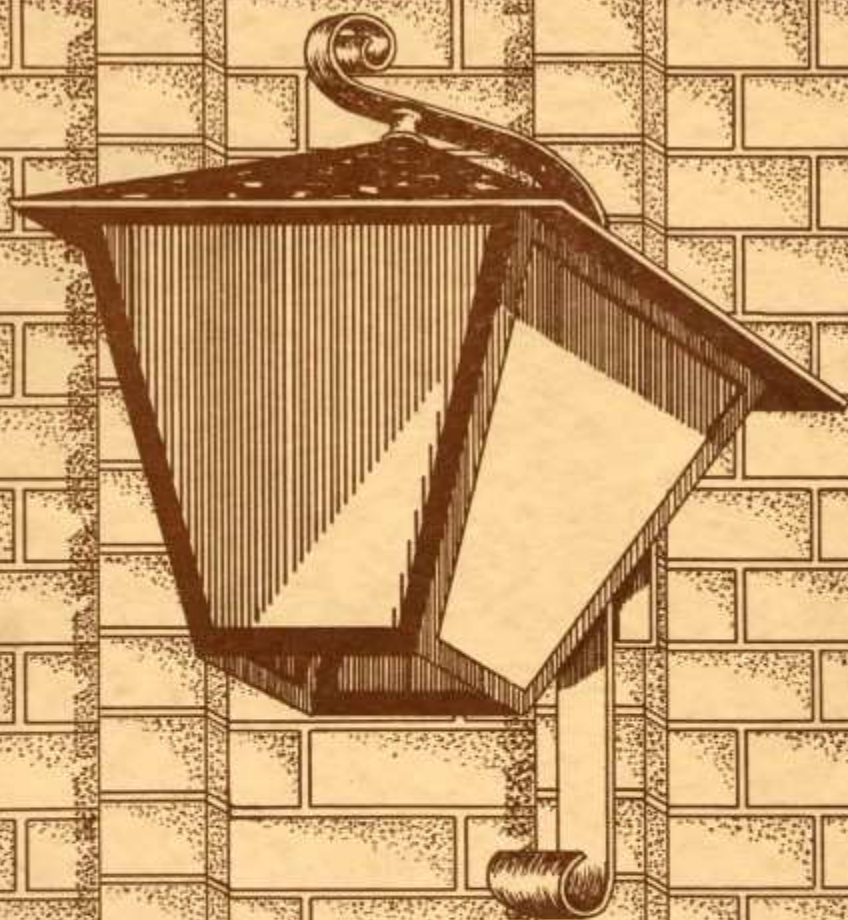




SAN JOSE STATE COLLEGE
EL PORTAL
PHELAN LITERARY AWARDS
1939

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EL PORTAL

Volume VIII

June 1939

*El Portal, a literary annual edited by the
the English department of the San Jose
State College, San Jose, California,
from the best material submitted
in the Phelan contest*



VICTOR HILLIS & SONS

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SAN JOSE, CALIFORNIA

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1861

SENATOR JAMES D. PHELAN

1930

Senator James D. Phelan bequeathed to the San Jose State College the sum of \$10,000, the annual income of which was to be awarded to students for excellence in poetry and for the Montalvo Contest as sponsored by him. The cash prizes made possible by the generosity of Senator Phelan have stimulated a keen interest in creative writing throughout the college. The speaker of the day at the Phelan literary program was Miss Edith Mirrielees, Associate Professor of English at Stanford University. In this edition are found the contributions meriting awards and honorable mention.

This issue of *El Portal*, containing the seventh annual literary awards, is dedicated to the memory of the sponsor of the contest,
Senator James D. Phelan.

More Terrible Than Grief

By ELIZABETH SHOW

More terrible than grief is this—to search for grief
and find it not,
To grope with frantic sense in vain
For a once scarlet, anguished thought
And find insensate ashes there;
To say, how were her eyes, her hair?
How was her laughter?
And what were the words she said
That made me wake all through the night, the
night she died,
And after,
Throat dry in pain,
Crying her name till dawn?
Now they are gone.
Searching, I find no trace of her, for time has
buried her full deep,
And I can sleep,
I whom the night once tortured with sharp
chanting like a witch.
And will it be like this,
The memory colored rich
Crumbling and fading,
Till nobody remembers—no, not even those who
cared the most;
And will it be like this when I am dead?
Will there not even be of me a thin imaginary
ghost?
Life, then, is impotent, when all is said and done.

JED

By ELIZABETH SHOW

Out of the years of smiling yes, and saying
The soft little graces that embroider speech,
Out of compassion's incoherent praying
For a friend grieving, fingers across the breach
Of difficult silence, out of this given life
Has nothing come? Only the lone repast
Where food was laid for many, the ingrate knife
Deep in the back, only the gift of feast.
Anguished, yet has he not learned how mean is
man,
Who never transcends the motive of self-avail?
He trudges ever the trail that he began,
And, not unhoping, each dawn without fail
Richly lays the fruit of aching labors
At the chill doors of his still sleeping neighbors.

In the Garden on the Hillside

By ELIZABETH SHOW

In the garden on the hillside where the patterned
blooms were blowing,
I turned and took the little path I hesitate to take,
And, sure enough, you knelt there, bronze against
the azure, sowing
The sleeping seeds that somehow always manage
to awake
To mock my unbelief with life. You turned your
face up, laughing,
Knowing my coming was as of the river to the sea,
And your grey eyes on my studied young surprise
were clear and chaffing.
(I watched your fingers tender in the loam, in-
vidiously.)
And the one word of your greeting was more
potent as indictment
Than glittering parades of any other's blazoned
speech.
Again stripped of recurrent hope, recurrent rapt
excitement,
I faced the awful actuality that is our breach,

With Laughter and Resonant Singing

By ELIZABETH SHOW

Let us not speak about war in these turbulent days
When the dread of the bomb and the bayonet
walks with us all,
Sits down like a spectre to watch us at supper,
and stays
Through the dark of the night, prowling vigilant
out in the hall.
Let us pay it no heed, but with laughter and
resonant singing
Hold revel together wherever two gather, or three,
Warming our hands at the flame while the flame
is yet springing,
Drinking the sweet crimson liquor while still it
flows free.

Mr. Jave and the Children

By ROBERT WRIGHT

I

"Ssst, Eve!"

"What is it, Milord?" she asked, looking up from the peas she was shelling for supper.

"What is what?"

"Why, what is it that you want of me, of course!"

Adam regarded her thoughtfully. "Nothing, for the present, my dear; why do you ask?"

"Well, I must say! Did you not just ssst at me? And have we not decided that it is not only the courteous but frequently the expeditious—ah—thing, to answer thus directly to a direct address? Why, you said yourself that—"

"But, my dear, I didn't utter a sound!" The expression on his face was half-sincerely pained. The spurious pain was an habitual defense mechanism, for even at this point in his career he had learned to look injured when speaking a contradiction, implied or direct; the sincere pain rose from a true concern for his wife's hearing. Her ears, being hardly a week old, should be giving no trouble for several centuries.

Eve said, "Oh?" She might just as well have said, "I believe in your sincerity; so you're not a liar, but you *are* mistaken. You have my sympathy."

"Really I didn't", he replied weakly, and sadly returned his attention to weeding the lawn.

Eve said nothing, smiled triumphantly.

II

"Ssst, Eve!"

Eve was startled. She stood up suddenly and looked over the hedge. Adam was at the other side of the pasture speaking to a dodo bird. She stamped her foot petulantly; he never introduced her to any of his friends.

Then she remembered she had been spoken to. She twirled on the ball of her foot and, seeing nobody, concluded of course that it was Mr. Jave, the landlord.

Mr. Jave was a handsome old man with fine gray hair, glittering black eyes, rather prominent nose, and when he smiled, as he frequently did, you saw that he had retained all his natural teeth. And that was strange, for while nobody knew

exactly how old he was, fame had it that he had been a personage of importance among the Assyrians in the millenium before the one just preceding the advent of Adam and Eve. Mr. Jave had discouraged this rumor, for it ran counter to his plans for the future, which depended on keeping his two proteges in ignorance of the Assyrians. Thus far he had been successful and so far as Adam and Eve were concerned the two of them and Mr. Jave were all the people, which kept things on a comparatively simple footing for Mr. Jave.

He was an adept at legerdemain and even pretended to proficiency in clairvoyance; his admirable appearances and disappearances he attributed to one of the supernatural forms of thaumaturgy. Adam and Eve had their doubts but kept their own counsel, inasmuch as they could never discover Mr. Jave's machinery of deception.

III

"Ssst, Eve!"

Eve fixed her eyes on a point in space beside the hedge and about six feet from the ground, pretending she was not at all deceived, meanwhile trying very hard to discover how the mirrors were arranged. "Good afternoon, Mr. Jave."

"Good afternoon, Eve, but I'm not up there, I'm down here under the hedge. And please don't call me Mr. Jave; my name is Proteus." A small friendly-looking blacksnake extended a shiny head forward in greeting.

"Proteus! And who the devil might—"

"No, not the devil", replied the snake hastily; but too late; the damage was done and the mistake has continued in history even to this day. "Not the devil, but Proteus, a harmless dabbler in white magic, and quite at your service, Madam." Proteus bowed as gracefully as he could; which is to say, he bowed very creditably indeed, considering the form he had assumed for the interview.

"Oh, that is very good, sir," cried Eve, clapping her hands. "You'll have to show that one to Mr. Jave. He does a notable hush or a very convincing flame and even appears quite successfully as nothing at all, but I've never seen him be a snake." Proteus smiled at her grammatical grimace. "Now

I think of it", she continued, "I've never seen him as any animal except a man, and that hardly counts."

The reptile applauded. "You are very wise, Madam, considering your youth and beauty."

"Adam considers me very handsome."

"Adam does not do you justice. Affairs being as they are, he might well use the superlative with impunity."

"And as for my youth, why I'm just a week old today."

"I know that, too," Proteus bowed again.

IV

They had been standing by the hedge while they were talking, but now Proteus started to slither through the grass toward the orchard. Eve, reluctant to part with her new companion, called out for him to wait and she would get Adam. Then they could all go over and enjoy the cool shade of the trees together. Proteus looked at her sharply.

"Have you explored your garden thoroughly, Madam?"

"Oh, yes, sir", she cried, "Adam and I take a walk every evening after our supper. We have smelled all the blossoms, climbed all the trees, and eaten all the different kinds of fruit; that is, all except the apples on *his* trees."

"I suspected as much", said the snake. "And *his* trees would be the two small ones in the central park?"

"Oh, Mr. Proteus, you do get around, don't you? Those are the very ones, though how you can tell, I shall never know. They are horrid, ugly little things, anyway, and what he can see in them, Mr. Jave I mean, is beyond me."

Proteus eyed her quizzically for a moment, then licked his fangs with one motion of his forked tongue. "I can tell you what it is, my dear. He had the shrubs from Cronus, his father, who in his turn had the seeds from old Gea, Mr. Jave's grandmother. So you see it's a family affair. Old Gea, the wisest of the lot, endowed the seeds with certain magical properties, and Mr. Jave very probably prizes them on that account, too."

Eve waited, wide-eyed, but Proteus had apparently finished, for after looking at her for a moment, he turned away and resumed his wriggling course toward the orchard.

Eve looked over the hedge again. Adam was still busy with the dodo bird.

V

She caught up with Proteus just as he entered the arbor. "Oh, sir", she cried breathlessly, "you must tell me what sort of magic is in those trees, for I shan't rest a moment until you do."

"Why, bless you, my child, it is nothing you need concern yourself with—and yet, perhaps—yes, I'll tell you. One tree, then, is worse than deadly poison. It is called the Tree of Life, and whatever mortal eats of its fruits lives forever." A tear sparkled in the reptile's eye, and he was silent for a moment. Then he resumed; "Shun it, Madam, as you would an early death."

For the first time, Eve thought. And she nodded.

"This other", he continued, pointing it out to her, "is called the Tree of Knowledge of Good and Evil, and from it you may gain a much more agreeable divine characteristic."

"But I don't understand, sir. Who are these Good and Evil?"

Proteus laughed. "Don't be impatient. Mr. Jave, I am sure, intends this tree for you. All that remains is to get his permission; then you and Adam may find out for yourselves."

"Oh, I shall never wait for Mr. Jave!" and before he could stop her, she had stretched out her hand and plucked an apple from the forbidden tree.

The snake remonstrated gently. "You shouldn't have done that, Eve."

"And why not?" she asked, and bit into the apple. Proteus winced.

VI

A new light shone in Eve's eyes. She was, if possible, more beautiful than before. "I see." She spoke slowly; "You were right, I shouldn't have done that. But I am glad now that in my ignorance of the ethics of the case I acted as I did."

"Eve, do you know what you are saying? You are glad you did wrong!"

Eve laughed. "Silly snake, how could I do wrong, not knowing wrong from right. Evil can't exist, you know, in itself and outside the mind."

Proteus scratched his left ear thoughtfully on the bole of the Tree of the Knowledge of Good and Evil.

"Come along, Mr. Proteus, we'll go find Adam and give him a bite of my apple."

This was too much for poor Proteus. He gasped and spluttered and hissed, made several false starts, and finally managed to say, "But this, Madam; this thing you propose now; surely *this* is evil!"

"Of course it's evil", she replied. "But it is also good, and the good is greater than the evil; come on."

"Just a moment." The snake was almost weeping now. "You can't go to Adam that way."

"What way?"

"Why, you're naked!"

"So are you."

"Yes, but—, Eve, come here and sit down. Please!"

Reluctantly she obeyed. Proteus lay silent, gazing up into the evening sky, collecting his scattered wits.

After a while he began to speak. He told Eve many things; things about the ways of the gods, and the ways of men, and the ways of the gods with men. He told her about old Gea, the wisest of the lot, and about Cronus and his five brothers, and about Mr. Jave. Particularly about Mr. Jave. And when he had finished, Eve sat quiet.

"Yes, you are right", she said at last. "To be a hypocrite for our own selfish ends, or for no reason at all, is wicked; but to do it to preserve others from pain is good. But you are sure that Mr. Jave feels that way about these things?"

"Positive."

"Very well, then, I'll do it. And Adam must wear them, too?"

"Yes."

VII

She rose then and called out as Adam approached the orchard from across the fields. "Over here, Milord, I have a surprise for you!"

"Oh, there you are; I was beginning to be worried. What are you up to?"

"Here, bite", holding the apple up to him. Adam bit.

"You shouldn't have done that," he said quietly, "and yet, you know, I'm rather glad you did."

"And oh, Adam, what do you think? We are to wear clothes all the time! In the summer, too!"

"My dear, whatever are you talking about? The temperature here never drops below seventy."

"Tell him, Mr. Proteus."

Proteus said, "Ahem!"

Adam started.

"Oh, I forgot", cried Eve. "Darling, this is Mr. Proteus. He conjures. Mr. Proteus, this is my husband."

"How do you do?"

"Sir, I've just been telling your lady a long story, and if she has the patience to sit through it again, I'll repeat it for your benefit."

Adam glanced at his wife questioningly. "Oh, go right ahead", she said, "and I'll be gathering the banyan leaves." Adam looked worried.

Proteus began to speak. He spoke for a long while, and when he had done, Adam regarded him thoughtfully. They sat silent in the twilight.

At length Adam sighed. "What you say is most remarkable, particularly the views Mr. Jave holds. But if it is true, and I don't doubt you, sir, for a moment, our only decent course is to comply with your suggestions."

The snake nodded.

Adam turned to his wife. "Eve, darling, don't try to sew those things together in this dusk."

Eve looked at Adam.

Proteus insinuated his sable length into the shadowy underbrush and was gone.

And old Gea, who was the wisest of the lot, smiled.

Prayer of a Homely Woman

By JEAN HOLLOWAY

This, then, is the substance of my dream—

That having known beauty

In such commonplace things

As mark our lives,

I may in fancy wear these things about me—

A gay scarf of wind, a cap of sunlight,

A silver veil of moonlight.

That my soul may know the fragrance of beauty—

Lilacs wet in spring rains,

Roses drooping headily at twilight,

Violets hiding their faces.

That I may walk with beauty—

Through the forests where clear, dappled pools
are the only mirrors

And pine trees find freedom reaching for the
stars—

Where the sea sings itself to sleep

Against the cliffs—

Where cottage windows are glowing jewels

In the darkness.

Since I may not have beauty,
It is my prayer to know beauty
Intimately.

De Debbil and Mose

By FLOYD CARLSON

When Mose heard the gong from the ranch, he unhitched his mules from the "foot-burner" he had been following all day. This was plowing time for the colored folks on Little Horn plantation, and everyone was busy.

The man who rang the "quittin' gong" was Mefisto Johnson, the camp boss. A huge, swaggering darky he was, too, and like most men who fit that description he was a coward and a bully. Mose Kinkaid came in for more than his share of harsh treatment at the hands of Mefisto. Only this morning, while he was harnessing his mules in the barn, Mose was accosted by the camp boss.

"Heah, yo' black boy", growled Mefisto, "Yo' all gotta wuk fastah if'n yo' wants keep yo' job".

"Goin' fast I kin, Mistah Johnson", meckly answered Mose.

Mefisto's answer to this was a ringing slap to the side of Mose's head, which sent him reeling backwards.

"Two acres not fast 'nough fo' me", he yelled, "Today yo' keep dem mules in sweat or yo' gwine catch hit fo' sartin".

"Yassah, Mist' Johnson", said the resigned Mose.

"Anothah thing," continued his tormentor, getting to the root of his animosity toward the smaller man, "de nex' time Ah sees yo' shinin' round dat Mary gal, Ah gwine beat yo' teeth out. Dat gal, she gwine marry up wid me."

To this Mose made no answer, but silently turned his team out toward the fields. All day long he had kept his team moving, trying to plow more than usual, to escape Mefisto's wrath.

Now, in the twilight, as he turned toward home, he was so weary that he could not appreciate (as he usually did, when the day's work was over) the smell of the newly turned earth, the willows in the lane, and all the glories of the evening.

The banter of his fellow workers could be heard from all parts of the field. Over here Judson Winters was telling Lige Thomas about his new "cah". Beyond them "Shufflin' Joe was being razed, as usual. "When yo' gwine marry up wid dat widow woman yo' is co'tin', Joe? She must be pow'ful tired o' cleanin' up her house befo' yo' comes an arter yo' leaves, every night".

To all this pudgy little Mose was oblivious. He had woman trouble of his own. As he fed and

watered his team, he reflected that he could stand criticism of his work, his looks and his habits, but when he was told to stay away from Mary Roberts, that was different. Mary was the Parson's daughter, and for many years Mose had envisioned her as his wife, cooking for him and helping him in the fields. Now, unless he did something about it, his dream would be over before he had even mustered the courage to ask her to marry him! For Mefisto, big, powerful, (the kind women like, thought Mose) with a "position" as boss of the field workers, had seen buxom Mary. Ever since, he had publicly mistreated Mose Kinkaid, who was supposed to be Mary's "steady fella".

All the men saw this and resented it, but, like Mose, were afraid to do anything about it. There were rumors about Mefisto's past that caused a lot of gossip. Someone heard from someone else that he had run away from a wife in St. Louis. Also, one day four years ago (shortly after Mefisto had come to Little Horn) two men (who came in a sedan car and wore badges) had asked if there were a big nigger named Jackson on the plantation, and it was noticed that Mefisto wasn't around and didn't show up for days! These men claimed that Jackson was wanted for a New Orleans murder. While no one was sure that Mefisto was the man, everyone gave him a wide berth and had since been afraid of him.

Tonight, at the supper table, (all unmarried men ate together) it was evident that the boss man had something to say. With a scrape of his chair and much loud, pompous clearing of his throat Mefisto importantly took the floor.

"Hit has always bin de custom to have a e-vent on Liberation Day," he began. "So Ah decided dat we-all gotta git busy gittin' ready som'p'n, kasen nex' Sat'day's Liberation Day".

"Last yeah we has a po' e-vent. Dey was too many fingahs in de soup. Dis yeah gonna be diffrent, kasen Ah gonna run things. Yassah, whut comes off in dis show dat Ah don' know all erbout ain' gonna be wuth knowin'".

"Dis yeah we-all gonna put on a play," continued the big black. "Dis play was writ by"—here he glanced around—"by me".

At this, meaningful glances went around the room. Unabashed, Mefisto went on, "A fella by

de name o' Guttah, o' som'p'n, wrote a book about som'p'n like dis once, but dis play is de o-riginal fust one das was writ de way Ah got it writ.

"In dis play de mostest one whut does de tawkin' an' doin' is de debbil. O' co'se he not real bad, but he jes' kinda bad. Dat paht gonna be po-trayed by me. Co'se Ah gotta get me a unitawm with horns an' a tail, an' look a little mean" (at this his audience exchanged more glances) "so's Ah looks mo' like de debbil. —Ah gonna pick out de othah characters soon's Ah makes up my mind who good fo' whut".

The "meeting" apparently over, the men wandered outside to talk, sleep, or attend to other various evenings' activities. Over in front of the superintendent's office stood a "bran' new" 1923 T Model Ford. It belonged to Parson Roberts, the jovial-when-happy-hell-on-two-feet-when-aroused preacher who was Mose's favorite man because he was Mary's father.

Parson Roberts liked little Mose, too; so when he came out of the superintendent's office and saw Mose standing there, his face cracked open in an enormous smile.

"Why, evenin', Mose", he greeted.

"Evenin', parson," was the rejoinder. "What brings yo' heah?"

"Jes' axin' de boss-man fo' pahmission to held a special meetin' nex' week fo' dem whut has confessions," said the preacher. "I 'spectin' to see yo' dere, mah boy".

"Ah don' know, parson," stalled Mose, "bin wukking pow'ful hard lately an' needs mah rest".

"S'pect Mary be dere, sho' 'nough", said the wise Parson.

That was different. "When at is yo'all gwine hold dis meetin', Parson?" Mose asked, thinking fast.

"Ah reckon dat ain' de-cided on yit, but we gonna let hit be known," the minister answered.

"S'pect Sat'day night de best night," innocent-ly offered Mose. "Dat's de night most folks kin come,—an dere's a pow'ful lot o' sinnin' on Sat'day night. Folks could come right in an' fess up."

"Dat's a heap o' logic, Mose", said the good Reverend Roberts. "Dat also put 'em in a good frame o' mind fo' Sunday meetin'. Won't be so many black hearts sittin' in de congregation if'n dey bin saved de night befo'—We hold de meetin' on Sat'day night!"

After the minister had gone, Mose went to his cabin and fairly beamed at his own smartness. No big 'coon could make a monkey out of him! Now the special meeting and the "debbil show"

would be on the same night, and Mary Roberts, the very person before whom Mefisto had intended to show off most of all, would be with him, Mose Kinkaid, at the prayer meetin'! Maybe the old world wasn't so bad, after all!

The days passed quickly. Mose kept his thoughts to himself and worked steadily and uncomplainingly, though Mefisto didn't bother him much because he was busy learning his "lines" for his play. His supporting cast had it easy, because under Mefisto's peculiar treatment of his story, he was practically the only one who had anything to say!

When word reached the plantation that the Parson had called a special meeting for Sat'day night, Mefisto was indignant.

"Whut he mean, pullin' dat stuff?" he growled. "He know we gonna have a celebration. Where he git off at anyhow?" Then he solaced himself with the thought that maybe everyone would go to the play and leave the preacher with his old prayer meetin'.

"Serve 'm right, too", he dreamed. "He oughtta know bettah 'n to try to make folks confess somethin' whut dey ain' sorry fo'—especially when in de same town a real actah is walkin' de plank".

On Saturday all the men quit at noon. This was something extra special! Mose stayed in his shack all afternoon, avoiding Mefisto, and spent the time shining his shoes, washing and rewashing his face, and brushing his checkered go-to-meetin' suit. Toward sundown he sneaked out, went around the rear of the buildings, through the field, then came back to the road, and started walking toward the meeting house. Even in search of love Mose was not a fast walker; so it was well after sundown when he reached the place.

Already people were arriving, and by meeting time it looked as if Mefisto was going to be disappointed in his audience. He had not counted on the oratorical powers of Parson Roberts. This good man, in the words of his own people, on a "good" day, was "a ball of fire, a whirlwind on feet, who could convince a person that black was white, then, when he had him believin' it, he'd on convince him!"

Mose found Mary easily. There were two reasons why Mary was easy to find in a crowd. In the first place, she was an uncommonly pretty darky, who would attract any eyes. Secondly, she was wearing a pretty purple and orange polka dot dress. Looking at her Mose found himself wondering how he could be so lucky. "Law, yo' sho' am purty ternaht," he said, and a look that almost approached animation crept into his eyes.

They sat down together and waited for her father to "commence to begin the meetin'."

He opened it, as they all knew he would, by singing his favorite hymn. He mounted his platform, looked out over his congregation, opened his cavernous mouth, sighted down his nose, and let fly.

"Ten thousand sinners, a — —" his voice cracked on a high note. Undaunted he tried again, and again he met with failure. By now the crowd was in titters, and on the Parson's third sweaty unsuccessful attempt to raise his voice in song they broke into loud laughter.

"We open de meetin' wid prayin'," the minister said, abandoning his project. Never was his praying more sincere and eloquent than on that night as he tried to restore respect and order.

It was the custom to pray and preach awhile, then call for confessions, then preach some more, then confess, and so on. When the minister was speaking, the congregation broke in with "Amen's", "Hallelujahs", and "you tell dems"—but when anyone was confessing his evils, the place was quiet as a tomb! This was one of the main sources of news for the people of Little Horn.

When Shufflin' Joe went up and confessed, people craned their necks even more than usual, because "here was a *real* sinner!" Joe sensed the curiosity in the silence and voiced his burdens in an almost inaudible mumble. To the congregation their scance sounded like this:

"Whut yo' got to confess, Joe?"—"mumble, mumble, mumble"—"go on, Joe"—"mumble, mumble, mumble"—"yes?"—"mumble, mumble, mumble"—"Is dat a fac'?"—"mumble, mumble, mumble"—"Go long wid yo', callud boy, you not confessin', you's braggin'!"

As the meeting progressed, Parson Roberts waxed more eloquent. Soon he had the whole audience rocking and swaying, rolling their eyes, and answering him when he asked unanswerable questions. A few more questions, a few more tirades against Satan and sin, and the meeting was at its peak. Parson Roberts was red in the face from shouting, men were yelling, women were singing fanatical songs about the misery of Hell and the Devil and the soul-warming righteousness of God and Jesus. Just about the moment when a casual bystander (had there been one) might have said, "If Satan's abroad tonight,

he'd better stay away from here"—there was a commotion at the door, heads turned, and—**THERE HE WAS!!—THE DEVIL HIMSELF!!** Standing there in the doorway, as big as everyone said he was, and bigger—shiny black horns, pointed chin, and long fork-like tail. He stood there in the sudden, startled silence, eyes darting around the room, seeking someone—found her! Eyes gleaming wickedly, tail trailing behind him on the floor, in slow, measured strides the Devil started across the room to where, all alone, separated from her escort, stood Mary Roberts!—

So now there he was, striding across the room! Still everyone was paralyzed! Then just as the Debbil reached Mary, Mose Kinkaid went into action! Across the room in a bound, leaving his feet and launching himself at the monsters' midriff! Down they went in a maelstrom of arms and legs, the surprised debbil and the infuriated Mose. Suddenly the whole room again became a pack of "satan-busters". They leaped upon the impersonator and beat him with their fists, kicked him, and bit him until, when he finally fought free of them and headed for the door, he was a sorry looking sorcerer indeed! Tail half gone, horns bent, "skin" broken open, showing the flesh, (black, sure enough), and a desperate, frightened look had replaced the evil gleam in his eyes. When the men gave up the chase, he was far ahead and gaining fast.

Back at the meeting house, Mary took things into her own hands, and insisted that her father marry her up "wid dat man whut ain' afeard o' debbils, nohow". Mose, though shaking with fear with the realization of the terrible thing he had done, had enough composure to grin and agree. So the Parson married them then and there, and they had a wedding party with the whole community present.

Mose's crowning victory came the next morning. Shufflin' Joe stuck his head in the Kinkaid cabin and said, "Superintendent wants yo', Mose. Wants yo' t' be new camp boss, startin' Monday."

"How's dat? Why? Where at's dat Mefisto?" asked the startled Mose.

Shufflin' shook his head. "Ain't nobody know. He jes' gone, seems like. Nobody ain't seen him, or nothin'. Mefisto jes' gone back ter St. Louis, Ah reckon."



My Enemy is Dead

By JEAN HOLLOWAY

My enemy is dead.
I say my enemy,
Watching the still form
With clenched hands holding
His bayonet.
Lying there he looks almost
Like a neighbor we had once—
A pleasant-faced fellow
With three children.
His wife and mine
Were quite friendly,
But these are treacherous thoughts,
For this is a foe of my country—
This is my enemy.

His mouth looks as if it might have had
A nice way of smiling.
He looks like the kind of chap
To take on a fishing trip.
I wonder if all the enemy
Are like him—
Clean-faced lads
Who ought to be on fishing trips.

My enemy is dead.
Perhaps I'll get a medal for the bullet
I sent blazing into him.
I wish he didn't look so like

That neighbor.
Enemies should look gargoylish
And cruel, not like the decent fellows
Wearing University rings.
Likely he was just as full of fear
To go out into the mist to meet cold steel
As I myself.

His hair is thick and blonde
And matted into stiff red curls on top.
It's the kind of hair
A woman likes to run her fingers through.
Some woman will get a telegram tomorrow,
And the world will end.
She'll hate me with a blind hate
That will grope until it finds me.
She won't understand, as he does,
About this—game—we're playing.
It won't comfort her to know he died gallantly
On the battlefield.

My enemy is dead.
My enemy—this bronzed boy
With a warm mouth,
Tender from smiling. He looks like a neighbor
We had once,
But no one is an enemy in death—
Let me salute you,
Comrade!

Spring Sorrow

By JEAN HOLLOWAY

Spring is here, and you're not here to share it,
And I, alone in April-misted fields,
Keep listening for a song to help me bear it—
The song of life eternal springtime yields . . .
How this new grass was withered in November,
And these gay blooms were buried in the earth,
Yet here they are—gay colored, I remember
How once you said, "In sleep they find new birth."
Yes, I recall, you kneeled and touched a flower
So slimly stemmed it trembled with your breath.
You said, "It has no fear for its dark hour;
In spring it wakes from sleep, nor calls sleep
death."

Herein lies comfort—since this must be true,
Spring will surely be as kind to you.

You Came Without Banners

By JEAN HOLLOWAY

There was a time I thought love came with
splendour—
Some tall, fine lad with laughter in his eyes
Could turn to me, with laughter growing tender,
And I would go to him with glad surprise.
In those old days I dreamed he'd seek my hand
With gay abandon, follow where I led
Until I said I'd seek a stranger land
To walk forever near that proud, dark head.
So, reading books, I fancied I would know
His presence by the trembling of my heart,
Would wear a cape of sunlight all aglow
Against cold hours when we were apart.

I waited for a prince in raiment gay.
You came in dusty clothes—and went away.

Flight into Egypt

BY CHARLOTTE RIBBOUT

Let this play take place in any country you wish, a European country most likely, one with a newly self-appointed dictator. Let these people be any of thousands or more families. And let their actions and fate be but an expression of the fate and actions of those same other thousands.

SCENE

Typically middle-class living room. Window down stage left, bedroom door upstage a little to the left, door opening into outside hallway upstage right, kitchen door in middle of right stage wall.

CHARACTERS

MINNA ROSENCRANTZ. *The mother, middle-aged, sentimental, maternal type.*

JACOB ROSENCRANTZ. *The father, family man and storekeeper, a kindly man.*

HEINRICH ROSENCRANTZ. *Twenty-one years, the realist and the rebel of the family.*

MADELEINE ROSENCRANTZ. *Eighteen-year-old daughter.*

GRANDFATHER. *Oblivious to family. Lives in his religion only.*

SAMMY.)

RUTH. *The two youngest children. In the background always; playing by the grandfather, or whispering at the window, packing their things, etc.*

ACT I

(MINNA ROSENCRANTZ seated in chair next to old grandfather's wheel chair, knitting.)

MINNA. Yes, Poppa, things are coming better. You were right to tell us it would. We've done everything the "Great Man" asked us. We have the receipts for everything. Things will be better now, I know. When I got up this morning, I just felt as if everything was coming out fine after our troubles. It cost a lot of money, but we can get along, and of course, when Madeleine and Hans are married, things can't help being easier for us. It's good that Hans is a soldier and friend of the "Great Man".

(*She beams. SAMMY, a small, pale little boy enters quietly.*)

Well, Sammy, aren't you home early?

(*He begins to cry.*)

Well, what's the matter, eh?

SAMMY. Oh, Momma—

RUTH. (*Comes in from kitchen. A small blond child.*)

Won't they let you go to school either, Sammy?

(*The boy shakes his head, and continues crying.*)

MINNA. (*putting her arms around him*) Never mind, Sammy. Grandpoppa's a better teacher anyway. He'll teach you with Ruthie, here at home. Maybe you can even get ahead of the boys at school. Did you bring your books home?

SAMMY. They wouldn't let me.

MINNA. Never mind, Sammy. We'll get you some books. Play with Ruth. See, she doesn't feel bad, and she couldn't go to school either.

SAMMY. But why won't they let us?

MINNA. I don't know Sammy. I guess the "big man" doesn't think you'd better go to school with the other boys; that's all. Now run along and play with Ruth, while I set the table.

(*He goes over to corner where grandfather mumbles and reads, and the little girl plays. MINNA sets the table. HEINRICH enters as she talks. He is tall, slim, rather sensitive looking boy. He stands watching his mother.*)

MINNA. Now, should I set it for Poppa? I guess so.

(*She sees HEINRICH.*)

Well, son. (*Goes over to him.*) Why didn't you say something?

HEINRICH. Hello, Momma. (*Sits himself.*)

MINNA. Where've you been?

HEINRICH. I went for a walk; not very far though—too many people. Everybody's out for the parade. (*laughs.*)

MINNA. (*childishly pleased*) And to think, it's going to pass right under our window, Heinrich! We'll be able to see the "Great Man" right up close.

HEINRICH. (*quiet sarcasm*) Yes, a fine sight. (*Notices his small brother crying.*) What's wrong with Sammy?

MINNA. They won't let him or Ruth go to school with the other children.

HEINRICH. Taking it out on the children now. I guess the man they're waiting for down there (*Motions towards window.*) is proud of that, eh?

MINNA. You mustn't be so bitter, Heinrich. Sammy doesn't care so much—only for the books.

HEINRICH. You'll just have to realize that you're a Jew, Sammy, that's all. You'll have to make some new plans. Schools are not for us, only for the gentiles. We don't need schooling for the lines we will have to follow now. You'll have to learn how to make shoes, Sammy. *There's* a profession for you to follow! Or maybe you could learn to clean streets, eh? You mustn't ever think of becoming an artist, or a teacher, or a banker, or a lawyer. No, Sammy, you must not think of such things. Those are for gentiles. But—there are lots of good jobs. Why you could be a garbage man, or a ditch digger, or maybe even a janitor or gardener, Sammy! Why there are countless opportunities for you now. No need to go to school and train for *those*. No doubt, actual experience will help you a good deal. Look at Ruth, she doesn't care. You'd better try to be like her.

MINNA. (*Who hasn't been paying much attention to what he's been saying.*)

Ruthie doesn't mind; she's younger—too little to care about things like that, that's why. Sammy always liked his books more than any of you did. Are you hungry? We'll have some soup soon.

HEINRICH. Where's Poppa? Still at the shop?

MINNA. Yes . . . always, always at the shop. He'll be home soon though.

HEINRICH. I guess he's lucky to still have his shop. They took Max's this morning.

MINNA. No! (*he nods*). But, what of his family? (*Sniffles, puts handkerchief to her face.*) Poor Rachel, poor Max; and their little ones? What will become of them?

HEINRICH. (*bitterly*) The new government doesn't care about that.

(*There is a noise outside the window.*)

What's happening down there? (*goes to window.*)

MINNA. What is it? Has the parade come?

HEINRICH. No! Just some boys fighting There's Max down there waiting with the rest of the sheep. They've taken his shop just as they'll take ours, (*laughs*) and what's he doing? He wants to see the parade the "Great Man". Yes, your highness. Yes, yes, of course, your excellency. Is there anything more I can do for you? My coat? Most certainly, let me help you on with it. How about my foot or my hand? Yes, yes, Your Excellency. Yes, I have paid your poll tax levy and your other taxes and levies on my nationality. Of course, Your Excellency, you can have my shop. Would you like my shop? No, no, of course we don't need it. I don't need to eat. My family doesn't need to eat. Jews have no stomachs. You are the "Great Man", Your Excellency. No, of course he doesn't need to go to school. Our children should have no brains. Yes, yes, Your Excellency, of course. We are nothing. We'll just lie down and you may walk on us. (*Turns angrily*) Why don't we do something instead of putting our heads on the block?

MINNA. There's nothing we can do, son. They have big armies. We are weak and they are strong. (*resignedly*) Yes, they will take our shop and . . . (*sniffles in hankie*) and, maybe even this home of ours. But we are weak, and all we can do is to obey the laws so they won't notice us.

GRANDFATHER. (*from his corner*) Once more, Oh Lord, thy people go under the heel of the Pharaoh. Yea, and as before, we must submit; but as before, thy chosen people shall go forth into the world free once more.

(*He goes on mumbling and reading through-out.*)

HEINRICH. (*rousing himself*) Well, let's eat. (*The children come from their play, and all seat themselves around the table except the grandfather. There are two empty seats.*)

Where's Madeleine?

MINNA. In the other room sewing.

HEINRICH. She still thinks she and Hans are going to get married?

MINNA. Why of course. (*pleased*) She's got her linen almost ready. Poppa brought home the material for her wedding dress this morning. You should see it, Heinrich . . . beautiful . . . brocaded satin.

(*Heinrich is silent.*)

What's the matter?

HEINRICH. Nothing, Momma, nothing.

MINNA. Well, aren't you pleased your sister is going to marry? And an Austrian soldier, too . . . What's the matter, now, Heinrich, eh? Don't you like Hans?

HEINRICH. Why, yes.

MINNA. Well, then?

HEINRICH. You know how times are now, Momma; especially with our people. What is the matter? What is wrong now?

MINNA. But what do you mean, Heinrich? What?

HEINRICH. Don't get excited, Momma. No . . . No . . . of course there isn't anything. (*Looks at her*) Has Hans been here lately? I, (*significantly*) I haven't seen him for almost two weeks now.

MINNA. No, he hasn't, but you know . . . with all this fuss lately, I guess he's been pretty busy. (*proudly*) Why his troop is assigned to welcome the "Great Man" today.

HEINRICH. I know.

MINNA. I guess we'll see him in the parade pretty soon.

HEINRICH. (*thoughtfully*) He hasn't written to her either, has he?

MINNA. (*uneasily*) Well, no, but you know how thoughtless boys are. Why I remember once, your poppa never wrote to me for almost . . . (*Her voice trails off. Suspiciously*) There is something wrong. How did you know he wouldn't write? (*He doesn't answer.*) What is it? Tell me, Heinrich!

HEINRICH. Quiet, Momma! Do you want her to hear you?

MINNA. Well, what is it?

HEINRICH. (*bitterly*) There is a new order of things now, Momma. From this week we are never to forget that we are Jews. (*dourly*) Hans is a gentile.

MINNA. (*with realization*) Oh no, Heinrich. Those two, why they are . . .

HEINRICH. (*gently*) Yes, Momma, there is no hope now that Hans could even *think* of making her his wife.

MINNA. (*proudly*) But Hans is a soldier.

HEINRICH. (*sadly*) All the more reason, Momma. (*goes to window*) The parade that they are waiting for now signifies the complete isolation of our people. (*bitterly*) And we still stand . . . and wait!

MINNA. But how . . . (*Starts to cry.*) No . . . no! Oh, my poor baby! No wedding dress? All that linen? Oh no! Hans is a good boy. Oh what shall I do? How shall we tell her, Heinrich?

(*Glances helplessly at her son.*)

HEINRICH. Let her find out later. There is enough trouble now. Stop sniveling, Momma.

(*He takes her hankie and gently dries her eyes for her. MADELEINE walks slowly in.*)

Madeleine!

MINNA. (*all solicitude*) Come and eat your supper, dear. Sit by me . . . in your poppa's place. He won't be here for a little while.

MADELEINE. (*ignoring her*) I heard what you said, Heinrich.

HEINRICH. Yes?

MADELEINE. Is it true?

MINNA. No! No, of course it isn't true. You keep quiet, Heinrich!

MADELEINE. I'll know sooner or later, Momma. Is it, Heinrich?

HEINRICH. (*simply*) Yes. Yes it is.

MADELEINE. (*stiffly, fists clenched as she seats herself.*) Thanks.

MINNA. (*angrily*) Close your mouth, Heinrich. There wasn't any need for that.

(*Goes to girl, who pushes her away.*)

HEINRICH. She might as well face it now. We all might as well face it. We were born Jews. Even if Hans still wants to marry you, Madeleine, the new law says that none of our people may marry with gentiles.

MINNA. (*still trying to comfort the girl who ignores her*)

He doesn't know what he's saying. (*Looks at him.*) Him and all his half baked ideas! What's wrong with you, Heinrich? You were never so bitter before.

HEINRICH. (*Goes to window and looks out.*)
I'm sorry.

MADELEINE. (*Shakes mother off.*)

Don't baby me, Momma. (*dully*) I should have known. (*trying to control herself*) I'm glad he's told me. It ends all this . . . this . . . uncertainty. Yes, I should have known.

(*Walks stiffly to her room. Exit.*)

MINNA. You shouldn't have told her so suddenly, Heinrich. (*Weeps*) My poor little girl!

HEINRICH. Yes, I should have, Momma. Look, (*Points below, out of the window.*) See those people out there. That's what's wrong with them. Can't they get it through their thick skulls that if they take it now, they'll be taking it forever? (*fiercely*) Don't they know what's coming off? (*sarcastically*) There they are waiting, waiting for the "Great Liberator" to parade by! God! Momma, that's what's wrong with you and the rest of them. You won't believe anything can happen to you till it's right on you! Why do you think Poppa's down at the store right now? He won't realize that they're going to take that store from him and not going to give him a thing for it. He just refuses to believe it. He's probably dusting off the shelves now! Why isn't he out there trying to organize those sheep—to save themselves.

(*Turns from window. Wearily*)

What can one man do?

(*Mother weeps audibly. He stoops and kisses her forehead.*)

Poor little momma, you don't even know what I'm talking about. (*gently*) But stop crying now. Poppa's coming, and in a hurry. Sammy, open the door for him. He's got his arms full.

(*MADELEINE enters and stands in doorway. MINNA stirs herself, and a smile flits across her face as she hears footsteps outside the door. SAMMY runs to open door.*)

MINNA. Madeleine, serve Poppa his soup now. (*Crosses to meet her husband, who bursts in.*

He is in rather a disheveled state and carries a large bolt of cloth in his arms.)

Poppa . . . Well . . . sit down.

JACOB. (*brushing her aside.*) Ruined! My beautiful drapes . . . you ought to see . . . torn! . . . slashed. (*He can hardly speak.*) My windows too! . . . smashed . . . everything . . . everything! . . . I'm ruined . . . Look! the only thing I saved. (*Holds up the bolt of cloth.*) That! . . . what I bought just this week! Feel . . . the texture . . . Look! . . . the color . . . and all the others, just like it . . . gone! . . . New . . . I got them new from England! . . . From England I got them . . . I'm ruined, ruined!

(*Sinks into chair. The bolt of cloth slips to the floor. The children pick it up hurriedly, then go to stand looking frightened at their father.*)

What have I done to them? Tell me, what?

MINNA. (*Smooths his hair.*) Now, now, Poppa. Nothing, nothing at all. (*resignedly*) But it is the new order of things. I don't understand it, but that's what it is. Look, Poppa, your favorite soup. Madeleine, serve some to him.

JACOB. Our shop is ruined, Minna! . . . You ought to see. Those new shelves . . . smashed! . . . and the mirrors . . . all gone! What shall we do for food now? What is it I have done, eh, to deserve this?

MADELEINE. (*bitterly*) You are a Jew, Poppa; that's what counts now. (*Exit.*)

JACOB. What's wrong with the girl? A new bride ought to be happy. (*sentimentally.*) Maybe we should never have been born, Minna. (*angrily.*) What's wrong with us, eh? And that girl, too?

MINNA. (*tearfully.*) Hans hasn't come or written for almost two weeks, Poppa.

JACOB. Now what's a week between those two?

HEINRICH. Momma means that Hans *won't* be coming back, Poppa.

JACOB. But why? My girl's a good girl.

HEINRICH. (*bitterly.*) Hans is a gentle, Poppa.

JACOB. Bah! He will come! (*angrily*) But I am ruined! And she thinks only of herself. Where will she get her bread now? What is to become of us?

GRANDFATHER. (*reading*) Oh Lord, why hast thou forgotten me? Why go I mourning because of the oppression of the enemy?

JACOB. Momma, has the old man been fed?

MINNA. (*weeping*) No, I would have forgotten.

JACOB. Hush, Minna. Maybe things will get better.

MINNA. (*Weeps.*) Oh Poppa. (*Subsides.*) Sammy, Ruth, come get some soup and feed your grand-poppa.

(*The children get the soup and retire whispering to feed the old man.*)

JACOB. I saw all the people on the street, Heinrich. What are they there for?

HEINRICH. (*sarcastically*) Waiting for the grand parade and entrance of the "Great Man".

MINNA. (*happy again*) I would like to see him, I have never seen a "great man".

HEINRICH. A great man? Lord, Momma, why don't you join the rest of the mob down there then? Is that the only feeling you have?

JACOB. You're speaking to you mother, Heinrich? It does no good to be bitter, son.

HEINRICH. Well, why can't we do something? You've just lost your shop. Don't you want to do anything about it?

JACOB. There is nothing that we can do. There is no use. They are strong and we are weak. We must submit.

HEINRICH. You may just wait for it, but I'm not!

JACOB. What can you do, son? Some people say it's all for the best. I have lost my shop, but I shall have my home, eh, Momma?

HEINRICH. (*desperately*) I'm going to do something! I may not get far, but I'm going to try. Why give in? God! I'd rather be out there fighting.

(*Starts toward door. Father goes to detain him.*)

JACOB. Wait, Heinrich! Think for a minute now.

MINNA. We are weak, and they are strong. (*Weeps.*) Now we have no shop, and Madeleine has no Hans to marry her. What will become of us?

HEINRICH. I'm not waiting around to see. I'm getting out of here. This doing nothing is driving me crazy, (*to mother*) You say what's to become of us? You can guess. What happened to the family next door? Well, I'd rather die trying to do something, than wait around to die in some concentration camp!

(*Goes out door.*)

MINNA. Heinrich! Where are you going? Poppa, look out the window and see where he is going! (*Weeps.*)

What has happened? This morning I was happy.

JACOB. (*shouting out the window*) Heinrich! Where are you going? Heinrich! Where? . . . Heinrich! (*He turns to wife.*) He didn't stop.

MINNA. What direction, Poppa?

JACOB. Towards where the parade is going to come from. Momma, that boy is going to do something foolish. I'd better go and stop him.

MINNA. You can't leave us, Poppa. He'll be all right. I don't think he'll do anything rash. He's a smart boy. He just talks, that's all. (*She tries to detain Jacob.*)

Everything has changed him so. Don't go, Poppa.

JACOB. Just the same, Momma, you heard him talking now . . . (*looks out window.*) I'd better go. Nothing will happen to you and the children. (*She weeps.*) Now, Momma, don't cry like that. There are lots of people outside waiting for the parade. I'll be back in a minute. (*Exit.*)

MINNA. (*Looks out of the window, weeping, then turns.*)

Madeleine!

(*MADELEINE enters, face drawn. The two children timidly bring the empty soup plate to the table and then exit to bedroom talking in hushed voices.*)

Come and sit with me. (*Petulant*) Your father and brother have deserted us.

MADELEINE. (*not interested*) Where have they gone?

MINNA. I don't know, and it worries me. I know something is going to happen. (*Weeps.*)

MADELEINE. (*wearily*) Mother, don't carry on so.

MINNA. That's right. (*Subsides.*) You have your worries. (*Sniffles again.*) But I just know something is going to happen. After all, my burden is heavier than yours.

(*Looks at her daughter.*)

I'm sorry, dear, but why don't you weep like I do? It relieves things so. You wouldn't believe. That's why I cry all the time; I feel so much better afterwards. You should try. It's so much harder keeping it all inside you.

MADELEINE. It's better that way for me.

(*Goes to window. To herself.*) Why is a woman a woman? Why can't she get out there and do something! If I wasn't a woman, I'd get out there and face Hans. (*Laughs bitterly.*) But I am one, and I'm supposed to sit in here and cry. Well, maybe I'll sit here, but they can't make me cry.

(*She starts to sob, hard, dry sobs—through clenched teeth.*)

They . . . can't . . . make . . . me . . . cry.

(*Controls herself. There is a long pause. Her mother sniffles, and the old man in the corner mumbles on.*)

MADELEINE. (*looking out window*) Those people have been waiting a long time, haven't they?

MINNA. Since almost six this morning.

MADELEINE. When is it coming by?

MINNA. It ought to be coming pretty soon now.

MADELEINE. You wouldn't think that they'd wait for so long.

MINN(. They want to see the "Great Man" pass by.

MADELEINE. (*bitterly*) Yes, he's done a lot for us!

MINNA. Don't get like Heinrich now. Shall we bring Grandpoppa's chair over so he can see?

(*MADELEINE nods. They drag the wheel chair over. The two children come in quietly and stand by the window gazing out, the little boy silently, and the little girl volubly whispering, pointing out things to her brother. There is a sound of distant shots.*)

MINNA. Wait, children! (*Stops the children.*)

MADELEINE. What's the matter?

MINNA. I thought I heard some guns.

(*They listen. Again distant shots are heard.*)

Yes, I did. I wonder what it is.

MADELEINE. Most likely a salute of some sort, Momma.

MINNA. Yes, that's what it is. It came from the direction of the parade. Those people down there don't seem so excited. (*fearfully*) Yes, it must be just a salute.

GRANDFATHER. (*reading*) Why standest thou far off, O Lord? Why hidest thou Thyself in time of trouble?

MINNA. What did he say that for? (*to reassure herself*) He's just a silly old man. Look, Madeleine; there's Berthe down there with that bright red shawl on. You wouldn't think she'd be so gay today. They burnt her husband's restaurant last night, Rachel told me. All those new imported meats of his, stolen too. Maybe I should show her my new shawl! Get it for me, Madeleine, please. I think I'd like to see the parade from down there. (*as if to justify herself*) Besides, I haven't been out of the house today. (*MADELEINE exits.*)

It's getting cloudy, children. You'd better light the stove; then you'll be warm when you watch the parade. It'll be getting cold pretty soon. I'll clear the table off.

(*She busies herself at the table; takes some dishes to the kitchen. MADELEINE enters and watches her.*)

MADELEINE. I wouldn't go out there, Momma. You can see much better from here anyway, and all these foreign soldiers will be going by.

MINNA. Nonsense, I'd like to see some of my friends. Where's my shawl?

MADELEINE. I didn't bring it.

MINNA. Well, go and get it then. I'll finish here. (*Noise in the street as MADELEINE goes into the bedroom again.*)

Sammy, what's the noise below?

SAMMY. (*excitedly*) Maybe it's the parade, Momma! There are some soldiers.

MINNA. Already?

SAMMY. No, they're only three of them, and they're stopping here, Momma!

MINNA. I wonder what for! Madeleine! Come here, quickly!

(*MADELEINE enters hurriedly.*)

MADELEINE. What is it?

MINNA. (excitedly) Some soldiers! Coming in here!

MADELEINE. Soldiers! Oh, Momma!

(Knock at door. They look at each other. The children run into the bedroom. MADELEINE goes slowly to the door and opens it. A young, blond, rather handsome Austrian officer stands there stiffly. He avoids her eyes. MADELEINE turns pale, then flushes.)

MADELEINE. (She goes to him.) Hans! O at last! I've been waiting . . .

(She sees the two soldiers behind him and draws back abashed.)

Oh . . . I'm sorry. What is it?

HANS. (Avoids her eyes.) I'm sorry, Madeleine. (Reads stiffly from paper held before him.)

"By order of the new government, you are hereby ordered to vacate these quarters. You are assigned to quarters in the south portion of this city, designated (awkwardly) for . . . those of your . . . race." (Looking straight before him) These quarters are to be reserved for gentiles only. We are here to aid you in moving things.

MADELEINE. (pleadingly, trying to make him meet her eyes) But Hans! Today? (He nods.) But how? It will take too long to get everything together.

HANS. (stiffly) I'm sorry; but that is what we are here for, to help you.

MINNA. Wait till Poppa and Heinrich get here, Hans. You see (weeps) we are two women, all alone. Wait till tomorrow morning, Hans.

MADELEINE. Please, Hans. Can't you do anything? At least till Poppa and Heinrich get here.

(HANS goes to the other two soldiers. They confer while mother and daughter look desperately at each other.)

HANS. (Walks over and takes out watch. Stiffly) I'm sorry, but we can only give you five minutes. Then I'm afraid we'll have to proceed.

MADELEINE. (Looks at him gratefully.) Thank you, Hans.

(He avoids her eyes, bows stiffly, and exits. She is rebuffed. Sarcastically)

Happy meeting.

(For the first time her eyes fill with tears—she controls herself and in the same sarcastic vein.)

So I wait around in hopes of seeing Hans again! (Laughs.) Well, what are we going to do, Momma?

MINNA. Oh, I don't know. (weeping) Oh, why isn't Poppa here?

(She wanders aimlessly around, picking things up and putting them down again. The children come in again and stare at her wide-eyed. RUTHIE starts to whimper, and SAMMY comforts her. Sentimentally)

Oh, Poppa, our old home! We're leaving your only home, children. (weeping) Go and get the things you want to take.

(They go into the bedroom. MINNA starts to wail. MADELEINE stares out the window. The old grandfather mumbles to himself.)

What has happened? What has happened?

MADELEINE. (excitedly) Something is coming, Momma. I wonder what it is.

MINNA. (not paying any attention) What will happen to us now? (Weeps.) Our old home.

MADELEINE. What could it be? Everybody's clearing a path, Momma. (Pauses as she watches.) It's Poppa.

MINNA. Oh, at last!

MADELEINE. He's with Max, and they're carrying something between them.

MINNA. (Startled, she starts to window.) What! What is it?

MADELEINE. Momma! It's a man they're carrying, and he's hurt!

MINNA. (Brushes her aside.) Let me see! (Frantic) Let me see! They're getting closer. (She wails.) Oh I knew, I knew!

MADELEINE. What is it, Momma?

MINNA. Heinrich, my son! Oh I knew! I knew!

MADELEINE. (not believing) But you can't see yet, Momma. The crowd's in the way.

MINNA. (wringing her hands.) I saw, Madeleine, I saw. Go open the door! (Weeps.) Oh my son . . . (She sits in a chair weeping. Voices are heard; hurried footsteps. MADELEINE rushes over to the door and opens it. Max and Jacob come in

hurriedly and deposit their limp burden on the low couch at center. MADELEINE gives a low moan as she sees her brother, then turns away. MINNA rushes over to the couch and bends over her son.

Oh, Poppa! What has happened? My boy! Bullets! Get a doctor! Quickly!

(Looks at them. MAX walks out. JACOB stands with bowed head.)

Get a doctor! What do you stand there for?

JACOB. It's no use, Momma.

(Distant trumpets and noises of the parade are heard.)

MINNA. Dead? You must be mistaken; I can hear his heart beating. *(She listens, bending low—wails.)* No! No! *(Sobs.)* I can't. Oh Poppa! my son!

(He puts his arms around her. MADELEINE kneels down beside HEINRICH and looks steadily at him. The two children stand in the doorway, too frightened to speak. They scuttle over to their grandfather's chair. The little girl cries. The little boy is silent. They both have a few of their bundles in their arms.)

MADELEINE. *(looking at HEINRICH)* Why don't I have the courage to do that? *(Defiantly and to herself)* Why not? . . . Is it because I don't have that kind of courage? . . . or . . . is it because there's even a small chance that Hans might *(Her voice trails off.)* No—there isn't any chance at all. *(fiercely)* A coward . . . and I can't even help myself.

(She unrolls the bolt of cloth which has been lying on the couch and covers HEINRICH. She remains where she is.)

JACOB. *(to his sobbing wife)* It's all right, Momma. Don't cry so much. He said he'd rather die than do nothing but wait. Don't cry, Momma! *(desperately)* Stop!

MINNA. My son! Oh, Poppa! *(Weeps.)*

(During remainder of time, parade noises grow louder. Cries of "Hail, Hail, Benefactor" are heard, at first distantly. MADELEINE gets up and puts her mother into a chair.)

MADELEINE. Momma, you must control yourself. There's a lot to be done.

(to her father who sits with head in hands.)

What happened, Father? How did it happen?

JACOB. *(weakly)* I tried to stop him, Momma, but he was too strong. *(pitiful attempt at cheering her)* He was awfully strong, that boy. Why he just pushed me out of his way, Momma, just like I was nothing. *(Voice breaks.)* He was very strong. *(growing angry)* Then they shot him down! He wouldn't stop talking, and they shot him down. They filled him full of their filthy bullets.

MADELEINE. He wouldn't stop?

JACOB. No, not till they shot. He was just talking to those people like he talked to us today . . . and they shot him, and there isn't anything we can do.

(No sound except MINNA's weeping and the parade. The little girl whimpers.)

Nothing we can do!

GRANDFATHER. *(reading)* Judge me, O God, and plead my cause against an ungodly nation, O deliver me from the deceitful and unjust man.

JACOB. My shop gone, and now my son! God help me!

MINNA. *(Weeps.)* Home too, Poppa.

(He doesn't hear her. There is a knock at the door. MADELEINE's and MINNA's faces take on a stricken look. MADELEINE squares her shoulders and walks resolutely to the door. The soldiers enter.)

MADELEINE. *(stiffly)* We'll be ready soon, Hans. *(She breaks.)* Poppa!

JACOB. *(head in arms. He sees no one.)* What is it, Madeleine? I can see no one now.

MADELEINE. Poppa!

JACOB. *(Looks up and sees soldiers. Alarmed)* What is it? What can they do to a poor broken man now? *(Wipes his eyes.)*

MINNA. Oh, Poppa. *(Weeps.)* Our home, Poppa!

JACOB. What?

1st SOLDIER. You must vacate these quarters immediately.

JACOB. *(Hands to head. He is bewildered.)* Oh! But this is too much. You must give me time to think. *(Sees HANS, who stares out window.)* Hans, you must help us.

MADELEINE. *(bitterly)* You must not expect any help from Hans, Poppa. He is only a soldier.

(Hans flushes, turns irresolute. Then he turns stiffly to the window again.)

2ND SOLDIER. Come, let's hurry about the business. The "Great Man" will be passing pretty soon now.

(MADEIRNE laughs bitterly and enters her bedroom. Both soldiers begin to gather things in the table cloth on the table, throwing everything roughly together.)

MINNA. (Aroused for the first time, runs to the table, still weeping.) My best china! Stop! Look! Look what you are doing!

1ST SOLDIER. (laughing.) Well, you do it then. (Hans turns around.)

HANS. (curtly) Sergeant, we'll have no unnecessary roughness! Understand?

1ST SOLDIER. (nervously) Yes, sir!
(Goes to the old man's wheel chair.)
Come on, old man, (laughs.) I'll take you down where you can see the "Great Man" pass by.

GRANDFATHER. (Reads still.) "Shall mortal man be more just than God?"
(The soldier laughs and wheels him out.)

MINNA. Be careful now. (Weeps.) Oh, Poppa, our home!
(Exits to kitchen. Children follow her.)

JACOB. (Stands with bowed head, then speaks to Hans who is staring out the widow.)
(pitifully) They killed him, Hans.

HANS. (pityingly) I saw.

JACOB. (an old man now.) You were there?

HANS. Yes.

JACOB. They just shot him, Hans.

HANS. I know.

JACOB. He was a good boy.

HANS. I couldn't do anything. You know that.

JACOB. I know, (pitifully) You'll let us bury him, won't you?

HANS. (Hesitates for a moment.) Yes. That can be arranged.

JACOB. (silent for a moment.) First my shop, then my son, now my home. It's hard. This morning I was a man, now I'm . . . nothing. (Laughs weakly.) A few . . . Hans . . . (timidly) Madeleine, she's a good girl.

HANS. (Arousing himself. Stiffly) I'm sorry, sir. We'll have to have the house cleared in five minutes.

JACOB. (broken) Yes.
(First Soldier comes in again as MINNA enters with bundle which she deposits on floor. The two children follow with their little bundles.)

1ST SOLDIER. (to HANS) He's passing, sir!

HANS. (Stands stiffly at attention; then wheels nervously.)
Sergeant Schultz! You take charge here. Report to me in five minutes.

(He turns as if to say something to JACOB; then strides out the door. MADEIRNE enters with bundle, and as she does—)

1ST SOLDIER. (Standing at attention before window.)
Hail, Hail our chief!

(Other soldier joins him. Family looks on. He turns around. To family.)

Say it! Lift your arms and salute your benefactor! (Laughs.) Old woman, what are you weeping for? These are happy days. Your new ruler has just entered the gates.

(Threateningly, as they stand there dumb.)
Give thanks to the man who will do so much for you! (Laughs.) Or who has done so much for you.

(Noise outside is loud. They all raise arms slowly. MINNA weeps into her handkerchief as she does so. JACOB, broken, raises his hand with head bowed. MADEIRNE stands stonily and salutes, with her other hand clenched. The two children, bundles in hand, raise their hands incomprehendingly, the little girl just ready to cry. They all say, "Hail" almost inaudibly as a blast of trumpets is heard.)

The curtain falls.



Release

BY ELIZABETH SHOW

Into apocryphal oblivion
Goes the miraculous immaculate
Conception of the Christ, the benison
Rendering a scant morsel adequate
To feed a multitude, the crucified
Poor body walking palpable abroad
And offering to Thomas wounded side
And hands, that he might touch them, and be
awed.

Into oblivion the rumbling tone
Of terrible Jehovah from the flame
Giving the ten commandments, and the lone
And ancient legend linked with Jonah's name;
The golden-streets, milk-and-honey-blest
Kingdom of heaven pictured in our lore.
Let the moss grow on these, and all the rest,
For nobody believes them any more.

Look now! The edifice built high for me
By pedagogues and preachers in my youth
Lies, dust and fragments, irretrievably
Crumbled before the hearty gust of truth.
And I who clung securely to the known
Stand with the known a wreck about my feet,
Seeing with vision long inured to stone
And narrow window, now the sunlight, sweet
On everything, and out beyond the hills
More distant hills I dreamed not of before
When all my universe was bound by sills,
And terror trembled just beyond the door.

Paint the Women, Master

BY JEAN HOLLOWAY

Master, paint the women of today.
Paint the women
With history written across their faces . . .

Paint the women of Germany in their black,
Serviceable aprons,
Their thick, calloused fingers
Twisting them.
Picture them gazing proudly at the future,
Stern-browed conqueror's ladies.

Paint the Czechoslovak women,
Cheeks stained from crying,
Eyes bleary with sadness and dark with hate;
Show them gazing wild-eyed
Across the hills,
A wind forcing them back,
Tearing at their hair, at their bodies,
Forcing them back—back . . .

Paint the Jewish women,
Their arms full of bundles,
Dark eyes haunted but resigned,
Stumbling along an unending road
That leads nowhere.

And paint the little girls of Spain,
Hobbling along on rude wooden crutches,
Jagged scars across their young faces,
Gaunt depths in their old, old eyes
As they stumble along
Towards tomorrow.

Paint the women, Master,
With history written across their faces.

Tomorrow Is Death

BY JEAN HOLLOWAY

There was a time, long ago, when lovers could
look ahead—

In the faint past before the war drums rolled
And blood spattered from the skies and the dead
Beat of marching pounded at our brains. There
was a day

When I might have held you close and dreamed
Of nothing save you and a strange sweet way
That we would walk together. But what can I say
to you,

Standing calm and lovely in the moonlight?

What can I say that would be true

Beyond I love you—I love you today, and we have
no tomorrow,

Nothing to hold against the future save this
moment,

Of respite before sorrow.

Shadow by Moonlight

By ROBERT WRIGHT

I

Boaz chewed pensively on a barley stalk, watching the hands streaming in from the fields. This was good, he told himself. Three more days and the harvest would be complete—with enough grain to carry his household through the winter and enough more to trade for stock and gold and more land on which to raise more barley.

Yes, this was good. Year by year he had built his farm from two small fields into more than he knew how to reckon. The land was enough, he decided. He would buy no more land unless it was in the valley to the south. Cousin Eli had owned that south valley, and years ago, before the famine, Boaz had tried to persuade Eli to enter into partnership. That was past now. Eli was dead, and his widow had returned from Moab. Perhaps the old lady would sell. If not, Boaz shrugged his big shoulders, he still had plenty.

Yes, this was very good. But he knew it wasn't. He didn't know why, but Boaz was unhappy. He had more wealth, more servants, more land, yes, and more friends than any other farmer for miles around; but Boaz was unhappy.

With a sigh he turned his attention to the reapers, laughing and joking as they made their way into the cockshed. They were happy. Furtively he glanced at his foreman. The foreman was looking for his two sons among the workers. He was happy. Boaz looked back toward the fields, wondering vaguely if the foreman's sons made him happy. Suddenly he stiffened. "Jess," he said, "who's that wench?" He spat his barley stalk in a general westerly direction.

The foreman's glance followed the flight of the barley stalk and came to rest with it in the watering trough. "What wench?"

"Over there, following the men in." Boaz pointed.

"Foreigner," said Jess. "Told her she could have what the reapers left if she'd keep out of the way."

"Looking for work?"

"Yes. We don't need any more help." Jess looked at Boaz anxiously.

Boaz grunted non-committally. "Where's she from?"

"Moab. The widow Naomi's daughter. A widow herself, they tell me."

"Put her on, Jess. Send her out with the women this afternoon."

"But, Boaz—"

"Tell her to get something to eat with the others."

Jess sighed resignedly. "Yes, sir."

II

"Mother, do you know what has happened?"

"No, my dear, but it looks like good news."

"I have found employment with the reapers. I worked all afternoon, and they gave me a piece of silver. Tomorrow I am to go early in the morning, and tomorrow night I shall have two more pieces; and everyone is so kind, and I am so happy, and—"

"And you are very tired, child. Rest yourself while I heat you a bowl of milk." Old Naomi smiled sadly. Her daughter-in-law was still a child; her marriage with Mahlon had not changed that. And now she was a widow, hardly knowing the meaning of the term. The girl was happy with her piece of silver, but Naomi knew that the barley harvest was almost over; four more days, at the most. Nine pieces of silver, she reckoned, would keep them three weeks; after that, only God knew how they would live. In the spring perhaps she could sell part of the south valley. Meanwhile—

"Dearest Mother, what are you thinking?"

"Just thinking, Ruth. Who was the man who hired you?"

"Oh, I forgot to tell you. Well, the foreman hired me, but the owner's name is Boaz, and he came and spoke to me before all the others while we were eating. I'm afraid that I was just a little vain about it. He says he knew Mahlon and Mahlon's father and—." A tear in her mother-in-law's eye warned Ruth, and she stopped short.

"Yes, I knew Boaz in the old time before—, before—"

"Yes, Mother, I know."

Old Naomi smiled absently. She wasn't thinking of the old time before the Lord had called Eli and Mahlon.

Nine pieces of silver. And Boaz had offered Eli a partnership. She regarded the girl thoughtfully.

Barely twenty-three years old, with a pretty face, stout body, ebony hair, and unblemished skin, swart from the summer sun. It was a cruel, fantastic notion, and yet—, "Let us go to bed, Ruth. You will want to be fresh for your day in the fields tomorrow."

III

Ruth hummed a song to herself as she trudged in toward the buildings. She kept a little apart from the other women; they hadn't accepted her as one of them. She had hoped that they would, but it didn't make much difference; the men joked and talked with her, and she liked that. Most of all she liked Reuben, who looked at his feet whenever she spoke to him and regarded her shyly when he thought she wasn't looking.

Reuben had asked her that very morning if she intended to be at the party on the following evening. "If you would like it," she had replied. He had smiled his thanks and backed away, blushing. And now she felt better about the party. She had intended to go from the moment she heard of it, when Boaz had made the formal announcement at table the day before; and now that Reuben had admitted an interest in her presence, she knew she would not be neglected.

She wondered vaguely about the harvest party and whether there would be music. Boaz was both rich and kind, and she had no doubt that he would provide a generous feast; but she was not sure about the music. True, in Bethel-judah they were more tolerant about these matters than were the stodgy Moabites. She would ask old Naomi; Naomi would know.

"Girl!"

Ruth started out of her daydream, looked up. Boaz stood before her. "Your servant, master." She bowed her head slightly.

Boaz laughed. "We needn't be so formal, my dear. You intend to be at the stables tomorrow evening?"

"Why, yes, sir," Ruth trembled inwardly. She could not be sure whether his tone was patronizing or familiar. It was impossible that the great man should take serious notice of a penniless foreigner, and yet there was something in the quality of his voice and his words that frightened her. She dared not look up into his face.

He was speaking again. What was he saying?—and please to carry this measure of barley to your mother, Naomi. Tell her I shall be glad to have her come with you. Tomorrow at sundown,"

"Your command is my will, master," she replied, taking the proffered basket. Boaz laughed again and turned away.

Ruth stood silent, watching the shadow of a fence post lengthen perceptibly on the hard ground of the yard. When the shadow reached the bench by the stable wall, she would shake herself, lift the basket to her shoulder and set out for home. Meanwhile she was not sure whether she was relieved or disappointed that Boaz looked on her merely as the child of an old acquaintance. She knew she should not like him for a husband; he was twice her age and rough and stupid. The girl shuddered, then smiled. There was no reason to frighten herself. Boaz would certainly not be thinking of taking a wife.

The shadow, barely discernible now, stretched nearly to the other side of the yard. In a moment—, It dissolved in the dusk and never attained its goal.

Ruth shrugged, shouldered her basket, and stepped out into the road.

IV

The bashful Reuben sat on one rock, his weary back resting against another. He was very tired, and the rocks were still warm from the afternoon sun. It was pleasant resting here after a hard day in the fields; but Reuben was uncomfortable, grew momentarily more so. Before many more minutes, the lovely Ruth would come around the great gray boulder and find him sitting here. That, in fact, was why he was here. Then why did he squirm and fidget inside? Foolish. She was just a girl.

Just a girl! He quelled that blasphemy instantly, remembering how he had been stirred when she had spoken to him in the morning. She would be at the party if he would like it! But he must not spoil his own chances. Perhaps she would think him bold if he accosted her here. Perhaps he had better get away before—.

"Hello, Reuben!"

He stood quickly. "Hello. I—you—I didn't see you."

She was standing before him, one hand on her hip, the other balancing the heavy grain basket on her shoulder, her dark eyes smiling at him. "You were sleeping."

"I must have been," he said; then, as he saw she was about to move on, "Would you—I mean, may I carry your basket?"

"Do you walk this way?" she asked, handing it to him.

"I live just beyond your mother's cottage," he replied, then blushed. She would certainly think him very forward now.

"Oh, that is perfect!" she cried. "Mother is to go to the harvest feast tomorrow. If you like, we'll

wait for you, and we can all go together."

If he would like! There it was again. "I would like that very much," he said. "In fact, I intended to ask you if I might call for you, but I didn't know how. I was a little afraid." He laughed self-consciously.

"Silly, what's to be afraid of?"

This was easier than Reuben had hoped for. Perhaps he was not unattractive to her at all. At least she seemed to be glad of his company, and it was she who had suggested that he call for her the next evening.

"How did you know about my mother's cottage?"

He could tell her now without blushing. "I saw you this morning when I passed on my way to the fields."

"She's not really my mother, you know. She's my mother-in-law."

"Then you—" he stopped as he realized the import of her words.

"Mahlon died when I was sixteen," she reassured him quickly. "I hardly knew him. But old Naomi has been a mother to me ever since."

Reuben could think of nothing to say, so they walked on in silence. He was happy. Happy and proud that the girl had confided in him. If she trusted him that much, it was not impossible to hope that someday, someday perhaps—but what was he thinking? He hardly knew her.

"Naomi has been very kind to me, Reuben, but sometimes I am lonesome. Lonesome for the companionship of younger people."

"I know," he said simply. He, too, had those lonesome spells. The men were all older than he, and he had always been afraid of the women.

His shyness left him, and he took her hand in his as they trudged on through the dusk.

V

The great barn hummed with the confusion of the harvest party. Groups of men and women, servants and tenants alike, stood about eating, drinking, talking, jesting in the light of the great torches fastened at intervals about the walls. Just outside the open doors the fire pits glowed, lighting up the faces of the kitchen boys as they turned the giant spits laden with quarters of beef. To the left of the pits was the wing which housed the stables, where the young folk were busy with their games and dancing.

Boaz and Naomi were seated near the door where they could talk and where, at the same time, Boaz could discharge his duties as host, greeting each newcomer with a word or a wave of the hand.

Naomi was speaking. "Six hundred pieces of silver is a generous price, Cousin, for my share, which was Chilion's. But you know that Mahlon's share has passed by law into Ruth's possession, and you must bargain with her for that."

"Yes, I was coming to that," said Boaz. He nodded absently to a late arrival. "I had something else in mind about Ruth's share." He looked at the old woman sharply. Could she know what he was thinking? It didn't much matter; he had made up his mind, and she would know soon in any event. "If I were to take the girl for my wife, her land would come to me."

Naomi smiled. "She would make you a good wife, Cousin."

Yes, she would make him a good wife. She was young, healthy, and pleasing to the eye. Boaz breathed a sigh of contentment. This, he was sure, would be the happiness he had been seeking. No longer would he envy his own servants, no longer be jealous of Jess and his sons. He would have sons of his own soon, sturdy farmer men to fill his last years with comfort and pride. Boaz was happy now; he was sure of it. "Find the girl and bring her to me. There'll be a wedding here this night."

Naomi rose and moved away toward the stables.

VI

Ruth and Reuben sat on a bench in the stable yard, watching a half-moon ride down the western sky. From the building behind them came noises of revelry, muted by the thick cedar planks against which they were leaning.

Ruth turned her gaze from the moon to look at Reuben. He turned to her and smiling, slipped his arm between her back and the wall to draw her closer to him on the bench. Happy, she let her head rest on his shoulder. Neither had spoken for several minutes, and Ruth was glad, glad of her feeling for this strong young farmer, glad that they had so soon found the companionship that needs no speech. She looked up into his face and waited while he moved his head toward her. Suddenly he turned away.

She followed his glance to the shadow of a fence post on the ground, slowly approaching their feet. She wondered idly whether he was waiting for it to reach them. She smiled sadly, uneasily; the shadow was losing itself in the darkness.

The stable door swung open, and old Naomi's voice came through the night. "Ruth, dear, will you come in now?"

Reuben started up, frustrated. By the last rays of the setting moon, Ruth saw the hurt in his eyes.

She stifled a sob.

Sniper Lutzman

By JOHN WEYBREW

To his surprise it was dark when he regained consciousness. A slim moon hung among sooty clouds, giving the blackened terrain below an unreal glow. Dimly he began to realize where he was. Raising himself cautiously upon one elbow, he could look over his little sheltering pile of debris. The plateau before him was scarred here and there with shell-holes, and not so far away was a long jagged shadow which might be a trench. A horse's carcass lay half in a hole, its legs sticking up like the legs of an overturned stool.

Sniper Lutzman wiped his nose on the back of his hand. There was no breeze, and the air was heavy with the smell of death. His back and legs felt sticky-wet. Moving his right leg sent an electric pain up his back. Twisting onto his hip, he saw that his trouser-leg above the boot was black and stiff, and on one side of the boot there was a neat slit in the leather.

He felt a sense of something ominous. The French had attacked from the rear, and he had been one of those fleeing before them, into the arms of the English. Why had they left him? Did they think him worthy of death? He had fallen, forgotten, into this rubble-heap.

The emptiness of his stomach increased as he attempted to rise. Slowly he gained his knees. The leg didn't seem to hurt so much; it pressed against a long, hard object. Reaching down, he found his rifle. Rubbing off the mud, he traced his name carved in the stock, "LUTZMAN". His own gun; the rifle of Sniper Lutzman, the man who with his rifle in his hand could face hundreds unafraid. The breech was in order; he filled a fresh clip and inserted it, his fingers working stiffly with the catch.

With his gun as a crutch he rose to his feet. Looking down at his leg, he saw fresh blood about the slit in the boot, glistening black in the moonlight.

The trench across from him was an unyielding line of black. As his eyes began to clear he could make out scattered sandbags here and there. Suddenly he stiffened. Visible over a break in the parapet was a round English helmet, and below the helmet he could make out a face. A sentry—the trench was occupied—watching him, laughing at his clumsy movements. They were enemies. Surrender to them? Like an old pelican he had

once seen, waiting to die, not caring for the missiles small boys aimed at him. Yes, but if he had a gun . . . if he shot the sentry, the whole trench would wake and become active as a beehive—. Raising his rifle to his shoulder, he felt inside the guard for the trigger, but he had not reckoned with his leg. It collapsed like straw beneath him, pitching him heavily into the muddy ground and smacking his rifle from his hand. The gun went off, its slug lifting a little fountain of mud in front of the parapet. Lutzman hugged the ground. He was not afraid, just careful.

The sentry was still there. Somewhere, close by him, he heard a sound, a long, low laugh. It mocked him. Cold moonlight everywhere, but he saw no one. Imagining. But—lieber Gott—the sentry was still there! The sentry had laughed. He struggled to where his gun lay. Bracing himself upon one elbow, he sighted carefully. The crossing point of the hairs of the telescopic sight was just below the center of the rim of that helmet. He fired once. The helmet jumped from its place over the sentry's face. With a second shot it jumped again. Lutzman was annoyed because it did not come off. He emptied the clip; the helmet became a halo in the moonlight.

Lutzman struggled forward, leaning upon the rifle. In the trench there would be food. His stomach shook at the thought. They said the English ate like kings. He passed the carcass of the horse. It stunk. Lutzman turned his head away.

The laugh—Was it?—came from behind him, louder this time, but he did not turn. The trench lay just ahead of him. Three more steps and down into it. He pushed the sentry aside as he passed. Already it was decomposing—had been dead hours. But Lutzman was used to death. He did not stop to see what effect his bullets had had upon its face.

Pushing aside the sack hung over the dugout's entrance, he thrust in his head, into the darkness. Feeling in his pocket, he located his little match safe. It was made in the form of a shell, engraved "Gott Mit Uns". In the shaking light of the match he saw the forms of two of his enemies. They were dead. A helmet lay at his feet. He chuckled to himself. What a poor thing. His bullets went through trench helmets like a knife

blade through mush. He reached up and felt for his own—Donnerwetter—it was not there. How could it have come off? He must have a helmet—but not an English helmet. Still . . . He stooped down and picked up the steel hat.

Leaving the first dugout, he soon came to a second. He almost stumbled over a form in the entrance. Lighting another match, he found it to be the brown-clad body of an officer. And still about the man's waist was a thick belt, and hasped to the belt was a big pistol in a holster. A valuable souvenir, not to be passed by. Lutzman buckled the belt about himself. He paused long enough to remove carefully three medals. This had been the officer's quarters—there must be food here. Rummaging among the junk he found here and there, he came upon a half-loaf of bread and a canteen of water. So this was the food of kings, eh? He bit into the bread. It was soggy.

Back in the moonlight again, he noticed that the clouds had passed. Soon it would be morning. Would it? He thrust his leg over the far side of the trench, the bread clutched between his teeth. Soon it would be morning. Soon he would find his friends. They shouldn't be far from here, probably in the English second line trenches. Did they have a second line? Where were they? He had a pistol. A Webley from an English officer. He had seen them before. An English side-arm. Ha-ha. His. He waved it with his free arm. Bullets weren't made that could stop Lutzman.

A low roar began to his right. It was in the sky. Planes. They would take him home. To his friends. He could signal them. The roar became louder. He could see them now. Red and black Fokkers. One was checked. Traveling high and fast. Raising his pistol he fired into the air. He shouted to them, but his voice was only a raucous croak. He emptied his rifle. But the planes sped onward, leaving him. So they didn't want him. That was why no one had picked him up. The pistol had kicked disgustingly. He couldn't throw it away now, even though he wanted to be rid of it. The English helmet banged against his hip as he swung himself along with his rifle. He released it from his belt and put it on his head. The leg pained him now, more than before, but he didn't stop.

The land before him was empty and black, but it was shiny black with mud. Once he passed a shell-hole from which a machine-gun protruded. He overcame his impulse to go over to it and touch it. He was a rifle-man. He seemed to be walking through eternities, his legs moving up and—only one leg moved at the knee—the other two were stiff—a piston that lacked sufficient steam

to drive it with any firmness. His grip on the rifle slipped now and then, but he didn't want to risk getting mud in the barrel. His father had made that barrel. He was a Lutzman. And the Lutzmans went down fighting. But he wasn't going down yet. Not yet.

A light breeze sprang suddenly from the earth. It revived him. He stopped and sniffed it solemnly. All at once he saw that he had come to a road. It was pock-marked with shell-holes and puddles, but it was a road. People would come down sooner or later. He would rest there for a while. At least he would be picked up by some people. He wouldn't be all alone any more. His friends would see him soon. He would have much to tell them when he saw them. The breeze increased to a cold wind. It made his nose run. He wished he had picked up a coat in the English trench.

Lutzman heard a cry rising on the wind. He lifted his head, strained his ear, but the wind distorted the sound into a short wail. He listened carefully. Someone was coming along the road. He could hear the slosh of feet in the mud. He sat down in the road, his rifle across his knees. Two shadowy forms were coming down the road. He waved his arm weakly, called to them. The men were closer now; they heard him. He could only make a feeble noise, but the sight of the men cheered him. He wanted to talk to them. So much he had to tell them. He didn't mind whether they wore German helmets . . . They were friendly. One was pointing at him. The other pointed too. Lutzman tried to lift his rifle to wave to them.

One of them laughed, a ghastly laugh. The sniper rubbed his eyes. God was playing games with him. But the laugh—something struck him in the chest. His gun fell from his fingers—no, not that . . . His arm was stiff; he raked the ground beside him for his gun, but it was—he couldn't . . . he couldn't . . .

I Stand Before You, Penitent

BY ELIZABETH SHOW

I stand before you, penitent, my wings,
The wings you gave me, tattered and bemired,
And the gay, golden halo, of all things
My deepest cherished, the halo I acquired
So suddenly upon our first hushed meeting,
And wore so proudly from that hour, is gone,
Lost somewhere in my heedless play. As fleeting
As the fair moment when you laid it on,
And I before you felt myself to be
All of the radiance you dreamed of me.

On Being a Bird

By A. J. BEERE

Human beings have a very strong affection for birds. Literature is full of references to larks and brown thrushes, and one can't open an anthology without stumbling over an ode to a nightingale. "Rare as a dodo," "graceful as a swan," "happy as a lark," "as chipper as a sparrow,"—these familiar similes, and a host of others, refer to birds in a friendly, not an antagonistic, fashion. Shakespeare, incidentally, was complimenting the whole bird family when in that subtle way of his he had the witches say, "Fair is fowl". The laws which prohibit the shooting of sea-gulls, who are very often guilty of playing nasty tricks on ferryboat passengers, give evidence that even our legislators have a high regard for bird-life.

Why is this so? I believe it is merely a result of man's suppressed desire to be a bird. Subconsciously, man regards the bird as an ideal. The canary is the ideal of the singer; the hawk, of the aviator; and so on. May I say here that anybody who tries to make a joke about "blind as a bat" being a fine slogan for oculists is an ignoramus, because bats aren't birds—they are more like mice with wings.

"Yes," you will say, "I admit that I like and admire birds. But what advantage is there in being one?"

Gad, you are stupid! Haven't you ever heard that expression "as free as a bird?" Just look around you and see how happy and free they are. What a fine life they lead, flitting around, eating when they want, doing what they please. And you ask what advantage there is in being a bird! Consider also the advantages they have in transportation. All they have to do is to fly up fairly high until they get a tail-wind. Then they can relax and let the wind carry them to Los Angeles. Then they can climb up higher and get a tail-wind to carry them back to San Francisco. Men can't do that. Men need airplanes, which are too expensive for the average man; so we shall disregard them. The nearest that the ordinary man can approach such ease of transportation is coasting down a hill on skates or in a wagon. Hills don't ordinarily run in the right direction to let a man in a sled get anywhere special in a hurry. Besides, when he gets to the bottom of the hills, how is he going to get back where he started? Climbing is

the only solution. Suppose, too, that everybody in San Francisco carried a pair of skates with him, and when he came to a hill, he would put them on and zip down. Imagine the confusion and danger that would arise at intersections with skates whizzing this way and that, going faster than hell!

Another advantage that birds have over us human beings is in the matter of eating. All they have to do is to cruise around until they catch a worm or a fly, and they have their meal. You may revolt against such a diet, but let's look at this squarely and fairly: to a bird, a fly makes a good-sized mouthful, a worm makes a fine meal. You must admit that there is an abundance of flies and worms, so that a bird need never go hungry. Flies and worms are to him what bread and roast beef are to us. The list of varieties doesn't end there! Far from it. Mosquitoes, lice, grasshoppers, caterpillars, spiders—all are considered excellent fare; wheat, grass, dandelions, carrot seeds, and other vegetables furnish the proteins and vitamins necessary for a balanced diet. Different parts of the world have different delicacies; in Africa it is the tsetse-fly, while the Mediterranean fruit-fly is the current favorite of Florida.

"But," you ask, horrified, "what pleasure can a bird get out of eating such dirty insects as flies? Everybody knows what unsanitary habits they have. Ugh!"

I admit that flies aren't very particular about what they walk on, but the point is that they walk on things. A pig, which furnishes what many people regard as fine meat, sinks down in filth and even rolls around in it. Besides, you can't get trichinosis from flies.

Now that you are convinced that we all want to be birds, let's consider another phase of the topic. What kind of birds shall we be? Well, how about a duck? He is a good substantial type of fowl, an excellent flier and swimmer. He is, however, too noisy and too often the target of hunters. Sparrows are unrefined, pigeons are sentimental, owls are very inquisitive; so we shall not consider them. Eagles are good birds. Big, powerful, fearless, mighty, the eagle has the respect of all. You might find it eerie, though, living in an acie.

Swallows are fine, clean-cut, graceful birds, who winter down South and escape tropical summer heat by coming north again. Most of them live in mud huts under the eaves of Mission San Juan Capistrano.

I trust that this essay has made you think. If it has succeeded in making you love bird-life one whit more than you did, my labor has been profitable. But to you disbelievers, you cynics who still prefer motor cars, radios, and movies, I say, "Take your worldly pleasure, but give me the bird."

Fantasy by the Water

By JEAN HOLLOWAY

I will think sadly of you
Some night when the wind sighs in the cypress,
And the trees are black lace
Against the moon.
I will walk this lonely shore
Crying your name against the night,
And your name will be singing music
That will make an old scar throb again,
A dead pain quicken.

I will stand here alone, dreaming of you,
While the wind combs back my hair, and I'll
dream

It is your fingers.
The hill beneath my feet will be velvet blackness
And the whispering waters
A cool sheet beneath whose silkiness I can lose
myself
In scented freshness.

I will walk to the water's edge,
Sighing your name,
Fastening a crystal star in my hair
To light my dark way to meet you.
Then over the waves will come my guide,
Not a dark hooded figure,
But a young girl with hibiscus flowers in her hair
And your name on her lips.
She'll lay her sweet fingers on my eyes, and I'll
sink
Into coolness,
And when I awaken to the sound of your name,
You will be there beside me.

Song of One Woman

By ELIZABETH SHOW

I long for him. The opal air is fraught
With this intense desire of all desires,
This hungering of woman, who is naught
Without her lover. Yea, I tend the fires
And knead light loaves of sustenance for thee,
Touching thy dull day, where I can, with grace,
For thou art kin. But it is ever he
For whom I labor with a smiling face.

This do I know. Love is a cosmic thing,
A driving hunger like the need for bread,
Synonymous with man; my questioning
Is only why, thus leaving it unfed
As I must do, thy want excelling mine,
My spirit dieth by such slow decline.

For a Dying Child

By ELIZABETH SHOW

Stumbled into the sudden trap of death,
You are too young to meet it without fear.
What shall I say to you to still your breath
Weeping rebellion? What pale crumb of cheer
Can comfort you this hour? Here you are lying,
Your terror-darkened eyes upon my face,
And I must teach them to resign to dying,
Close, and await the end with perfect grace.

I know not what to speak. Oh, child, what word
Out of my years of living without thought
Beyond the next bright hour, what yellow bird
Out of my own joy can sing blithely ought
Of death? I am as ignorant as you
Of this strange thing, and quail before it, too.

Out of the Rain

By MARY TRAUB

It was very cold. Trees that had been covered with green leaves just a few short months ago were now frostbitten and gray. Rain clouds were gathering in the darkened sky as Ann bundled herself up closer in her furs and stepped into the taxi. Her voice was lifeless as she answered the driver's "Where to?" with "Park Drive—360". Settled back in the seat she dug her gloved hands deeper in her pockets. The cocky feather on her hat touched the window behind her.

"360 Park Drive," she mused. That was where the party was. That was what the invitation had said. She remembered. They had read it together—Fred and she. Two weeks ago tonight that had been. Two weeks!

Hm. Funny. Here she was all decked out and setting out to be gay. Gay! She knew she'd have to be gay. They expected it. Why, she was the "good sport". She laughed silently, mirthlessly. Does being a good sport mean forgetting you have feelings, emotions, desires?

Fred hadn't come back for the rest of his things. Maybe he wouldn't. Maybe he didn't want to pack them all up. There were so many—and spread all over the house. His ties, even the shirt where he had thrown it on the night he had left, so white and determined. She could see his face now—through the window. His eyes were cold.

Oh, how foolish! Only the driver. He was saying something. What was it? "Looks like rain, doesn't it?"

"Yes it does." Rain? She rather hoped it would rain. There was something comforting, reassuring in it. She felt somehow that it would be warmer if it rained, that this awful, biting cold would be driven away, vanquished by warm rain drops. God, it was cold! It was always cold. She remembered how cold she had been the first morning she had awakened with the awful, certain realization that Fred wasn't there. She remembered how she had sunk back, an awful lump in her breast. She had resisted an impulse to laugh, to cry. Instead, she had just lain there with the great pain in her chest and the throb in her throat. But, finally, somehow, she had found the strength to rise on that and on every morning since. Maybe that was because she was such a "good sport".

Fred had said he loved her for it. She remembered the first time he had called her that.

They were children; Ann ten, Fred eleven, when it happened. They were playing house in the front yard, she, Fred, Shirley and Tom. Ann wanted to be the mother, and so did Shirley. Fred said they should draw straws. So they had. Tom held out the different length blades of grass for them to choose. "The longest will be the mother," he said. Ann could see the two little girls standing before him. How important it had seemed to them both! Slowly Shirley made her choice, then Ann. They compared; Ann's was the long. She turned joyfully to Fred, saying, "I've got it. Mine's the longest." But Fred was looking at Shirley's downcast, pouting face and didn't answer. She looked too.

"I don't think I want to play any more," Shirley was saying. She started to walk away. But Fred caught her elbow.

"Don't go, Shirley. We couldn't play without you." Then he had looked at Ann. "You can be mother, can't she, Ann?"

Ann swallowed hard. She hesitated a minute, then answered, "Why, all right, if she wants to."

"Oh, Ann, thanks a lot. You can be my very best daughter, and Fred can be my husband. Now this'll be the house here . . ."

But the game had lost interest for Ann. Soon her mother called for her and Tom to come in to supper. Before she left Fred pulled her aside and said with that gay, broad smile of his, "You were an awfully good sport, Ann. Thanks."

She ran happy into the house.

The taxi gave a lurch moving Ann to the side. She looked out the window. A slight drizzle had started. It dropped a misty veil over the scenes illumined by street lamps. She made out the dim outlines of trees lining the avenue and the white ribbons of sidewalks running in front of green lawns. She thought how Nature had been cut into stereotyped patterns, her normal growth restricted by man's unwanted interference. They passed a little boy hurrying along. He was followed by a dog, a nice big collie.

Why, he looked like Duncie. Same spots and . . . Dear old Duncie. Fred never knew what it had cost her to be a good sport about that. It had

seemed so unnecessary. Shirley had apologized, she had seemed really sorry . . . Maybe she was.

Fred gave her Duncie for her sixteenth birthday. She remembered her excitement when he brought the little dog over. Fred had named him, "because he doesn't have sense enough to eat candy", he had said. The animal became a part of Ann's existence. He was such a gentle creature . . . so trusting. When Shirley had asked to borrow him for a night "to help entertain my cousin", she had tried not to mind and had readily said "yes". The excited telephone call the next day had sent Ann hurrying down the street to Shirley's house. Duncie lay stretched before the fireplace, eyes half closed, his legs stiff.

Shirley was tearful. "I don't know what the matter is, Ann. He was like this when we came in this morning. I can't imagine what happened to him. We gave him some canned tuna last night. Maybe . . ."

Ann was holding the dog's immobile head in her arms when the doctor arrived. She kept hold of it all the time he was there. She wouldn't believe the doctor when he said Duncie was dead . . . "Promaine poison." "No, he isn't. He can't be," she kept insisting. When she finally realized the truth, she turned on Shirley, "You did it. It's your fault. You killed Fred's dog." Then, crying hysterically, she ran home.

It took Fred some time to calm her when he followed her from Shirley's house a few minutes later. "I'll get you another dog," he had said.

"But you don't understand—he's Duncie, our Duncie," she cried pathetically. Then, for the first time he had put his arm around her shaking shoulders. Under his gentle words and patient understanding she had grown calm. Later she apologized to Shirley for her outbreak. Everything had run along smoothly then for them all.

Shirley and Tom, Fred and Ann, had gone many places together that winter. Ann had never been so happy. They went to all the school dances and to all the class parties. Tom was elected senior class president, Ann treasurer. Both Tom and Fred were on the team. The four became known as the "inseparables".

Then came the Prom. Ann had been looking forward to it all year. Her mother had promised her a new dress—royal blue taffeta. Tom was to have his first tux. The four talked of nothing else for a month ahead. Shirley was to have a dress too—peach organdy. Ann could visualize how beautiful she would look in it with her naturally wavy lustrous black hair and deep brown eyes. Shirley was lovely. And she had the vitality and grace to make her beauty perfect.

In the taxi Ann pulled out her mirror. She saw reflected a pale, winsome looking girl with deep blue eyes and medium blond hair. No, she reflected honestly, she wasn't pretty. Yet Fred had told her she was the most beautiful woman in the world. She knew he meant it. He always meant what he said. That was why they were separated now. He had to be honest. He couldn't live a life of pretending. And she loved him the more for it.

She put the mirror back in her purse and leaned against the cushions. The drizzle was becoming a downpour. She sat still listening to the rain beating on the top of the taxi.

"How much farther, driver?" she called.

"Be there in about five minutes," was his answer.

Five minutes and she would be dancing, smiling, and looking as if she were the happiest person on earth. How clever is Nature, she thought. She teaches us to smile, to laugh, to sparkle, while she is tearing us apart inside.

But Ann had been honestly gay the day before the Prom. She was trying on her dress. Her mother was pinning up the hem. All the rest was finished. Pirouetting around before the long mirror, she primped and preened and knew that she looked lovely. Her dull hair had been freshly shampooed and had a soft glam. The dress, with its long graceful folds, made her look almost ethereal. When the doorbell rang, she couldn't resist the temptation to answer it herself.

Assuming a majestic pose, she opened the door. Fred stood there, pale. "Ann, have you heard?" he asked breathlessly.

"No, Fred. For goodness sake, what's wrong? You're as pale as a ghost. Come in." Forgetting her dress in her anxiety over Fred's worry, she led him inside.

"Shirley's got the mumps."

"What?" Ann felt a queer sensation of relief and surprise. "Where on earth did she get them?"

"Nobody knows. She just got sick today. Poor kid. And the dance is tomorrow. She had a new dress too."

The lump in Ann's throat became larger. She tried to keep her voice steady. "It's too bad, all right."

Then Fred noticed. "Your dress, Ann. It's lovely. Is it new?"

"It's for tomorrow," she had answered.

She could still see Fred's face, worried and nervous, as he said, "Yes, uh, Ann. About tomorrow. You know we were all going together and . . ."

He didn't have to say more. Ann understood. She agreed coldly, unemotionally, that they couldn't

think of going without Shirley. She had really been very nice about it, contained and matter-of-fact. She had even smiled when she said goodbye. But she was glad he hadn't seen her afterwards—trampling her beautiful new dress on the floor.

Fred never knew what had caused Ann's sudden coolness. He asked her time and again, but she always avoided the point. She let him go away to college in the fall without telling him. He wrote her a letter; she answered it. Another, which she didn't answer, and another saying he was coming home for Christmas. During those two weeks they regained, in some measure, their lost footing. When Fred left, it was with Ann's promise to go to his next school dance with him. And she had come back from that affair with his fraternity pin.

His pin! How she had treasured it. Now it meant about as much as his ring. She pulled off her left glove and looked at the narrow gold band with its tiny diamond settings. It was a beautiful ring. She wondered if Shirley would have as nice a one. Maybe she shouldn't be wearing hers tonight. She really wasn't Mrs. Erwing. That was funny. She wasn't Mrs. Erwing. She had no right to the name—no right, Shirley would be Fred's wife now. That was it. Then who would Ann be? Ann? Why, she was part of Fred, who else, what else? The rain was now falling fast. She struggled to keep her mind clear. What was she thinking? Yes—about her ring. Should she wear it tonight? The ring meant Fred. And who was Fred—her husband. No, Shirley's husband. The rain beat faster. What was she thinking? Fred and Shirley? No, Fred and Ann.

The beating of the rain grew terrific. It pounded on the roof as if it would beat itself into her soul. But, she wouldn't let it in. No, she wouldn't. But should she? Her thoughts became confused, synchronized with the beat of the rain outside. Ann! Shirley!

Suddenly she sat up straight. What was the matter with her? Why, she was thinking insane thoughts. It was all over, if she could only realize that. If she could only say it. Could she? She became tense, all her muscles steeled for the effort. . . . She could, thank God!

She had said it aloud. The driver turned around. He saw his passenger sitting back in the seat, expressionless, her eyes wide open, hands tightly clenched.

"Did you say something, lady?"

She looked at him unseeing, her eyes seeming separate parts of her expression. Slowly, very slowly,

ly, she moved. Something fell from between her bare fingers.

He spoke again, "We're almost there."

Her eyes again became a part of her face. They centered on him. Then she smiled calmly. She spoke.

"I'm glad . . . You know . . . it's been a long ride."

Songs of Solitude

By JEAN HOLLOWAY

I have known great songs
In deep silences.
I have heard music
Like a tower of desire
Reaching, reaching until it touches infinity.

I have known songs in silence
More lovely
Than the masters played—
Greater than their dreams,

And I, in my first ignorance,
Tried to capture them—
Tried to pin their fragile, soaring notes
On paper
To limit them to black characters,
But reached for a pencil,
And they were gone,
Leaving only the faint fragrance
Of a vanished dream.

In great silences I have known songs—
Perhaps they were lost tunes
Of the masters—tunes they had no time
To write.
Perhaps they were the music
Of my own longings—
I neither know nor care.
Let it be enough to know
That somewhere in the great void of silence
We call eternity
Is music—great music
That we know only in silences

Music is the gate between
Here and hereafter,
A golden flame quickening, soaring, shining
In dark stillness
Leading us ever on
To infinite beauty.

Unfought

By AUDRIE LASSERE

"Is that you, Fred? I've been waiting for you. It's so late! Where were you?"

"Making out grade sheets, Mother. I told you it was final week."

(Those damned grade sheets. Should have flunked them all. Damned kids coming in. Is my final corrected, Doctor? When will it be ready? Sorry, I can't give out any information. Most of them trying to show interest, or just worried, I guess. But that Carlton girl, pestering, hanger-on . . . Thinks I can't see through her. Imbecile. Or maybe I am. Well, poor young kids trying to get along. I'm glad I raised all the grades a little. Too hard on them lately. Anna says I'm getting hard . . . Anna. She'll be glad I raised them. I'll tell her about it. When I see her. If I see her . . . The absences . . . getting heavier and heavier. Blank spaces. All blank. Think about something else. Imbecile! I'm the imbecile. She says I'm getting hard. She'd be a better professor than I. She's patient. Patient! I should be by this time, too. I am, in a way. Only not wanting to be.)

"Fred, I asked you, please, help me with these curtains."

(Please help me with these curtains. Be a nice lad. Getting hard! Ha! Flabby, rather.)

"Mother, what are you fixing these things for?" (Don't be such a bear. So hard.)

"Why Frederick!" Her voice is tearful. "I'm trying to make it as nice as I can for you. I've been working all day—"

"For me. But you don't have to; you know that. Don't I give you enough?"

(Hurt.)

"Of course, Fred. I know you have to support me. Since your father died—I know I'm a burden to you, but—"

"No, no, Mother, I never said you were a burden. What I meant was—well, those curtains, you know. You don't have to fix them, yourself. You can hire some one. You have more than enough to do it on."

(That hurt look.)

"But, Fred, of course you know I don't want to do that. I want to help you all I can, myself. I want to repay you a little."

"But that's just what I don't want you to do!"

(Ask me why; ask me why . . .)

"Please don't raise your voice like that. All day I've been— Oh, you're tired. You've been correcting those beastly papers and recording all those grades. No wonder you're tired and cross."

(An escape. She knows it, too. Always beating around. In and out. Squirrel cage. We never come out and say it. For twelve years I haven't said it. Coward! No, she won't let me. But I don't want to. What am I thinking of? Forcing an issue doesn't do anyone any good. Wait . . . twelve more years? No. Anna will win her over. Anna's right. I just get further behind every time I try to jump the bell. And I don't want to hurt her . . . Mother . . . We're the same.)

"Were many of the students bothersome, today, Fred? One of them called her—a Miss—"

"Damned students!"

"Fred!"

"Sorry."

"You're tired, aren't you?"

"Yes."

(An excuse.)

"Well, I can manage these myself, now. Go lie down on the chesterfield, and rest."

(She's saying it lightly, but she's frightened. I know it.)

"Fred, you know you like your work! Come! You're as cross as a bear, tonight. You'd think you weren't the Dr. Hartwood, university professor, and famous! Well, almost. At least, you're known outside this little town. You'd think you hadn't written books and books on your discoveries. You'd think you were just—"

"Out of place."

Harriedly. "No, I was going to say, just a young grammar school teacher with no more on his mind than, well, the worry of getting out grades."

(Maybe it's only that. Just little worries. I must be on my down cycle. Get hold of yourself before it's a permanent depression. Rest and it will pass . . . This is a man-sized chesterfield. One you can lie down on, not for looks. Lose yourself . . . No, it's not enough! What was that in the insurance ad. "Can you relax? Don't be worn out before middle age." Relax every muscle. There. Let yourself drift. I've not a stiff neck again . . . Must have a vertebra out of my

neck It burns Anna, where are you? . . . Have to see a chiropractor sometime. It feels all hot. Relaxation helps it the most . . . Anna and mother . . . Funny ceiling shadows. Weird. Where is Anna? Why can't she be here with me as she should be? Unreal. Why am I lying here when I could be talking to her? . . . Mother, Anna, where is she? Getting supper probably. All alone. Always all alone. I'm all alone. Oh, Anna! Or buying something for me. For my birthday. Nasty day out. I hope she didn't go out in the rain just to get something for me. Silly thought! Of course, she got it weeks ago. She always does. Thoughtful, that way. Mother . . . Where is Anna? Why can't she be here? I hope she didn't pay too much for it. Someday she'll have more. She won't have to worry. But why can't she be here, now? I want her. Nonsense. Forget that stuff. Adolescent. No, normal. Natural. This is what's unnatural. What am I doing here?

"Fred, you're so tense. How can you expect to rest that way?"

(Relax. Yes. There . . . Lying down isn't enough. What's the use? My body is resting. Out flat. It's soft and comfortable. My head. For God's sake, relax. It's working. My head. I can feel it. It won't let me forget. It's tightening. I wonder if everyone can feel his head working. Not supposed to . . . I imagine it. Oh, relax, fool! Forget it. . . .)

(Why isn't there anything to eat? Eating takes your mind off things. It's late enough . . . Oh, yes, tomorrow. She has to get ready. Birthday. . . Very noble . . . If I had nerve, I'd get oiled . . . Seems to work with other people. Nonsense . . . Personal efficiency. Only make things worse. But they say you forget. Mother, what would she think? And Anna . . . But she'd understand why. Guarded existence. Mother's apron strings. I owe her a lot for it. If I'd been let out, like some, on my own, what would I be now? I'm nasty underneath as it is. No doubt about that . . . So considerate, they say, so sacrificing, and so much happier that way than if everything'd gone the way I wanted! Unspoiled! Hell! Mrs. Apple. I heard her. "It's too bad his father had to die. But he's so uncomplaining, so willing. He doesn't mind. He's resigned himself and is content.")

(And another one, "His studies, his work mean so much more than a dull home with ten kids and a moron for a wife." Hell . . . My work, my years of labor, over what? A damned bunch of ciphers. To forget. It takes more and more to forget. It's not enough . . . What am I doing here, wasting my time? I could be working.)

"Fred! Can't you relax a single minute?"

"I ought to work while I have the time, Mother."

"You know you can work much more efficiently in the long run, with a little rest in between, Fred. Anyway, you haven't your things at home to work with."

"Oh, that's right."

(Go for a walk? It's raining . . .)

"Help me set the table, if you're going to get up, then."

(Please help me set the table. Johnny, do this. Willy, you'll have to stop that noise. Fred, be a good boy and . . .)

"Fred, why are you so stubborn today? I ask you to help me. I ask you to set the table. And you deliberately stand there, glaring at me. If you don't want to do it, say so. I know you're old enough to decide for yourself, but I should think—"

(That's not the point. It's . . . well, why start that?)

"Sorry, I was thinking—of something."

Jokingly, "Absent-minded professor? Fred, what would become of you if I weren't here? You wouldn't remember your head if I didn't remind you every morning!"

"I guess I'd have to learn to—"

(Hurt again.)

"You mean someday you will. I'm unnecessary, I know—but it won't be long—"

"I didn't mean that. Not at all. You know that. You are a part of my life—a necessary one. Every man's mother is, and especially a considerate one."

Mollified, "Well—"

(A necessary part, of course. But more than one thing is necessary. In a normal, balanced world, no one person should usurp more of the stage than another. Who said that? Someone . . . My memory. My head . . . Usurp the stage. One pushes in the front, one in the background. One dominant. No compromise. If she looked at things normally, she'd want to have Anna, too. Anna . . . Anna's never hurt her . . . They get along. When mother lets it happen. Under the same roof, help each other, both have me . . . that's what she wants . . . A different kind of love, mother and wife . . . Of course. No rivalry . . . It's an idea. She knows it. Knows she's selfish. Won't give up. Everything unnatural . . . Brain's working too hard. Wonder why I can feel it. Why can't we be like normal people. Doctor—)

"Napkins on the left, dear. How many times have I told you? You men!"

(Dr. Josephson . . . Napkins on the left . . . Dr. Josephson's family. Happy. All of them. His

mother never thinks for a minute that she's lost him. Said, "I have a daughter, now" . . . It's possible . . . No, the only way. She knows it. Why does she hang on to—)

"There, creamed peas! The way you like them."

"Thank you."

"Mrs. Osborn called. She wanted me to go hear Tibbett with her."

"And you didn't go, I suppose?"

"No—"

"Why not?"

(No, you wouldn't go. You don't want to. You like the rut . . .)

"Oh, but Fred, I had so much to do! I just couldn't find the time."

"It's not necessary for—"

"Oh, Fred, you're so quarrelsome today! I really don't know what's come over you."

(What's the use? Blocked. What's that? Oh . . .)

"Who let that dog in? Go on out! Go on!"

"Oh, Fred! You always let him in."

"Go on! I can't stand him in here any longer, Mother. Get out!"

"Fred—"

"I won't have it."

Tearfully, "Fred!"

"Oh, may I have some more peas, mother?"

(Damn dog. May I have some more . . . May I open the window . . . Poor old fellow. So hurt. My dog. But Mother . . . If she just looked at things normally. She has no right, no right at all. I must be selfish to want to change her scheme of life, the way she's planned it. No, but I'm in the right. It's logic. All of us could be happy. Why should two people be unhappy for one person, when she could be happy with the rest? It's only right. It has to come out sometime. It has to. I've postponed it, now, twelve years. And it's only a postponement. Delayed battle. She's got to listen.)

"Mother, look here—"

(She sees it coming. She's pretending to be unaware, to be gay. Looking for an escape.)

"Well, son, why so determined looking? Goodness—"

"No. We've got to talk something over. You know it."

"Why, Fred, what in the world do you mean? What do I know? Oh, I almost forgot. I'm supposed to call Anna on the phone."

"What do you say Anna, like that for?"

"I didn't say it any particular way. You know I've always been lovely to Anna. I should think—"

"Yes, but—"

"I have to phone her. It's your birthday tomorrow, remember, and we have to get ready for a little party. I thought it would be nice to ask Anna. Though—"

"My birthday. My God, I'll be thirty-six years old!"

"Why, Frederick, thirty-six years old! That's young! Heavens! You act as though it were—why thirty-six isn't even middle age yet! The way you said it makes me feel one hundred and fifty years old." Disappearing through the door, "Heavens!"

(Thirty-six. One hundred fifty. No difference. My God! Twelve long years. Mother's boy, someone said. Thought I didn't hear him. Even the students say it. Think it. In their eyes. There are lots of things they think you don't hear. Lots of things they think you don't feel . . . Damned peas. Cold, like mush. I just liked them once. Or . . . But I don't dare say it . . . think it. Anna's coming over. Think about that. She's in a rut. I've got her in a rut. If it weren't for me. Quick, hide, fool. Coming. She'll have to spend her time getting in with Mother. Twelve years of it. I can't see her, really, for myself, 'til tomorrow. Tomorrow night, perhaps. Always waiting . . . Always been that way . . . Unbearable. No. Where's that book? That philosophy. All about those bloodless, fleshless souls who are happy.)

(Who wants to eat? No one's eating . . . She forgot, too . . . That book, where is it? Oh, the next shelf. Thumb-marked enough. Eeny, meeny, miny, moe, page fifty-seven. That's a good number, fifty-seven. Better than thirty-six. If I were fifty-seven, now, I would have passed that . . . that . . . fear . . . of what I was going to do once . . . when I was thirty-six . . .)

(Page fifty-seven. "True tranquility can come only to him who is in harmony with the universe." Who wants tranquility? But I wish she would read it. She's as neurotic as I, poor thing. There she's been in a state of suspense, out on a limb, for—I'll give it to her to read. "Here, you might find this book interesting." No, stranger. "Here, I wish you'd read this for me. Just this part, and then I'll explain what I was going to tell you." She's planning the party. Won't want me in there now. Escape. There's always something, though. No, I can't do it. Not to her. What would happen? I can't stand the scene. What would happen? She's not so young. She might not be able to stand it. One hundred and fifty years old did she say? No, of course not. Joking. But really, one fifty. My head. She knows it, anyway. Why say it?)

(Run away, like kids. But Anna won't. Then we could defy her. Martyr . . . Why doesn't she raise hell? But, no. She won't. Never has. What would she do? She might . . . No, no. What am I thinking of? There aren't so many suicides in the old age group. Just around . . . thirty-six. Fifty-seven, fifty-seven, not thirty-six! What am I thinking of? My God, my head! Can people see it thinking? Oh, relax. Harmony, the book says . . .

(It'd be terrible on her. Even if she is wrong. She sees it that way. It's part of her now. But she'd evade it anyway. For eight years, getting out of it. Through that door. Or busy. Or telephone. It's gone, my chance. Gone through that door! Forever . . . No. Turn around and go back. It'll never be any different. Relax. You're tense. Just take it as it comes. Might as well be natural about it. Other people have their troubles. I'll clear the table.

(Napkins on the left. On the right! There. A symbol of independence! Napkins on the right . . . That's as far as it goes, or ever will . . . What'd she put that carving set out for? There wasn't any roast. Probably thinking about tomorrow. We'll have roast tomorrow. Use the . . . knife . . . on it. Take it away. No, don't be afraid to throw it! Logic! The only logical thing. What am I afraid of? . . . Think of something else. This dinner plate of hers, for instance. If I threw it against the wall, it'd be splinters. They'd bounce back. Only logical. To break it up, I can do it. I have the strength to do it. It's light . . . against that wall . . . but, no, see what restraint you have. You put it back. How logically your mind is working. Can you feel it? Yes, I can feel it. Restraint. What a waste it would have been. People can use it this way. But there's lots of waste . . . There's human waste . . . in war . . . in life . . .

(Who's that!!! My God, a mirror!)

(Thirty-six years old, with gray over your ears and bags under your eyes. Not dissipation either. A wonderful specimen. Nice to dissect. To see why you look so strong on the outside. But inside, all wreckage. Not an ounce of strength. Not an ounce of moral courage to do the necessary. How I must look to Anna! She can see inside. If the mirror can, she can. I am an intelligent man. The papers say so. The mirror says so. Liar! Anna . . . I've cheated you . . . You've been fooled. I don't look like that. I'm weak. Weak! I'm no good to you, Robert, or someone, but not I. No longer . . . once maybe . . . but not now. That chance is gone. I'm weak. In Sparta they got

rid of the weaklings . . .

(Got rid of them! Why not? Yes, the logical, the inevitable . . . Why didn't I let myself think of it before? I was afraid . . . But it's not so bad, now that I'm up on it—right facing it. It's the fear that chafes . . . No, no. I'm afraid of that, too. Of that, too! But which is worse? One of them must be worse. Lord, the other's worse. I won't think of it. Just do it. They say it doesn't hurt long. Just do it. Before she comes. Quickly! Hurry, before she gets here. Before Mother gets back. It would be hard for her to look at. After, I won't know. Ha! Of course not. Just do it! Always been able to stand anything—physical. My veins protrude . . . Never noticed it much before. Never took time to . . . Never took time for a lot of things . . . Maybe . . . before I . . . but no. Quickly. Not a minute to lose. The veins—they're all blue and lumpy. Never noticed before. It'll make it easier. I'll count, one, two, slash. Easy. Clean. It was sharpened last week. For my birthday!

(I won't use the fork. Ha! Not the fork. That's for pigs! Quick before they see my brain working! They can tell. Just the carver! One, two, slash! . . .)

"Mother! Someone! Anna, Anna! So stupid . . . Such a waste . . . Anna . . ."

Drifting Sands

By JEAN HOLLOWAY

Often in other days
We tramped these hard white sands,
Our eyes vague on faint horizons.
There were times we paused laughing
To look at the tracks behind us—
Two and two, they reached from the end of the
world
To my heart.
But your eyes ever strayed to the seas
And gleamed alive
At talk of ships.

And so, in the old, old way of women,
I walk alone, and the waves
Beat against my heart.
Overhead the gulls stiffen and wheel,
And looking back, I see only my own
Lonely footsteps,
Drifting heedlessly across the sands
And swallowed greedily by a seawind
Even as I watch them.

Utopia

By LLOYD A. WALKER

Only the green hills in the distance attracted the attention of the lonely traveler. He had noticed now and then the other travelers—some whom he met and others whom he overtook in the drive to the green hills. The hills, a place of rest and contentment, a place where the grass grew all the year around—or so the stories in the papers went—had not been absent from his thoughts since he had recently heard of them, for from his youth he had been oppressed by the terrible strife that was going on in the crowded valleys.

"How far is it to the green hills?" he asked of an aged, bright-eyed man who was slowly but determinedly picking the scattered blades of grass along the road side.

"The green hills? Oh yes, you mean those directly ahead," came the surprised reply. "They are farther away than you may think, my boy. I doubt if you can reach them before the sun gets too low."

"Oh, but they look to be only a few miles, and the sun has not yet reached the meridian. I am sure I can reach them before sunset. By the way, why don't you come along with me? You could pick more grass in an hour there than you can pick here all day."

"Have you ever been to the green hills?" came the old man's reply.

"Why no, but I've been told by many travelers, and I have read in the newspapers about the richness of the lands there."

"Those travelers who told you these stories, had they been there?"

"Well, I don't know for sure, but I assumed they had."

"I am inclined to think they didn't reach the hills. I believe they only saw them from a distance as you are seeing them now. You see, I have been to the hills, but my stay was short, for I was unable to find where the grass was supposed to grow fast and thick. It is a place that looks good from a distance, but when it is examined more closely, one sees that the grass grows sparsely, and people cannot live there long. It is a very lonely place. Of course I am not surprised that you want to go there. No one, after he has heard of the place, can rest until he has seen it. In fact, he usually

gets the desire to go much earlier than you have. I am surprised that you are so late in going."

"Well, you see, I was quite unfortunate in that I was living on a farm and did not have the advantage of the early morning editions. Therefore I didn't hear much about it until recently. We hear so little of the modern world on a farm anyway."

"Yes, that is true. Only after we have seen the news and become exposed to the writings and teachings of the men of the press, do we learn about the hills. It is odd, however, that very few of the men who have actually been there will write very much in praise about them. It is because they are so disappointed. You see, one of their fondest hopes has been shattered by the realization of the barrenness of the hills. They find that there is no longer anything far away to beckon them. And they have not yet learned, as I have, that the grass here is really greener than it is there."

"I cannot believe that what you say is true. Why should I change my views about the hills just because you have been disappointed? Perhaps it is your fault. Perhaps you have a weak heart and are afraid of high places. For after all, the writings of the men of the press have been favorable. I would rather listen to them."

"All hearts are weak when confronted by mountains which are too steep. All men will falter at too great an obstacle. However, I did not falter through fear. Reason told me what was coming, and I turned back. You are going on the guesses of the men of the press, and unless you also use your reason, you will go on until you are overcome by the obstacles which guessing always overlooks."

"But it is so obvious that the hills are greener than it is here. I can see them with my own eyes."

"Yes, you can see them with your own eyes, but men have seen ships on the sands of the desert or heard the trodding of beasts where there were no beasts. You must not let your senses be your only guide. Use your intelligence! Just stop to think for a moment. Here in the valley the sun is always warm, the rain does not cause erosion, the winters do not strike so hard, because we are protected from the elements. In the mountains, on the other hand, the air is thinner, the sunshine

is not nearly so warm, and the rain washes the soil off the hillsides into the creeks which carry it down here into the valley. We are gradually getting the best part of the hills without trying for it. It will all come to us if we will but wait for it. The soil is distributed so sparingly in the hills that it does not pay to work it there. You should lower your eyes to the ground under you, pick the grass under your feet; and if you will look closely, you will see myriads of small but very beautiful flowers mingled with the grass."

"But the hills look so green and fertile. If I go there and find it as you say, I can return again and then be more satisfied with what I have."

"No, there is a trap in those hills which are apparently so peaceful. I had a little foresight, which most of those who go there do not have. My reason told me to return before I, too, fell into the trap. When you get to the first foothills and find the grass very thin, you will raise your eyes, and seeing more hills beyond, will think, 'Ah, there is the place I should go'. Then when you arrive there only to find the grass still scarce, you will continue to see greener hills in the distance. You won't want to give up, and you will

continue until you have lost your way. The valley will have disappeared. You will not know which way to turn. It will grow darker and darker. You will continue roaming around in the hills, which will soon turn into unconquerable mountains, until all hope is gone. The sparse grass will turn to shale. You will stumble and fall. You will long for the warm sunshine, for a drink of water, for the sight of a few little buttercups—for the simple but good things of the valley. Yes, those innocent looking hills are treacherous, and once you are lost, there is no hope of return. For when you get that far back in them, there is no one to help or direct you. You will finally lie down to rest. You will feel tired and lonely and old. Death will overtake you while you are craving for a chance to live your life again—for a chance to act upon the advice of experience."

"Well, perhaps you are right. I will think over what you have told me. And now I must bid you adieu."

"Adieu, my boy. Where will your travels take you now?"

"Oh, I'm going on to get a better view of the hills. I want to see for myself."

Autumn Afternoon

By ELIZABETH SHOW

Down the bright autumn streets the leaves lie
strewn

Glorious in the sun, and suddenly

The memory of another afternoon

Is heavy all about me—memory

Beloved, of two little laughing girls

Heaping up leaves and burrowing deep until

No sign of flax bob or silk russet curls

Showed through the russet drifts upon the hill.

It has been long, Once there has come a breach

There can be no repair, and impotent

Are all the shining passionals of speech.

The simple faith is gone, and with it went

The beautiful serene world that we knew,

Our world, wherein was room for only two.

Destruction

By FRANK WILSON

One slim strand

Of blood blurs

The benison of death,

Twists in and turns it

On a stem like a crucifix.

A cross of rapture,

It swerves

Beyond white peaks.

The doom and splendor

Are lost in smoke and flame.

Hopeful its bloom condones

That a raw-boned hag

And one more soulless man

May deny the destiny—

The age-old signal.

Don't stop digging.

Caves must be deeper for the living.

A Dream

By MARY MERRICK

I had a frighteningly realistic dream last night. In my dream I was arduously clambering up the side of a high mountain peak. Boulders, jagged rocks, and thick undergrowth impeded my progress. It seemed as if something were impelling me onward despite the almost insurmountable obstacles in the way. Some unknown force pushed me up and up. The loose sand slipped treacherously beneath my feet, and I looked down and to my astonishment saw that my feet were bare and bleeding. Then I perceived that I was naked, my flesh had been torn by the clutching briars, and my limbs were covered with angry-looking welts and ugly, purple bruises. I stood apart from myself and watched as I toiled up the mountain side. It was startling to realize so vividly that I felt no pain from the nasty wounds. My only sensation was a driving urge to go on and on. Something was at the summit that I must see regardless of the cost. I tried to think what I was striving for, but after a few moments of vainly racking my memory, gave up the effort and concentrated on the endless journey. It was interesting to be outside of myself and watch as I tripped over a little hummock of grass to fall headlong. I casually picked myself up and then floated effortlessly up a steep cliff to labor wearily over a suddenly level place. There was no sense in the difficulty of the obstacles. Why should I expend so much effort on fairly smooth ground and skim to the tops of insurmountable cliffs as if by magic? But the body that was toiling there on the boulder-strewn precipice wasn't concerned about such inconsistencies. Up, up, the goal was at the summit! I watched my torn, battered figure stumble and strain toward that goal. My face was contorted with effort, and my breath came in agonizing gasps, but I did not stop to rest. The summit had to be reached.

Suddenly I rejoined my body and felt gladness welling up inside of me. I sensed I was near the summit and broke into a staggering run in order to glimpse the glory I had labored so desperately to reach. A little bush reached out its stiff limbs to trip me. I fell on my face into a blackness deeper than the deepest well.

Then I dreamed I was standing at the side of a highway on a broad level plateau. I was fully clothed, and my body showed no blemishes. The

highway was a busy one with cars whizzing past, one after the other in an unceasing flow. They were all going in one direction, and I looked up the highway toward their destination. There, gleaming in the brilliant sun, stood a modern service station. The cars glided to a halt, were serviced quickly, and sped on down the highway to dip out of sight into the valley beyond.

Although I was far from the station, I could see it very distinctly through the thin, clear air. I sensed that it was my destination, too, and hurried toward it. I neared it rapidly and soon stood a few yards distant. My eye was caught by a large sign which read, "Here's Where You Get Your Next Step In Life, Stop Here For Service. This Means You." I read it again, and then it seemed the most natural thing in the world. This was the turning point in everyone's life. Here one received a continuance of the old story or else started on a clean new page. I felt it to be right and normal for one to drive up, demand a new mode of conduct, and continue on his way.

I drew nearer and watched the chief attendant at his work. As each car drew up, he stepped to the driver, said a few words, spoke into a telephone hanging near, listened a moment, and directed the car toward the service it needed. Some cars were sent to the gas-tanks, others to the oil-pit, and a few to the repair shop. The unusual thing seemed to be that the attendant rather than the driver knew just what each car needed. Soon I saw that the telephone was the deciding voice in the matter. The attendant gave no order without consulting it.

Curiosity drew me closer until I could hear the attendant saying to the drivers, "Name, please," instead of "How many?" He spoke the name into the telephone, listened a moment, and then shouted to the proper person, "Hey, Bill, ten of Smooth Sailing," or, "Harry, give the lady a complete grease job for Quieter Evenings." Protests or thanks were met with the same imperturbable smile and, "Next, please." No arguments were allowed. Each must take the decision and drive on to make way for the next car.

The place was a veritable beehive of activity. The attendants were scurrying to and fro obeying orders, and car after car filed past the decisive

telephone. I stood fascinated watching it and was startled when I felt a hand on my arm and saw one of the attendants standing by my side. He said, "Follow me, please." I obeyed unhesitatingly and was led to the rear of the station where my guide rapped at a heavy door, opened it, and said, "Go in." I stepped into a small room, empty except for a brightly polished desk covered with gadgets, and a couple of chairs. A handsome, gray-haired man, dressed in a neat, quiet business suit sat behind the desk talking into a telephone. He nodded to me, motioned toward a chair, and continued talking. I sat down and listened to his seemingly inane conversation.

"Helen Arbright? Give her a full tank of Good Health. No more rheumatism for her." A brief wait and then, "Johnny Ellis? He'll need some new tires and a good poundage of Oratory in them, as he is to be the new Congressman." Another wait and, "Susie Bates? She's got money, looks and everything. Let's try her with a couple of quarts of extra-heavy Duties." And so it went on.

The gentleman sat placidly in his swivel-chair and gave one order after another. Responsibility Brand brake linings for one, ten gallons of Super Success for another, and the third got a new windshield for Clear Vision. It was very amazing. I could scarcely breathe with the wonder of it all. Here was I, sitting and hearing Life, for the charming decider of Fate could be no other, order the future existence of others. It was almost too marvelous to bear.

Life suddenly pushed a little button on his desk, and the wall before me rolled back to reveal the cars being serviced outside. I curiously watched the faces of the patrons. As the cars glided to a stop, the drivers sat patiently, restlessly, or nonchalantly, as their custom might be, waiting for service. Some of the faces were haggard and lined; there was no hope or expectancy there. And then on hearing the attendant's order, their faces would change as if by magic. Tired lines smoothed out, lustreless eyes glowed, and color surged into their pale cheeks as they jubilantly drove away down the long road with joy and gladness for companions. Other cars dashed impatiently up to the place; their drivers blew the horns imperiously and demanded the best of everything immediately. They fidgeted while waiting for service and fretted and fumed at the slowness of the attendant. But their faces changed, too. They became downcast and sullen or were twisted with sudden anger when they heard the orders for their cars. And they sped recklessly away, impatient to use up the bad tankful of gas as soon as possible. A few

persons had contented, happy looks on their faces as they drove up. They smiled gaily at the attendant and were pleased to receive the best of attention from the energetic young men. They also were anxious to be off to meet new experiences on the long road ahead of them.

Evening drew near, and the line of cars had thinned out until at last Life rose from his desk, turned and addressed his first words to me, "Let's go to dinner, my dear. It is closing time."

Then I dreamed we were seated in a large, comfortable, cupboard-lined room, carpeted with soft, luxurious rugs. The shades were drawn, and concealed lights cast a hazy glow over the deep chairs and glistening tables. Life sat in a low armchair across from me, a cigarette in his hand and a tall glass tinkling at his elbow. And I was saying, "But what is it all about? And are you really Life?"

The man chuckled quietly, and his eyes twinkled as he answered, "People always ask that when they get here. Few visit me, although they are always welcome. The path up is hard, and there are not many who have the courage or desire to try it. Yes, I am Life. And I am not so formidable, am I? That scene you witnessed before we had our delicious dinner—I do have a good cook, don't I?"—I nodded and he continued—"That scene was a usual day with me. My capable young men were starting people out on a new year. All the customers who stopped (although they should not be called customers; reluctant visitors would be more apt) at my service station were persons whose birthdays were today. They are setting out on a new twelve months. It is necessary that I see they are prepared for what is in store for them."

"Some seemed very disgruntled at what they received. Why don't you give each one what he desires?"

"My dear, I don't give anything to anyone. Each one receives just what he has earned. He gets no more and no less than he deserves. It is impossible to please and satisfy all of them."

"One gentleman," I ventured to say, "looked as if he were about to have apoplexy. You must have been very harsh with him."

Life laughed a bit grimly. "Oh, he got exactly what was coming to him. That must have been Harold Harris. Wait a moment, and I will show you something."

He rose and crossed over to one of the cupboards to my right. Returning with a large ledger, he opened it on the table before me. The closely written page was headed *Harold Harris*, and Life ran his finger down the column of debits and read, "Refused a beer at ten cents. Got drunk and

was rude to his wife. Voted against a lifelong friend in hopes of monetary gain. Evicted a poverty-stricken family in the dead of winter. And there are many more. Yes, Harold Harris got what he deserved! May his tankful of Hardships serve him well!" Life's voice hardened, and his pleasant face grew stern and grim.

I felt a sudden draft and shivered a bit. Life could be very unpleasant, too. Then my host closed the book with a snap and resumed his seat.

"Don't let me frighten you, young lady. I want you to enjoy your visit with me. You have had a strenuous trip here. Few people have the necessary courage and perseverance to make the journey. Many folks stop on the wayside to rest and then turn back defeated. Others stumble upon one of my imitators and think they have found the real Life. The world is full of base scoundrels who pretend to be me and who try to dole out Happiness in return for hard coin. The poor gullible fools who listen to the soft words of these impostors soon find to their everlasting sorrow that they have been duped. Others see how steep and rocky the path is. They think, 'Why bruise ourselves climbing up there? We are happy enough here.' They see only the present surface—pretty baubles, bright lights, song. There will come a day when they shall regret their shallowness. Then they will grovel out here in front of my nice shiny gas-pumps and beg for Peace. They will suffer for their inane. Only those who strive and sacrifice and yearn, who are willing to toil up unsurmountable peaks and tear themselves to shreds on jagged rocks shall gain the Good Life!" As he was speaking, Life had risen and was towering above me, his eyes blazing and chest swelling. I shrank back in my chair and wondered if he or if I were insane.

Suddenly he sat down quietly, and all was normal. As he took a long drink and lit another cigarette he said, "Any more questions, my dear?"

"Yes," I said daringly, "how can you be sure you are giving each one what he deserves? Aren't you afraid you will make an error?"

Life looked at me, and I cowered under that look. It showed me I had ventured too far. His face grew cold and implacable. His eyes narrowed until they were mere slits, and his quiet voice murmured in a deadly monotone, "No one ever asks me that. I am Life! I am infallible!"

The room grew dark. An ominous rumbling started outside. My chair started slowly revolving around and around. I clutched the arms and waited, panic-stricken, in the growing darkness.

After an interminable time I found myself

seated on the back of a live black bear, one of many that formed a merry-go-round. They were going round and round and bobbing up and down, impaled on silver poles. The organ played a weird mixture of hymns, and seated in his deep armchair on top of it was Life. In place of his cigarette he held a snaky whip which he occasionally flicked carelessly at the bears. I was the only rider, and my perspiration-wet hands frantically clutched the short, stubby mane of my mount. I desperately tried to choke back the wild screams I felt welling up inside of me. Then the snaky whip lazily swirled toward me, flicked my shoulder gently, and the scream was out. Life smiled grimly and recoiled the lash for another strike at me. Each time the organ blared, "Lead, Kindly Light," Life lazily flicked the whip, and I screamed out agonizingly. With my numbed brain I heard him say softly, "I am infallible," and my shoulders shook with terror. Then, "No one ever doubts Life," and I received another wound from the lithe whip. The bears roared, the organ wheezed, and I screamed again and again.

I woke to find myself sitting, tense and drenched with perspiration, upright in my bed. Bright, spring sunlight flooded the room, and birds were calling to their mates outside the open window. I sobbed aloud, "Life is infallible," and buried myself under the protecting covers in a vain attempt to shut out the memory of that ghastly nightmare.

The Poet's Room

By JEAN HOLLOWAY

Where is song found in this barren room—
How did a muse dwell in this narrow space
Wearing poverty's funeral shroud of gloom—
Outside the roar of traffic's ceaseless pace?
He wrote of gardens opening to the sky,
(Who never owned a garden in his life)
And sloping fields wherein he used to be
Beyond the houses filled with grief and strife.
His verses sang of salt spray on his lips
And roguish trade winds tugging at his hair.
He spoke of gardens, hills and sailing ships
As one who knew—who had been everywhere.

God, give to me his eyes to see this room
And find such beauty in the pregnant gloom.

Tribute to Haste

BY MARY MERRICK

It was tithing day in the Land of Refuse. All the people of the domain were gathering before the great granary to pay homage to the Goddess of Haste with an offering of a tenth of all their debris. Haste sat enthroned in a magnificent black armchair and looked down graciously upon her slaves. It promised to be a good day of reckoning. She had heard that the mortals moved more rapidly than ever before; that meant a greater store of residue for her. She rubbed her pudgy fingers together avariciously and chuckled gleefully with her first assistant, Time-Saving, who precisely entered all donations in a big, black ledger.

Impetuosity and his twin, Impatience, were the first to present their tithe to the great Goddess. They carried between them a large basket piled high with discarded plans, returned engagement rings, and shattered marriages. It was so heavy that Impatience's scowl was more noticeable than ever, and they set it down before the Goddess with sighs of relief. Impetuosity spoke: "My twin and I have labored long to acquire our fortune, Dear Goddess, but we gladly give one-tenth of it to you. May you be pleased with our gift, and may you continue to prosper."

Haste smiled indulgently at the fretful pair and accepted their tribute with a dignified nod of her head and a kind word of thanks. Time-Saving nodded approvingly and marked down their tribute with her well-sharpened pencil.

Then Speed dashed triumphantly up to the Goddess with an exultant expression on his cold, chromium face. On wheels behind him, he towed a litter which was heaped carelessly with broken bodies and wrecked machines. Here on it was a socketless eye; there a dismembered arm, and around about them were piles and piles of burned-out brakes and treadless tires. With a sweeping bow he laid his tithe at the feet of the Goddess and said rapidly, "Dear Goddess Haste, may I present you with a portion of all I've collected during the year? And now I must go. I hear a car driving at only twenty miles an hour, and I must do something about it." He turned with a swish and rushed through the crowd, which parted to make way for the hurrying demon.

Almost swept away by the gust of wind that followed Speed, but maintaining his equilibrium

by quick, little hops, Nimbleness advanced toward the sovereign. He stood in front of her with head hanging and hands empty. Haste stared at him in amazement. What could this be? Why did Nimbleness not bring his tithe to offer to her? She folded her heavy arms and gazed blackly at the little fellow. Nimbleness shuffled his feet in terror and said in his shrill voice, "Your Divine Majesty, I have no tithe to bring to you."

Haste's look grew blacker, and she scowled forbiddingly.

Nimbleness went on, "You see, Dear Goddess, my partner, Foolhardiness, has deserted me. I am able to do nothing without his assistance. I went all over the world making people nimble, but without Foolhardiness I could obtain no wreckage." He tremblingly kneeled at the Goddess's feet with head bowed low and waited for her wrath to descend upon him.

Haste sat ominously quiet. Only her drumming fingers betrayed her disquiet. What if others were to do likewise? She mustn't allow such a state of affairs. Should she have the fellow beheaded immediately? It must be a good example to the others surging around her throne and murmuring about the unusual happening. But wait—maybe he did need a co-worker. She had an idea. She peremptorily turned to Time-Saving and said, "Fetch Rashness to me."

Rashness was called immediately and arrived blithely whistling a merry tune. He stood, hands in pockets and hat cocked merrily over one eye, impudently awaiting the Goddess's orders.

"Rashness, from now on you shall be the partner of Nimbleness." Rashness started to protest, but one glance at his Queen's face stopped his words unuttered. "See you do well! If you don't bring me a moody heap of refuse on next tithing day—off with your heads!" And she dismissed the quaking Nimbleness and still cocky Rashness with a grandiose wave of her hand.

An old, rattling Model T chugged up the dusty road. It came to a halt with a jerk as the brakes eventually took hold, and disgorged Urgencies from all sides. Each one started tugging at the groaning car and removing heaps of leavings. Father Urgency carried a pile of scalded throats, the results of the wrong medicine bottles. Mother

Urgency was weighed down with hammered fingers, sawed thumbs, and chopped feet. And the three comely daughters staggered under the prize offering. It was a grisly mass of burned and seared bodies. And they proudly told the admiring beholders how they cleverly manipulated electric wires to acquire this tribute de luxe.

"Ah," said the Goddess to Time-Saving, "this is more like it." And she smiled covetously. "If the rest of my children do as well, it will be a good crop for me."

The spokesman for the family of Urgency, Inc., stood slim and tall before the Goddess and spoke loud and long of the troubles the family had undergone in reaping their produce. She finished off with a few well-chosen words of homage to their ruler. After patiently listening to the speech, the Goddess placed her hand on the mother's head and said benignly, "You have done well. Thank you, my children".

And so the day passed. One after another the slaves of Haste brought their offerings and laid

them at her feet with a passionate speech of devotion. Celerity and Hurry were there; Quickness and Precipitancy brought their gifts, and Impulsiveness and Dispatch came gaily bearing tributes. The pile of Waste grew higher and higher. Scorched food, demolished trains, and unmailed letters were added to the heap of broken bodies, torn clothing, and wingless airplanes. At each new tribute, Haste gained in vigor, her motions growing more forcible and her speech quicker. It was the natural reaction of a miser who suddenly acquires an abundance of that which he hoards.

As the sun sank behind the rim of the horizon, the last serf laid his gift at the summit of the mass of Waste and hurried away to start sowing his crop for the coming year. Haste was elated with her store as she ponderously surveyed the heap of debris. Once more had come the end of a perfect tithing day in the Land of Refuse, and with a heaving of her great sides, Haste rose from her throne, ordering Time-Saving to store the tribute away in the granary of Irrecoverable Things,

Ten Thousand Skulls

By BEN SWEENEY

Ten thousand slant-eyed skulls where once the
yellow men

Grew yellow fields of wheat and prayed their
frowning gods

To clear the blackened sky of locust clouds—

And now

In shattered temples, starving waifs in frightened
tones

Call out their gods again and say they will rejoice

If skies may once again be dark with insect hordes,

In place of man-made screaming beasts that scatter
fire

And stain their golden fields with blood of yellow
men;

And fill their streets with more of broken, slant-
eyed skulls

Where once a carcass pile of locust husks had lain.

Dark Victory

By JEAN HOLLOWAY

I was alone in a dull world of silence—

Of sorrow and rain

When the sound of your singing came sweetly
and lightly—

Then darkness again.

You passed far below me, musing and seeking
Somebody to hear

The chords of your music but went away silent
Since no one was near.

And I was alone in my deep night of waiting,

A night dark and long,

But you took my darkness and left me for comfort
The ghost of a song.

What's Good For The Goose

By MARY BELICK

TIME: Today.

7:00 in the evening.

SETTING: Simply furnished living room with a large clock in the back of the room.

CHARACTERS: These models.

SHIRLEY and her husband, MYRIL.

RENA, the maid.

(The curtains in the living room are drawn, and the lights are rather dim.)

(SHIRLEY has just found out her husband had been unfaithful to her—and with her best friend, too! The young wife has been brooding over his infidelity for the past few hours, and has been running, as they say in Hollywood, "through the gamut of emotions". Shock, fear, and finally anger she has fought with successfully—well, partly, anyway, she believes. And like the true modern that she is, she is prepared to face her husband calmly, she hopes, and discuss this thing in an intelligent way. She has assumed a spuriously natural position upon the sofa; she is suppressed hysteria within and deliberate poise without.

When the bell rings, she motions to the maid to open it. While RENA opens the door, SHIRLEY nervously gets off the couch and walks across the room. MYRIL walks gaily and innocently in. What he wants in this world now is a kiss from his bride and a large beef steak. SHIRLEY's back is turned to him. He smiles, runs up to her quietly and kisses the back of her neck. She frees herself quickly, faces him, and clenches her fists, then sobs and runs to the sofa.)

SHIRLEY. I want a divorce!

(MYRIL is helpless; he hasn't had to cope with this problem before.)

MYRIL. I don't know what to say or think, Shirley. What's got into you? What have I done? Can't you even tell me? I'm sure I can explain.

(She wails louder at this.)

MYRIL. Oh hell! What can a guy do in a case like this? Go ahead and cry it off—I can wait.

(He walks about the room nervously, then steps quickly to the sofa, takes her hand and pats it, saying coaxingly—)

Come on, Honey—tell your old man what's eating you.

(She lifts her head and gazes at him angrily—)

Don't you dare "honey" me, you rotter! Keep away from me, do you hear? Stay away!

MYRIL. But why?

(She hops off the sofa and glowers at him.)

SHIRLEY. So that's the reason you wanted to send me off on a vacation, huh? So you could have an affair with that Spittler woman while her husband was on a business trip in New York.

(Mimics him.)

But Shirley, darling, you ought to have a few weeks vacation at the beach. You go visit your sister for a few weeks. I'll miss you like the devil, but I can't get away from the office this summer—

(bitterly)

You'd miss me! Humph! You deliberately got rid of me to make love to that awful Spittler thing!

MYRIL. Why who ever told you that?

SHIRLEY. Don't ever try to deny it. Lena Burt saw you.

MYRIL. Oh, that dirty scandal-monger!

(imploringly)

Shirley, please listen to me—I can explain everything if you'll let me. I'll even call Jean Spittler over—, She'll help me make things clear to you.

SHIRLEY. Oh, she will, hum? She'll help you to explain things, will she? You rake, you philanderer—I've lost every shred of faith in you.

MYRIL. Shirley, let me start from the beginning. I was so lonesome for you, and—

SHIRLEY. Oh, the devil you were!

MYRIL. And I went over to the Laurences. They were having a little party. Jean was there, too,

SHIRLEY. Umm humm.

MYRIL. And—

SHIRLEY. I know all about that little wild party. Lena was there.

MYRIL. Well for God's sake, Shirley. Now that you've heard her part of the story—won't you listen to mine?

SHIRLEY. No, you'd tell me lies, lies, all lies.

(He tries to compose himself, and proceeds more cautiously and quietly.)

MYRIL. We all had a little too much to drink. Later, the others went out into the garden to see the fish pond. Well, Jean and I didn't want to go. We sat down and talked about how lonesome we were.

SHIRLEY. How pathetic!

MYRIL. Then Jean imagined all the good times Bill was having with his friends in New York—He knows a lot of big shots there—and I told her about your cousin, and how she always gave a lot of parties for you—

SHIRLEY. Pale excuses!

MYRIL. Well, we took a couple more drinks. The music was playing real soft and low, and we danced a bit—

SHIRLEY. How romantic! And then?

MYRIL. Well, then it happened.

(She turns her back to him and dabs at her eyes.)

MYRIL. *(almost shouting.)* I tell you, Shirley, I must have been out of my mind. I wasn't real Myril Hudson then; I was certainly somebody else.

SHIRLEY. I wish you had been.

MYRIL. That's why I didn't want you to know, I never would have acted that way if I had been in my right mind.

(angrily)

I'll bet Lena was looking through the window.

SHIRLEY. Oh, I well believe you wanted to keep it a secret from me. Quite naturally. Every man tries to hush his affairs up.

MYRIL. Shirley, I swear it's my first and last mistake. If you'll forgive me this time, I promise never to deceive or lie to you again.

(She walks away from him, then turns around.)

SHIRLEY. I'll forgive you, Myril, only when you forgive me—which chance you will have to-morrow morning.

MYRIL. Why?

SHIRLEY. What's the use of forgiving you if I can't be forgiven myself? If I forgive you so easily, I'll only spoil you. You'll just learn to take advantage of my faith in you again and again.

MYRIL. No. Never again!

SHIRLEY. We modern women must have all our wits about us.

MYRIL. I don't understand what you're driving at.

SHIRLEY. *(loudly and deliberately)* The point is, I've made an engagement with Jean's husband for tonight. I hope to be forgiven when I return home—. Then I'll forgive you, too.

MYRIL. I don't believe you. You could never do this to me.

SHIRLEY. Oh can't I? I'll be so lonely. Soft music and a few drinks will help me out.

(She calls for the maid.)

Rena, bring me my coat and purse.

(The maid helps her with her wrap. SHIRLEY gaily waves to her astonished and speechless husband.)

Bye, bye, dear. Don't wait up for me.

(As she closes the door, MYRIL has a bitter and agonized expression on his face. He rushes to the door, then stops before it and helplessly drops his hands to his sides.)

(He is left alone in the room. He paces up and down, muttering to himself. He threatens the four walls, clenches his fists and expostulates with the table lamp at the back of the room. Out of the incoherence we hear:)

MYRIL. Faithless! I can't stand this! Shirley! Bill! Should I believe it? Not Shirley!

(He sits down on the sofa, then raises his head. He has a comforting idea, and his face relaxes.)

MYRIL. Maybe she's kidding me! Maybe it's all sham.

(He calls to the maid.)

MYRIL. Rena! Call up Bill Spittler. If his wife answers, tell her I want to speak to her husband.

(The maid calls a number, and MYRIL breathlessly stands by.)

RENA. Hello, Mrs. Spittler? Mr. Hudson would like to speak to Mr. Spittler.

He is not at home?

Nor will be until the next morning?

He has gone on a little business trip.

All right. Thank you. Good bye.

(At this news MYRIL explodes.)

MYRIL. Little business trip—the liar! I won't stand for this. I'll make them both pay for this cruel joke on me.

(to maid)

Get me my coat and hat!

I'll find them or never see the sun rise again.

(He hurries out, slamming the door.)

(The curtain drops long enough for somebody to change the hour on the clock to 6:30 in the morning, draw the blinds and turn on some glaring lights to counterfeit morning.)

When the curtain goes up, the door bell rings, and Rena opens the door. MYRIL, tired and dejected, staggers into the room. He looks about him for some traces of SHIRLEY, then tiptoes to the door of her bedroom, opens it quietly and shakes his head dolefully.

He places his coat and hat on a chair and sits down, his whole body limp and sagging.

A few seconds later the door bell rings again, and RENA opens the door. SHIRLEY comes in, coolly and tranquilly.

SHIRLEY silently takes of her coat and runs a comb through her hair. MYRIL stares stupidly at her.)

SHIRLEY. I'll forgive you now, Myril, if you'll forgive me.

(He grins his teeth and says stubbornly—)

MYRIL. Never! Never! Even until the day of my death!

(He bows his head.)

(She continues to muse, poses a few times before him, then parades up and down the room with a superior, knowing smile on her carefully painted lips.)

(Finally he looks up and speaks to her—)

You've dealt me a bitter blow. And maybe I deserve it, and maybe I don't—But this is certainly a hell of a lot to pay for two kisses.

(SHIRLEY is surprised and happy at this. She runs to him and tries to embrace him, but he pushes her aside and is about to walk out of the door when she calls to him—)

SHIRLEY. But Myril, don't you want to hear where I was last night?

MYRIL. No. Haven't you made me miserable enough?

(They walk out of separate doors.)

The phone rings, and they both stand before their doors as RENA goes to answer it. SHIRLEY withdraws when she sees MYRIL.)

MYRIL. Go ahead and answer it, Rena.

RENA. Hello. Yes. Just a minute.

MYRIL. Who it is?

RENA. It's your mother. She wants to speak to Mrs. Hudson.

MYRIL. I'll take it.

Hello, Mom. What's up?

What? Honestly?

Shirley forgot her gloves when she left your house this morning?

Yippee!

(Mylril hangs up and runs out of the room happily shouting—)

Shirley! Shirley!

(CURTAIN)

Reason at the Crossroads

By JIM MARLAIS

Today, as a World War in ideas is disrupting established institutions, most of us, ignorant of the deep-seated causes and equally as indifferent to the enveloping trend, fearfully cling to the straws of tradition and cringingly hiss the statesman whose political and economic transitions have over turned the whole of a world.

This statesman is der Fuhrer, Adolf Hitler. He is not a leader nor a symbol, but the poisonous throw-off of our disrupted political and economic systems.

True, most of us have been so reared in the faith and in the realities of a free America that not one of us is ready to believe anything can happen to destroy the liberties that are our own heritage. We know, however, that one after another, the world's free governments are falling.

Various reasons have been advanced for this amazing, unbelievable retreat from hard-won liberties. But facts, ever present, reveal the trend to foreign doctrines. We know that they are turning to rising new leaders; that adherents of our free institutions are losing faith.

We are beginning to realize these things have happened among a free people, too busy enjoying the benefits of their freedom; too intent upon capitalizing their opportunities to visualize the unrestrained power of this system's economic surpluses.

It was the philosophy of Karl Marx, the man who today stands condemned both by capitalistic and fascist proponents, who unerringly predicted the fallacies of our economic system.

Indeed, the primary justification of laissez faire, our free American enterprise, has been that if each individual were allowed to produce and sell freely in the market in interest of profit, the net result would be a system ideal for the masses of our people. Under laissez faire there could be neither overproduction nor unemployment.

We know, however, free competition was a myth from its very origin. Business enterprises' maintenance of an economy of scarcity in face of the economic surpluses has produced only growing numbers of permanently unemployed. We know our price system cannot function in face of falling prices and economic surpluses. Furthermore, we know this economy of scarcity and the

growing numbers of permanently unemployed created our Hitler and our Mussolini.

Precisely, we are aware the philosophies of Karl Marx were aimed at increased standards of living. Too, we are aware of the deluge of utopian monetary schemes thriving on the masses' desires for a higher living standard. Finally we are aware that the fanatical dictators who are destroying all vestiges of freedom are thriving successfully on their own-created systems of completely "employed" economies, artificial or otherwise.

Proponents of our system have boasted of the Great American Way and of the highest standard of living in the history of mankind. They have never admitted, however, that in 1929, the height of our greatest American prosperity, over one-half of the families of America received less than enough for a minimum decent standard of living. They have never offered an explanation for the great American corporation that destroys automatic adjustments, the basic foundations of free enterprise and protection to the great masses of our people. They have never explained the system of corporate administered prices that have revolved about a system of curtailed production; a price system contrary to every principle of decent living standards, thereby assuring themselves increased and even doubled profits in depression years.

These great masses that have so "mysteriously" deserted the foundations of liberty have watched our system build slums because they paid better than decent homes. They were innocent bystanders to the waste wrought upon our great river basins and forests and mineral resources—because it paid in profits. The masses remained poor because it did not pay to be rich. They lived in cottages, not because they could not build palaces, but because they could not afford to have them.

Why then should we stand agape at the long strings of the masses clinging to the tails of "cracked" Utopian schemes? Why then should we act astonished at the support of these leaders offering straws in churning waters to which the people may cling?

Of course blind proponents of the status quo may pass off these pretenses as exaggerated trivialities. Many have conformed to the traditional practices of waving the "red herring". They

accuse communists of undermining our economic and political foundations.

These proponents of the status quo have never attempted to explain the millions of unemployed and the excessive costs of dole and relief. They blame an administration that came into office at the depth of a depression—at a time when nearly all banking institutions had closed their doors; when business leaders were fleeing to mountain fastnesses in fear of revolution. They wilfully ignore news stories of increasing crime rates; of unemployed fathers clambering high above streets and threatening death-leaps if offers of subsistence security were not forthcoming; of distraught parents offering parts of their eyes to the monetary secure in trade for security for their wives and children.

Yet, many people wonder at the rise and success of Adolf Hitler. Many times, to these peoples, the strictest dictatorships are a wise alternative to threatening starvation or mental disintegration.

Californians jeer the "Ham and Eggers". But "Ham and Eggers" have created a million followers. They laugh at Townsend, hiss the socialists, and are amused bystanders to the passionate tactics of an American fascist leader.

We know America has a solution. We sincerely believe America can successfully combat the inroads of these destroyers of personal liberty. But it will come only as soon as America faces the facts.

Many wonder why we are having trouble getting out of this depression—and its resultant chaos and unemployment and utopian dreams. I assume that most of us realize depressions are part of a capitalistic system—and that a great many factors accounted for our rise from the depths of previous depressions.

We are aware that for previous prosperities, we depended partially upon a growing population. Immigration restrictions and a declining birth rate, however, have removed this factor as a possible aid.

Once, we recall, we could depend on new lands and new areas in the west. Today this backyard is gone. Too, once we had vast resources. Now, they stand wholly or partially exploited. Finally there was our dependence upon new industries. All realize the boost accorded our 1922-1929 prosperity by the new automobile industry and its resulting construction of highways and supplementary industries.

We are, however, favored with two great alternatives. The first is reliance upon a growing standard of living, based on increasing production and distribution of goods. None can ignore the

fundamental fact that increases in wealth and living standards come only through producing ever more and more things to distribute.

The second alternative is the basic foundation of our economic theory of "scarcity"—WAR. War is the greatest known destructor of worldly goods; it is far superior to business or government restrictions. The elementary principle of scarcity is simple. Scarcity raises prices; rising prices provide the incentive to business expansion.

Hence economists, intelligent leaders, and even the great American enterpriser, although helpless in the complex whirl of our dynamic system, have become aware of the problems. These gentlemen leave, unanswered, three great questions: Can the standard of living be raised by destroying existing wealth? Can the standard of living be raised by decreasing production? Can the standard of living be raised by doing useless work?

Yet this philosophy of scarcity is widely accepted. It is being put into laws by our legislatures. Our president lamented bumper crops. Even economists were calling droughts a national blessing. The New Deal subsidized destruction at a time when 20,000,000 persons were on relief. This principle of scarcity was the basis of the National Industrial Recovery Act, wholeheartedly supported by American enterprise.

Might I repeat, then, that today, as a World War of ideas disrupts established institutions, most of us prefer to remain ignorant and indifferent to the crumbling echoes of our hard-earned liberties. We are content to hiss the astonishing successes of dictators walking upon the stones set into place across the churning waters by capitalistic enterprise. We are aware our economy of scarcity has created a class of permanently unemployed. These unemployed created Adolf Hitler.

Time, only, will prove Hitler is not a leader but the poisonous throw-off of our disrupted political and economic systems.

Thus, today, reason stands at the crossroads. The crumbling of our free institutions has created deep fissures of disbelief in our religious institutions. Our economic system has left great masses stranded. Reason has risen beyond comprehension. The complexities of our civilization have left them bewildered, mentally softened, readily moldable by emotion.

The masses behind Hitler cheer; the masses in his path cringe and readily fall at his feet in exchange for security.

It was not so many years ago when the world laughed at the "crazy German fanatic." Today they laugh at the fanatical antics of an American

fascist leader; at "Ham and Eggers", at Townsend; at Father Divine; at Father Riker. But these fanatics have their followers. Our disrupted economic system is increasing their numbers.

Of course, we may stand back and criticize these arguments. What sensible man would follow the footsteps of these fanatics? But may I ask, is it within the power of these people to resist this trend? Adolf Hitler may prove to be only a ripple in this threatening deluge of fanaticism.

Allow me to show what the instruments of our modern civilization, placed in the hands of a leader elevated to the fore of destitute, economic outcasts, can achieve. Orson Wells' radio dramatization of "The Men From Mars" over a national hook-up, threw masses of people into hysteria. We have read of puzzling accounts of peoples from sections of our nation who have at times rushed out of their homes in fear of noises never explained. An opera-

tor of an airliner that crashed off the coast of California blamed "ghost signals". The crash of the airliner, *Cavalier*, off Bermuda was explained in terms of static and a strange mist that caused the motors to cease functioning. Curses and superstitions, exaggerated by economic crises, have been blamed for droughts, crop destructions, earthquakes and moving mountains.

Does this show difficulties in molding mass-thought?

Hercin lies the challenge to modern civilization. World art, literature, science and thought are being remolded by these newly-risen leaders. These leaders reign at the mercies of destitute masses. But the masses are rapidly being molded to the desires of leaders who have utilized the powerful creations of free peoples to attain their selfish desires.

Within The Gates

BY HELEN BARDMERE

Soft-slippered centuries
 pad down the corridor of ages.
Candle-lumined rooms
 give mocking echoes of deathless secrets
And shed faint glows into the darkness
 through smaller-than-measurement cracks.
Giants in a thousand robes of mist
 guard well the stronger-than-iron doors.

Within the city tales are rampant
 concerning these doors and rooms.
Men and women stand on the streets
 stopping passersby.
They tell how they stood in darkness
 when miraculously the mists moved,
The doors opened
 and they were bathed in the secret of life.

"Love is the key to perfection in one life",
 they said.
Many listen and believe,
 putting their nickels in the collection plate.

In another section of the city
 a man speaks introspectively.
"How can so much be done
 in so short a span?
It will take many lives
 to gain entrance into the light.
Much planting and sowing."

There are hateful glances
 among those
Who brush shoulders in the street, and
 many damnations,
Other men tell how they have seen the rooms,
 furnished in celestial glory.
Each swears by his own soul.

O the city is a conglomeration.
Let us walk softly.

And Then One Afternoon

By PAUL POWER

It was not more than four o'clock, but the threatening rain had made it already dark. Lydia, sewing by the sitting room window, had to strain her eyes to see. She should have lit the lamp, but the light bill was too high as it was.

Her sister called shrilly from the adjoining bedroom.

"Lydia, I wish you'd get me something to read. You don't seem to realize that I have to lie here day in and day out. You might try to be a little considerate."

"You'll have to wait, Emily. I'm trying to finish this dress for Muriel." Lydia did not take her eyes from her sewing when she answered.

"Oh, that's the way it always is." Emily complained. "Well, tell that precious Muriel to fetch me a magazine, or is she busy too?"

"Muriel's out."

"Oh, she's out is she? With that Country Club crowd again, I suppose."

"She's at the library."

"Humph, you better watch that girl, Lydia. You let her run around with any Tom, Dick or Harry that she wants to. In at two and three o'clock in the morning . . . In my day we didn't—"

"Emily! Will you be quiet?"

"I will not. You've always been a fool, Lydia. You married another, and let him squander every cent we had. Now you think that Muriel will marry somebody with money and—"

"Emily, if you don't keep quiet, I'll walk out of this house, and I won't come back."

Emily kept on talking as if nothing had been said.

"You think that everything will be all right when she marries Bruce Townsend, don't you? Well, it won't. Don't think that Muriel is going to remember you. She's all for herself, Muriel is. And I'm not so sure Bruce will marry her. He hasn't been near her for two months."

"Emily, if—"

"That is all you've thought of for years, Lydia. You're dying to have Muriel marry well. It would be better if she got out and got a job. And you had better tell her not to see so much of that Tony

Garcia. Any old time that she is helping him with his work—"

"I think you have gone far enough."

"And what is the matter with Muriel lately, anyway? Don't think I haven't noticed her going around like a sick cat. I heard her crying the other—"

The sharp clang of the rusty door bell silenced her. "Lydia, shut my door," she hoarsely whispered. "I don't want to see anybody. I'm not going to have 'em burying me yet."

Lydia laid down her sewing, shut the door into Emily's room, and went to answer the clanging door bell. She opened the door.

"How do you do, Mrs. Newhall." Lydia said formally. "Won't you come in?" She led the way to the sitting room.

"Hello, Lydia. I thought I'd drop in and make a call." The woman talked very rapidly, and her eyes glanced quickly about her, missing nothing. "My, your garden is all overgrown. I see that you still have that cast iron deer. I didn't think anybody had one any more. My, I can remember when that deer of yours was the talk of the town."

"Sit here, Mrs. Newhall." Lydia moved a chair closer to the air-tight heater. She seated herself in a stiff chair opposite.

Mrs. Newhall took in the big, shabby room at a glance. "My, you have all your old furniture, haven't you. You know this old stuff is valuable nowadays. Why, my sister bought an old horse-hair parlor set and paid nearly two hundred and fifty dollars for it. She collects antiques. You ought to try and get rid of some of yours. You might get a good price."

"I shouldn't like to part with any of my things," Lydia said calmly. "The house wouldn't seem the same without them."

"Why don't you sell the house, Lydia? Why, I was saying to Harry just the other day, 'Lydia Carter ought to sell that old house of hers. She could pay off the mortgage and move into a better neighborhood.'"

"How is Harry?" Lydia asked abruptly.

"Harry's just fine. He has been doing so well lately. We just moved into our new home, you know. You'll have to come and see it. We've

joined the Country Club, too. It cost quite a bit, but we have to think of the children. It will do Betty and Richard so much good. Everybody important belongs—the Townsends, the Maxwells, the Allens, and oh—just everybody."

"How nice."

"Yes, it is. I hope Betty makes the most of her chances. Too bad your Muriel can't join. But, of course, it is dreadfully expensive."

"Excuse me. I'll put some wood on the fire."

"Oh, go right ahead. Oh, you're making a dress—for Muriel? Pretty . . . I never make any of Betty's clothes, though. I buy everything. I don't want her clothes to look homemade."

"I see," Lydia banged the stove lid down hard.

"I suppose you know that Bruce Townsend was married," Mrs. Newhall said, attempting to be casual.

Lydia was silent for a moment. Then she said calmly, "Is that so?" She was aware of the other woman's intent stare.

"Yes, I thought you'd know, seeing that he and Muriel were so friendly."

"Oh, yes, I remember now. I think Muriel did say something about it. I really wasn't interested enough to pay much attention."

"My, for a while we all thought that he and Muriel were real sweet on each other." She laughed.

"Muriel and Bruce were always good friends."

"Well, as I was saying to Harry, those rich fellows usually marry a rich girl. Not that Muriel couldn't hold her own with the best of them if she got him."

"I wonder if it will rain," Lydia said stonily. "It is quite cloudy now."

"I shouldn't be surprised. Well, I must be going. I don't want to be out in it." She got up reluctantly. "Muriel's out, isn't she?"

"I think she went to the library."

"Funny; I saw her talking to Tony Garcia."

"Perhaps. My daughter feels sorry for Tony. He is a bright young fellow. She has been lending him books."

"Oh, I shouldn't think you'd like to have her out with him. His father used to work for you . . . Gardener . . . wasn't he?"

"Yes."

"Well, I must be going. I just ran in to cheer you up. Is Emily any better? I don't suppose anyone can visit her."

"She is about the same. I'm sorry, but the doctor doesn't want her to have callers. It tires her."

"Poor Emily. It must be hard on her to be bedridden. She was always so active." She started toward the door. "Muriel's well, I hope; I thought she looked rather badly."

"No, Muriel is fine."

With a last look at the shabby carpet and dingy paper in the hall, Mrs. Newhall vanished. Lydia closed the door and sighed with relief.

The woman had finally gone, she thought. She had not missed a thing, either. Every one in town would know now how shabby the house was. Some repairs would have to be made. Perhaps after Muriel was married, she'd be able to do a little fixing.

Muriel . . . but she could not marry Bruce now. He was married. How could he humiliate Muriel so? No wonder she had looked so wretched these last few weeks. Poor Muriel. Oh, she could kill Bruce for treating her that way. Why, they had been practically engaged.

But it did not matter. Bruce's family were rather ordinary in spite of their money. Muriel would meet some one else. Perhaps she could join the Country Club. It would be expensive. Still, there were a few antiques that could be sold. Even those Sheffield candlesticks. Oh, it would be terrible to part with those things. But if Muriel could have some really nice clothes and a fur coat . . . Muriel had to marry well. It would be her only chance of happiness.

Her sister's shrill voice interrupted her thoughts. "Lydia . . . Lydia . . . when are you going to bring my tea? Was that that Newhall woman? I thought she would never go."

Lydia went to the kitchen. Suddenly she hated this house. She hated Emily. If it were not for Emily, she could leave here. She and Muriel could have a nice little cottage. It would be a mercy if Emily died. She wished she would. Oh, that was a terrible thing to think! Of course, she did not mean it. Why, she would feel terrible if anything happened to Emily. She must be more kind to her.

Oh, if only Muriel married well. Then people in this town would not be so ready to think that the Carters were down and out. Once Mrs. Newhall and those other women had been only too glad to be noticed by her.

Muriel was so lovely. She was far prettier than any of those other girls. Certainly she was from better stock. How unfortunate it was that Mrs. Newhall had seen her talking to Tony. She must speak to her about it. Muriel had been seeing too much of him.

She wondered if Emily was right. Perhaps Muriel did run around too much and stay out too late. But of course not. She and Emily were just old-fashioned.

Was that the front door closing? She had not heard anyone. She went through the sitting room and looked into the hall. Muriel was just coming downstairs. Why, she had a suitcase in her hand!

"Muriel," she said in surprise. "What are you doing with your suitcase?"

Muriel stopped. She went a little pale. "Why, Mother, I thought you were going to Mrs. Howard's today."

"I didn't go. Lizzy couldn't come and stay with Emily, Muriel, what are you doing with that suitcase?"

Muriel's jaw tightened.

"I'm going to be married," she said flatly.

"Married! What are you talking about? Who to?" But Lydia felt faintly sick from fear.

"I'm going to marry Tony."

"Marry Tony . . . Muriel . . . you're joking. You must be." Lydia looked at her daughter desperately. "Why, you can't marry him. You can't marry that ignorant nobody."

"Why can't I?"

"Muriel, I won't let you. You're just angry at Bruce. You're doing this because he—"

Muriel looked at her mother. "Jilted me? He did more than that."

"Muriel, please don't do this. You'll regret it all your life."

"No, I'll regret it all my life if I don't. Tony isn't so bad, Mother. He has a good job promised to him in Seattle."

"Muriel, you're not going to marry him. I'll have it annulled."

Muriel laughed hysterically. "You'll have my marriage annulled! Oh, no you won't."

"Listen to me. You can't marry that low—"

Muriel calmed suddenly. "You listen, Mother. Tony is all right. He is a lot better than most. Why, you ought to be glad he wants to marry me. Anyway I have to marry him—now."

Lydia clutched the stair rail with both hands and looked up at Muriel. "What do you mean?" she whispered.

Muriel looked at her without speaking. They looked at each other for a long time. Finally Muriel picked up her bag. She stooped to kiss her mother's forehead. "Good bye, Mother," she whispered. "I'll write." She waited a moment. Lydia continued to stare ahead dumbly, her

shoulders slumped, her hands still clutching the stair railing.

Then Muriel ran down the few remaining stairs and opened the front door. The heavy door slammed behind her. A few seconds later Lydia could hear a car start and drive away. Then everything was quiet.

It was too quiet. Even the clock had stopped. She had forgotten to wind it.

It had begun to rain now. She hoped it would not rain hard. The roof had not been fixed. Still, what difference did that make . . . now?

She stood in the darkening hall for a long time. Then Emily's voice cut the stillness. "Lydia, where are you? Are you ever going to bring my tea? It seems to me that you could be a little considerate."

Lydia stood there a little longer. Finally she stirred and began to drag herself through the shadowy hall that ended in blackness.

My Lady Gives Her Heart

By JEAN HOLLOWAY

The poet strews his pensive notes
Like fragrant petals on the breeze
And from their fluted, silver throats
The birds give back his reveries.
And I, who have no words to sing
Stand silent as she passes by.
I'd give my soul if I could bring
That smile half tender, fond yet shy.
My lady lists her tender plea
And pauses, intrigued, where he stands.
He wins her with his melody;
She does not see his empty hands.
A poet's fancy changes with the spring—
I offer her a much more constant thing!

Ruin

By ELIZABETH HENEMY

I raised a wooden god before my soul,
And set to burn
My adoration—like an incensed coal,
Until one beheld
My worship there, and with a brilliant flash
Of fiery words,
Reduced my gods and altar to an ash
Of grayish dust.

Babes in the World

By JOHN WEYBREW

SCENE

The stage depicts a room in a fifth-rate rooming house in San Francisco. There is an old brass bed, sagging heavily, at the left. A much-abused door hung with a florid calendar is at right. In the center of the back wall is an opening onto an air-shaft. Below the opening is a low dresser with drawers, on top of which rests a typewriter of ancient vintage. Nearby is a high stool with a stack of books and newspapers upon it. A cheap suitcase leans against dresser. One picture (FREMONT JONES') hangs to right of air-shaft.

FREMONT WILDE JONES, about twenty, is sprawled upon the bed, one naked foot visible over the shirt, and one pair of pants hung on the bed. Apparently he is reading to himself.

JONES (reading) "—the passion-distorted face of Heinrich Weissblatt appeared in the window. The little Jew trembled. His palms were clammy. He wanted to run away, but the basilisk eye of—" Say, this stuff is all right. "—the basilisk eye of the butcher pinned him against the chair—" "—pinned him against the chair—" Geez, I know what that's like— This guy's pretty good—writes same sort of stuff I do.

(He climbs out of the bed, attired in long woolen underwear and pajama trousers, arranges the stool, inserts a piece of paper in the typewriter.)

(He types a few lines, grunts his satisfaction, continues.)

(His bunk-mate, ALECK, comes through door. ALECK is wearing an old bathrobe, also long underwear. He is drying his hair in a towel. Appears to be about thirty, paler than JONES, but much more worldly.)

ALECK. You better be careful if you're gonna wash before you go out tomorrow. That damn' landlady opened the door on me to see I wasn't doing nothing.

JONES. I hang a sock over the keyhole and wedge paper under the door. The other guys bathe in the sink. I've seen them. That's how I got the idea. Fifteen cents for a bath, huh!

ALECK. Yeah, that's what I say. She ought to be cited as an example of capitullistic lycenshushness. Whatchu writing now?

(He is applying oil to his hair and looking over JONES' shoulder.)

JONES. Got another idea for a story. Maybe I can sell it to *Story*. I heard they were kind to beginners.

ALECK. Whattay gotta waste all your time on that stuff for? Why doncha write something for *New Masses*? —Or try something for a radical magazine?

JONES. My teachers all said I had talent for it—
(ALECK says "Scuseme" and opens one of drawers, takes out a pair of socks.)

All great authors get their starts this way.

ALECK. Yeah?

(inspecting socks.)

Ain'tcha got any without holes? I gotta look desunt if I'm gonna apply for a job.

JONES. Where you goin' today?

ALECK. Oh, the usual. Over to the iron works, and then to the headquarters. Why don't you come down to a meeting some time? We have lots of fun. Everybody that wants to kin make a speech.

(idea)

Say, Jones—why don't you try to get on writing propaganda for us? At least you're litterut.

JONES. B-but—ain't it against the law?

ALECK. *(laughingly)* Lissen, Fremont, if people need a reform, they got to have it, see. And duh end justifies the means—There ain't no law against it anyway.

JONES. How we going to eat if you don't get a job? Headquarters hasn't done anything for you yet.

ALECK. *(Takes trousers from bed, turns back, dons.)*

Don't you worry about that—We been eating regular enough for what we are.

(Takes off bathrobe and begins selection of shirt.)

JONES. Yeah—I guess suffering is necessary to an artist's life. —I've only got two dollars left though—and we ought to have something in case of a crisis.

ALECK. *(putting on shirt)*

You been swell to me, Fremont, helping with the cause and all. We ain't gonto forget it. Say, Fremont, how about lending me a dime, for carfare? My feet hurt awful bad in these shoes.

(JONES leaves his stool under the watchful eye of ALECK, thrusts hand into the mattress through a hole. He feels around in the stuffing, becomes frantic, rips the whole corner from the mattress.)

JONES. Aleck—it's gone.

ALECK. Whaddyamean? Sumbuddy take your dough?

JONES. I—I guess so.

(Sits down on bed disconsolately.)

That's all we got, Aleck. Only one of us has clothes enough to wear.

ALECK. It's a dirty shame, Fremont. This goddamn capitullistic system—Ever since man staked off a hunk of ground and called it his—there's been dirty work with money.

(more intimately)

Tell you what—you come down to headquarters with me. Maybe you can get a job writing down there.

JONES. *(almost crying)*

I wish I was back in Dallas at my uncle's place.

ALECK. Aw, gowan. You don't mean that. He'd beat your ears off. Besides you told him you was gonna be a great author—Yuh can't go back on him like that. Here—handkerchief.

JONES. Thanks, Aleck. Gosh—you're such a man of the world—I wish I could be like you. Facing life fearlessly the way you do.

ALECK. *(with authority)* It just takes experience, Fremont. The school of hard knocks makes a man.

JONES. Yeah, I guess so.

ALECK. You better come down with me. I guess I can walk it okay.—Better bring along some paper. *(Takes some.)* When they ask you what you believe, you just say "Solidarity forever". That's the ticket.

JONES. What does it mean?

ALECK. My God, Fremont, what do you think I been telling you about all this time?

JONES. Oh. I see.

(Gets to his feet and walks over to dresser. Opens drawer and takes out tie.)

But—how we gonna go out. We only have one pair of pants.

ALECK. That's right. I forgot. Tell you what—I'll write them a letter. You can go down with it—tell 'em you think the government stinks, and you want to tell people about it. Take some of those essays along too.

(Puts on bathrobe—slips off pants, hands them over. Sits and writes.)

JONES. You think they'll take me?

ALECK. If they know genius, they'll take you.

JONES. I don't like going down there by myself, but if you say so—

(Puts on pants.)

—Geez, but I'm hungry—I wasn't going to, but if we'd had that money, we could eat now.

(Puts on tie.)

Sa-a-y—I bet that tightwad landlady found it and took it.

ALECK. You just got that figured out? Here—here's the letter. I've sealed it so you won't lose the letter out. And here's the address. Just go that way *(points)* on Market until you come to the street, and then up it to your left.

(JONES is drooping rather dubiously.)

Hey, stick out your chest, guy, you're a success. *(ALECK slaps him on the back, helps him out door.)*

JONES. *(in doorway)* It's sure swell of you to give me a start like this, Aleck. Bye.

(Exit.)

(ALECK watches him go, then closes door. Takes two silver dollars from his pocket.)

ALECK. Two bucks. Pretty soft. *(Laughs)* I'd like to see him explain himself out of that investiga-

tion committee when he gets to that address.

(Sits on bed.)

Poor Simp. He'll find all duh experience he wants there.

(running feet in hallway)

JONES. *(bursting into room)* Aleck! I got a letter from my uncle.

ALECK. *(surprised)* Yeah?—

(Rises and looks at letter.)

Followed you all over—didn't it?

JONES. Sure did.

(Excitedly he opens it.)

ALECK. How did the old coot know what state you was in?

JONES. I sent him a post-card so he wouldn't think I'd been killed or anything. Hey, look—I got a check in it.

(Holds it out to ALECK.)

ALECK. A check? My God—let's see it. Criminy—a hundred bucks—w-we can eat now I guess.

(Places check reverently on dresser.)

JONES. Sure thing—Let's go right now. I never thought Uncle Pete would do a thing like that. Now I can go back to Texas.

ALECK. That's right—But you ain't going to give up your career are you? Say—If I'm gonna eat with yuh, yuh better wash that face. I'll take a look around and see if I can borrow somebody's pants.

(They both go out.)

(A moment later, ALECK enters stealthily. Goes to dresser, picks up check, kisses it, pockets it. He has evidently obtained a pair of trousers.)

(voice at door.)

LANDLADY. This is the room, officer. Do your duty.

(ALECK starts at sound of the voice, stands frozen.)

(Officer enters, followed by LANDLADY.)

LANDLADY. That's one of them. Ain't paid no rent for a month. Throw 'im out.

OFFICER. Okay, lady. C'mon you, get some life in yuh. Whaddyuh got in your pocket?

(Goes toward ALECK.)

(JONES comes in quickly, starts to call ALECK,

but sees the officer and the LANDLADY. They do not see him. OFFICER takes two silver dollars from ALECK's pocket. JONES gasps. They turn and see him.)

JONES. W-why that's my money, my two dollars I lost.

(Officer produces check from one of ALECK's pockets, studies it.)

OFFICER. Trying to pull a fast one on your young friend here, huh?

(to JONES.)

What's yer name?

JONES. Fremont Wilde Jones. That check came this morning.

LANDLADY. That's right, officer. I seen the letter and guessed what it was. He's a nice young fellow—I have no complaint about him. But this other—humph!

OFFICER. Okay then. I'll just take this guy along with me.

(To ALECK)

You ought to be ashamed of yourself. Good thing you didn't try to forge that check.

(Exit ALECK and OFFICER.)

JONES. *(Sighs and sits heavily on bed.)*

I never thought that of Aleck.

(The LANDLADY stands by the door watching him.)

LANDLADY. *(sympathetically)* Takes all kinds of people to make a world, Mr. Jones.

JONES. *(sadly)* It certainly does.

LANDLADY. Human nature is a funny thing, ain't it?

JONES. Sure is.

LANDLADY. You don't need to hurry about the rent, Mr. Jones. Ain't no hurry at all.

(inspired)

And you can have a bath on the house tonight. No hurry at all.

(Leaves quietly.)

JONES. *(Going to dresser. Stops and takes down picture.)*

I don't know whether to take you to Texas and eat, or whether I should stay here.

(Leans on dresser.)

Gosh—I don't know what to do without Aleck.

CURTAIN

You're Telling Us

By HILDA HANCHETT

One hears a great deal of discussion, especially in a teacher-training institution, of the fight between the essentialists and the progressivists in education. I say a great deal of discussion, but I must add that it is not enough. This is a question of primary importance which must be answered by each prospective teacher to his or her satisfaction.

The difference, as we hear it explained (n.b. explained by essentialists principally) is briefly this. In an essentialist school as much as possible of the garnered knowledge of our predecessors, including certain *essentials*, is presented to the learners by the teacher, through adherence to a fixed and standard curriculum which varies only slightly in different localities and for different age groups. The teacher tells the pupils what they are supposed to learn and directs them firmly in the unswerving paths outlined in the curriculum.

In a progressive school, on the contrary, the dominant ideas are those of the students themselves. The teacher's function, radically different, is to help the students select subjects for study, stimulate in them the desire for learning, and help them to uncover the relevant information and the implications of what they are studying.

There are, however, differences of greater magnitude and significance which the essentialist explainer invariably neglects to mention. The principal difference is this. The essentialist school turns out, for the most part, blue-print characters and personalities, equipped with a body of information which may be useful, but which is stereotyped, and thereupon considers its task completed. On the other hand, the operation of progressive principles in the school results in a turnout of *individuals*. No progressivist ever claims that all these are perfect, but all are individuals, with different ideas, principles, and skills. The implications of these points of variance carry us further, even to a conclusion which blasts forever the fallacious idea that it is possible to reconcile the two principles and build a school which represents a practical compromise between essentialist and progressive educational philosophies. This conclusion is that the basic purposes of the two types of education are irreconcilable. The purpose of essentialist schools is education for the maintenance of the

status quo, in political, economic, and social life. This implies training in following rather than in leading; in accepting without question the dictation of the persons and classes in power at a given time. It is impossible to confuse or compromise that aim with the aim and purpose of the progressives, namely: education for leadership, for democracy in all things, for self-determination in matters both great and slight. No wonder the progressives are looked at askance. Such a philosophy means education for *change*, a force with whose intensity the essentialists never reckon.

It is characteristic of all struggles, especially ideological struggles, that the proponents of each view criticize and ridicule the other. It is also characteristic that each side selects for criticism the extreme examples of the operation of the other's principles. I will not be so dogmatic as to say that all essentialist-dominated schools (and that means all the public schools of today) are faithfully represented by the picture of the raw-boned, severely coiffed old maid who sits at the front of the room with a stick, cramming into the intellectual gullets of her charges the essential doses of three R's. Of course there are honest liberal educators within the existing educational system who temper the essential lessons with subject matter of broader interest and use. Contrariwise, it is not fair to portray the progressive schoolroom as a mad, milling crowd of prospective geni, relentlessly following their own bents, to the consternation of the helpless schoolma'am. However, we must not allow the superficial overlapping observable in the functioning of the two schools to blind us to the actual fact that there is no compromise between the two educational principles.

As one who believes in unending change, progress, and amelioration on all the fronts of mankind's struggle for existence, I believe in progressive education and maintain its importance. Call me an idealist, if you will. The great and significant advances have issued from "impractical idealists" rather than from the cynics who maintain that there is "change but no progress", and who complacently refuse to spend their energies in affecting needless change.

The future teacher may seem insignificant compared to some of our better-known cynics; yet when we consider each one's formative influence, for good or bad, on hundreds of young people who will pass through his schoolroom, we can see how important is his direction, how vital it is that he should have a clear understanding of his own principles, and that his stand, either for or against progress, should be conscious.

Too many teachers of teachers accept, despite the contrary evidence of history, the viewpoint that life is static; that economic systems, cultures, governments, educational systems, etc., have reached a point beyond which they will not change. Or if they do not wholly accept this view, they say that the possible changes will not be effected within their lifetimes, that they have no responsibility in effecting such changes, and that, anyway, nobody can do anything—we must wait and hope and let things take their course. As individuals these people have a right to their opinion. The unfortunate thing is that consciously or unconsciously they are teaching their students, who will in turn teach their students, to hold the same ideas. The net result will be to retard or interrupt progress for many years.

Let me give you some examples. The psychology teacher selects and presents to his students only those findings of psychology which tend to prove the rightness and permanence of the status quo. The instructor in creative writing teaches his students to write to please the publishing racketeers, and to write in no other way. The musician advocates composition only in the prevailing conventional modes. In all the fields of education the policy is negative. This is, in effect, the essentialist's practice in education, positively to maintain the status quo in all things, or else to pretend that the problem of progress or stagnation is not im-

portant in his particular field, whatever it may be.

Does this seem a far cry from the topic under discussion? I think not. All we are able to observe in the education of adults who are to be teachers leads us to one terrifying conclusion. Education, as an art and a science, is in a state of almost complete stagnation, and as a force for social change it is reactionary rather than progressive. Is this to be remedied by stern and strict pedagogy in the "essential" subjects? Obviously not. Theoretically education has one chief function; the training of individuals for the accomplishment of the continuous amelioration of the state of mankind. This function can be restored to the schools only through the use of that body of methods and techniques known as "progressive education".

"Let us then be up and doing." The corporations which pay taxes with our money have not yet robbed us of the power to liberalize and progressivize our educational system. Let students demand in the classroom the right to select their own material from an unrestricted body of knowledge; ample time for discussion and question; and valid proof for everything their teachers ask them to accept. Let teachers remember that they are in no way the superiors of the learners—and remember also that their responsibility is to equip students to make their own interpretations of facts rather than to hand them ready-made ones. Let administrators hire progressive teachers and observe with care what they often forget, namely that their function is to administer affairs, not to dictate curriculum, policy, or anything else.

If these things can be accomplished, and there is no reason that they cannot, we will very shortly have an alert, revitalized generation which will be capable of accomplishing with a minimum of agony the great tasks which lie before it.



What Can I Do?

By MARY TRAUB

He was a tall, erect figure as he walked firmly along the road. His carriage reflected confidence and pleasure in every breath he took. I watched him from the roadside as he suddenly stopped short and, casting off his knapsack, threw his lanky body down on the dried ground. He lay stretched out, his every muscle tingling with the pressure of the rough wind that swept over his sunburnt body. His breath came in long draughts as he lay there, enjoying life.

I thought then how grand it would be to be like him, easy, carefree, free to enjoy everything that life might have to offer. His was not the job to worry, to fret over things which didn't concern him. His job, and he did it well, was to receive with an open mind and full heart whatever of Nature he chose.

I stew and fret over whether it takes more x's than z's to get enough pineapples for little Johnny's supper; his greatest daily decision is whether he should rest in this field or the next.

I never have seen nor ever will see that little Johnny for whom I have solved so many pressing problems. Nor will any of the other hundreds of thousands of people who for civilizations past have wasted their lives in endless drudgery.

Yet they and I will continue to waste years of our lives solving his problems so that some day we will meet and be unable to contend with our own. We have wasted our energy and youth; nothing of individuality remains in our make-up. We become stereotyped patterns running as automations, afraid, yes, unable to steer from the beaten path.

Men of the road are not afraid to live. They know how to catch life from every leaf, from every stray blade of grass that lies along their path. They steal life from the sheep bleating on the hillsides, from the cool spring water they sip from running streams. They listen to the wind howling in the tree tops and stand still, with chests expanded, eager, ready to catch its vigor and strength.

Why must I crawl when I so long to fly? Why must I be confined to grammars, arithmetics, pens, pencils, and other instruments designed to quell

and destroy Nature. I live! Why cannot I enjoy my being?

Oh yes, I think I do. I think of happiness in terms of insignificant triumphs, petty flatteries, and, when I gain those, I think I live. I am so busy with contemplating supposed pleasures that I have no time to look around and recognize how much I could gain from using my eyes for something else besides telescoping a page of print. The film on my eyes is so covered with imprints of pages and pages of reading that my vision is cloudy when I might see other things in hills beyond.

Why can I not escape? What power is there capable of forcing me to restrain innate passions, desires, purposes? Is it education that has made of me a rotating machine?

No, I do not think so. To some, a privileged few, education has opened up endless havens and vistas. These are the people who, like the hobo, know how to live. They know themselves and have dragged from the depths of their beings the essence of existence. Why cannot I do likewise?

Why? Because I am a creature of convention. I have been taught, trained, and schooled to do always what is expected of me. I can not, I dare not, be different. It is not my fault. It is the fault of the civilization that reared me. It destroyed me. It is destroying the souls of children. So very early do children learn that they mustn't *do this* because it just isn't done, and they must always *do that* because everyone else does it. They like something because they are supposed to. They dislike something else because they have heard that disliking it was the thing to do. At the very first, in their heart of hearts, they might retain a doubt as to the accuracy of their beliefs, but how soon, how pitifully soon, do the very last vestiges of those doubts disappear leaving shallow pits where souls might have grown to hold sway over minds. Convention is the watch dog of civilization, binding its servants to its will. A fiercer tyrant could be found in no mythology or books of history so assiduously read by its apostles. Convention alone controls speech, actions, our very thoughts. Oh, we become quite willing servants, I admit, but does that alleviate the gross fact that we are

bondsmen, free not to serve ourselves, but an intangible, indefeatable mode of conduct.

I cannot be any different. I recognize the need for change but am incapable of accomplishing it. Maybe some day a future civilization will be able and courageous enough to depart, revolt, from the habits of eras past and find in a new order

the true meaning of living. But for today I must sit by the roadside—watch another, a freer soul, walk confidently along—dwell for a few minutes on the heaven of an unhampered being, and then return unhappily but resigned to books to carry out my duty in the routine order of existence.

Fog

BY PEARL PENNINGTON

This morning I walked on a vanishing ribbon
of silver

In a cold white world.

My footsteps, echoing strangely loud,
Were the only sound that broke the unearthly
stillness.

I seemed far removed from all living things,

Perhaps in Persia or Afghanistan.

Dark-skinned natives lounged in the heat

Of a radiant sun.

But here,

The misty fingers of the fog

Had wrapped all things in silent chill

And had left me alone

In a deserted land.

On the fringe of my solitary world

A pepper tree hovered, wraith-like,

Almost concealed by a silver mist.

The trembling line of grey houses seemed to
vanish before my gaze.

Shadowy outlines of half-hidden trees indicated
my path,

And the road before me extended into bleak
whiteness.

The lonely silence pressed close.

I walked in the fog.

Cathedral Scene

By ELEANOR MCCARTNEY

As I made my first entrance into that church of God, Saint Joseph's Cathedral, the words of John Ervine flashed through my thoughts—"Few sights are so reassuring and so pleasant to the tired eye as the spectacle of the cathedral, firm in its green setting, gray with years, yet vigorous within with renewals of youth." Instead of being calmed, I found myself excited by the whirling vortex of ornament. In the quality of the light itself, which entered ingeniously through a triple lantern, there was something almost ultra-mundane. As my eyes caught the dazzling and intricate splendor, I noticed gold was used everywhere—on vestments of sculpture, in polychrome, on frames of endless series of paintings, on carvings and elaborate decorations of all kinds. The whole atmosphere was of multitudinous richness of ornamentation. The arches within the powerful doorways were sculptured inch by inch. Some of the statues of the saints were formed to interesting cloisters of the various niches, while others stood forth separately. The sun glistened through the colored glass which shone as sapphires, rubies, and diamonds. A thousand little yellow candles and a thousand little prayers from unhappy hearts of the congregation burned before the quiet, tranquil altar, and I, too, knelt before it with my secret prayer.

I was fascinated by the magnificent carving of the rotunda with its golden reliefs and mural decorations. Also, I observed the material used befitted substantial, rather than flimsy construction. The massive, thick walls gave support to a golden ceiling, which was topped with a tall, conspicuous,

gilded cross. When I saw the moulding of exquisite, low relief and the narrow frescoes of Biblical scenes, my first reflections, that had seemed dramatic and almost theatrical, gave way to a spirit like the church itself—a profoundly religious and holy atmosphere.

Everyone's eyes, with exception of my own, gazed unceasingly upon the earnest face of the priest. He raised his long, tapering fingers in the Papal form of blessing, while at the same time voices chanted melodically from a hidden choir.

Before the second mass, I climbed the steps to the south tower and saw a very flat angel below patiently extending his sun dial. Bearded saints and amazed beasts stared down upon their accustomed view. A very slender, golden angel from over the apse shone triumphantly. The bell-ringer, poised above his bell, swung it out while he held fast the black iron rail above. The incessant reverberations echoed through the tower, and I could feel the antique walls tremble.

I was about to descend when I saw the little Sunday school girls holding tightly to the rail that was worn smooth as alabaster by clinging human hands. I watched them enter the crypt chapel as they followed black robes and large white coils. The building was very cold and damp. I noticed the gold was beginning to peel from the ceiling, and the holy water basin had moss in it. The little girls grouped themselves about the gigantic organ and raised their voices in hymns of praise, while the virgin, who was surrounded by glowing red lights and flickering tapers, regarded the scene with solemn eyes.

The Editors of *El Portal* regret that the length of the plays winning second prize and third place prevented their being published in this magazine.

FLIGHT INTO EGYPT, <i>First Prize</i>	Charlotte Rideout
SURVIVAL, <i>Second Prize</i>	Audrie Lassere
THE DESTINY OF GARTH HOUSE, <i>Third Place</i>	Jean Holloway

The Afternoon of a Faun

BY WILLIAM McLEAN

It was warm but not too warm, and the large crowded store was suffused with a pleasant afternoon glow. The shoppers, scattered thickly over the floor, moved in an endlessly inter-weaving but unresolved stir, and the thousand tongues, all going at once and each intent on making itself heard, cooperated to produce a sustained and wordless drone.

For an instant a young man looked over the railing which ran around the inside of the circular second story vestibule. His glance quickly scanned the busy floor below him. Abruptly he disappeared, to reappear again a moment later in a crowd coming out of an elevator onto the main floor.

Around the book counter had coagulated a circle of the literary-minded, for the most part women. A plumpish lady of about thirty-five fixed a possessive eye on a single copy of Radcliffe Hall's "The Well of Loneliness". After an instant of hesitation she reached for it, but before she touched the book, the person standing next to her snatched it away. She turned, affronted, with appropriate terms ready on her lips, to look into a bland face startlingly close to her own.

Retreating a step, the lady gathered together her abused feelings, which had been strangely scattered by the odd way the young man was looking at her—so ingenuously, almost childishly, his large gray eyes wide and unwinking.

"Why . . . what do you mean . . . ?" She began. She was interrupted instantly by a sunrise smile. The young man removed his hat conspicuously, and after looking around and finding several people watching the proceedings, achieved a tremendous bow.

"Lady," he said, and stopped to brush a hair off the lapel of his coat. "Lady," he repeated in a definitely loud voice, "am I in your way?"

A small voice inside the beleaguered being of Mrs. Dolman was saying, "Now don't blush, you idiot, with all these people looking!" Mrs. Dolman blushed brightly.

"You're . . . you're very impolite!" she fumbled, staring at his exasperating face with rising ire.

"I see no reason for agreeing to that," he replied crisply, a frown crossing his face like a puff of

wind over a glassy lake. "I have done nothing. And even at that I condescended, for the sake of gentle manners, to be cooperative with your apparent delusion by asking if I was in the way . . . when, naturally," he grinned sardonically, "I wasn't."

Mrs. Dolman was taken aback. She had never been in quite such a situation as this before. But feeling that right was on her side, although the issue was now somewhat confused in her mind, she decided to use tactics which are known to be invariably successful against men. She began to talk in a rather shrill tone with a sharp edge of anger, the speed and force with which the words came making interruption more or less insignificant.

"Young man, if you want to make a scene . . . well, all right! You can have your scene, and no little one either, and see how you like it!" Her peroration rose in volume as she progressed. "If a woman can't go out alone these days without being molested by your type of man, well things are pretty bad. And at a book counter too! Why, I should think the cops would have caught up with you long ago. You wanted to make a scene, huh? Well, you can have your little scene!" Here her tone bore traces of a rather weighty sarcasm. "I know your kind. Don't think I don't. Fine sport! Going around molesting women! Why don't you mind your own affair! But maybe that *is* your affair!"

The young man, during this tirade, flicked something off his hat, stood quite still except once when he looked around at the people who had been drawn to the spot—looked about innocently and contentedly, as if he had at that moment attained complete peace within himself and with the world.

Taking advantage of a brief pause in Mrs. Dolman's rather repetitive invective, he stepped over and grasped her arm. For the first time she noticed how darkly tanned his face was.

"I'm getting to like you," he said. It was a balanced statement gently spoken. But Mrs. Dolman was not in the mood for negotiating peace. Backing another step from him, she cried, "Don't touch me!" She, too, had noticed the five or six

people watching, and her dramatic instinct had stepped up and taken charge of her personality. She saw "The Well of Loneliness", which was still in the young man's brown and curiously hairy hand.

"Give me back my book."

He suddenly looked at the volume as if surprised to find it in his hand. "Is this your book?" He held it up gingerly with finger and thumb. "This!" He showed the book to the people standing near and exploded unexpectedly with a loud laugh, saying, "Can anybody tell me why this nice lady should be obliged to read this thoroughly unpleasant book?" No one volunteered a reply. The young man smiled. "No one? Then I shall read it myself. Good day."

He started to go. At that moment one of the officials of the store came up to see what the trouble was about. He was immediately overwhelmed by Mrs. Dolman.

"Stop him! Catch him!" she exclaimed, pointing after the disappearing figure of the young man. "He's getting away with one of your books without paying for it. And he's been molesting me for ten minutes!"

This woeisome intelligence galvanized the store official into action. Spying the nearest clerk he shouted, "After him, Travers!" and to another clerk, "Hopkinson, get a policeman!"

By this time the book-pilferer had nearly reached the door, although he was not hurrying particularly. He did not reach it, however, for he soon found Travers fiercely upon him. He allowed himself to be captured without resistance.

"What a terrible hubbub!" he was heard to sigh as he was taken back to the book counter, accompanied now by a good-sized crowd. Hopkinson had come with a large policeman who stood menacingly beside the store-manager.

"What's the idea, young man?" the latter began. "Taking books, eh! Bothering women, eh!" He looked his victim firmly in the eye. "What's your name?"

"Silvanus," was the cool reply.

Here the manager seemed for the first time to notice what attention they were attracting.

"Oh, we can't have this sort of a row in the store. Officer, you take charge of him. Take charge of everything."

Suddenly the culprit freed himself from Travers' grasp, leaped onto the book-covered table, gave a strangely inhuman scream, and threw the "Well of Loneliness" at the policeman, who ducked just in time to escape being banged on the head.

"Take your book!" the young man shouted, and making a huge gesture with both arms and clamping his hat on his head, he cried, "I've read it!"

Then, before anyone had time to think, he had hurtled off the table and was booming toward the door. A second later the policeman, very red, and nine other people, in various shades of excitement, were in full cry after him.

He plunged into Market Street. Walking fast, he mixed into the thickest crowds, frequently glancing back. He was smiling gleefully. He crossed the street, letting himself be carried forward by the surge of the people as the light changed. Shifting his course as he saw a streetcar stopping nearby, he sprinted over and boarded it. As he sat down, breathing hard, he said to himself, "Market Street Railway Company, Inc., I adore you!"

"What did you say?" The man next to him on the seat had apparently thought he had been spoken to.

"I said, 'I wouldn't have any company, if it wasn't for you.'" Silvanus opened his eyes wide and looked at his companion as if he were a three-year-old baby with golden hair.

The man looked startled. "Oh!" he said, and relapsed into a troubled silence. After the start-stop-start journey had progressed a little distance, the car began to fill up. Presently there were three women standing in the aisle, along with several men. Before long two of them had sat down in seats relinquished by men who were now standing in the aisle. The remaining woman stood by Silvanus' seat, frequently looking down as if expecting him to stand up and leave his place for her. For a while he ignored her, and then looked up suddenly, caught her eye and stared at her, intense and unblinking. His lips were drawn back slightly, revealing white, sharp teeth.

"Well," he said, finally. She looked away, tossing her head a little, with a grimace of distaste.

"Well!" he said, more sharply than before, "If you want to sit down, then sit down!" And with a swift motion he grabbed her around the waist from behind and pulled her down onto his lap. She screamed. Three men rose as one from their seats and said, "Hey!" The lady struggled hard, and in a moment with an exasperated look Silvanus let her go, in fact, pushed her from him.

"All right, stand up again, stupid," he said, and compressing his lips he looked out the window. "I never cared much for you, anyhow."

The lady screamed again, this time putting her mind to it. The car jerked to a stop and the motorman turned around with a characteristically sour expression on his face.

"This man attacked me," the lady gasped. Her distracted gaze swept around the car. "Are you men going to stand there and not do anything? You saw everything . . ."

One man stepped up, "I'll take care of him," he said. "Listen here, fellow. What do you mean . . .?"

Silvanus had not appeared to notice the trouble he had caused and continued to stare morosely out the window. Feeling his shoulder being shaken roughly, he looked up into a broad, blond face. "Say, listen here! What do you mean . . .?" the man was saying.

"Why do you keep saying that?" snapped Silvanus. "You certainly sound silly!" He started to get up but was pushed back by a big hand on his shoulder.

"You're pretty free with your tongue, aren't you?" said the blond man. "You think you're pretty smart, don't you?" He pushed Silvanus again. This time Silvanus pushed back, neatly hooking his foot behind the other's ankle as he did so. The blond man sprawled in the aisle. Everybody got up and began to make a noise. The motorman was coming back into the car. Silvanus thought it best to leave, which he did, impetuously, out the back entrance.

He did not look back until he was a block away; then, thinking he was not being pursued he slowed down. But a glance back assured him that the chase was not over, for he saw the blond man gesticulating with a policeman on the corner and pointing in his direction. Then the pair took out after him.

Without hesitation Silvanus rounded a corner and walked briskly into a store. It was a clothing store. He walked straight through from the front out the back door into an alley. On the way he deftly exchanged his rather battered hat for a new one that was displayed on a rack. This turned out to be highly displeasing to certain people in the store, and two of them ran after him, shouting.

Once in the alley he followed its devious turnings swiftly, finally coming out in a rather quiet street. He stopped and listened. The sound of footsteps were audible and grew closer. Just at that moment a streetcar came around the corner and rumbled up the street. Before it could stop Silvanus was on it. As the car went on, he saw from his window the blond man, the policeman,

and the two clerks from the store appear at the exit of the alley rather disheveled. Then he rode on out to the beach.

Across the aisle sat a pretty girl with yellow hair. After looking at her twice Silvanus leaned over and whispered, "My, you look pretty today!"

The girl said nothing—paid no attention. When she got off at the beach, Silvanus was right behind her.

"My name is Silvanus," he was saying, "but I suppose that means nothing to you. However, it would be nice if you could come to like me, even love me, in time . . . in time, you know."

The girl maintained her stubborn silence until suddenly as if coming to the end of her endurance she stopped and said, "Will you please go away!" Her voice was a little angry. But the real reason she stopped was to see what the young man was like, for she was not altogether averse to having someone reasonably nice to talk to for awhile. She was rather lonely.

"Alas, I would rather stay. And I always do what I like—always." His white teeth flashed in a smile. The girl almost smiled back. She found she had taken a sudden liking for this fellow. He had such a naive face; his smile was such a happy one.

"Well," she said, "if you promise to be a perfect gentleman, you may talk to me for awhile."

It was not long before Silvanus had gained the confidence of the girl. And it was not much longer before he had told her the things that had happened to him during the course of the afternoon.

"I am a hunted man," he announced solemnly.

"It sounds like the adventures of Harpo Marx," said the girl.

Silvanus looked serenely out to sea, for they had reached the beach. "I am one of his most admiring fans," he said.

The girl looked at him. "I like you. You're different. But you really should be careful about stealing things . . . and you ought to restrain yourself with women. You can get into a lot of trouble."

"I do what I like," said Silvanus, "because it's my nature."

The sea was warm and bright, with hardly a breath of wind in the air. The young man put his arm around the waist of the girl as they walked along the sand.

"Did you ever consider," he began, "in how many ways the animal kingdom is superior to the human . . ." The girl interrupted him.

"Oh, there's my aunt. I didn't tell you she was going to meet me here."

A woman was waving to them from across the wall separating the beach and the road.

A moment later the girl was introducing the pair. But when she saw her aunt looking at Silvanus she stopped short.

"Why, Auntie, what's the mat . . . ?"

Silvanus held up his hand as if to quiet all storms.

"Well, if it isn't my book-loving friend!" he said, addressing Mrs. Dolman. "I see you are about to bring trouble into my life once more. Here I was, striking up a remarkable friendship with Miss Langar, and you turn out to be her aunt. I don't see how I can forgive you for that."

You see, Miss Langar, the tribulations I must bear—more than a human can endure, I dare say. But not more than I can."

Mrs. Dolman was looking around for a policeman, but none was in sight. She grew red.

Silvanus turned to go.

"He's a beast!" she whispered to her niece, but the young man heard and swung around.

He adjusted his necktie. "I see no reason for denying that," he said, and bowed slightly. Then he strode off.

Miss Langar looked thoughtfully after him.

"I like him," she said simply.

He seemed to have heard this too, for he turned again, lifted his hat to the yellow-haired girl, blew her a solemn kiss, and went on.

White Iris

BY PEARL PENNINGTON

With a gentle cry the evening breeze
Moaned softly through the flowers and trees
Of an ancient garden that lushly grew
Near a quiet pond; the waters blue
Darkly mirrored the velvet night
And in opaque shadows reflected the light
And fading glory of a waning moon.
Along the banks of that deep lagoon,
Like white moths, translucently winged,
The iris bloomed with a scent that clung
In the hesitant air, but those fragile flowers,
So palely white, were to spend few hours
By that lonely lake, for they would die
In the faint moonlight, and would, withered, lie
In the oppressive heat of the morning sun.
Though their beauty fades, though their life is
done,

And again in that garden will they never be seen
Over other waters those flowers will lean;
They will live and blossom on another shore
For countless ages, for evermore.

Replacement

BY JEAN HOLLOWAY

Oh, seas I have loved, recede from my heart now;
I've taken a wife from a gay inland town
And made her a vow that we never will part now
(Oh, her eyes are deep violet, her hair a warm
brown.)

Send out no vagrant winds to recall me,
I will be happy to live with her here
Safe on the land where no calms can befall me,
No storms to hestir me, no typhoon to fear.

And, oh, I am safe in my calm inland village
From the sting of the salt spray, the lure of the
mist.

I've a haven here safe from the sea's angry
pillage—

As long as I'm far from it, I can resist.

Webster Rides in the Moonlight

By JEAN HOLLOWAY

There's a clatter on the cobblestones
On cold, dark nights
And the housewives draw the shutters
And dim the lights

That none may see the horses,
The shining, wild-eyed horses,
That none may see the horses
Dan Webster rides to his grave.

You can hear the clip of the horses' feet
Far down the frozen road,
And where is the man who would dare to meet
The horses or their load?

For they carry old Dan Webster,
Ghostly old Dan Webster,
They carry old Dan Webster
Down to a bitter grave.

Three abreast they ride the midnight,
Their sleek coats shining black,
And the villagers say the middle beast
Bears a skeleton on his back.

Oh, Webster loved his horses,
His shining, coal-black horses,
Webster loved his horses
And rode them to his grave.

Listen! The clop on the cobblestones—
Hear with bated breath,
For Webster rides in the moonlight,
He and the steeds of death

Three steeds blacker than midnight—
More terrible ever than midnight,
Carrying old Dan Webster
Back to a lonely grave.

The Bee

By JEAN HOLLOWAY

He is the most daring of adventurers,
Nature's own small Ulysses,
Who each morning charts his way
Across new worlds of flowers.

He is welcome at all the palaces
Of summer
The stately mansions of the lilies,
Golden castles of jonquils
And shy, hidden cottages
Inhabited by violets.

Each night he sails his galleon
Home into the sunset,
Laden with treasure—
For his queen in one priceless drop
Is the garnered sweetness
Of an entire day.

Galatea

By ELIZABETH HEMMY

You were a marble statue, hard and pure,
A perfect form carved by the Master's hand,
Placed in a niche where all the world might see,
And thronging past might pause to gaze in awe
Upon your face. In the brightness of the day
You shone supreme, a cold and flawless gem.
In perfect loveliness you sat, nor smiled
Nor frowned, surveying all with light disdain.
I passed you in the twilight of one day
And thought to see you yet serene and calm,
But in the shadows of a light half-gone
Your face seemed worn. Your head was slightly
bowed
To shield you from the coming black of night.
But in that moment of despair you lived.

Sonata at Midnight

By JEAN HOLLOWAY

This is the soul of Rudolf,
This, his desire and sorrow,
This, his peace and his anguish—
His thought of yesterday,
His dream of tomorrow.

Lay the violin back in its case.
Tuck the worn satin tenderly about it.
Lock the case and put it far away in some dark
corner,
For Rudolf is dead,
And his soul is dead and his singing strings
Stilled forever.

Time was, years ago, when Rudolf was young,
And the violin was young,
When the great pile of music was crisp and new.
Rudolf's fingers were long and slender and nervous.
Then the instrument glistened richly
In the candlelight.
There was gaiety and sureness in the way
Rudolf tucked it under his chin and coaxed
Lilting tunes from it.
Lovely ladies nodded their heads in time,
And sometimes their bright glances
Stole to the face of the musician.
Their eyes were liquid in the candleflame,
Their lips a soft invitation,
But Rudolf loved only the violin;
Its strings were tight around his heart.

He pursued the violin as his mistress.
He wooed her shamelessly
Before great halls of people,
And just as shamelessly
In quiet drawing rooms.
There was passion in his music,
Fierce, compelling, soul-shaking.
He drew a soul from the violin
Resisting, striving against him,
But in the end surrendering—
A soul that he called She,
Who to him was beauty, grief and woman,

Desire, fulfillment, repentance.
There was all of this in his music.

Rudolf used to laugh and say that he never
Captured her.
That she was as fickle and heartless a jade as ever
danced
On a man's heart.
She would be as close to him as his finger-tips
And then whirl quickly away,
Mocking him, throwing him a wisp of exquisite
melody,
As a woman tosses a rose
To a rejected lover.

They grew old together,
Rudolf and his violin,
His fair hair whitened, lengthened.
His fingers grew less sure,
And the voice of his mistress
Less steady.
Their songs together never lilted
But had a deep note of poignancy
That was muted with old memories
And old dreams.
As those who have no future turn to the past,
So Rudolf lived in the past,
Dreamed in the past,
And died in the past.

Lay the violin back in its case.
There is no life, no soul within it.
Rudolf was the soul,
And Rudolf is dead.
Tuck the satin carefully about it.
Lock the case and put it in some dark corner
Where he may find it,
If there is returning.

For this is the soul of Rudolf.
This, his desire and sorrow,
This, his peace and his anguish—
His thought of yesterday,
His dream of tomorrow.

