


THE ORION

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ANDERSON COLLEGE IDEAL

A healthy, Christian gentlewoman, doing her work
accurately, completely and happily

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THE ORION

Vol. IX

June, 1925

No. 4

Sunrise and Sunset

The heavens are a-blush with morning light,
The sun comes up from out the unknown deep—
A day is born. God makes the world a-light;
The flowers wake; all shadows dark have fled,
For over all the earth the light has spread.

But when the day is done, quiet even' tide draws
nigh;
Tired workers sigh and go to seek sweet sleep;
The fire-flies now with lighted lamps flit by,
All lovely earthly things creep silently to bed;
O'er all the world a restful dark has spread.

—LUCIA VANDIVER '27

Peach-Blossom Time

When the winter days have passed
And the birds begin to sing,
This world's a place of happiness
For every living thing.
The cool, sweet, balmy air,
The winds, the clouds, the rain,
Make all the world so fresh and gay
The old feel young again.

The branches are no longer bare,
The buds have grown to leaves
Which tell their secrets softly
As they flutter in the breeze.
There's each one's favorite flower
On field, on dale, on plain,
For the violets and the pansies
Have come to us again.

But of all these springtime pleasures
The one that I love best
Is a walk in the old peach-orchard
When the trees are pinkly dressed.
The cool, fresh scent of blossoms
The hum and croon of bees
Are things that always thrill me
As I walk beneath the trees.

I love that old peach-orchard,
Its cool sweet-scented shade,
I love the winding pathways
Where childish feet once strayed.
When springtime comes around each year
Though afar my feet may roam,
My heart goes back to the old peachtrees
That shade my childhood home.

—ROXIE MURDOCK '27.

Being The Catherine



Y great -great -great -great -great -great-grandmother was a friend of Catherine Parr, and handed down to our family this story of Catherine's life.

"Catherine! Catherine! Catherine!" When Catherine Parr's mother said her child's name was to be Catherine, little did she think that the name would have any influence upon her daughter's career. And indeed, quite a few years had passed before Catherine even thought of her name except as she heard it spoken.

"Catherine's father had been closely associated with the English palace and told his daughter of the many ups and downs—for there are such things—in the palace.

"In 1509 Henry VIII was crowned King of England. He was in the flower of pleasant youth, eighteen years old. Rumor said he was handsome, well-educated, fond of athletic sports, and that he had a smile and jest for everyone. This, with his pleasant manner and frank disposition, won for him friends everywhere.

"But the new King meant nothing to Catherine for she was yet a small and carefree girl, who had only the passing interest of a child in the plans which were being made for the King's marriage to Catherine of Aragon. The marriage was to be a brilliant public affair. Little Catherine Parr, as many others, was eager to see the new queen and she was one among the thousands that thronged about the palace. Fortunately, or unfortunately, she secured a place where she could see plainly the king and queen appear on the balcony. Catherine of Aragon was dressed in a flowing white gown with her hair hanging loose about

her shoulders. She was, indeed, a beautiful queen. But little Catherine's eyes strayed to Henry, the young King, a mere boy, yet full of dignity and with the stamp of royalty upon his face. Yes, he was handsome, exceedingly handsome, she thought."

The story has it that my old grandmother always said, "She has told me many and many a time that as the joyous crowd shouted 'Long live the King! Long live the Queen! Long live King Henry and Queen Catherine!' she let her eyes follow the King and built there her first air-castle. She pictured herself as the new queen (and why should she not? It was Queen Catherine) leaning on the arm of King Henry. Her dream carried her into the palace as a queen but then the wild applause of the crowd made her conscious of her surroundings. However, this dream was too sweet to be destroyed, and, as the months passed by, many new air-castles were built as she watched the king in the feats of chivalry and his exercise in all manly sports. She watched him fresh and richly apparelled celebrate May Day by going out in the early morning and bringing in green boughs himself. She watched how the knights and squires, dressed in white satin, seemed to admire his conduct and love his humor."

Then grandmother would say, "I must now tell you some of Henry's political steps, not that I doubt your knowledge of English History, but in order to continue my story. England was at peace when Henry came to the throne, but trouble soon arose between rivals on the continent. Henry was young, the English nation was young and conscious of its strength, so the court saw no reason why England should not use this opportunity to conquer France. Henry, the fair young King, went himself with his troops to Calais and defeated the French. This deed made the king stand above the other characters in Catherine's mind. He was more than an ideal dream Prince.

Francis I, of France and the Emperor of Germany, Charles V, now vied with each other in seeking an alliance with Henry. The Emperor visited England but Francis planned for an interview with Henry on French soil. The scene of this meeting was so magnificent that it is known as 'The Field of Cloth of Gold.' Catherine Parr's father was to go to Calais to help carry out the plans for this noble appointment. Rumors of the elaborate decorations, the gorgeous costumes, and the many balls to be given, made Catherine persuade her father to let her accompany him. The appointment was June 7, 1520, and thousands of English and French people thronged to the field. Henry dressed in cloth of silver damask, studded with gems and ribbed with gold cloth, his horse gay with trappings of gold, embroidery and mosaic work, came forth to meet Francis. There was a shower of flowers as Henry passed his people. Catherine, at the far end of the line, impulsively, unpinned from her fluffy, gold-colored dress a gorgeous rose of richest yellow which she threw in front of him, half-believing that the king, like the princes of fairy stories, would notice the solitary rose, stop, pick it up and look for the person from whom it came. Her heart was beating loud and fast against her breast. But, Alas! the hoof of the king's horse pressed the rose in the soil, and the king passed on without giving her a glance. Catherine felt a momentary pang of disappointment and mortification, the tears were gathering in her large blue eyes, but all was forgotten as Lord Burgh began to whisper in her ear the soft words of a lover, and tell her how anxious he was for the ball to be over—for then she would answer the question that meant so much to him.

Catherine Parr returned to England the fiancée of Lord Burgh and soon became his bride. For some time she was so happy she found no time for day dreaming. Then rumors spread from the palace that

Henry had grown tired of Queen Catherine. He had been charmed by Queen Catherine's maid of honor, Anne Boleyn. Anne was a young brunette, with a peach-blossom face and strikingly beautiful black eyes. She was known as 'The Flirt of the Palace.' It was said that 'Whosoever looked upon her could not help but love her and he whom she smiled upon felt fascinated and glorified.' As Henry had always been an admirer of feminine beauty, Anne found it an easy task to fascinate him.

"It was during the king's first attentions to Anne that Catherine Parr tried her second experiment with the rose. (She was a widow now). She knew it was one of the king's customs to walk in the flower garden. And so one Wednesday morning in June, when she saw the king approaching she plucked from a bush a beautiful white rose, and placed within its petals a note. She then concealed herself behind the bush and as the king passed threw the rose in front of him. He stooped, picked it up and found the note. She watched his eyes as he read the words, 'From a secret lover.' He smiled, turned his head toward the palace and slowly walked away holding the rose in his hand. She had heard of his attentions to Anne and he thought the childish project was committed by the beautiful brunette.

"After many months of wrangling with the Pope and after having made himself head of the English Church, Henry received his divorce from Queen Catherine. In 1533 he privately married Anne Boleyn. Anne wore yellow mourning for Catherine whom she had driven from the throne, but many said that it was mere shrewdness in Anne for yellow was exceedingly becoming to her.

"Catherine Parr heard of the rapid changes and scandals that took place in the courts of Henry. She heard how, in less than a year after her coronation,

Anne Boleyn, for whom Henry had 'turned Europe upside down' had been accused of unfaithfulness and sentenced to die. The day that poor Anne was to be executed Henry planned a big hunt and it is said that the king smiled when he heard the gun that announced Anne's death. All this made Catherine Parr more anxious and more determined to match her wit against that of Henry.

"The morning after Anne's death, Henry in his white mourning suit, led Jane Seymoure to the altar of marriage. After a year Jane died leaving an infant son, Edward. She had no sooner been buried than Henry began looking for another wife. After two years of fruitless search he came across a picture of a beautiful princess, gorgeously dressed—Anne of Cleves. Henry fell desperately in love with her portrait, and agreed, with a little persuasion from Thomas Cromwell, to marry Anne. An ambassador was sent to Germany to bring his bride and Henry travelled as far as Rochester to meet her. He could hardly wait for the time to pass when he would see her. With hasty impatience he rushed in the room where he was to meet Anne. But Alas! He staggered back. The princess was not as beautiful as the portrait, but was a deformed, horrible looking creature. However, the marriage contract had been signed and Henry was forced to go through the ceremony. In six months he divorced her and took his revenge by cutting off Cromwell's head.

"On the same day that Cromwell was executed, Henry married his fifth wife, Catherine Howard. Catherine was a fascinating girl in her teens and Henry loved her more than any of his other wives. It is said that he knelt down publicly in church and thanked God for the happiness the queen had brought him. Unfortunately, this happiness did not last. Catherine was accused of misconduct before her marriage and Henry had no mercy. Hence she walked the fatal road along which Anne Boleyn had preceded her.

“During this time Catherine Parr married Lord Latimer, but their companionship was short. By Lord Latimer’s death, Catherine was left a rich widow, and this wealth caused her to be often in the king’s company. As she conversed with the king her old dreams returned but they were changed. Catherine’s love for Henry had changed. She wanted to marry him now—not for love—but to prove to him that there was one Catherine in the world with as much wit as he had power. Catherine knew she was a woman of considerable learning, tact, and cleverness.

“And then,” as grandmother used to say, to make a long story short—“She won him. She was to be married to Henry VIII. Yes, she was to be the sixth wife of the King of England—the man that would press a kiss on your lips to-day and say to-morrow the words that would mean your death. Catherine shuddered at the thought but she was Catherine—“The Catherine,” and family pride said “I will.”

“Catherine though pale and agitated, sustained her part in the marriage ceremonies, with a true queenly bearing and dignity. But it was with a secret quake that she received congratulations from the Parliament, the same congratulations and praise with which the authorities had already greeted five other wives of this same king. She knew that at anytime an inconsiderate word, a look, a smile might lead Catherine Parr to purchase her short-lived glory with as ignominious death as Anne Boleyn and Catherine Howard had done. Nevertheless, she smiled. She smiled, though she felt the choler of the King so easily kindled and so cruelly vindictive, ever swinging over her head as the sword of Democles.

“She, she was Catherine—“The Catherine.” It was her one ambition to outlive and to outwit Henry VIII. It was a proud and lofty success for the widow of a petty baron to become the lawful wife of the King of

England, and wear upon her brow the royal crown. She knew that all the lords and ladies who now met her with apparently sincere deference, were in truth her bitter enemies, for she had not yesterday been their equal and to-day soared above them as their queen.

“The honor pleased Catherine but it was not for the honor that she had married Henry. She had since his marriage to Anne Boleyn intended to match her wit against his and this she did. She came into many keen arguments with him, especially about religion, for she was a Protestant and Henry, though head of the Anglican Church, was really Catholic at heart, but she was ever witty enough to win. She flattered the king and praised his conceit, and by her ready sallies saved her head and became the widow of Henry VIII.”

But this did not end my dear old grandmother's story for she would always add, “And children, the first time I saw Catherine Parr, after she became Queen of England, I thought my eyes were fooling me. She was wonderously beautiful. I saw her talking in unrestrained gaiety to her second maid of honor, and a clear and lively laugh rang from her lips, which disclosed both rows of her dazzling white teeth. Her eyes sparkled; her cheeks were flushed with rich red; bright as stars glittered the diamonds in the diadem that pressed her silky hair; and like liquid gold shone her dress of rich brocade. I shall always believe her name, Catherine, was the inspiration for her determined ambition to become queen and dominate Henry VIII.

“Thirty days after the king's death she married Thomas Seymoure. She was deeply in love with him, and though, I sometimes doubted his love for her, they lived happily until Catherine's death, six months after their wedding day.”

This is the story of Catherine Parr as my great-

great -great -great -great -great -great-grandmother told it and I believe that I am only pleasing her dear soul in passing it on to you.

—ROXIE MURDOCK, '27.

The Outcasts



HAVE never been so enthralled by the beauty of a child as I was by that of the Princess Isabelle. Her complexion was as fair as a lily, her hair was a bright chestnut, and her clear blue eyes told of the sincerity of her heart. Thoughtful and respectful was she; never rude to her attendants. These were my impressions of the young child as I sat in the court of King John II of Castile, acting as his secretary. Often while I was waiting for interviews with the King, Isabelle played around me and I entered into her childish games. Thus, I became her favorite among the King's advisors.

Upon the death of her father, the King, I was no longer used as financier by Isabelle's haughty uncle, Henry IV, who then became heir to the throne of Castile. A true relief it was to be rid of the gay court life of such a contemptible and weak ruler.

Little did I know about the young princess after her father's death, save that she and her mother retired to a small town, Arevals. There, under the guidance of her mother, she grew up a capable woman and a staunch Catholic. No more knew I of her until her marriage to Ferdinand, the King of Aragon, on October 19, 1469.

In the dead of the winter of 1470 I received a letter with the royal seal, that of the united arms of Castile and Aragon. I read the following words:

"Benjamin of Castile, you are hereby summoned to appear at the court of their royal highnesses, the

King and Queen of Spain, not later than the thirtieth day of January, in the year of Our Lord, One thousand, four-hundred and seventy.

(Signed) ISABELLA and FERDINAND.

With haste I made my way to the court of the new king and queen. The journey was long and tiresome, but by constant travelling I made my appearance before them in due time. In the courtroom the Queen bade me rise as I fell on my face before her. Begging to know upon what course I had been so hastily called, I was told that I had been chosen by the Queen to act as money-lender at the court.

One cannot imagine my joy over being selected to hold such a position. I begged leave to return to my old home and move my family to the King's Court. My request was graciously granted, and three weeks later with my sumpter-mule and pack-horse, we reached the court. We were given a home on the King's palace grounds.

During my stay at the court, Joanna, the little Princess, was born. As a little girl she learned to love my son, Jacob, who was then but a lad. Although the neighbor's children scoffed at Jacob because he was a Jew, little Joanna never turned away from him. Later, when he was studying the art of medicine, he was called to the bedside of the young Princess Joanna who was suffering from a fever. Even though he was a Jew, the King sought him as the last resort for the recovery of the young girl. Day and night Jacob labored over the suffering one, and by his skillful use of his art she finally recovered. This act of service was never forgotten by the Princess, and she would have no other physician save Jacob.

Year after year, as the sovereigns struggled for a Spain united in religion as in government, the Jews were more harshly oppressed. Though we no longer

held important offices, we were needed by our oppressors for in spite of persecution, we held the money bags of the country.

One day as I wended my way to the court on my weekly interview with the King and Queen, I heard of an assembly which was being held in the public square. I could not understand its meaning and fear seized my being. "Thou base deceiver," "Ungrateful One," and "Dog," and numbers of similar remarks were hissed at me as I passed through the streets and into the court. "Oh! Father Abraham," I cried, "What sneers are these that are flung at a poor humble servant?"

While plodding along a dark corridor near the King's chamber, I overheard these words, as they fell from the lips of the stern King Ferdinand. "At dawn enforce the Inquisition, kill out that accursed race." These words stung my very soul. Broken down with fear, I crouched by the wall and upon my knees uttered a prayer for the relief of my people.

Stumbling forward with my cloak drawn closely about me, and with fear in my heart, I made my way home. Already a mob of Catholics was gathering in the streets. Through the side way I went, down a dark alley, into a back street, and climbing fences, I avoided part of the ever increasing crowd. But by the help of God I still had strength enough to reach home and my Jacob.

I was then sixty-six years old—left alone with my son Jacob, the sole protection of my earthly body. I found Jacob calm although a sense of fear penetrated his manly figure. He tried to console me but the shock was too heavy to bear. I scarcely understood what he was saying until I caught these words, "Remember, father, I have favor with the Princess Joanna." I looked at my bag of jewels and gold, and realizing that if they were found in my possession they

would only serve to increase the fury of the crowd, I fell prostrate and prayed God to protect His children from the clamoring and roaring crowd of Catholics below. Despair filled my soul as we arose from this Holy Communion, but the light of hope still shone in Jacob's face.

Again a messenger brought me a letter bearing the royal seal and signature. This time I knew its contents before opening it. It read:

"Benjamin of Castile, your service is no longer acceptable to the sovereigns of Spain. There is no place for you here, you are a Jew, and you must suffer with that accursed race."

(Signed) ISABELLA and FERDINAND.

It was then eight by the court clock. Oh! those mournful sounds that the pendulum made as it ticked away the minutes into hours and life into eternity for the Jews. By sunrise there must be something done, or the whole tribe of Jacob would be banished or destroyed.

The uproar filled the streets. Wailing and weeping was heard on all sides. "To the stake all," "The king's financier lives here," "All," "Out with him," "All," floated up to my windows as death to a prison cell.

Jacob sat musing for a while, drew out his pen and paper, wrote hastily, bade me rest as quietly as possible, and rushed past me before I could hinder. I thought the roar grew louder and I hastened to the window to see Jacob. I could not, try as I would. The roar ceased not on the outside. "What will become of my boy, my only help?" I cried. His injunctions to rest quietly were of no avail. To and fro across the room, now praying, now entreating, now wishing that I were dead, now praising God that I had a Father, who could deliver his people, now tearing out my hair,

now almost unconscious and now praying again. "Will my child never come?" Pre-eminent in my mind was the thought of the daring of Jacob. "What if he is dead? Can he escape the clamorous mob?"

Worn out with excitement and despair I dropped upon my couch, but was aroused by the quick decisive commands of my Jacob: "Make ready, leave your jewels, come this way with me."

I followed half paralyzed with fear lest I should be led into the ferocious mob below. Down the back passage, through a trap door in the floor, into the basement, and through a secret tunnel Jacob led me. When we came out again, I realized that we were in a still more precarious position, that of being on the premises of the palace. A coach was nearby, into this Jacob placed me, leaped in himself, and gave the command to the horses, "Go!"

Through the courtyard we rumbled. With all haste we drove for the town of Navarre. By noon the next day we saw the outline of the city. Here we dismissed the coach and entered the town as mere peasant-beggars. In less than a week we had begged our way to the coast of Spain. There we boarded a small ship for England. On our vessel there were several other families of fleeing Jews.

After several weeks of sea fare and intense suffering for the want of food and the bare necessities of life, we landed in England. We settled down in the little coast town of Dover with our friends of the voyage.

Ill, half-crazed with fear, and suffering I did not fully realize how I was transported and delivered from the Catholics and the terrible Inquisition, but one day I asked Jacob if he could explain.

"Father," said he, "do you remember once when the Princess Joanna was deathly ill, how my know-

ledge of medicine saved her life?"

"Yes, my son," I replied, "but I do not see how that gave us a passage to England."

"Since that time I have been favored by the beautiful Princess, father," answered Jacob. "She was tender-hearted and could not bear to see me killed without an effort on her part to do something, so she prepared a coach and ship for our safe deliverance from the fury of the Catholics."

We lived in peace in England, but as "outcasts" from the world.

—REBA BREEDLOVE, '27.



My Kingdom of Flowers

Out in the wilds of nowhere
Down in my nook of dreams
Sheltered by weeping willows
Lighted by gay sunbeams,
I sit on my throne of verdure
To rule my Kingdom of Flowers
To feast in colorful bowers.
The melodies of the breezes
Amuse me when I want song,
The rollicking, frivolous daisies
Dance for me all day long.
I envy my modest violet,
I learn from the haughty rose,
I hear the chimes of the blue bells,
When the mischievous wind softly blows.
I love the dainty sweet pea
With her shy and winning ways,
I watch the wee bees scurry away
When the snap-dragon prankily plays.
I love the small buds and the withered blooms
And my subjects one and all.
The dreams I dream of my Kingdom of Flowers
Are the happiest dreams of all.

—EDITH HILLIARD, '27.

I'll Have to Keep My Eye on Me

Temptations meet me face to face,
Although I go from place to place;
But——
If I be what I ought to be,
I'll have to keep my eye on me.

Times always come, I have the "blues"
No matter what I'd wish to choose,
But——
If I be what I ought to be,
I'll have to keep my eye on me.

"Be unto others," they say to me
"As you'd have others be unto thee,"
But——
If I be what I ought to be,
I'll have to keep my eye on me.

'Tis hard always, to do the right
Yet try you may, with all your might
But after all——
If I be what I ought to be,
I'll have to keep my eye on me.

—NELLY ESKEW, '26.

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Subscription Rates ----- \$1.50 per Scholastic Year
Single Copies Fifteen Cents

Published five times during the scholastic year by the student
body of ANDERSON COLLEGE, Anderson, S. C.

Entered as Second-class Matter at the post office at Anderson,
S. C., under Act of March 3, 1879.

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Commencement and our Seniors as they go out leave us to take up the work they have been doing. We hate to see them go and yet we are glad for them, for we know that they are happy in that they are receiving their diplomas. Still there must be a feeling of sadness when they realize that their school days are over and they must leave their Alma Mater behind them. Some of them, no doubt, will continue to study, others will teach and all form new

friendships. But still old ties will be broken and classmates left behind.

There are others concerned with this besides the Seniors. All underclassmen feel that they are going to be lost without the Seniors to look up to. We, the Juniors, are glad, yes, more than glad that we are to be dignified Seniors and have the Senior privileges that we have worked for for three long, hard years. But there is another side, we are also going to have to shoulder new responsibilities. We are to be the Seniors that the "Rats" of next year will stand afar off and gaze at as if there was something about the seniors that put them in another world. Are we going to do the part in a way that will make us worthy to be placed on such a pedestal?

Good-bye Seniors. It is with reluctant hearts that we say this, but we do all wish you the best o' luck wherever you may be, and you may rest assured that the class of '25 will not soon be forgotten at A. C.





FINE ARTS



The art department under Miss Mary Ramseur as Director has made wonderful progress this year. Much good work has been done in still life portraiture, flowers, studies, landscaping, and illustration, as well as casts.

Miss Ramseur has received official notice from Mrs. Cora Cox Lucas, chairman of Fine Arts Division of State Federation of Women's clubs, that Miss Zoe Hill and Miss Louise Wray have each won first honor prizes in the "Art contest between Colleges," given at Rock Hill, where the Federation held its annual convention. Mrs. Lucas expressed great admiration and appreciation for the talent and technique shown by the students of Anderson College studio and said their "Exhibit" attracted much favorable attention and comment.

Besides these "honors," Colonel Leroy Springs of Lancaster, S. C., has sent Miss Ramseur a twenty dollar gold coin to be given to Miss Hattie Roberts, as an expression of his admiration for her fine work at this exhibition, and "to honor Miss Roberts and her teacher, Miss Ramseur."

Anderson College Art Students have won the highest prizes for the most superior and serious work shown in these contests, for the past three years and this year they have won three first-class prizes, which no other school or college in the south has ever done before.



COLLEGE NEWS



On April 6, the Anderson College Glee Club gave its home performance. The tours of the season were completed with the trip to Seneca on the 10, and Simpsonville on the 24; and to Easley on the 8 of May.

On April 11, the Sophomores were the hostesses of the Furman Glee Club. The performance was thoroughly enjoyed and this was declared one of the best Glee Clubs that has visited the College this season. After the performance a delightful reception was given by the Sophomores in the College parlors.

A week-end Y. W. C. A. Conference was held at the College from April 17 to 20. Winthrop, Converse, G. W. C., Lander, Due West, and Anderson College were represented. The delegates were entertained with a "get together" marshmallow toast on Friday night. On Saturday afternoon they enjoyed a ride over the city and Saturday evening an informal reception was given in their honor. Miss Lumpkin and Miss Flemings were the Y. W. C. A. workers who met with the girls in the study groups. The girls left on Sunday afternoon after a very effective conference.

Miss Ruth Kyser gave her graduation piano recital on April 20.

On May 2, the Junior-Senior reception was held in the college halls and parlors, and on the campus. Yellow and white, the Senior class colors, were used in the decorative scheme. Yellow and white streamers and baskets of daises transformed the halls and parlors

into a wonderland while japanese lanterns vied with the moon in lighting the campus.

The Clemson orchestra furnished delightful music throughout the evening. One of the important features of the evening was the crowning of the Queen of May.

Delightful refreshments were served about 10:30 after which we all reluctantly turned our faces home. Everyone reported a wonderful time.

On May 15, Miss Cora Emmie Rawlinson gave her graduation piano recital.

THE COMMENCEMENT CONCERT

The very high standard of excellence already established at Anderson College was fully met in the annual commencement concert. Only the best work of the year was brought forward either in piano or voice, and this was a splendid showing of what is being done in each department.

Elizabeth Small, diploma graduate in public school music, played the brilliant and taxing impromptu in E flat by Shubert with such sureness and brilliancy as to delight everybody.

Helen Reichard contributed as her share to the musical feast the little known but rare piece of Grieg's writing for the piano, a Nocturne in C major, and the popular Romance of Sibelius. Miss Reichard is an extremely musical player and proved that she is quite as excellent a pianist as organist. Miss Reichard captures the Teacher's Certificate in piano this year

And what can a poor pen say about the playing of June Roscoe? In all the years June has been before the public, she has never quite come up to the high water mark of last night's achievement when she

played the difficult Raff's "Spinning Maiden," Litz's "Consolation in D flat," and the "Witches Dance" of MacDowell, the latter the National Junior Contest number. It appears now certain that she will go on growing musically, even as she is in all other ways, and it is the ardent hope that in two more years she will be able to play for the Guiliard Scholarship—and win it!

Ruth Kyzer and Cora Emmie Rawlinson, each Artist Diploma candidates, played a group of numbers selected by request from their graduating programs and repeated their success of former occasions.

There were three solos from the vocal department on the program and two selections sung by the Anderson College Glee Club, under the direction of Isaphine M. Richey, vocal teacher at the college. The young ladies who represented the vocal department are to be congratulated upon their achievements this year. Each one of them showed that they have applied themselves to their work with unceasing effort, and the results are most unusual for young students.

Mary Lawrence, a dramatic soprano, sang first a French aria in the original language "Pleurez! Plurez! Mez Yeux, Weep, weep, my eyes" from the opera, "Le Cid," Miss Lawrence appeared on the Grand Recital last year, but one would scarcely recognize her voice as being the same which was heard at that time. Miss Lawrence has only studied two years, but in that time the voice has developed markedly in richness and volume. Her notes were all well sustained and the interpretation well carried out, when one considers the youth of the singer. Miss Lawrence has fine poise and assurance in her singing.

Consuelo Lollis, an Anderson girl, sang the second vocal selection. Miss Lollis has a lilting, joyous lyric soprano that was charming in its ease of production and youthful quality. She sang "When Celia

Sings" by Moir, a song well adapted to her clear, smooth running soprano. Miss Lollis was given a recall and smilingly bowed her appreciation to the audience.

The third number was the world-famous aria, the Mad Scene song from the opera "Lucia de Lammermoor" by Donizetti, sung by Norine Brock, a coloratura soprano. Miss Brock has been steadily interesting Anderson people in the unusual voice which she is developing. The fact that she can sing a song of this difficulty is a thing for comment and congratulation to her. The voice itself is of lovely liquid quality, always in tune, and used with the greatest ease. The difficult cadenzas and thrills contained in the aria were clearly and precisely rendered and the high E flat with which the aria ends electrified the audience. They broke into immediate and spontaneous applause. The young singer was recalled, and modestly bowed her appreciation.

The concert closed with two numbers given by the Anderson College Glee Club—"O, Lovely Peace" by Handel and "When I Walk in the Garden Early," by Schumann. The club sang with its usual smooth ensemble and finished shading.

Mrs. Herbert Harris accompanied the vocalists in her own sympathetic, finished, and beautiful way. The department was unusually fortunate in gaining her invaluable assistance.

Miss Helen Reichard accompanied the Glee Club. This is Miss Reichard's second year with the club and her skill in ensemble has been one of the greatest helps in giving the club the success it has attained.



EXCHANGES



THE WOFFORD COLLEGE JOURNAL—"William The Conquer" is a good historical essay. "The Haunting Mystery" is a promising story in the beginning, but disappointing in its development. The situation is strained and the treatment melodramatic. The essay "Joseph Conrad" is interesting, the author shows sympathetic insight of the novelist's message and his style. The essay on "An Aristocracy of Altruists", is a thoughtful article. My adverse criticism would be that the introduction is too long, since we are told that it should be only as a porch to the house.

"The Ace is High," is the better of the two short-stories. The situation is interesting, but the girl loses some of her reality in her more or less calm reception of the death of her lover. The attempt at realism in the "coughing" and "hiccoughing" of the Fords seems lugged in.

The poetry in this issue is all good and of a higher quality than the stories. "The Sphinx" possesses a certain dignity and strength of character of tone that is appropriate.

THE CRITERION (Columbia College)—This magazine places its editorials first; perhaps it is wise for no doubt the editorial section in a College Magazine often goes unread. "George Washington as a Lover" brings the reader into an intimate knowledge of the "Father of our Country."

"And So It Is" was difficult to classify, it seems to be the first draft of a short-story. The crises are passed over calmly as, for example, "So he left." It

opens as a story but develops into a synopsis in which years are telescoped into phrases.

“The origin of Valentine’s Day” is rather elementary.

“Why” is the best of the three short poems. I wonder if selected poems such as “The Days That Were” by William Norris have a place in a college publication.

We acknowledge with thanks the following magazines: THE FURMAN ECHO, THE PINE BRANCH, THE CAROLINIAN, THE COLLEGIAN, THE CHRONICLE, THE WINTHROP COLLEGE JOURNAL, THE TATTLER.



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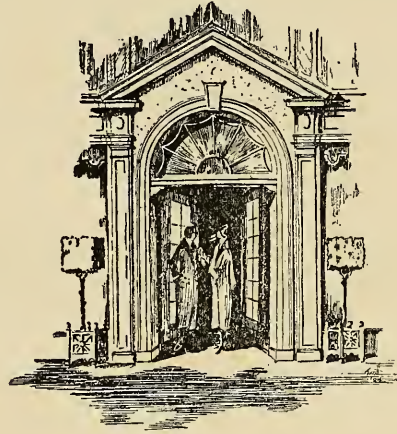
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