

## CRY, THE BELOVED COUNTRY

Reviewed by Miss Fields

I do not know when, if ever, I have been as greatly impressed by a contemporary novel as I have by *CRY, THE BELOVED COUNTRY*, a story of South Africa. Although there has been very little written about that area of our world, the author, Allan Paton, a social scientist, has had ample opportunity to study the many problems which confront South Africa today. In this book he has brought to our attention the racial situation which exists in South Africa as well in the United States. In South Africa, the problem is irritated by the great majority of blacks and by the existence of the Indians and the "coloreds" — a million people of mixed blood.

*CRY, THE BELOVED COUNTRY* tells simply the story of a native African minister of the Christian faith, Stephen Kumalo, who lives in the valley of the Umzimkulu. The African tribes have been broken up and their moral laws destroyed by the industrialization of South Africa. Most of the young men and women in the valley have gone to Johannesburg to work. Kumalo, Johannesburg to work. Kumalo, himself, goes to Johannesburg to help his sister and to try to gain information about his brother and his son, all of whom have gone to Johannesburg and have not returned. He finds that his sister has become a prostitute, his brother, a rabble-rouse, and his son, a murderer; the murderer, in fact, of a white man who was an ardent advocate of the black people. His heart is heavy and his soul is sad and in the very depth of his sorrow he says, "It seems that God has turned from me." But then he accepts the things that have come to him and returns to his people to try to improve conditions in his valley so that his people will wish to remain there. He is aided in his work — that of building a new church and of showing the natives ways to make use of better farming methods — by the great white land owner in his district who is the father of the man Kumalo's son murdered.

The book is written in the style of the Zulu idiom and rendered in lyrical English. The beauty of the language is indeed hard to

## In The Clubs

On February 28, the Lydian Club held its monthly meeting in Gaither. Miss McNeil, Dr. King's secretary, was guest speaker. She told some of her experiences as secretary of the History Department of Scribners' of New York. She also gave pointers on "Applying for a Job" and "Training for a Job."

The Music Club has held two meetings in Gaither, the first on February 14, the second on March 6. A letter was read before the club from the Federation of Music Montreat. After both meetings there were programs presented by piano and voice students.

On February 26, the Hiking Club had a combination picnic-weiner roast on Paradise Island. The picnic was for the first semester members. About fifteen members were present for this gala occasion. This should be an incentive for more people to keep their membership in the Hiking Club for the second semester.

On March 5, 1949, the Junior Class had an informal gathering at the Alice McBride Lodge at Camp Montreat. Early arrivals joined in the Virginia Reel and other folk games. Later the entire group enjoyed a picnic and weiner roast.

On March 12, at 5 o'clock Mrs. Maund's business students gathered in the Rec Hall for fun and supper, with Misses Hoyt and DuBose as special guests. Several weeks ago the Shorthand classes divided into teams and were graded by the work done both in and out of class. The losing teams gave the picnic to the winning teams. Before and after the supper there were music and skating.

describe.

Allan Paton gave to his novel, a sub-title, "A Story Of Comfort In Desolation." There is probably none other that would have suited it better, for the book, though the problem presented is not solved, gives you hope. Though the stark reality of sin and uncertainty is ever present, it gives you faith. And though the sadness leaves an ache in your heart, it gives you comfort.

I do not see how anyone could read this book without being deeply affected. Truly, *CRY, THE BELOVED COUNTRY* is one of the best novels that has been written in the past few years.

## A Wonderful Game

By A Guest Reporter

The author of the following poem was born in a small, sequestered borough in the upland country of South Carolina. The exact date of her birth is not known, but the popular tradition is that when she first saw the light of day, Daniel Boone had just passed through the Cumberland Gap. Little did her Victorian father and mother dream their offspring would startle the world even more.

She was precocious child, having memorized the Constitution before entering grade school, and having been a chief exponent in the revolutionary idea of Woman Suffrage before completing her high school education. She has always been an inveterate talker and is actually known to have discoursed for hours when no one even listened! She has an insatiable thirst for knowledge and is eager to share her gleanings at the slightest provocation.

Her literary career is as varied and astounding as her life. She is a master of the limerick, but she is just as famous for her pedantic criticisms of Plato's *REPUBLIC*. This particular manuscript was dug out of some dusty volumes in an empty, unused classroom in Gaither. It is written in the popular expressions of current basketball slang, but throughout the verse, touches of her cultural background can be detected. Evidently having heard that Lincoln won world-wide acclaim and everlasting recognition by a short, seemingly insignificant article scribbled on a scrap of paper, the author scrawled this masterpiece on a brown wrapper and pinned to it, with an immense safety pin, a note to ye editors — in French!

A RARE AUTHOR INDEED!

Have you heard of the wonderful Basket-Ball Classic  
Lost by the Faculty with groans thoracic?  
'Twas played March 5, and won by the Board!  
'Twas whispered that only by foul means they scored!  
The faculty's technic was lofty and noble --  
When they once got the ball, they held it immobile.  
And when the Board got it, that Faculty tackled,  
Three on one — the bleachers all cackled.  
Dean Hoyt, dressed to kill, said, "Fie! Hoyty-toity!  
I'll win this game alone! I think it my doity!"  
But Smitty said, "No, my fate's in the balance;  
To play this game right is the chief of my talents."  
Cap Boardie, desperate, put in center a cheerleader;  
The bleachers yelled murder as soon as they seed her.  
A dignified doctor said, "Gals, treat 'em White!  
I'm not going to play unless you do right!"  
Steading in dribbling, and also Tallulah  
Almost, if not quite, did a neat hula-hula.  
And, from Winkie and Miller, ubiquitous Barret  
Grabbed the ball, determined to star it.  
McGregors both were disqualified,  
And firmly refused to be mollified;  
On the sidelines they sat, with the Birdie and Dorsey,  
And stuck out their tongues and acted quite saucy.  
In hordes the Board just swarmed on the court;  
They did not even attempt to report!  
By fair means or foul they determined to win;  
The way they fouled on the faculty was really a sin!  
They piled up a score 25 to 13  
The rottenest luck the Faculty's seen!

F. K.