## EXCHANGE

Queen City of the South, Dearest Sal: Thursday Nite, Oh, there is so much to be said! Honestly, I hardly know where to begin. Did you see Duke's extra issure of the Chronicle? It was a sport issue, all yellow with the most cute looking men's pictures. All roads lead to Duke Saturday, November 21, for the Duke-Carolina game. There were eighteen native North Carolina men in the game, nine for Duke and a like number for Carolina. Speaking of roads reminds me:

It's easy enough to be pleasant When your automobile is in trim, But the man worth while Is the man who can smile

When he has to ride back on a (Old Gold and Black). rim.

It had been announced; they met; they argued; they killed time, and at last the organization of the first Co-ed Club was announced.

Sal, did I tell you about my little brother, Tommy, who had heard considerable about the unemployment, coming home from painting is almost identically the kindergarten Friday evening, and announcing: "I don't have to go announcing: "I don't have to go in Lorraine's "The Embarkation back to school tomorrow, I'm laid of St. Ursula." The broken bits off until Monday.

Sylvia Lent, who has been acclaimed one of the masters of Tarse." The arches in our picture violin, will entertain at Winthrop College, December 1. She is a young violinist having an established reputation.

And, Hampden-Sidney's magazine won the 1931 Silver Loving Cup offered by the Virginia Intercollegiate Press Association. Bien a vous, ALICE.

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## TEACH CORNER

## Notes on the Fuerillo Painting

After some two years of research on the problem of authenticating the painting presented to the College by the class of 1929, reputed to be a copy of a Paninni, the following definitely established data has been collected:

The composition is the work of one Arthuro Fuerillo, staff artist to the house known as the Harris Interior Arta, 216-218 East 49th Street, New York City and is after the manner of the celebrated Claude Lorraine (Claude Gelee of Lorraine, sometimes referred to as Claude, often as Lorraine), whose work hangs both in the National Gallery of London and in the Louvre in Paris.

The painting, designated by the Harris establishment as pattern No. 398, shows, in addition to similarity of foilage, watersurface, and cloud treatment, definite use of bits of Lorraine's detail. The woman dressed in pink in the foreground of our same form as a prominent figure of frieze on the ground suggest "Le debarquement de Cleopatre a are reappearances of arches in a building in the Lorraine painting entitled "Un Port de mer au Soliel couchant." That is the most that can be said for Fuerillo's clever piece of adaptation which the dealer declares was meant merely for decoration and which cannot be regarded as a work of great

merit. There is a noticeable boldness of outline in our painting, a paucity of detail in comparison with prints of Lorraine's originals, though it is thoroughly suggestive of the Lorraine school. Lorraine and his imitators are interesting chiefly for their effective use of diffused light and of color in landscape. The figures are of secondary consideration. Due credit and thanks should

be given Miss Aurelia Adams of Lake Junaluska, N. C., and of Tampa, Fla., for her untiring efforts in trying to authenticate the painting. When she was in London this past August and later when she returned to Paris to teach English to French orphans in an old chateau, she collected whole sets of Lorraine prints and sent them to the College Librarian. It was by this means that there were established points of similarity between certain features of various Lorraine originals and the Fuerillo composition. It was the Louvre which first suggested the resemblance of the style of our painting to that of the Lorraine pictures when its experts had examined a snap-shot of our picture-a triumph of indoor photography — made by Earl Canton, Jr. The Louvre was used as a source of information because the possibility that our picture was a copy of Paninni's "Ancient Ruins" hanging in that gallery seemed a good lead. However, Paninni never painted the sea, the authorities there commented most illuminatingly in courteous French phrases.

And thus ends one intellectual journey.

(Note: This painting hangs in trance.)

Saturday, November 28: Wotta day! This rains frightfully cheerful (irony, sarcasm, or what have you), 'specially after that glorious Thanksgiving day. Finally got round to unpacking my suitcase and hanging up my clothes this morning. Should be congratulated

**Freshman's Diary** 

on doing it so early. Sunday, November 29: Went to church after all, after having firmly resolved to take a church cut. Wore my slicker and nearly froze up. Too bad I didn't. Might have been saved the trouble of writing that English theme.

Monday, November 30: Only eighteen days until Christmas holidays! Doesn't that sound perfectly scrumptious? And, oh, yes! I must write my letter to Santa Clause right away.

Tuesday, December 1: Had a little quiz on punctuation today. Just know Mrs. Townsend will be glad to learn from my paper some amazing new discoveries on the subject.

Wednesday, December 2: Spent all afternoon writing an old theme in English. Or rather I thought up my subject from two-thirty to five-thirty, and then wrote the paper from then till six. That's concentration for you.

Thursday, December 3: The Freshman Math Club, an organization for the mutual benefit of all poor struggling Math students of my hall, had its every other nightly meeting in my room tonight from seven until light bell. Meeting unsuccessful.

Friday, December 4: Didn't hear a single bell this morning. Which all goes to show that my sleeping ability has not been af-Burwell Hall; on the right, im- fected at all by the depressing mediately inside of the Main En- cares of college life, even though

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