

Freshman's Diary

Friday, November 13: Some day, Friday the thirteenth. Seems to be the favorite day for tests. Had one on French verbs, and was it a stinger? I murdered "vouloir" up so bad, I'll never be able to look it in the face again.

Saturday, November 14: Sweet Saturday, the day when everybody goes home but me! Nobody wants to see me bad enough to come for me. Think I'll have to charter an airplane, and surprise all the folks at home. But, if they charged a dollar a pound, I'm afraid I couldn't afford the trip just now.

Sunday, November 15: Took the second of my vast number of church cuts, to study Bible. I really studied! Such a pretty day, I'd really rather have stayed outside—I didn't.

Monday, November 16: Been walking around in a fog all day. But, thrilled to death, when my last test came to an end. Talk about good feelings. I just naturally felt good all over!

Tuesday, November 17: Went uptown this afternoon and got a ride in both ways. Lucky! I'm just fourteen cents to the good. Weighed in front of a store, but I don't believe it was a very good store. Anyway, the scales weren't reliable. Those things weighed me seven more pounds than I know I weigh. Something fishy somewhere.

Wednesday, November 17: Slept through breakfast this morning. Felt like Mrs. Rockefeller. Didn't feel so good though, when I found out what I made on that test I had the other day. Oh, it just wouldn't do to tell.

Thursday, November 18: The day started off right well, cause I heard from somebody I just had to hear from. Y'know how it is. But lemme tell you something. I turned over my plate in my lap at table this morning. I don't know how it happened. All I know is that it just did. Did I feel foolish. It's the "freshman-est" feeling I've had since Rat Week.

Friday, November 19: I'm getting along fine in diving. I can go off head first with the instructor pushing me, now. Everybody ought to take diving. It's the easiest thing. Take it from the woman who knows.

Gamma Sigma Meets

On Thursday evening, November 12, Gamma Sigma Literary Society held its first regular meeting of the year. Those girls who had not been pledged before the Literary Society reception received the pledge at this time. A brief Armistice program followed the pledging. This program consisted of a vocal solo: "Keep the Home Fires Burning," by Frances Hoover, and a poem, "The White Ships and the Red," by Joyce Kelmer, read by Mary Bowen. Helen Fishburn, our competent music chairman of last year was elected to fill that office again.

TEACHER'S CORNER

IDEALISM PREFERRED

If one prefers realism in her fiction, she'll like many of the new, fall books. It's there in such degree that those who admire that style of writing are voluble as to how well done Hatter's Castel (A. J. Cronin) is. I find myself thinking that Hawthorne could have drawn for us equally well without realism—by means of the contrast in what he imagined himself to be and what he actually was—this cruel, domineering, egoistic hatter. The world revolved for this Scotchman about his pompous self. A tyrant in his home, his ill-nourished, worn-out wife and their two daughters move here and there according to the whims of their oppressor. One of the daughters came to shame through pure ignorance and the other committed suicide after she had studied herself into nervous insanity in order to reflect credit on the name of this despicable father. He's all of Spenser's Seven Deadly Sins rolled into one—a beast-man.

Of course, in the end his downfall is complete and, the ill-used wife having died of cancer (he was only afraid he'd be contaminated!), he is left alone with his old mother who kept all the soft toast for herself. Mary, the daughter whom he had driven from home in her dreadful plight, has a warm heart and we find ourselves glad that she is beloved of her physician.

The whole thing is unpleasant, especially in detail work. The author, who was formerly a physician in West London, wrote this, his first book, at a furious speed, and now that it has met with favor from a great portion of the reading public, he has given up the profession of medicine.

George Davis' "The Opening of a Door," it occurs to me on the spur of the moment, is based on the same pattern of dominance, only the main character is a woman. An old bed-ridden woman, who does not comprehend the funeral of her husband, nor any of the subsequent happenings in a household where the Times' reviewer would have us believe she formerly ruled, without consideration of, or suggestion from, anyone. Yet it is only at the close of the book, when she arises from her bed and opens the door for a messenger boy that we see her determination in action. The various scenes and situations which make up the body of the story occur in the lives of her children whom she has deprived of the privilege of self-development.

Mr. Davis, a quite young man, has a facile pen. His gift of words in unusual combination is

astonishing, particularly in the opening chapter. Happily one misses the frequent, sordid mention of the greasy spoon and the dirty apron that makes Hatter's Castle so typically realistic. (The Librarian doesn't demand anti-septic reading. . . . Art and Beauty win the heart. Perhaps it's an antipathy for soiled smocks). At all events the author gives us good reason for hoping that he will produce better and more-worthwhile novels in the future. Being a careful writer, there's a quality of finish about his creative work, even though, as a whole, it does not fulfill the promise held out by that most enthusiastic reviewer late in August.

Maud Diver's "Ships of Youth," the third in a trilogy giving the life-story of Eve and her husband, Lance Desmond, is merely a pot-boiler, though it gives us insight into the recent machinations of the Russian Bolshevik propaganda directed against British rule in India. The book leaves one emotionally exhausted and rather weary, for all her admiration of the young hero, Lance. "Wild Bird" was a stronger book and "The Lonely Furrow," the first of the group, rises to the height of accenting "That enduring power within us, not ourselves, which makes for righteousness."

If it's mystery with an unsolved murder at its base that one likes, "The Cape Cod Mystery" should please any such. It has good suspense and keeps one guessing who dared the deed, but there's nothing particularly new about the book. It might have been written, with conversational changes, in 1900.

The novel that we are enthusiastic about is Marie Conway Oemler's "Flower of Thorn." Yes, it's a love-story with the delightful atmosphere of lower South Carolina as a background, but the restraint and gentlemanly qualities of the hero, Sam, are enough to win the heart of his Sally—and all the Sallys in the world, for that matter. The old negro Moses is a charming character, who brings us to the conclusion that his devotion to his old Massa, as was that of all his kind, was a compensation that counterbalanced any deprivation of so-called freedom. The book is pleasing and refreshing, and one that is well worth the price from the viewpoint of a gift, or as a personal possession.

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Home Ecs. Entertain A. B. Students

Last Friday the thirteenth wasn't such an unlucky day for the A. B. Students who are in the Home Planning Class; for they were royally entertained by the Junior Home Economic Students.

The scene of action was out at Jane Renfrow's, that ideal place for peppy picnics. The class was very glad to have the Renfrows with them; and, although Jane had been sick, she managed to help with the menu. Who wouldn't? It consisted of Oyster Stew, cheese straws, potato chips, pickles, coffee, and cakes. Now, who wants to join the Home Planning Class?

recent magazines, we scarcely know what to say other than that most of it is daring, nay shocking, in that all that runs through the conscious mind of the characters comes out forthwith in conversation without any reserve. Lois Montrose's "Wind Before Dawn" (McCall's) was unusual. The story of conflict between the preferences and ideals of a college professor and his wife. The solution was disappointing because the prompting of the man's inclination, without regard to duty, was the decisive factor: he marries the young daughter of another professor. Poetic justice? Well, maybe. Averill left him and when she, tired of independence, would return, he goes to Mary.

"Out of Bounds" (Ladies' Home Journal) is a golf story which appeals, on the one hand, to devotees of the green, and, on the other, to those who like a murder-mystery. The girl in the narrative is a likable modern, with both nerve and brains. Strange to say, the author was, until recently, a woman-hater and most loud in voicing his disapproval (selfishness, of course) of allowing women on the fairways.

Sometimes he's good; sometimes he's bad; but this time (December Journal) Dagvar has written a pleasing story about the coming of Santa ("Tonggak Santa") to Esquimo Land. The illustrations are ghastly, but during this winter when we are so desperately serious by reason of our economic needs and the more imperative needs of power, it is good to think about Santa as The Spirit of Laughter. Dogvar is a Russian of royal birth who was on a Czarist commission to the United States at the time of the Russian Revolution. Naturally, his holding became worthless and he almost starved before he turned to writing and gained a foothold as a popular short-story writer. Often he drags a story out to interminable length, but even so, that is preferable to the greasy spoon and the dirty apron.

In style he suggests a man far superior in technique and creative ability, H. M. K. Smith. The rhythm of both these men is almost identical. How far Dagvar's is conscious imitation is a puzzling question.

—Rena Harrell.