Federation has supplied the much-needed market for the fruit, garden produce, and forest industry products of the mountain farmers. In 1934 the Federation's payments for farm products amounted to \$325,000.

There are in addition some score of credit cooperatives in the state. The Credit Union at Lowe's Grove, eight miles from Chapel Hill, has been conspicuously successful in supplying short term credit at low interest rates to its members.

Lumped all together these organizations serve but a fraction of the state's farmers. But they are growing and as the farmers in the Piedmont and the highlands learn diversification of crops, as cotton retreats to the large cooperative farms in the lowlands, and as the Resettlement Administration converts more and more upland tenants into owners, these consumer and marketing societies will expand in strength and number.

In the uplands the advancement of cooperatives will follow the retreat of tenancy, but in the lowlands cooperatives producers co-ops like the Delta Farm must be the means of abolishing tenancy as well as the end in view. Franklin and Eddy hope that their Delta Farm is just the first in a chain of such farms to be strung across the lower South. The possibilities of this experiment, however, lie not in what Franklin and Eddy or a few philanthropists may do with it but in what the Federal Government and the state governments may do with it.

The task of establishing producers cooperatives in the "new" cotton belt will of course be a tremendous one—a job more difficult than resettlement in the uplands. One of the greatest difficulties will be to find a sufficient number of capable managers. The efficiency of the workers on the Delta Farm is largely attributable to the patient and careful supervision of Sam Franklin and agricultural experts. Until a generation of workers has grown up on a smoothly running cooperative

farm, the older members—even the most biologically fit—bred as they are in the tenant system, will require watchful guidance. The county farm agents might serve as excellent agricultural directors. What will be needed are men experienced in cooperative enterprise.

A second obstacle in the path is the race problem. The Delta Cooperative has solved this difficulty for the time being quite satisfactorily. In economic matters and questions relating to the business management of the farm there is complete race equality. Not more than three members of one race serve on the governing council of five. In their social activities the two races prefer to lead separate lives and the question of race equality is never raised. Such a policy puts into practice Booker T. Washington's famous formula: Economically one as the fist; socially separate as the fingers.

Financing such a program presents a problem we do not propose to tackle. Suffice it to recall that it is cheaper than Resettlement which England has accomplished on a small scale.

Once the program is underway it should gather momentum. Each cooperative farm is a training school in efficient farming and cooperative management. And as Eddy and Franklin are doing, the government might use part of the profits of the first few farms to purchase others. Cooperative farms may, after all, prove good investments for the government.

The abolition of farm tenancy will not be a panacea for all the ailments of agriculture. Farm ownership will not destroy the law of supply and demand; it will not enlarge human stomachs beyond a fixed limit. Agricultural surpluses will still threaten farm prices, for unless human nature undergoes a radical change, farmers will not refrain from planting more and more cotton when the price is rising out of pure love of cooperatives. Nor will cooperatives, if we read their history correctly, be able to sustain prices by holding over surpluses. Production control is just one of the many problems which the government, working with and through cooperatives, will have to solve.

No, we do not offer cooperatives as a cure-all. We recommend producers' cooperatives as a remedy for the specific and flagrant evil of cotton tenancy—as a solution less bloody than communism, more practical for cotton farmers than resettlement and more fundamental and permanent than the corporation farm.

We recommend also immediate action. At present the South takes a paradoxical position. We espouse education at the same time refusing to countenance the changes which must follow in its wake. With schooling the houn' dog's life becomes intolerable. The South must help the tenant farmer, or like Arkansas, the South must suppress him. If the words "Land and Liberty" are to become descriptive of the Southern farmer's lot instead of a revolutionary watchword we must pursue NOW the "middle way."

Prescription

Under old rain and night and immutable dark,
The vituperative adder, coiled and poised to strike,
Relaxes; and the tendons slip to slime:
In the quiet the nightslain breathing with no dawn,
Centuries does things. Subjugate the spark
And look within the flint, and there, most like,
Encounter peace — hip flank hock of Time
Before horizons or the stars were drawn.
Humanity, when it drops its worshipped lease
On strife and discontinues love of strain,
Lets the indignities of I-am cease—
Humanity, in a circle drawn with pain,
Will strike up out of glaring, find its peace
In the eternal hissing of old rain.

—SHELBY FOOTE.

Still

BOONEY, by Gawd, come down from that air mountain top. We got a fifty gallon run to make tonight. Git down here."

Booney didn't hear him. He was sitting on the highest rock of the mountain looking to the west where the sun would in a few minutes be blotted out by the hills. The road winding in and out in the valley below led to the meeting place of the red sky and darkening earth. Booney wondered where it went, what was beyond it, and if he, himself, would ever—

Bud's angry voice reached him.

"All right, Paw, I'm a-coming." He tried to keep the anger out of his reply, but he hated leaving the sun and the mountain to go to the cabin and meet Bud who would beat him for not getting the mash ready for the night's run.

In fifteen minutes, his long legs had covered the trail down to the cabin on the mountain side, because he knew it even in the dark.

Bud was waiting for him at the door, shotgun in hand.

"You no count brat. I told you to git that air mash ready fer tonight. You bin up thar setting all afternoon doing nothing."

Booney knew what the gun meant. His Paw always fingered it when he was mad. So he said nothing, and went to the wash bowl throwing the water over his face to cool him. Then he quietly set about bringing in wood as two of the girls helped their Maw put the few dishes on the table.

Bud drew a split-bottomed chair to the fire and watched his son. The light colored his red hair and face. His dark eyes glowed with a hard bitterness.

The fire and smokey kerosene lamp made closer the dark tension in the single room. Even the seven younger children felt it and went quietly about their chores, looking at Bud uneasily.

Lithey gave the side meat and greens a last stir and took it up. She looked at the children and said, "It's ready. Yore Paw's got to hurry," and wearily began dishing it out on their plates.

"Hold on thar," Bud shouted to Lithey. "Don't give Booney none. He ain't worked for his."

Lithey opened her lips as if to say something. Then seeing Bud's stormy face, took one of the

dishes from the table. She knew it didn't pay to cross Bud Potter.

"But, Paw, I'm hungry," Booney said hesitantly.

"You're hungry," Bud snarled. "You didn't work this afternoon. You ain't worth feeding. Why, if old Jake Potter, your grandpaw, knew how lazy you was, he'd come up out of the burying ground, and shoot your worthless hide."

"Paw, I was just reading my school books. I wasn't being lazy. I'd sooner read than work with that mash. And it was so nice up on the rock, and I started looking at the road, and didn't want to leave."

His words tumbled out as he stared into the fire and he didn't realize how much he was telling Bud of his own life, his inside life that was his.

"Look at him, you brats. He'd rather read than make likker. You can't make a living reading, or setting up on top of a mountain all day. Potters ain't never done that. We allus made likker and if any man got in our way, we killed him. Reckin he doesn't know what them nineteen notches on my shotgun mean. Him, living with Potters for nigh on to seventeen year and don't know how to be a Potter. Rather read, damn his hide," Bud exploded.

"But, Paw, you don't make a living moonshining. We ain't got enough to eat in the winter half the time. We ain't even got enough money to buy the kids clothes to go to school. What good's moonshining if hit ain't going to help us?"

Bud's face grew livid and he cussed under his breath.

Booney crawled to the farthest corner of the room away from the table and lay there afraid of what he had said to Bud. That was the first time he had ever told Bud what he thought about making likker. Maybe I hadn't orter told him about hit at all . . . he looks like the old devil he's so mad . . . but I can't stand it much longer . . . I can't . . . wonder what he'll do to me . . .

Nothing could be heard in the room except the occasional crackling of the fire and the hurried scrape of the dishes. None of the family looked at Bud and he sat silently eating.

Finally Bud leaned back in his chair and deliberately bit off a hunk of tobacco.

After he had spit into the fire once, he looked at Booney and growled, "Let's git going."

Booney glanced at Lithey's tired face. She looked at him, then dropped her eyes to the floor.

"I'm not going to help tonight."

Bud spit once more, taking careful aim before he spoke. "You're not, you bastard? You're a yalloh-bellied skunk. You're not a Potter." Glowering at Lithey, he yelled, "Look what you gave me. He's not a Potter. My paw and grandpaw didn't think moonshining warn't good enough for them, and I'll not have a son of mine gitting up-pity."

Lithey got up and started taking away the supper.

Booney said in a shaking tone, "Paw, I don't like to make likker. Thar ain't nothing to hit. I don't mind hoeing the corn all day in the summer, but I ain't going to have nothing more to do with hit after that."

Bud's face twisted and he raised his big frame from the chair, picking up his gun from the floor. Booney jumped up and started for the door, but Bud caught him by his overall straps before he had taken two steps.

The gun barrel came down on the boy's back, and Booney fell quivering in the corner.

"Git up from thar and come on. I'll make a Potter of you whather you like it or not." Bud towered over him in a rage. Lithey and the children hung around the fire, not knowing what to expect.

"I'd just as lief kill you as not, you dawg. Git down to thet holler and thet still."

Booney lay for a minute trying to stop his crying, then got up and followed Bud.

They walked the quarter of a mile to the hollow without words. The still was hidden in a clump of thick bushes, surrounded by rocks.

Till and Win were already there sitting around a small fire. "Everything's ready, Bud. We ought to make a big run tonight before the moon comes up. Them revnooers won't ever find us in this new place," Till said confidently.

"Yeah, but there's no use taking chances. I ain't forgot thet shot in my arm where they got me last month." And Win rubbed the spot and spit into the fire.

Bud took command. "Let's git going, ain't no time for talk now. Booney, you go git some more wood and bring those jars outen the rocks. Win,

you and me'll tend the mash. Till, you'll be look-out tonight . . . two owl hoots same as always."

Soon the mash was boiling in the vat. The night seemed sinister to Booney as he worked. Every sound cracked like a rifle and gave him a start. Sweat poured down his face and back.

Jars . . . jars . . . soon they'll be full of thet likker . . . and we don't git much money from hit . . . not enough to buy Maw a stove and the kids clothes . . .

Hate seethed up in his face whenever he looked at Bud. Why should he spend his life like all the Potters, hell-raising, shooting, killing, making likker? Wasn't there something more than that in the world? He thought of the pictures in his fourth grade reader . . . pictures of ships on the ocean, pictures of tall buildings close together and millions of cars on the streets below, houses with five and six rooms that people really lived in, airplanes that could fly even over the mountains and see everything . . .

Every jar he touched was cold and lifeless just the way he lived except for the times when he sneaked away from work as he did that afternoon to sit and think about the things he would like to see and do.

The dark blue of the night sprinkled with stars, the rough beauty of the mountain's silhouette meant nothing to Booney sick with the smell of the boiling mash and faint from hunger. The cursing of the men as they worked, their stealthiness, their dirty lives were so near to him that he felt it would take weeks for him to be able to see the beauty of his mountains again.

"Booney git thet jar under the coil. It's running now. Don't be so damn slow," shouted Bud.

Drops of likker were running from the coil, glancing red in the firelight. Booney stared at them fascinated, each catching the hate in his eyes. Drop . . . drop . . . drop . . . in each was distilled the pain, longing, and sordidness of his life, of the life Bud made him live . . . It's all account of those drops . . . I could be free if it wasn't for them . . . drop . . . drop . . . why don't they stop. . . why don't they . . . for God's sake . . . drop . . . drops of blood . . . my blood . . . my mother's blood . . . they are killing her . . .

With a low moan of hate and despair, Booney suddenly picked up a rock, hurled it at the vat, heard a crash, and ran into the night. A shot and curses followed him.

Away from the stench of the mash and into the cool winds of the mountain top Booney ran.

Flinging himself on the rock with his face upturned to the stars, he felt his world, his world of the calm, beautiful mountains possess him. Gone was the burning fire and hate of the still, gone the killing tradition of the Potters, gone the misery of his cabin home, forgotten the hungry cries of his brothers. The night pillowed him, and the winds sang a wild, sweet song to him. He was one with his gods, the mountain and the wind.

Booney reached up to the sky as if to gather all of the beauty to himself and hold it close forever. Then he slipped to a hollow crevice in the rock and felt for his reader which he kept hid there. The book seemed solid and substantial to him, his only support. He fingered the pages which he could see only indistinctly. In his pale face glowed eyes dark with hope.

Holding the book to his chest, he sat a lonely vigil on the mountain, staring into the dark valleys below. Then a faint red tinge colored the horizon, broadening finally into a flaming moon.

With the coming of the moon, Booney became afraid. He could see the faint form of the cabin clearing below. Bud, likker, killing, flashed through his mind. He was afraid and pressed his reader closer to him for comfort.

Booney lay still for a long time hating his paw, hating that he could not be as his paw wanted him to. He thought that maybe if he was a Potter, he wouldn't mind making likker and killing people, and never going away from the mountainside.

Maybe I'm not a Potter, moon . . . maybe I'm like Maw's folks . . . She told me that time after paw beat her that she hadn't always had to work the way she does now. She used to live down in Todd on Yan-side valley. A train came there once a day. Her paw had right smart money, even had four horses and a buggy. And they went to church every Sunday and had new clothes once a year, moon . . . Then when she married Bud, her family wouldn't let her come to see them again. Maybe I'm like Maw's folks . . . maybe that's why I'm not a hell-raising Potter.

The moon shone, and Booney's thought raced through his brain.

Then he sat up, a quick light on his face . . . *I could go to see maw's folks, and tell them I want to go away. They might understand and help me.*

I could go away down the road and see where it ends. I could see all the things in the reader and maybe keep on going to school. Maw's folks might even come get her away from Bud and take the children too . . .

Bud . . . the name struck cold fear into his body . . . How could he get away from Bud? Bud would kill him if he knew Booney even thought of leaving. The primer lay warm in his hands. He fingered it and knew he would have to leave.

Quietly with a determination he had never felt before, Booney planned to leave the next afternoon, to follow the winding road to Lithey's people and farther, while Bud was away at the still getting read for the night's run.

Booney waked when the sun rose. His book was still pressed tightly in his hands. Tingling with warmth and gladness, Booney jumped up humming a tune Lithey used to sing to him as he looked long at the road leading to Todd. Something inside him welled up and he felt he would burst if he didn't tell the road that he had heard and was coming that very afternoon. Tears silently slipped over his eyes, and he was glad.

He ran down to the creek and splashed the coldness on him. Booney laughed at the tadpoles shimmering between his toes. Exultantly he chuckled to them, "I'm leaving; I'm leaving this afternoon. But some time I'll come back and see you again."

He had never been so carefree as he was that morning. He wandered all over the mountain side stopping to tell each favorite tree and rock goodbye. Flinging himself down on the grass, Booney burrowed his face in it, loved its fresh, green smell. He spread his hands on the huge rocks, tried to crush them, feeling power surge through his body.

"I'm leaving . . . I'm leaving . . . I'm going to see where the road ends . . . I'm going down country . . . I won't forget you . . . You love me . . . and I'll be back . . . I'm free . . . Vibrantly raced through him the realization that he would soon be on the road.

Then it was four o'clock and Bud would be gone.

Booney sneaked down to the cabin and waited on the outskirts of the clearing to make sure. He could see Lithey sitting in the doorway sewing on a piece of sacking to make a dress for Chlory. The baby was on her lap and the children were playing under the oak tree.

Booney came up to the door and there were tears in her eyes.

"Where've you bin, son? Yore Paw's bin looking fer you. He came in last night nearly as mad as the time when he killed Bob Eller. He's bin drinking ever since and swears he's going to kill you."

"Oh, it's all right, Maw. Everything's all right now. I'm leaving before sundown before Paw gits back. I'm going to yore folks and tell them about you and the children so they can come get you. And I'm going to see everything I have read about and more too."

Lithey reached for Booney's hand. "Yore Paw would be awful mad. We couldn't git away from him. Stayed here so long now might as well bury me here."

"But, Maw, I can git way. I know I can. Paw won't be back fer a while and when he finds I'm gone, I'll be too far away fer him to catch me."

"All right, son. You might do it. I'll fix you a pack of something to eat right now, and you can be away. You'll come back to see me sometime afore I die, son?"

"Yes, Maw, I'll be back and take you with me." There were tears in his eyes.

Booney and Lithey went in to get ready.

A heavy footstep sounded on the doorstep and a shadow fell across the room.

"There you be, you yallow dawg. I'm going to strap you like you was a horse, you damn varmint."

Booney stood still, numbed, as Bud took a heavy strap from the wall and staggered toward him.

Down came the strap across his face, blood running into his eyes. Again and again. He fell to the floor.

The lash tore his clothes, cut his back. Bud laughed drunkenly. "So you'd try to smash the still; you'd run away and hide, then come back whimpering. I'll teach you how a Potter whips his brats. You goddam bitch-brat."

Booney wriggled for a while at each blow, then lay silently feeling nothing. Bud raised the strap again and again, getting a savage delight in feeling his son's flesh break under his strength. "You'll never run from me agin. You'll never tell me you won't make likker agin. By Gawd, I'll kill you afore you do that."

Again he raised the lash, but it didn't fall. Bud staggered back exhausted, fell into a chair.

For a long while there was no sound in the cabin except Lithey's convulsive weeping, Bud's heavy breathing.

Then going to Booney, Lithey raised him up, gave him water, and washed his face and back. She whispered to him, "Don't fret, son. You work

tonight, and you can leave fore sunup. He won't be awake. I'll fix everything for you."

That night when they reached the still, Till and Win had the mash already on the fire. All of them started working at once. Till and Win saw the lashes on Booney's face and back, but said nothing, knowing that no one ever questioned anything a Potter did. That was bad business.

Booney didn't mind fixing the jars that night. The smell of the mash didn't even bother him. He felt only the wind fresh from the mountain top. Everything was good and beautiful. He could get away in the morning just as well. Bud would sleep late because he was drunk.

Over and over again he sang the tuneless little song in his mind . . . I'm free . . . I'm leaving . . . I'm going to follow the road. I will see where it ends . . . I will follow it all over the world . . . I won't have to be a Potter . . . I'm free . . .

Half of the jars were filled. They worked steadily.

Two hoots of an owl . . .

They stood still, tense. Bud ordered hoarsely, "Douse that fire and hide the stuff."

Till came up breathlessly. "The revnooers is coming. I heard them moving up on the ridge. We'd better run."

Just then a rifle cracked and clipped Till's arm.

"By Gawd, they've spotted us. Git behind them rocks. We'll have to shoot it out." Bud growled as more shots followed the first.

Shot after shot crackled in the brush. One of the revenuers screamed.

Booney was afraid. He didn't want to kill anybody. But if he didn't, they would all be jailed, and he couldn't get away in the morning. Dizzy, brain pounding, he kept his gun barrel hot.

Blood and sweat was in his eyes. He heard Bud cuss and tell Win to spot them right. He couldn't remember how many times he had pulled the trigger. He couldn't let the revenooers catch him.

Then he thought—I might run and not have to kill them. He threw down his gun, took one step, then fell.

He knew there was a hole in his belly, but he couldn't think about anything but a winding road leading away . . . away . . .

Bud leaned over him and whispered, "By Gawd, I knowed he was a Potter."

A Decrusted College

YOUR VALUE to Black Mountain college will be in proportion to the change you produce in it. If at the end of the year any one of you can say to himself or herself that there has been no change I won't say you might have stayed away, but I shall say we might have been as well off without you." With these words John A. Rice, Rector, greeted the students entering Black Mountain College in the fall of 1936.

Within the same month thousands of Freshmen over the nation were listening to addresses of welcome. But what they were hearing sounded about like this: "You, class of nineteen thirty-six, have come here to carry on the great traditions of this institution." It is this very difference that has made a four-year-old college of less than sixty students, located in a resort hotel in the mountains of North Carolina one of the most widely discussed and written of in the United States.

The students and faculty of Black Mountain are far from being just "average" college people. I found, when I visited them last fall, students of such divergent backgrounds as the twenty-seven year old New York City born boy who had spent several years as an ice cream manufacturer in Brazil and as the Massachusetts society girl who looked like Pallas Athenae. There are Californians and Frenchmen, but most of the students come from the Northeastern states. Most of them are wealthy. Many come from "progressive" preparatory schools. Many others have come to Black Mountain after spending an unsatisfactory period at a "traditional" college.

"A difficulty we have here," said Mr. Rice, "is that this is a queer college started by a lot of queer people, all extreme individualists, so that we tend to attract to our student body extreme individualists." The sensational and often false publicity the college has been given in national publications has attracted to it both the brilliant and the neurotic. As best it can, the faculty tries to choose the former. The student body is thus a carefully picked group of students. Idealistically it is a group of people eager enough to study without the usual scholastic stimulation, intelligent enough to study without the usual academic guidance, and strong enough to live without rules.

The faculty, too, is unusual. When Mr. Rice and three colleagues were discharged from Rollins in 1933 because they had the courage to say what they thought they found nine members of the student body there who were willing to join them in an effort to establish a college whose one word creed would be "Change." The Y. M. C. A. retreat hotel, Lee Hall, they found was empty during the winter months. Here they began determined to be free from outside control. Therefore, the college is supported by its student fees. Each student is required to pay 1200 dollars a year. This covers tuition and living costs. The faculty members, their wives and children live in the hotel or in small cottages on the grounds nearby, and eat with the students in a common dining hall. They are paid not according to any professional rating or skill, but according to their personal needs. Those who have dependents receive more. Those who have private incomes receive little, or teach without pay.

There are no distinctions in treatment of faculty members and students, or between old and new students. All administrative work is done by the combined efforts of students, faculty, and faculty wives. The latter are just as much a part of the faculty as their husbands. Everyone has a part in the running of the community. There are only a few servants and no self-help students. A few scholarships are given but there is no difference made in the treatment of their recipients. Everyone waits on tables, but by no assigned "K. P." method. The first one at the table, if he feels so inclined, gets the first round of food. The person with the empty dish gets it filled. As an outgrowth of interest in cooperatives, several of the students and faculty run a farm which supplies the dining hall with much of its produce. It sounds idealistic, but is much the opposite in its working.

Because the students are individualistic, many strange ideas have been conceived by outsiders about their being "different." This, it seems to me, has been exaggerated. I found they even "yo yod" and played "knock-knocks" — in season. Contrary to many reports, they are not "arty" people. Yes, *some* of them do folk-dance. But they do it not because they think it is of any great "cul-

tural" value but because they think it is fun. Many of the others think it silly, and say so. Mr. Rice, himself, openly ridicules it. Yet those who like to folk-dance, folk-dance. Others prefer ball-room dancing. There is generally a period of informal dancing after almost every evening meal, for those who care for it. A wife of one of the faculty members is a tango artist and her teaching of the tango is regarded as just as important as the teaching of languages.

There are few stooped shoulders and sallow complexions among the group. Climbing the mountains around them, working in the open have given them better health than most college students can boast of—lithe, tanned people most of them. Lee Hall is built in a clearing on the side of a mountain and looks over a narrow valley to a lumpy ridge of other mountains. It is a huge rambling wooden building, a three-storied affair, rough and barnlike and not very commodious for winter residence. But they manage to make it comfortable enough. The boys occupy the third floor and the girls the second. The first floor with its large lobby contains the library, reading rooms and professors' studies. Unmarried faculty members live in the big hall side-by-side with the students. All the professors have studies here. These are not the usual desk, file and chair cubicles most professors seem to have. Comfortable chairs, rugs and flowers were in every one. Since almost all the classes are held in these rooms, this air of comfortable informality has a beneficial effect on the whole attitude toward study.

The very large size of the building enables the college to offer its students one of the most desired things in a college dormitory—privacy. Each two students share a bedroom. In addition, each student has a private study. This, he is at liberty to use as he pleases. It is his castle, or his cell. Though Lee Hall is hardly suited to the housing of a college, the necessary facilities are possible. Scientific laboratories in the basement of the hall are adequate for elementary work. The library of about ten thousand volumes was made up chiefly by combining the personal libraries of the faculty members. Other needed books have been added by direct purchase or are borrowed from our own and other libraries through the interlibrary loan system. There was no place for theatricals so the group built a movable stage at the end of the large dining hall, housed in another building behind the main hall. This building also contains the music room where a large collec-

tion of phonograph recordings seemed to be in almost constant use. Beside Lee Hall is a large gymnasium and out-of-doors swimming pool.

A great deal more sensible attention has been paid the academic freedom at Black Mountain than in most American educational institutions.

No certain number of preparatory school credits, no high school certificate is required. On entering, the student first goes into the "lower division." Here he is encouraged to take courses in many fields, but, contrasted with our own General College set curriculum, the student is not pushed into courses he does not like or can "see no good in." Last year a boy came declaring he wanted to take nothing but work in dramatics. He was allowed to do just that. Soon he got into stage designing and lighting. He found he had to have mathematics to do this work properly. This motivation enabled him to find interest in a subject he had found meaningless before. Scenic designing and costuming sent him into the study of history. When he tried to write plays himself he began to feel the necessity for studying rhetoric. He began to read the great dramatists to note how they developed their material and used literary sources. This study of sources then took him into the study of foreign languages—something he never dreamed, on entering, that he would study of his own free will. He, like many other college students, found that he had to see a use for something before he could concentrate on it. The tutorial system at Black Mountain enables students to go back and pick up the things they failed to get in preparatory schools, and at the same time do advanced work.

No length of time is set for the students to stay in the lower division. He may apply for admission to the upper division any time he feels that he is able. He is given an examination, the main part of which consists of over fifty very broad questions, covering many fields of learning. There is no trouble about an honor system here. The examination begins with these instructions: "Candidates are advised to select questions from as wide a range of subject matter as possible. The facilities of the library, laboratories, textbooks, notes, music records and scores, and pictures may be used freely, but quotations should be marked and the sources indicated." These examinations are graded on the basis of the range of questions the student answers and on how well he shows he has used the intelligence the faculty and students think he has.

When the student successfully enters the upper division, he continues with as many classes as he wishes. However, he is expected to choose some special field in which to specialize. These may vary as widely as from textile designing to ancient history. What usually happens is that a student joins the faculty member or members who are interested in his specialty and they become colleagues.

Graduation comes when the student is ready for it. When he feels himself fully prepared the student submits to the graduate committee an outline of his study plan and what he thinks he knows. An authority on the special field of study which the student has chosen is invited in from another college and he gives the student a rigid oral examination. The graduation committee audits the exam and with the examiner, they determine whether or not the student has mastered the material he has outlined for himself. An additional requirement is that the student submit several pieces of written work of both a creative and a research nature.

Graduation, however, does not mean a degree. The college lacks the library facilities demanded by the state department of education of colleges for this privilege. Yet its academic standing is so highly valued that Harvard will allow Black Mountain students to enter her graduate school without preliminary examination.

Since there are no required courses and no ordinary examinations, classes at Black Mountain are taken merely as a convenient way to get at knowledge. There is nothing sacred, they find, in the class room method of learning. If some students find more satisfactory methods of getting knowledge they are free to use that method. Some have, especially in the upper division, found their own study plans, assisted by tutorial aid from the faculty when they wish it.

But all this is the mere form of the curriculum. More important are the experiments the group is making in what constitutes its substance. Mr. Rice explains this. "In a traditional college the faculty thinks it knows what things are good for people, and says, these are good and those you musn't learn. In this college we say we don't know what is good for people, but if they exercise their choice they will come nearer than if they ask the faculty. That is the difference between the faculty making the curriculum and individual making the individual curriculum."

The professors and students at Black Mountain enter into the class together. Each person brings

what intellectual material he has to offer. The class is lead by the man who knows most about that particular thing concentrated upon. When related things are called forth other members of the faculty or the students in the class contribute what they can. In this way the artificial segmentation of knowledge into courses is at least attenuated. New points of view are introduced. The class is never a one way affair.

These faculty men who can so easily associate both socially and intellectually with the students have large scholastic background. Five of the eighteen hold the Ph.D. degree. Mr. Albers, the art professor and, after Mr. Rice, probably the most influential man in the college was formerly professor at the Bauhaus in Berlin. There are two former Rhodes scholars in the group. These men have managed to follow thoroughly some special interest and at the same time keep themselves in touch with the conscious life around them. They know their students. They have remained "integrated in the present."

Of these personalities, Mr. Rice is, to the visitor, certainly the most impressive. He conducts the school's most influential class: "Plato seminar." One soon finds that the class is a great deal more than a study of the writings of the philosopher. It is a class in oral thinking. Here are discussed ideas on art, language and other modes of communication, politics, and education. Here is developed that "trained skepticism" which seems to be a dominant attitude at Black Mountain.

The great effectiveness of this class comes from its intensity and its sincerity. Since everyone knows everyone else intimately, making statements merely for effect is soon stopped. No one "gets by" with anything. No statement is accepted without being tested. Mr. Rice's brilliant acid comment keeps ideas moving. He is not only gifted with an ability to think almost without prejudice, but he is also able to recognize prejudice in the thinking of others and can make them realize it.

The great interest taken in the arts by every one at Black Mountain has surprised almost all the visitors. Courses in painting, music, and drama, considered strictly appendages to the main curriculum at most colleges, are here made a main concern. This is consistent with the idea of education by the laboratory method, and with Mr. Rice's ideas about education by participation. "In order to get developed the capacity of the student to get things for himself," Mr. Rice explained, "we have tended to turn more toward these artistic methods, because

when you are drawing or painting or playing a piece of music, there isn't a whole lot that the teacher can do for you." This activity, he claims ". . . does more of what American students need to have done for them: it develops their self-respect."

The purpose of none of this artistic training is primarily for production. Black Mountain does not try to give training for any specific profession. Mr. Rice thinks the job of a college is to train people "for life, not for getting a job." He thinks that the future is so uncertain that it is futile to prepare students to live only in the world in the state that it now is. He admits the necessity of training people for the future. "I don't know how to train people," he says, "for a thing which we know nothing about, but we do know that you have to have one condition, and that is flexibility to adjust yourself to any situation, any environment. Consequently, the effort here is to train people,—and this applies to all members of the faculty and all the students—the first job is to learn how to be as intelligent here on this hillside as you can."

As a working group, the Black Mountain-ers have their faults. How much these faults are due to the method they are using or to the people themselves it is hard for a visitor who was there only for a short time to say. Any criticism of them after such a visit is hazardous and is bound to be impressionistic. Yet this group, so accustomed to the use of "trained skepticism" among its members, will surely not be offended with its use by an outsider.

Black Mountain people talk too much. Chaucer had little to say in the class devoted to him which I attended. Most of the classes seemed more like impressionistic confessionals than the sober examination of materials. Students did express themselves, not only in words but in music, in painting. There was a constant pouring out of ideas on every side. There seemed less attention paid to the "taking in" of ideas. This seemed, in turn, to produce in the less stable of them a tendency to superficiality in discussions. But the aptness of their ability to analyze themselves accurately, though not its effectiveness, is shown by the advice given the students by Mr. Albers at the opening of the 1936 session. "Let us talk a little bit less, and do more . . . Then we won't have to expect again that girl X is going to change girl Y, and we will get automatically the idea that the education of ourselves

is more important than the education of our neighbors. Then we will live more in our own rooms than in the rooms of others."

There is, among this unusual group, an intellectual tension which seems stimulating to one who visits for a short time. But this tenseness, some of the students have told me, after a time becomes disturbing. It is not conducive to concentrated study . . . and of this I found quite as little as one might in our dormitories. Without a routine which directed and limited them, many of the students seemed to be affected by so many stimuli that they could give full attention to none. But they were affected. They did react.

It is upon these reactions that the great value of Black Mountain as an educational experiment depends. Its most valuable function is to "punch sacred cows." Educational institutions have too long left the introduction of new ideas to "ax grinders," to people who "believe" in things and whom opposition forces into a blind advocacy rather than a careful consideration of ideas. Black Mountain has shown itself willing to give consideration to these new ideas—in art, government, economics, education—and to look at them with "trained skepticism."

Many dissatisfied students and teachers have looked to Black Mountain to discover a new form for American colleges. In fact Editor Bernard DeVoto claimed they had found "the better way" and he envisioned a replica of Black Mountain college on every hill of considerable size in the nation. This is impossible. This school depends upon the extraordinary personalities of its faculty members for much of its effectiveness. Its ability to change, to keep its critical attitude from being prejudiced by outside forces demands that it remain financially untangled. The educators of the high standard of those at Black Mountain who are willing to work for what they can get from student fees are few. The school also depends for its effectiveness upon an unusually intelligent and sensitive student body. It will be difficult to gather such a group on many hills. There might be room in this country for a half-a-dozen such colleges—scarcely more, the reason being that potential thinkers and individualists of importance are rare. The majority of seekers of educations will still have to find their training in the traditional institutions which, however, may be modified as a result of the findings at Black Mountain "laboratory."

THIS TIME AND PLACE

Advance with Caution

With the spirit of everything that Reed Sarratt says on the opposite page concerning staff election for publications the CAROLINA MAGAZINE is in agreement. We admit that campus election has meant election during this present student generation by caucus. In our own experience, agreeing with Mr. Sarratt on another point, we have seen manifest competency defeated by glaring incompetency.

We also agree with Mr. Sarratt that staff nominations (held in the past just before campus nominations and weeks after party nominations) have been farces — rubberstamps. But we deny that vesting the choice of editor in a staff election would metamorphose the natures of the staff members so that those ambitious-for-advancement persons who constitute the most active portion of any staff would no longer determine their political minds by the present method of sticking a wet thumb in the air to observe the direction of the political wind.

But this reasoning is trivial compared to the MAGAZINE's fear that staff elections would cause the four publications on this campus to become four closed corporations, the property of special groups who by placing a few men yearly on each staff would then be able to vote-swap for the editorships. This is the great danger. Not that editors under the present system are not frequently selected in this manner. For this is a common procedure. But now it is possible for a strong independent, by the laborious process of "getting himself known on the campus," to buck these oligarchal elections. By this method it is even possible for him to be named on the leading party ticket simply because the party can do nothing else. The party even though it is "steered" by fifteen men does represent the play and counter-play of several hundred campus citizens, and thus cannot be too unfair in its nominations.

Staff elections, however, would represent the restricted politicking of the three or four strongest organizations represented on the publications staffs. Unless some method is devised to rigidly supervise staff voting and delineate staff suffrage, the campus, if it approves staff elections, will observe its editors exercising a divine prerogative of naming Crown Princes and marking out on order of royal succession.

Page Sixteen

Outside Strict Politeness

It is outside strict politeness for one campus organization to publicly criticize another when both are as close in aims and sympathies as the MAGAZINE and the Playmakers, twin sisters in the arts. Such comment as "I don't like the way you wear your one-act plays" or "Those blue spot-lights make your skin look simply ghastly, my dear" should be made in the privacy of the home.

On this occasion, however, the MAGAZINE comes away from its intimate position backstage and from a close-up seat in the orchestra pit informs her sister that she doesn't exactly approve of her selection of plays. Last year the Playmakers did Green's "Enchanted Maze," "Three Cornered Moon," and "Paths of Glory," all modern plays. From the bills of previous years we remember at least two Noel Cowards.

This year we have had "The Drunkard," hilarious but still quaintly antique with an historical interest; Niggli's "The Fair God," a dramatization of Maximilian, definitely dead for some hundred years; and the "Pirates of Penzance," dating from the Victorian era. These, with the addition of three one-act plays, one of which (Miss Britt's "Leavin's") was on the subject of the birth of Abraham Lincoln, have been the public productions of an organization dedicated in theory to the development of drama concerning the present place and time.

At this moment the Playmakers are debating the choice of a play for the Forest Theatre production. For variety and—more important—for consistency with their serious purposes we suggest that the Playmakers select a contemporary drama.

Cover

One of the most conspicuous trees on the Middle-Atlantic landscape in the winter months is the Buttonwood or Sycamore, the bark of which is pieded in silver and black. The tone quality of the Sycamore's splotches lends an almost metallic glitter to sunshiny days and a gray-black bleakness to cloudy ones. Miss Haynsworth, the photographer responsible for the cover, has *snapped* a bicolored Buttonwood against a contrasting March sky and in so doing has, we feel, caught the feeling of the windy month which in our region marks the end of winter and prefaces the coming of spring.

The Case for Staff Elections

IN resolving to elect its editor instead of merely nominating him for campus vote, the *Daily Tar Heel* staff has brought to the fore in campus thought an issue which has been fought-out in the minds of many of the editors of that and of other campus publications. The most concentrated drive for staff elections in recent history was conducted through the columns of the *Daily Tar Heel* in the winter of 1933. On the morning of January 21, 1933, the lead story in the paper informed the campus that at a meeting of the *Carolina Buccaneer* staff "a motion was made and passed by a unanimous vote of the art and editorial departments that a change be made in the present plan of electing the editor of the humor publication, so as to place the election in the hands of the staff." The *Buccaneer's* proposal was formally drawn-up and a copy of it was sent to the Student Council. The proposal was not long and may bear repeating here: "The art and editorial staffs of the *Carolina Buccaneer*, realizing that the present system of electing an editor is both unfair and unsatisfactory, move that the staff members be allowed to elect their own editor. We feel that this method will guarantee the election of the proper editor, since the members of the staff are in a better position to decide who should control this publication than are the few individuals who boss the nomination of candidates and the student body at large which votes without knowing the merits of those running for office."

The next day the *Tar Heel* came out with an editorial, entitled "A Much-Needed Change," which favored the *Buccaneer's* proposal and called it the "most progressive move that has been instigated on the campus in fully a decade." Later in the week the *Daily Tar Heel* staff met and approved the *Buccaneer's* proposal by a three-to-one vote. The moving spirit behind the whole movement for staff elections was Charles G. Rose, Jr., editor of the *Daily Tar Heel*. Rose was faced with the possibility of having an incompetent man succeed him and was anxious to do all he could to prevent it. The paper began an editorial campaign which extended over several weeks. Material in the editorial column itself was accom-

panied by news stories, letters, and interviews with members of the faculty. Faculty members who gave their opinions were impressively in favor of the proposal. Expressing hearty endorsement were: Dean A. W. Hobbs of the College of Liberal Arts; Dr. George R. Coffman, head of the University English Department; Robert W. Madry, head of the University News Bureau; Dean D. D. Carroll of the School of Commerce; Dr. R. D. W. Connor, at that time head of the History Department; Harry K. Russell, instructor in the English Department; Dr. Archibald Henderson, head of the Department of Mathematics; and Dr. A. P. Hudson of the English Department. Dean Francis Bradshaw thought that, since students paid fees for the support of the publications, their position that they should have a voice in choosing editors was defensible; he had no objections, however, to trying staff elections should the campus signify its willingness. J. Maryon Saunders, alumni secretary, objected on the ground that the new plan would be undemocratic. On the same day that the faculty expressed its opinions the staff of the CAROLINA MAGAZINE voted unanimously to support staff elections. The *Yackety Yack* staff tipped the scales further toward staff elections by casting a favorable vote of 11-3. With all the publications having expressed their opinions, the campaign reached its climax in the presentation of the plan to the Student Activities Committee, which was composed of class presidents, publications editors, and other student leaders. The Student Activities Committee had great influence on the campus. To have its endorsement meant the success of almost any plan. Haywood Weeks, president of the student body and presiding officer of the committee, called a meeting. It was the first time the group had been assembled since the beginning of school in September. The committee decided, after hearing the publications' case, that all the proponents of staff elections had to say was true. They agreed that the people working on a publication are more likely to know the qualifications an editor must possess than the campus-at-large. Their opinion was that the staffs should nominate the persons of their choice and

that this nomination should carry weight in campus elections. Thus the committee approved the *status quo*. Both sides of the controversy claimed victory, and the matter was allowed to drop, not to receive notice again until the spring of 1935, when Philip G. Hammer became editor of the *Tar Heel*.

Hammer was a "strong" editor. He had ideas about how things should be done, and he didn't lack words to express his ideas. During the course of his career as editor of the paper, he probably out-crusaded any editor before or since. In his first paper he enumerated a list of seventeen issues the paper would support. In his editorial entitled "What We're For" he said, "We want staff elections." Then he gave advance warning to all campus politicians to prepare for war, for there was a battle in the offing which would be fought to a finish. The editor predicted that one big plum would be missing from the political pie at the end of the campaign. The spring passed, and most of the next fall. Then early in November, 1935, in an editorial "Sort of a Starter" Hammer reminded the campus of a plank in his platform calling for staff elections. Promptly the next day Albert Ellis, political boss of the University Party, conferred with Editor Hammer. He pointed out that the campus was paying for the *Tar Heel* and that it had a right to elect its editor. Election of the editor was the only control the students had over the policies of the paper. Whether Hammer was greatly influenced by Ellis or not, he changed his mind about conducting his staff election crusade; not another word appeared in his editorial columns on the subject.

There was one other flicker of complaint before the present campaign was launched. Nelson Lansdale, editor of the *Buccaneer*, stole a march on the politicians when early in February of 1936 he called for a meeting of his staff at which a man was nominated for the ensuing editorship. At the meeting Lansdale delivered an acid speech condemning politics in the publications field. Lansdale had spent his first three years at the University working on the staffs of the *Daily Tar Heel* and the CAROLINA MAGAZINE. He was particularly interested in the magazine and would have liked to have been its editor. Joe Sugarman, editor in Lansdale's junior year, had other ideas about who should be editor after him, as did the University Party. Charles Poe, a competent man who had been chairman of the Human Relations Institute in the spring of 1935 was made editor. Lans-

dale was made editor of the *Buccaneer*, a publication on which he had done very little work and in which he was not greatly interested.

Such is the historical precedent behind the present campaign for staff elections of publications editors. Since the problem has been stated as an issue to be decided, one naturally asks whether the campus election system has not worked well enough in the past. Haven't editors been well qualified? Hasn't the staff nominee been put into office in almost every election? These questions can best be answered by stating conditions which have surrounded recent elections. It will be well to take into consideration the men available for office and the political factors operating in the election of those going into office. To avoid bulkiness, it might be well to confine the study to the *Daily Tar Heel*.

It will probably be best not to go beyond the memory of the present senior class. When our seniors of today were freshmen, Claiborn "Benny" Carr was editor of the *Tar Heel*. Was he the best man for the job? if so, how had he been elected? When he ran for office, Carr was opposed by Don Shoemaker. The records of each man will show his qualifications.

Carr was accepted as a reporter on the paper October 2, 1930. Five days later he was dropped from the staff. After a few more days he was taken on again. He worked ten days, only to be dropped again. He was out for more than a month, when he was made a reporter again. Another month passed and he was dropped again. This was in January. When Jack Dungan became editor on April 10, 1931, he again took Carr into the fold. Carr remained with the paper throughout the remainder of the spring and until early in October of the following fall, when he dropped out for another month. On November 10, 1931, a foreign news bureau was created, and he was put on it. The following spring he was made a news editor. At the beginning of the fall quarter of 1932 he was put on the sports staff, where he remained until he became editor in the spring of 1933.

Don Shoemaker began his career on the *Tar Heel* as a deskman in the fall of 1930. The same fall he was transferred to the sports department to become assistant to the sports editor. The next spring he was switched back to the desk. The following fall found him serving as a news editor. Before he had worked in this capacity for a month he was switched again, this time to become chair-

man of the feature board. In March of 1932 he began work on the editorial board. When Charles G. Rose, Jr., became editor in April, he made Shoemaker chairman of his editorial board, and he remained at this job throughout Rose's term of office.

When staff nominations were held the last day of March, 1933, the vote had been 30 to 16 in favor of Shoemaker. In the election which was held the next week Shoemaker ran as the candidate of the All-Campus Party. For several years previous to this the All-Campus Party had been omnipotent in campus politics. Carr organized the University Party, which was able to secure his election by a 555-514 vote. Since that time the University Party has been able to repeat the All-Campus Party's record for making clean sweeps of elections.

The next year there were also two candidates for the *Tar Heel* editorship. Lonnie Dill, candidate of the University Party, ran against Carl Thompson, independent. Dill started work on the paper as a reporter. In the spring of his freshman year he was moved to the feature staff, where he remained until well into the fall of the next year. In October of his sophomore year he was put on the editorial board. He worked in this capacity until he became a candidate for the editorship. Dill was well-trained as a writer. He had, however, almost no contact with the staff. As a matter of fact, many of those working on the staff did not know him until he began his race for the editorship. Thompson began work on the paper as a reporter about the same time as did Dill. After a month's work he was transferred to the foreign news bureau. The next fall he began work as a deskman, but was soon switched to the feature board. After working for several months at writing features he again went to the desk. He became a news editor in the spring of 1933 when Claiborn Carr became editor, at which job he was still working when he opposed Dill for the editorship in the spring of 1934.

After a rather intensive political campaign, both on and off the staff, Dill received the staff nomination by a vote of 30-13. Five days later he was elected by a vote of 935 to 556.

Election time in 1935 found only one possible candidate for the editorship of the *Tar Heel*, Phil Hammer. Hammer had been a reporter and a news editor and had handled Dill's editorial page quite well. He was nominated by the staff on

April 8, 1935. He went into office unopposed the next day.

It appears that in the Carr-Shoemaker fight the best man was defeated, and this in spite of his having been nominated by the staff. At his best Carr had been a sports editor. He had many activities on the campus other than his work on the *Tar Heel*. He was primarily a politician, and then, if at all, a journalist. Having been a sports editor, he liked sports, and now, to the exclusion of much other news, sports had their day in the paper. Carr devoted very little time to the *Tar Heel*. He dropped around frequently to say hello to the boys working for him and to ask for a front page sports spread.

Could Shoemaker have done a better job? Only a guess is possible. He had been well trained for the editorship, having served as chairman of the editorial board for a year before coming up for election. He had had professional journalistic experience. Certainly Charles Rose, Jr., who preceded Carr, thought Shoemaker the man for the job. He knew that the University Party was organizing and that there was a danger of Shoemaker's being defeated. It was principally to prevent Carr's being elected that he conducted his campaign for staff elections.

In the Dill-Thompson election we have a more difficult case to analyse. It is impossible to say whether Dill was a better man for the job than Thompson, or *vice versa*. The staff did not know Dill before he was elected, nor did it know him after he was elected. He quite often came to the office, but he made little attempt to meet the people working for him. He allowed Phil Hammer to do most of his work.

Hammer's case offers no problem at all. He was the only man for the job, and both the staff and the campus knew it.

Opponents to staff elections say that the result is the same under campus elections. The staff nominee, they say, usually goes into office. But is this always true? We have seen one case in which it was not. And when the staff nominee has gone into office, has he really been the choice of the staff? In the Carr-Shoemaker race staff elections were less than a week before campus elections. In the Dill-Thompson case Dill was nominated five days before campus elections. Hammer was nominated the day before campus elections. Certainly political parties choose candidates more than a week before elections. Staff nominations, as the

Student Advisory Committee pointed out, should carry weight in an election. So the party has gone after staff nominations for its candidate. The entire process of electing an editor for any publication on the campus, from staff nomination to campus election, has always been, up to now, political. Consideration of qualification for office has been a minor factor. This has been possible since most members of the publications staffs are looking for advancement on the staff to one of the key positions. To achieve this goal playing politics is all-important. Staff nominations have been in the past mere instruments of political parties.

Being editor of a daily newspaper involves more than simply sitting in a swivel-chair and, in the form of editorials, putting on paper one's thoughts about current events. The campus sees the outward expression of the editor's work in the editorials which he writes. But it does not know the work which must go on behind the scenes before the editorial is written. If editorial opinions are to be of value, they must be based on thorough factual studies of the situation being considered. There must be surveys, interviews with people concerned, discussion meetings of key men on the staff. The editorial is the last link in a chain of activities. Directing the work which should precede the statement of a sound editorial policy requires special knowledge and techniques. The editor must know where to go for his material. He must know how to organize the staff which is helping him. He is filling an executive position of the highest order. Should he not write all the editorials himself, and hardly any editor does, he must be able to determine the merit of, and to edit, copy given him by others. There is a special staff of trained men on the news staff who do nothing but edit copy. Most copy men spend six months to a year before they attain any marked degree of proficiency in their jobs. The editor must edit all the editorial copy himself. An editor must also gather and handle other material appearing on the editorial page such as special columns, letters, and cartoons. And he must judge all such material submitted to him. An editor must also make-up the editorial page, that is, place his varied material on the page in such a way as to emphasize important things and to tone down less important, all the time keeping in mind that the page must be physically attractive. Making-up a newspaper page is one of the most highly skilled operations in the process of publishing. As an executive the editor has duties extending far beyond his staff of edi-

torial writers. He is, tacitly, the executive director for the entire staff of the newspaper. He does not have direct daily contact with members of the news staff. The managing editor is there to handle the news staff. Yet the working of the news staff is vitally influenced by the editor's work. If the paper's policies are to be of value, they must have the whole-hearted support of the staff. It is not necessary for everyone to agree with the policy. But the staff must respect the policy and the men who determine it, chief among whom is the editor.

Can the staff of a publication choose the proper man to fit the qualifications for the office better than can the campus? This question may be answered with further questions. How many members of the student-body-at-large know the nature of the editor's job, as outlined above? And, if they know the qualifications necessary for the job, do they know the specific merits of those available to fill it? Obviously, very few students can know the problems which face the editor of a newspaper. Obviously, too, few students can know much about those candidates who may be considered for the job. The staff is in a different position. It is in daily contact with just the sort of thing an editor must do. Not every member of the staff has been engaged in every phase of the editor's work. But every member has had experience in one phase or another of it. And they have seen other people engaged in every phase of it. Besides knowing the qualifications for the editorship, the staff knows the men available for the job. If the candidate has any right to announce himself, he should have worked with, or at least know, every member of the staff. Whether he can know the entire staff or not, his work on the paper should have been of such outstanding quality that all staff members know him. The staff of any publication is in a better position than the campus-at-large to know the skills and abilities an editor must possess and to know the individual merits of those candidates who may announce themselves.

It is true that campus politicians would not dare run a man for editor of a publication who is absolutely without qualification for the job. Yet qualification is not with the party the primary consideration. The candidate must be popular. He must be "known." He must be a good hand-shaker and back-slapper. In brief, he must be a good politician. If a man were to have to stand election by the staff of a publication, he could not hoodwink them into thinking him the best man for the job simply by "politicking" them. He would have to

stand the test of ability. At heart every publication worker is interested in putting out a good product. No matter how small a share he may have in the work of publishing, each staff member feels a responsibility for the quality of his publication. He wants the campus to praise his publication, not to make fun of it or to condemn it. Especially is this true if the work has a vocational significance. A great part of the staff of the *Daily Tar Heel* are students of journalism. They expect to earn their livelihoods after leaving college by working on newspapers. Work on a good college newspaper is a recommendation to prospective employers. Staff members of a publication are interested in the quality of their product. Were they to elect their own editor, ability to handle the job would be the major requisite for candidates. Service to the publication, not political skill, would be rewarded in the successful candidate.

Precedent has it that the editor of a publication should be elected by the campus-at-large. Opponents of staff elections point to this and say that it would be undemocratic to take the privilege of election away from the student body. This statement assumes that under campus elections the editor is democratically chosen. But is he? A more careful look at the actual situation will reveal that he is not. In every case of election within the memory of the present student generation, the editor elected has been the candidate of the major political party on the campus. It would seem that the sure way to election is to be the candidate of the political party in power at the time. Before the time of Claiborn Carr the All-Campus Party was in the custom of sweeping all its candidates into office at the time of nomination. Since Carr organized the University Party it has been successful in doing the same thing. There is no election. There is simply nomination. Even when there is an election, the outcome is a foregone conclusion. The party candidate stands a hundred to one chance of winning. The party men say that their choice is the students's choice. But is he? Party candidates are nominated by a handful of men who call themselves a "steering" committee. Possibly the group is representative of the student body as a whole. Possibly they serve a valuable function in saving a disinterested student body the trouble of going to the polls to vote, for there is no election. We have an appointment system. A characteristic of a democratic system is popular election. There has not been a popular election on this campus in this student generation. It is hardly

conceivable how it can be said that there is democracy here in the election of any officer. If there is no democracy, an editor of a publication cannot be democratically elected.

Another argument advanced against staff elections is that students pay a publications fee, therefore should have a voice in electing the editor of the publication. Certainly students pay a publications fee. But they do not pay it for the privilege of voting for an editor. They pay the fee in order that they may receive the publication. The proper handling of these fees is guaranteed by the student-elected Publications Union Board, who, together with two administration-appointed faculty members and a permanent faculty adviser, have the authority to approve or disapprove any proposed expenditure on any one of the publications. That the students have an inalienable right to cast a vote for editor of a publication simply because they pay fees toward its support does not follow. The students want a good publication; and, if they can get a better one by relinquishing their habit of election to some other group, it is to their advantage to do so.

It is also said that the student body should have some check on the policies of an editor, and that at present a check exists in the practice of student election of editors. Actually the student body has never had any check at all on an editor. There have been cases of such gross violation of standard that the Student Council has had to step in to show a restraining hand. But there is no check on the policies of an editor who serves in good behavior. Should an editor properly be performing his functions, there is no need for a check on him. It is an editor's job to know what is happening in student affairs and to give an honest opinion on all issues. If he doesn't do this, he isn't a good editor, whether he be elected by his staff or by the campus. As a matter of fact, where at present there is no responsibility of the editor to the campus, or to anyone else, there might be substituted a responsibility to the staff. An editor cannot be responsible to a student body for electing him when actually they did not elect him. Responsibility to an entire student body would have to be a vague one. Should an editor be elected by his staff, he would have a definite responsibility to those who are working under him every day. And the staff would feel greater responsibility in the policies of the paper, for it would be directly because of them that an editor would be serving. Where there is editorial responsibility to no one at present, under

staff elections there would be established a reciprocal feeling of responsibility between an editor and his staff.

The prime danger in staff elections, many think, is that election of editors will fall into the hands of political cliques on the staff. It cannot be denied that there would be some politics in staff elections. Where there is more than one qualified man, there will naturally be difference of opinion as to the best qualified. There might be efforts to swing the election to one candidate or another. But at least the politics on the staff would be among an informed electorate. Elections could be conducted under the supervision of the Student Council, and rules could be drawn up by that body specifically intended to eliminate control by any poli-

tical group on the staff. With staff elections there would be a much greater chance for the best man's being elected because of his qualifications, not because of his abilities as a politician.

Putting out a publication is a serious business engaged in by serious people. The choice of an editor is vital in the life of the publication. The editorship being a technical position, it should not be filled by politics, but by careful weighing of the qualifications of candidates and choice on the basis of these qualifications. The campus is not in a position to do this choosing. The staff of a publication is. Each publication stands to gain by taking the choice of its editor out of the hands of political manoeuvrers. The campus will gain by receiving better publications.

Stenographers' Lament to Jehovah

Sinning costs an awful lot;
And vice is so expensive;
Not many can afford to go to Hell
On a scale so extensive.

The Ladies of Palm and Deauville Beach
Alone can afford a gigolo;
Alone can afford a Primrose Path,
And a guilt complex and a Libido;

While we shopgirls lead very dull lives,
And wish the means might be had
(Typing letters or chewing gum)
To let even the poor be bad.

For we must go to Heaven and blow
On golden horns in eternal boredom,
While all nice people go to Hell
And take the desirable men down with 'em.

Oh, Lord: thou rulest the ways of men,
And who are we to object?
But note, at least: the high cost of sin
Were surely a sad defect.

—DAVID BAITY.

Pepin

PEPIN was fourteen years old and big for his age. He sat at the side of the road and stuffed his mouth with dirt which he thought was marzipan and then he chewed a leaf and that was chocolate. After a little while he got up, walked to the bend in the road and turned into the woods. When he could no longer see anything but the trees, he threw himself down on his tummy and buried his face in the ground. Now he was in bed with the cover over his head. Suddenly he felt a fairy run under the bridge his chin made with the ground; before he could realize what was happening the fairy scurried away. Catch her! Catch her! Pepin jumped to his feet and ran after it; over the warm earth, across the cool stepping-stones over the river, up the blossoming hillside, past the Senor Cura's house, on and on till the fairy bewitched him so that he could run no longer. Get in bed and cover your head again. She'll come back and under the bridge again. Pepin flung himself back on the ground, and with his head pressed into the moist grass, he waited so long that finally he fell asleep.

It was growing dark when he awoke. He found that if he dug his fists hard into his eyes, after a while he could see without opening them, a lovely smooth black that had moving patterns on it, and then there came lovely dots of color to dance on it. That was very nice, he thought. His tummy began to rumble and he wished he had some *caldo*. Mama had *caldo* in the pot on the stove and he would get some. He started walking again but the fairy had bewitched him so that he could not find the road. He ate some marzipan and chocolate again. It was growing dark and he was hungry and wanted to get some *caldo* from his mother's pot; he began to cry as he stumbled along. Loudly he yelled and long he yelled. When it stopped getting dark it became very cold and he had to hug himself to keep his teeth from chopping off his tongue. And it was black, black almost as when he dug his fists into his eyes but there were no patterns and there were no lovely colored dots dancing and his tummy still wanted *caldo*. Worn out with fatigue, hunger and sorrow, cold and bewildered, he fell asleep again so deeply, that not even

the sobs that shook his big body could wake him.

"I can't find him," Julian had said late in the afternoon, and Blanca, stuffing the sausage skin had shrugged her shoulders and replied,

"He'll come back."

And now it was dark and still he wasn't back. Lopez was sent out on horseback to look for him; when *he* came back without Pepin, the parents looked at each other and smiled hopefully.

The next morning the Senor Cura announced from the pulpit that the Lord had seen fit to take from them the son of Julian and Blanca and the Lord's will be done. The congregation stirred with surprise, but at his last words they crossed themselves and echoed, "The Lord's will be done. Amen." It was a proud moment in the lives of the blessed couple for never had they had so much attention directed toward them. People turned around and stared as though to discover the divine virtue that had attracted the Lord's personal attention to them.

After mass, as she sat in her kitchen shelling peas, Blanca entertained a comfortable feeling of peace with the world and good will toward all. The sense of satisfaction was so engrossing that she did not hear the knock on her door, and so quite suddenly to her she found Carmen standing over her asking,

"How long has he been missing?" Carmen was thin-lipped, shrewd-eyed, small and bent as a witch. Poor Pepin had an infinite horror of her and he hid behind the flour barrel every time that she came near.

"Since yesterday afternoon," Blanca informed her. She was gratifyingly and bravely stolid in the face of her loss. "It's the Lord's will," she continued complacently. "He was sent to us to test our faith and now we have triumphed and the Blessed Mary to whom I have prayed so many novenas and to whom I have lighted candles every Sunday has heard me, and thru Her intercession the Lord has removed our affliction. Ave Maria Purissima." She crossed herself and kissed her thumb.

"Are you sure, Blanca that it was the Lord who took him? How do you know? Have you looked

for him *everywhere?*" she peered at Blanca, her eyes insidious vertical slits in her face.

"Carmen!" The mother was horrified. "We are good, God-fearing, hard-working people, Julian and I. We have looked for Pepin in every place he has been wont to play and elsewhere besides. We trusted in our God and He has had our welfare in mind. And now Pepin has been taken from us."

"And a mercy it is," she added.

"Wait, Blanca." Carmen put her face close to that of her friend and her voice was low with significance. "The Rich Pig came back yesterday morning."

Blanca took the news philosophically. "Yes," she said. "Well, the Lord gives with one hand and takes away with the other, and it is not for us . . ."

"Listen, listen," interrupted Carmen impatiently. "Yesterday my son Jose, who draws the water for him, peeked thru the keyhole while the suitcases were being unpacked and he saw bag after bag of money being taken out, and my son Jose was so surprised and wondering that he could not run fast enough when the Rich Pig suddenly opened the door on him. And so he was kicked and sent home and my son Jose says he heard the Rich Pig say that he wanted a boy with just enough eyes to see when the water bucket was full and no more. Pepin . . ."

The pregnant silence that followed was more voluble than Carmen could ever have been. Blanca's eyes were no longer pious and bovine with their heavenly ardor.

"The Rich Pig . . ." she muttered under her breath. Suddenly she ran from the room calling, "Julian! Julian! Come here at once. Hear what Carmen has been telling me."

And so Carmen with no reluctance must repeat her story. "Would not Pepin be just the sort of boy he wanted?"

"Tuh! He would not dare," was Julian's answer.

Carmen screamed, "Would not dare? What would he NOT dare? Heathen that he is, proud and Godless and moneyed! What would he not dare? There in his palace on the hill with his servants and splendor and only himself and his comfort to think about. What would he not dare. The world is his, he thinks, and he has taken Pepin."

"This has gone far enough." Julian's fist struck the table. "The Rich Pig will not associate with

us, yet he lives in the best house in the town . . . better than that of the Senor Cura even. He does not come to church and now he steals my only son and the heir of my name. He shall pay dearly for this now. We are fed up with his pride."

"And about time it is," concluded Carmen. "The whole town will help you. We all want to see him pay. He will see that we fear only the Lord and will not stand by while he kicks and steals our children. You must think of something, Julian. I will go tell everyone to meet in front of your door here within two hours. That will give the good mothers time to put their *garbanzos* to cook and the men can find their weapons."

Carmen obviously performed her mission thoroughly for well before the sun had reached the noon, there was a goodly number assembled before the home of the bereaved. It might have been a church assemblage, so quiet they were in the hot, bright sun, with only Landeiro's uncontrollable nervous laugh breaking loose among them from time to time. However the suspense and the expectation of danger was with them as they waited for Julian to make his appearance from the house, and they contemplated with affection the clubs and oiled rags they held in their hands, and they dwelt with relish on the thought of the use to which they were to be put. Julian's appearance with his wife at his side was a signal to loosen their tongues.

"We ought to tie him to a stake and burn him alive," offered Lopez. "Nothing's too bad for him."

"No. Better that we let him be dragged along the roads by his horses for then if he dies it will not be by our hands."

"Gouge his eyes out!" someone called vehemently. But when Julian raised his hand for silence, they were still soon enough, and watched him and listened to him with an intensity on their faces that would have done reverence to a Messiah. Blanca, having gauged the size of the audience before her, began to moan and wail.

"My friends," began Julian, "we are all simple unpretentious people. We have in our town a man who is not one of us. He does not keep a farm and he does not raise pigs. His wealth comes from the devil or else where does he have the money to travel about the world and come and go from here as he pleases. He is the tool of the devil and we could be generous and kind to him though we can not love him because he is blind to

the glory of God. But now, he has stolen our children, stolen our children, do you understand . . .”

“Yes, and kicked them too,” Carmen reminded him from her place in the front.

“Yes, and kicked them. And that we will not take from him. And so now in the name of our Lord, it is our duty to bring this tool of the devil to humility, for God is always with the righteous and the poor. My wife here, (Blanca wailed a little louder), and I have decided that with your help we will punish our Lord’s enemy. And we have decided that it will be best if we go to his house and enter upon him by surprise . . . he may even be in bed still . . . and take him and strip him of his fine clothes and bring him back here to kneel before us all and beg forgiveness. And after that we will give him a sack in which to clothe himself and send him away to beg. Does that meet with your pleasure, my friends?”

Everyone, it seemed, was listening to the air for there was no answer to his question. Blanca tugged at her husband’s arm and whispered,

“S-s-sp-sp-sp- . . .”

“My wife says that she thinks we need not be too gentle with him. He is so idle, that he is probably like milk-sopped bread and if he is hurt it will not be our responsibility for it will be the will of God and his own fault.”

His statement was received with great applause. “Hurrah!” they shouted. “Let us move on.” “You lead Julian, and we will follow.” “Believe us, we will do a good job of it.”

And so they started off, Julian before them all, followed closely by his wife and Carmen who talked continuously heaping curses on the Rich Pig with a healthy christian gusto. The crowd moved quickly behind them for they were full of restless vitality and caged eagerness. They started on the road past the Senor Cura’s house, but someone remembered that it would not be appropriate for the priest to see them so armed, and they turned aside and took the long road in order to avoid hurting his sensitivity. Landeiro’s giggle was out of control completely; the feeling among the people became more and more angered as they progressed.

“If I get hold of him . . .”

“The filthy, moneyed . . .”

Along the road they scrambled and stumbled and ran when suddenly at the raising of Julian’s hand they were stopped short.

“What is the matter? Que pasa?” But soon

they saw the reason for their halting. Approaching them from the distance there was discernible the figure of a horse galloping before the sand it kicked up. The rider seemed a grotesque and ungainly creature, but as they watched it nearing them, they could make out that there were two in the saddle. The rider slowed down as he came upon them; the crowd fell dumb. Reaching Julian, he drew his reins and pointed to the boy on the saddle before him.

“Is this your child?” he asked. And there was Pepin munching contentedly on a roll. The rider looked at the assemblage before him and then explained,

“My master was riding through the woods early this morning when he heard a child crying, and he found this boy, cold and hungry, wandering about lost. He brought him home with him and has given him something to eat and thinks that he is none the worse for his exposure. Is he yours? Will you take him? For my master has asked me to see that he is returned safely to his parents and would suggest that they keep a better watch over him, for the boy is not responsible.”

There was an unfathomable silence among the people. Julian stupidly nodded his head, Pepin was set down, and the rider turned about and went away. Slowly and of one accord, they too turned to the direction from which they had just come, and all the way back there was no sound among them . . . not even Landeiro’s giggle . . . except once when Pepin called out, “Ouch!” because his mother had given him a forcible pinch.

Pepin stood out in the sun before his house again, his right thumb in his mouth, his left hand gently rubbing the seat of his trousers. Mama had spanked him again, this time more strenuously than ever before. Well, that was part of the day. There was marzipan and chocolate aplenty to be had about him but he had no desire for it. He was not sad though. He had a tuneless little melody on his breath and when he took his thumb from his mouth there was an unconcerned smile on his face. He found that if he dug his fists into his eyes he could see nice smooth black with white spiral patterns moving on it and after a while he could see lovely colored dots dancing on the black. He lay down on his tummy in the sand and made a bridge with his chin, but no fairy came and no stranger who fed him sweets that were better even than his mother’s *caldo*. He tired of lying on his stomach and wished that he could sit down without discomfort.

The Game of Book Collecting

IT IS THE AMBITION of nearly every book collector to buy books that will increase in value as time passes. A few brave souls collect books for their own sake regardless of any future monetary value, but the typical collector likes to feel that he has something worth as much or more than he paid for it, something that will be envied by other collectors. The emphasis on price means that it is almost as important for the collector to know what *not* to collect as it is to know what is worth getting. Consequently, in a discussion of the subject of book collecting, it might be well first to eliminate the books that wise collectors usually avoid. It should be borne in mind, however, that there may be and frequently are exceptions to every dictum here laid down.

The first thing the beginning collector ordinarily gets stung on is fine, de luxe editions, extra-illustrated, and with magnificent leather bindings. Such books may be beautiful to look upon and make lovely decorations for the parlor table. The experienced collector knows, though, that as a rule they deteriorate rapidly in value and are worth little in the book market. Another pitfall for the amateur collector is age. In general the age of a book has slight relation to its value. A work printed in the sixteenth century may be worth only two or three dollars, while one published last year at five dollars is now valued at one hundred dollars. It is a great temptation when one holds a three hundred year old book in one's hand to feel that here must be a rare and valuable tome, otherwise it would not have survived over so long a period, but never be guided by age alone. In a way books are like furniture. Furniture may be too old to be fashionable, but not old enough to attract the antique hunters; books may be too old to have practical value, but not old enough to be historically interesting.

There are some other classes of books for the most part not worth shelf room so far as the private collector is concerned. Theological treatises should be put at the head of the list. Old books on religion are sold to junk dealers by the ton for waste paper. Legal textbooks and treatises, and out-of-date medical books are rarely worth anything.

Old textbooks as a group are valueless. Works on science usually shrink in value in direct ratio to their age. There are, of course, exceptions, such as Charles Darwin, early editions of whom are steadily increasing in popularity among collectors. Encyclopedias are another class of books depreciating in value faster than this year's new automobile. Collected sets of an author's works are also, from the collector's point of view, useful only to fill up shelves. We expect to find such sets in an institutional library and it is perfectly respectable to have them in one's personal collection, but they are not anything to which we can point with pride. Like classical works, they are bought for appearance and respectability. It can be stated as a safe rule that Greek and Latin writers should never be purchased with the idea that the editions are going to increase in value. Quite the reverse. One other book might be mentioned, too, in the process of elimination. There is more general misunderstanding of the rare book value of old Bibles than any other work. The owners always think them very valuable and even Bibles as late as 1800 are considered old. Apparently there is no general realization of the fact that many millions of Bibles have been printed and sold. The Bible has been printed every year since 1475 and there are a number of issues previous to that date. The fact that a family's history is written in one means nothing unless the family is famous.

After these numerous exceptions have been noted, the question arises, what is valuable in the eyes of the collector? The greatest field is literature, especially English and American. The good collector selects a single author or period, and concentrates on that. Furthermore, it is wise to stick to first editions or original editions of books. These are the ones most likely to grow in value. In general, book collectors and dealers consider it a good investment to buy almost any early books on Texas, Oregon, California, the South, the sea, pirates, Indians, aviation, Revolutionary War, old illustrated books, early Western and Confederate imprints. Examples of early printing are always sought after. Even in these more or less safe areas, however, the collector has to know what he is buy-

ing or he is almost certain to gather in some lemons. Here are some other prize subjects for the collector to choose: (a) Any books printed before 1500; (b) Early plays and theatrical publications; (c) Old books on sports, hunting, etc.; (d) Early children's books; (e) Works on astrology, magic and witchcraft; (f) Early books of voyages and travels; (g) Old maps; (h) Fine early bindings; (i) Old almanacs, say before 1800; (j) First books printed in a locality.

There are various technical features of book collecting of concern to anyone who plays the game seriously. First is the matter of editions. The definition of an edition commonly accepted is this: the total number of copies printed without removing the type or plates from the press. This usually means that all copies of a particular edition are printed at approximately the same time. A complication in determining first editions is the so-called "limited edition." In late years it has been the custom for publishers to print a few copies, two hundred perhaps, on special paper, with a special binding, and signed by the author. This is the real first edition. Following it the publisher issues what is known as the real "first trade edition," which may be valued at only a fraction of the limited edition. Another complication in the matter of the edition is the issue. Perhaps an example will illustrate the point. Suppose the type has been set for a book and copies are being run off. Sheets for one hundred copies have been printed when some one picks up a sheet and discovers an error. The press is stopped, the error corrected, and printing from the corrected plates proceeds. The books are all bound and sent out to booksellers. The work becomes popular with collectors and some keen-eyed collector discovers the error in one of the first hundred copies. From that time on these copies would be known as the first edition, first issue, and the others as the first edition, second issue. The first issue may sell for a considerably larger sum. There are, for instance, four issues of the first edition of Milton's *Paradise Lost*. The first issue has sold as high as \$10,000, while the fourth issue has sold as low as \$50.00.

Determination of the first edition is further complicated by the fact that an author's writings are often published first in some periodical, newspaper, or in other than book form. A budding author is more apt to break into print in this way than through a book. Edgar Allan Poe's earliest literary efforts appeared in two magazines, the

Southern Literary Messenger, and *Godley's Ladies Book*. One of Bret Harte's poems first appeared in a Pacific railroad circular, Oliver Wendell Holmes's first printed work is in a municipal document, and an early piece by Mark Twain made its initial appearance in a ten cent recitation book. There is a growing tendency among collectors to secure any printed material, no matter in what form, that an author has written. Only in this way can they get the genuine first editions. One final point to be noted about an edition is its nationality. American authors' books have sometimes first appeared in England, and English authors have been issued first in America. Especially was this true before international copyright laws were in force. Collectors usually prefer the native edition, that is the English edition of an English author, and the American edition of an American author, but if they have money enough buy both.

The only difference between the first and second editions of a book may be the correction of typographical errors, but such errors may make all the difference in the world in price. Collectors seem to love mistakes in their books. A few examples may be illuminating. An early one is Thomas Gray's famous *Elegy*. The first edition, printed in London in 1751, was entitled *Elegy Wrote in a Country Churchyard*. The poor grammar of the title was changed in later editions to *Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard*. In the first edition of Booth Tarkington's *Gentleman from Indiana* the author attempted a classical allusion, "Aphrodite sprang from the forehead of Zeus." Tarkington had both his god and goddess wrong. It was Minerva who sprang from the brain of Jupiter. The dedication in the first edition of General Lew Wallace's *Ben Hur* read "To the wife of my youth." The author was asked how many wives he had had, and the dedication in subsequent editions was changed to read, "To the wife of my youth who still abides with me." In the first edition of Edith Wharton's *Age of Innocence* there is a wedding scene in which the clergyman begins: "Forasmuch as it hath pleased Almighty God, etc." It was pointed out by a real life clergyman that these words are the opening lines of the burial service, and it was suggested that Mrs. Wharton did not know the difference between a funeral and a wedding.

Such little slips as these help to make the collecting of first editions amusing as well as profitable.

Ranking in importance with the edition of a

book is its condition. Collectors and rare book dealers demand books in their original condition, and anything done to change the original reduces it in value. Never buy a book with missing pages, or one volume of a two-volume work. Never take off the original binding and replace it with a later binding. The addition of the dust wrapper may add twenty-five per cent or more to the value of a book. If the leaves are uncut, let them remain that way. If there are advertisements bound in the front or back, do not remove them. All of these are part of the original condition. When pages are lacking, illustrations torn out, and covers dirty and worn, a book may be said to be worthless unless it is of great rarity. Some collectors even make it a rule never to take anything not in good condition, no matter how rare.

Another matter of special concern to the collector is prices. There is no fixed standard of values for rare books. Prices fluctuate like stocks and bonds, and depend to the same extent on supply and demand. The best guides to book prices are the annual auction records: *American Book Prices Current* for the United States, and *Book Auction Records* for Great Britain. Prices found in the auction records must be analyzed, however, for such factors as condition, binding, autographs, associations with famous persons, and the period of sale.

There are two classes of books of particular interest to collectors: association copies and presentation copies. An association copy is one which has been owned and perhaps used by some noted person. For example, a few years ago there was sold a work entitled, *A New and Complete Dictionary of Arts and Sciences*, printed in London in 1763. It is a common type of encyclopedic publication and ordinarily would not bring more than a few dollars on the book market. This particular copy, however, brought \$2,600 because it had belonged to George Washington and each of the four volumes carried his signature. Another instance is a law book, "Angell on Limitations," published in 1846. It would probably sell for twenty-five or

fifty cents in a second-hand bookstore. Yet recently a copy sold for \$775 because it was once used by Abraham Lincoln in his law practice, and he had written his name on one of the pages. The most common books from a famous person's library may bring a premium.

Presentation copies are also choice items among collectors. Authors usually give a certain number of autographed copies of their books to friends, and some of these copies inevitably find their way into the book trade. Many collectors buy only books signed by the authors.

A few practical suggestions, in conclusion, may be useful to the beginning collector. First, decide what author or subject you are interested in collecting. Don't try to spread available time and money over too many fields. If you are collecting the works of a single author, use your best literary judgment in deciding whether his writings are of permanent value. This point is illustrated by the sad case of certain best sellers of past years which are now gone and forgotten. Second, having selected your field, get your name placed on the mailing lists of some of the larger and better book dealers. Then examine their catalogs as they appear. Third, whenever opportunity offers visit and browse around among the stock of good second-hand bookstores. There are nearly always some prizes for the keen searcher.

It is an interesting fact that some of the greatest and most valuable libraries in America are based on collections which have been built up by private individuals. Outstanding are the Folger Shakespeare Library in Washington, the Huntington Library in California, the Clements Library in Michigan, the Wrenn Library in Texas, and the Morgan Library in New York. The foundation of two of the most important special collections in the University of North Carolina Library, the Hanes collection on the history of books, and the North Caroliniana division were laid by two men. In these and many other ways have the private collectors made their contributions to posterity. May their tribe increase!

FROM THE PUBLISHERS

A Campus Slant on Current Literature

THE REVOLUTION BETRAYED. Leon Trotsky. Translated by Max Eastman. Doubleday, Doran & Company, Inc. Garden City, N. Y. 308 pp. \$2.50.

With no attempt at scientific analysis Leon Trotsky in his new book *The Revolution Betrayed* gives his opinion of what is happening in Soviet Russia today. That capitalism is still far ahead of Russian communism in technique, organization, and labor skill he readily concedes. The Soviet regime, he says, is passing through a preparatory stage, importing, borrowing, and appropriating the techniques and cultural conquests of the West.

The material premise of communism, he thinks, should be so high a development of the economic powers of man that productive labor, having ceased to be a burden, will not require any goad, and the distribution of life's goods, existing in continual abundance, will not demand any control except that of education, habit, and social opinion.

The final physiognomy of the workers state ought to be determined, he says, by the changing relations between its bourgeois and socialist tendencies. The triumph of the latter ought *ipso facto* to signify the dissolving of the state in a self-governing society. On this score Trotsky says of the Soviet government: "The bureaucracy not only has not disappeared, yielding its place to the masses, but has turned into an uncontrolled force dominating the masses."

Trotsky charges that the present Soviet government is not equal to its task. His indictment against the government, which reflects his own program, is summarized in his comment on the new constitution, which was passed in the summer of 1936. Of this constitution he says: "Representing, as it does, an immense step back from socialist to bourgeois principles, the new constitution (cut and sewed to the measure of the ruling group) follows the same historic course as the abandonment of world revolution in favor of the League of Nations, the restoration of the bourgeoisie family, the substitution of the standing army for the militia, the resurrection of ranks and decorations, and the growth of inequality. By juridically reinforcing the absolutism of an 'extra-class' bureaucracy, the new constitution creates the political premises for the birth of a new possessing class."

Throughout the book the author makes it plain that he looks toward the day of a socialist world society. Of this he says: "From an isolated 'socialist' state (Russia) to a socialist society remains a long historic road, and this road exactly coincides with the road of international revolution."

The book presents the viewpoint on a highly controversial issue, fraught with economic, social, and political significance, of one who has been close to the issue throughout its historic development. In its statement it may be said to be authoritative. Certainly its pages bear the spiciness of intimate revelation. The statement of communist objectives is excellent. From beginning to end the book is well written and its material well organized.

Questions which are never answered are implicit in much of the author's criticism of the present Russian government. One of his bitterest attacks is aimed at the tendency of the

government to strengthen its position rather than to make ready to fade out of the picture when the communist state is achieved. No satisfactory account is given of how a people can live together without a formally organized government. The assumption is that the people will live harmoniously together without a government. But the justification for the assumption is omitted. One wonders how the author would behave had he the cares of administration on his own shoulders. And one is prone to come to the conclusion that Trotsky's ideas would be modified somewhat if ever put to the test of practical application.

The book is surprisingly unbiased to have been written by one in the author's position. It offers brisk and informative reading for anyone interested in the situation in Soviet Russia today.—REED SARRATT.

IT'S A FAR CRY. Robert W. Winston. Henry Holt & Company. New York. 381 pp. \$3.00.

Chapel Hillians will delight in Judge Winston's autobiography. The book is more than an autobiography. It is the history of an era, told in anecdote with spontaneous wit. The Judge remains in the background, but his personality is present on every page as he brings to perform figures of prominence in North Carolina, past and present.

Judge Winston was born on his father's estate at Windsor, studied in Chapel Hill during the Reconstruction period, set up a law office at Oxford, was elected to serve in the state legislature at 24, and was appointed to the bench of the state Superior Court at 29.

Much of the Judge's life has centered in Chapel Hill. He has always been devoted to the University, and his family has been closely connected with it, his brother having at one time served as president. He tells many tales in connection with his student days at Chapel Hill. One will indicate the tang of them: "One of our chief sources of amusement was the village negroes, whose relations with the whites were cordial, sometimes too cordial. First of all there was our janitor, Wilson Caldwell, a remarkable figure. In Reconstruction days Wils had been a justice of the peace, but, about 1876, when the negroes were disfranchised, he lost his office and went back to hard work without grumbling. Tall, erect, copper colored, Wils was courteous, capable, and full of quiet laughter. He was also frugal and ambitious. Therefore, when the Durham tobacco king offered him a position of butler, he left us. In about a month he was back on the Hill and applying to President Battle for his old job. "Why, Wilson," said the president. "I understood you were living in Durham." "Yes, sir," said Wils, "so I was, sir, but to tell the God's truth, sir, Durham ain't no place for a literary gent."

But the book is more than a collection of amusing stories. Historians would do well to study Judge Winston's method. In the stories he tells, and in the manner in which they are told, lie the life and characters of a period of half-a-century of North Carolina and Southern history. No full-blooded North Carolinian will want to miss reading *It's a Far Cry*. —JOSEPH HAMILTON.

BELOVED FRIEND. Catherine Drinker Bowen and Barbara Von Meck. Random House. New York. 463 pp. \$3.00.

One day in December of 1876, Nicholas Rubenstein, leader of the Moscow Conservatory of Music and brother of famous Russian composer Anton Rubenstein, played a piano transcription of Tschaikowsky's "Tempest Fantasia" for a rich and beautiful widowed noblewoman, Nadejda Von Meck. He played the final note and turned to the listening Nadejda. There was a radiant light in her eyes; and Rubenstein knew that his mission would be a success: that the rich widow would finance the musical desires of his favorite, Peter Ilyich Tschaikowsky.

She did, and that started the strange romance of Nadejda Von Meck and Peter Ilyich Tschaikowsky that Catherine Drinker Bowen, authoress of *Friends and Fiddles*, and Barbara Von Meck, granddaughter of Nadejda Von Meck, have clearly and objectively related in *Beloved Friend*. For thirteen years Nadejda and Tschaikowsky most ardently corresponded with each other. And for thirteen years they never spoke to each other, actually going out of their way so as to avoid meeting. Spiritually in love with each other were the two. Perfect was their love for there was little possibility of a physical repulsion springing up.

That weak-willed Tschaikowsky had married another woman and lived with her unhappily was no secret to Nadejda. Tschaikowsky wrote her everything. He described to her his fits of hypochondria; in his letters he confessed that more than once he felt death would be a suitable and accepted remedy to his periods of melancholy. He told her of his shyness, related how unhappy he felt when he was among many people. There were only two people whose company he relished: his mother, who had died when Tschaikowsky was a youth; and Modeste, his brother, whom he saw hardly enough for satisfaction.

That Tschaikowsky was a homosexual, Nadejda, as far as any one knows, was not aware. The secrecy was maintained because there weren't many who knew enough of Tschaikowsky's homosexuality to gossip about it. In fact, Tschaikowsky almost forgot about it; that is, until he married—married a woman who turned out to be a nymphomaniac. . . .

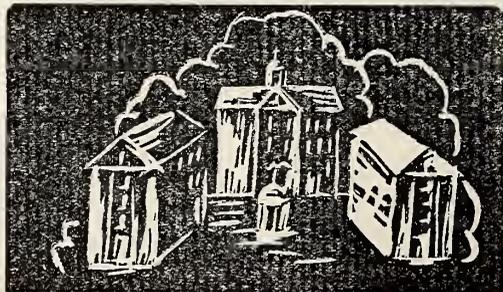
But all of Tschaikowsky's abnormalities and unhappiness did not primarily concern Nadejda. Only in Tschaikowsky's

music was she interested. And thus in Tschaikowsky, because it was her heartfelt belief that Tschaikowsky and his music were one. She loved his music for it portrayed those fatalistic moods which she herself understood and with which she sympathized. And so she loved Tschaikowsky and wanted him never to put a stop to his composing.

There is no doubt that much of Tschaikowsky's music would never have been written if not for Nadejda Von Meck. It is odd, but true, that Tschaikowsky wrote his greatest music, music which is essentially tragic, when he was comfortably happy. And this material happiness, in the form of country homes and "getting-away-from-it-all" and paid-off-debts (Tschaikowsky was a great one for throwing away his money and eventually getting deep in debt), was created by Nadejda, who sent Tschaikowsky an allowance of 3000 rubles. Tschaikowsky, for some uncertain reason, had no qualms about asking for money; and Nadejda, because of her supreme love for his music, and because of her desire for him to continually create music, found her happiness in giving him money.

And then the day came when Nadejda suddenly stopped writing to Tschaikowsky, suddenly ceased sending him money, suddenly lost love for his music, for him. Death did not cause this change of Nadejda's mind. Rather, the book says, it was Nadejda's belief that she was paying too much attention to Tschaikowsky and not enough to her favorite son, Vladimir, who was on the sickbed. Considering the 13 years Nadejda was absorbed in Tschaikowsky, this reviewer finds that reason too weak to form a valid explanation. The thought of Tschaikowsky's dedicating his Fourth Symphony to her had been enough to send her into raptures. Would Vladimir, who happened to be ill, have been a strong enough reason for Nadejda to suddenly and completely put an end to her correspondence with her "beloved friend"?

Their love, their religious beliefs, Nadejda's love for his music, Tschaikowsky's theories on composing, their complete outlook on life is discovered on a reading of the letters they wrote to each other. *Beloved Friend* is, more or less, a volume of these letters (letters probably more interesting than any prose the authors might have substituted). And around these letters (which incidentally are for the first time fully reconstructed in any book) a tale is woven as beautiful and strange as is wont to be found.—MORTON FELDMAN.



OL' JUDGE ROBBINS

CURIOUS AFRICAN PIPE

HELLO, JUDGE — HELLO, CHUBBINS — A BIT OF A SURPRISE, WHAT?

SIR CLEVE — I THOUGHT YOU WERE IN AFRICA! COME IN, MAN, COME IN!

BY GEORGE, THIS IS A SPLENDID NATIVE PIPE YOU'VE BROUGHT ME. IT'S A WHOPPER TOO!

OF COURSE IT'S ONLY ONE OF THE MANY TYPES OF AFRICAN PIPES

NATURALLY IT'S LARGE — IN THE DARK CONTINENT 'BIGGER' MEANS 'BETTER'



I'VE SEEN CHIEF'S PIPES TEN FEET LONG, A REAL 'TOP-HAT' PIPE, SO TO SPEAK



YOU WOULD HAVE ENJOYED THE TIME I DISTRIBUTED PRINCE ALBERT TO MY BOYS, JUDGE. OF COURSE THEY HAD NEVER SMOKED ANYTHING SO TASTY, MILD, AND MELLOW. P. A. WAS A SENSATION



-IN THEIR NATIVE TONGUE, THEY CALLED IT 'TOBACCO LIKE HONEY FROM STINGLESS BEES'

-AND THAT'S A MIGHTY FINE DESCRIPTION OF COOL-SMOKING 'NO BITE' PRINCE ALBERT



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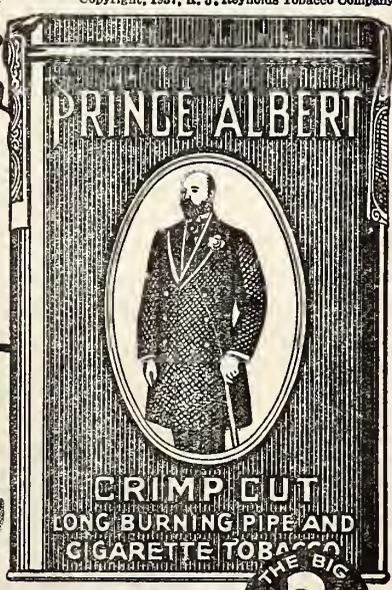
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To the Editors,

THE CAROLINA MAGAZINE:

I trust that your columns are always open to the correction of such incomplete statements, and therefore misrepresentations, of facts as characterized Mr. Bill Wooten's article, "A Subtle Graft," CAROLINA MAGAZINE, February 1937, in so far as the department of English, at least, is concerned. My reason for addressing the *Daily Tar Heel* is that by the time the next number of the MAGAZINE appears any correction will have lost most of its effectiveness.

In this article Mr. Wooten takes the department of English to task for replacing "Practice Composition," a 300 page book which sold for about \$1.50, with a 155 page book 'in the rough,' "Functional College Composition," which sells for \$2.30. Again, he repeats a charge, which I refuted last year, that the department of English has changed textbooks with every new edition of the "College Omnibus," and "Every year the students have to buy new editions."

Aside from such minor matters as the fact that "Functional College Composition" is hardly a 'book' "in the rough" (it is clearly and legibly printed by lithoprint, a process almost as expensive as type, and it is well bound), and that though it numbers only 155 pages its word content is a great, if not greater than that of the 300-page book, the comparison is unfair because Mr. Wooten did not take the trouble to ascertain whether it replaced *only* the other book. The following facts will give a *complete* picture for comparison:

TEXTBOOKS FOR 1935-36

1. Baird's "The First Years"—\$1.00.
2. Fulton's "Writing Craftsmanship"—\$2.00.
3. Kiersek's "Practice of Composition"—\$1.40.

TEXTBOOKS FOR 1936-37

1. "Functional College Composition, Vol. I"—\$2.30
2. "Functional College Composition, Vol. II"—\$1.30

In other words, "Functional College Composition," at a cost of \$3.60 (not \$2.30, the cost of the first volume only—Mr. Wooten could have made a much better story if he had investigated a little further but suppressed other facts), replaces *three* textbooks which cost the student \$4.40. The replacement, then, results in a *net saving* to the student of 80 cents.

A natural question, Why change textbooks at all? I can answer only briefly. "Functional College Composition" is used by C-section (poorly prepared) students, a very difficult group to teach. For years the department vainly tried to find a satisfactory textbook. At last, three members of the staff decided to write one for this special type of student. "Functional College Composition" is the result. If it does not serve the purpose, it will go, like the others.

Mr. Wooten's other charge, that the department has required students to buy each new edition of the "College Omnibus," is a repetition of a similar charge made and corrected last year. The "College Omnibus," (1935 edition), was first adopted for use in freshman English in the session 1935-36. The same (1935) edition was specified for B sections for the session 1936-37, and the Book Exchange bought up for this use, at second hand, such copies as students wished to sell. For the A sections, 1936-37, the 1936 edition was specified because (1) it is a better edition and (2) there were not enough second-hand copies, anyway, to supply the whole class. Since there were not enough second-hand copies to go around, no student could reasonably com-

plain about having to buy a copy of the new edition at the same price as a new copy of the old edition.

With regard to another aspect of the same charge, that "the 'College Omnibus' . . . is about to fall into disuse," to give place to Nelson's "College Caravan," "Its three authors from Chapel Hill, Raleigh, and Greensboro," it is proper to say that textbook adoptions are made by the majority of the freshman staff, that this book has not yet been adopted by the staff, and if it is adopted initiative for the adoption will not come from the co-editor who happens to be "from Chapel Hill." Furthermore, if the book should be adopted, every effort will be made to protect student equity in used textbooks.

In this latter connection, it might not be improper to denounce the pernicious notion, implied in much of Mr. Wooten's criticism and in similar attacks, that it is not only a student's right but his duty to sell a textbook the moment he finishes the course using it.

In larger and more significant connections, too, it might not be improper to express the wish that college journalism, especially of the muckraking variety, should rise above the level of typical yellow-journal ethics or want of ethics. In the latter, two cardinal rules are observed: (1) Don't try to get, and don't dare to print, all the facts. The result might be the whole truth, and the whole truth seldom makes a sensational exposé. (2) Never interview people who are about to be denounced. There might be another side to the story, and the complete story might not have news value. Whether Mr. Wooten has observed these rules is left to the judgment of readers of the MAGAZINE and the *Daily Tar Heel*.

A. P. HUDSON,
(Professor of English, Chairman of
Freshman Composition.)

Philco and Emerson

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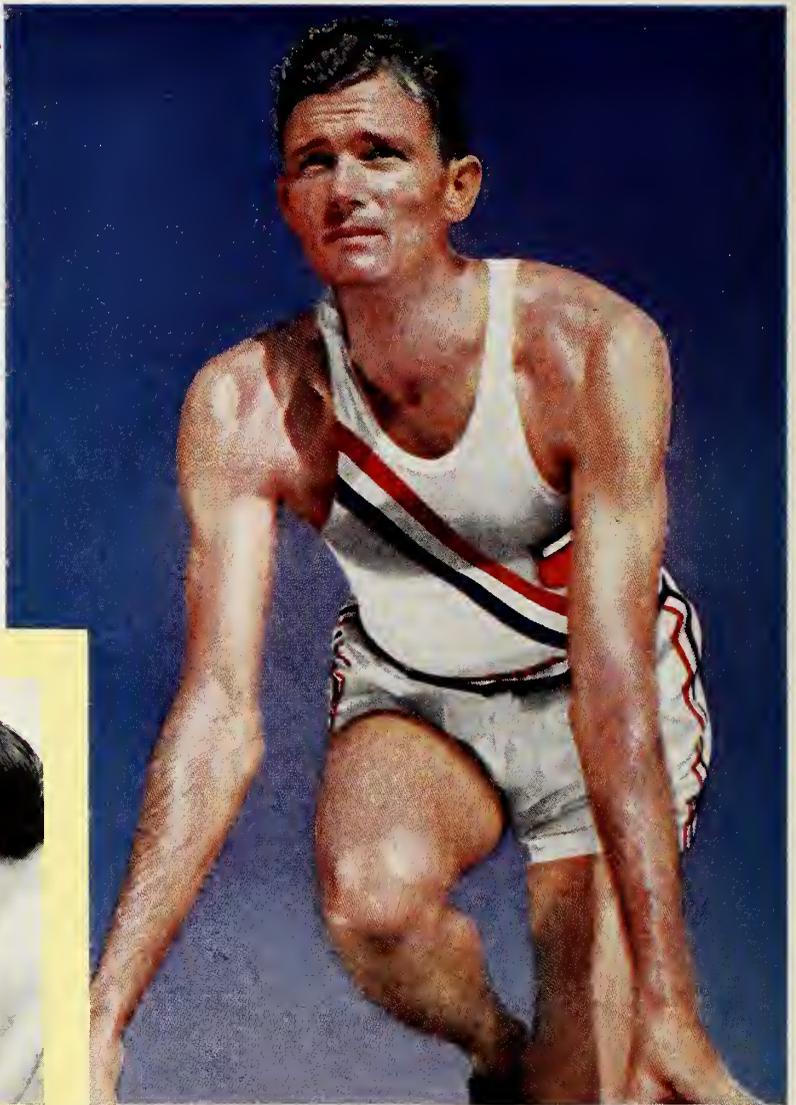
CAROLINA MAGAZINE



April, 1937

FOR DIGESTION'S SAKE... SMOKE CAMELS

"That's what I do — and my digestion goes along O.K.," says Glenn Hardin, world's champion hurdler



"I'M A GREAT BELIEVER in the way Camels help to ease strain and tension," says Glenn, one of America's great athletes. "It's no wonder Camels are the favorite cigarette of athletes. Take my own case. It wouldn't do me much good to eat and not digest properly. So I smoke Camels with my meals and after. Camels give me an invigorating 'lift.' And you'll notice, the same as I do, that Camels don't get on your nerves." Camels set you right! Choose Camels for steady smoking.

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THE CAROLINA MAGAZINE

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Wilderness Transit

IT AIN'T no town; it ain't no place; it ain't no nothin': it's just Mount Sterling."

When I'd crossed Big Creek and come to the store building at the end of the aluminum-painted bridge I found that the mountain boy had misinformed me. Mount Sterling was certainly not a town, but it was a place and a place that was anything but a nothing. Like an animated Railway Stop-gate a man stepped out from the side of the building at the end of the bridge. He waved a webbed hand in front of me and gave me a kind of mandatory "howdy do."

He was Mr. Nolan; he didn't like smart alecks; he didn't like *town*ists; and "by God" he hated them chin-whiskered Democrats that filled the greater part of North Carolina. He thought that he could let me stay in one of the shacks he owned . . . since I was not too alecky and since hikers weren't to be classed as *town*ists.

"Right down this way," he said, giving the *ight* that lazy sound so common in certain parts of North Carolina, and we started down to the Creek's edge where we mounted a railroad track.

"That," said I, pointing toward an egg yellow box, "is the post office?"

"Ar God, you kin read," snapped Mr. Nolan and an anastomosis of blood vessels reddened all over his nose. "That 000 0000 000 00 0 00000 in the White House tuck hit away from me. God the world's so full of sin and dirty politics hit's a wonder a man kin stay decent. Hit's gittin' so bad here ar'll be God damned if I don't move to a Republican state."

The man's eyes had reddened. He had not talked much longer before I knew the reasons for his anger. He, a Republican, had had his postmastership taken away from him and given to a Democrat when Roosevelt won in 1932. The Democratic successor to Mr. Nolan had been Mrs. Nolan."

"Now thar ain't nuthin specially good about this shack but ar guess you kin stand it. Josephus Daniels staid hyar once when he was fishin and got wet as a drowned rat. I spose you'll be fishin?"

"I hope to climb Guyot 'fore I leave."

"Good God, I'm a real hill billy and I ain't ever

climbed Guyot. The last man to go up thar was one of them bug men an' he come down tore all to hell."

The shack was a four-room building with a laundry stove and a corner cupboard in the kitchen. Being completely out of bread, I had to go back to the bridge to shop. The store was kerosene lighted; a few natives were talking in the corner. They took time out to give me a negatively inspired perusal and then resumed their conversation.

"You gimme too much change," said the storekeeper and handed me two cents with my purchases.

"But the sales tax . . ." I muttered.

"We haint a usin' that up hyar."

After supper I took a soaking in the creek. The water was cold and vigor-filling, a step towards slumber. My bed was an old day-bed, probably brought up from Newport, the Tennessee town at the end of the railroad track.

Mr. Nolan came to my door while I was frying my bacon the next morning. He seemed to derive a good deal of pleasure from talking.

"It's a hell-of-a-life when the woman has yer job and even the government won't treat you like a man."

The scorched bacon was just like I liked it. "Yes, I guess being manned by a woman is bad."

"Ma daughters is goin crazy: havin to take the jitney down to Newport ever week to have curls put on their heads."

"Let me see now, have I left anything out of my pack."

"You uns is gonna have one hell-of-a time gittin to Guyot. Didn't ar tell y' about that bug man that had his clothes plumb tore off his back."

I paid Mr. Nolan for my cabin and he walked with me towards his house.

"Guiss ar'll be gittin to parin 'em taters. It's a hell-of-a sight cheaper'n gittin a divorce."

Big creek is a with-trout-abounding stream which originates in a wild, jungle-like area where Yaller Creek and Guyot Creek come together. Guyot Creek has as its source the most remote peak in the Great Smoky Mountains, Mt. Guyot.

Guyot was my destination. I had a ride up Big Creek as far as Walnut Bottoms. There I met the stream warden who was feeding bread crumbs to a school of Rainbow trout that were stilled in a pool under the bridge. When I had told him my whereto and asked of him the how, he looked at me with one of those patient smiles: "You uns'll never make it up thar. They's rattlers big around as my arm (he held out his rather large arm) ready to pop you one ever time you take a step."

With no little bit of insistance, I finally got the right directions and, bidding the warden good-bye, started off up the mountain behind his house. Low Gap was the first named watering station on the way to Guyot. After a mile of walking the rushing of Big Creek became inaudible and only the crackling twigs and an occasional bird cheep could be heard. A lone hiker is at a great disadvantage in the woodlands if he is without some interest in plants or animals. I had the good fortune to be hunting for a set of ground beetles which occur in the Pyrenees of Spain and in the Great Smokies. Just below the spring at Low Gap the woods are cluttered with dead trees, many of which are over seventy-five inches in diameter, their bark having long ago rotted away. Under the shreds of wood loosened by wood-borers one sometimes finds the rare ground beetle. Thus I, every now and then along the trail, would stop to tear away the wood in search of beetles. If I was so lucky as to find a specimen, I tackled all the more logs. One of the most painful rewards for such labor came when a swarm of Yellow Jackets zoomed up out of a hollow log forcing me to leave my pack, stick and all and light out up the mountain side. Later on in the day when I'd about given up beetling, I came upon three exquisitely shaped male beetles in the company of one equally fine female. When first exposed to the light by my fumblings the four of them stood quite still but when I reached for them they were gone in four directions. Being the uni-directionate thing that I was, I was able to capture only one of them, a delicately proportioned animal: its abdomen colored an iridescent purple patterned with elaborately sculptured grooves. He later became the type specimen for *Steneridia andrewsii* var. *mullii*.

Low Gap is a dip, forty-five hundred feet above sea level, which lies between Cosby Knob and White Rock. I found it on the Carolina side, a green place with a good spring. On the opposite side was a trail heading down into Cosby, Tennessee. Cosby is a town in Coke County. The



Warden of the Big Creek had told me how the Coke County outlaws during Court Week in Newport would begin a trek over Low Gap and around by the Cosby Knob down onto the headwaters of Big Creek. And, carrying with them their bad women, they would commit all sorts of vices while they were encamped along the stream side. For meat they would eat trout, they brought their own bread, and for drink they guzzled their raw Moosemilk, Popskull, Rotgut, or what you will. When Court Week was well over and the searchers had given them up, they would drift back over the hills and down into the green valley where they would casually and carefully go about their businesses.

My first real glimpse of the Guyot wilderness came when I'd fought my way through the Black Berry bushes of Cosby Knob over to the last hump of Camel's Hump Mountain. There was green as far as I could see in the horizontal direction and as deep as I could conceive of in a vertical direction. Far below I could see the lower end of rocky Guyot Creek joining Yaller Creek and further down traveling together as Big Creek, a white and crooked ribbon, white because of the bleached boulders that filled its stream bed. There was greenness, space, stillness, and me . . . a perceiver. No sound . . . not even windsound. Guyot stood up, a green pyramidal peak of Spruce-Balsam joining the long-armed ridges across from me and elbowing the one upon which I stood. It was sundown before I reached Inadu Ridge, the go-between upthrust that ties Guyot in with the Camel's Hump Ridge. Along the way I came upon three handsome club mosses, all in full fruit. I was traveling above an elevation of six thousand feet where colorful flowers were so abundant as to be in the way of the walker. The giant Golden Glow, the bright red Bee Balm, and the Glomerate Goldenrod colored all the open places. Old Black, the last mountain top before Guyot, was almost dark when I reached it. Somewhere from one of its trees came a wonderful bird song in a remarkably high key. A song that was liquid, and complexly beautiful. It sounded as though it came from the bottom of a deep well. Certainly there is no series of bird notes that can touch those of the Winter Wren, the Gun Barrel Bird, as the mountain people, who are more familiar with firearms than wells have called it. Guyot was somewhat dry and I had some difficulty finding a spring. One finally turned up and by the side of it I put up my piece of a camp.

In the midst of my supper preparation I heard the faint clicking sound of mist against the trees . . . a cloud was coming my way . . . two then three . . . it was raining. I could hear it outside my silk shelter. I forgot to think of bears. . . I was tired and warm . . . the little heat formed by my body was being conserved by my sleeping bag.

It was still raining when I rose the next morning and I had a dreary trip to Kephart by way of Tricorner Knob, the turning point for those headed for Three Forks, Mt. Chapman, and the Saw Teeth. The following day I began the eight mile jaunt to Mt. LeConte.

Mount LeConte is to the height-conscious Tennessean what Fuji is to the Japanese. It is a triple peaked summit lying North of Carolina's Mount Kephart and overlooking the Pigeon River Valley that harbors Gatlinburg, Tenn. The Boulevard trail to LeConte runs from NewFound Gap by way of Kephart. I had been traveling the Appalachian Trail, the old Indian Pathway from Maine to Georgia. When I reached Kephart, I left the Appalachian Trail, taking the Boulevard out to LeConte. All the way the clouds blew in and out, blotting the sunshine and keeping me well dewed. The ground was green of various shades and levels: there were trilliums, those three leaved early spring plants then showing their bright red fruit, Shield ferns seemed to cover everything their broad fronds curving out over a ground cover of moss that was some places so lush as to be a foot deep. At the turn at Myrtle Point a large seep rock was covered with fruiting Peet Moss in which was growing plants of Kidney Leaved Grass of Parnassus. I took the trail out to the Point proper and just as I came upon it the clouds blew away and I got a good clear look back upon the then distant Guyot and all the wild back country. If I have spoken of space and stillness before . . . I can only describe the conditions at Myrtle Point in multiples of the space and stillness of Guyot. The Point is a rocky open slope fringed with Mountain Laurel. It looks from Tennessee southeastward back into North Carolina. On a clear day . . . after a good cool rain has cut most of the Ultra-violet filled haze from the distance, one can look over deep sweeps between ranges on past the Smokies and out into the Blue Ridge. Straight down on either side of the Point are almost vertical slopes covered in places with bright green patches of Mountain Oat Grass, and in others with trees of one sort and another. While I was looking from range to range

trying to label the various points, I heard the screeching of a hawk . . . faint and far below. He was to my left about one hundred and fifty feet down, circling round and round and screeching all the while. Suddenly he ceased his call, closed his wings and, like a weighted brown spindle, dropped downwards and out of sight.

Big Top, the uppermost of LeConte's three peaks, was covered with that small pink Rhododendron, *R. Caroliniana*. It was raining when I came out upon it, not raining downwards as is customary with rain, but raining upwards . . . large drops came splashing at me from below. Only one time did the clouds lift . . . and that just long enough to give me a glimpse into Tennessee. From the bottom of LeConte to the top grow plants peculiar to every province from South Carolina to Ontario. I was just beginning to appreciate fully the floristic set-up of the region when there came a temperature drop that chilled me through to the marrow. At first I thought the cold was only temporary . . . but it lasted. Finally rather than freeze I decided to go down to LeConte Lodge. LeConte Lodge, sometimes known as the House That Jack Built, is the only high altitude shelter stop-over in our mountains that is comparable to the alpine hiker's cabins in Switzerland. The Lodge was built by Jack Huff, son of a resort hotel chain owner, and there Huff lived off and on all year. He had, before my arrival at LeConte, just been married, and he and his wife lived in a new lodge. The old one was left for hikers. Shivering, I made my way to his door. I threw my apple core down, wiped my wet face with a wet hand, and knocked. Through the window I could see a fire burning inside, and a radio was playing. I was cold as hell and down in the regular world it was July and the Middle-West was complaining of a heat wave. Huff himself answered my knock. He was a tall, sallow, delicate-featured man. Without any interrogation he just stood in front of me . . . passive. Past him through the open door I could see his wife comfortably curled-up in a chair reading a book.

I don't know what I had planned to ask Huff . . . probably nothing. I expected him to say what any Southerner says to a caller, "Won't you come in." He said nothing. I ended by asking him the way to the old Rainbow Falls trail to Gatlinburg, and cold, wet, and disgruntled, I bottom-tobogganed over slick rocks and slicker duff down into a warmer zone. At seven o'clock

I was in the stringy little settlement: Gatlinburg.

All thought now-a-days is pigeon-holed. Nothing goes as just thought anymore . . . that is, goes and is recognized. I came upon a little sociological data the morning after my stay at Gatlinburg. I was trying to get a ride up the Tennessee side of the mountain . . . a number of cars passed me, fine cars. They would not stop. When I did get a ride it was with a mechanic in an age old Essex. He carried me as far as he was going and another worker gave me a lift to NewFound Gap where I once more started along the Appalachian Trail.

The first mountain out from the Gap is Mt. Collins, then Mt. Love, and after that Clingman's Dome, the last being the second highest peak in eastern America. The Dome and all the mountains nearby had been, when I had known them in the past, quiet Spruce-Balsam forested hills somewhat like the Guyot Country. This time things were different. I had not traveled over a half-mile out the trail before I was swamped in the sound of steam shovels against the rocky earth and jack hammers drilling into bedrock. Here in the last bit of virgin forest machines were plowing away. Grinding in the slush of the cloud forest; crushing and spreading rock; scooping fertile loam up to be used for fill-ins; all of this as a result of a congressional bill; all of this so that overfed and cosmetic scented women with their paunch-bellied husbands could drive through "the grandeur of the Southern Appalachians," apply their hydraulic brakes, fling open their automobile doors, say "ah," and be gone to other points of "interest."

The greatness of the machines was appalling. Giant toothed shovels directed by little, hard-boiled men gouging the earth. Compressors tubing air to drills which were aimed at the rocks by men who shook from teeth to toe with the staccato sound of the metal against the split stone. The world of Sandburg suddenly came through to me . . . there was something great here in machinery. Two greatneses had been brought together: the Smokies with their heritage of time, their records of evolution, and their fullness of life were now face to face with steel, the cylinder, and petroleum.

Before I'd reached the end of the road-bed a cloudburst drenched me. As soon as the sun reappeared I stripped off my clothes and hung them to dry on a log. While I was basking, a bearded old fellow came over from one of the compressors. He wanted to know where I was going and what I was doing. I told him that I was headed for

Clingman's Dome . . . that I supposed he had been there many times.

"No," he said, "I ain't been up there. And I don't never plan to go up there. As soon as this damned hell-hole of a job is finished I'm clearin' out. I hope I never see these wet hills again."

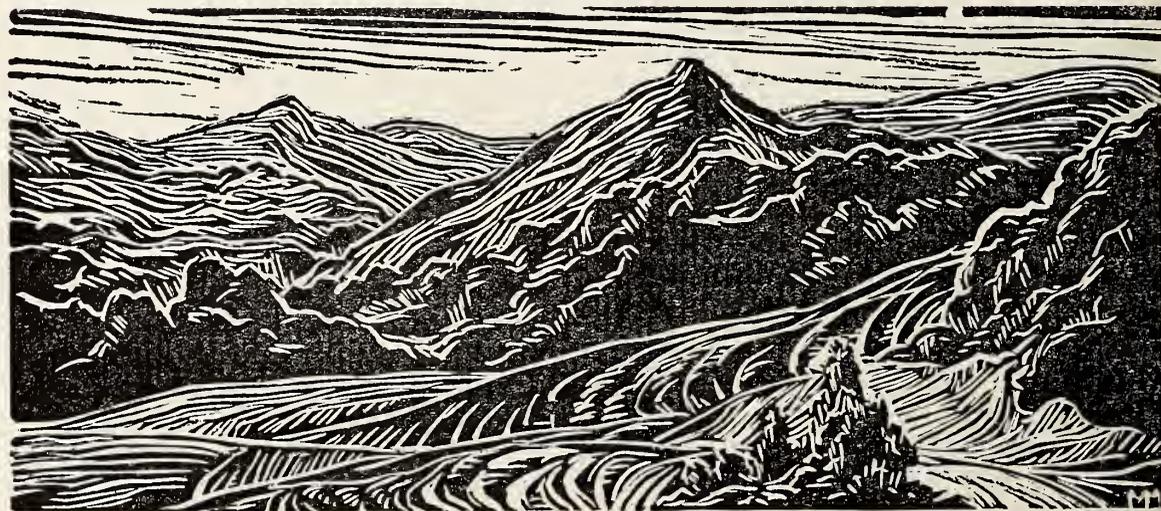
I later learned that he had had some reason to be tired of the place. Back in the winter there had been forty days of rain with just spots of sunshine. The men had been living in little huts with canvas roofs. They had tired of cards, smoke, and cards. Finally there had been a murder.

I dropped down off the main Ridge onto Andrews Bald where I spent the night in an old cabin. The sun set clear. The entire sky was yellow for a while, then it faded into a hazy blue. As night came little clouds began to rise from all sides, they united as they reached the higher forests and by eight o'clock they had settled down over Andrews. I was snugly wallowing in a bed of oat grass made between two logs. I didn't know how long it rained. When I awoke, the day was clear.

The bald was dotted with plants more than head tall of Royal Lilies. After breakfast I headed off down Forney Ridge back towards civilization.

Down near Bee Branch I met a Mr. Calhoun whose picture, he told me, "is in the front of Kephart's *Our Southern Highlands*." He walked with me most of the way down the ridge. Telling me several stories. I remember the one about the old fellow who used to ride his Jenny (donkey) down from the ridge every week to meet the train. His legs were so long that he let them drag along rather than put them in the stirrups. One day the Jenny got all entangled in some underbrush and ended up with one foot in the stirrups. "Ar God," said the old fellow, "if you air gonna ride, Ar'll walk."

Mr. Calhoun got me a ride up the roadway to Bryson City with his son. In Bryson I ran upon two Carolina Fellows working for the state highway commission. We had a good get together . . . over beer we magnified the wonders of Chapel Hill and glorified in our experiences in that little town.



Did You Say Ping Pong?

TABLE TENNIS, politely but incorrectly referred to as ping pong, is a bona fide, honest-to-goodness authentic *sport*. This is no way a prejudiced statement of a spoiled brat. I reached the above conclusion many years back when I first dabbled with the tiny racquets and the celluloid ball, but the daring declaration is based on a Supreme Court decision of recent date.

Some ten years ago an importer of table tennis equipment reared on his haunches and bucked a heavy tariff attached to his shipment. He raised the issue that table tennis was a *sport*—not a *game*—and therefore liable to the existing tariff on sport equipment. There was a stupendous difference in the two tariffs and the verdict meant a goodly sum to the importer and a fluctuation one way or the other to the prestige of table tennis.

The case went to the state Supreme Court, in Illinois I believe, and the decree handed down accepted table tennis as a sport. No doubt the judges themselves were addicts of the most popular indoor sport in the world. Hence, that argument was squelched. Justice has spoken and the little ball clears the net these days with the happy realization that it has been stroked—not “patted.”

Passing of Ping Pong

Today there is no such sport as ping pong. In the best of circles only the name of table tennis is respected. Ping pong is of the bygone days. But three years ago two rival factions battled for supremacy. Proudly launched on troubled waters were the U. S. P. P. A. and the U. S. T. T. A.; both distinct and alien organizations. Once united was the United States Ping Pong Association, controlled wholly by the dictatorial, mercenary Parker Brothers; but there sprung from its womb this infant, table tennis, conceived of the untainted love for a non-commercialized, recognized sport.

I still have the newspaper clippings of 1934 which declared Red Schiff the national champion of *table tennis*, winning the title in New York City. Directly underneath this news article was the ironically placed story of Jimmy McClure's annexation of the national *ping pong* crown in

Cleveland. Both on the same night. And the world wondered.

Eventually the ping pong clique crumbled beneath the strain and conceded victory to the radical United States Table Tennis Association. As a matter of interest: McClure and Schiff, both youngsters of 18, clashed for the composite table tennis title in the next year. McClure, a slight Indianapolis youngster who tap danced under the tutelage of Texas Guinan, won a thriller and earned a trip to the world championship in Europe.

European Evolution

In tennis there is a Davis Cup. In table tennis there is a Swaythling Cup. They are very much alike except for the spelling. The United States recently became one of 25 nations entered in the international confederation. This cup play accompanies the annual world championships, held in a different capital of Europe each year.

The United States always lagged far behind the European nations in table tennis. The Americans were considered novices; mere foundlings in the sport. This theory was accentuated in 1934 when we sent our first delegate in history to the world tourney. Marcus Schusheim, seven times national champion and the finest we had to offer, sailed away and returned sadly humiliated several weeks later. His tales were fantastic and incredible. The woman champion gave him a seven point advantage in a twenty-one point game and beat him.

No wonder Europe and America were amazed at the 1936 showing by the first complete American team to be sent to the world championships. In the Swaythling Cup the Americans, composed of four youngsters with an average age of 17, finished seventh in a field of fourteen. The women contingent, a member of whom was Babe Ruth's adopted daughter, ended in a tie for second place. Ruth Aarons, New York City girl still in her teens, captured the woman's championship of the world! (One famous player recently said of her: “she could spot the average man 15 points and still win the game.”) And two of the American boys teamed to win the world doubles title!

It was quite a shock to the Europeans to discover another of their superiorities crossing the wide expanse.

Galleries Galore

You would often be startled by the huge turn-outs for table tennis championships. Just to see two lads slap a hapless celluloid ball back and forth. The biggest crowd I have heard of is 10,000 for a world tournament in Wembley, England.

Players Profuse

There is no estimate to the number of players waving table tennis racquets. But its popularity is unquestionable; the recent *All Sports Magazine* voicing its best guess at 10,000,000 Americans crowding the tables.

A novice tourney sponsored in Chicago by a newspaper on the style of a Golden Gloves event drew an entry list of 22,000. That should give an idea of the thriving trade in table tennis racquets.

Cowardly "Chiseling"

A point is decided when one participant hits the ball into the net or off the table. The length of points vary. But would you believe that one solitary point went . . . well, let me tell the tale first.

Rumania entered the most recent Swaythling Cup matches with the clever theory of "chiseling." This is the process of standing close to the table and just pushing the ball back to your opponent. It is a very effective type of game and has brought havoc to all offensive players.

Rumania was employing these tactics to win matches and Ehrlich, Polish player, determined to take matters into his own hands. Encountering Mandin in the first match he set himself on his heels and commenced to "chisel." The first point took exactly two hours and five minutes! Ehrlich won the point and the match; having battered down something or other within the gallant Rumanian. It could be very tedious—don't you think?

An individual match is usually three out of five games in tournament play. It usually takes about forty minutes. The longest match ever played was also during a Swaythling Cup affair. It lasted *eight* hours and then was halted by a foggy committee; the only spectators remaining at 4:30 a. m. They were determined to stop this nonsense—both

players were "chiseling." They tossed a coin and called it a day (or a night).

It must be injected here that these cases are rare phenomena and have been isolated by rules prohibiting "chiseling"!

Racquet Racket

If you have ever witnessed much of table tennis you will be under the impression that most any object can be used as a racquet. Right you are. The regulations in table tennis do little toward protecting your rival. You are at liberty to use a broom stick, a hand mirror, a machine gun (if it serves the purpose), a school book or a table tennis racquet of any shape.

Most racquets today are faced with rubber pimples, so as to impart spin to the ball. All racquets were of nothing more than wood, with sandpaper as a luxury, until 1932 when a certain Mr. Good of London looked twice at a pebbled cash mat in a restaurant. He borrowed it secretly and found it most successful. It soon took vogue and is now universal.

Some time back a miniature tennis racquet was introduced. This was used for some time by a Captain Spurling of Bermuda but the little ball flew too rapidly from the taut strings. Its most effective asset was its devilish silence when the ball hit it.

Rollicking Richman

Harry Richman is the man who immortalized the ping pong ball. In his flight across the ocean he carted 50,000 balls in his wings as a protection against sinking. He wasn't allowed to land them in Europe—a duty would have been exercised. Harry could have sold those balls autographed for five dollars each.

Turbulent Table Tennis

Table tennis is a parlor game. Wrong again. It is not a sissified version of anything. I have read where a football coach prohibited the play of table tennis to his squad after the star back had broken a leg in the pursuit of the pastime.

Local Limelights

Chapel Hill has had its share of big time table tennis. In the spring of 1935 an exhibition was staged at the Tin Can. Abe Berenbaum, who had just succeeded Schiff as the national champion, appeared with Rudy Rubin, Chet Wells and George Bacon; all highly ranked players.

This event could be exhibited as one of the small-drawing of all time; only 75 appearing each of the two evenings. But it was Easter weekend, two dances were on and a wonderful show at E. Carrington's. Also remember that Bill Tilden once drew a gallery of 8 in the Tin Can (several weeks after 1200 turned out). Bill moved right on without disturbing the canvas.

Also in Chapel Hill Bitsy Grant and Wilmer Hines, tennis moguls today, pattered around the Graham Memorial tables. They spent quite some time and money pitting their best against Doug Cartland, of dubious fame. Cartland, by the way, is managing a table tennis room in Staten Island, New York; and is one of the country's leading players today.

Table Tennis Tennisers

Tennis players go for table tennis in a great big sort of way. All the big shots cling to the table game. Fred Perry was once the world champion about six years ago. He later became tops in tennis and was quoted as saying that he may as well take up golf so as to get competition. But he added that he couldn't fathom into which sport he could venture after taking the golf championship.

Four tennis pros played at the Tin Can in early 1935. Three were table tennis troubadours. Bill Tilden is an addict and wrote the preface to the first book published on ping pong. Elly Vines has been president of the California association. Hans Nusslein was crowned winner of a celebrity championship in Hotel Algonquin, New York, some years ago.

Alice Marble, U. S. woman tennis champion, is ranked in California as a table tennis player. And on the campus Ramsay Potts, Eddy Fuller, Gordy Robinson, Frank Farrell and the Rood brothers have all competed in intramurals.

Chuckle, Chuckle

Table tennis has its moments of stress and moments of laughter. Laugh heartily and table tennis laughs with you. . . .

. . . First in laughter was the conditions under which players moved during the reign of rival ping pong and table tennis organizations. When you entered a tournament your past was delved into and you were asked whether you played ping pong or table tennis. You just stared back at them. It was said that if a table tennis player would whisper ping pong he was expelled from the association. . . .

. . . Then the fight against "chiseling" has been tragically humorous. I remember an incident at Washington during the Inter-Zone tryouts for a trip to Europe. At this tournament the committee of ten that huddled in a corner for 20 minutes, gesturing wildly, and finally rushing en masse onto the floor to stop a match where one player was allegedly "pushing the ball illegally." The favorite happened to be losing, one who was due to go to Europe. The irated chiseler went dramatic and threw the match intentionally. . . .

. . . I once saw, in a small New York tournament, a player go back about twelve feet from the table and into the light switch. The room was plunged into darkness and he is still insisting that he made a good return.

. . . Paul Gallico, former sports editor of the New York *Daily News*, once wrote a column advocating a "Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Ping Pong Players"—citing splinters as a basic evil. . . .

. . . Ehrlich, Polish player, was once fined 20 francs for appearing in an international exhibition without a uniform. . . .

. . . At a junior tournament held in Bloomingdale's Department Store, New York, a contingent of youths came up from the East Side of New York. The youngsters were all rip-roaring, galling, rough and ready lads. They played and left. Bloomingdale's discovered a dearth of table tennis racquets the next day although not one had been sold. . . .

. . . At the final of one national championship in the Hotel Astor, New York, a battle of wits all but settled one match. At a crucial moment one of the players halted play, extracted a small comb and unconcernedly straightened his slick locks. When he was through the other went into a stance and proceeded to tie both shoelaces; whereupon the original wag stretched out upon the table and feigned sleep. Somehow they resumed play but the papers the next day said something equivalent to "... combs way to title." . . .

. . . and the funniest of the stock ping pong jokes to end this exposure of table tennis:

Daughter (visiting friends in California) wires her father—AM VERY HAPPY—EVERYONE IS SO NICE—AM HAVING WONDERFUL TIME WITH PING PONG.

Father wired back—HAVE A GOOD TIME BUT I DON'T WANT YOU MIXED UP WITH ANY CHINAMAN!

and the Gay and the Blue

WHEN a man's days get to stretching out too long, there's somebody going to see to it. If it aint a man, it's the Law, and if it aint the Law, it's always God. He's got a eye for you, boy; He's got a eye for me. So dont you start checking: He's got a way of knowing.

I knowed Eben Jaynes from the time I saw the swelling on his mamma, and I followed him through all his days: followed him from that first holler when good Sis Thompson held him up and whopped him into breathing. I sat right on the outside steps while they borned him, and when Sis midwife Thompson come out and give me the nod and says, "Hit's a boy, a big one,"

"Well, sir," I says. "Well, sir." Like I say, I knowed him then and I knowed him yesterday when he done his kicking at the under-end of that ten-foot hemp.

I used to take him victuals, little specialties Flaunts would cook up for him. I'd go through all them whitefolks, with that basket over my arm and a fresh newspaper over the mess of specialties. Whitefolks says, "Hello, Jupe. You got some good things?"

"Good day, captains," I says. "Just a mite of sweetning for the boy." And they'd pass me through and unlock the bars, and there he'd be, laying on his back in that cell with his foots up on the chain that held up the bed, smoking cigarettes and watching the ceiling. And I says, "Greetings, Eben. These from Flaunts and me." He'd roll his head around and look at me holding the basket, and says,

"Sho now. I'm obliged." And he would be, too: laying there in that coming-death cool watching spotches on the ceiling of a place he aint had no business in at all. I never saw such a cool un-hastening face in all my time.

He come up in a shirttail, playing in the dust out under the stoop, kicking and drawing in all that dust. People passing says, "Whynt you come out that dust, child?" and him just sitting there watching them with his fingers in his mouth and his nose all running, shoving at the dust with his foots; till after while he got big enough for educating and Flaunts packed him off to school. He

had on britches then, and I low that's what ruined him. Because he lasted about two weeks. Three weeks after he first went, the teacher—she was something: pretty ironed dress and a pair of spectacles just shining: mighty fine lady-teacher—come and asks how was Eben, and "Eben?" Flaunts says. That was Flaunts, Eben's mammy; my second child. "Eben?" she says. "Aint he at school?"

"He havent been there a week now," teacher says.

"Lord," Flaunts says. "Lord, the trials of children."

That evening he come in and had his books all under his arm. He put them inside the door and went and sat on the steps in the sun. Flaunts was sitting there in the rockingchair with her palmleaf fan, just rocking and fanning herself. "What you done learned today?" she says to Eben.

"Just some more bout Baby Ray," Eben says, looking out at the people cross the street.

"What about him?" Flaunts says, rocking and fanning.

"Just about he had two chicks," Eben says.

"Was that all?"

"Yessum. Cept some rithmetic."

"Was it hard?" Flaunts says.

"Just tolerable."

"Sho now."

"Yessum. Two and two is four."

"Sho enough. Well, well." Then Flaunts stopped rocking and retch out with her hand and catch him by his clothes. "Boy," she hollers, "I'm going to tear you Key West from crooked! How come you lying to me, hellion?"

Well, he knowed she had him then; his face got all scared and his eyes just fledted. Flaunts dragged him in the house and got his daddy's strop and poured it on him. He was just hollering; yells, "I wont do it no more! Oh Jesus, I wont do it no more!" all the time she was giving him that strop. Man, you could hear it coming down: and Eben hollering, "Oh Lord! Oh Lord!" every time it whopped him, and "I wont do it no more! Jesus, I wont do it no more!"

But that didnt get it, because a week later here come a letter dressed to Flaunts, saying

Dear Miss Florence Jaynes:

Your son has not appeared at this school, as you said he would. We therefore consider him dis-enrolled.

Respy yrs,
Agnes Hepplewait
principal

and Flaunts whipped him again. But he never went back to that schoolhouse; he couldnt use it at all.

What he been doing all that time, he done been downtown with a shoeshine-box, shining the shoes of the whitefolks in the street: just making dime after dime off his smartness and his aptness: seven years old, mind you, and dime after dime. He kept it up, and pretty soon he was the bestdressed coon in town—but not while he shined shoes. He wore raggedy overalls, then, and looked poor as a churchmouse. But Lord, the money rolled in, I tell you: dime after dime: raggedy on Saturday, but he kinged it on Sunday: bright yellow shoes and a Stetson hat on a eight year coon. Say, he lorded it on the town; just kinging it on the avenue.

That's the way he come up: always money in his pockets, and couldnt nobody rule him on account of it. That's the way he come up. Soon as he got old enough for sparking, he set in on it. The first one to go was the minister's daughter, Brother Holiday's youngest child. Monday morn-ing one fine spring, here come Brother Holiday to the house, says to Flaunts, "Where your boy Eben?"

"I think he up the country," Flaunts says.

"Does you recollect where I might locate him, Sis Jaynes?" Reverend Holiday says.

"It aint no telling where he biding, long through here. I'll tell him you hunting—"

"No maam, dont do that, Sis Jaynes. I spect I'll come on him sooner or later. Good day, sister."

"Good day, Reverend Holiday," Flaunts says, and he was gone.

But Lord, that preacher aint found Eben. Because Eben knowed well enough what it was he want, and Eben was keeping his distance. He was twelve then, hottest thing in Mississippi, looking like some kind of undersized man, wearing fifteen dollar silks and needlepoint tans under his peg-tops and a freshbrushed Stetson. He had a yellow gold watch that rung the hours and chimed the halfhours and a rattleskin necktie and a imitation diamond ring that hurt your eye from blocks off.

Some buck! The women just went hog-wild, and he sho done some sporting. They called him Pigmeat, he was so mitey small. But he took them the rounds. He must have; they always come back for more.

.II.

He kept on growing. He got bigger and smarter. The Lord must have smiled on him, because he was twenty years old before he run into what you call really serious trouble. It was the wife of a French nigger come down here with the new papermill. I dont know for sho if it was any French in him, but folks says there was, and he was kind of funny-colored, and he talked in a funny way, saying all the parts of the words. He wasnt any run of millhand nigger. He come from up where the bossmills is, and run a machine most whitefolks couldnt tend. His wife was the one. She wasnt much to look at: cocoa-colored, maybe a mite lighter, and thin. Some men couldnt see nothing to her at all. She had a thin face with a pointed nose and a little scar like a bit of popcorn in the corner of her mouth; it was always jumping and twitching, the cicatrix was.

Eben must have seen something to her the other bucks didnt, because he was further gone on her than on any woman he had rounded, up to that time, that is. He give her plenty time. Her husband—that French nigger—worked on a different shift every week at the mill, but generally on the nightshift. That was when Eben shined: French nigger at the front door kissing his wife goodbye, lunchbox on his arm, and Eben at the back door to catch her when she shut the door and turned around. They'd be jiving before that French nigger made the corner good. Lord, that Eben!

He got along better with me than he ever done with any other man; they'd like him and play up to him, but Eben couldnt use them. He liked me fine, though—maybe because I was his grand-daddy. That's why I can tell you all this about him and that skinny lightcolored woman and her husband that French nigger. Eben told me all about it, man to man, while he was laying in the horspistol for two months afterwards and nearly died.

One night early that French nigger told his wife goodbye and shut the door and start out for work. The wife turn around and Eben caught her, and was kissing her right there in the front room when the door come open and there stand the husband because he done forgot his lunch. "Ha!" that French nigger says, not loud. "Ha!"

Eben went out the window. But he didnt run; he didnt want to show he was afraid, I reckon; he always did have a culiar vainglory about that kind of thing. He just stood there outside the window, the moon pouring down and Eben wishing he hadnt run at all. Through the window he could see the wife all scared in the corner where her husband done knocked her, and the husband going toward the back of the house, the kitchen. Eben told me he didnt know what to do then, standing there waiting to see what was going to happen, but he knowed he didnt want to run and show he was scared. Then he knowed he better do something, and do it quick. Because here come that French nigger from around back of the house with his face lifted in the moonlight and his long teeth and eyes just glistening. "It's been so long," that French nigger says, and his eyes shining.

"Yes sir," Eben says. "Hold up a minute." And then he seen the butcherknife glinting against that French nigger's trouserleg. "You dont want to use that," Eben says.

"I'm going to use it," that French nigger says, coming forward and kind of grinning in the brightness.

"You better be careful now."

"I'm going to be careful." Then he was right in front of Eben, and still coming. Eben said when he could have almost retched out and touched him, that French nigger raised his hand and Eben saw that butcherknife glinting like live fire in the moonlight. And he turned round, and ran.

He didnt hear any running behind him, but sho, he didnt look back. At the corner he stopped and leaned against the side of the Chinaman's store. He was breathing slow and heavy, thinking *Jesus, but I ran. I ran from him. I never would have thought I'd run from him.*

When he got to breathing easier he turned and walked back down the sidewalk to the house. There was still a light in the front room and he could see the woman sitting by herself with her face almost white in the jumping of the coaloil lamp. She held her head well up and he could see her face; her mouth was jerking and that little popcorn scar just twitching. He went right up on the porch, didnt hesitate at the door, just went right on in, quiet and firm. "I wants to help," Eben says. "Aint it anything I can do?" When he come in, the woman jerked her face around and her eyes got bigger.

"You better get out of here," she says. "You better get out of here in a hurry."

"I aint scared of that French bastard," Eben says. "I aint scared of nothing like him. Is he—"

"Ha!" that French nigger says, hot and quick, just like before. He was standing in the bedroom-door: just a little light man, looking like Eben could turn him round one finger. The light from the lamp was showing him across the chest and up around his neck. His face had a shadow around the mouth and eyes, but his eyes shined out of the shadow. Then he turned around and went back into the dark room. The woman says,

"You better get out of here in a hurry."

"I aint afraid of—" Eben said he heard the bullets before he felt them, and when he felt them he thought *I guess I'm shot hard now. I reckon I will learn now. I been needing something like this a long time.* He could feel the cold floorplanks against his face and the draft coming under the front door, and him thinking *Then I reckon it is October, all right. That means shorter days. But I had forgotten the cold. And Jesus, I'm shot. I'm shot bad.*

He didnt hear that French nigger and his wife talking at each other in hurrying talk and he didnt feel them step across him, but when the door went open he felt the October air coming in and he wanted to say *Close that door, please—but the talk just wouldnt come.*

Now aint that something? a man laying there feeling righteous lead inside him, maybe catching a glimpse of the nekkid Glory Itself, and thinking things like that? Aint it, though? Well, they found him there and toted him off to the horspistol where he layed up for two months, and the only reason he didnt check out right then was, it wasnt his time. But his time was coming; mind you of that. It's a day for you, and a day for me; Lord going to crook His finger slyly, saying, "Come on, son." And that's all: your time, my time; it's coming, and it's sho writ down, like *Jubal Johnson, July 9. Viney Kings Johnson, April 12. Abraham Issaics, January 4* and you better look to your lights and get you paybook in order. Because it's coming; it's coming.

He was layed up there two months, and then come out spry and chirpy as he ever was, cept a little less meat on his bones and a little less highlight on his eyes. Another month of feeding and good living put the meat back on his rack and flashed the shine back on his eyes. Come summer he was the same Eben, the same doggone Eben to

a tee, sporting the women and rocking the barrel-houses, breaking the bucks at cooncan and making the dices rear back and squeal for pity: the same doggone highroaring galavantiing crapshooting geebuck Eben that drove the womenfolks hog-wild before he saw the judgment-gleam in that French nigger's eyes and felt them bullets ploughing up his hide. But it never taught him but one thing, and that was concerning married mens and their goodbyes. "Granddaddy," Eben says, even when he was laying in that horspistal—"Granddaddy, I aint learned but one thing, but I learned that right. When a husband say 'Goodbye, wife,' he aint always mean it. You can take that for what it's worth, even if you is on in years."

.III.

Then this Kate Mae Tanner moved to town and Eben met her. He met a bluegum woman from the coonjin country put the grisgris on him proper. Lord, what a stingaree that woman must have had! make a preacher forsake the Book, gnash his teeth, forget the Glory, and take up prancing. And she threw it on Eben Jaynes highstyle first-hand and proper. She rode him like a sagkneed nag through low cotton.

We aint seen him there bout a week running. That wasnt nothing rare, though: he was always pearing and disappearing whenever it took his mind. He been gone nigh a week; one day here come Widow Bird just chipping down the walk: stops in front the house, chipping that feather in her hat like a willowweed chipping: dresses Flaunts (Flaunts on the porch, laxing: morning it was, April) chipping: says, "You better see bout Eben," Widow Bird says, chippinglike. "He done been took up with:" then goes down the walk just chipping.

"What you reckon she mean now?" Flaunts says.

"You heered her," I says.

"Who you reckon took him up?"

"You mighty late worrying," I says.

"I spect he be home," Flaunts says.

"Sho," I says. "Aint he always." But he aint. Another week go by: aint no Eben. "I spect I better hunt him out," I says.

"Tell him, come on home," Flaunts says.

"Sho," I says.

Dollbaby told me where Eben was. "Who she?" I says.

"Aint you never heered of her?" Dollbaby says.

"Lord! aint never heered tell of Kate Mae Tanner!"

"I aint found the time," I says.

"You just old in the bilities," Dollbaby says. Then he told me where she live.

She was standing in the door, leaning against the jamb and one hand reached out against the other side the door and smoking a cigarette with the other hand, with her little finger primed out, and blowing the smoke out lazy. I could look under her arm where it was across the door and see in the room; I was standing there on the walk right in front of the house and I wasnt speaking to her or giving her my eye in any way; I just stood there looking under her arm and on into that darky room where some sun come in through the licks in the pulleddown shades, and wondering what to do bout what I seen. It was Eben. He was laying on a curved-iron bed that most of the paint had done chipped off of, with a blanket kind of smooth up on him and his nekkid shoulders and arms outside the blanket and his head laying sideways on the mattress, not saying nothing and looking spent around under the eyes, where he was like a man that's been sick a long time and planning on being the same way a long time more: just laying there spent but waiting to get able again while that Kate Mae Tanner stood in the door lazing and smoking like it aint made her no nevermind which way the world leaning: waiting for his bility too, so she could take a little more soul outn him—like a feller with a can waiting for a boat to seep in enough for him to begin to bail again but not in no particular hurry or specially fretted, because he knowing, whatever coming, he got it in hand. I just stood out there looking in under her arm at Eben; then she look out at me, lazinglike, and "What you got on your mind, old man?" she says across the cigarette and the curling smoke. I didnt pay her no mind.

"Eben," I says. He just layed there. "Dont you hear me, boy? Flaunts say come on home, Eben."

"You better go long, old man," Kate Mae Tanner says.

"Eben," I says.

"Shooo, old man," Kate Mae Tanner says. "Shooo!"

"Eben," I says.

He opened his eyes. "Eben," I says.

"Hello, Granddaddy," Eben says, like out the bottom of a well.

"Come on home," I says.

"Sho now," that Kate Mae Tanner says. "Sho now. It aint like I stopping him. Go on get up," she says to Eben. "You got your travellingpapers, thout ara string tatched to my mind."

Eben just layed there, not getting his head off the mattress. "I going to tell Flaunts you coming home, Eben," I says, not even believing it myself. You know how a man will talk, not even believing it hisself.

.IV.

Flaunts says, "I guess it got him now. My proud tall boy is gone for fair." I was watching the coaloil lamp flicking on the table and glinting on the Jesus-pictures and the columbine wall-paper.

"It'll be a reckoning," I says. "Bless His name. One for you and one for me. It'll be a reckoning."

.V.

"I don't mind it here," Eben says. He was laying on his back on the cot, with his feet propped up on the chain and blowing cigarette smoke up at the ceiling. "I got so I dont think about it, and the days goes by in regular style. But first I couldnt get used to them coming and standing there and looking at me through the bars and I couldnt sleep. But I done got used to it: I can feel them come and stand at the bars and look in watching me, because I feels their shadows falling across my skin, but I dont pay them no mind and sometimes I dont even wake up, even when I feeling them." It was kind of concrete-cool in the cell, like coming off the wall and floor. "I got my sleeping trained so I know the man that feeds me soon as he start my way: I tells by his tread and wont ara nothern wake me up: I can sleep on through the rest, when I'm sleeping. But sometimes I dont sleep, and that's the bad time, but that wont be long now and I dont reckon I care a whole lot. You comprehend how I mean?"

"Sho, son," I says.

"Yah.

I was laying on the bed, like usual, feeling my ribs all empty and her standing there watching the daylight in the street and I says, 'I can again,' and she says,

'Can you?' and

'Yair,' I says. And that the way it went: daytime nighttime, bility unbility. You comprehend?"

"Sho, Eben," I says.

"Then she begin abusing me, smarttalk; and me

taking it cold, like I never done before: cold: off a woman.

In the nights it would be worse, with no daylight outside the door, and her sitting there smoking them thousand cigarettes till all my eyes reckoned was a thousand little firedots in the dark separating the minutes, and the long cool dark not firedotdotted making the sleep, feeling my soul coming back. And then the days would come and I could feel the soul leaving me, like it was a leak in between my ribs where it would scape, like a punctured tire does: I could almost hear it going ssssss: slow and whispering ssssss.

Dont you see I couldnt stand it? Dont you see it's why I done what I done?

'Come here,' I tells her.

'It too dark,' she says.

'It dont need no light,' I says. See how I mean?"

"Sho, son," I says.

"Yah: I got my hand on her shoulders. I could feel her shoulderbones bending in my hands. At first she didnt holler and then she hollered and kicked up the darkness, bellering. And I gripped harder and dragged her down over my legs and felt where the foot of that iron bed was; and broke her neck over the rail. It make a pop like quick kindling, and then a lot of quick jumping kicking racket; and then it was still-quiet: just me and the darkness flowing over my face and my ribs making a creaking while I breathed my soul back in."

He was holding the cigarette up over his face where it had burned down a long white ash during his talking. He talked level and smooth without no citement or jumps. He just told it like I'm telling you, cold and clear like slow water running. "Tell Mamma I says thanks for the fixings," Eben says.

"Sho," I says. "I put the basket under your bed. Just reach under whenever you wanting."

Captain Stovall let me out. "Dont take it so hard, Jupe," he says. "He's got another week. Aint no telling what the governor'll do."

"Yes sir," I says. "Thank you, Captain Stovall." He was a big stout whiteheaded man, toting that shiney pistol on his hip, and his blue shirt sweated in dark halfrings under his arms and where his star hung against his chest.

.VI.

It was a brace of young frisky striped gray mules I had borrowed from Abel, and a lowbed

cypress wagon, shallow and it didnt have no seat, with skewways wheels that hadnt been greased and made popping sounds like canes being broke when they turned. I got up in the making light and hitched them up to it. I put the graveboard on the bed of the wagon up front, and that was all; Captain Stovall had done told me the county would furnish the box. I had it figured just about right; the wagonbed was something lacking ten feet and I figured the box for something the other side of seven.

It was already hot and the sun high at five o'clock and there wasnt no coolness left in the dust. Them mules was switching and vamping, and me worrying. I and Flaunts didnt want to get there too early but we wanted to get there as soon as we could. We wanted to give all the folks time to move away, and I thought it would be best if we waited long enough for them to have him in the box and everything: because that wouldnt be good for Flaunts—seeing him all brokenecked wouldnt. It was getting hotter and hotter: August and the early days and the late hardbreathing nights. It was already shimmering out over the street.

Flaunts was sitting in the house. She was all dressed in her funeral dress, black veil and all, and her reticule on her lap. I could smell the musk off the dress where it had been laid away. She was sitting with her hands in her lap and her head bent down, sitting in the straightbacked cane-bottomed chair near the wall, where up over her head was the sign *Jesus Saves*.

"If you ready," I says. She got up and come to the door. "Stay on the porch," I says, and went around to where I had done tethered the mules and drove the wagon up longside the porch where she could step right in. I had a hard time making them young mules geehaw. I give her my hand and she stepped in the wagon. "Wait," I says, and went around back of the house and brought back a board for a seat.

"It's one already here," Flaunts says.

"Sho," I says, not letting her pick the graveboard up off the wagonbed where I had it backside-up. "This will be right comfortable." And we drove out onto the street where the heat was already beginning to shimmer, and me thinking *Durn them young mules*.

She didnt pay the graveboard any more mind and I was glad of that, because it wasnt right for her to know what it was till it had done been set up. Just the day before, I taken it down to the

Chinaman's store and asked Willy Wang would he do it. "You just pencil it," I says. "I'll do the carving."

"Yess," he says. "How do you wish to say?" And I told him and he penciled it and I come back home and got behind the privvy and carved out the pencilings where Willy Wang had wrote them. I followed them pretty well but it took me some time. I was late in going to Abel's after the mules and wagon.

"Is it anything else you need?" Abel says. Folks is right kind when a body needs them most.

We got there just about right. The jail is right behind the courthouse. You dont see many niggers around the courthouse the morning of a hanging, just clumps of whitefolks in overalls chewing tobacco with their washed-out faded blue eyes moving around and taking in all it was to see, and talking mostly bout niggers and what ought to be done. Sometimes I think dying is a good thing after all, when the one that does the dying is a nigger: because it makes them pale-eyed bleach-haired country whitefolks so happy to get a chance to say, "One less nigger, hey?" and they can shift their quids to the other side their mouths and chuckle.

I drove round the road behind the courthouse and up side the jail, the ungreased axles making licks like shots and creaking, and the mules pulling crossways and sawing back on the reins and throwing their heads around wildeyed and blowing their lips where the slobber dripped into the dust. "You stay here, Flaunts," I says, and she sat there straight as ever with her head bowed and her hands in her lap.

Captain Stovall was standing in the door. He took me on back. They were still hammering the nails in: I could hear them soon as I reached the door. "It's ready now, Jupe," Captain Stovall says. "Here, you boys. Take it on out and put it in the wagon." And they got all around and heaved and we went out through the door and histed it onto the wagonbed. Flaunts was sitting straight still and not looking round. I told Captain Stovall and all the rest Thank you and got up on the wagon and backed the mules around and started down the road, in the other way.

Then I looked over at Flaunts and seen she had the graveboard in her hands and holding it flat on her lap, reading it over and over, where Willy Wang had penciled and I had carved it out. It was pointed on one end, and the carving looked right neat and even.

EBEN JAYNES
1908 to 1936

He Shall Rise

The mules must have knowed what was behind them because they was going crazy, it looked like: crosssawing and geeing: and I was scared they was going to bolt any minute and turn the wagon upside-down, with me and the box and Flaunts and all.

It wasnt anything else I could do. "It look like you going to have to, Flaunts," I says again. I had done stopped the mules because I could see them gathering their haunches to bolt right off. The dust was beginning to settle around us and settling back down the road, not drifting off onto the ditchweeds, even, just hovering a while and then coming down slow where it had been before, like there never had been no wagon or mules at

all. Flaunts put the graveboard back on top the box, printing up, and got down off the wagon and went around to the mules' heads and looked square up at them where they was rolling their wild red eyes and chomping. Then she retch up and cotch the off-mule by the cheekstrop, and she pulled.

"Hum up," Flaunts says to them through her teeth and her head throwed back. "Hum up, you striped devils!" standing there pulling on the cheekstrop and her Sunday shoes over their tops in the hot soft dust. We were out of town now and the cottonfields layed all around us; there was a lot of them picking in the fields, and their sacks and white headrags looking clean and bright in the sun. Now we began to move again, the town still in sight behind, and the wagon creaking and the dust gathering behind us like something alive and the ungreased axles popping in regular time like pistolshots across the dust on the road to the burying ground.

Introducing Alice Adams

We met Miss Alice Adams two years ago when she was selling lemonade and assorted candies from a fruit crate in front of the Phi Kappa Sigma house. Business growing dull, Miss Adams led her sales force to the door and into the downstairs rooms, where gross sales rapidly increased. Half in fun, we asked would not her mother object to her visiting gentlemen without invitation. The phraseology of her reply may be incorrect but the message was unmistakably this:

"Of course, Mother has told me that I should not associate socially with fraternity men; but this, you will understand, is strictly business."

Perhaps it was this reserve—perhaps the heat of the day and the cool lemonade, but we succumbed to Miss Adams' salesmanship (one penny glass of pink lemonade, one of green and six half-penny caramels: total five cents) and to Miss Adams' own self. From then until this spring we did not see her again, although we learned from

the psychology department that one of her word definitions had surpassed in conciseness and understanding any that a high school or college student had ever given to the same question. Asked the meaning of *hard*, Alice coolly replied that the word has two uses: one where it expresses "something difficult to do" and the other when it means "something that resists your pressure."

This spring we have been seeing Alice passing our office door, on her way to and from Chris Maynard's dancing class in the banquet room. To our question: "Are you still going to be a business woman?" Alice gravely shook her head.

"Oh, no. I'm going to be a writer. I'm starting my novel."

Obviously we can't print her novel. But on the opposite page we offer some of her poems—only two, she tells us, among hundreds.

Miss Alice Adams is ten years old.

—J. M. D.

The Moon

The moon is a lady fair and mild,
Each bright star is her little child.
She sings to them of things on earth,
Of little streams that dance in mirth,
Of water falls tumbling in silvery mists,
Of grassy fields by sun light kissed,
And then at night the stars come out
And see the things she sings about.

The Pig Named Sam

There once was a pig named Sam
Who shook when someone mentioned ham
When someone mentioned bacon
He kept right on shakin'
And when pork was mentioned He ran.



Alice Adams

The Cookbook and Cousin Katie

TO RETARD DANDRUFF—Rub the head nightly with half of a small onion.

—From the family cookbook.

KATIE and I never knew just what became of it. That afternoon, when Bertha (she was our cook) was gone and the whole house quiet, we entered the kitchen by the backporch door and lifted the heavy cookbook out of the cupboard drawer: the essential page was gone. From my earliest memory the encyclopedic volume of householdlore and recipes had possessed no covers to prevent its constant wearing away in front and behind. We never missed the introduction and the first chapters, but the successive losses of index pages had affected the family dinner table. As the index gradually disappeared from *Yorkshire cake* and *Mrs. Winston's ham griddlecakes* back through *prune pudding*, *onions boiled in white sauce*, *Macaroni Siciliana* and *Johnny cake*, our menus suffered a slow but cumulative restriction.

But somehow Katie nor I had never realized that the steady sloughing off of index pages would ever come back so far as the F's.

Sadly we returned the cookbook to its traditional position, quietly left the darkened kitchen to the fly noisily buzzing in the windows between the drawn shades and the wire screens, and, once outside in the grape arbor, mutely faced a future which would thereafter be unsweetened by fudge made the economical way with one cup of thin milk and no more butter than a lump the size of a small walnut.

TO GET RID OF FLEAS—In a badly infested building tie sheets of fly paper about your legs with the sticky side out. Then walk back and forth through the infested rooms. The fleas, accustomed to jump upon the ankles of people and animals, will leap onto the fly paper and there adhere.

Mother and Father started housekeeping with a library that contained but two volumes: the Bible and the cookbook (if we are to exclude Father's old textbooks titled the "Principles" of this and that, and his notebooks neatly and finely inscribed with lecture notes about "Truth is

beauty, beauty truth," "Service to mankind is the glory of statesmanship," or, less philosophically, "The party of the first part in a suit against the party of the second part alleges . . ."). These last never really mattered. For years they gathered dust, bred and protected thousands of wiggly silver moths in the hall closet. Then one day Mother's orderly nature finally conquered her sentimental attachment to them for Father's sake. She set her chin the way she always did when there was a disagreeable job to do and like a gallant leader called on Bertha to help her remove them to the ashcan.

The "library," however, received more respect. The Bible, a great volume with a tasseled place mark and thick leather backs ornately stamped with gold, was always on the parlor table in the middle of a long fringed table runner and beside a huge conch shell on whose broad pearly lip was stamped a scene from the Chicago World's Fair of 1893. Nobody ever disturbed the family Bible except to dust it or add to its collection of pressed flowers and clover. But the family cookbook was in constant reference. It was not really a cookbook; we just called it that even though over half of its thousand and several hundred pages were given over to "household discoveries." The chapters in this section ranged from The Toilet and the Bath through Food Values and Adulterations to Leather, Ink and Miscellaneous. The chapter on Home Sanitation and Hygiene carried full specifications for and front and rear views of the Chic Sale structure recommended by the U. S. Government.

Of the thirty-six chapters of recipes these were a few: Bread; Stale Bread; Fish; Shellfish; Meat; Left-overs of Beef; Lamb and Mutton; Left-overs of Lamb and Mutton; Veal; Left-overs of Veal; Pork; Left-overs of Pork; Poultry; Left-overs of Poultry; Meat and Fish Sauces; Vegetables; Left-overs of Vegetables; Salads; (no left-overs here, nor were there ever very many—in our family); Stale Bread and Cake Puddings; Puff Paste; Cookies, Cakes and Doughnuts; and Some Kitchen Kinks. One more chapter was Favorite Dishes in Famous Homes with recipes contributed by the wives of the United States presi-

dent and vice-president, twelve senators, eighteen governors, and "Mrs. Parker Morgan, one of the 400." Mrs. Morgan, incidentally, suggested Raspberry Buns with three eggs and a cup and half of sugar.

TO TRAP ROACHES—Take any deep china bowl or jar and put in it about a quart of stale beer or ale, of which cockroaches are especially fond. Lean against this a number of pieces of pasteboard or any inclined surface bending over the top so as to project inside the vessel two or three inches. The cockroaches climb up the inclined plane, slip into the liquid and cannot escape.

For the many summers that she spent with us Katie was my friend and confederate in fudge-making and other sports. But one July I noticed a great change in her. Even though she was my cousin, I must confess that Katie was a lanky, skinny, stringy-haired adolescent whose two pig-tails ended in twin ribbon bows shaped like giant flies. Her appearance had never worried her before this summer, but now she began to seek ways to make herself more attractive. Father's stack of *New York Times*, which he always saved, was the first to suffer. He happened to notice one day that somebody was taking them away. Katie, it developed, was tearing them into strips for hair-curlers. Mother, who held the prevalent opinion that young girls should not employ beauty aids until they came of age, let this pass since hair-curlers were not strictly cosmetics.

I don't know exactly what changed Katie; it may have been the presence next door of Bill Williams who was on the second string team in high school. I can't be sure of this for Bill had always lived there and Katie had always regarded him as a ruffian, hated him for pulling her hair, and much preferred to play with us younger children. This summer something was different.

With implicit faith everybody had in it, Katie went to the cookbook to learn to be a charming conversationalist. There she turned to the section modestly titled: A Compendium of the World's Essential Knowledge. For two days she read and reread it. On the third day she approached me with a half-dozen sheets of rough tablet paper on which she had written out a dialogue for me and herself. The facts in the compendium were awkward blocks to fit into the ordinary conversation. Therefore, the prearranged dialogue. Even then

I think I resented the fact that all the conversational brilliance was in Katie's speeches.

As I remember the questions and answers went something like this:

Me: Katherine (Katie now preferred this appellation), let's go wade in the branch down in the pasture.

Katherine: Oh no, that stream is as filthy as the Ganges river.

Me (with unfeigned ignorance): Isn't that in Arabia?

Katherine: India, stupid. You know the Ganges is India's sacred river and the Indians live under a caste system.

Me (dutifully): Well, then, let's paint with my watercolors.

Katherine: That's better. Painting is one of the higher arts. Rembrandt was a great Dutch painter and Da Vinci painted the Madonna of the Chair on the end of an empty wine cask. That's why it's round, you know.

Me: But I'm afraid my paints are sort of dry.

Katherine: Oh I'm sure they couldn't be as dry as the Sahara desert or the writings of Dryden. (This last statement jumped a conversational chasm which would have frightened anyone but Katie.)

Me: Who was he?

Katherine: An English author who wrote the *Rape of the Lock*. England is a warm country due to the action of the Gulf stream. London is known as the foggy city and William the Conqueror defeated the Spanish Armada in 1056.

Me (with more interest): Were there any people in America then besides the Indians?

Katherine: No, but there were vast herds of buffaloes, which are really bison, the Grand Canyon, which is ten miles across and one mile deep, and geysers like Old Faithful, which erupts every sixty minutes.

At this point Father came into the room and asked what on earth we were talking about. Katie and I shut up and went to wade in the branch in spite of the Ganges river. The next day Katie had me to go with her over to Bill's house. Bill and I, strangely, did most of the talking and he showed me how to wind a baseball with old string. Katie hung around and once got in the fact that the Nile is the sacred river of Egypt and the Egyptians live under a caste system. Bill looked at her sort of queerly and she dropped into silence. We were wrapping some red twine on the ball when Katie observed that the color reminded her

of the gorgeous reds in Da Vinci's Madonna of the Chair. Bill said nothing to this and a little while later Katie decided that it was almost supper time and we had better go home. She seemed unusually silent going home, almost desperately silent.

FOR BALDNESS—Wet the head before retiring with good old Jamaica rum.

The next time I found Katie with the cookbook she was secretly reading the section on toilet preparations. Katie was just starting high school French. She was learning the ordinary *je suis, tu es* and *il est*, of course, and the more exciting things like the *Champs Elysees, Rue de la Paix, Eglise St. Sulpice* and *Alons enfants de la Patrie!* With great intentness she now read about the properties of a half-dozen *eaux de cologne, esprits de Paris, odeurs de fleur* and other scents just as enticing. When she read the formulas in all their complexity of ingredients and compounding, she regretfully closed the cookbook, put it back in place and went downtown to buy a quarter's worth of rose water. I never heard what Bill said but the next day I saw her come back from his house too indignant to be tearful, and wash her head over the sink.

WHEN THE BABY COMES—Send for the doctor as soon as the pains begin. In the meantime make the following preparations: . . . —From the section on The Anticipation and Care of the Baby.

Shortly afterwards, our cook Bertha was seized with what seemed to me an extremely sudden and puzzling illness. Bertha always lived on the back alley in a small cabin that seemed far too small to hold her ever-growing number of brown children. However, I never thought that it would be difficult to find room between the wall and a picture frame to store her weary-looking husband. I remember coming into the kitchen that day for my dinner and finding the stove cold and a few sandwiches and a glass of milk set aside for me. Mother was going through the cupboard drawers one by one with increasing impatience, completing her examination of the whole lot and then going back over the ones she had already opened. She turned on me.

"Have you seen the cookbook? Where is your Father; I sent him for another doctor an hour ago. I wonder why Dr. Harris had to pick this day of all days to go out of town."

Undecided which question to answer I replied to all three with a negative hunhuh. For some reason Mother forgot to reprove me for not saying No ma'm. I had not seen her so excited since she won the cake-baking contest at the state fair and received a trip all expenses paid to see Lee's tomb.

Mother soon disappeared towards Bertha's house with bottles under one arm and clean linen under the other. But not before she had admonished me to stay out of the backyard. I didn't exactly disobey her. I took my baseball around to the side yard and began to throw it against the foundations of the house. Ever so often it happened to bounce in the direction of Bertha's cabin. After a while, unable to see or hear a thing, I went to sit in the grape arbor with Bertha's husband John. I caught a few bees in a glass fruit jar and then went to sleep on the grass. John alternately puffed his pipe and scratched his bony head with its stem.

TO IMPROVE THE BREATH—Swallow powdered charcoal after meals.

Late that afternoon I entered the living room and found Mother stretched out on the sofa. Father was standing over her arguing that she shouldn't have worked so hard "all for a nigger wench." At this Mother half-raised herself to a sitting posture and sternly quoted him some Scripture. At the sight of me Mother began again.

"I wonder (she said these words slowly and significantly) just what happened to the cookbook. If I knew I'd . . ."

I didn't wait to hear the prophecy.

"I haven't seen it. No, ma'm, I haven't seen it all day."

My intensity almost quenched Mother's suspicion, almost but not completely. She continued to look at me from time to time. And each time my feeling of unease increased. Presently an idea took me out doors. As I had expected, I found Katie in the arbor and the cookbook beside her.

"B-o-o-y, are you going to catch it? Just you wait until Mother finds out that it was you who took the cookbook. She looked for it all afternoon. Wh-e-e-w, boy."

In spite of my excitement I noticed she had been crying. My consciousness of maligned innocence, however, did not permit any softening. Roughly I took Katie's arm and pulled her towards the house. As I seized her I stumbled against a bottle of something I had not seen before. Katie followed me to the door where I

stepped aside with a bow of mock gallantry and invited her to enter. When she hesitated I went ahead and stood near Mother enjoying to the utmost my proven innocence. Red-eyed and wet-nosed, Katie remained for a moment just inside the door, burst into tears and then rushed into Mother's surprised arms. Mother's anger melted like pure lard in a red-hot skillet. With both hands on Katie's quaking shoulders she pressed the child to sit beside her.

That night I happened to think to ask Katie what had been in the bottle I spilled. The story came out, but not before I had sworn no-telling. Katie, it seems, had taken the cookbook in order

to compound an eyewash to "make the eyes larger and more expressive." Something, it also seems, went wrong in the compounding (Katie substituted for a few of the ingredients she did not have) and the resulting lotion caused her eyes to smart most painfully.

Since then I have wondered what was really responsible for Katie's pathetic weeping: whether it was, as Mother supposed, Katie's contrition for the trouble she had caused; nothing more than the lotion, as I first insisted; or, as Katie that night confessed to me, her remorse at having displeased both my Mother and God by seeking to improve on the face that the Creator had given her.

Lawrence Metcalf

October Frost

JONAS and the other men were almost too much for me. I had to run sometimes to keep up. Jonas seemed to have forgotten me since the dogs had found the scent. They were baying away up the ridge above us and we were still climbing. The sharp dry bushes scratched my legs and I held my hands as high as I could.

The men ahead were talking excitingly about the race. They were trying to tell who was in the lead but the hounds had not straightened out enough yet and the men could not make them out. But when they did they knew as much from their bark as if they had their eyes on them. Then we came to a level spot at the high point on the ridge and here we could see across the hollow to the range that had circled back like a horse-shoe.

We stopped and the men put down their lanterns and lit some cigarettes. They were waiting for the pack to circle around with the ridge on the other side. The fox might come out in the open. If it did we could see him. The moon was

slightly behind us and the mountain-side leading down to the hollow was black in the shadow. The side across though, where the pack would show, was clear in the half-yellow light. Dead tree snags glistened as if frost tipped them.

The men were silent and smoking and listening to the dogs. They were far ahead and somewhere in the bend. Sometimes the chorus would fade almost to indistinction but the men never doubted that the fox would turn with the ridge.

Jonas looked at me.

"Cold?" he asked.

I shook my head.

He must have sensed my chill, for he began to scratch around for twigs and sticks. There were a few dead leaves but most of them had been blown off. When the fire was going the men grouped around it.

I asked Jonas if the fox might not leave the ridge and go down on the side somewhere.

"They always go in circles from their den," he said. "Besides, it is easier for them to run on the top."

The dogs were far away, up near the bend, and nobody said anything for a long time. I rolled over on my back and looked up at the stars. It was a frosty October night with the stars and the moonlight and nothing else but chill and silence. It was not the time for birds. The insects were dead. Only fox and possum and squirrels occupied the woods. And in October they were afraid of men and dogs and did not make noise. It seemed harsh and wrong to kill them—or anything. But chasing fox was different. Nothing was killed. Just fun and running. The dogs had a good time. The men did too. The fox had a good time. He always eluded the clumsy hounds. Far away I heard an owl and I shivered a little from the cold.

The dogs had rounded the horse-shoe now. Their chorus came louder and louder. The men began to throw their cigarettes into the fire and to sit up.

"O' Sue's still a-leadin'," the man Ballard said.

The men nodded. There was no mistake about it. Ol' Sue's short, high-pitched yaps told them so. The fox and dogs were coming nearer.

Bright in the moonlight of the valley and the hill and on the near side of the ridge top, there was a square grassy patch that used to be a pasture for the Scogenses before they moved out of the hollow. It extended across the back of the hill like a huge saddle blanket. The pack, if it stuck to the ridge top, would flash out there. They were coming nearer and nearer. The baying sounded loud in our ears now.

When they did show, they were like running toys. The fox looked like a puppy in proportion to the dogs behind him. The dogs were bunched knottily and I thought of a gang of fighting jays.

"Damn, I believe they're a-goin' to catch him," Ballard said.

"Look, he's crippled," said one of the men.

He was. One of his hind legs was dangling. He ran irregularly and seemed to be looking for an escape. The dogs were pressing close behind. They dashed out of sight into the woods at the edge of the field.

"They're a-goin' to catch him all right," said Ballard.

In a few minutes the clear regular barks were displaced by snarls and yaps of pain and fighting.

The dogs had caught the fox and were fighting over the body.

"We had better go over there," Jonas said. "What do you say, Jim? Let's go take that fox away from 'em before they cripple each other."

Without words, the two men started down the mountain. The dogs sounded close to us. It was not more than a few hundred yards straight across the valley but the men would have to go at least half a mile.

We waited, standing in a row and staring toward the top of the other side. The noise of the dogs began to subside. Now only two were snapping over the fox body. Another had apparently treed a possum. The quiet was broken occasionally by some of the dogs going back to the fox and starting over again. The barks were becoming more irregular. In a little while there was no sound.

After the racket, the absolute silence of the night was startling. The dogs were quiet. Nobody spoke. Jonas and Jim were down below and out of hearing. The moon continued to spread its yellow glow over the hills and the night was chilly.

It took the two men about fifteen minutes to reach the fox. We heard them calling the dogs. Their voices were sudden and vivid and the echo came back sharply. The moments of quietness were broken by the cough-like barks of the dogs. They were like pebbles splashing a still shady pool. There was no other sound. Now they were coming back and as they came, they kept calling the dogs.

Jonas came in first, carrying the fox in a tow-sack. Jim was farther down with the dogs. Jonas shook the fox out on to the ground. The men were silently sorry the fox was crippled. If it had not been he would have escaped. He would have given a longer chase and would have lived for another run.

"Anybody want him?" Jonas said.

One of the men stepped out.

"Sure, I'll take him. His hide's worth five dollars if he ain't chewed up too bad."

He picked him up by the tail and dropped him back into the sack and threw it over his shoulder.

Without words we started down the slope on the ridge. The dogs went on ahead, tired and panting. They would sleep all day tomorrow.

It was frost and October. There was only the stars and the moonlight and the men going down the mountain with a dead fox.

Epilogue for a Decade

JOHN HELD JR.? John Held Jr.? I just can't seem to place the name," said the pledge (class of '40), "I remember hearing about him somewhere."

Thus the campus forgets. John Held, Jr.'s Dizzy Damsels and Rah Rah Boys set the vogue in the twenties for collegiate cartooning. His characters danced on a hundred thousand yellow slickers.

During the past decade the Hill has seen many changes. Gone is old Memorial hall, gone is the Carrboro special, gone are the dirty, dust-covered streets. Into use have sprung the new library, Person hall again, the mushrooming lower quadrangle. If the campus has physically changed so much in the past ten years, what about the students? What are their thoughts and attitudes today as compared with the thoughts and attitudes of the student body in the middle and late twenties?

The omnipresent question of educational theory was then centered around the plan propounded by Dean Addison Hibbard. In 1927 Hibbard noted the handful of nonconforming, but intellectually capable students who were bored or pretended to be bored with the modern educational system. He felt very keenly that higher education had a definite obligation to provide an enlightened leadership for the future of society. He feared that the tendency of higher education to bind down the exceptional student—his "one-half of one percent"—would so affect the intellectual curiosity of these impressionable young minds that they would become encrusted with senility at the very threshold of life.

Presented to an informal group, these ideas of Hibbard's came to be the early plan of his Honors College. In this Honors College the unusual student who had demonstrated marked scholastic capacities was to be given a great latitude in which to seek the answers of the questions which interested him.

Campus reaction to Hibbard's proposal was meagre. Only three students ever considered the plan, and not one of them carried it through. It scarcely reached the pages of the *Tar Heel*. The *MAGAZINE* carried an article by John Marshall which proposed that it would be better if Dean

Hibbard's one-half of one percent never went to college at all, but be permitted to roam the world as they willed and to soak up life as they found it. Marshall would reserve the democratic university for those students whose mediocrity could not be harmed by the debilitating effects of that educational institution.

Running a parallel to this decade-old inquest is Don McKee's effort this year to interest the campus in education through the *Tar Heel*. The Hibbard drive was undertaken by a small, informal group; this year's *Tar Heel* campaign was the result of a single individual. The Hibbard move got little publicity and little attention was paid it; McKee's educational drive this year probably got more column inches than any other one subject, but it failed to incite the interest of the campus. The Honors College idea stagnated a decade ago when no one took advantage of it. It was rejected by a faculty committee this year when Stuart Rabb was refused permission to work under its provisions.

Although Carolina saw few raccoon coats, ten years ago she had her full share of painted slickers and artistic model "T's." John Held Jr. epitomized the age. Fraternities were beginning that great migration from old fraternity row to the brand-new mansions and mortgages of fraternity court. Like Dr. Einstein's universe, the University was expanding and expanding.

As did their fathers back home, most students of that period felt that the future could be naught but one marked by an increasing prosperity. Good jobs were beckoning on all sides. Many were the students who yielded to the temptation of big and easy money and left without completing their formal education. Among the students the emphasis seemed to be placed upon a luxurious materialism, in which wealth and physical comfort received a marked notice. Many students of the period came to college, not in search of an education, but because of the social prestige which was thought to be attached to a college degree. Parents everywhere were making more money. Most of these had been deprived of a college education, and thus wanted their children to have what they had missed. Doubtless too, some students

stayed merely to postpone the inevitable time when they would have to settle down to the humdrum job of making a living.

These were the youngsters who had come into their adolescence in the post-war period of restlessness, frivolity, and gin parties. They had a bibulous heritage in the Chapel Hill generation of the early twenties. Many of this immediately previous generation were finishing an education hyphenated by service in France, and of a Sunday morning could often be heard yelling for a bucket of ice water from the depths of the Chapel Hill calaboose.

Save judging them by their actions, our only other way to get an index of the thought of those in the latter twenties is to examine the utterances of the articulate "intellectuals." Chiefest among these—whom Dean Hibbard called the "eternal sophomores"—was Robbins Keith Fowler, who, along with Julian Starr, was suspended by the student council and later reinstated by the faculty for publishing "Slaves" in the MAGAZINE.

Behaviorism and Freudism were the order of the day. There was a biological certainty about this somewhat sophisticated intelligentsia. Love had been dissolved by post-war neuroticism into its elements of glandular and nervous impulses, and was treated with corresponding clinical coldness. It was *chic* to talk of free love, and attempts at "companionate marriages" were not unknown. The editors of the MAGAZINE had discussed such a subject as miscegenation and gotten away with it. In fact, their progressivism was lauded nationally.

Although this was the full-flowering period of the folk attitude in creative writing, the MAGAZINE had to depend upon much imported talent for its material. In a *Tar Heel* review, Professor Howell cast disapproval upon this non-campus literary support, but the MAGAZINE editors were forced to keep right on bringing in material to fill up the issue after the "eternal sophomores" had spoken.

A peculiar growth of the period was Sigma Upsilon, that nocturnal fraternity of journalists. Even of a darker nocturnal hue was its offspring: the Yellow Journal. This chronic organ of the literary society survived because it bore advertisements and was sold immediately after football games. Not always was it able to come forth uncensored, and at least one edition was consigned by official order to the flames of the Orange Print Shop furnace. But somehow a proof would get to Durham, and the Journal would be reset and printed in successful secrecy. Sometimes the Yel-

low Journal was not completely condemned. One edition, after it had been unfortunately censored, was sentenced to be run again through the presses and to have a particularly malodorous story blacked out. But the ink was none too black, and besides, difficulty lent enchantment. A final issue of the Yellow Journal—entirely too interesting from the point of view of the faculty—resulted in the suspension of several members of Sigma Upsilon and verified a dogear which had borne: "Extinct After This Issue."

Came the Depression.

That bursting of an inevitable post-war bubble can be blamed for a number of points of contrast between the Chapel Hill student of 1937 and 1927.

Some have said that students have become more serious-minded. There is certainly no doubt that the onslaught and wake of the Depression made coming to college a serious matter for many. Rather than hoping to enhance their social prestige, students seem to be looking at college now with more of a business-like eye. Jobs are no longer for the picking, and the man who is best prepared to face competition in a society of increasing specialization will make the most money. Many hope that college will prepare them to meet this competition.

The advent of the Depression smashed the conception that man was stepping straightway into Utopia. In doing so it stripped from those of the twenties their veneer of sophistication and left them bewildered. Free love and Freudism went the way of short skirts. Forever departed were the Rah-rah boys in the yellow slickers. Queueing bread lines frightened them out of existence.

Economic tension has lessened, and now in 1937 college attendance is mounting once more to normal. The smug behaviorist has become the agnostic. Before, he *knew*; everything was going to work out just so; science combined with material gain was going to do wonders—but now he's not sure. 1929 shook his faith.

As a pleasure seeker, he is just as much of one as in pre-depression days, but now he is more subtle about it. Legal liquor detracts from the furtiveness that had been necessary in connection with the old "white lightning." The "Flaming Youth" of the twenties yelled itself hoarse to the effect that it *was* flaming. The youth of the late thirties may be flaming in the same sense, but rather than calling attention to it, takes it as a matter of course and makes little comment.

Cooperatives, no Cooperation

THREE YEARS AGO student publications throughout America carried feature stories about "Carolina students organizing to conserve their money." The Carolina Students' Co-operative Cleaners had cut the cost of cleaning in Chapel Hill from 75 cents to 40 cents—had busted a monopoly price. In the Fall of 1935, only a year after the cooperative was established, the cleaners were doing such a boom business that new equipment had to be installed. The dormitories, the fraternities, and a large part of the town supported the new enterprise. At the end of the year there was a \$900 surplus in the bank.

Today Carolina's cooperatives are headed for bankruptcy. Manager Haywood Weeks has issued an appeal to the fraternities for their business. Without wider student support, he has declared, the cooperatives will collapse and clothing and cleaning prices soar again.

One explanation for the co-ops' sickness can be found in the circumstances of its birth. The Co-operative Cleaners was born at the height of the NRA. Private cleaners were compelled by their code to charge a fixed amount for their work. The students' enterprise, as a cooperative, was able to evade the code. With this advantage it is not surprising that the co-op started with a bang. Nor is it surprising that invalidation of the NRA hurt the young cooperative. But with the large trade it had built up the co-op *should* have been able to compete successfully with other establishments. We must look elsewhere for the causes of its decline.

Just as the business was sailing along smoothly a bomb exploded to rock the cooperative ship. Several members of the board of directors wanted to borrow the \$900, add it to additional borrowed money and open a cooperative store. Two of the five members on the board dissented, and D. N. Snyder, manager of the cleaners, objected so strongly that he resigned his position. Although he returned, an antagonistic feeling grew up between Snyder and the general manager, Haywood Weeks, whom Snyder largely blamed for depriving the cleaners of its surplus. This feeling grew and made itself evident in the

service offered by the cleaners. Patrons began to take notice and many became offended. Since competitors lowered prices to the cooperative's level when the NRA was withdrawn, there was no immediate monetary advantage in dealing with the co-ops. The good will that had been built up began to wane; customers began to drift away.

At about the same time the cleaners added to its discomfort by incurring the enmity of dormitory managers who control a large part of the clothes cleaned in Chapel Hill. The general manager tried to bring pressure to bear in an effort to force the dormitory men to send clothes to the co-ops. Not only did dormitory managers resent this attitude, but other cleaning establishments offered better inducements. As a result, most of the dormitory trade has been shifted to other cleaners. Good will has been built for competitors, and students no longer ask that their clothes be sent to the cooperative. When the co-ops saw business slipping, they offered to meet the terms of competitors, but it was too late—for the current year at least.

Added to all this, students began to ask themselves "Why have a membership in the cooperative? They never check on it." This laxity in checking on members caused the cleaners to lose many dollars that they should have had and that they had counted on when the cooperative was formed. They were operating on the theory that several hundred new memberships would be sold to incoming freshmen each year. This money would enable the business to operate without profit and still be in a position to pay off debts such as that incurred when new equipment was installed. But what was the point in a person paying a dollar for a membership card when everybody else could go have his clothes cleaned for the same price—membership or no membership? If there was to be no discrimination between members and non-members, students, even freshmen, were not going to plank down a dollar. Recently the cleaners have reached the point where almost no memberships are sold, and no one is asked whether he is a member or not.

Almost the same laxity in checking on mem-

bers exists at the cooperative store. As a result, students have taken an attitude of complete indifference towards membership. "Why bother about it?" they ask. And, of course, the cooperative loses hundreds dollars that it should have. It also loses money by failing to explain clearly just how a member is supposed to save. Many members seem to think they are to have a certain per cent deducted from the regular price of the goods. But when they buy from time to time they find that on some articles the reduction amounts to about 15 per cent while on others it is 30 or 35 per cent. Buying under the impression that a definite per cent of the list price is to be subtracted, they feel that "something is wrong" and wonder if the business is being operated honestly. The cooperative managers would do well to explain to each member that he is entitled to buy at cost. And that *cost* means the amount of money it took to put the article in the store plus the mark-up. (The mark-up is supposed to provide for operating expenses. It does not represent a profit.) Buying at cost, a member saves from 15 per cent to 35 per cent when the price he has to pay is compared to general market prices.

In spite of the fact that it is effecting such savings in the community, and in spite of the fact that it has drawn enough of the trade in Chapel Hill to drive two merchants out of business, the cooperative is barely making expenses, and, like the cleaners, it cannot continue unless some changes are made. If the students of Chapel Hill fail to insist on those changes, if they do nothing to prevent the impending failure of both store and cleaners, they will have to pay for their inactivity, or their unconcern.

The most immediate result will be the loss of the \$3,000 which the Publications Union lent the cooperative. The ultimate, and more significant, result will be the return of high prices both for cleaning and for men's furnishings. Once the cooperatives fail in Chapel Hill it will be almost impossible to revive them. That failure will be thrown into the face of any future group that tries to give students the advantages of cooperative buying. In the event of failure, it will be a long time before people will be willing to subscribe even a dollar to the formation of a cooperative here, and cooperatives now in the process of formation in various parts of the country will be given a black eye from the very start.

Assuming that the residents of Chapel Hill want to see the cooperatives succeed, what can they

do to help bring success? First, they can patronize them. They can buy a membership card, and they can take an interest in the business as if it were their own. But they must have help. And that help must come from the cooperative organization itself.

Expenses have been too high; they should be reduced. Probably the best place to start trimming would be the office of the general manager of the two cooperatives. From the beginning there seems to have been little justification for this office. A man employed full time to serve as general manager is more of a luxury than a necessity. Cooperatives cannot afford luxuries. There is no evidence to show that all the business now transacted by the general manager could not be handled by the managers of the two cooperatives without impairing the efficiency of either of them in their respective jobs.

No doubt the present general manager has contributed much towards bringing cooperatives to Chapel Hill, but he could have done more for the organization as a manager of one of the two divisions. If he had given his time and talent to making a success of *one* of the cooperatives, and if his salary had not been taken from the business, the cooperatives in Chapel Hill would be on a much surer footing today. His salary has not been exorbitant, but it has been large enough to make a dent in the financial status of the organization.

If each of the two managers were to deal directly with the board, the organization would save close to \$1,500 a year in salary and remove a certain amount of friction.

With expenses reduced, the cooperative must face the task of re-building good will, and it must show the people of Chapel Hill that a membership card really has some significance. There must be discrimination between members and non-members in both cleaners and store.

As for good will, the cleaners have the most difficult problem. It must prove that its services equal, if not surpass, that of competitors. And it must get the backing of dormitory managers. This latter will be a real task, but it is not inconceivable that their support can be gained if the cooperative management will give them the same concessions that other cleaners give them. No doubt, these men see the wisdom of maintaining a cooperative in Chapel Hill. No doubt, they realize that by helping the cooperative to succeed they will help keep prices low, and they will help provide for the welfare of future students.

Revived: The Wigie and Masque

NOW that the spring rains, we hope, are over, and the good earth is once more beginning to blow in Chapel Hill's dust bowl, the campus brushes off its white shoes—except for the boys from up North who've been wearing them all year—and prepares for a highlight month in Carolina's social season. During the coming five weeks socialites will rub elbows at the customary Junior-Senior dance, the Playmaker Forest Theatre presentation, Senior week, a student entertainment presentation, June Germans, innumerable house parties and frat dances, and an occasional community sing. Right in the center of all this, on May 11th, 12th, and 13th, the Carolina Wigie and Masque club will present an all-student-produced musical comedy, its first in seven years.

Along about the time when the editor of a small Ohio paper had finished his first year as president of the United States, a group of Chapel Hill students announced their intention to form a new musical and dramatic order. That was in June of 1922. The order was called "Mask and Wig." It was for men who had taken active part in both dramatic and musical productions and had excelled in such performances. Its purpose was to produce, at least once a year, an original musical comedy, the cast of which was to be composed entirely of men.

No names were then identified with the new organization, and in fact, no more was heard of it until October of that year, when a contest was conducted to select the best original story suitable for adaptation as a musical comedy. Ernest Thompson won that contest, and his script was produced the following spring. Although this premiere of the "Kalif of Kavak" came one week from examinations, over 700 students—almost half of the student body at that time—acclaimed it as a great success. This might be partially explained by the fact that Urban T. Holmes, now a member of the department of Romance languages, was cast as the Kalif. By this time the name of the organization had been changed to "Wigie and Masque"—probably to avoid being confused with a similar organization at the University of Pennsylvania. By this time, also, it had been disclosed that the two principal leaders in

the organization were Parker H. Daggett—then head of the department of electrical engineering, and Paul J. Weaver of the music department.

The position of the Wigie and Masque in campus activities had now been at least temporarily assured. Next year—in the spring of 1924—a heavy house called "Ye Gods" a success. One of the features which added a great deal to the show was the large number of specialty dances staged by a three-man team of which then-sophomore James Kern Kyser ("Kike" to his friends) was a member. "Kike" is the first of two nationally known orchestra leaders who were active in Wigie and Masque. After the campus presentation of "Ye Gods" the troupe went on the tour which lack of funds the previous year had prevented them from making. Their itinerary included the cities of Henderson, High Point, Greensboro, and Raleigh.

Within the next two years a new set of members had come into the club, and the original ones had graduated. Active among this new set were Charlotte's Hal Kemp, H. K. Dowell (alias "Saxy") and John Scott Trotter (originator of syrup-sax and staccatto trumpet now featured by Kemp's band). During this period the club grew in size and popularity. Then, eight years after it was born, the Wigie and Masque apparently died.

Why an organization which had been so successful should suddenly go out of existence may be readily explained. Possibly the spirit of collapse which was so prevalent in 1929-30 may have had a debilitating effect. More logically, however, it was due to the resignation of several of its leaders. In 1929 Parker Daggett accepted the deanship of the engineering school at Rutgers, and Paul Weaver transferred to Cornell. The removal of these two faculty members who had been mainstays of the club since its formation was a serious handicap. Then too, in the same year Gene Irwin and Alvin Kahn, who had directed the production for that year, were graduated. This left the entire work of producing the 1930 show on Wex Malone, then president of the club. This was the first year in which co-eds were allowed

(Continued on page thirty-two)

FROM THE PUBLISHERS

A Campus Slant on Current Literature

CLAUDE KITCHIN AND THE WILSON WAR POLICIES. Alex Mathews Arnett. Little, Brown and Company. New York. 341 pp. \$3.00.

In North Carolina the post-war generations do not know him. Text-books rarely mention his name. No highways, bridges, or public building have been named in his honor. Even the remnant of his contemporaries in Congress find fewer and fewer occasions to mention his name. His own state has all but forgotten Claude Kitchin. On the sports page Kitchin now signifies Wake Forest's triple-threat back-field star.

Yet it was not so in 1914 when Claude Kitchin of Scotland Neck succeeded Oscar Underwood as majority leader in the house. The New Deal—they now say—produced the first generation of Southern liberals. Yet Claude Kitchin anticipated the lot by a score of years.

In writing the story of Kitchin's fight to keep America out of the Great War, Alex Mathews Arnett tells the biography of a statesman who was a liberal by choice. As Mr. Arnett relates the struggle between Kitchin and the Morgans to win over President Wilson to the side of peace or war, the reader can see passing before him the disclosures of the Nye munitions investigation. While with one hand the Morgan money-lenders passed out loans to the Allies, they were using the other to force Wilson into making the United States declare war upon Germany. The House of Morgan was the pawnshop of the Allies. Victory for the Central Powers meant ruin for the Morgans. And ruin for the Morgans, said the Morgans to the President meant a severe financial panic—a panic, Mr. President which must be avoided in these months preceding your attempt at re-election.

Claude Kitchin pushed hard. For three years America stayed out of the War. The Democratic slogan for the re-election of Wilson was, "he kept us out of the war." And Claude Kitchin knew as the slogan was circulated that only his threat of an absolute break with the President had kept Wilson from sending a war-message to Congress months before the election.

But money talks. And Morgan money talks with unusual volume. Yet on that April night in 1917 it was Claude Kitchin who made the speech longest remembered, who voted in the House with that "immortal fifty" against throwing the United States into somebody else's war. Kitchin's mail ran sweet and bitter for weeks afterward.

Mr. Arnett, whose chair as professor of history at the Woman's College of the University of North Carolina puts him close to the bulk of his material, has included fascinating extracts from the letters sent Kitchin after his speech. This appendix, one of the more delightful portions of a book, is clearly written throughout.

If you want to find out why we fought Germany, read the biography of Claude Kitchin who tried to keep us out.

After finishing the book, many readers may wonder, like the old farmer who dropped his nickle in a slot machine and lost it, "Why'n the hell did I do it?" —STUART RABB.

LET ME LIVE. Angelo Herndon. Random House. 1937. \$2.50.

Angelo Herndon is twenty-three years old, the age, say of a graduate student in English. *Let Me Live* is his autobiography.

Mr. Herndon has been educated in the South. Born in Wyoming, Ohio, at the age of thirteen he was prepping in a Kentucky coal mine. Sent the boy this institution returned the man, and in 1930, when he was seventeen, Mr. Herndon found himself in Alabama. Not at Tuscaloosa, unfortunately, but in Birmingham. When September rolled around and colleges opened Mr. Herndon was in the Birmingham Jail House. He had joined the Communist Party and had helped in organizing the Birmingham unemployed.

During the next four years Mr. Herndon majored in Southern Jails and Southern Police Hospitality. He writes, ". . . If ever there was a man who innocently got into trouble with the police as frequently and as easily as I, I have still to meet him." He had all the necessary requirements. He was a Negro. A Northern Negro. A Communist. An "agitator." He believed in racial equality. He had the courage of his convictions.

Birmingham Jail had a song but no mattresses. The New Orleans was a pre-Revolutionary fort, full of traditions and rats. Fulton Towers, the Fulton County Jail in Atlanta, rounded out his education. Here he entered when he was nineteen. He left one summer day in 1935, when he was twenty-one. He left surrounded by armed men. He left because all over the world people had given money, more than eighteen thousand dollars, to get him out. And when he left Angelo Herndon had become a name and a symbol.

An un-named somebody looked back into Georgia law and found that an anti-slave insurrection statute of 1861 had never been repealed. There was in Atlanta at that time a nineteen year old Negro trying (apparently not very successfully) to organize the unemployed. One evening young Angelo landed in Fulton Towers. He was tried under the excavated law. Conviction meant, unless the jury recommended mercy, death. He was a Red. Sample of proof: Prosecutor waves before the jury a magazine regularly found in the Graham Memorial lounge: "Look at the red covering of this magazine, *Red Book*. Is not that proof enough?" It was. The jury, however, recommended mercy. So Mr. Herndon got only eighteen to twenty years. On the Georgia chain gang.

The case was appealed to the Georgia Supreme Court, to the United States Supreme Court, back to the Georgia Courts, and back to the United States Supreme Court, where it now is. Mr. Herndon is out on bail.

That Angelo Herndon will be the victor is inevitable. The attempt of the state of Georgia during the regime of its cheapest politician, Eugene Talmadge, to terrorize protest by making an example of Angelo Herndon has boomeranged. Freedom for Herndon will be a victory against reaction. The chain-gang for Herndon will mean that it will become the moral duty of every believer in freedom and democracy to make Herndon's fight his own, for self-protection if no other reason.

Let Me Live is a bitter, biased book. The experiences in the South of a hotheaded, courageous, sensitive young Negro with a feeling for personal dignity are not likely to be conducive to a literary product in the moonlight-and-roses or Uncle Tom traditions. When Herndon said, "What I really stood in need of was not the salvation of my soul, but elementary justice," he was wanting something few Negroes in the South can obtain. Truth and rationality, of course, were on his side as they are on the side of all who fight against a discrimination based on skin pigmentation. There are fair-minded, intelligent men who will not agree with the efficacy of Herndon's religion of Communism. But it is doubtful whether there is anywhere a fair-minded, intelligent man who will attempt to justify the social system of the South which Herndon attacks. Unable to justify itself by any rational means it must depend on relentless social, economic, and political pressures, on a rigid opposition to examination and free discussion, and, finally, when brave, foolhardy, or desperate challengers arise, on sheeted men who decide all right and wrong by lash, gun, and rope.

If there is to be any progress in the South one day will see the black as well as the white reading this book in the libraries at Tuscaloosa at Athens, at Charlottesville, and at Chapel Hill, and wondering at the wrong and unreason, at the bigotry and cruelty of the time and place in which we now live.

At the back are appended eighty pages of evidence, including a copy of the leaflet, the distribution of which led to Herndon's arrest in Atlanta, the entire indictment, the decision of the Georgia Supreme Court, and the opinion of the United States Supreme Court. Read these and decide for yourself.

An attractive volume, *Let Me Live* is designed by Andor Braun, the jacket illustration is by Hugo Gellert, and it is published by Random House at \$2.50.—LEONARD RAPPORT.

I VISIT THE SOVIET. Miss E. M. Delafield. Harpers. 1937. \$2.50.

Miss Delafield is probably the only person to write about Russia who does not fill her book with facts and figures—in *I Visit the Soviet* there are absolutely no statistics. Her chief aim is to attempt, not to outline the great experiment or to tell how many more babies were born in 1935 than in 1934, but to try to describe the hopes and endeavors of each Russian—particularly the younger Russians—as an individual. It is an extremely personal book, as indeed are all her others, in which her ideas and thoughts figure as prominently as the ideas and thoughts of the people she comes into contact with.

As far as Miss Delafield has any criticism of Russia, it is all negative. She finds the comrades monotonously similar, there are few individuals among them, "one reminds you exactly of the other." She is probably the only English snob to have lived on a Russian commune. She is shocked and indignant at the complete lack of privacy everywhere. In the commune she had to share the single bath house with all the other women in the settlement. "There is," she says, "that complete lack of individual effort, that complete subordination to the community, to the state that makes the individual a dull unenterprising nonentity."

When she left the commune the comrades put on a little entertainment. "It was not without beauty because some of the faces, especially the older ones, were individually very fine. But the whole effect was curiously drab, even though

most of the women had put on their best dresses for the occasion."

Of the Moscow women she has hardly any better opinion. "The feminine comrades, so far, have displayed a disappointing similarity of appearance. They have bad figures, bad permanent waves and very, very bad lipstick. Their faces are uninspiring."

Almost as omnipresent as the pictures of Stalin and Lenin are the guides. "How well trained these guides are," she says, "They have answers for everything. They are like Parliamentary candidates. Perhaps they have been provided with a kind of little catechism giving (probable) questions and (desirable) answers. I should like to think of some startlingly original question, to see if it would baffle them." She never does. Indeed she feels rather uncomfortable at times at not asking questions. It is unnatural, she finds, for tourists not to want statistics. All tourists are automatically experts on something or other. She feels that it would hardly be appreciated if she said she had come to Russia to write a funny book about it. Most of her fellow tourists carry about little notebooks for things that will "some day come in" for women's institutes.

Miss Delafield is continually exclaiming over the complete acceptance she finds of the communist system. "The U. S. S. R. is infallible, like the pope." She timidly asks one of the guides if the lack of privacy is not one of the drawbacks of the communist system. She is promptly assured that there are no drawbacks of the communist system. "It is like arguing with the porter at the Swiss hotel.

"Where is the hatbox which you said you would take care of?"

"Sir, if you and your lady will rest a while at the Inn, there is a fine view of Mont Blanc to be had from the parlor window." Utterly hopeless.

What strikes one most sharply about the book is the remark made by the London lecturer in economics.

"They are evolving a divinity here, and his name is Lenin. Look at the number of folk songs about him, the pictures, the embalming and all that, why in twenty years I will be willing to bet that all Soviet Russia will devoutly believe in the Virgin Birth of Lenin."

Apparently it is true. The excess of propaganda, the thousands of pictures of Lenin and Stalin that plaster every bare space public or private has driven everyone into one unthinking pattern. Each person does exactly as he is told for the good of the state

Perhaps it is just as well that Delafield never gets a chance to say what she thinks of Russia as a whole. The truth is she doesn't quite know and even if she had known it would not have done her a bit of good. She does however carry out her original intention of bringing out character rather than fact. We get, behind her amusingly written book, a picture of the immense driving force of the government which, however witty she may be, she can never quite get away from. She is told that she cannot judge Russia, not having known Russia before the Revolution. Further she must really see Russia not as a tourist but as a Russian and then, last but not least, she must come back to Russia in twenty years and see it all over again. She does not judge Russia, she has no axe to grind and is quite refreshingly sane about the whole thing.

It is a completely unauthoritative book, being merely a set of personal impressions wittily expressed. As such, it is something that has been lacking up till now in the vast literature about Russia.

—JOHN CREDY.

THE GLITTERING CENTURY. Phillips Russell. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$3.50.

"The glittering century" was, of course, the eighteenth, the century in which the regal splendor of an old order reached a magnificent climax at the very time that the seeds of a new order were stirring, growing, pushing their way into the foreground; a century of luxury, leisure and ease, indulgence; intrigue, licentiousness, oppression, social and economic change; poverty, suspicion, hatred, revolution. And out from these chaotic elements was born our modern world.

But this is no history; Mr. Russell himself, in his "Afterword" calls it a chronicle, "chiefly a chronicle of the great and highly placed; necessarily so, since it is mostly with personages, and not with people, that the records are concerned." Though its scope is comprehensive, and the author gives us a rich cross-section of the time, the book is not a text. This is fortunate, for if it had been planned for such a purpose, it would necessarily have had to omit a great quantity of the interest and the charm that are inherent in it. Literary, social and political figures in restrained and simple words become endowed with life and humanity; they are men and women, not strange idols beyond our ken and experience cut of a different material after a different pattern. Men and women with their own vagaries, their own idiosyncracies, Mr. Russell seems admirably well acquainted with them, as though in some dim twilight he had stepped back into that century and unperceived had watched them and noted them. So real are his characterizations. With keen understanding, he has stripped the mass of material which we have on this period, and shows the individual threads and colors that make up the pattern of the age. There is a wealth of novel detail and an indulgent quiet humor is evident throughout the book.

Mr. Russell in sections seems to have over-strained himself in attempting to secure the rich simplicity of his prose. He has certain little literary mannerisms that become obvious through over-use, the most obvious being his frequent inversion of sentences. —C. D. T.

WE ARE NOT ALONE. James Hilton. Little, Brown & Co. \$2.00.

James Hilton, who has been acclaimed as the outstanding young English novelist of recent years, writes of the life of "the little doctor." The principal character of his book is not a glamorous figure, but one of the pathetic, ordinary run. As in *Goodbye, Mr. Chips*, the author has made his simple character live in heartbreaking realism. He continues to prove his great gift for portraying life and making it seem sad, beautiful, happy, and unfair all at the same time.

In spite of the touch of Hilton's genius, which is ever evident in *We Are Not Alone*, one feels, after finishing the book, that the author has this time sold his talents. He was expected to bring out another book after the success of his last two, *Good-bye, Mr. Chips*, and *Lost Horizon*. This novel is the result. It is readable and worth reading because it is recognizable as Hilton's work. Were it his first novel, it would be hailed as a brilliant success and the author as a rising young genius, but with the quality and feeling shown in its two predecessors it does not compare favorably.

The story opens in a small English cathedral town where Dr. Newcome, who is always called "the little doctor" except to his face, lives with his shrewish and ambitious wife, Jessica, and practices his profession.

The narrative unwinds the dreams, hopes, and life of the quiet little man and leads him to his meeting with Leni, a German dancing girl traveling with a third-rate show. "The little doctor" helps the girl to regain her broken health and finally becomes attached to her.

Leni comes into the doctor's home to be the nurse of his neurotic son, and there their friendship grows into a deep love. Jessica, when she finds out that the girl had been a dancer and had attempted suicide, insists that Leni be discharged immediately. The German girl is given two weeks notice.

During this intervening fortnight Great Britain declares war on Germany, and the doctor decides that Leni must be rushed from the country. He takes her to the coast, but when he reaches the seaport both of them are arrested for the murder of Jessica, who has been found dead on the night that they left.

The nationality and background of the girl makes the jury prejudiced against the pair. They are sentenced to die and are executed.

In the epilogue of the volume the innocence of both of them is brought out by the conversation between the neurotic son, since grown to manhood, and the author. The son, it seems, was present when his mother accidentally took some poison tablets for a headache, but he was too frightened of the consequences himself to report the incident.

Altogether enjoyable and touching, definitely worth reading, and a real addition to any library, one still wishes that one could get away from that feeling that Hilton wrote this book to sell and not because he felt that it needed writing.

—RALPH MILLER.

THREE COMRADES. Erich Maria Remarque. Translated by A. W. Wheen. Little, Brown and Company. \$2.75.

Having depicted the horrors of war in *All Quiet on the Western Front*, the German author Erich Maria Remarque now turns to the quieter and less spectacular but equally depressing horrors of peace-time Germany in his latest novel, *Three Comrades*.

Written in a subdued and minor key, *Three Comrades* traces the post-war troubles of Robert Lohkamp, Otto Koster and Gottfried Lenz, comrades in the war and now co-workers in Koster's automobile repair shop on the outskirts of a large German city. Their friend Ferdinand Grau, impoverished artist making his living by painting pictures of deceased wives or husbands for sorrowing mates, summed up the philosophy of this group of unfortunates when he said in one of his drunken moods:

"You belong to an order, brother—the order of the unsuccessful, the unsound fellows with their desires without purpose, their ambition that brings in nothing, their love without prospect, their despair without reason. The secret brotherhood that prefers to go under rather than make a career, that will sooner gamble, lose, trifle their life away than forget or industriously falsify the unattainable picture—the picture they carry in their hearts, brother, indelibly engraved there in the hours, the days, the nights when there was nothing but this one thing—stark living and stark dying."

This is an account of stark living—of depression, of unemployment, of restless soldiers marching in the streets, of cheap boarding houses, cafe brothels. It is an account of stark dying—of stray bullets on dark streets taking the toll of the

JOE, JUDGE ROBBINS

AIR-COOLED PIPE

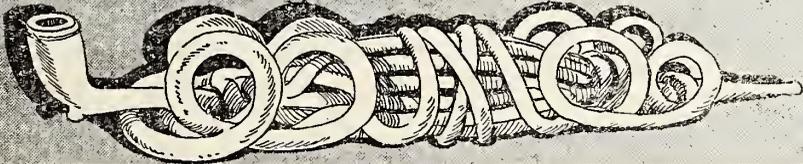
A PIPE 12 FEET 6 INCHES LONG? GO ON JUDGE - STOP KIDDING ME - THERE AIN'T NO SICH ANIMAL!

OH, YES THERE IS. I HAVE IT RIGHT HERE IN MY COLLECTION

WELL, SEEING IS BELIEVING. I'LL BET IT COMES FROM AFRICA OR SOME SUCH PLACE!

NOPE - FROM CONSERVATIVE OLD ENGLAND - AND WHAT'S MORE, IT'S MADE OF PORCELAIN

SEE THE STEM IS CURVED AND INTERTWINED IN AN INTRICATE PATTERN. STRETCHED OUT STRAIGHT, IT WOULD MEASURE TWELVE AND A HALF FEET. ITS PURPOSE WAS TO COOL THE SMOKE AND SAVE THE SMOKER'S TONGUE FROM "BITE"

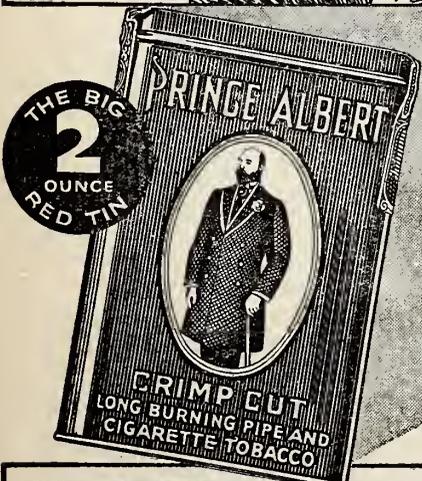


WELL, IT'S CERTAINLY THE LONG WAY AROUND TO COOL 'BITELESS' SMOKING HERE'S THE SHORTEST WAY I KNOW - PRINCE ALBERT

YOU'RE 100% RIGHT, ALL OF US STEADY PIPE SMOKERS HAVE REASON TO THANK P.A. -

- FIRST FOR INTRODUCING THE SCIENTIFIC 'CRIMP CUT' AND AGAIN FOR DEVELOPING THE 'NO-BITE' PROCESS COME TO THINK OF IT P.A. STANDS FOR THE PERFECT ANSWER TO WHAT A PIPE NEEDS

PRINCE ALBERT IS SWELL MAKIN'S TOO!



PRINCE ALBERT MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE!

Smoke 20 fragrant pipefuls of Prince Albert. If you don't find it the mellowest, tastiest pipe tobacco you ever smoked, return the pocket tin with the rest of the tobacco in it to us at any time within a month from this date, and we will refund full purchase price, plus postage. (Signed) R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, North Carolina.

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50 PIPEFULS OF FRAGRANT TOBACCO IN EVERY TIN OF P.A.

PRINCE ALBERT

THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE

comrades, of disease that eats into the lungs, of hunger that defeats and embitters.

But through it all run two encouraging threads, two notes of hope that make life bearable. One is the comradeship among these three returned soldiers, a comradeship that includes unselfishness, understanding, sacrifice. The other is Lohkamp's love for Patricia Hollmann, a love which provides a purely lyrical note to the novel and yet which ends in tragedy.

Three Comrades is simple. It is movingly tender. It is acutely depressing. Lacking the vigor of *All Quiet on the Western Front*, it possesses a haunting quality of its own, more similar perhaps to that other German masterpiece of the depression, *Little Man, What Now?*, which does bear a spiritual and a stylistic kinship to this story of Remarque's.

Although *Three Comrades* is laid in modern Germany, the author has made it an account of individuals and their problems rather than an expose or an indictment of modern social conditions. In fact, one is a little disappointed to find the Nazi regime never mentioned, never referred to except indirectly, Hitler not named. One cannot help feeling that the background is incomplete—and one wonders why, for Erich Maria Remarque, admitting that "certain people in Germany" accuse him of treason, is now living safely in Switzerland.

—WALTER SPEARMAN.

REVIVED: THE WIGUE AND MASQUE

(Continued from page twenty-seven)

to participate. The work involved in making this show—"Mum's the Word" was its title—the success it was practically threw Wex out of Law school, so that he was obliged to resign from the club after that spring. Apparently there was no one left who had the ability to carry on the work, and all that remained of the old Wigie and Masque were memories of shows of which alumni still speak, and the blue denim curtains now hanging in Memorial hall.

With this tradition to back them, the present leaders of Wigie and Masque are well under way with preparations for their first production. Already news of this has spread around, and many persons have written to express their wishes for success. Among the letters received is one from Wex Malone, of whom we've spoken before. Mr. Malone is now on the law faculty at Mississippi University. He writes in part:

"Wigie and Masque did not die because it had no further place in campus activities. Its last show was well received and was not a failure financially. . . . I am sure that today it will fill the same need at Carolina it has always filled.

"During our last two years there was a great deal of opposition to our incorporating women

into the club. This is one tradition which I hope will never be revived.

" . . . Your organization is inheriting a splendid name and the traditions of a glorious organization which should never have ended but for a remarkably poor choice of president in its last year. (Here Mr. Malone refers to himself—quite unjustly so far as we can learn.)"

Last Christmas the Princeton Triangle club went on tour for 16 days. During this time it played the cities of Trenton, Boston, Chicago, Indianapolis, and Louisville. Princeton has a student body of 2000 students—with no co-eds. Carolina has one of 3000 students—one-tenth of whom are co-eds. Those who know believe that this campus can produce shows as successfully as any student body in the nation. Wigie and Masque hopes to have one this May that will make the audiences forget even the uncomfortable seats in Memorial hall.

Exit: Jim Daniel, who hopes those who have read these issues enjoyed them as did he who edited them.

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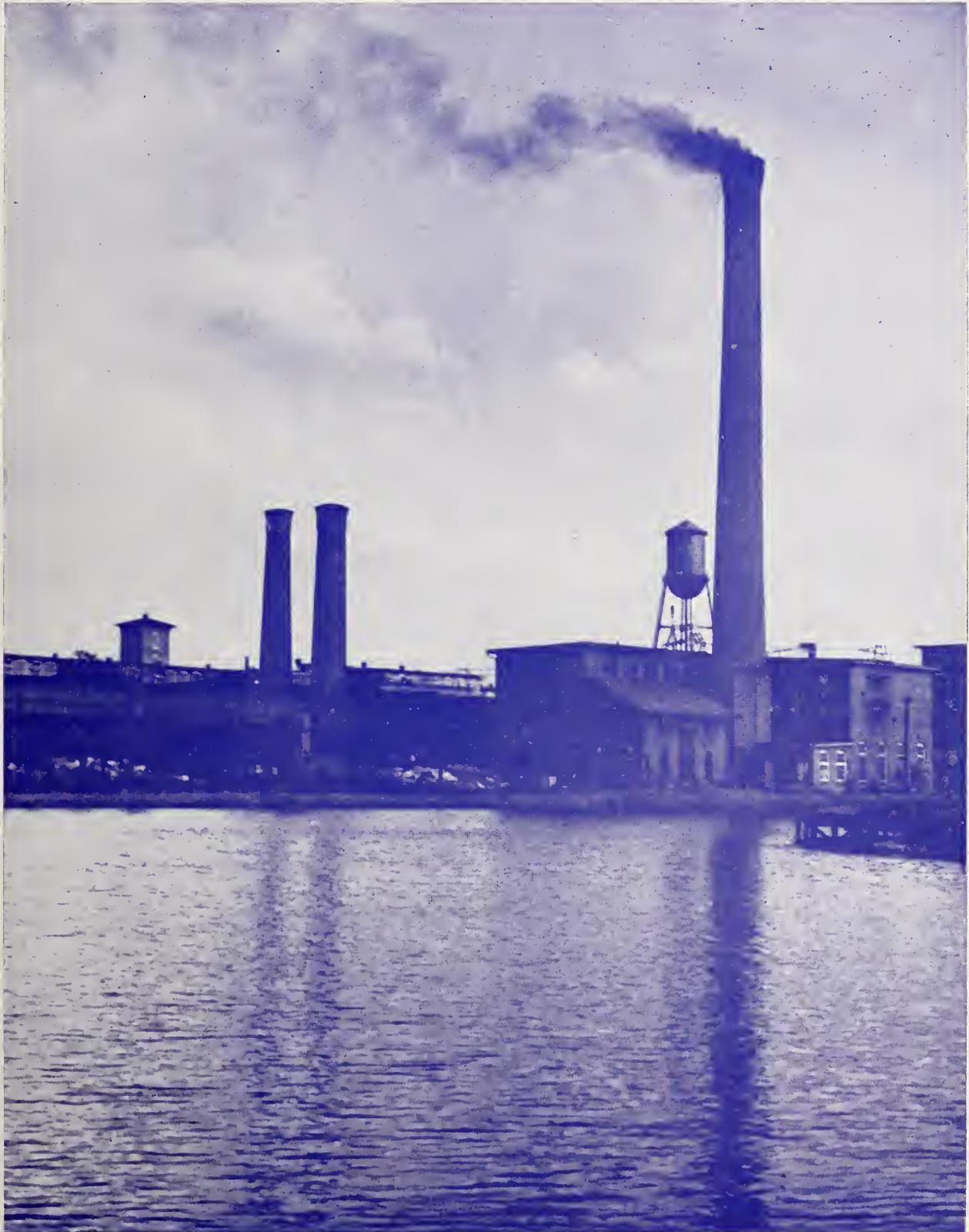
*Ride a bike
and enjoy* **Chesterfields**

They Satisfy



When smokers find out the
good things Chesterfields give them
.. *nothing else will do*

The Carolina Magazine



C. I. O. TARGET
("C. I. O. Invades North Carolina," page 3)

**11,000
VOLTS**



**What a power-line
"trouble-shooter"
is up against**

AL Tafft works in a maze of high-voltage wires. Around him—11,000 volts lurk. A tense job that will test digestion if anything will! Here's Al's comment: "Sure! Working among high-voltage cables isn't calculated to help one's digestion. But mine doesn't give me trouble. I smoke Camels with my meals and after. Camels set me right!"

Make Camels a part of your dining. Smoking Camels speeds up the flow of digestive fluids—*alkaline* fluids. Being mild, Camels are gentle to your throat—better for steady smoking.

**HEAR
JACK OAKIE'S
COLLEGE**

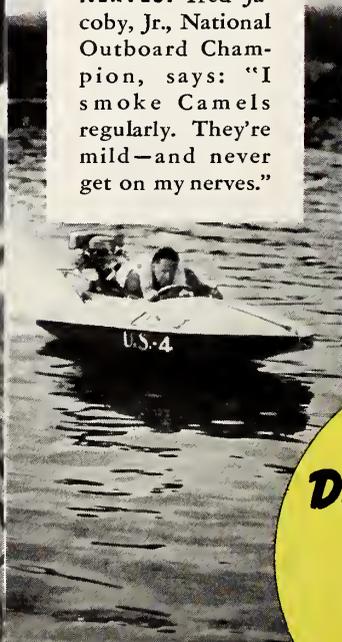
A gala show with "President" Jack Oakie in person. Fun and music by Hollywood comedians and singing stars! Tuesdays—8:30 pm E.S.T. (9:30 pm E.D.S.T.), 7:30 pm C.S.T., 6:30 pm M.S.T., 5:30 pm P.S.T., over WABC-Columbia Network.



WELCOMES A "LIFT."
"I have my hands full," remarks Mrs. Richard Hemingway, housewife. "When I feel tired, I smoke a Camel and get the grandest 'lift' in energy."



PRIZES HEALTHY NERVES. Fred Jacoby, Jr., National Outboard Champion, says: "I smoke Camels regularly. They're mild—and never get on my nerves."



**FOR
DIGESTION'S
SAKE...
SMOKE
CAMELS**

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COSTLIER TOBACCOS—Camels are made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS—*Turkish and Domestic*—than any other popular brand.

About the Cover Photograph

Rippling in the foreground of the cover photo is the water of the condensing reservoir so necessary for the individual production of steam power. The boilers in the powerhouse below the tall smoke-stack are fired and producing steam, as testified by the black bituminous coal-smoke belching out to darken the skies of Durham. The steam thus produced will spin nearby turbines, and the electric energy will be transmitted to the three transformers nestling against the powerhouse, and thence to hundreds of electric motors in the mill proper. Thus self-sufficient, the mill management relies not upon the big power monopoly for energy but upon the disastrously competing coal industry. Only when the power monopoly offers a saving over fuel and labor costs, plus interest on the mill's capital investment in power-generating equipment, will the management become its customer.

Fifty years ago, before the introduction of steam turbines and whistles, into square towers like the edifice rising in the left background climbed village bell ringers at four-thirty o'clock in the morning to call mill workers to their looms and spinning frames for fourteen or fifteen hours of work. With the steam whistle came the end of primitive water-wheels, belt-transmitted power, and the old mill-bells. As an architectural characteristic the bell-tower lingered on, however, and has been featured in many mills built in recent years. The mill pictured on the cover, for instance, probably never used a bell. Without the steam turbine, this mill could never have been operated, for there is no source of direct water power nearby. Thus it is probable that a steam whistle was used from the first.

The two square stacks in the left-center of the photograph are square because, in the first place, they were influenced by the square bell tower and, secondly, the early southern smoke-stack builders found it easier to build square stacks than round ones. These old stacks have been pulled down in some cases, more frequently left standing idle, and occasionally used to burn unsalable cotton waste.

To the left of the powerhouse and just beyond the railroad at the water's edge are raised cotton warehouses where unused bales are put on tap. On the shore in front of the warehouses is scattered what appears to be cotton-bale sacking. A man is standing on the wastage looking for a sack to carry home the catfish and carp for which he intends to go angling in the mill-pond.

Along the top of the mill proper are ventilators which, those who have remained in cotton mills for long periods will testify, are greatly needed. The air admitted through them is sprayed with water vapor or otherwise humidified. The humid atmosphere helps prevent delicate cotton threads from breaking while they are being spun and woven. The invention of the artificial humidifier made it possible for the cotton textile industry to spread to countries other than England, where the climate is naturally damp.

The tank to the left of the big smoke-stack is for emergency water pressure in case of fire. It does not contain the drinking water of the community.

Thus within the narrow range of this photograph are included some of the most significant features of the Southern textile industry: self-sufficiency, tradition, conflict between the old and the new, and waste. To the esthetes whom this photograph may offend there can be no apology. It is the picture of a mill's back door. Front doors have many decorations. But when a person is interested in what goes on inside, it usually pays to go around to the back and take a look. And if, contrary to what so many professors say, a mill does have a heart, it ought to be somewhere near the back door.—STUART RABB.

C. I. O. Invades North Carolina

Or, "The Serpent Enters the Garden," as David Clark Puts It

THE SERPENT enters the Garden." Thus does David Clark, in a recent editorial in his *Southern Textile Bulletin*, view the C. I. O. drive on the textile industry. Mr. Clark admits that the textile industry is not quite so perfect as Eden; but "the work is regular, the wages good . . . the living and working conditions are good . . . and yet (Mr. Clark does not modify this part of the figure) the serpent of C. I. O. comes gliding in with his oily tongue and persuasive platitudes and urges workers to follow him."

This persuasive serpent is still quite young. It was hatched, March 9, in a Washington hotel-room conference. While at the Capitol the Senate okayed the Copeland Pure Food and Drugs Bill without opposition, and debate over the Guffey-Vinson Coal Bill droned on in the House until the weary congressmen adjourned at 5:01 P. M., two great labor leaders were carefully completing the delivery of something named the T. W. O. C. (Textile Workers Organizing Committee), designed to affect the lives of 1,200,000 workers. This is the serpent which is frightening not only Mr. David Clark but every textile operator in North Carolina. Its mother is the C. I. O. (Committee for Industrial Organization), its deliverers bushy-maned John L. Lewis, hero of labor's victories in steel and automobiles, and the stocky little powerhouse, Sidney Hillman, idol of the Amalgamated Garment Workers of America, one of C. I. O.'s most financially and numerically powerful affiliates.

At this March 9th council of war the old U. T. W. (United Textile Workers), who, headed by Francis Gorman, called the disastrous 1934 strikes and whose membership is reckoned variously at from 30 to 80 thousand, recognized the suzerainty of the T. W. O. C., agreeing to turn over its entire funds to the new organization. Lee Pressman, who has had his hands full with injunctions against automobile sit-down strikers, was made chief counsel, Jett Lauck director of research, and Len De Caux publicity director. Sidney Hillman was logically put at the head of the whole organization.

During the next few days the strategists divided

the textile areas into sectors, and regional chiefs were appointed. Steve Nance, with offices in Atlanta, is the director for the southeastern sector in which North Carolina is located, and under him are other directors, Roy Lawrence for this state.

On March 18, the drive to bring over a million textile workers into one industrial union—to give them the "privilege of being Americans," as John L. Lewis expressed it—officially began. From the Union Square headquarters the first brigade of organizers, 400 strong, backed by a \$500,000 organizing fund and a \$3,000,000 emergency reserve fund, marched forth to carry the fight for industrial unionism over a thousand-mile front.

Thus began what has been termed "the greatest organizational movement in the history of American labor."

Repercussions in the textile industry were immediate. The day after the drive was launched wage increases amounting to as much as 10 per cent were granted to 30,000 New England workers and 44,000 in the Carolinas. Employers generally denied that this was a counter move to stave off C. I. O. penetration. T. W. O. C. officials replied, "That's good, because we're going to go ahead anyway."

If the employers didn't know this, they were only hiding their eyes to the expressed objectives of the drive. It is significant that the question of wages and hours follows the demands for collective bargaining and union recognition. What the T. W. O. C. seeks is power and recognition; with this the workers, not the employers, can dictate the wages and hours. To weld 1,200,000 cotton textile workers into one union, backed by the resources of thousands of steel workers, coal miners, rubber workers and garment workers; to construct, as it were, an integrated, smoothly running machine immediately responsive to a central control and capable of blasting from their entrenchments the legions of capital—this, and no less than this, is the objective of John L. Lewis' Committee for Industrial Organization.

Is it to be wondered, then, that those in authority trembled at the thought of impending violence?

No doubt visions of "flying squadrons" and milling throngs of pickets swam before Governor Clyde R. Hoey's eyes when he declared, "Sit-down strikes will not be tolerated in North Carolina."

This declaration may be, however, politically unfortunate for Gov. Hoey. Had he waited a few weeks, until Justice Roberts had surprised the nation by deciding that manufacturing is a part of interstate commerce, he could have remained discreetly silent. As it is, the Wagner Act has changed the whole complexion of the situation. Though it is no absolute safeguard against violence, because workers may still strike if employer-employee agreements effected by the collective bargaining clause are abrogated or prove unsatisfactory, it certainly minimizes the chances for violence. Today workers are guaranteed by Federal law the right to organize into unions. When a union comprises 51 per cent of the workers (and the National Labor Relations Board is authorized to determine by vote the number in the union) the employers must recognize this union as the sole bargaining agency. Discharging workers for union activity, unfair interference through espionage, and union-smashing agencies are outlawed, along with company unions. Such penalties as a \$5,000 fine for every man not reemployed by order of the National Labor Relations Board put teeth into the law.

Yes, Governor Hoey should have waited; but he might not have given this gratuitous insult to labor had he talked with Mr. X, a certain young T. W. O. C. organizer. Mr. X could have told Governor Hoey a lot of things. He could have told him that the T. W. O. C. isn't going to use the sit-down strike anyway. "You see, Governor," Mr. X might have explained, "the sit-down strike isn't very applicable to this situation. It came spontaneously in the General Motors plant. The workers in the Detroit factories saw big trucks backed up to the factory doors. They knew what that meant. The dies were going to be moved to another plant and production would go on elsewhere. The men simply stayed inside to prevent the dies from being moved. Such a mobility does not exist in cotton textiles. Except in rayon plants, where even a short stoppage of work is disastrous, the sitdown will not be effective in textiles."

Mr. X would have pointed out further that because public opinion has turned against sit-down strikes it would be unwise to resort to them.

If Governor Hoey had had the curiosity I had he would have learned more about the T. W. O.

C.'s tactics: how completely different they are from the old U. T. W.'s, and how, if the employers hope to combat them, they must change their tactics too.

A T. W. O. C. organizer is sent out from the state office in Charlotte. He has orders to work the larger mills in the Greensboro territory, a pretty tough assignment. The biggest mill-owner in Greensboro is a paternalist and he's been so nice to the boys about raising their wages recently that they have promised not to join the union—that is, nearly all of them have promised. One old timer, Tom Waters, asked whether he would join the T. W. O. C., replied, "You mean John Lewis's C. I. O.? Hell yes, I'm for it."

Our organizer goes to see old Tom. "Bring some of your friends—you know who are your friends—around here tomorrow night," he tells Tom. The next night Tom brings five men with him. They all sign little cards and the organizer tears off the stubs, which he will send to the union office to be filed. These are pledge cards and cost nothing. Each of the men is given twenty extra cards; each man is instructed to see a dozen of his "friends."

The next morning old Tom is at the organizer's apartment. He doesn't have to explain what the trouble is. The organizer knows Tom is on the day-shift—or was. The organizer gets busy. He phones Charlotte, and Charlotte phones Washington. The National Labor Relations Board gets busy. When it is learned that Tom has been working for the company for fifteen years, that there have been no complaints against his work during that time, the Board orders him reemployed with back wages paid.

Tom is overjoyed. Such a thing could never have happened in the old days. He would have had to move on to another mill, and because of his reputation as an agitator sign a "yellow dog" contract. But Tom's troubles aren't over yet. He is put back with restrictions. The Boss tells Tom he loves him and doesn't want him to get in another mess, so he is going to put him on probation.

Again the National Labor Relations Board is notified. Again investigators are rushed from Washington. The employers are reminded that the Wagner Act allows no coercion or intimidation of workers who engage in union activity. Next day blue-overalled workmen filing out of the mill read a large notice on the bulletin board: "Notice is hereby given that Tom Waters has been reemployed without any probationary restrictions."

After this the organizer has to wire Charlotte for more pledge cards. He follows the same procedure as in the beginning, distributing the cards through key men. No mass meeting is held, no union evangelist whips the crowd into a frenzy of enthusiasm. There is no talk of strikes and demonstrations. The organization spreads quietly, quickly, like a subterranean oil fire, until one day a committee of workers appear before the boss. "We want a vote taken," they say. "We think we have a majority of the workers in our organization and we want to start this collective bargaining." The boss is so upset by this request that he calls off his golf engagement, but he doesn't try to argue with them. The government is on their side. The vote must be taken and he must bargain with them. Damn Mr. Roosevelt!

The vote is taken by secret ballot and the favorable results dismay the owner. His loyal employees led astray! After he had provided them with a swimming pool and a gymnasium, and had even raised their wages! But perhaps his dear employees do not want to be made to feel grateful. Perhaps they want independence more than fatherly treatment, power more than a new swimming pool.

If the boss is dismayed by the vote, he is shocked by the men with whom he has to bargain. These men are none of his boys. Lint never clung to their hair. They are not textile workers, but textile experts. Why, they know more about his business than he does himself! How did they find out what dividends the company paid last year, how much common stock it issued, and how much it paid in bonuses? Oh, their New York office found out from his New York office. Oh . . . yes.

The boss is glad to escape with the granting of a 10 per cent wage raise, a reduction in work load, a week's vacation with pay, and the adjustment of certain minor grievances, such as the temperature in the loom room. The questions of closed shop (hiring only union employees) and the check-off (taking union dues from each man's payroll) are allowed to hang.

In such a way has the T. W. O. C. entered over 60 mills in the Carolinas. The mill owners realize now that they are powerless to stop unionization, and many of them are voluntarily notifying the National Labor Relations Board of their willingness to bargain collectively with their employees. The larger operators, who were tackled first, are now anxious to see their small-

er competitors organized. Mr. David Clark continues to warn the unsuspecting workers against the snake which is "charming the bird," but his voice is cracked. No longer do his editorials bristle with defiance; they drool with lamentations. One almost feels sorry for him as he implores, "When the next depression comes with its periods of idleness and part time operation, then it will be time to study the C. I. O. and listen to their organizers. . . ." One would feel sorry for him if he did not give such biased advice: "Wait until you are out of a job. Then go ahead and organize. It won't hurt us."

There remains one straw of hope for the anti-unionists. The American Federation of Labor is on the warpath, too. Having lost the old U. T. W. locals, they vow to establish a new union (along craft lines of course), with locals throughout the entire cotton textile industry. For details read the *Charlotte Observer*. Never before has the A. F. of L. received such favorable publicity in that news-organ.

Just what effect the A. F. of L. drive will have upon the T. W. O. C. no one seems to know. Mr. X declares that all danger from the A. F. of L. vanished when the C. I. O. kidnapped Roy Lawrence, former head of the State Federation of Labor and now T. W. O. C. state director. That the manufacturers may play one side off against the other remains a potential threat—at least in an outsider's opinion.

While the A. F. of L. threatens a rival drive, T. W. O. C. leaders are consolidating the gains made in the first stage of their ambitious movement, before tackling more formidable objectives. The workers must be disciplined and educated in industrial unionism if mistakes of the past are to be avoided. In the 1934 drive big union rallies were held, enthusiasm was stirred to a religious fervor, and in the excitement of the moment unplanned strikes were called. The fiasco of these strikes is still a vivid memory. It is essential that in this drive no abortive "wildcat" strikes occur, and it has been the policy of the T. W. O. C. to prevent them. In Bennettsville and McCall, S. C., for example, the U. T. W. (it had not yet been absorbed by the T. W. O. C.) notified the T. W. O. C. headquarters that it was going to call a strike. The reply came to wait until arbitration could be managed. Four days later, in a plebiscite held under the supervision of the National Labor Relations Board, 95 per cent of the workers voted to be represented by the T. W. O. C. One week later

all the grievances were ironed out by collective bargaining.

The strike threat involved in gaining the next T. W. O. C. objectives of closed shop, check-off, and abolition of the southern wage differential cannot be precisely gauged. It is a foregone conclusion that arbitration of these thorny questions will be heated and protracted. Mention "closed shop" to a mill owner and he sees red. With the soundest of arguments (from the property owner's point of view, and the philosophy of property rights still dominates in America) he objects to granting the union power over hiring and firing. Workers may be misled into believing that the Wagner Act gives the union this authority. It simply forbids employers to discharge workers for union activity. So unless unions are granted this power by Federal or state laws in the near future there will be a struggle over the closed shop.

Mr. X. declares that the check-off will not be demanded until the closed shop principle has been accepted. At the present time John L. Lewis is getting no revenue from the new T. W. O. C. converts, and his program of conversion is costing a cool \$500,000. Mr. Hillman's Amalgamated Garment Workers have been very nice about advancing the cash, but a time of reckoning cometh. If Mr. Lewis expects to get textile workers' dues from the check-off, which is the soundest way, since the employer takes them out of the weekly pay envelopes and turns the cash over to the union, it is logical to infer that the closed shop demand will be pushed pretty soon. Then things will begin to pop in the towns all around Chapel Hill. When that will be . . . well, Mr. X and this writer don't know.

Such demands as closed shop and the check-off have been headline news in connection with the steel and automobile organizational drives for the last two months. But very little, if anything, has appeared regarding the long-range, broad objectives of the C. I. O. The papers have carried bits about something John L. Lewis calls "industrial democracy." There is nothing esoteric or mystical about the phrase. It simply means workers' sharing with owners and managers in the running of the industry. It is the interpretation of the phrase which makes it loom up as the most important challenge to modern America. In practice this is what it means. At first the workers' representatives discuss with employers questions of wages and hours, closed shop agreements, etc. (That is what is happening today.) Then experts

in all branches of industry, economists, and wizards of high finance—not dumb lintheads or grimy boiler makers, but white collar college graduates (with cigars) who can speak the language of big business—will confer with Mr. Knudsen and Mr. Chrysler or Mr. Coan and Mr. Hanes and suggest to them ways of running their business which will benefit the workers as well as the big stockholders and directors. These bargainers for labor will be supplied with statistics and all the necessary information concerning each industry by a New York labor research office which is already buzzing with fact-finders. An illustration of the effectiveness of this strategy is furnished by the agreements which John L. Lewis has been able to get from the steel industry. Had Mr. Lewis not known U. S. Steel's finances about as well as Maryon C. Taylor himself, he would never have been able to get for 20,000 workers wage increases amounting to millions of dollars a year.

The radicals view this "industrial democracy" as a step toward socialism. This is why they are so actively behind the C. I. O. Editor Hathaway of the *Daily Worker* admitted in Chapel Hill last month that members of the Communist party played a prominent role in the Detroit motor strikes. Dr. Broadus Mitchell, of Johns Hopkins University, who spoke here recently on the legality of the sit-down strike, observed that for the first time American labor has a strong left-wing leadership. "American labor today," he said, "is colored from the top to the bottom with radicalism." Our Mr. X himself is a leftist.

It is no less than breath-taking to speculate on the possibilities of the radicals' gaining control of the C. I. O. movement to establish socialism. John L. Lewis is extremely conservative compared with some of his aides, and as long as he is in the saddle the Third International will remain under cover. But the C. I. O. movement is bigger than Lewis, bigger than any one man, and the tendency has been for conservatives to give way to liberals. Should the more radical leaders gain the upper hand, demands for increased wages, shorter hours, etc., will soon be overshadowed by demands for a share in the ownership of the plants and finally for government (worker) ownership of the means of production.

Such an economic program would have to be supplemented by a political program. In politics, you will say, there will be slight possibility for advance. Communist and socialist parties have never threatened seriously the Democratic or Re-

publican regimes. Nevertheless, radical minorities have always exerted a strong influence on the conservative parties. Franklin Roosevelt has adopted much of the Socialist party platform, and who knows what shade of pink the Democratic party may turn in the next ten years?

There is now on foot a combination movement, backed by various radical elements, designated not by such emotion-packed names as "communist" and "socialist," but by the innocuous, 100 per cent American title of "The Farmer-Labor Party." Whether this will become a great national party only the future can reveal. It is not beyond the bounds of possibility.

Meanwhile, within the various states the C. I. O. magnet is attracting scattered political particles. In this state an organization known as Labor's Non-Partisan League promises to have labor union candidates in the field. At the present time all the important union officials are in the league. Mr. Hoey, you will need North Carolina's 200,000

textile workers' votes to reach the Senate. Perhaps you'd better join the League—if they'll accept you.

Though it is fun to speculate, it is more practical to observe accomplished facts. C. I. O. penetration of North Carolina textiles is an accomplished fact, David Clark, Governor Hoey and all the other conservatives notwithstanding. No longer are southern chambers of commerce able to beckon northern industrialists with fair promises of cheap, docile labor. The immediate results—higher wages, shorter hours, abolition of the stretch-out, and the healthy feeling of self-respect which union recognition inspires in the workers—promise to be happy ones. Nor does immediate prospect of violence appear threatening. Yet, to us, it seems only a question of time before C. I. O. begins to fight for more and more concessions which must be drawn like eye-teeth from southern capital. The pain will be great; the shock may prove too severe for the South.

William Wheat

Poetry and Politics in Old China

The Chinese government is interested enough today in the feelings of the people as expressed through literature to suppress all poetry that it thinks has communistic tendencies.

Always Chinese poets have found inspiration of a sort in the relations of the government to social conditions. As early as the Chou dynasty (1122-255 B. C.), poetry was encouraged among the subjects of the ruler, on the theory that through lyrics written by them he could understand better the feelings and wants of people scattered over realms too broad for him to visit frequently. Describing their attitudes subjectively and intimately, these lyrics were their means of free speech.

This early literature deals with war, love, prosperity and poverty, the miseries of the people, their joys, and like topics, varying with the welfare of the different regions. Characteristic notes of cynicism, unhappiness, and revolt were natural, as the Chou dynasty was a period of great confusion in ideals, weakness in central government, and

fighting between feudal states. Many of the poems, in their epigrammatic strength and shrewd comments on human relations and human nature, have a freshness and vitality undulled by the passage of more than two millenia. I quote one:

*Clever men build high a city wall.
A clever woman lays one low.
With all her qualifications and talents
That clever woman is but an ill-omened
bird.
A woman with a long tongue
Is a flight of steps leading to calamity.
For disorder does not come from heaven,
But is brought about by women.
Among those who cannot be trained or
taught
Are women and eunuchs.*

* French, Joseph Lewis, *Lotus and Chrysanthemum*, New York, 1934. All other quotations, except the last two, from *Asia*, were taken from this book.

A rather sour comment on women is this, indicative perhaps of the reason for the feeling of disillusionment and brooding in the poem. Implied in it perhaps are the evil results of men's turning from constructive work and giving themselves wholly to the pursuit of pleasure. It is almost the story of Helen of Troy compressed into a stanza.

As time went on, although less and less verse was collected officially by the government, political conditions still continued to furnish subjects for poets. One long poem of this period (written in the fourth century B. C.) is by Joo Yuen, an official unjustly dismissed from office. It contrasts the apparent happiness of the genius with his actual wretchedness and tells how his prince disdains to think of him or of his condition. All through Chinese history dismissal and banishment, usually brought about through the jealousy of inferior officials and servants at the court, seem to have been the eventual fate of men of genius. Such was the case with Confucius.

Joo Yuen's poem, the *Lee Sow*, is filled with the beautiful melancholy and nostalgia which characterize these lines:

*Methinks there is a genius of the hills,
Clad in wisteria,
Girdled with ivy,
With smiling lips,
Of witching mien,
Riding on a red pard . . .
Culling the perfume of sweet flowers
To leave behind a memory in the heart.
But dark is the grove where I dwell.
No light of day reaches it ever.*

During the Tarng dynasty (618-907 A. D.), when Chinese poetry is said to have reached its height, there was much versifying about social and political conditions. In these years a dynamic Chinese leadership swelled the boundaries of the Empire to include the East Indies, Indo-China, Siam, and lands as far west as the Oxus River. It was a time of great gayety at court, and one no doubt of recklessness with the rights of people, of carelessness of personal conduct, and of some downright oppression. The civil service examinations for official positions were improved, and it was the vogue to become a bureaucrat. Under these conditions flourished the great poets, Lee Tai-poa, Tu Fu, Poa Chu-ee, and others.

An old tippler and a roue, Lee typified in his life and conduct the gayety and licentiousness of

the court, but wrote very little on socio-political subjects. He was fond of poetizing about lonely wives and old battlefields, but that was about the extent of his sociological interests. His pre-occupation with an urbane but imaginative type of revelry is illustrated in the following poem:

*Alone I sit among the flowers.
I raise my cup to the bright moon.
Only the bright moon looks on
While I dance with my shadow.*

Some poets took their banishment seriously and grudgingly, but Lee, the old sot, just laughed it off. He was so fat he could forgive all, even from the gutter.

Poa led a rather quiet and dignified life, holding several offices, occasionally dismissed, but always taken back. It was evidently easy for him to be calm and philosophical about disfavour when he mentioned it. Fond of reflecting on man in natural surroundings, he is like Joo Yuen in that he treats the theme of banishment. His *Lute Girl* is the story of a one-time-prominent lady of the court forced by adverse circumstances to wander about the country as a minstrel. It is rather long, a thing uncommon in Chinese poetry, and unusually powerful in imagery.

*Now slow
The plectrum leads to prayer the cloistered
chords,
Now loudly with the crash of falling rain
. . .
Now loud and soft together as the long
Patter of pearls and seed pearls on a dish
. . .
Voiceless now
As the wild torrent in the strangling arms
Of her ice-lover . . .*

Poa goes on to say to the lady:

*O lady fair . . .
We are the vagrants of the world, and need
No ceremony to be friends. Last year
I left the Imperial City, banished far
To this plague-stricken spot . . .*

And he proffers his sympathies.

Tu led a sad life, one of wandering and loneliness, and died in poverty. Rather a shy person and not a success at court, he failed the civil service examinations and apparently contracted a case of sour grapes. He seems to have been disgruntled with society in general, and wrote a beautiful satire, called "The Emperor," on the negligence

of those high in the social structure. (It may have been written after his banishment from court.)

*Upon a throne of new gold the Son of
Heaven, sparkling with gems, is sit-
ting among his mandarins.*

He seems a sun environed by stars.

*The mandarins speak gravely of grave
things,*

*But the thought of the Emperor is flown
out through the open window.*

*In a pavilion of porcelain, the Empress is
sitting among her women.*

*She seems a resplendent flower environed
by leaves.*

*Wearily she waves her fan and complains
that her lord tarries too long at the
council.*

*With a wave of her fan she wafts toward
her lord a knot of the perfumes of
her mouth.*

*A knot of perfumes caresses the Emper-
or's face.*

*"With a wave of her fan my beloved
sends me the perfumes of her
mouth;"*

*And the Emperor, radiant with gems,
walks toward the pavilion of porce-
lain, leaving the mandarins to stare
at one another in silence.*

Tu also wrote a poem entitled "The Recruiting Sergeant," a proletarian subject, something rare in Chinese art.

The Soong dynasty that followed more or less continued the tradition of the Tarng, but in a quieter vein. It lasted into the earlier part of the thirteenth century, when it was overthrown by the invading Mongols under Kublai Khan, who set up his own dynasty, the Yuen. After the Soong dynasty the poetry tends to be more and more descriptive of nature and less and less sociological in its outlook. (This was true of all the major arts.) The cause still puzzles scholars. Perhaps the Mongol invasion broke the spirit of the poets. Perhaps all the old subject matter had been used up. Certainly, because the pathways to the west, to the nations of Central Asia and Europe, were more or less chronically closed by peoples like the Tartars under Tamburlaine and later the Khir-

giz, very little contact with foreign cultures was possible.

The Ming dynasty (1368-1644) was just re-gaining its feet when China was again smothered under an invasion by Tartars, the Manchus, who founded the Ching dynasty (1644-1912).

The coming of western powers to China brought to literature a stimulating shock which produced the so-called Chinese Renaissance, under the leadership of Dr. Hu Shih. In poetry proletarian subjects are often treated, but as I said at the beginning the government is apt to suppress whatever it deems communistic. From the July, 1936, issue of *Asia* I quote two examples of the new poetry.

"SOUND OF A BELL"

by TSO HUNG-TAO

*Thunder from a far-off bell
Shatters the last of day.*

*There was the dead Hsiao P'ing
Kindling with early spring-youth:
Wasn't the sound the same
As she lightly went to be strangled?*

*That flaming heart of hers
Did not sink to death with the body.
It went out into the world,
Set new fires alight . . .
New sparks flying.*

*Though each fire-star is small,
Yet aren't we more than a billion?*

*The fate of a great black forest
Rests on a spark in the wind.
Bell-sound, echo wide in the night,
In the night of deep smouldering black-
ness,
Echo—while the fire lies hidden;
A roar will be heard before morning.*

"OWL'S LIGHT"

by YUAN JEN

*Night closes in blacker and blacker,
Comes overhead deeps upon deeps,
But there, shadows dim in the owl's light,
Sit brooding, the ghosts of the murdered,
Sit cursing, the ghosts of the tortured,
Sit waiting, the ghosts of revenge . . .
Restless they walk . . . unforgetting,
Awaiting rebirth in the dawn.*

How to Make Phi Bete

A Near-Exhaustive Study of Grip Courses in the University

We were idly lying in the sun the other day, glancing at a blatant *Daily Tar Heel* headline which proclaimed that something like 45 new and enthusiastic members had been admitted, for distinction in scholastic endeavor, to the ancient and honorable Order of Phi Beta Kappa. As we lay there we thought how often and how acidly the same paper and its casual correspondents had belabored the Order with insulting accusations of indolence and laxity in admittance requirements, and had ridiculed the composition of its membership. And we concluded, as we finished chewing our straw, that these critics' approach was wrong, their insight bad.

It is a sad commentary, we reflected, that of the 2500-odd students in the University, this year only 45 achieved the coveted goal. The answer to the present dilemma, it seems to us, lies not in angry tirades against the Order and its members, but in making it more easily accessible to those countless numbers whose literary efforts in behalf of the *Daily Tar Heel* Letters Department require so much of their precious time that only by dint of careful course choice is their admission to Phi Beta Kappa made possible. The more gold keys the merrier. Should we increase our membership to 450, let us say, the University's reputation for turning out scholars would be radically transformed.

It is with this end in view, then, that we launch ourselves upon the dubious course of telling as best we know how from our limited experience the proper technique and approach to 92.5. If we succeed in relieving some few students from the terrific strain of struggling through impossible courses to emerge with that awesome average, our poor endeavors will have been worthwhile.

* * * * *

The freshman upon arriving at the University is met by a long line of imposing deans and advisers and what-nots and confronted with a mysterious and utterly unintelligible schedule over which he has little or no effective choice. This is the crucial point. Since the unfortunate freshman has no choice but to submit himself to the intricacies of simultaneous equations, let him discover

from the upperclassmen that Hobbs, for example, thinks almost all freshmen of approximately kindergarten intelligence and will go over the material so many times that only the sleepest dope will fail to understand. Let him discover, furthermore, that Bailey will work your pants off in English grammar, while Pegg is either so interesting or so easy that his Social Science sections are a breeze. Above all, in the name of his precious little hoped-for key, let him stay away from Carroll in French—Smith is the man.

The situation in the sophomore year is similar. As in the freshman year, your latitude in the choice of courses is somewhat restricted, but you can do wonders by getting yourself assigned to the right sections, and by studying your professors' idiosyncrasies. For instance, it is alleged that one Davy Clark hired stooges to sit in on Ericson's English classes to compare the parts of the hour spent on English and collectivist political philosophy. The story is probably false (though we wouldn't put it past Clark) but you can take it for what it's worth.

There is one specific *don't* which must be observed in connection with course choice in the sophomore year—*don't* choose Psychology as your science. Dr. Bagby of mythical beastie fame leans over backward trying to be fair; he has an elaborate grading system and, to guide his graders, ve-er-ry carefully works out the answers to those innumerable pop quizzes. The trouble is that only a gifted few ever figure out what he's trying to get at, in either his lectures or his quizzes. We heard from a reputable source that one of his instructors who was grading a pop quiz, amazed at the key by which he was to mark the long-suffering students, gave the quiz to three of his fellow lab instructors. Their combined efforts netted a very questionable 40.

Once safely past the sophomore year, the prospective Phi Bete can relax a bit. He doesn't *have* to take anything he doesn't want, which means, probably, if he is wise, that he immediately becomes a major in Political Science. The reason, obviously, is Woodhouse, who probably has more friends among the students than any professor on

the faculty, and who fortunately teaches a multitude of courses. He doesn't believe in quizzes or examinations (that should show a spiritual nexus between the students and him if nothing else does) and he doesn't bore you with assignments, which gives you a little time to catch up on the latest Dashiell Hammett. There are three things which the prospective Phi Beta in any Woodhouse course *must* remember: 1) that cities, counties, and towns are creatures of the legislature; 2) that there are two theories of representative government; and 3) that Woodhouse had rather talk than do anything else in the world, except make a speech. The result of your efforts is inevitably an A or B.

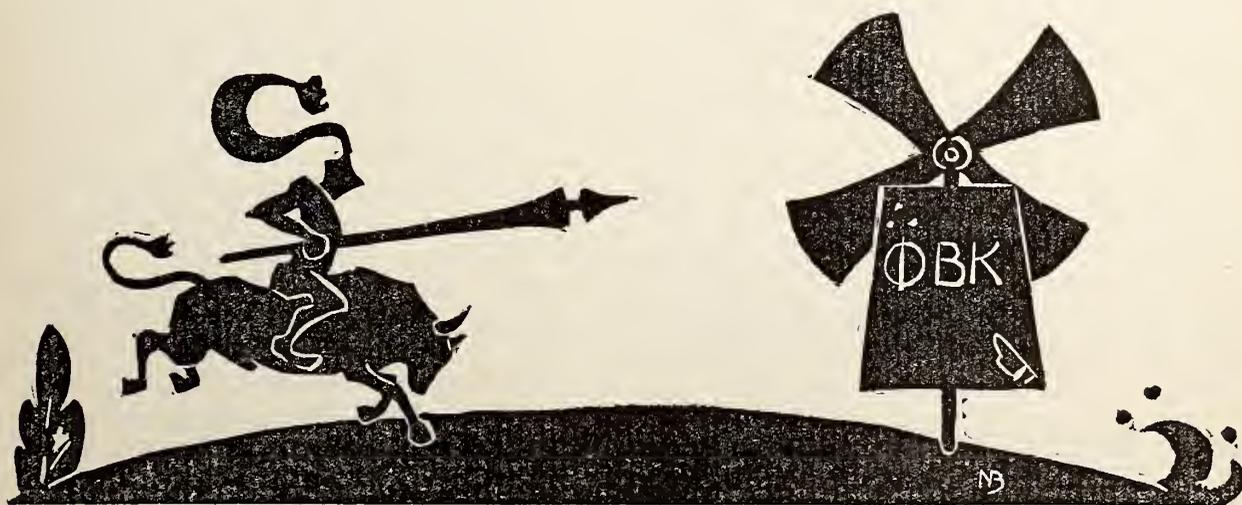
The choice of a minor is perhaps not quite so obvious as our Political Science major. However, we should recommend History, though there are those who religiously swear by Archaeology or Dramatic Art. The choice of History, again, hinges as always upon the personality of the instructor. In this particular case I shall refrain from mentioning his name, as he himself is above that sort of thing. However, his initials are W. E. C., his forte is Ancient History, he is tall, spare, has something of a Hitlerish mustache, a plethora of anecdotes (good, bad, and mostly gruesome) for every occasion, and has recently published *The Ancient World*, of which you will do well to procure a copy to be autographed. He will, strangely enough, keep everyone but Parker Morris awake—but then the latter is usually home in bed. There are two schools of thought with regard to W. E. C. courses: a) those who sit on the front row and titter, and b) those who sit on the back row and try to look as though they knew

Antony from Cleopatra. The former is probably better for coeds.

We are not qualified to write about Dramatic Art, except by hearsay. The only quarrel we personally have with the department is the way it changes its name with the seasons—how much simpler simply to call it Koch! The recommended procedure is to sit on the front row and beam at Koch, profess a profound admiration and deep love for Carolina folk plays (which are undoubtedly the grimmest, gummiest, most outlandish tripe imaginable) and make every criticism written of the plays of this type favorable. But note carefully: your highest grade in a playwriting course is limited to a C unless your play is produced. The solution is so simple that it needs no comment—write a Carolina folk play and the Playmakers will fall over themselves in their haste to torture long-suffering audiences who are fed to the teeth with mountain hags “. . . sitting before the fire, smoking their short clay pipes with evident satisfaction.”

Archaeology, as it were, speaks for itself. Dr. Harland strode into a class of a hundred or so a couple of quarters back and said: “Sorry, boys, but you have registered for the wrong course. *This* is the *hard* Archaeology.” Then he laughed and laughed, because he knew all the time there isn't any hard Archaeology course. Seriously, though, he often darkens the room and shows lantern slides, providing a perfect environment for a mid-morning nap. Remember that the fellow who operates the slide gets an automatic A.

The Carolina student who rigorously follows the procedure set forth above, if he be of even normal intelligence, should have no trouble being



called into the Registrar's office at the end of his eighth quarter to be congratulated upon his brilliant achievement in scholastic endeavors. However, should Government and History be too distasteful to some, we offer brief notes gathered from personal experience and credible hearsay on the following courses:

Greek 61: Dr. Bernard is an experience that shouldn't be missed. Furthermore, the course isn't any more Greek than we are, but just think how intellectual it sounds to the parents back home. A decent term paper means a good grade.

Economics 11: Zimmermann in a class he can't do justice to. Interesting man, dull material. Easiest course in Bingham.

English 44-45: Public Speaking, or so they say. You have to listen to a lot of dopes who like to hear themselves talk, or to a lot of dopes like yourself who are taking the course for a crip. If you want a good grade for no work, though, take it and suffer the consequences.

Comp. Lit. 65: Called Oriental Literature, but Holmes teaches it and there isn't any telling what he'll teach you, but you may be sure it's worth while. Easy, too.

Social Science 1, 2, 3: You have to take it, anyway, so there's no use telling you they couldn't make it hard if they tried.

History 163-164: The South. Dull, sleep-inspiring, but it gives you one more chance to blow off about the tenant farmers. There's just a chance that you might stay awake long enough to get a fresh conception of the War and Reconstruction.

Journalism: If you can write English grammar accurately* and don't take these courses, then you aren't looking very hard for soft snaps.

Physics 41: Sounds tough, but it's really astronomy, and there are special sessions in the spring at night when you observe the heavens. Don't worry about passing; just be sure you take your girl to help you make notes on the movement of the stars—or do they move?

Political Science 51: Comparative European Government. Simply deadening, indescribably so. We've seen students actually stretched out on the benches sound asleep. Robson doesn't bother them, though, and they all pass without any trouble.

**Editor's Note*: I object! Grammar is an extinct science among most journalism students.

Rural Social Economics: All we know about these courses is their reputation as crips. But then that's probably all you want to know about them.

Sociology 62: Groves' Marriage. Has a popular reputation as a course in sexology, which isn't in the least true. At times it is terrifically dull, but just once in a while you run across some things you didn't know or hadn't thought about. No one fails.

Sociology 154: Contemporary Society under Odum. A great man teaching a course in which you are completely and definitely lost from beginning to end. He says if you feel that way about it you are probably learning something. Easy if for no other reason than that you never can quite decide what to do to get yourself out of your dilemma, and consequently do nothing.

Sociology 198: It seems Dr. Sanders has the B habit; you're never good enough to get an A, and never poor enough to get a C. We guess it's just as well that way.

Economics 82: Woosley is susceptible to bull, but beware of Winslow as if he were Satan incarnate; you have to be an expert accountant to have a chance with him.

* * * * *

It has occurred to us, as we prepare this article, that the stumbling block to many an aspiring and potential Phi Beta has been that, though fully cognizant of the desirability of sticking to crips, he has nevertheless registered, either through carelessness or blissful (and inexcusable) ignorance, for some course which has been a nemesis that crept up behind him, blackjacked him, then kicked him while he was down. We insist that for best results the procedure and course choice we have outlined above should be rigorously followed. But we are also aware that there are many who do not adhere to our philosophy that discretion is the better part of valor. For these venturesome souls we catalogue a few of the Scyllas and Charybdises. Go out of your way to avoid:

English 88: Victorian Literature. If you memorize *Sartor Resartus* and a few other things you might pass. Infinitely detailed.

Economics 81, 185: Money and Business Cycles under Bernstein. You wouldn't believe it from the titles, but these courses are too vital and interesting for those of us who are concerned solely with dodging work and responsibility. Daily preparation and attendance necessary.

Sociology 152: Social Theory. Required of so-

ciology majors. This course has cost many an embryonic sociologist a pass on the comprehensive. A one-quarter course which many have found requires three.

Chemistry: The elementary courses aren't hard, comparatively speaking, but you proceed at your own risk. Organic seems by all odds to be the hardest course in school. Louis Shaffner, Phi Beta president, majored in Chemistry, which only proves the old saw that miracles *can* happen, and that genius is no thing of the past.

Commerce 71, 72: Accounting. Only for those whose brains are tabulating machines. We've known accounting students, and good ones too, who often sat straight up in bed at night, screaming that a trial balance was choking them to death.

Economics 131: Economic Theory. All very vague and confusing. Quite a bit of detail required.

English 91: The English Novel. Defoe to Hardy and you don't miss anything in between.

Political Science 61: Tax Administration. *Cave canem.*

Political Science 181: You simply can't listen

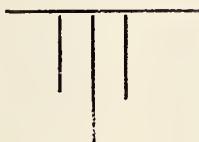
to a lot of good material for trying to get down on paper everything Fesler says, because you really have to hand it back on the quizzes.

Zoology, Botany, Physics, etc.: We know one boy who read H. G. Wells' *Science of Life* and passed *sans souci* through all the sciences, but we wouldn't advise you to try it.

* * * * *

We recognize the limitations by which this article is confined—our necessarily inadequate experience; the fact that this article, so far as we know, is the first of its kind; the necessity of determining, like Livy, what is truth and what is malicious slander from the casual comments of those who have gone before us and suffered with us. But it is our hope that this will lead to franker, freer discussion of courses and professors and that others following us will compile more accurate, scientific tabulations of the crips, some of which, like the gold hid beneath the stone directly in the wayfarer's path, are ours simply for the taking.

Morituri te salutamus!



Monody

*Like the wild falcon whose animal brain
Is not so lowly but diverts his sight
To phantom realms too gaseous to sustain
The grosser flappings of his untaught flight;
Like the young poet whose heart, slow-racked and
dumb,
Coffined and desolate with blindworms' blight,
Craves witching birth from out its own dark womb,
Crushed with the gyves of its miasmal night . . .
The human battle-dust still smarts our eyes;
The traitorous thirst forgets the slaking stream;
The paean's strains are drowned in strife-torn
cries:*

*Triumph is stagnant, and decay supreme.
Yet somewhere—melic, permanent, and clear—
A language rings—somewhere, but true not here.*

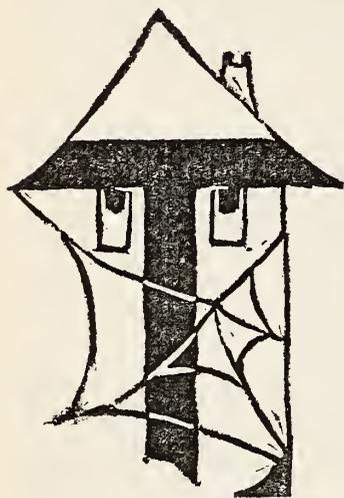
—WILLIAM MICHAUX.

Paeon

*After the god-flung meteor blazed a trail
Of fulgent glory full across our sky,
Eclipsing darkness with a golden veil
Too bright, we thought, for any mortal eye;
We then, the earth-scarred, paused in watchful
awe—
Half in expectance of its fading death,
Half blindly trusting, through a strange new law,
That somehow fire might live on this wild faith.
It lived, beloved, braving all the storms
That hurled black fury through our candent air;
And must live on, so long as I have arms,
And you a body to be folded there—
So long as love and struggle can impart
Spirit and blood unto a hungry heart!*

—WILLIAM MICHAUX.

The House That Wanted a Ghost



HE ONLY thing needed in this house," said Hawthorne smiling, "is a ghost." He knocked ashes from his pipe onto the stone-flagged porch and glanced at the sky. "Storm coming on," he observed, watching the dark circle of clouds mount higher in the east. Desert Island, about two miles off the point, was almost indiscernible through the

thick fog which lay close to the water like a grey pall. A wind had sprung up twisting the mist into long streaks against the blackness of the sound and ruffling the water beneath. "Looks like a hard blow," continued Hawthorne. "Ella worries when it's storming and I'm not at home. I'll come up in a few days and see how you're getting along."

Gregory Martin walked with his guest to the car and waved a farewell as the dust settled into the road again. He liked Hawthorne and was glad to know someone who lived nearby. It was lonely out on the point at times, especially since his wife had died. Ella and John had been very kind at the funeral—almost too kind. Turning he looked at the house from the drive. It was gloomy enough with those massive doors and long black windows, but Martin was not one to be affected by such things, and the house was comfortable enough. He, too, glanced at the sky, noting the dark water against the steep and rocky shore at the end of the lawn. It looked like a bad storm, he thought—the windows had better be closed.

Martin felt very lonely as he sat over his solitary dinner that night, lonely and tired too. He was always tired since Mary had died; tired and bewildered by the suddenness with which his whole life had been changed. Even after two weeks, he could not realize that she was really gone, that he could never see her again. Never before in his life had he been faced with such brutal

reality. True, he had known others who had felt great sorrow but *he* had not realized their pain or known their grief. He had felt that such a thing could not happen to him, that it was impossible. And so, as he watched the candle light dance in his coffee cup that night, he began to wonder, as he had so often done of late, whether Mary *was* really dead. Surely he had seen her suffer long enough on that June night with the frogs in a chorus outside and the birch trees scratching timidly on the window, to know that she was dead. But how could it be true? "Until death you do part," the preacher had said, but how impatient death had been, snatching her away so suddenly. He resented it, feeling horribly alone, because he had never been alone before. There had always been his mother or his college friends or Mary, but now they were gone or outgrown, and as he sat at the table, listening to the storm rattle against the shutters, he almost wept with self-pity and the loneliness of his life. He wanted something or somebody to love above all else in the world; he had to be attached, bound to something outside himself, or his existence, he realized, would be unbearable. Martin was the kind of man who hated his own company, not because he did not respect his own mind, but because he needed an audience, or more accurately, a sympathizer. How happy he had been with Mary! For three years she had tended his smallest wish and satisfied his every need. When he was worried she had cheered him, when irritable she had been patient, when happy she had been glad. And now she was gone—it was really too much to bear, he thought, too much to bear.

As the days passed into weeks and the weeks into months, Martin began to love the old house with the deep affection of a very lonely man. At first he had hated the place because of its association with the death of his wife. He could see her hands arranging those pots of geranium in the window, straightening the books on his desk or picking imaginary threads from the sofa. At night, when the lights were low and the curtains drawn, he would sit by the empty hearth and watch her come down the stairs to meet him, her hand placed so lightly on the banister and those deep heavy-

lashed eyes smiling at him as they had always done. Yes, he could see her then, but as he watched, longing to have her close to him, she would fade again into the wooden stairs as a rustling curtain caught his eye, distracting his mind. It was not long before he found that it was becoming harder every day to conjure up this picture of Mary in his imagination, until at last she was gone entirely and only the geraniums and those personal things of hers remained to him. How he had always laughed at those foolish feminine nick-nacks—eyebrow pluckers, fluffy white slippers, little useless handkerchiefs! What fun it had been the night that he had put all those paints and powders on his face to show her how silly it looked! And then he had kissed her on the cheek to make her see how annoying it was to have lip-stick all over your face and have to scrub for hours to get it off again!

Everything belonging to her remained as she had left it, but the dresses in the closet were flat and lifeless, never again to be rounded out by her body within them. The shoes were vacant and dusty in their neat rows and the rings in her jewel case glittered in useless splendor. These were lifeless things which remained to him, bare substitutes for the gay and vital presence of his dead wife, and so it is little wonder that he turned from them and sought other solace in his loneliness.

This dark old house in which he lived was built on the most ordinary lines. There was little or nothing to distinguish it from the other ugly, drab and commonplace residences which the Victorian architects had been so fond of building. It was made of grey square stones with set-in windows and a slanting tiled roof. Some ivy, soon discouraged by the prevailing bad weather, had scrambled a little way up the front of the house, and gave the appearance of rather tall weeds instead of a decoration. But in spite of the drab appearance of the house, Martin, gradually through that summer, came to feel a great love for the place. This affection of his had come upon him slowly, first because of the fact that his wife had lived there and the memories of her were in every corner of the place; but as time went on this affection became more and more for the house itself and not for the memories it harbored.

Martin was a sensitive man. As a boy in school and college he had dreamed of becoming a writer, or at least a journalist. His castles in the air had fallen, however, after his father had died, because, as his mother pointed out with tears in her

eyes, he was an only son and must carry on where his father had left off. So he had resigned any ambitions of his own and settled down in New York to a broker's career on "the Street." Having been left with more than ample money to keep him in comfort for life, he cared little for the business and continued in it only as a duty to his mother. After he had married Mary they decided to take a house away from town for the summers and let his colleagues run the office for the three months that he was away each year. Now, more than ever before, he hated the idea of leaving Maine and returning to the dull drudgery of New York. As the days passed, he became more and more obsessed with the idea of staying here, for the thought of leaving the house was more than he could bear.

On an evening a few days before he must leave, he was sitting as usual before the great open fire in the living-room, listlessly turning the pages of a book. The words were black lines on the paper before him, and at last he closed it angrily and sat watching the firelight dance on the walls.

"No use," he said aloud, then got up and walked to the telephone. He'd buy the place, that's what he would do, and then he could stay as long as he wished. Business could wait for a while and New York be damned for all he cared.

Burton was delighted. "Certainly, Mr. Martin, certainly," he gushed. "And you're not making a mistake—one of my best houses . . ." The agent couldn't believe his good luck. The old house sold! It had been a standing joke at the office for years; "liability lodge" the boys had called it, and now . . . such a good price too. Perhaps he could get rid of all that land around the place as well. Couldn't count on that though, but he'd have a try tomorrow.

Gregory Martin bought the land and the house outright, with a check on his New York bank. He wrote to the office about it curtly, and with little explanation, adding that he didn't know when he'd be back. The office said, "Poor man, still thinking about his wife," and made no further comments.

The Hawthornes left soon afterwards, and it was not long before he was alone in his house, for all the summer people were gone and the town-folk, feeling that it was "a mite queer" for a city man to stay on through the hard Maine winter, rarely came near him. His Scotch butler, alarmed at the prospect of staying away from New York for so long, first hinted that he wished to leave,

then upon receiving no reply from his taciturn employer, boldly gave notice and with a relieved mind caught the train from Ellsworth to New York, thankful to be rid of such dismal surroundings.

The cook who had "been with the family for years" tried to draw him out of his gloomy shell, but he hardly noticed her and demanded only that she bring him his meals and let him stay to himself.

"I can't figure him out," she said to Amra, the maid, after one of her good-natured tries to cheer him up a little. "There he sits in that gloomy room and never says a word to nobody. I should think he'd try to forget about Mrs. Martin dying and look around for some other nice young lady to keep him company. After all she's dead now and nothing can bring her back. I feel sorry for him though—he sits so quiet-like, almost as if he were dead himself. Gives me the creeps, it does." She peeled another potato with more than her accustomed vigor, to dispel the picture of her strange employer sitting alone in there by the fire.

The townspeople over in Gouldsboro began to talk of this lonely man, first in amazement and then in awe. In the evenings the circle around the pot-bellied stove in the general store would draw the chairs closer and hint of "queer doings" out in the old house on Harbor Point.

"Pears to me," old Jake Todden would say, shifting a chew of tobacco between his stained teeth, "that his wife going sudden like she did has made him a touch loose in the head." And he would tap a bony forefinger knowingly on his forehead. But the gossips could only guess about the stranger and wait for more concrete evidence about the secret of his presence here. Perhaps, they ventured, spring would see him gone or changed for the better at least.

But the spring came and Martin remained as much to himself as ever. He had acquired the habit of walking slowly from room to room for hours on end. The cook, fussing over her dishes in the late afternoons, would pause to listen as his footfalls passed the pantry door. She would imagine him as he crossed the dining room and started for the stairs at the other side of the hall. Soon the kitchen ceiling would resound to his measured tread in the room above.

"Gives me the creeps I tell you," she would say to the maid, "him always walking about like that. It's worse than just sitting and looking at nothing the way he used to."

The maid left soon after this and the cook, with a stammered apology to Martin, which he seemed not to hear, was quick to follow. A bulky country woman with a tongue sharper than the jutting granite cliffs among which she had been raised took the job of general cook and housekeeper. The townsfolk were pleased, for now they could get some news of the solitary man who lived out there on Harbor Point. There was, however, little to tell, and the cook had to content herself with whispering of closed doors beyond which she could not see, and of a man grown thin—"with sorrow like-enough," she would add. But it was not sorrow that tormented Martin now, nor loneliness, but a fierce and constant love for his house. He hated to be out of it for an instant, returning as soon as possible after necessity had dragged him away. He had come to resent the presence of other persons within it; resented anyone's attempt to break in upon his solitary thoughts. Hawthorne had driven over at the beginning of the season to try to draw him out of his gloomy shell, but in vain. He was met with a cold politeness which told him, more plainly than words could have done, that he was not wanted.

Once each day just before the long shadows had faded into the night, he would walk to the end of the garden and, sitting on a bench at the very edge of the cliff, watch his house dim slowly into darkness.

It must have been at just such a moment as this that the thought had first come to him. Looking at that house of his, so utterly dismal in the fading light, grey stone upon grey stone, with the jutting gable like a frown upon its brow—he surely must have realized then that Hawthorne's words, spoken almost a year before, were true—the only thing needed in his house was a ghost. For there was no ghost there, no spirit to stalk its dark corridors and musty rooms. The place was gloomy enough—a perfect setting for a specter's presence; but something was lacking. No blot was on that house; no rumor of evil deeds in years gone by was stamped upon its walls; no shadow fell upon the placid respectability of its name. The first owners had been the dullest of folk. They had built here in the late 90's and had moved away, their children grown, to more fashionable surroundings, after blessing the house with the name of "Clearview Manor." The tenants who followed had all been summer people, never staying more than the one season. And then for years it had been vacant. When Mary had died,

Martin had tried in vain to find some proof of her spirit-presence in the house. Search as he might, she was not there and at last he had given up in blank despair. No, it was impossible to find a blot upon the name of "Clearview." The name itself, indeed, brooked no such accusations. Martin smiled in the dark and threw his cigarette into the sea. The red ash made an arc of light in the black void and went out with a startling suddenness. How nearly a graph of life that was, he thought, looking into the darkness beneath his feet—a moment's curving course in space and then complete extinction, with the little glowing line of existence leaving hardly a memory behind. The dark water, he cursed, had met Mary half way and blotted her out with such a small memory to leave behind.

Hawthorne's words flickered at him in the fire that night, and as he sat there, with his chin upon his hands, and the glow of dying embers in his eyes, he knew that his house must have some phantom presence within it. This place which had become his life, his very existence, could not remain a mere abode—four ugly walls and slanting battered roof—but must become an outstanding house, a great name among the people all along the coast. For a week he pondered upon what he would do, gazing through vacant eyes at those dark walls. The house seemed, indeed, in his disordered mind, itself to yearn for a ghost. The loosened plaster of the walls awaited the brush

of a specter's sleeve, and the creaking stairs called dismally to absent spirits. Finally his wandering mind set upon a scheme, and accordingly, his plans made, he set about the next day to put them into effect. He dismissed the cook with hardly any explanation. In fact he was so brusque that she, fearing he would attack her, made as hurried an exit as possible and walked the five miles to Gouldsboro with strong doubts about the sanity of her late employer.

Martin mounted to the balcony which jutted out above the high, paneled living room.

It was a week later before an adventurous bumpkin dared peep between the boards across the windows to see a leg jut into his line of vision from the gloomy interior of the room. A group of neighbors, soon recruited, broke in the door and found him as he had fallen, with his body queerly twisted on the floor. Some say that he killed himself from sorrow, some say from loneliness, and still others assert that he was mad, but it was none of these.

"Martin House" stands today as he left it, boarded up with the weeds growing around the door and the roof slanting down in that curious mimic of a frown. When the wind comes off the sea and the waves break high on the cliff, the farmers look askance as they pass the drive and press their Fords to greater speed, for it is believed in that country that the place is haunted by the ghost of Gregory Martin.

Song

*Forever is a long word;
Today is dead at birth.
I see but countless corpses
Of time upon the earth.*

*I pass Today contemptuously;
Tomorrow charms my eye.
Tomorrow never comes in time
To see its brother die.*

*Forever is a long word;
Today is dead at birth.
I see but countless corpses
Of time upon the earth.*

—FRANK DURHAM.

To the Campus Radical

*Still damp behind the ears, you fiercely shout,
Demand investigations everywhere,
And seek to build your soviets on air.
Ah, four-years' fool, you never stop to doubt
The rightness of your fledgling self; you flout
Ideas and systems tried and tested when the hair
On your soft head was fuzz, and your despair
Was greatest when a nipple's milk gave out.*

*Reforming youth, I praise your forceful ways,
The steadfast purpose in your fearless cry,
Your lust for conquest—like a son of Rome;
But in your quiet months, your thoughtful days,
Investigate yourself with probing eye
And learn that sanity begins at home.*

—FRANK DURHAM.

Verse

In Various Tones, of the Fair in Life, the Deathless in Song

Endymion, of Cynthia

*Intolerable beauty hath flung down
Herself before my long impatient eyes.
Stripped of her purple and her jeweled crown,
In shimmering pale nakedness she lies.
She is my love, and she shall bear my son,
Who shall be cast of a Parnassian mould,
A walker on the winds, a lyric one,
The thief of stars from out their nests of gold.
He shall be sweet and swift, but swifter far
And sweeter shall be this our bridal night,
As drawn by the white wings of Love's bright car
We seek Her realms of measureless delight.
Though fairer he than hyacinthine mirth,
He is not fair as love that gave him birth.*

—JOHN COULTER.

Spinning Song

*Helen no more to Troy will go:
Helen no longer the strife of men.
Troy in ashes, Priam slain;
Helen will sit and spin.*

*And do fair ships still sail the seas?
And sailors shout, and galleys moan?
What matters it to Helen now,
Quietly at home?*

*And are the youths, still fair and young,
An easy prey to Helen's smile?
But never mind; Helen must be
Respectable a-while.*

—DAVID BEATY.



Lesbia, to Catullus

*I shall lie in the grass and arch my back;
And one shall come, and I shall give him my hips;
Another shall drink of my breasts, another my lips;
And another shall bind my hair about his back,
Calling it wheat, or sand in some deep brook.*

*I shall lie in the grass: and what of thought? of
work?*

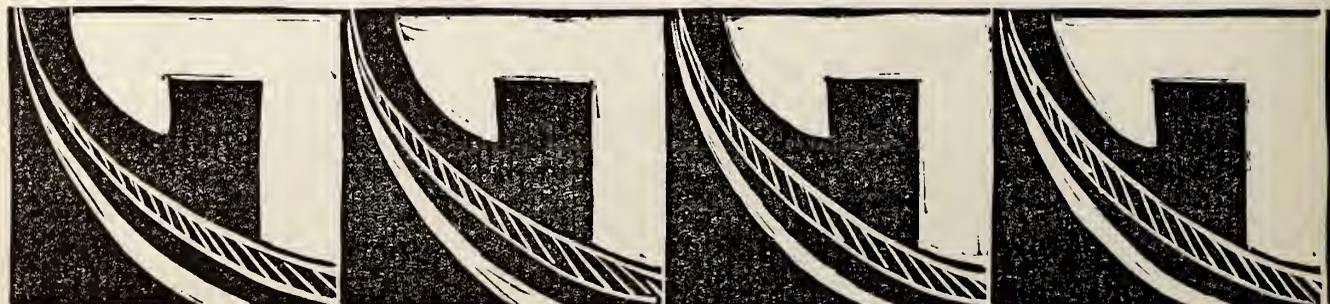
*Twitter of swallows, clouds that go over;
Much like the seed the amorous leave in me,
Not that it fructify — simply for a moment's
pleasure.*

*Well, what would they have us do? Many a lover,
And many a day go over and under and around in a
whirl,*

*And swiftly they go, and never return; why wonder
What they signify?*

*They go like lovers, and swiftly, and never return.
And who may restrain them? In the grass I lie . . .*

—DAVID BEATY.



Editors' Private Galley

Preachers Who Practiced

For a total of four hours on Friday and Saturday evenings two weeks ago, MM. Lyons, Wiley, Holmes, Smith, and others in the Romance languages department practiced what they preach. Contrary to the usual experience of preachers in this situation, they seemed to enjoy it tremendously. And, since they all have classroom techniques about which they need feel no sensitiveness, perhaps they will not be offended if we tell them that their students and former students in the audiences found their practicing more fun than their preaching.

On the same program with the faculty presentation of *Monsieur de Pourceaugnac* came Walter Creech's *Grand Guignol-ish Fin d'apres-midi d'automne*, played by the *Cercle Francais*, an undergraduate group.

We are not concerned here, however, with the *Cercle Francais*. What we are concerned with is requesting, in the name of the perhaps surprisingly large number of students and Chapel Hillians interested in French drama and in the language itself, that the Romance languages faculty give regular and more frequent presentations of Moliere, Regnard, Lesage, Marivaux, Beaumarchais, de Musset, Rostand, and other great French dramatists whose plays still have stage-appeal.

The *comedie carolinienne* that we are setting up in such summary fashion here certainly needs no more assurance of enthusiastic audiences than the full house for *Monsieur de Pourceaugnac* the first night and the fair sprinkling which responded to the surprise announcement of a second-night repeat-performance. The spectators, it must be admitted, were divided into two groups, those who knew what it was all about and those who didn't; but everybody had a grand time. (Even if, like us, you don't get more than half of what's said, it keeps you on the edge of your seat trying.) The people interested in French plays are doubtless a decided minority of the whole University community; but practically every organization on the campus except the football team exerts itself for a minority group, and the number of French drama enthusiasts, as indicated by the audiences for the Moliere-Creech bill, is quite respectable in comparison with other minority audiences, such as

those for Playmaker shows, Sunday concerts, tennis matches, and student body mass meetings.

It may be objected, by the actors we propose to draft into service, that lecture preparation, research, thesis consultations, and other instructorial and professorial duties are too heavy to admit more than annual or biennial knocking-off to rehearse with the thoroughness to which the splendid production of *Monsieur de Pourceaugnac* testified. But let them consider the educational and humanizing values of showing their sophomores, advanced undergraduates, and even graduate students—many of whom have toiled over such old stand-bys as *Tartuffe*, *Turcaret*, *Le legataire universel*, and *Cyrano* without much genuine pleasure or much conception of how they would appear on the stage—empiric reasons why these plays have become classics of the real as well as the literary theatre.—W.P.H.

"White Horse" to Ivey

Within the past year a revived Student Union has been offering proof at last of its vital usefulness to campus life. Graham Memorial, once haunted only by publications devotees and a few stray souls who ventured as far as the lounge to peruse the daily paper, has become the popular gathering place of the student body for everything from bowling tournaments to community sings on Sunday nights.

Student banquets were once held almost exclusively in the Carolina Inn, but now scarcely a week passes without the setting up of a long row of white-covered tables on the second floor of Graham Memorial. The Grill, too, has finally established itself as one of the most popular eating places in town.

Perhaps the greatest praise should go to the Student Union for the indispensable support which it has given to numerous campus organizations.

"White Horse" and sincere appreciation to Pete Ivey, the dynamic little director who is the person responsible for all this. He deserves full campus praise for making the Student Union an active part of Carolina. Gifted with a sense of humor and cherubic tact, he has imbued the entire building with his friendly personality. His directorship has proved two things: first, that the Student Union is a very necessary part of University life; and second, that the students will cooperate and take a keen interest in a Union which makes itself as helpful as Pete's has been.—DEPPE.

Watch Your Head!

An Episodic Picture of Dormitory Social Life

HAVE you ever found rocks in your bed? Have you ever discovered your closet to be as bare as Mother Hubbard's? Have you ever found yourself entrenched involuntarily in your room? No? Well, perhaps you don't make your home in a campus dormitory.

As an illustration of what goes on in the way of dormitory social life, we retail the account of a recent occurrence. Weary and fatigued, a young Everett freshman returned to his room after a trying laboratory period. Such dismal hours can be spent with a gross of querulous chemicals! But now to bed for a two-hour refreshing shut-eye. In reaching for his doorknob he was shocked from his dream of comfort to a bleak realization of actuality. There was no door knob. There was no door. Completely isolating his door from the outer world was a solid wall of red bricks. Calmly and methodically had sundry super-energetic residents piled brick after brick in front of his door to create an absolute plating. Bricks! Four feet wide and six feet high. The disgruntled froshie slowly dismantled the monument and finally staggered into his den.

Should sympathy be poured out for the lad and scathing criticism be heaped upon the culprits? It is better to restrain your flow of Good-Samaritanism. Remember that he was rooming in a dormitory and was therefore liable to the consequences. Dormitories are dens of intrigue where hooded figures flit about and where evil is contrived and wrought. It is therein that the innate diabolic qualities emerge in all. It is therein that the hapless freshman is first placed on guard, is first driven toward the self-protective measure of adopting a suspicious nature. He becomes skeptical, learning that congenial smiles shroud designing minds and that warm gestures spell disaster.

Life in the dormitory, amongst jovial friends, tends toward jocular endeavors. Monotony begs variety. And so does dormitory existence beg some stunning prank to liven its deadening influences.

It is not every day that the practical joker prowls. Weekends provide his regular haunting hours; but often he goes on special duty, and his visit is always imminent. Always he hovers above,

primed to plunge.

Three years of residence in the lower quadrangle will acquaint you with all the intricacies of practical jokery. When you open a door and the transom plumps down with a sullen crash (because of a string craftily attached to the inner door knob), you learn to smile and hide the uncontrollable quiver. When your own door fails to open to your coaxing and you are confined within, you learn to return to your desk and await the grace of friends.

The types and number of mischiefs are infinite. They run the entire gamut of frolicsome nature; resulting in laughter, tears, damage, ruin, and enmity. In attempting to tell the reader of several we guarantee authenticity but make no claim of doing them justice.

In connection with the recent sit-down strikes, we first venture upon the wave of lock-in pranks that swept over the dormitories. It is a simple matter to imprison an unsuspecting person. This genus of practical joke is divided into several species. You may utilize a common string, tying together two door knobs across the hall from each other. With the string drawn taut neither occupant is able to pull in his door so as to gain freedom. But much more effective is propping a chair in the narrow space between the door knob and the side rim of the door frame. This places a steadfast and unbreakable quietus on the right of exit. The door is held fast, immune to key or shoulder pressure. If the prisoner essays to flee via transom, carefully utilized bottles of aqua or possibly a broom can promptly discourage him.

A colossal illustration of the lock-in racket is that which was performed in Aycock a year or two ago. Here progress was tied up by the successful execution of a plan to strand the entire third floor. Some enterprising youth had ingeniously barricaded both exits. Windows were almost resorted to but aid finally arrived—after many anxious moments had been spent. It might be mentioned that this took place on the morning of a final examination.

On the other side of the dark picture is the lock-out prankster. We have cited the plight of

the Everett youth who faced a wall of bricks. Here is a yet more tragic tale. A gay mood tempted one lad to close the door, latch and all, of a boy who was at the moment occupied in taking a shower. Returning, sans key, the nude one was compelled to trek down the three flights for the manager's pass-key. He reascended the stairs, only slightly exasperated, and entered his room. Unsuspecting the invisible hand in the strange closure of the door he naively returned downstairs and made an immediate delivery of the skeleton key. After this second round-trip of three floors, the nude one found his door again firmly shut. He was obliged to return, in his original birthday suit, but finally ended the farce with the brilliant act of dressing before descending again with the key.

What takes place in certain rooms at certain times is best concealed from official knowledge. Beds, doors, clothing and the very atmosphere have been virtually mangled. Startling revelations have been the fate of perfectly innocuous individuals, returning from supper or movie. Wanton alterations and strange disappearances are visible signs of disastrous visitations.

Last year an Aycock lad opened the door to his abode one evening, then, just as widely, opened his eyes. The room was there, yes, but not much else. Sole occupants of the room were the fragments of iron that constitute the foundation of a bed and the skeleton of the bureau. No mattresses, no clothing in the closets, no compartments to the bureau, no pictures on the wall. Empty was the word for it. His first objective was the telephone: he was hotfooting it there to report a wholesale theft when a sudden mental dawning sent him rushing to his "friends." After a day of labor, he recovered the majority of his belongings in four scattered rooms. His mattresses had been cleverly concealed beneath other mattresses, but tell-tale signs were there.

Once three scamps painted a boy's unsullied walls with scarlet lipstick. While in the midst of their bid for artistry, they heard the resonant beat of the occupant's footsteps. The three fled to the closets and crouched in the darkness as the injured one underwent the stages of surprise, indignation, rage and fury. The prowlers held out for fifteen minutes, during which time the inmate got a bucket of hot water and set to work with soap. But a smothered titter escaped from a closet and the discovery was made. Fortunately the immediate anger had worn off and the trio escaped unscathed.

Beds have been dismantled in wholesale quan-

ties. In Graham recently they hung the dismantled parts of a bed from the ceiling. At other times such objects have been taken from the room and set up in the outer pastures. Clothes are scattered to the winds and strips of paper simultaneously strewn about the room. The resulting image is probably life-long in intensity for the awed victim.

Doors have been removed. Here we have personal proof, once having gazed sadly from an exposed three-walled apartment in Aycock. The door was finally returned but not our faith in humanity. This prank is easily accomplished by manipulation of the hinges.

Another of the devilish categories is the water threat, rivalling the floods of Johnstown and Louisville. Gushing waters have swept through the dorms in proportionally tremendous quantities. During that reign of terror, "The Lewis Flood" of two years back, the boys slushed around in water, using waste-paper baskets as ammunition carriers. Filled with water, these baskets were wielded with daring. One barricaded student, considering himself safe in his cloister behind locked doors, was awarded with a deluge by two fanatics who clambered from an adjoining window, three stories up, and risked their lives to accomplish a liquid violation of his sacred room.

Not so far back in the pages of time some late-Saturday-nighters in Everett betook it upon themselves to open all the water faucets—after first stuffing the drains. This was done speedily on the second and third floors, the first floor taking a drenching by the process of seepage. Water flowed freely for hours until lapping waves awoke the sleeping innocents at about four in the morning. The halls were inches deep in water and many of the rooms were inundated. The true sufferers were the janitors who spent all Sunday morning in mopping up the entire sector.

Not mentioned as yet is the playful exploitation of a telephone system operated on the party line plan. Everyone in the quadrangle is cognizant of that system and many a prank is played along this "line." We ourself once accepted the excuse of a fraternity man who was unable to attend a chapter meeting. Happening to raise the receiver at the opportune moment we answered affirmatively to his plea for forgiveness. We pardoned him but asked him to be more conscientious in the future.

We were also present when a fellow phoned Spencer Shack in search of the girl who had been horseback riding the previous Sunday. He told a

tale of a dying horse and an inquest. The girl at the Spencer desk made a detailed telephone search, calling each girl individually, in quest of the maid on the dying horse. Logically enough the girl was not found but the ten minute room-by-room search listened to in Aycock provided moments of robust laughter.

Many the deliberate misrepresentations over the phone. One pretty miss at Spencer was the victim of a gala hoax which can be exposed at this time, a year having passed. The initial endeavour on the part of the plotters was to obtain a date with her giving the name of the boy who sat next to her in one of her classes. She explained that this was impossible because she was then "going steady" with another student. The fake gallant feigned hurt, then anger, and closed with a cluster of biting words, none too proper. The attitude of the girl toward the innocent boy, and of the unknowing boy to the girl, were tragically funny on the following morning. He never could understand the shoulder she maintained perpetually in his direction.

The same girl was again called, the pretense this time being that a young instructor, under whom she was taking a portion of a course, wished to date her. A request very similar to that of the poor boy seated next to her, but she forgot her "steady" a-la-promptly and eagerly consented. (It must now be apparent why we are unable to mention any name.) The date was arranged for the next afternoon, in the corridor of the classroom building. She waited and waited and went away broken-hearted. A second date was made, after an apology, and only upon the non-materialization of this one did the practical (joke) side of it seep into her vanity.

Mention can be made of minor practical pranks—trivialities such as blowing out lights by the insertion of metals in vulnerable parts of the socket. You may tilt a pail of water against a door, knock and disappear, so bringing the ultimate result of a minor deluge in the victim's room when he answers your call. You may also balance a milk bottle on a doorknob: opening the door he is no little startled by the crash of the falling object.

Laundry bags emptied from windows have been among the more vicious of the minor frolickings we have witnessed. Flagrant shifting of laundry slips from one bag to another was also a fad in Aycock last year.

After a minor squabble, one Graham boy, who was in possession of a borrowed book from the

Everett lad with whom he was at odds, sent the first chapter (extracted) of the book to the owner, with a note that upon request the second chapter would be forwarded immediately.

A dangerous and startling stunt plagued Lewis and Aycock last year. Students, deep in study or meditation, were suddenly brought to their feet with a tightening of the heart muscles as a huge flame, five or six feet high, flared up by the door. The entire door seemed ablaze—but the effect had been caused by a pool of benzine and a lighted match. The flame died out but its momentary impression was a searing one.

At the present time a new noise-maker is going the rounds on the first floor of Everett. No sooner is the dormitory tranquil, with the coming of late hours, than a loud explosion shakes the corridor. It is no attempt at suicide, nor is it blasting for the new gymnasium, but merely a milk bottle, hurled the length of the hall and allowed to shatter against the closed doors at the other end. At this writing no culprits had as yet been discovered.

An intensive, well-planned prank was that which was played against an Aycock youth four years ago. He was goaded into sending another boy a postal card, with a certain "infamous" word included. The card was confiscated by the boys in the know. Then came the detailed follow-through. The goat was sent letters (all framed) by the U. S. Postal Service and was visited by government agents of like authenticity. To his utter bewilderment a suit was being prepared against him for indecent use of the mails. For days the farce was carried on and his face grew more ashen. Worry overcame doubt and was followed by fear. He became frantic, and the entire episode exploded when the youth ran to the Chapel Hill post office to confess his crime and beg for the minimum penalty.

Here is a splendid manner of encouraging enmity and stirring up quarrels. The trouble-maker uses eloquence to convince a meek personage of the humor attached to the situation which would exist if he would go out yonder and extract some gasoline from so-and-so's car. It would be delightful fun when so-and-so would run out of gas and so on. When the gullible one sallies forth, the inspired middle-man joke-fiend hurries elsewhere and whispers to the car-owner that such-and-such is stealing his gasoline. Then the war is on.

Two years ago in Aycock several sophomores deemed it worthwhile to tidy up in white sheets from head to toes and intimidate some freshmen.

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Legislative Freaks and Fancies

A Journalist Wanders at Random among New N. C. Laws

WHETHER they like it or not, the 75 to 100 girls who spend part of their summer at Camp "As You Like It," near Little Switzerland in Mitchell county, are not to be exposed to the buoyancy of intoxicating beverages, for the last General Assembly has calmly but determinedly put its heavy foot down on the manufacture or possession of beer, lager beer, ale, porter or other brewed or fermented beverages or wine within two miles of the Church of the Resurrection in Little Switzerland.

After the legislature has drawn such a "no intoxicants" zone around Little Switzerland, those who attend the Mount Pisgah Baptist Church in Union county should consider themselves lucky. They have to go only 300 yards. But, of course, the Baptists believe in close communion and submersion.

In Alexander county the Methodists and the Baptists got together. Now the Methodists don't believe in close communion; the Baptists do. The Methodists sprinkle; the Baptists submerge. In the village of Hiddenite they seem to have compromised, for the legislature drew around them a circle a mile in diameter. That's better than the two-mile desert surrounding Little Switzerland.

Let it not be thought for a moment that the last General Assembly concerned itself only with liquor legislation. The hunter was considered too. Do you like to hunt quail? And are you such a poor shot that you need an automatic shotgun to score a hit? Well, you can thank the legislators for thinking of you while they were wilting away under the stress of enacting laws in the assembly halls in Raleigh. They have made the use of automatic shotguns legal in Alexander, Brunswick and some other county (ask the sheriff if the other one is yours). Of course there had to be some limit to the use of these guns. The legislators are good sports, you know. They suggest (and make it a misdemeanor not to comply) that all automatics be plugged so that the user can fire no more than three shells at one flushing of the birds.

The General Assembly departed from its spree of private law enactment long enough to pass one of the most benevolent statutes in the history of

this state. If you are 65 years old, or expect to be, or if you have, or expect to have, a house full of kids that you can't very well support all by yourself, you should be intensely interested in the new Social Security bill which has set up a state Board of Charities and Public Welfare to administer *old age assistance* and *aid to dependent children*. It works something like this: Any United States citizen who has resided in North Carolina five out of the nine preceding years (and at least one year immediately preceding the application for assistance), who does not have a sufficient income, or other resources, to provide a reasonable subsistence compatible with health and decency, is eligible for old age benefit—which amounts to not more than \$30 a month. The bill further provides that an applicant is not to be an inmate of a public institution at the time of receiving aid and that he can not have transferred property within two years preceding application in order to render himself eligible.

For the kids: dependent children, under 16 years of age, living with their father, mother, grandfather, grandmother, brother, sister, stepfather, stepmother, stepsister, stepbrother, uncle or aunt in a place of residence maintained by one of these as a home, who have been deprived of parental support by parents' death, physical or mental incapacity, or continued absence from the home, who have no adequate means of support and who have lived in the state at least one year immediately preceding application for aid, are eligible for benefits under the Social Security bill. The money, \$18 a month for the first child in a home and \$12 for each additional child, is to go to the head of the home in which the child lives. But the farsighted fathers of the state took precautions against very large families. There is a limit of \$65 to any one home, unless the State Board says more is necessary.

Those who are eligible for old age benefits and those who have charge of children coming under the provisions of the act can make their application to their county Board of Charities and Public Welfare. Any grant made by a county Board of Welfare is subject to review by the State Board of

Allotments and Appeal. The decision of this board is final.

For the support of the old age assistance program, the federal government provides half the funds, the state one fourth and the county one fourth. For assistance to dependent children, the Federal government, the state and the county bear equal parts of the expense.

Come on, all you old timers and dependent children, and get your share of the state's wealth. Go around to see your welfare officer and tell him it's high time you were on the pay roll. The state doesn't want anybody wandering around hungry.

Nor does the state want the blind to grope around in the dark without a penny in their pockets. It has provided up to \$30 a month for every resident of this state who has lived in the state five out of the nine years before submitting an application and at least one year immediately preceding application, whose vision is 20/200 or less in the better eye with correcting glasses, who is unable to provide for subsistence, who has no relative in the state to provide for and be legally responsible for him, and who is not an inmate of a charitable or correctional institution. Those eligible should apply to the county commission and the state commission for the blind.

But maybe you are not 65 years old, don't have any kids running loose around the house, and are not even blind. Then maybe you are a pawnbroker. If you are not, just skip the next paragraph and you might find something to fit your case further down.

But if you are a pawnbroker, junk dealer, or any other person buying or selling used or second hand merchandise or personal property and if you live in Buncombe county, you will have to file a daily report with the sheriff of your county, giving a full description of the property you buy. And you will have to give the name and address of each person from whom each item was purchased or received and give the purchase or pledge price. Now if you buy a piece of scrap iron from a little negro boy, you be sure to put it on the books and get his address, if he has one.

And if you happen to live in Hyde county, be sure you don't purchase any second hand poultry (to resell) from anybody between sundown and sunrise. You will be subject to a fine and imprisonment if you do. Hyde county isn't fooling when it says poultry must stay on the roost at night. And it is just as unlawful to purchase, bar-

ter or exchange for the purpose of resale any poultry at any time in Hyde unless persons engaged in such activity keep a record book showing all purchases, the name of the person from whom the purchase was made, the date the transaction took place, the number of fowls purchased, and a reasonable description of the poultry, including the color and the type. Of course if you are handling some of these half breed chickens you may have a little difficulty describing them, but you'll have to do the best you can. Anyhow, be sure to get something on the books.

To get back to the liquor laws, before they are left too far behind, the legislators have provided for any resident to purchase outside of and bring into the state for his own private use a maximum of one gallon of liquor. The generous gentlemen of the legislature further provided that a person afflicted with living in a dry county may buy liquor from a store in a wet county and bring it into the dry county for his own use. A gallon is the limit, though. And the seal must remain unbroken while in transportation. That shouldn't be so difficult if you remember the severe penalties you are liable to if you drive an automobile while under the influence of intoxicating liquors. Of course, the law doesn't provide the only penalty. There is the remote possibility, not so remote at times, of breaking your own neck.

Cumberland county has gone so far as to make it a misdemeanor, punishable by a fine or imprisonment, to sell or furnish gasoline, oil or services for an automobile to any person under the influence of intoxicating beverages or narcotics. Now Cumberland is really getting somewhere. When such a law becomes a state law, North Carolina will be getting somewhere in the reduction of accidents which result from drinking.

And by the way, it's against the law to display intoxicating beverages or to be intoxicated at athletic contests or other public places. Yelling or no yelling at a football game, leave that bottle home. (Or be sure no officer sees it.)

That ought to be about enough concerning intoxicants. It's high time that something was said about the Burke county amendment which permits *women* as well as men to serve as trustees of the Morganton Graded school. Woman suffrage has taken a forward step! And some mention should be made of Sunday amusement in Cherokee county. The General Assembly has provided for shows between 12:30 and 5 P. M. and after 8:30 P. M.

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New Books

And Student Reactions to Them

To the Bull's Head Bookshop the MAGAZINE is indebted for the loan of the books reviewed in this section, and of several others, reviews of which were forced out through lack of space.

SOMETHING OF MYSELF. The Autobiography of Rudyard Kipling. New York: Doubleday, Doran. \$2.50. 252 pp.

"Looking back from this my seventieth year, it seems to me that every card in my working life has been dealt me in such a manner that I had but to play it as it came." So Kipling begins this posthumously discovered autobiography, which is a description of how he played these cards. It is a narrative of his "working life," and any one who goes to it hoping to find a revelation of those fifteen or more almost completely silent years which ended Kipling's life will be disappointed. He reveals no more than has been put down by his biographers before him, and the book's value as a source for the facts of his life is mainly corroborative. The sensuousness of his style is startlingly undulled by years, and those persons who have read many of the author's works will recall them with renewed pleasure as he shows how each grew out of the experiences of his own life.

Of his life as "A very young person" Kipling tells almost exactly the same experiences that befell the pathetic little hero of his story "Ba Ba Black Sheep." The two accounts are so similar that it makes one wonder if for this part the author had found his memory failing him and had used the biographical rather than the autobiographical method.

No such thoughts arise, however, when he begins telling of his life as a school boy at "Westward Ho." It was in his life at this school that "Stalkey and Co." originated, but one finds little here about house riots and youthful compacts. Rather one finds a deal of much more interesting discussion of his early readings, of his first experiments with verse (the creation of a Dante-inspired *Inferno* written in "the metre of Hiawatha which saved one all bother about rhyme" and into which he put all his friends and most of his professors), and of his relations with a certain Professor C——. It was this professor of classics who taught him to use words and to become so "infected" with poetic rhythms that he could discover in Swinburne, for instance, metres which "exactly set the time for my side-stroke when I bathed in the big rollers of the Ridge."

Three months under seventeen years of age, Kipling left England for India. Seven years later he returned with almost half of the best known work of his life written. For five years after his return he wrote his "classic" works, based on the experiences of those Indian years. The author's description of the peculiar intensity of his life during these "seven years hard" helps in no small way to explain this startlingly rapid maturity.

"I represented fifty percent of the 'editorial staff' of the one daily paper of the Punjab . . . and a daily paper comes out every day even though fifty per cent of the staff has fever. . . ."

Of his English companions he says:

"My world was filled with boys, but a few years older than I, who lived utterly alone, and died from typhoid, mostly at the regulation age of twenty-two."

Then there was always the heat. Kipling had an opportunity to watch people stripped of their "better" selves by it and to get a glimpse of human nature "in the raw." But he did not live,

as so many of his companions did, solely within the bounds of the British quarter.

"Often," he writes, "the night got into my head . . . and I would wander till dawn in all manner of odd places—liquor-shops, gambling and opium-dens . . . wayside entertainments such as puppet-shows, native dances; or in and about the narrow gullies under the Mosque of Wazir Khan, for the sheer sake of looking. . . . One would come home, just as the light broke, in some night-hawk of a hired carriage which stank of hookah-fumes. . . ."

A few infuriating experiences with government manipulation of news and restriction of the press gave Kipling a distaste for officialdom that he never lost. He developed some of the skeptical radicalism that one finds in so many young newspapermen. Combined with his ability to describe vividly and sympathetically the life of the lower classes, this radicalism might have turned him to writing what is now called "proletariat" literature. But his belief in white supremacy and in the white man's mission was so strong that, despite his dislike for the government as a working machine, he spent his literary energies singing the glories of its exploits.

When he returned to England, Kipling found himself a foreigner. He discovered that the average Englishman not only knew practically nothing about the colonies, but had no desire to increase his knowledge. Within the year he had most of the literate public reading about India. Then he realized his life's work was to bring the rest of the empire to England. So he made a grand year's tour of all the colonies, came back to England to marry, and then settled in New England, where, for four years, he wrote his masterpieces in almost complete seclusion.

During this stay, Kipling developed an almost amusingly intense hatred for all America and Americans. This hatred, like his hatred for the Irish ("who's other name is Hate") and the Liberal party, reappears again and again in the book. "Always the marvel," he writes of the difference between Canada and the United States, "was that on one side of an imaginary line should be Safety, Law, Honour, and Obedience, and on the other frank, brutal decivilization. . . ."

It was only at the end of this stay in America that he went forth again for new experiences. This he did note-book in back-pocket fashion. It was a new technique with him, for all his Indian tales had been fashioned from material held only in his memory. The first result of it was "Captains Courageous."

Again Kipling returned to England, and again he found himself a foreigner. The action of the Boer war enticed him and he went as unofficial correspondent for the English middle class. Here he found a whole new source of material for his stories. Here also he found himself again "at home" in a colonial society like the one to which he had been accustomed in India. Here he met Cecil Rhodes, who he idolized.

Much as he loved England, Kipling spent at least half of each of his next several years away from its shores. It was only after he was forty that he was able to create a home for himself there, and settle down. The last part of the book is a description of his life in this house, filled still with visiting colonists and fellow craftsmen. Of the latter there were

many of whom one would welcome intimate descriptions. But one is given vivid impressions only of such people as his gardener and the Negro porter he encountered on the train.

Suddenly, at the opening of the World War, the autobiography leaves off. Was it because Kipling thought his life after this time was too dull to be interesting to his readers? Was it because there were moments of the spirit, after the death of his son in the war, too sacred for viewing even after his death? Or was it because by this time most of his work was done and a "working biography" must end just there?

The final chapter is a chatty bit of shop talk about the business side of writing, and contains some friendly advice to young writers about professional ethics. All interesting. But how much more interesting might the whole work have been if it had contained some account of what was going on inside the head of the aging writer, who showed himself so seldom to the public that his death announcement came to it rather more as a surprise than as a shock. —GEORGE STONEY.

GALLOWS HILL. Frances Winwar. New York: Henry Holt & Co. \$2.50. 292 pp.

In the winter and spring of 1692-1693, the good people of Salem, Massachusetts, indulged in an orgy of hate and hysteria which cost the lives of about twenty of their community, whom they hanged (not burned) on the charge of witchcraft. This madness has long been known as the "Witchcraft Delusion," and Salem's early reputation has suffered ever since as a consequence.

Frances Winwar has reproduced those days in a romantic tale which seems almost unbelievable in these matter-of-fact times. The element of horror, which gives the novel an almost Gothic cast, steadily increases in dramatic intensity; but like the recent picture, "Maid of Salem," the book has the conventional and almost as unbelievable ending.

The characters, with the exception of the hero and heroine, are historical; and the events portrayed have been taken from the records of the town. Miss Winwar has apparently based her book on Charles W. Upham's *History of Witchcraft and Salem Village*, which appeared in 1867 and has been the authorized account ever since. Not only incident, but also some character traits have been taken from Mr. Upham's account.

Bridget Bishop, who had the distinction of being the first of the townspeople's victims, had long been unpopular with her neighbors. She ran a tavern and entertained with liquid refreshment the sailors who came from foreign ports. She also preferred to worship God her own way in the forest and had a liking for gay clothes. Such characteristics were more than enough to make her an object of deep suspicion. Yet she was a kindly soul, who did many errands of mercy among her neighbors, and whose sole object in life was to see that her only child, Mary, was happy. Mary's lover, a town ooy away at sea, appears only slightly in the book, and then at the right time. It is Bridget and Mary who hold one's interest, in so far as the story is concerned, and the chain of events which gradually tightens around them until they are thrown into prison on the charge of witchcraft. The account of their trial and conviction is perhaps the best portion of the book.

But the interest of the book is not so much in the story as in the setting and history on which the plot is based. The author's main purpose is to present a picture of the Salem

witchcraft persecution, and therefore the illogical plot does not matter. Even so, something is lacking to make the setting and the events seem credible. It is perhaps unfortunate that Miss Winwar's book followed so closely upon the heels of Esther Forbes' *Paradise*, which is a far better story. Miss Forbes' people are convincing; those of *Gallows Hill* are not. And therein lies the weakness of the book.

The effect is that of a bad dream—one might even say a bad midsummer night's dream, for the Salem forest is peopled with witches practicing their black arts. The witchcraft delusion may not have been logical, but it was real. Miss Winwar has not caught its reality.

Characters are built up by a series of sketches, and in this process the minor figures fare the best. There is Cotton Mather, that young and saintly man, who later on was to try to start a witchcraft terror in his own parish in Boston. One can quite believe it. The real villain of the town is the Reverend Mr. Parrish, whose interest it was to spread fear and persecution among his parishioners that he might gain material advantage. Granny Shattock, the most logical person to believe a witch, Martin Downer, the simple-minded herdsman who makes his heroic sacrifice to love, and a few others are much more real than the principals.

Gallows Hill gives a good picture of the bigotry and ignorance of the New England Puritans. If the records that have come down to us be true, it is not an exaggerated picture which is presented to us. As an historical novel, then, it is accurate, but as a story it leaves something to be desired. The characters are not analyzed sufficiently to make their actions appear credible, and for this reason the book will be taken by many to be more fantasy than fact.

—MANNING HAWTHORNE.

THEIR WEIGHT IN WILDCATS. Tales of the Frontier, Collected and Illustrated by James Daugherty. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. \$3.00. 188 pp.

Their Weight in Wildcats, an entertaining and, when rightly read, an informing book, is a representative collection of good yarns, centering around the exploits of those hickory-tough pioneers, those ring-tailed roarers, who, bred over a period of a hundred years, followed the receding American frontier to the Pacific coast. Every man of them could lick his weight in wildcats—and sometimes did. In point of time, the tales range from the first crossing of the Alleghanies in the late eighteenth century to the more nearly contemporary logging-camp days of the Pacific Northwest, from the Indian fights of Dan'l Boone to the Gargantuan operations of Paul Bunyan and Babe, the Big Blue Ox, who was forty-two axe handles and a plug of tobacco between the eyes. Like their heroes, the tales follow the frontier as it moves from East to West. There are samples from the b'ar hunts of Davy Crockett in Kaintucky; from the brawls of Mike Fink and the keel-boatmen, those half-horse, half-alligator ruffians of the Mississippi; from the one man vendetta of Lewis Weitzel against the Valley Indians; from the captivity of Simon Kenton among the Plains Indians, an incident in which recalls Byron's *Mazeppa*; from the exploits of Jim Beckworth, Kit Carson, and the Mountain Men, who fled from the "fofurrow" of civilization to their traps in the Rockies; and from the story of John Henry, whose epic contest against the machine introduces a new type of frontier.

The tales, themselves, are in the form of bombastic auto-

biography, tall tale, ballad, humorous anecdote, or extravagant myth. The style is loaded with that wild and undisciplined imagery which, coupled with a naïve laboring of the obvious, is characteristic of the typical idiom of the nineteenth century American humorist. It is Mike Fink speaking, "I'm a regular tornado—tough as a hickory—and long-winded as a Nor'wester. I can strike a blow like a falling tree—and every lick makes a gap in the crowd that lets in an acre of sunshine."

The characters who figure in the yarns, derived sometimes from historic fact and sometimes from folk invention, have, until recently, lived a precarious existence either in the folk-consciousness or in the infrequently met and generally disregarded records of their exploits. But with the passage of time, they have all undergone, regardless of origin, an apotheosis, to become the gods of a new and American mythology. The reader who does not happen to have access to such originals as Porter's *Spirit of the Times*, Thorpe's *Hive of the Bee-Hunter*, or the pseudo-autobiographies of Davy Crockett, and who wishes to make the acquaintance of the new Olympians, can find in *Their Weight in Wildcats* a broad and varied selection, full of the flavor of authentic America. It is not impossible to see behind the gross exteriors of these heroes something of the same spirit—individual, reliant, independent, and imaginative—that, when applied to other fields of activity, produced a Thoreau, a Lincoln, an Edison, or a Ford. In the revelation of that spirit, the real significance of the tales resides.

They were picturesque figures, these heroes, and Mr. Dougherty's numerous illustrations have caught the vivid suggestiveness of that quality. With a bold vigor and an exuberant vitality in line and a disdainful indifference to prettiness, he has pictured the tumultuous and rambunctious life of the frontier. He has successfully accomplished what he set out to do—"to make some image or pattern that might suggest the sprawling fecundity, the shiftless ingenuity, the vast human drama of the old frontier," and thus "to call up the robust images, the wild processions, the swift, fierce action and encounters" of the yarns themselves. The result is that more so than is ordinarily the case, the illustrations and the text are of a piece. Mr. Dougherty suggests that in the vast lore gathered around these new Olympians there is ample material for the American arts, and it is of interest to note that the exploitation of these resources has already begun.

In short, *Their Weight in Wildcats* is a lively, amusing, and entertaining book, both in text and illustrations, with, one hastens to add, a deal of sober value for the student of American life.

—GEORGE F. HORNER.

AWAY FROM IT ALL. An Escapologist's Notebook. Cedric Belfrage. New York: Simon and Schuster. \$3.50. 413 pp.

This is a book dedicated to the propositions that we cannot get away from the unpleasant truths of our world and that those of us who try are "escapologists." An escapologist is a person who "looks the facts of life in the back of the neck or by sheer force of the imagination conjures them out of existence." There is absolutely no point in taking steamer to Tahiti, writing romantic poetry, or giving up everything to whiskey; if the world seems wrong, says Mr. Belfrage, it is likely to be wrong in Spain, Jerusalem, Persia, India, Australia, or Pago Pago, in the pages of Byron, or in an alcoholic daze.

Mr. Belfrage knows because he got tired of his stupid, unsatisfactory life in England under the capitalists, and took the trouble to go to all sorts of impossible corners of the world. He saw the old drama of exploitation wherever he went. Humanity, he says, is treated shabbily from Singapore to Salt Lake City, from New York to New Guinea: the competitive system has despoiled the globe.

The remedy appears to be Marxism; and, sure enough, our author's publishers tell us that when last heard of their man was "heading for Moscow, Tomsk, Omsk, and points east"—presumably to investigate Life under the Collectivists. What he will find out there is a matter between Cedric and Messrs. Simon and Schuster.

Away From It All is an amusing travel book disguised as social treatise. It is true that the author announces himself as an anti-romantic, but it is difficult to take this intense and very British young man seriously. He tells us about India without much mention of the Taj Mahal, the Sacred Elephant, and all the rest of the Burton Holmes sort of thing; we go with him to Baghdad and Basra and hear nothing of mysterious sheiks and harem beauties; there *is* talk about oppressed peoples and the capitalist white man.

But Mr. Belfrage's sympathy for the downtrodden is as superficial as his prose style. His book is interesting not because of its ideas on international economics, but because the author is a smart boy who keeps his eyes open and knows how to tell a story. It is interesting, for instance, to learn that the Egyptians are partial to Miss Mae West, and we Americans are glad to have Mr. Belfrage mention it. That a people with the peculiar architectural tastes of the Egyptians should be impressed by a lady of the Westian proportions is neither surprising nor disgusting; Mr. Belfrage, however, is appalled.

On the subject of the island of Bali our author is almost lyric; this, he says, is the only place he struck where the natives are unspoiled. When he talks about this charming land and forgets his Purpose, Mr. Belfrage is very entertaining indeed.

The world may be all wrong and probably something should be done about it, yet taking the word of this giddy traveler as the last to be said on the matter would be remotely like making Harpo Marx dictator instead of Karl: after a while there would not be any more blondes left, and then where would we be? This "escapologist's notebook" is no convincing social document but will probably serve very well for those weary souls who take it to bed of a cool night when they want to Get Away From It All.

—G. H. FOSTER.

NONE SHALL LOOK BACK. Caroline Gordon. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$2.50. 378 pp.

Another rebel yell joins the illustrious company of *So Red the Rose* and *Gone with the Wind*, between which there are a few, and following which there promise to be many more. This is not to be regretted, especially not if they are as well-written as this one. In its style it is a better book than *Gone with the Wind*, and rivals *So Red the Rose*, though the former moves faster and the latter is a better job artistically. *None Shall Look Back* might be called a cross between the above two.

There are some things Caroline Gordon does extremely well. War is one of them. Apparently the author knows her Tolstoy, just as Stephen Crane knew him. Too, she has the advantage of knowing Crane. The result is an ability to write

battle scenes which are the best since *The Red Badge of Courage*, though Caroline Gordon is not so much concerned with the individual in battle as with the mass of men.

The Allards of Kentucky and Georgia move through the War, Rives Allard, of Georgia, being the principal war character, and his wife, of the Kentucky Allards, being the principal back-home character. The plot consists in following the progress of the War: the characters fare as the War does.

The figure who commands ours and the author's strongest attention is Nathan Bedford Forrest, Lieutenant-General, C.S.A., who before the War had been a mule- and slave-trader, and who when war was declared advertised in the *Memphis Daily Appeal* for "five hundred able-bodied men, mounted and equipped with such arms as they can procure (shot-guns and pistols preferable) suitable to the service." He got the five hundred, all right. And with that group, reinforced and replaced individually, he made a something of a name for himself, and strung up something of a series of victories for the Confederate States of America. If anyone thinks the author has romanticized and overdrawn Forrest, let him look into a biography of that general; let him read about what he did to Colonel Streight, U.S.A., in Georgia; let him read about what he did to one General Ulysses S. Grant, U.S.A., at Holly Springs (both of which battles Caroline Gordon has omitted): then let him reconsider whether Bedford Forrest is overdrawn in *None Shall Look Back*.

With this rich material Caroline Gordon has produced a canvas of war and peace across which move gigantic figures of Civil War heroes, and a portrait of one facet of a nation which was conceived with mortality already hard upon it. The heroes are all dead now. But in such works as this novel, and in the daguerreotypes, bearded and sternlipped, with all the braid and insignia of post and clan, they are like foreigners who never knew our land, or visitors who came and went and left after them only the memory of a passing: a few faint scars on the ignoble grass and ghostly echoes down the long halls houses had then, talking fine horses and fine whiskey with a sort of emotional disregard which the automobile has killed and the saxophone moans over.

Those who say they are fed to the gills with Civil War novels can turn elsewhere. The contents are always made plain on the dustwrapper.

—SHELBY FOOTE.

MARSHAL NEY: A DUAL LIFE. LeGette Blythe. New York: Stackpole Sons. \$3.50. 356 pp.

Mystery-loving folk throughout the world have woven legends around the after life of historic personages supposed to have survived their official deaths. On a cold rainy day in December, 1815, Napoleon's greatest marshal stood before a firing squad and gave the order for his own execution. Shots were fired, and Ney fell to the ground. But was he executed? Not many months later a Peter Stuart Ney appeared in North Carolina. Was this P. S. Ney the Marshal Ney of France?

That the two were one is the thesis of LeGette Blythe's *Marshal Ney: A Dual Life*. The book, woven of well-documented and highly authentic material, presents a story of both human and local interest.

The first part of the volume deals with the metamorphosis of Marshal Ney from the son of a cooper in Lorraine to a leading military genius of Europe and Napoleon's greatest

general. Using the historic present to high advantage, Mr. Blythe presents, in the flowing, popular journalistic style which he has acquired through years of newspaper and free lance work, the almost miraculous deeds of Ney: the historic retreat from Moscow, the battles of Mannheim, of Friedland, where Napoleon called him "the bravest of the brave," and of Borodino. After the fall of the Empire, Ney in deep despair declared his fidelity to the Bourbons, but at the return of Napoleon, he deserted with his troops and joined the triumphal march. After Waterloo, he was seized for this desertion, tried by a fixed court-martial, and sentenced to death.

The execution held in Luxembourg Gardens was practically private and at an early hour, and the firing squad was made up of veterans who had served under Ney. After declaring his innocence, Ney gave the order to fire and struck his lace-covered shirt, under which there was supposedly a bag of red fluid; there was no *coup de grace*; the body was quickly removed after three minutes, although it was supposed to remain on the place of execution for a quarter of an hour, according to military regulations; and the burial the following morning after a night of mysterious activity was very secret and hasty.

He was not shot on December 7, 1815, according to Mr. Blythe, but with the help of the Duke of Wellington, a fellow Mason, escaped during the night after the faked execution and fled to Bourdeaux, where he caught a boat for Charleston, S. C. Landing in Charleston in January, 1816, Marshal Ney changed his name to Peter Stuart Ney; but even under this pretense was recognized by several French refugees. After three years he reappeared in Cheraw, South Carolina, and started a teaching career that took him into the Piedmont and backwoods of North Carolina and Virginia. He never stayed at any one place long, always seeking to avoid foreigners, since several times they had identified him as Marshal Ney. He seemed afraid of being found, and yet he carried on an extensive foreign correspondence. He hoped to live unnoticed until the expected overthrow of the Bourbons would make possible his return to France and reunion with his family, but always there hung over him the fear that the Bourbons might seek to have him killed. Wherever he taught he was the center of mystery and speculation, and now the name P. S. Ney is one of the mysteries of Carolina folklore. After his wandering teaching Peter Stuart Ney died in Rowan county, North Carolina, and was buried at the Third Creek Presbyterian Church.

Mr. Blythe has collected evidence which is most convincing from an extensive study of newspaper articles and books of the period and personal testimonies of descendants of those who knew Ney; and he has spent several years in an intensive research through the Ney country in North and South Carolina. The physical descriptions, age, birth place, habits and traits of the two men are identical; both were expert fencers and horsemen; when P. S. Ney was drinking, he often declared that he was Marshal Ney; P. S. Ney when he heard of Napoleon's death tried to commit suicide and declared that all was lost; notes and comments by P. S. Ney found in the margins of books on Napoleon and the empire could have been made only by a person familiar with and close to the movements and campaigns of Napoleon and an expert in the art of war; the handwritings of the two men are identical; and P. S. Ney made a deathbed statement that he was Marshal Ney. There will be little doubt in any reader's mind that

Marshal Ney did escape to America and lived in this country until November 15, 1846.

Author Blythe, a graduate of the University of North Carolina in the class of '20, was actively connected with campus publications, serving as associate editor of the *MAGAZINE*. He worked also with the *Carolina Playmakers*, then a recent addition to the campus. For several years he has been literary editor of the *Charlotte Observer*. —A. C. HALL.

GREY OF FALLODON. G. M. Trevelyan. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. \$3.75. 447 pp.

Brought up in the rare peculiar beauty of an unspoiled English countryside, Sir Edward Grey, Viscount Falldon, was, though personally reluctant, eminently fitted for the direction of England's Foreign Office. He was, as Trevelyan takes some pains to point out, the English country gentleman in his usual role of statesman. Sentiment mixed with an able historical talent combine in Trevelyan to reveal Grey as an honest, kindly, but strong-willed naturalist who loved first his fields and birds and then his work. Amid the steady bungling of the hoard of statesmen in all countries who, before the war, did their best to reduce civilization to ruin, Grey stood apart and, with his cool and cautious intellect, showed himself, according to the sometimes unconsciously amusing Trevelyan, worthy to represent the nation that always "muddles through."

Grey's policy before the war, we find, was essentially this: to keep the peace of Europe and particularly the peace of England, but to make sure, without any definite commitment and with practically no responsibility on England's part, that England would not find herself alone on the battlefield if the worst came.

Some space is expended throughout the book in an attempt to vindicate Grey from the widespread criticism that he himself produced much of the muddle and uncertainty in Europe by this very non-committal character of his policy. It appears to be a fact not widely known or at least properly appreciated that England's *entente cordiale* with France was in no sense an alliance. It bound neither party to anything definite. Indeed the only real treaty or definite agreement England had on the continent was the guarantee, very different from an *entente*, regarding Belgium's neutrality—a guarantee signed in 1839 by Germany, France and most of the other powers of Europe.

But there was a definite reason for Grey's policy. Uncolored by present-day knowledge, the developments of the years before the war appeared to those acting in them weighted with no more danger than the Ethiopian and Spanish crises today. The only difference between the years before the war and the years we are now passing through is that our friends before the war were slightly more naïve. They believed that nothing in the nature of the major war could take place between such civilized nations as they were. So today nothing but an actual war will convince the younger generation of the folly of believing, as they do, that "something will turn up," to preserve peace, in every case. But, without going deeper into the involved field of international politics, Trevelyan makes it clear that Grey could not trust the French, in fact could trust them almost less than the Germans, when it came to actual alliance. Grey knew that war was inevitable. As he saw it, it was his duty to keep peace as long as possible,

and this meant, to a certain extent, catering to both sides.

It has been pretty definitely established that of all the nations on whom the meaningless stigma of war-guilt might be placed Russia and Austria were perhaps the most deserving. And France was definitely allied to Russia. If Grey understood the situation thoroughly, as he apparently did, he must have seen that England could get herself into endless trouble through that Russian alliance. It was known of course that the French were set on having Alsace-Lorraine back. On the other hand there were Germany's growing navy, the insolence of the Kaiser's sabre-rattling propensities, and most important, the growing competition of Germany's trade. It is clear then that the situation had more difficulties than appear on or even near the surface.

The important point Trevelyan makes in his book, whatever the justice of his conclusions regarding the soundness of Grey's policy, is the necessity of viewing the facts in the light in which they were viewed at the time. We must interest ourselves not in the facts as we see them, weighing their importance by standards superimposed upon them by collateral knowledge the participators did not have; but in the facts as they were seen and understood at the time by those participators. It is so often the case that modern histories of the world war and other historical events build up little theories and versions of what and why certain things happened which are fundamentally distortions of the truth, because this or that group of facts has had emphasis placed on it which it never had, in the minds of the participators, at the time. This of course can be carried to absurd extremities entirely negating the invaluable idea of historical perspective.

"Grey was in no sense a Hitler or a Mussolini," says Trevelyan. "He could not dictate a foreign policy to an unwilling parliament and still less to an unwilling people." This comment is of vital importance. Students and historians of the world war too often are forgetful, in comparing England's foreign policy with Germany's, of the fact that England was then, as much as she is now, a democracy. I have mentioned before that England was naïve enough to believe that there could be no world war. It was impossible in these circumstances for Grey to convince parliament—and he never even tried—that alliances and strong guarantees were necessary. The total unexpectedness of the war is illustrated by Lloyd George's proposal, a few months before its actual outbreak, that "in view of the predominantly peaceful nature of European politics" England should reduce her armaments.

No more proof of the above is needed than what actually happened at the outbreak of the war. It took the violation of Belgium's neutrality—the respect for which was a principle near to the heart of every Englishman—at least three days after war had broken out on the continent, to change the attitude of the English people enough for Grey to propose a declaration of war. Without that blunder on Germany's part, it might have been weeks or even months before public opinion could have been keyed up to the proper pitch. Then it would have been too late.

Beyond the actual problems that confronted Grey and finally so undermined his health that he had to resign, broken and with ruined eyesight, to private life, we get a realistic and sympathetic picture of the public school boy, the Oxford graduate, and, in short, the English nobleman—the class which through custom and often through ability exercise their ancient privileges in their own special little preserve, the Foreign Office.

—JOHN CREEDY.

WATCH YOUR HEAD!

(Continued from page twenty-two)

At first they were halted by a determined mob-rush of the greenhorns, and a battle royal on the ground floor resulted in a pair of broken glasses and a black eye or two. But later the sheets obtained the upper hand and did ill by the frosh, plastering them with any available dressing table article—such as hair tonic and toothpaste—on all and unrestricted parts of the body.

Snipe hunting is a dying enticement in the dormitories, but an occasional northern student will fall for the idea when it is broached by a southern boy. It sounds exciting and is something new; he is seeing the South. The time is midnight and the party venture forth with their chosen martyr. He is selected to hold the large canvas bag and the others scatter into the dark woods to scare up the snipe. The innocent is instructed to pounce upon the birds, as they appear, with his bag. He is literally left holding the bag. After ten minutes of tremors, brought on by the midnight silence and the strange woods, he is stricken with fear and runs hither and yon, quaking, calling for his "friends." Crestfallen and badly frightened, he crawls into the dormitory at about two or three in the morning.

Short-sheeting has found more vogue in youngster's camps than in the college dormitory. It is the process of arranging someone's bedsheets in such a fashion as to have him encounter considerable difficulty when entering bed. One sheet only is used and it is doubled in half so as to appear as two. It is just half as long. As the sleeper slides freely in and stretches his long legs, he runs into a dead end. He is either checked or not checked—the greater part of the time not, his feet ripping right on through.

After all this discourse on this and that we have but one question to hurl your way. Should you or should you not trust your fellow-man?

LEGISLATIVE FREAKS AND FANCIES

(Continued from page twenty-four)

Don't you know those Cherokees are going to enjoy this? But it's too bad about the Sunday baseball. It's against the law for them to play ball between 1 P. M. and 6 P. M. And the legislature didn't appropriate funds to provide lights for night games.

Now over in Hertford county they really have

something to talk about. The legislature passed the Hertford County Peace Officers Relief Act, which creates the Hertford County Peace Officers Protective Association. The association will protect all full-time peace officers of the county, highway patrolmen, and even special officers or citizens injured or killed while aiding, or acting as, peace officers, and will pay benefits to the following: officers injured or rendered sick by disease in the discharge of duty, widows and children (if no widows or children, dependent mothers) of officers dying of injuries or disease contracted in the discharge of duties, officers grown old in line of duty, special officers or citizens injured while acting as peace officers. The membership fee in the association is not to exceed \$5, and the annual fees are not to be over \$12. To aid the association in building up a fund, \$1 is to be added to the court costs in all criminal cases where the defendant is convicted and required to pay costs, and then subtracted and turned over to the association.

At last the oldest town in North Carolina has been recognized by our legislators. The Thomas Bray Memorial Library and Museum Commission has been created and authorized to establish and maintain a public library and historical museum at the picturesque little village of Bath. The town, once the headquarters of Blackbeard, has for years drawn visitors from all parts of the state. The ancient church there already has an interesting collection of historic value. The commission should have no difficulty in building up a museum that in interest and value will rival any in this part of the country.

Until now nothing has been said of public health legislation. Well, there was some of that too.

Under a recently passed law, all domestic servants seeking employment are required to furnish the employer with a physician's certificate, or a certificate from the public health officer of the county in which they reside, certifying their freedom from contagious and communicable diseases. Every housekeeper who is about to hire a servant to cook her food or to fondle her baby certainly should insist on compliance with the law.

While speaking of public health legislation, it might be well to mention sterilization. Under certain conditions it is lawful in this state. Recent legislation provides that County Superintendents of Public Welfare may act as prosecutors or petitioners in instituting sterilization proceedings in the case of any feeble-minded, epileptic or mentally



TOL' JUDGE ROBBINS

THE JUDGE TAKES A TRIP - HE IS WITH CHUBBINS SEEING THE SIGHTS OF NEW YORK

OH, DADDY - WHERE SHALL WE START OUR SIGHT-SEEING?

WELL, 'SPOSE WE FOLLOW THE METHODS YOUR GRANDFATHER WOULD HAVE USED

1

EXCUSE ME, SIR - BUT I'M CURIOUS TO KNOW HOW YOU CAN SMOKE A PIPE IN THIS GALE

SURELY YOU KNOW THAT YOU CAN SMOKE PRINCE ALBERT ANYWHERE. IT STAYS PUT

3

YOU SEEM TO HAVE REACHED A NEW HEIGHT OF ENTHUSIASM FOR PRINCE ALBERT, DADDY

WELL, I SURE APPRECIATE BEING ABLE TO SMOKE AND ENJOY THIS VIEW AT THE SAME TIME

4

HOW DO YOU MEAN - LIKE GRANDFATHER?

HE WAS A FRONTIERSMAN WHEN HE WAS IN STRANGE TERRITORY, HE WOULD CLIMB THE HIGHEST TREE AND RECONNOITER. SO WELL GO UP IN THE TALLEST BUILDING THE EMPIRE STATE, AND LOOK AROUND

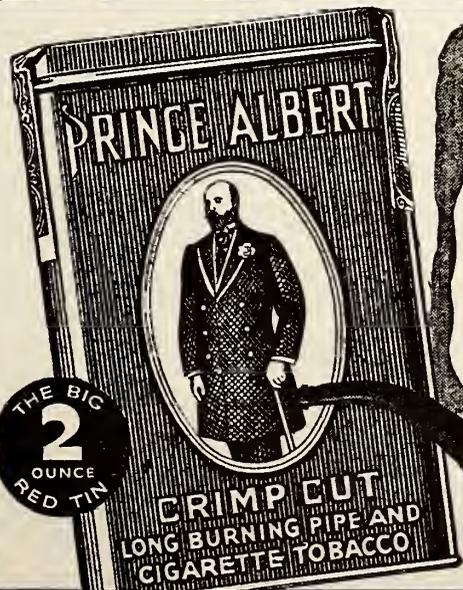
2

I'LL BET GRANDFATHER NEVER-IMAGINED A BUILDING LIKE THAT

NO - NOR A PIPE TOBACCO AS CHOICE AND MILD AS THIS MODERN SMOKE - P.A.

5

"THAT PRINCE ALBERT 'CRIMP CUT' CERTAINLY PACKS AND DRAWS TO PERFECTION"



TRY P.A. ON THIS MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE!

SMOKE 20 FRAGRANT PIPEFULS OF PRINCE ALBERT. IF YOU DON'T FIND IT THE MELLOWEST, TASTIEST PIPE TOBACCO YOU EVER SMOKED, RETURN THE POCKET TIN WITH THE REST OF THE TOBACCO IN IT TO US AT ANY TIME WITHIN A MONTH FROM THIS DATE, AND WE WILL REFUND FULL PURCHASE PRICE, PLUS POSTAGE.

(Signed) R. J. Reynolds Tob. Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.

ALSO TRY ROLLING YOUR OWN WITH P. A.

PRINCE ALBERT

THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE

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diseased person who is on parole from a state institution or an inmate of an institution.

Something that may concern you more is an appropriation of \$250,000 to advertise North Carolina. The Department of Conservation and Development, with the approval of the Governor, will map out and carry into effect a systematic plan for nation-wide advertising. Look out, nation! The Old North State is shedding her moss. Get ready to hear about perpetual sunshine, cloudless skies, babbling brooks, cool meadows, whispering pines and a mellow moon.

Filler p. 32, 20 ems, 12 Roman

It must be through the operation of an ignoble sort of poetic justice that, after we had thrown out a page of verse to avoid being overset, we found ourselves underset by the two or three inches we are now filling, a pesky little space too short for a poem or an article but long enough to glare out very, very white without any type and to look very, very silly with the words we are using to darken it.—THE EDITORS.

University Dining Hall Cafeteria



Wishes to thank the students and friends of the University for their patronage during the past year.

*Serving The Best Food at
Moderate Prices*

LOCATED AT WEST GATE OF CAMPUS

News for Textile Bulletin

Seven student administrative officers late yesterday afternoon discussed University dance regulations particularly the matter of girls being in their room two hours after each dance with President Graham, Dean Bradshaw, Dr. Bernard, and Mrs. Stacy.

—DAILY TAR HEEL, May 5.

We suppose the presence of Mrs. Stacy makes the story printable, but we wonder what the Hon. Davey Clark wouldn't give to be on the investigating committee.

Graduation Gifts

From our carefully selected stocks you will find quality and distinctive gifts.

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School Supplies—

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The Book Exchange

"The Campus Center"



*After a man's
heart...*



*...when smokers find out the good things
Chesterfields give them*

*Nothing else
will do*

