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TABLE OF CONTENTS

	<i>Page</i>
EDITORIAL	7
REBEL YELL	21
FEATURES	
A State In Search of A Birthday by H. R. Paschal	11
An Interview With Paul Green—Part II	3
Review of On A Lonesome Porch	9
ESSAY	
Steinback—An Essay by C. W. Warrick	19
FICTION	
Glory and Freedom by Bill Lee	15
Short Story (Contest Winner) by Elf Alexander	23
POETRY	
Poem by Dave Lane	7
Southern Night by Betty Sharpe Adcock	8
As Children Laugh by Betty Sharpe Adcock	8
Portrait of a Swallow by Betty Sharpe Adcock	8
The Great Dismal Swamp by Dr. Meredith N. Posey	14
The Outer Banks by Nancy Lou Oberseider	18
If by Wesley Jackson	20
Love's Labor Lost by Allen G. Hoyt	21
ART	
"The Front Porch" (Experimental) by Bob Harper	2
"The Road Well Taken" (Etching) by Cheryl Stowe	6
"Swamp Scene" (Etching) by Al Dunkle	10
"Rack Em Up" (Etching) by Bob Butler	22
"The Watcher" (Sculpture) by Don McAdams	26
"Night Shift" (Etching) by Rose Marie Gornto	30
REBEL REVIEW	27-33
Reviews by The Rev. Richard N. Ottaway, Dr. John Howell, Dr. Francis Adams, Sandra Porter, Dr. Edgar W. Hirshberg, Kathryn Johnson, Hugh Agee, Thomas Jackson, Janice Hardison.	
COVER by Nelson Dudley	

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"The Front Porch"

(Experimental Photo)

by BOB HARPER

Interview With

PAUL GREEN

Part II

Interviewer: Do you feel that certain themes naturally lend themselves to adaption to the movies?

Mr. Green: I think that the movies as a medium of art, by that, I mean the camera with its film inside of it is a very sensitive ear and eye instrument and can do anything that the imagination of man wants it to do. It's a great medium, and being such a universal medium, it can take any theme. And no theme, insofar as I know, that is subject matter, is better for the movies than another. I mean movies as a medium, I'm speaking of the camera now. The movies are first an eye medium and the voice dialogue part should always be a buttress and an accompaniment for the eye medium. Now, the stage is an ear medium mainly, and the eye stuff, on the stage, should be an accompaniment for the ear. Now, some people say, "I'd rather be blind than deaf." But it is certainly true, the stage, as such, is more for the ear and the motion picture medium is more for the eye, and you can have an extreme in either one. An extreme, say in the theatre, would be the work of Paul Claudel, who used to be the French Ambassador to America. He wrote a great many plays, religious plays. On the other hand, an extreme illustration in the motion picture realm would be the work of, a fellow you never saw,

Harry Langdon. But, you have seen Charlie Chaplin who can do a great lot of scenes with no words spoken, simple pantomime. I have seen motion pictures where there were no words spoken, no caption; it was all done in dumb show with music. That is an extreme! That is the par-excellence kind of theme. I have seen many stage productions where you stood practically still and declaimed, and that is true of much Greek drama. So, understanding what the medium of the movies is, no theme is better. Now, it happens that in America, the medium fell into the hands of the cloak and suit boys. I have consorted and fornicated with a lot of them, in writing pictures for them, but I've always been decent enough to fight them. They find that it is easier to stir up passion, youth and lust and all the rest of it by bedroom scenes, sex, violence, and all that stuff and when they run out of soap they can start a fight, and it has gone on down into television. So, that I read in *The News and Observer*, somebody down in your region, a little boy the other day heard somebody saying that his grandma was dead and he said, "Who shot her?" So the American people have been debauched and robbed of their birth-right and all. I've written about thirty-five pictures out in Hollywood, and I've always said my say to these perverts, these guys who use this great medium for one purpose only and that is to make as much money as they can. They don't give a damn how badly they mess up the whole American scene. A fellow told me sitting in a little, cold room in Tokyo, the head of the youth business in Japan, he said that after the treaty, that of course, all our cloak and suit boys out of Hollywood were right there with their lobbying

so that they could get their foot right in the door and get it written in the peace treaty about movies; so they just flooded Japan, I was over there and saw the place and I saw all of South-east Asia flooded with B pictures right out of Hollywood, part of the peace treaty business. This man told me that the juvenile problems in Japan had just multiplied right after these Hollywood B crime movies had flooded the country. And they don't care, and we are to blame because we sit by and let them debauch. I go up here sometime to a movie to see Charlie Chaplin, Walt Disney, *Wild Strawberries*, but I've got to sit there and watch the previews of what is coming on and every time, there is somebody gnawing on somebody's lips or got some gal down in the grass, or is shooting somebody. By golly, the other day I saw a woman in a preview pull out a pistol and shoot another in the back. That's what you see, and she falls with a great bloody splash and that is what they show in the previews, and it says, Coming Sunday, Coming Sunday. Oh, I could talk about this for hours. I remember the last picture I did for Sam Goldwyn, I argued with him, he tried to have a scene there where a little fourteen year old girl, by golly, he brought her out there; they had her try out for actress and here came her mother palpitating and hastling like an old sour uddered cow, bringing her daughter; they got a 35 year old Errol Flynn type of boy out on the lot to teach this girl how to kiss, fourteen years old, Joan Evans, maybe you've seen her. Well, the *New York Times* sends a man out to interview me and he asked me was I writing for Sam Goldwyn. I'd just had this quarrel with Sam. So he said, "What do you think of Mr. Goldwyn—you've worked for him before." I told him I had tried but couldn't do it. He said, "What do you think of him?" I said that Sam Goldwyn is one of the low-downest men, one of the worst influences on American life that I know of, and he's like, and I named them, Jack Warner, Harry Cohen, over at Columbia and Louis B. Mayer. Well I feel so bitter about that whole business because you see what a medium can do, gosh, when it is a really great! Now and then, they'll turn out a good film out of Hollywood but most of them trade on sex, crime, violence, cheap success, easy death, easy life, and easy ambition. Everybody knows it's hard—that living is a hard business—and to write it should be hard. Until we got our young people so infected, and yet our young people are so hungry, like all of us, so hungry for beauty, for great things. I'll bet there is not a statue in all of North Carolina of Beethoven, Mozart, Ber-

lioz, nor any of them. So we've got a long way to go and the motion pictures could help us there, but see what happened on the T.V. So, we've gotten this machine here to turning and winking its eye and I'm talking in this thing. Well, the only good in that machine for this particular moment is that if I can say anything worthwhile that it can help it be heard. Now this is didacticism that I'm practicing. Gosh, I remember one of the first pictures I ever wrote, I wrote for George Arliss, the great actor; he is dead now. I had an opening scene in a Paris drawing room; it was about Voltaire. I liked old Voltaire; he worked for the poor. So, we fade in on this beautiful drawing room—fans going, you know—and a little fellow is going *ta ta de dumddum*—playing a gavotte at the harpsicord. All these whispers are going on and one fellow, later to become his teacher, asks, "What do you think of this little prodigy here?" Oh, but what's his name?" "Mozart, seven years old, you know." Oh, they come and they go, you know, and then his music swells in again, beautiful, that's the opening. Old Darryl Zanuck, the head of Twentieth Century Fox, he said, "Hell, people won't be interested in that. Let's get to the play, let's get to the play." I said, "Listen! That's beautiful. This is Mozart and this is the place to start our scandal, here in the drawing room, but let's first hear this beautiful music, trickling through, trickling through." "No, no," said Zanuck. And as old Harry Cohen said once right in my face, "This is a racket." He's dead now and there is no telling where he is gone. This is a racket we are in—the motion picture business—to make money. All of us are. I said, "Hell, I'm not. I think it is a great medium, and I like to make money too, but let's do something wonderful with it." They gave me figures again and again to prove the Americans won't support good things. And I tried a few good ones with a kind of a left-handed guy named Will Rogers. I wrote three pictures for Will, and we tried to keep sex out, I mean, love all right, and some time even after Will had finished them out they would get put in a scene. Old Sol Wertzel, he could hardly speak English, was making \$5000.00 a week because he was a nephew of Louis B. Mayer, he said, "They want entertainment, you know."

Interviewer: Do you feel that Southern writing is in danger of becoming sociological?

Mr. Green: We're outside of North Carolina now; we've got into region. I don't know what

you mean by sociological. I suppose you mean having to do with some idiom or point of view which might spell practical benefits and betterment of everyday living. Sociological, well, sociological means society, doesn't it? And society means human beings, and human beings maybe mean brotherhood or enemies. Of course, the sociologists have really come forth with tremendous visions. Here at Chapel Hill we have the work of Howard Odom, Rupert Vance, Guy Johnson, and Harriet Herring, Katherine Joche, a lot of wonderful sociologists here. Sociologists all over the place, in fact, they've developed a language of their own. I don't know just what they are after, except just about what Khrushchev and what Luther Hodges is after, more industry, more health, more taxes, better roads, longer life, more smiles, more general happiness. So, if writing is in danger of becoming or working for that sort of thing, what is wrong with it? If you mean writing is in danger of becoming laden and loaded with a message? To preach? Is that what you mean?

Interviewer: No, I meant more of a didactic tone to it.

Mr. Green: I think this fear of didacticism, that is the word you just used, well what does didacticism mean anyway? I guess it means coming from the Latin word meaning to lead towards some goal or across some place or to lead out. Educate means to lead out, and I'm very much struck by the fact, in my own feeling that you can not help being didactic. You've got to teach something. You've got to stand for something. But if the thing you are writing has a thesis, and the thesis swallows the characters, swallow the story, creates its own atmosphere because it is a thesis, then didacticism, is overdone. But, if it is like some of the great work of Paul Claudel, or some of the things of Shakespeare, and nearly all of the things of Aeschylus that we have and Sophocles, those things are loaded with didacticism. They are loaded with some meaning and they have an attitude about life and about wrong and about man's purpose on this earth. Now you get the modern group and Bill Faulkner, and Tennessee Williams, and Ernest Hemingway, and, well, you could name a whole lot of them. The gal who wrote, well, Katherine Anne Porter, a lot of her stuff, and Robinson Jeffers, people who, there are many of them, feel that if you simply depict a surge of life and turmoil and a lot of passion and

feeling, just simply put forth a whole spew of human statement, then I agree with Schiller. Schiller once said that they were accusing him of copying Voltaire, and Voltaire was a didactic writer. But he said, "I'm here to tell you that any great work of art has a moral attitude." By that it does not mean that it is pure and prissy. It takes its stand for something. Well, Eudora Welty, some of the work of Ingmar Bergman, this new Swedish, wonderful motion picture director.

But, of course, if you get out, and, as I say, your thesis and didacticism swallow your characters and warp your story and you say, Yes, this fellow is out to prove a point, then he is like a scientist who already has *a priori* concept, that he tries to prove by some experimental method.

Interviewer: Do you feel that the South has passed its so-called renaissance in writing?

Mr. Green: It is mainly a question of creating climate and climate is a mysterious thing. You know you can go sixty days and have a drought and the crops all burn up and then you look at the sky and it just won't rain, it just won't rain. I stopped in Arizona some years ago to get some gas at a filling station and I asked the man, did it ever rain. He said, "Yea, it rains here." Well, said, "When did it rain last?" "Seven years ago it rained," he said. Then on a day the air will feel different and it rains. Things got right. I can remember when I came to the University, many years ago, the only man in town that had written a book was Archibald Henderson. People looked at him as he went by, and now just tonight, there are 150 people in Chapel Hill hammering typewriters, writing books. And that might increase; it might go on; it might produce some wonderful things, or it might fade away. How could you say it has passed? But I'm sure unless the young people get more and more interested in it and support it and quit, and well the old folks ought to quit it—quit this fiddling with the neurotic navel of the materialistic body. If we could in the South really catch fire and could get a vision of what really could be done in art, music, literature, true philosophy—that is an art—true science—that is an art—and sculpture, dancing, and painting. Might even discover a new art! I don't see why we might not. They got one or two new ones, so they say. They say that the camera, now, is a new art, that the cameraman, working a camera, can select, can

(Continued on page 34)



"The Road Well Taken"

(Etching)

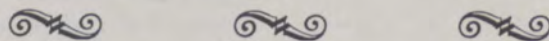
by CHERYL STOWE

COMMENT TO YOUNG WRITERS

Young writers in their search for material are often prone to reach beyond the area of their understanding and ignore the life around them. Paul Green, the dean of North Carolina writers, remarked that to write sincerely one must write about what he knows and what he feels. It is only natural that students have a better chance of bringing life to people in the areas in which they live rather than in those with which they are only distantly familiar. Phillips Russell, noted North Carolina biographer, in making an appeal to North Carolina writers to consider the vast amount of material around them, reminded his audience of the author who achieved greatness in the world of fiction through a small, obscure river town in Mississippi. Today everyone is familiar with Huck Finn and Tom Sawyer. Joseph Conrad, although born in Poland, became one of England's greatest novelists and prose stylists. At the age of forty, after spending twenty years in the British Merchant Marines, he published his first novel. All the mystery and awe of the sea is contained in his work. For his setting he reached no further than the ships on which he sailed. Time and again we see that established writers confine themselves to the people and to that part of the world in which they have lived or with which they have had some close association. However, this is essentially no limitation, for the setting and the characters are only the means by which a real artist reveals his sense of life. Students who aspire to write should first remember that there are no secret formulas, no shortcuts to success, that all the themes are very old, and that any real newness is in the vision of the writer. The perception and awareness

necessary for such vision are not achieved with a sudden impulse to write; they evolve after years of experience and practice. Just as the musician must spend years in training so must the writer serve his apprenticeship. Fiction, if it is to be truly artistic, must be written with a sincere and honest effort. Consequently, the end result of an artist's work is no more honest, and no less sincere, than he has proved himself to be; his vision must result from his experience and his ability to recognize some significance in the world around him. Students in looking for subject matter should be aware of the stock responses which motion pictures, television, and many publications use for quick entertainment. The play on sex, violence, and spectacle is an exploitation of audiences for economic motives. Students when first beginning to write will often employ these devices to add excitement and to provoke a false interest in their work. Writing of this sort has never endured for any length of time. Joseph Conrad in the Preface to *The Nigger of The Narcissus*, wrote that "A work that aspires however humbly to the condition of art should carry its justification in every line. And art itself may be defined as a single-minded attempt to render the highest kind of justice to the visible universe, by bringing to light the truth, manifold and one, underlying its every aspect." Henry James, an equally famous author, offers in his famous essay, *The Art of Fiction*, this statement about the choice of subjects, "The moral consciousness of a child is as much a part of life as the islands of the Spanish Main. . . ."

—DAN W.



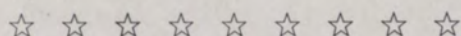
Poem

by DAVE LANE

Flail, fleeting winter wind.
Suave us not with summer seemings.
Blow your bugled best,
Enshrine in rime each tangled tree.
Time will give say and take it,
Spring will force you on
And make it
Summer once again.

Poetry by

BETTY SHARPE ADCOCK



Southern Night

Figment of sun, tired of the old game
leapfrog over broad pine-sigh and higher
leaps across aerial cities,
gives up, bruising the low west
with purple sleep.

A genteel heat
moves mildly on powdered brows and retreats,
repulsed by the iced drink,
to change its nature in the black
back-woods dwellings.

Brooding into summer, heat
pulses out of earth like a crop of tempers
wild as weeds.
Black dogs outline darkness
wistful
crying against darkness,
and the songs,
full of rag-tag smells from kitchen windows,
color the air like deep grey circles
on torn shirts.

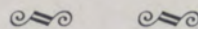
Pushing deeper into blackness the deep woods
shroud one trampled spot, keep well the secret
shred of cloth caught low on a branch,
circled with new leaves.

As Children Laugh

Once I took out an old doll
kept away long for the purpose of children.
Its stiff limbs touched of me,
smelt of keepsakes and my fantasy
before the dust.

My child played into the room,
forgot me and grew rapturous
with little girls.
Her fingers unaccustomed to
painted eyes and no rubber-feeling skin,
the hair and shoes blacked on,
let go the thing, pushed it to the floor,
shattered the unreal smile,
the fixed arms curled hands
smashed.

My child
laughed and made a face,
mimic of the pursed doll-mouth,
chattering of how such old things
break.

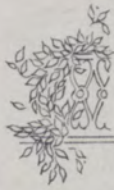


Portrait of a Swallow

Crucified on the long shadows,
the shadows lengthening cool as stone
against the knees of a strange prayer,
day mourns itself with the voice of birds.
Who remembers the forsaking of earth
or why?

These are warm wings upsetting
the balance of air
upsetting
a sound out of houses.
Comes the low hot summer's breathing
an indoor smother in a dawn-squall
with the birth-rags clinging to it,
echoes
of a long sleep leaping
into chairs and books, offices and day-bed.
Grand leaping! fit of bravery
in somersaults of courage against weeping.
And somewhere
small birds circle over grass,
outry of feathers, arrows of noon,
and the shadows lengthening
under old trees.

OID
WILLIAMS
PIERCE



ON
A
LONESOME
PORCH

DOUBLEDAY

A NEW NOVEL by
**OID
WILLIAMS
PIERCE**
author of *THE PLANTATION*

ON A LONESOME PORCH



Ovid Williams Pierce came to East Carolina College in 1956. Since that time he has worked diligently to promote an interest in writing and to encourage those who show promise. He was responsible for the beginning of *The Rebel* and has served as advisor throughout its history. The Editors of the magazine would like to pay tribute to him for the assistance he has given us in class as well as the magazine. In 1953 his first novel, *The Plantation* was published and became a best seller. His second novel, *On A Lonesome Porch* will be published May 13; above is a reproduction of the cover.

Mr. Pierce's career has been a varied and interesting one; other than teaching and writing he manages his farm of 350 acres and four tenant families. In his home on the Plantation he has created a post-Civil War atmosphere, with rifles hanging on the wall, a set of dueling pistols on the mantle, plus many other relics of bygone days. This close association with the past has had its effect, and as Mr. Pierce says, "It would be extremely difficult to write of it as it would be of

many sections of the South, without interpreting it as the present margin of past time. I tried to make *The Plantation*, in part, what my father's generation meant to me as I looked back at it as a child."

Mr. Pierce served in the army during World War II and since then has taught at Tulane and Southern Methodist Universities; when he moved back to North Carolina to teach at East Carolina College he made this statement, "Though I've been away since the war, I still feel that North Carolina is home, at least when I try to write a story, that is where my mind has to go." Consequently his writings have been about the land he has known, and Ovid Pierce has conferred a dignity upon the South that few southern writers have recognized. His novels are not concerned with moonlight and magnolias, the fall of any great tradition, nor is he making a plea for a persecuted South. Usually he presents the picture of a changing time and a people adjusting to a new way of life. The kindness and understanding

(Continued on page 33)



"Swamp Scene"

(Etching)

by AL DUNKLE

A State In Search Of A Birthday

DR. HERBERT R. PASCHAL

One of the oldest cliches concerning North Carolina is that it is a valley of humility between two mountains of conceit. Through the years our sister states to the North and South have unquestionably tended to lord it over the Tar Heels. One of the reasons for this may be that their origins are well known and legitimate while those of North Carolina are clouded and obscure. The Old North State is aware of its age but exactly when it was first established is veiled in a darkness which has baffled North Carolina historians earnestly seeking to solve this problem. While Virginians have proudly held great celebrations to mark the year 1607 when a resolute band of settlers came ashore at Jamestown to launch the fabulous history of the Old Dominion, North Carolinians have been forced to mumble something about inordinate ancestor worship and challenge Virginia to justify her position in the New South.

This lack of a birth date has led North Carolina to search for substitutes. As a result, a gigantic celebration of the abortive settlements on Roanoke Island has been proposed for 1985, and an official state commission is already hard at work to plan a celebration of the three hundredth anniversary of the granting of the Carolina Charter to the eight Lords Proprietors in 1663. Yet deep in every Tar Heel heart there is the numbing realization that these are but substitutes. Everyone knows that the Raleigh colonies on Roanoke Island failed and that North Carolina was permanently settled before the Proprietors got their grant from Charles II. The haunting question will not down. When was North Carolina first permanently settled?

For many years North Carolina historians have been able to agree on only one thing about the date of North Carolina's permanent settlement. It took place, all agree, in the decade prior to the granting of the Carolina Charter of 1663. Although there were many attempts prior to the 1650's to establish a colony in the region known today as North Carolina, all of these failed. As early as 1633 about forty persons sailed from England on board a vessel appropriately named the *Mayflower* for the shores of North Carolina,

only to become stranded in Virginia. In 1640 the Royal Council in Virginia authorized one hundred debt free, single men to make a settlement in the region to the south of that colony only to have the whole scheme collapse. During the 1640's Virginia began the practice of granting large tracts of land to persons desiring to settle to the southward about the great sound which later became known as Albemarle Sound. Yet settlements failed to follow these grants, and the mid-century mark was reached and passed with no settlement yet made.

In 1653 the Virginia Assembly granted Roger Green, an Anglican minister in Virginia, and certain other inhabitants of that colony, ten thousand acres of land on the western bank of the Chowan River to be distributed to the first one hundred settlers coming into that region. For his trouble and expense in helping to found such a settlement, Green was to receive a personal grant of one thousand acres. The late R. D. W. Conner, one of the two or three outstanding students of North Carolina's colonial past, came to the conclusion that this grant was proof that by 1653 settlements had been made in North Carolina. But recent research has failed to disclose any evidence of such a settlement, nor is there anything in Green's subsequent career to show a continuing interest in the region to the south.

Adding to the difficulties of North Carolina historians has been the loss of many of the records of Virginia relating to this period. These records were destroyed during the burning of Richmond in the last days of the Confederacy. Especially unfortunate was the destruction in the same fire of the records of a number of the counties south of the James River which had been accumulated in Richmond during the war as a safeguard against their destruction.

The best evidence, as to the first settlement which remains, is that given by early settlers of North Carolina, who in later years for one reason or another sought to date this first settlement. This evidence points to North Carolina having been settled permanently in 1660 or 1661. None of this evidence supports an earlier date. The

sworn testimony given by one of the earliest of the settlers, Richard Sanderson of Currituck in 1711, was typical; he declared that he had lived in North Carolina "ever since the year (i.e., 1661) next after King Charles the second was Restored," and that he, "well remembers . . . the Government of North Carolina at the first settlement thereof. . . ." In 1708 Robert Lawrence, whose name appears on the first list of known settlers in North Carolina, gave sworn testimony that in 1661 he had seated a plantation on the southwest bank of the Chowan River three or four miles above the mouth of the Roanoke River; he also stated he had lived there for about seven years. Much additional testimony by other early settlers, all of it confirming 1660 or 1661 as the date of the first settlement, can be cited. The oldest recorded land grant in North Carolina, is given great weight by many historians intent on establishing a birth date for the Old North State. This deed is dated in March 1661, and records a grant to George Durant of a tract of land lying on a neck between the Perquimans and Little Rivers from Kilcocanen, King of the Yeopim Indians. Since it is known that Durant settled on this tract, many historians have sought to use this date to mark the first permanent settlement in the state.

Then in 1939 an article entitled, "The Earliest Permanent Settlement in Carolina: Nathaniel Batts and the Comberford Map," appeared in *The American Historical Review*. This article, written by Dr. William P. Cumming of Davidson College, one of the nation's leading authorities on the history of maps, brought forward new information and a new theory regarding the state's first permanent settlement. This theory was based upon Dr. Cumming's discovery in the New York Public Library of a vellum manuscript map of the north eastern portion of North Carolina drawn by the English cartographer, Nicholas Comberford, in 1657. Entitled "The South Part of Virginia," the map contained a small drawing of a house located on the neck of land between the Roanoke River and Salmon Creek at the head of Albemarle Sound. The sketch of the house bore the legend, "Batts House."

Checking further, Dr. Cumming discovered that in 1656 the Virginia General Assembly had commissioned Captain Thomas Francis, Colonel Thomas Dew, and the other gentleman planters of that colony to make discoveries between Cape Hatteras and Cape Fear. On June 11, 1657, approximately six months after the grant to Dew and Francis, the Virginia Council granted Nathan-

iel Batte (Batts) certain unknown privileges "for interest taken in the discovery of an inlet to the southward." These facts led Cumming to the conclusion that Nathaniel Batts had carried out the explorations south of Virginia which Dew and Francis had been commissioned to undertake and that the Comberford map was based upon the data obtained by Batts as a result of these explorations.

More important, Cumming came to the conclusion that the sketch of Batts' house on the Comberford map represented a permanent settlement containing a number of houses. Such a settlement, he concluded, must certainly have been in existence by 1657 when the Comberford map was drawn, and had perhaps been founded several years earlier. Cumming expressed the belief that the reason only Batts' house was shown on the map was that he was "the leading man of that region," and hence his house alone had been used to represent this settlement. Cumming supports his contention that Batts was the leading figure in his hypothetical community by citing several references made to Batts by George Fox, the founder of the Society of Friends or Quakers, who visited the Albemarle Sound area in 1672. On one occasion Fox referred to Batts, then living in the Albemarle area, as one "who had been Governor of Roan-oak" and on another occasion as "the Old Governor."

Documentary proof of actual settlements in the region about the site of Batts' house does not exist for the period prior to 1660. Cumming, however, feels that the settlement known to have been in existence by 1660 or 1661 simply represents a continuation of the settlement indicated by the sketch of "Batts' House" on the Comberford map of 1657. Hence the Comberford map, he feels, offers the key to the first permanent settlement of North Carolina and the closest approach yet made toward a solution of the problem of North Carolina's birthday.

Examined closely, however, Dr. Cumming's theory rests upon several bold assumptions unsupported by any evidence. Perhaps the most important of these is that the sketch of Batts' house was used by Comberford as a symbol to designate a larger settlement. Another assumption is that the settlement which was unquestionably located in the region about Batts' house in 1660 or 1661 was there in 1657 or earlier. Still another assumption is that Batts, who held considerable land in Nansemond County, was ever interested in establishing a permanent settlement in the region south of Virginia in the 1650's. While Cumming's theory



Artists conception of Batts' House.

contains these and other unsupported assumptions, it has received considerable support and acclaim.

Recent evidence uncovered by the writer strikes sharply at the most important of these assumptions, that is, that the designation of Batts' House on the Comberford map is used to indicate a settlement. There is an entry in the records of Norfolk County, Virginia (Book C, p. 180) dated November 15, 1655, which describes a suit brought against the estate of Colonel Francis Yeardley by a carpenter, Robert Bodnam. Among other things, Bodnam is suing the estate to obtain payment "for going twice to the Southward and staying there five months upon Coll. Yardley's occasions" and "ffor building of a house to the Southward for Batts to live in and trade with the Indians wch I did doe by Coll. Yardley's Appointment . . .".

In these words lie the secret of Batts' house on the Comberford map. Batts' house was an Indian trading post and Comberford drew only one house because there was only one. Furthermore, Batts is shown to have been connected with Col. Francis Yeardley of Princess Anne County, whose interest in the fur trade in this region has long been known.

Col. Yeardley by his own account, first became interested in the region to the southward of Virginia largely by chance. In September, 1653, a young fur trader who had intended to go with a fur trading party to Roanoke Island was left behind. He then went to Colonel Yeardley, a substantial planter and a son of a former governor of Virginia, and asked for provisions to help him go in search of his party. Yeardley gave the fur trader the needed supplies, who, then in the company of four others, went by water through Currituck Inlet to Roanoke Island. Here the small band of fur traders found "the great commander of those parts with his Indians hunting." After several days the Indian chief and some of his great men agreed to accompany the fur traders back to Virginia where they were entertained by Yeardley. This marked the beginning of a close friendship between Yeardley and these Indians. Late in 1653 or early in 1654, Yeardley sent six men, "one being a carpenter", in a boat to the southward to fulfill his promise to build the Indian King "an English House." At the same time Yeardley's party purchased "three great rivers and also all such others as they should like of

southerly." After this the Indians "totally left the lands and rivers" and moved to a new settlement where Yeardley's men "Built the great commander a fair house" which Yeardley promised to furnish with English utensils, and furniture. While the house was being built, contact was made with the emperor of the powerful Tuscarora nation. After the house was completed the Roanoke King and Tuscarora Emperor's son returned with Yeardley's party to Virginia where they arrived on May 1, 1654. The Roanoke King brought his young son with him to be baptized and left him at Yeardley's house "to be red up a Christian."

In a letter written shortly after this event Yeardley announced his intentions to undertake another expedition to the south in July. Unfortunately nothing further is known of this expedition. It is evident, however, that sometime between July, 1654, and Yeardley's death in 1655 that the carpenter, Robert Brodnam, went southward to erect the house for Batts to live in and trade with the Indians.

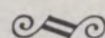
When in 1657 Batts received the commendation and reward of the Virginia Assembly for his discoveries it was probably for the information contained on the Comberford map. Without question, one of the major features of this map is the information given regarding an inlet which offers a deep water route to the Neuse and Pamlico Rivers and to Albemarle Sound and the rivers which empty into it. The information which was incorporated into the Comberford map may have come as the result of one of Batts' fur trading expeditions or from Yeardley's expedition in 1654.

The undisputed appearance in 1660 or 1661 of plantations at or near the site of the Yeardley-Batts trading post cannot be offered as evidence of continuous settlement of that spot. What it most likely indicates is that the settlers of 1660 or 1661 agreed with Yeardley and Batts' that this was an important and strategic site. Its location at the head of Albemarle Sound on the broad peninsula formed by the Roanoke and Chowan rivers made it as desirable and attractive for plantations as it had been for an Indian trading post five or six years before.

How Nathaniel Batts, the fur trader, acquired the high sounding title of governor of Roanoke cannot be explained on the basis of available evidence. One conjecture might be that it was a half derisive reference to the days when he alone inhabited the shores of Albemarle Sound and was governor in the same sense that Robinson Crusoe

was king of all that he surveyed. Certainly George Fox's characterization of him as a rude and desperate man is more apt for a seventeenth century fur trader than a governor.

All of this of course leads back to the original problem. If Nathaniel Batts did not come into the region south of Virginia at the head of a hardy band of pioneers, then who did? That question remains today unanswered, defying all of the historians who have searched diligently through mountains of musty records in an effort to resolve the mystery. Slowly, however, pieces of the puzzle are falling into place. Someday the last piece of the puzzle will be found and the picture will become clear.



The Great Dismal Swamp

Why do you call me from the dark with your voice
low and insistent,

Your liquid voice, preluding what?

And why do I listen and yearn—

I who have other things to think of,

I who must be up and doing?

Yet I feel the pull of you, the emotional tug and
yank,

Drawing me to you there in the dark.

You with your club, why do you bludgeon my sense
with your rank smell

Penetrating every part of me

Until I too stink and unwillingly love your acrid
and rotten perfume?

With your hands me choking, why do you crush
the bright fresh air from my lungs,

Substituting your heavy and vaporous breath?

Am I a creature to your will?

Do I wriggle on my belly through the wet muck
under the long tangled roots?

Do I sit in the branches watching to kill, knowing
no world but the savage crawling dark?

The Great Dismal they call you,

You she-wolf mysterious, howling and haunting,

You beckoning damned she-devil wilderness,

Why do you call me, urging, with your evil,

libidinous arms reaching to hug me in quick-
sand

To the last gasp?

DR. MEREDITH N. POSEY

Glory and Freedom

by WILLIAM LEE



I could not help but see the tears in the General's eyes.

The men lowered me to the frozen ground, the ice making a cracking sound under the weight of my body. I could feel the dampness of the ice through the torn blanket they were using for a stretcher.

Looking down the trail, I could see nothing but battered soldiers, dressed like tramps, marching and carrying their heavy muskets. Other wounded men were being placed on the ground, out of the way of those able to move under their own power.

I watched as the men passed struggling for every step, their feet dragging as if each move was to be the last. They wore rags wrapped around their feet for shoes and blankets for uniforms. It was easy to see that they were starving, and I wondered how they could keep moving.

Thousands of men passed and not one looked like a soldier. With troops like this, what kind of chance would we have of winning a war? Why bother to fight? Why not give up now?

My anger caused me to forget my wounds and as I tried to move the burning pain in my stomach caused me to double into a ball. I could feel the blood flowing over my skin, saturating my muddy trousers.

"God, I'm on fire, let me die, let me die! Don't let me suffer so long just to die later. Somebody kill me, shoot me now!"

Suddenly my head rang from the impact of a sharp blow, and I realized that Joe had slapped me. As I looked up, I saw Sergeant Locke and the Doc kneeling at my side, to hold me still. "Doc, I'm on fire, my guts are burning up." Then I felt numb and passed out.

I opened my eyes slowly to see some of the men scattered about the area. Small groups were huddled around the fires wrapped in their blankets.

In the distance I could hear axes slapping against tree trunks and then a thud as the tree slapped the face of the earth. The men were

singing as they worked. "What the hell, are they crazy? How can they be so cheerful?"

I rolled over and there sat Joe Hudson, who lived near me back home. Joe was sitting by the fire trying to fight the cold without even a blanket around him. He looked up and seeing that I was awake came over to fix the blanket he had given me earlier.

My stomach was still burning and my wool trousers, which had been soaked in blood, were frozen stiff.

Looking at Joe brought back memories of our childhood—the joys and pleasures of boys riding horses in the pasture, going to town weekends, and sitting around listening to the "old timers" tell of their adventurous lives while settling the area.

I remember how Uncle Thad used to sit close to the pot-belly stove in the general store and tell stories that captured the attention of every man and boy present. Many times I had wished I could live such an exciting life.

Joe and I used to talk about becoming heroes some day, but we would end our dreams by laughing, thinking that nothing exciting would happen to us. Then the war came, offering us a chance to lead an adventurous life, just like Uncle Thad's.

As Joe moved back to his log seat, the crushing of ice beneath his feet caused me to forget the wonderful days of our youth. I looked at him and wondered if either of us would ever get home again. Funny, but I had never pictured Joe looking that way—unshaven, dirty, smelly. His few clothes were ragged and hardly covered his body, yet he kept smiling as he looked at me.

"Feeling better, Ben?" Joe asked.

"A little," I replied. "How do you feel, Joe?"

Another tree fell and the men continued to sing as they stripped it down with their axes.

"What are they so happy about?" I heard myself asking Joe. "We've lost the war and our lives. We are all going to die here. How in the hell can they sing?"

Joe never got a chance to answer, but instead a much heavier voice rang out: "We haven't lost yet and we are not going to lose, either."

Doc Harvey leaned over me and raised the dirty blankets to look at the raw hole in my stomach. He removed the dirty bandages and wiped the wound with a damp cloth that created a sting. I saw him tearing a dirty shirt to use as a bandage. Joe helped Doc cover me again.

"Doc, why are we staying here so long?"

The tired and beaten man walked over to the fire and knelt before he answered my question.

"Son, we are going to stay here for the winter and wait for more supplies and men to come. The men are building log huts which will give some protection against the weather."

Looking about the camp, I could see these structures rising from the ground. The log huts didn't look any larger than fourteen by sixteen feet. Some of the men were stacking the logs while others were packing the holes with mud.

"Some hospital, huh, Doc?" The Doc did not reply, but just stared into the fire.

The pain in my stomach began again and I could not help but scream. Doc Harvey rushed to my side and tried to hold me still.

"Doc, I can't live like this much longer!"

"Easy, boy, you'll make it."

"Where to, Doc, Heaven or Hell?"

The pain eased and I became more relaxed. Doc and Joe released me and sat back down near the fire. I could see Doc Harvey looking at the men that lay stretched on the frozen ground. He looked at some leaning against trees, most of whom wore soiled bandages to cover some wounded part of their body. The pity in his eyes almost made me forget that I, too, was one of those injured men.

The screaming of one man caused me to shudder and then I heard the man crying like a starving baby. "What the hell?" I asked. Staring at the fire, Doc calmly told me that the boy's right leg had just been amputated. The thought of the scene made me sick.

I looked back around toward the fire and the Doc was re-wrapping blood-stained rags around Joe's feet. The red still showed through the dirt even though Joe had walked for miles helping another soldier.

Darkness was falling about us and the wind played tricks in the shadows of the trees as it blew the limbs about and snow drifted toward the cold earth.

Some of the wounded were being moved into the small log huts and they needed Doc's help, so he went to them. I saw as many as twelve men being put into one little hut.

"Why, Joe? Why are we here? Why doesn't that so-called leader of ours do something for us? He doesn't care what happens to us at all. The only thing he cares about is himself. I bet he is in his tent, all wrapped up nice and warm with plenty of meat on his table, not giving a damn about his men. Why do we have to suffer for that son — — —?"

"Hold it, soldier!"

I looked up and the Commanding Officer was

approaching. "The general is doing all he can."

"Just tell me, Sir, what is he doing while his men are freezing and starving to death?"

"Soldier, tell me, just why did you join the army?"

"I don't know, but . . ."

"I'll tell you, sir," Joe answered. "Ben and me, we joined this army to become heroes so we could go back and tell people about our experiences and be idols of our hometown."

More soldiers moved about us as Joe continued to explain our purpose in coming to war. Joe kept talking and I watched the expressions of the men as he spoke. I could hear men swearing as they whispered while Joe talked. Several times I saw men make motions as if they were about to attack him. "Why?" I thought. "Weren't they all here to be heroes? Why, for what other reason could they have come?"

One of the men came forward and he would have jumped Joe if the officer had not stopped him. "Let him talk," said the Commander.

The pain began to gnaw in my belly again. I could feel myself clutching my blankets and gritting my teeth to hold back the yell which seemed to start from the pain in my stomach. Slowly, it eased and I began to hear Joe speaking again. This time his voice sounded different and the words were words that I had never heard Joe use before. "What the hell was he talking about, glory and freedom or something?" The blasted hole in my gut once again hurt so badly that I passed out.

I was awakened by loud shouts and yells, and I saw Joe on the shoulders of a couple of the men and many others were around him. I tried to raise up but the officer held me tightly so I could not move.

"Easy, son, everything is O.K."

"Sure it is," I said, thinking of the hole in my stomach.

"Your friend told me your name and all about you. Joe is some speaker. He built up the morale of the men higher than it has been for a long time. I know how you must feel, but you will see things more clearly when all this mess is over."

As he walked away, I wondered what I would see more clearly. Things looked pretty clear to me now. We were a defeated army, starving, freezing, and in hiding for the winter hoping that those stiff shirts back home would think enough of us to send us aid and supplies. Why couldn't we get help? Wasn't our great General one of them? With these thoughts and with the snow falling in my face, I tried to sleep.



This time his voice sounded different.

I was awakened early the next morning by the stirring of the men, falling trees, loud singing. There had been some talk about desertion, but only a few had deserted. I heard one soldier say that there was not even a horse left to butcher for meat and that we had only twenty-five barrels of flour. A private, who was the General's messenger, said the General had written to the Pennsylvania Legislature and told them of our condition. They wrote back complaining because we had stopped for rest. When the General had read the reply, he let out a cursing that could be heard all around.

As I listened to the talk of the soldiers, I wondered if perhaps our General did care. Many of the men spoke about him as if he were a god. The General did this, the General did that, was all I could hear. Some of the men began to laugh and joke, and occasionally I could hear Joe's voice ring out above the others. I wondered what Joe had been talking about last night when he mentioned glory and freedom.

The voice of a nearby soldier sounded out: "Good morning, brother soldiers. How are you?"

"All wet, thankie, hope you are too."

I could hear some talking of going home, and laughing merrily. Then two shadows stopped near my head—one belonged to Joe; the other,

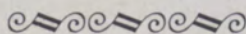
to my surprise, belonged to the General. Joe knelt beside me and told me that I had company. The General's eyes were misty as he looked at me and the others about the fire. While the General was looking at his men, I looked closely at him and noticed that he was not all bundled up and warm, but that he was cold, too. His hands and lips were split from the freezing weather, just like the rest of us. He looked as tired and weary as my friend, Joe, who had been nursing me and doing his full share of camp duties as well.

When the general dismissed himself, all the ugly thoughts which I had had of him had left my mind. Yes, he does care for his men. He is one of us, suffering perhaps more than any of the rest of us by seeing the conditions of his men and his camp. As I remembered the conversation, I realized that he was also worried because of the attitude of those back home. He had told me that it was partly for them that we were fighting, and not only for them, but for their children and grandchildren. He, too, had mentioned the same words that Joe had used, glory and freedom, but

he had added many more words, such as peace and plenty for ourselves and the community, the admiration of the world, the love of our country, and the gratitude of posterity.

I was beginning to feel better and I had forgotten about my wound, the cold, the ice, and other problems. I kept watching the general walk about from one group of men to another, knowing all the time that he was making them feel better, just as he had done for me. My attitude about the war was different. As I saw it now, every man in this war was a hero; every man that was to return home would return with honor, which, if not written on paper, would be written in his heart and in the hearts of the men that fought beside him.

I looked up into Joe's face and I saw that he, too, had seen the same picture that I had seen as this great man strolled about the camp. Joe covered me as I felt the pain once again, but I was able to close my eyes and go into a sound and peaceful sleep, knowing that General Washington would lead us to glory and freedom.



The Outer Banks

Atop a dune I stood one day
By the sparkling, gem-like sea,
And the wind that swirled about my feet,
Whispered and sang to me.

It sang of brilliant sunlit days,
Of gulls in a turquoise sky,
It sang of a hurricane's mighty strength
When the waves are racing high.

It whispered to me of the wrecks that lay
On this treacherous stretch of shore,
Of the oaks that bend, and the shifting sands
And the sailing ships of yore.

It sang of pirates and buried gold
It sang and the time flew by,
And as I started my homeward way
It whispered a soft goodbye.

NANCY LOU OBERSEIDER

STEINBECK—*An Essay*

by C. W. WARRICK

John Steinbeck's war on religion has become a catch phrase in American literature. Steinbeck uses his characters not to wage a battle against traditional American religions but to emphasize the vitality of American life in its religious terms.

The preacher in *The Grapes of Wrath* appears to have lost his religion. Preaching at the funeral of the once lecherous and mean Grampa Joad, Jim Casy says that the old man "lived a life an' jus' died out of it." It didn't matter whether he was good or bad; the fact that he was once alive was all that mattered. His reasoning was, "All that lives is holy." He asks why they should pray for a fellow that is already dead? He had done his part on earth and there was only one thing left for him to do—and "there's on'y one way to do it." Rather than pray for the dead, he reasons that if he were to pray it should be for the living, who have a job to do with a thousand ways of doing it and not knowing which to take.

Elsewhere, Steinbeck's characters hesitate about prayer. The scientist in *The Snake* says that he can't pray to anything, while ex-preacher Casy says, "I don't know . . . who to pray to." On the other hand, the ignorant and superstitious people of whom Steinbeck is writing in *The Long Valley* and *The Pearl* simply pray because it is a part of an accepted pattern inherited from uninformed and superstitious ancestors.

Although he was a deeply religious man, Juan Chicoy, the bus driver in *The Wayward Bus*, had his own religious belief, exhibited in the presence of the metal statue of the Virgin of Guadalupe carried on the dash of his vehicle. Juan's prayer was usually a silent hope to obtain the Virgin's approval for his actions. To him, the Guadalupana knew everything that had happened and was going to happen. In all of his memory this Lady had been constantly with him. In her he found somebody in whom to confide his secrets, to confess his guilts. However, since she was omniscient, Juan realized that he was merely telling her as a matter of form. Steinbeck explains that her relationship to Juan as his connection with eternity "had little to do as connected with the church and dogma,

and much to do with religion as memory and feeling."

Steinbeck's treatment of Catholicism is interesting. The Church in *The Pearl* is depicted as a symbol of despotism and an "unscrupulous milking of the poor." When the fisherman, Kino, found a large pearl, everyone began scheming to take it away from him. The schemers included the village priest. Before his fortunate accident, Kino had not cared much for the Church. His poverty had never let him. The Church had refused his marriage and the baptism of his child. However, after he found the pearl, a smiling priest was standing at the door of his little shack for the first time in his life.

A different type of detestation of the Church is shown in *In Dubious Battle*. Jim Nolan's father abhorred religion and wouldn't allow his wife to attend Church. At times during the week, however, she would slip into the church for a prayer. In spite of her devotion, or because of her husband's detestations, she turned away from the Church, refused the priest's final visit.

There is the simpler, more humble Catholic worship by the paisano's of *Tortilla Flat*. Steinbeck renders no abhorrence for the formal religion. His characters display a superstitious awe for the Church. When a candle bought for Saint Francis sets fire to one of Danny's houses, as the boys are sleeping off a drunken spree, they figure that the blaze is punishment for their sins. Later in the story, the Pirate had promised to purchase for the church a candlestick for the altar of Saint Francis, if that saint would help one of his five mangy dogs overcome its sickness. The promise seemed to work, for the dog overcame its illness; after the Pirate had given the gold candlestick to the priest, the dogs saw a vision of the patron Saint. This was the reward for fulfilling the promise.

Steinbeck's disapproval of Protestantism is expressed with equal feeling. The best example of this is Casy, the preacher in *The Grapes of Wrath*, giving up his work. Once "Reverend Jim Casy was a Burning Busher" shouting the name of Jesus

to glory who had irrigation ditches "so squirmin' full of repented sinners half of 'em like to drown-ed." But Jim gave up the work. He explained that he was "Just Jim Casy now. Ain't got the call no more. Got a lot of sinful idears—but they seem kind of sensible."

Other cases of complete disregard for religion are to be found in Steinbeck's works. Crooks, the crippled Negro stable hand in *Of Mice and Men*, expresses this when talking with Lennie about people in constant search for land. He says that land is just like heaven. Everyone wants some land but they never get it. "Nobody never gets to heaven, and nobody gets no land. It's just in their head." Jim Nolan joins the Communist Party in revolt against the system which had ruined his whole family. When excited by his enthusiasm for the fruit pickers' strike, Jim is told by a friend that he has something in his eyes, "something religious." To this, Jim retorts, "Well, it isn't religious. I've got no use for religion." Later, before his death in the strike, Jim admits, "I don't believe in religion." Pat Humbert in *The Pastures of Heaven* sought to separate himself from the yoke of the past, which had kept him from enjoying life. He picked up the old family Bible, and threw it into the yard where the elements rendered it useless.

On sin and sinning, Steinbeck is equally expressive. Jim Casy's transition from an evangelical minister to a small-town philosopher is partly responsible to his acquisition of a "lot of sinful idears." Jim thinks that many of these ideas may

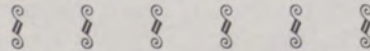
not be sinful at all. He says, "Maybe it's just the way folks is. Maybe we been whippin' the hell out of ourselves for nothin'."

Another character's view of sin is that of the red-haired Eva in *Cannery Row*. Once, when William the former watchman, told her that he was going to kill himself, she told him that that was a "dirty, lousy, stinking sin." The reason for this denunciation had nothing to do with any religious or moral codes. If he killed himself, the place would be pinched just when she "got enough kick to take a trip. . . ." Her condemnation of this action was to no avail, for moments later William slipped an ice pick into his heart.

From these examples one might conclude that Steinbeck is conducting a revolt against the traditional American religions. However, these cases are not all-conclusive, for in everyday life one comes face-to-face with irreverence, cynicism, and disbelief.

So, if the paisanos of *Tortilla Flat* and the characters in *The Pearl*, worship superstitiously, is it not in line with the worship of numberless people today? In spite of all the actions of Jim Casy in *The Grapes of Wrath*, Ma Joad's advice to Uncle John about his sins was for him to tell them to God and not to go burdening other people with them.

Even if Jim Casy did revolt against the religious beliefs of our society, was not the birth of Christianity—and the other religions of the world—a revolt against the religious beliefs of the societies that existed in those times?



IF

THOUGHTS ON THE BYRON SEPARATION CONTROVERSY

Tut, tut, sweet Annabella,
Some say you do protest too much;
While others of your gender do
A great injustice claim—
And both may well be true.

Yet had the bard been half the man
That many claim he was,
You would have been the first to say,
When George had gone his way,
"A good man's hard to find."

WESLEY JACKSON

THE REBEL YELL

The progress of the publications on the East Carolina College campus in the past two decades has been remarkable. *The Teco Echo*, (now *The East Carolinian*) was a publication of merit during the war years and even back into the time of the depression. *The Rebel*, is the third magazine to be printed on campus; at one time it was entitled *The Cavalier*, and later developed into a more familiar publication entitled *Pieces of Eight*. Then for a few years literary magazines were unknown. However, in 1958 *The Rebel* was initiated to fill the gap left by the older publications. The present *Rebel*, *The Buccaneer*, and *The East Carolinian*, have evolved from a long line of publications, and they have a creditable heritage to uphold. Of these three publications, *The Rebel* has been the only one called on to justify its existence, but this is so with many college literary magazines. The purpose of a publication such as *The Rebel* is to provide a creative outlet for students, and creativity of this sort is synonymous with education.

There are plans for four issues of *The Rebel* for the school year 1960-61; the fourth issue will be a collection of short stories compiled from students in other North Carolina colleges in addition to the contributions from the campus. North Carolina writers will be invited to the campus and this particular issue will be the subject of their discussion. This will give members of the student body an opportunity to meet some of our more prominent writers as well as to hear them speak on the subject of writing in North Carolina.

This past year *The Rebel* has presented in each issue an interview with a North Carolina writer. The Editors plan to continue this policy with a different interview for each issue.

Poetry for this issue is especially noteworthy; the selection of poems will show an emphasis on North Carolina themes. The short story, *Glory and Freedom* by Bill Lee was his first attempt at writing; on the basis of his success with this story the Editors predict a promising future for Mr. Lee.

The art work for this issue is predominately etchings, with two photographs, one woodcut, and one charcoal drawing. One photograph is of a piece of sculpture by Don McAdams who recently won an award for a painting entered in an art show in Columbia, S. C. Currently he is working on a twenty foot tall outdoor sculpture to be placed behind Rawl Building on campus. It is an abstract derived from organic form and concerned mainly with negative space, form change, and weight distribution.

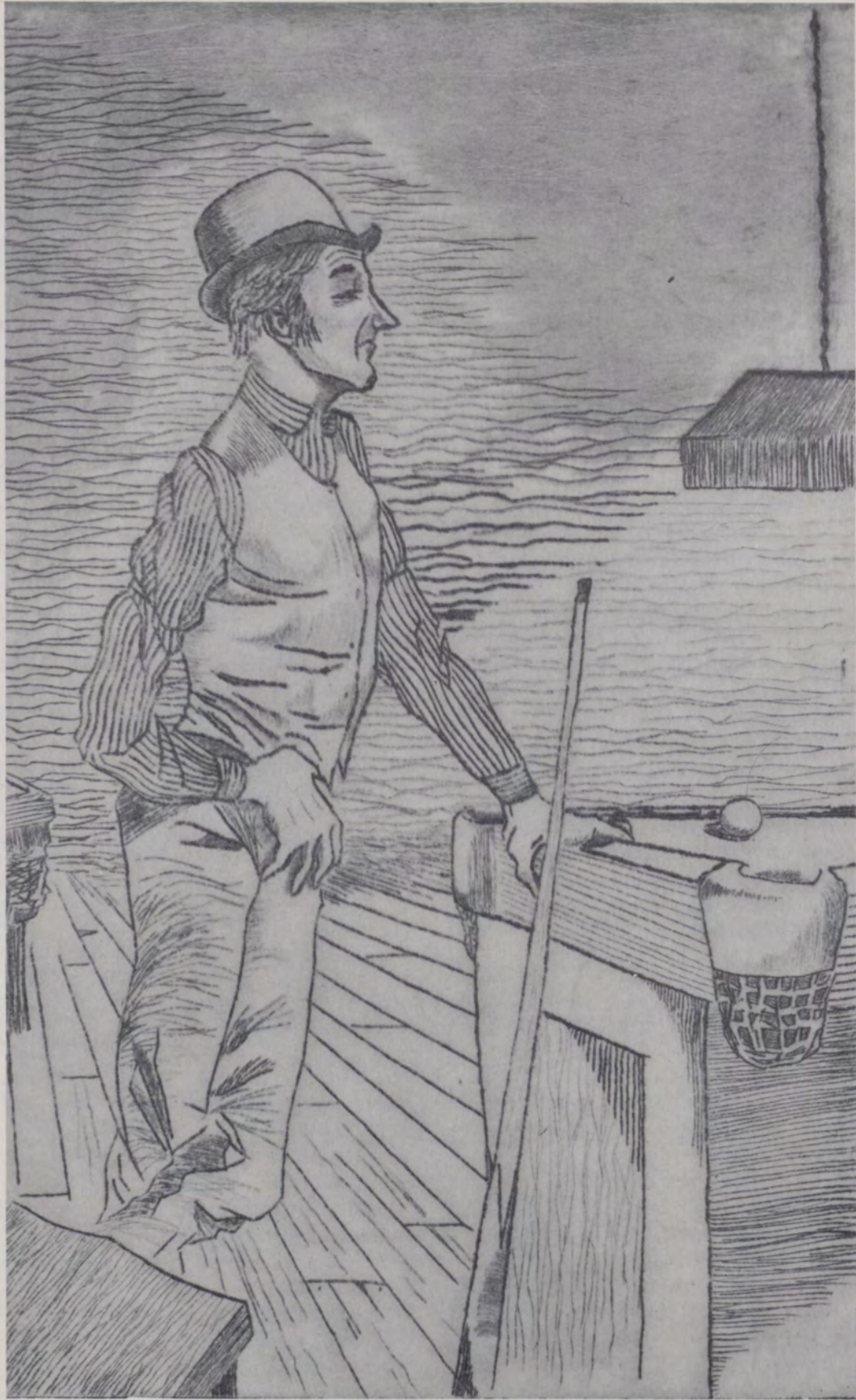
Elfreth Alexander was recently announced as the winner of the writing contest. In the winning story, *The Spring That Broke Tom, Jake, and Me*, Elfreth shows exceptional ability in her characterization. The story is one to challenge all student writers. Denyse Draper and Talmage Williamson also received recognition from the judges for their work. For the next year's contest the Editors are planning to award three prizes; one for the best poem, the best short story and the best essay. The judges this year were Dr. Poindexter, Dr. Hirschberg, and Dr. Rowe.

LOVE'S LABOR LOST

by ALLEN G. HOYT

"Write not of love when in that state."
My critic said to me.
"But wait until a later date
When heart and mind are free.
The pen speaks not the truth so pure
When guided by the hand
Of one whose heart is all too sure
That love it can command."
Those words so wise I did not heed—
Those words that seem'd so dire—
And still when'er I felt the need,
I wrote of heart's desire
And to my critic I did say:
"Be damn'd, Hirshberg! I'll have my way!"

And thus resolv'd I took my pen—
To write of love so fair—
To put in verse my every yen—
My heart I had to bare.
And from my pen the verse did pour;
The rimes came thick and fast.
This verse by which I set great store,
I felt would ever last.
Then came the day when love was gone—
I put my pen aside.
And when I read what I had done,
My verse I had to hide.
And to my critic, add I might:
"Alas, Hirshberg! You were so right!"



"Rock Em Up"

(Etching)

by BOB BUTLER

SHORT STORY

(Contest Winner)

by ELF ALEXANDER

I want you to listen real close while I tell you this because, you see, nobody else knows; that is, nobody but Tom, Jake, and me, because we were the ones who did it. I just have to get it off my chest; so, please listen, and don't judge Tom and Jake and me too harshly.

It all started last spring. We would sit in that little old one-room schoolhouse and stare out at those blades of grass pushing themselves mightily through the naked earth, and we could almost see a big bass jiggling at the end of our fishing poles or feel the cool water of the river close over our hot bodies as we dived deep.

Miss Stokes, our teacher, seemed to have caught the spring fever, too; for she would run her fingers through her graying hair more often and was getting so she would let us out five minutes early. People around here always joke about Miss Stokes' graying hair. They say that it started turning gray one month to the day after she began teaching at the Colbridge School; that was three years ago—1921.

What struck me funny, though, was the chalky look she had about her. I think if I saw her in Kalamazoo and didn't know her from a hill of beans, I'd know she worked around chalk. I can't figure out why—it must be her complexion.

I guess Miss Stokes did have a pretty tough time of it, but then so did we. She'd scream and holler—she had a terrible temper and voice—and we'd look real meek and sorry so she would shut up and then we'd turn loose a green snake or a frog that we'd caught at recess. We had plenty of tricks up *our* sleeves.

At first, Miss Stokes would whale the tar out of us with an old beech limb she kept special for that purpose; but, by and by, as Tom, Jake, and I kept on failing our grades and kept on growing,

she got more and more hesitant about whaling us—especially after the day Jake started running from her as if he were frightened to death and Miss Stokes gave chase. Jake ran just fast enough; that is, he ran kinda slow so she would think she could catch him. He ran around and around the room, turning over chairs and knocking books in the floor. The whole class was screaming at the top of their lungs in pleasure at the change of scene. When Jake ran by Tom and me, he winked, and we knew he had something up his sleeve. We never knew what Jake was going to do; he was absolutely reckless! Well, just before Jake got to the pot-bellied stove, he fell somehow; and, Miss Stokes, not expecting such, tripped over him and well nigh busted her jaw open on that stove. There was a big board of trustees meeting about it, but what it all really amounted to was her being scared of us three. Anyway, she never tried to whale us with that old beech limb again.

Well, this spring we wanted something new. Spring was busting out all over the place, and we had been kept in the stall long enough—our blood was running hot. So, you see, Caleb really had it coming to him when he first stuck his foot in that schoolhouse.

I remember he came in one morning, right out of nowhere, and in a voice loud enough to be heard slam out in the schoolyard, announced his name as Caleb Hasermann. Miss Stokes was impressed—we could see that; and we were impressed, too—but in a different way. He was too darned cocky. We watched him all that day. His cheeks were ruddy, his hair a kinky black, and he was bandy legged, just like a bulldog. In fact, that's what he reminded us of, a cocky little bulldog. He was a terrible show off, and pretty soon,

we had to keep our hands in our pockets to prevent them from grabbing his kinky head and banging it on his desk.

That afternoon, we followed him. He started out toward Mr. Perkins' farm, and we figured he must be the new tenant's son. We waited until he got in the woods on that little cart path, and then we chunked a pebble at him. We knew it must have hurt him, because it hit him right square in the back of the head; but he turned to us with a lopsided grin on his face and just stood waiting for us. We took our time getting to him, trying to look as mean as possible; but Caleb didn't flinch. As we walked up, Tom asked, "Ain't you got no feelings? I just hit that noggin of yours with a rock."

"I felt it," Caleb grinned. That grin did it. We moved closer and began circling him, the way dogs do when they fight. Caleb didn't look scared one bit, and I guess that's why we didn't jump him right off. It got so quiet I heard a fish splash down in the river; and from the corner of my eye, I saw a redbird fly out of the pine by the side of the path. Suddenly, Jake let go with a right, and Caleb went sprawling. Tom and me, we backed off and watched. We three were tough. We could beat any boy our age, or so we thought. It wasn't long, however, until we saw that Jake had met his match. Caleb was smaller, but he was quicker. His little bandy legs moved as if they were coil springs; and his black, beady eyes darted about like a fox's. They fought and fought. A dark red egg appeared over Caleb's left eye, and Jake's mouth began to look puffy. Finally, Jake broke off; and Caleb, panting mightily, told us as cocky as you please that he'd fight Jake tomorrow if he wanted to. Jake nodded, and brushing the pine straw and dirt from his clothes, he motioned for us to follow him. We sauntered off down the cart path toward the river. We didn't say anything to each other—we didn't need to; we had known each other long enough to be able to share our thoughts. Some noisy crows flew overhead, and Tom made as if he had a gun and was shooting them. Way off, I heard a rooster crow. I felt so good. As we walked, our shoulders would bump; and I was so happy I shouted, "Let's race to the river!" We took off, Jake halfheartedly dragging behind. I took the middle of the cart path, where the grass was high. I could feel it flattening beneath my feet as I sped over the ground. I was flying. The trees with their tiny spring buds of leaves waved at me as I went past, and the wind breezed in my shirt. When I reached the shore, I pounded my chest in a victory yell.

Tom came thudding down the bank, almost knocking me over, and Jake loped behind him.

"Ain't that your old man's dog over there?" Jake asked, nodding toward the bank a little downstream.

"Yeah," I said. I whistled to the flop-eared dog. It tucked its tail between its legs and moved off a bit.

"How come it don't come?" Tom asked.

"Old Sary, she don't like me none," I replied.

Tom walked to the water and sloshed his finger around in it. "Wow! This stuff's cold!"

I stuck my finger in it. "It ain't so cold," I said, splashing about with my hand vigorously.

"Hey, watch it! You're getting me wet!" shouted Tom. Jake was watching us, sitting on a log near the bank.

"Betcha won't go wading in it!" he dared.

"Oh yeah?" I hollered, and began unlacing my shoes. Then, I noticed Old Sary siding up. She didn't think I was paying her no mind. Quickly, I grabbed her up and threw her in. I didn't throw her out very far because she was so heavy, but it wet her good. She yelped and came scrambling out of the water in a frenzy. Tom, Jake, and me, we laughed and laughed and laughed. Old Sary, she ran off down the beach a bit. She had the craziest run. It seemed as if all her legs belonged to a different dog and refused to get together. I think they must have been all different lengths. She was a crazy dog. Good for nothing. I don't know why Papa liked her; she couldn't smell a rabbit if it was tied around her neck, and her coat looked as if she had the mange.

The next morning, we rushed to school with more get-up-and-go than we had had in a long time—we could hardly wait to tangle with Caleb. That day, we threw spit balls at him, giggled when he read, and passed a note around saying he was a big sissy.

The rest of the spring was like that. We'd tossle with Caleb every day. Once, we even broke our code, and all three of us jumped him at once, trying to make him promise not to read or spell in school the next day. He wouldn't promise; and the next day, he read and spelled better than usual.

The weeks passed, and Caleb got more and more under our skins. We couldn't help but admire him a little, though, but we never mentioned it to one another. We learned he had lied to his parents about us, and never spoke to our Pa's about us—and he had had plenty of opportunity to. He was fighting what we called a one-man's war, and we couldn't help but respect him for it; yet, we

couldn't stop now. It seemed that no matter what we did, he wouldn't get a bit meeker. His eyes often filled with tears, but they weren't humble tears—just mean, angry tears. His cocky way fired Tom, Jake, and me just like liquor; and we decided to break him just like old man Judson broke those wild horses he caught up-country.

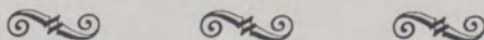
Finally, we did a terrible thing. You see, we couldn't help it—he had made us. We had noticed a little mongrel around Caleb's place. It was a black and white fice with a funny crook in its tail. One afternoon, we saw it down by the river. Pretty soon, we had it on the raft and sent it spinning down toward the rapids. When Caleb came down the bank a little later, we told him what we had done. He took off for the rapids, as if he were on fire, and we took out behind him. When we got to the rapids, we saw Caleb dancing around on the bank, and the dog and raft spinning and bobbing in the center of the boiling water. The fice was whining and howling, crouching and cowering as the raft spun and tipped. Its crooked, thin tail went up and down like a pump handle. Suddenly, the raft shot under. The fice's head stayed up for a few seconds, and then it was gone.

Caleb came charging at us like a bull. We had never seen him so. We grabbed him and held him down. He kept screaming, "Are you satisfied now? Are you satisfied now?"

Abruptly, he changed; we felt his body go lax beneath our hands. We saw his lips stretch grotesquely over his teeth until they were white. The color left his face, and tears squeezed out of his eyes. We let him go, and backed off a little. He tried to rise, but flopped back down, rolled over on his stomach, and began pounding the ground. His shoulders were heaving violently, and slowly, sobs that began in his stomach came tearing out of him. Dimly, I heard the water roaring past my feet and a yellowhammer squawking somewhere. I started down the bank toward home. Involuntarily, I began to run. Faster, faster, faster. The sand sank beneath my feet as if it were trying to trip me or pull me down, and the water swept into my shoes as the bank leveled off into the beach. Gradually, I slowed to a walk. Everytime I put my right foot down the water would squash in my shoe. I sat on a log and began unlacing my shoe. I had it half off when I somehow

slipped and my stockinged foot darted into the damp, clammy sand. I don't know why I started crying. I just did. My shoulders heaved so violently I could hardly stay on the log. I didn't make any sound, though. My face twisted and contorted until it ached. I heard something crunching in the sand, and uncovering my face, saw Old Sary. I whistled to her halfheartedly, but she just stood there, her ears flopping her hair full of cockleburs and mud; then, I was off again. I couldn't stop the pain that welled up in my stomach and came seeping up to twist my throat and face with steel fingers.

In a little while, I felt a wet nose on my hand and I fastened my fingers in a hunk of Sary's hair. I moved my fingers slowly over her back, straightening her matted hair and pulling out the cockleburs. I felt her body quiver with pleasure. She turned and licked my hand. Slowly, the pain left my stomach, and limply I continued to stroke Sary, ever so gently. She whined in ecstasy and began going in a circle under my hand, her tail wagging a mile a minute. "You like me, Sary? Do you really like me?" She trembled violently, and licked at my chin. I stroked her side. "Say, old girl, you've put on some weight. Have you finally managed to get you a rabbit or two?" All the hurt was gone now, and my voice was full of baby talk. I tickled her, and she lay down in the sand and rolled over, presenting her vulnerable, white stomach to me. I grabbed one of her thrashing paws. "Say, have you gone and got in trouble again this year? Don't you remember what happened to your pups last year?" Sary rolled back over and tilted an ear at me to be scratched. "Don't you remember, Sary? Papa gave them all away, every single one. Don't you remember, Sary? He gave them all away." Sary whimpered contentedly and licked my wrist. "Say, old girl," I whispered, leaning closer, "you're not much of a dog, you know, Sary; and, I was thinking . . . well, you ain't got much dog sense—you can't smell a rabbit under your nose; and you sure ain't much to look at; but, you know, Sary, you got right much human sense, I think; and, well I was thinking . . . since you run so sorry and hunt so sorry, and seeing as you already got a black and white coat, do you 'pose you could manage to have a cocky black and white pup with a crazy crook in his tail?"





"The Watcher"

(Sculpture)

by DON MCADAMS

THE REBEL REVIEW

Religion In America

Protestant Catholic Jew, Will Herberg. Garden City: Doubleday Anchor, 1960. \$1.25

Of the many books dealing with religion which are available to the casual reader, *Protestant, Catholic, Jew* by Will Herberg is among the more contributive. He is looking at the present religious scene in America and attempting to understand it by applying sociological data. The outstanding trait of mid-twentieth century religion in America which prompts Herberg to write is the rise in religious activity accompanied by the rise in secular interests. For instance, according to one survey, 80% of the adults asked, said that they believed the Bible to be the "revealed word of God." Yet 53% of these same people could not even name one of the first four books of the New Testament. He states his thesis as "that both the religiousness and the secularism of the American people derive from very much the same sources, and that both become more intelligible when seen against the background of certain deep-going sociological processes that have transformed the face of American life in the course of the past generation."

The determining facts of our religious situation today, which is admittedly peculiar to us in America, is found in the unique heritage of the population of our country. Of the 160,000,000 Americans living today, all are either immigrants or descendants of recent immigrants. Our country is not intrinsically religious, part of this attempt at self-identification has been the affiliation with a religious institution, either Protestant, Catholic, or Jew.

Part of this identification is to say that one believes. For instance, according to one survey 97% said that they believed in God, 75% said they belonged to a church (while church records show only about 55% of the population on its rolls) and 73% said they believed in an afterlife with God and Judge. Yet a majority of Americans who testified that they regarded religion as something

very important answered that their religious beliefs have no real effect on their ideas or conduct in the areas of politics and business. Since survey like the above mentioned are not confined to one religious group, but include the population as a whole, it seems that there is a common religion in America—known as the American Way of Life. The American Way of Life is, at bottom, a spiritual structure, a structure of ideas and ideals, of aspirations and values, of beliefs and standards: it synthesizes all that commends itself to the American as the right, the good, and the true in actual life.

The American Way of Life sees America as a new order of things. It is individualistic, dynamic, pragmatic. It is idealistic. Because Americans are idealistic, they tend to confuse espousing an ideal with fulfilling it and are always tempted to regard themselves as just as good as the ideals they entertain. Religion is central to the American Way of Life (and any expression of religion within the tri-faith enterprise of religion is acceptable). The reciprocal action of the American Way of Life is shaping and reshaping the historic faiths of Christianity and Judaism in America. American religion is basically non-theological and non-liturgical; it is activistic and occupied with the things of the world to a degree that has become a byword among European Churchmen. It is not important what we believe or how this belief is expressed in worship; it is only important what we do. Any expression of the three major faiths of America is acceptable to the American (Eisenhower once said "Our government makes no sense unless it is founded in a deeply felt religious faith—and I don't care what it is"). American religion is, crudely, a faith in faith.

How did the religious scene evolve into its present situation? The author deals with this according to the three major faiths from which comes the title of the work. The Protestants were the first to arrive and set the stage for all religious thinking that has taken place up to now. The decisive characteristic of American Protestantism is its individualism, which is natural for

a religion which has been primarily a frontier religion across the nation as the nation moved from the Eastern shores westward.

The Catholic Church's situation is entirely different in that it has never been a pioneering movement looking for religious freedom. It was from the first a movement of people looking for a nation. This brought about a fusing of the religious and nationalistic efforts. Since the first people to come, thought in terms of religion as being the mark of the American, the Catholic immigrants kept their religious heritage. Even the Catholic religion has taken on some of the marks of the American Way of Life. For instance, Catholics have been criticized by their brethren in Europe for being too intent on the active virtues at the expense of humility, charity, and obedience. Also, American Catholics think of themselves as one of the three religions of America—an unheard of situation in Catholicism.

Judaism in America has also undergone a transformation in the process of its being transplanted from Europe. The Jews have been the last religious group to come to America. The German Jews came mainly in the mid-nineteenth century and the Russian Jew about the turn of the century. From the first they too have attempted to adjust to their new national situation, for they were not religiously motivated to come to America. Judaism in America today does not have the fervor for the movement to Israel that has been one of the main hopes of nationless Judaism since the first century AD. The Passover has been rewritten and contains little of the redemptive features assigned to it by the multitude of generations of Jews that have lived by it.

As each of these last two groups came to America they seemed to conform with a law (Hansen's Law) with respect to their attitude towards their origins. The first generation to come would be obviously foreign and keep their foreign traits. Being truly foreign is part of America, too. But the second generation has always tended to be insecure in this role and attempted to cut itself off from their fathers' background. Then, strangely enough, the third generation will reinstitute that from his ethnic background which will make him an American—his religion. "What the son wishes to forget, the grandson wishes to remember".

The three religions have been accepted by all to be the ideal way of being religious. This gives rise to the inter-faith movement in America which is peculiar to us. With the sociological factors at work in America's movement towards religion, it is understandable to the author that the rise

of religion and the rise of secularism are concurrent in our life. At mid-twentieth century we stand in the midst of the majority of the third generation immigrants who are trying to work out their attitude towards this thing they wish to remember, their attitude towards other peoples' religion, and the content of each. That is to say, Americans are seeking identity with America through their religion.

Herberg has set forth a very interesting thesis and has provided most informative and well documented support of it. Whether he is right or wrong, the book is valuable in provoking us to understand why we are so religious according to the nose count on the Sabbath. The reader will surely benefit from realizing that our attitude towards religion is not entirely based on a religiously defined motive.

There are two points where I would like to amend Herberg, both of which he does not refute nor deny as much as he overlooks. One is that the situation in America today is not unique in spite of the fact that it has evolved in a peculiarly unique way. Christ said, "I came that they might have life, and have it abundantly". This is the major purpose and essential being of religion—to give life where death is residing in any form. If the people coming to this country needed to be part of the Church because they were foreign, this is another way of saying that their foreignness was a form of death to them. By the Church's accepting them in spite of their secular overtones, it has successfully given life where death was. Beginning with Constantine and Edict of Milan in 313, through Gregory the Great in 590, down to and including the movement ignited by Luther in 1519, the orthodox movement of Christianity has been to give life. Its major turning points have been where death threatened to engulf the people. This same thing has happened in the development of the common religion in America. (From a personal point of view, I cannot help but say that traditional Christianity can best counteract the death of the world without being hopelessly contaminated.)

The second point is that Herberg does not properly account for the fact that clergymen are now better able to communicate this life-bearing faith. Religion in the last thirty years has profoundly moved to accept all of God's revelation to mankind including that supplied and gleaned by the unordained and untrained in standard terms of Christianity. I mean that knowledge that the church gains from other fields of study, such as Herberg's work in sociology. The theologian bet-

ter understands the creature that he is attempting to communicate with and is better able to recognize the presence of death and replace it with God's redemptive life.

The very fact that Herberg (now a professional religionist) would write such a readable and enlightening book and the fact that I (also a professional religionist) would read it with a sympathetic eye shows that one can accept his thinking as valuable and not expect the worst from the fourth generation of us immigrants.

THE REV. RICHARD N. OTTAWAY
Episcopal College Chaplain

Autobiographical Fiction

THE AFRICAN, William Conton. Boston: Little, Brown, 1960. \$4.00

Since 1940, we have been aware of the importance of understanding other nations. With the more recent emergence of independent nations in Africa, we have become aware of the need to become acquainted with that area. *The African*, by the headmaster of a high school in Ghana, is useful documentary evidence on African nationalism and the related and equally explosive problem of racial discrimination.

Since William Conton, not Alan Paton, wrote this book, its value as a literary piece is seriously limited. The author was born in West Africa and educated there and in England before he entered the teaching profession. Kisimi Kamara, the central character of the book, who tells his own story, has the same background, but he goes on to found a political party and become prime minister of his newly independent country before slipping into the Union of South Africa to take part in the racial struggle there. Considering the author's close kinship to the protagonist, it is remarkable that the latter's story is so improbable. This may be due to the author's failure to anchor the events in this story by relating them to real events and specific times. It may be due to his formal use of English. Kisimi's M.A. is in English; the author's degree is otherwise unrevealed.) It may as well be due to the fact that there is a lack of understanding between Mr. Conton and this reviewer which Mr. Conton is striving to remedy. This latter reason, along with my obligation to write this review, helped me to resist the occasional temptation to put this book away before I finished it.

DR. JOHN HOWELL

Twain and His Precursors

Mark Twain and Southwestern Humor, Kenneth S. Lynn. Boston: Little and Company, 1960. \$5.00

Professor Lynn, Chairman of the American Civilization program at Harvard, has, in *Mark Twain and Southwestern Humor*, done what students of American literature have long known needed doing: he has traced in detail the influence of the Southwestern yarnspinners on the art of Mark Twain. Joseph G. Baldwin, William Byrd, Joseph B. Cobb, Davy Crockett, G. W. Harris, Johnson J. Hooper, Richard Malcolm Johnson, Henry Clay Lewis, Augustus Baldwin Longstreet, Thomas Bangs Thorpe are all assayed as contributors, and Mark Twain, as the culmination, is freshly and wisely examined.

In addition, Dr. Lynn's work makes two other significant points. One is that these earlier and less gifted writers, contrary to what is often assumed, were, however crude their finished product, deliberate and self-conscious craftsmen. The other is that the major orientation of Twain's precursors was the Whig Party, which they followed from its poised confidence to its disillusioned and bitter confusion and disintegration.

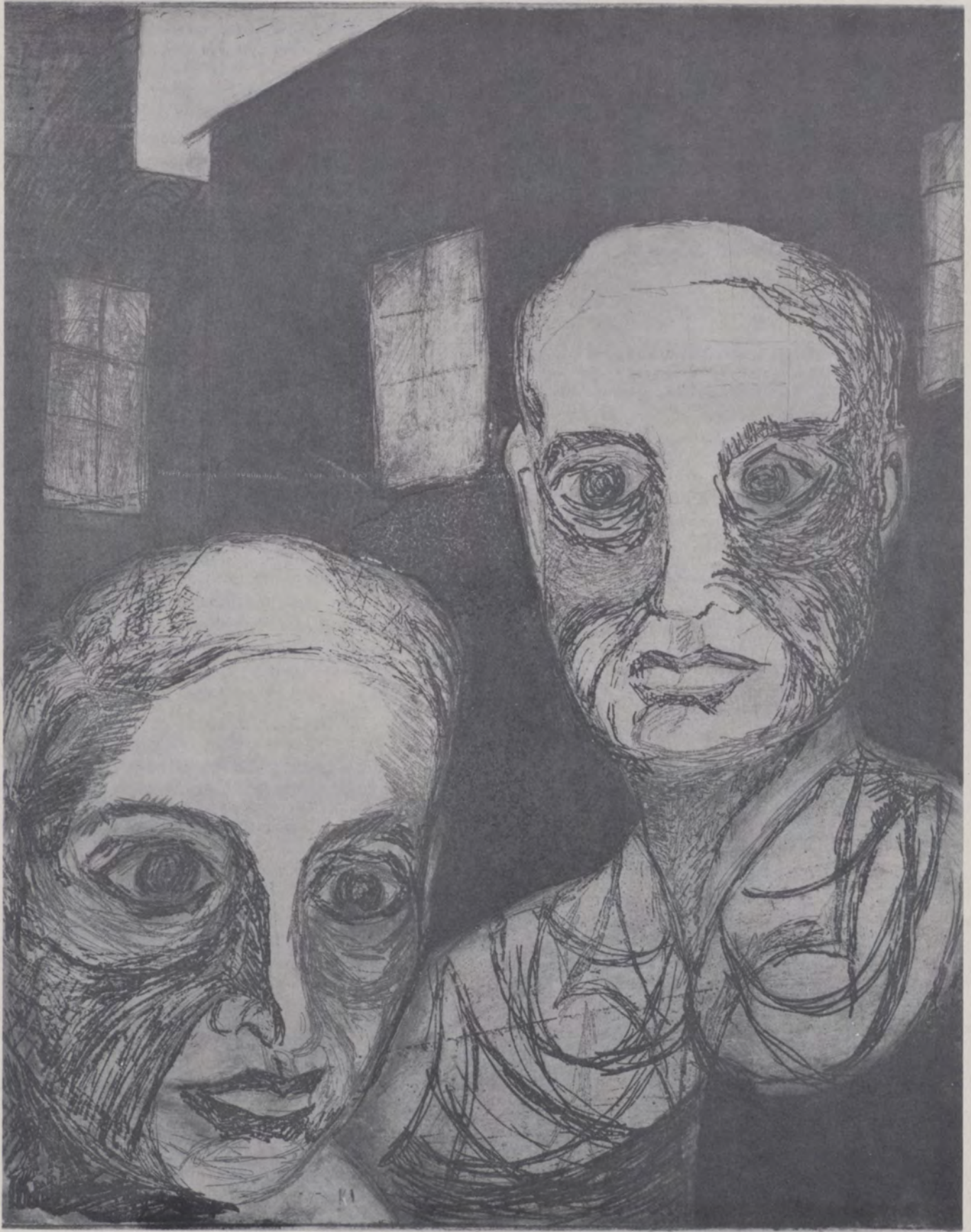
Mark Twain and Southwestern Humor, at once scholarly and readable, illuminates Twain's predecessors without dimming the brilliance of Twain himself.

DR. FRANCIS ADAMS

Responsibility of Love

An American Romance, Hans Koningsberger. New York: Simon and Schuster, 1960. \$3.50

Hans Koningsberger has written a perceptive novel regarding the modern American marriage, which in turn mirrors other aspects of modern life. Phillip and Ann are extremely attractive and extremely intelligent young adults. And they have such dreams; they fall in love and marry quickly. Their marriage shall be different from that of those around them. Each is what the other wants, and they need no other people. In short, each has found the fulfillment of his life-long dream. Then the crucial questions, which form the theme of the book, arise. How can one survive the fulfillment of one's dreams? What is the emptiness which accompanies fulfillment? Why do we not reconcile ourselves to the fact that ripeness is all and that it is enough? This is expressed in Phillip's thoughts while going to pick up Ann at the



"Night Shift"

(Etching)

by ROSE MARIE GORNTO

railroad station after she has been away for several days:

"Maybe this is life at its happiest, to be alone and free and not lonely because the end of your aloneness is in sight."

The Author's opinion seems to be that idea-people and word-people are more susceptible to this pitfall than others, if for no other reason than that their thinking is more analytical. At any rate, his only answer to the problem seems to be a reiteration of the immense responsibility of the lover and the loved. To love casually is not enough. Love is a fragile seedling which cannot stand buffeting. It must be carefully nurtured if it is to survive. But even this may not be enough.

This book is composed of very short, loosely held together chapters. Its effect is achieved not by detail but by impressionistic imagery.

An American Romance is the book for readers who like to grapple with ideas while reading a novel.

SANDRA PORTER

"Life Really Is Worth Living"

Living In The Present, John Wain. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1960. \$1.45

This novel begins with the somewhat disconcerting resolve of its hero to end it as soon as possible. On a piece of paper headed REASONS FOR THE SUICIDE OF ME, EDGAR BANKS, he convinces the reader that his only way out of the miserable hash he has made of his life is to destroy it. As a special favor to mankind, he decides to take with him to eternity the one person whom he considers to be the most repulsive and least useful member of the human race. Without much trouble, though not without a few moments of indecision since there are so many candidates, he picks a horror named Rollo Phillipson-Smith, who effectively represents the sum total of all of the qualities of the species that are most expendable. The bulk of the book consists of his abortive attempts to commit this double murder of himself and Rollo.

The experiences Edgar has in chasing Rollo around Europe make up a series of extremely funny incidents. Wain is a master at presenting the ironically comic aspects of society in vivid, devastating strokes. His descriptions of train travel, life in Alpine resort hotels, and the amenities of pseudo-sophisticated drinking parties are perfect little vignettes of life in the twentieth

century. Edgar's resolve to "live in the present" cancels out all his obligations to conventional morality—or at least he thinks it does—and so he acts exactly as he wants to act. Gradually he loses the sense of urgency that has started him on his projected journey into hell. The more time he takes to look at life—"living in the present" allows him the leisure to relax and stop planning for the future—the more poignantly the realization comes home to him that life really is worth living after all, if you just give it half a chance.

Originally one of England's "angry young men," John Wain has shown in this novel that his anger has waned considerably. In the end he begins to sound almost like Charles Dickens crooning of love and life in his best sentimental style. Like Scrooge in "The Christmas Carol," Edgar is transformed into eager benevolence incarnate. You almost stop hating Rollo Phillipson-Smith, but not quite. But you do start loving everybody else, including Edgar's new girl. He steals her from his best friend—who, you learn, actually has been trying to find a graceful way to get rid of her, so no harm is done. It is she who rescues Edgar from the doldrums and convinces him to Start Over. Your only regret when you turn over the last page is that he never succeeds in killing Rollo. Despite this defect, *Living In The Present* is well worth reading for the laughs alone—and for the insight it will give you into your own foolishness and vanity.

EDGAR W. HIRSHBERG

Executive Episode

The Lincoln Lords, Cameron Hawley. Boston: Little, Brown and Company, 1960. \$5

In this novel, Cameron Hawley has once again delved into the lives of big corporation executives and produced a best seller equal to his two previous novels *Executive Suite* and *Cash McCall*.

As the story opens, Lincoln Lord has been out of a job for eight months and he and his wife Maggie have moved from their Tower suite to a single room in the Waldorf-Astoria where she struggles to cook over a can of Sterno on the windowsill. However, Lord still has dinner daily at the elite Greenbank Club though his tabs are piling up.

Finally, Lord shamefully lists his name with an employment agency, but even they seem to have no luck in finding him a job. Mr. Lord cannot, without endangering his future, take any

job less significant than a corporation presidency. His trouble is that executives are hesitant about hiring him because he is a job jumper. He has headed four corporations within the past ten years at about \$50,000 a year. Is he a phony who rides the wave of prosperity, but quickly jumps off and shifts jobs when his company runs into trouble? Or does he merely see a new future and advancement in each new job? Even at the end of the novel the reader can formulate no true analysis of Lord. Maggie Lord, the true and ever faithful wife thinks she is the only one in the world (including Lord himself) who understands her complex husband.

Their small savings have almost dwindled away and Lord has almost lost all hope when finally a rich executive calls to arrange an interview. The Lords rent a Waldorf Towers suite for the day, move a few belongings up to make the place look lived-in and fool their guest about their present economic situation. He offers Lord the presidency of a small canning company in a small town and thinks Mr. Lord is doing him a favor by accepting.

After living in hotels for years, the Lords all move to Goodhaven where Lord heads the Coastal Foods Company. Soon, trouble develops; the owner of the cannery causes a ruckus by wanting the working staff re-arranged and at the same time it looks as if the firm's baby food has started an epidemic. Will Lord run or will he stay and see the company through this dual calamity? To make the problem more complex, at this time Lord is offered the presidency of his beloved alma mater Chesapeake College.

This novel offers the reader not only an insight into the intricate workings of large corporations, but also gives a glimpse of the personal lives of executives. Although the mainline of the novel deals with Lord at work, there is a faint outline of after hours romance which helps keep the novel alive for those who tire of the office locale.

KATHRYN JOHNSON

A Humanizing Process

Literary Biography, Leon Edel. Doubleday Anchor: \$.95

The writing of biographies has undergone some interesting developments since the days when James Boswell labored over the life of Samuel Johnson. In fact, Leon Edel declares that "modern biography is as modern as the novel," and after

reading Dr. Edel's *Literary Biography* I feel inclined to agree. In his book, Dr. Edel traces the evolution of modern biography, with the powerful inroads of criticism and psychoanalysis receiving especial attention. It is a book that should be of interest to anyone who is interested in writing, for the biographer as Dr. Edel sees him must be a person capable of seeing not only the surface accomplishments of his subject but also the intricate patterns of behavior that produced them; and are these not the aims of the poet and the novelist in their search for ultimate truths?

There are three types of biographies, Dr. Edel points out. One is the usual documentary type wherein the subject dominates the scene (Boswell's *Life of Johnson* is an example). A second type is the portrait biography that does not delve into the life behind the scene, but confines itself to the outward characteristics of the subject. The third is what we have in our age and what Dr. Edel calls the "narrative-pictorial or novelistic" biography. It is this type of biography that finds the biographer analyzing and commenting rather than merely presenting a host of facts that have been laboriously shuffled together as one would shuffle a deck of cards.

Dr. Edel deals with the problem of subjectivity in modern biography in a manner that demands attention, for he is well aware of the nature of these problems, having encountered them in the writing of his *Henry James: The Untried Years*. He is currently at work on a further biographical study of James. *Literary Biography* in itself could well become a casebook for modern biography.

HUGH AGEE

Bridging The Gap

False Coin, Harvey Swados. Boston: Little, Brown and Co., Ltd., 1960. \$4.00

This novel, told through the eyes and actions of its main character, Ben Warder, is the story of an effort to "bridge the gap between the arts and masses" and of the conflicts of a motly assortment of characters in their efforts to do this.

Ben Warder is a recording engineer who has accumulated one apartment, one child, and one divorce in his fifty years of existence. Being a bit restless and with no responsibility, he joins the efforts of this mass production of culture group in what they label "Pilot Project."

Most of the action centers around Harmony

Farm, a nine thousand acre estate belonging to Horace Harmon, a self appointed guardian of the arts.

The roster of characters include Monk Malony, a temperamental Irish writer; Rex Rector, a Negro homosexual who was ugly inside and out, in spite of his composing ability; Eddie and Joyce Bedlam, who took politics too seriously; Fredrick Peterson, director of the project and a prophet of its success, who is somewhat of a sociologist; Victor Vollbauch, another sociologist who worships statistics. In addition to these, there are art-supporters, tycoons and a sprinkling of characters who can only be classified as wealthy. The whole crew seems to use art as a blanket to protect them from the outside world and give the impression of psuedo-appreciators.

The book is written in a loose style that tends to be boring. In addition the reader is never sure just what the characters are searching for. The average reader will wonder how the story ends, but not enough to finish it unless he's only trying to kill time.

THOMAS JACKSON

Morality Play For Moderns

In *The Absence of Magic*, Ernest Pawel. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1960. \$3.75

The usual words used to describe adult novels — convincing, shocking, intense, stimulating — are inadequate when they are applied to Ernst Pawel's *In The Absence of Magic*. It is convincing in that there are Burts and Peters, and it is shocking in that someone must be destroyed in the conflict between them. It is intense in presenting and resolving this conflict, and it is stimulating because it is masterfully written. But these observations reveal nothing significant. For *In The Absence of Magic* is more than another fine novel. It is a morality play in modern dress, frighteningly applicable to our age.

The conflict involves brilliant, charming, and dangerously neurotic Burt and his former teacher and friend, Peter Kersten, a one-time disciple of Freud who has retired from the world to a remote island off the middle Atlantic seaboard. Burt must save himself from suicide, and though he has betrayed Peter on three separate occasions, he must do so yet again, this time by corrupting the relationship between Peter and his adopted refugee children. From the time of Burt's arrival to the island until his departure, the com-

plex pattern of their interwoven pasts builds to a crisis in which both men reap a bitter harvest of guilt and remorse. Focal point of their battle of wills is sixteen year old Dolores, who must choose between a life of ease with Burt and his wife and her present existence on the island with Peter and her twelve year old brother Mitya. Less innocent and vulnerable than Burt has supposed, she says simply, "I will not go with you to hurt Peter."

And when Burt, now a three time loser, is ready to resort to violence, Peter observes calmly, "It would be a damn sight easier for me to die than for you to go on living." Burt's cure had been short lived. He had now been "civilized and analyzed and altogether so fouled that instead of howling all he could do was pant."

If one is not interested in novels which involve only a battle between strong personalities with little hope of victory for either party, then the strong appeal in this novel will be the generous number of what might tritely be called "well-turned phrases." Mr. Pawel has said well something that is profoundly worth saying. And *In The Absence of Magic*, finding no magic to cure sick souls, satisfies the reader by saying majestically that man's salvation lies within himself.

JANICE HARDISON

ON A LONESOME PORCH

(Continued from page 9)

with which he treats the Negroes as well as whites could come only from a man who has known and felt the true southern traditions.

His latest novel is a work of art that will appeal to every person who has felt time passing too swiftly by. After the close of the Civil War, Miss Ellen, plantation owner, returns home with her widowed daughter-in-law and grandson. They find their traditional way of life completely removed. How these three generations react and how they make their adjustments is written with a dignity and insight that gives it universal significance. As one reviewer has written, "On A Lonesome Porch is an enthralling novel. In its imaginative recreation of a day that is gone, the vividness of description, its insight into character and its powerful yet restrained emotion, the book stands as the work of a master craftsman."

Interview With

PAUL GREEN

(Continued from page 5)

shade, can change, can emphasize; he can handle material with all the freedom of a fellow working with a brush. So, it all depends. But if more and more comes to the point, that's a bad word, I don't mean point, comes to where things of beauty and by beauty I mean *beauty*, count more and more, they count for something important. Two or three days ago an old army buddy of mine visited me. The last time I'd seen that fellow, I was digging a ditch in Camp Green. I was a buck private; he was a big sergeant, and I was slinging a pick and I said, "Sergeant, I think." And he said, "Damn your soul, you are not supposed to think! You are a soldier." But he was here several days ago, got him a new wife, no gray hair, and sixty-something years old. He said, "I want you to tell me about my boy. He quit the bulldozer, quit the contracting business, and he is up here at Chapel Hill sculpting—carving stuff—and he wants to be an artist. I told him if he could make \$3.50 an hour—that was what I paid him when he drove the bulldozer—then he might be an artist." But he says, "I reckon it's all right, because he loves it. And it's all right, ain't it, for a man to do what he loves to do?" And there my school teaching spirt came in. This didacticism. I said, "Yes, if it's worth doing. So, Al Capone, no doubt, loved what he was doing, but it wasn't worth doing." I remember talking to Sam Goldwyn once in Hollywood, while I was working there. And he said, "All I know about this story-telling is that you want to get somebody that wants something, then you want him to have it, and you watch the picture to see whether he can get it. That is all I know about writing a story. Would you agree to that?" I said, "No, I wouldn't. I would agree with part of it. Let's have motion picture art or stories about men and women who want something and watch them try to get it with obstacles in the way. But let's be sure what they want is worth having." He said, "I'm not interested in that." He said, "You want movies to teach school." I said, "No, I want them to quit debauching the American people with their sex and crime and easy success and a complete betrayal of the American ideals."

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