Palenque, the Athens of the ancient Mayans, encompassed the culture of a great race within its four walls. EL PALENQUE, the magazine, endeavors to assemble within its two covers a representation of the literary and artistic attainment of San Diego State College.
As Seen From This Issue

The thought attacked me this spring, particularly while working with the short story contest, that El Palenque is a phenomenon. In fact any magazine embracing the policies of every current publication from Atlantic Monthly to Saturday Evening Post is phenomenal. El Palenque does just that. Having no policy of its own to which it is addicted, any type of story may therefore lurk within its covers. Broadmindedness and versatility allows it to accept for the reader's pleasure every literary form. The only qualification is the writer's apparent mastery of a certain style and his ability to handle his material.

El Palenque attempts to offer a contest in a specific field for each issue. The short story contest held this spring produced significant results. It is evident that college professors and students have come to the realization that manuscripts may be treated artistically without suffocating popular appeal.

The staff is indebted to Mrs. Bell, Dr. Keeney and Mr. Pfaff for their excellent judging in this contest.

The Editor.

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Five
"... whom the gods love."
WHOM THE GODS LOVE

Riva Taube Bresler

RACK practice let out early yesterday, and I went up into my room. It was hot and dark in the room except where the sun made a splash of yellow just under the window. Outside I could hear Will Albright and Dick Johnson discussing a history test, and someone whistling "The Sweetheart of Sigma Chi." I lay on the bed, feeling tired, thinking back through all the things I'd done in the past four years . . .

In the desk in the corner, I could see Rod's dark, eager face peering out of the photograph, dark eyes burning into mine, lips curving in his determined grin. Lying there on the bed, I could almost imagine him sitting at the desk, working over some problem, that grin on his face, just as it was back in those fall evenings when engineering problems were something serious. I could remember lying on the bed, swearing at math and watching the straight line of Rod's back and the tenseness of his face as he worked over the problems. It was good to watch him there, absorbed, and I could still feel the disappointment I got when he finally leaned back, the grin fading into a frown. Even when I was aching for sleep, it worried me to hear him say, "Well, that's done. What's the use of studying for anything, anyway?"

It was because I knew him so well that I hated to see Rod lose interest in anything. Even before I knew him—back in my high school days—Roderick Carter had meant a good-looking kid's face with that striking smile. I think it was back there that I learned to admire him when he was picked as all-State end. I'd never played against him, but Swede Larson had, and anyone who Swede said was "terrific" was bound to be good.

So, always having that admiration for him—just from his picture and a high-school reputation—I started liking him right away when we were two freshmen rooming together at college. Even later, when I found out that he looked up to me as a hero, I kept the feeling that he had something more in him than any of the other fellows we met and went around with.

Knowing a fellow, living close to him for eight months, working over studies together, kidding and being kidded about girls, walking down together to get a slide-rule or a magazine or a malted—it gets you to understanding the things he couldn't put into words to tell you. But it generally robs you of that first, vague ideal you had when you first met him.

Somehow it wasn't that way with Rod. Meeting him on the campus, or seeing him look up suddenly at me in class, I always felt the same way I did when I stepped into the dorm and saw a big-eyed kid, struggling with the straps of a suitcase, look up with a grin.

And yet, I got to know Rod better than anyone else ever did. It was partly that he had no close relations—his dad and mother had been killed.
in an auto accident when he was very young. His guardian, Halstead, was a crusty old chap who sent Rod his allowance promptly and set me up as a shining example. I think old Hal really thought a lot of Rod, but he was always busy and precise, and used to look relieved when Rod said he was going to spend vacations with me.

We started our friendship that first year at college, each knowing the other's football reputation and going out for the frosh team together. It's hard to get a group of cocky kids sorted into squads, and the coaches bunched us according to weight. I made the first team, but Rod was pretty light, and he was put with the subs.

The coach still talks about the first day Rod played against the first team. We watched him take the ball and streak down the field, that grin on his face and battle in his eye. Even when, forgetting that there were ten other fellows playing against us, we concerted on a mass attack, we found an almost unstoppable player. Eleven men can't put out a kid who gets his kick only out of battling them. That very day, Rod was moved up to the first team.

In the showers, I congratulated him and hit him on the back with my fists till I was worn out. Rod said, "Gosh, I don't care what team I'm on, so long as I get some competition," and somehow I felt hurt. I couldn't see, then, how there could be anything but football, and football was only going out to win. I almost felt a suspicion—I was such a kid then—that Rod was a coward.

It was the same way when the frats started their pledging, and we were bid by the Sigs. It takes more than football or money to be asked by them, and I considered it the most important event of my freshman year. Rod didn't get excited about it, and sometimes it bothered me.

But I never had very much time to think about it. The first year at college is too new and exciting for anyone to get below the surface. And the next fall, varsity football started. The newspaper clipping of our first game is still on the wall of the room. There, yesterday, parts of it came back to me—"the work of two young sophomores, Rod Carter, end, and Eric Craven, fullback." Rod Carter and Eric Craven. Rod and Rikky. It was a good catch-word for the sports writers. They played up our friendship. Rod would grin over at me as we sat there reading the papers, and I knew that our friendship was more than a newspaper story.

But though the sophomore year was our first football season, I never remember the junior year as a football one. That year, we entered the College of Engineering. It was almost like the freshman year again, going into that strange building and looking up, almost with awe, at the famous men whose portraits hung about the entrance hall.

Starting in on that intensive course, I realized how much I had maturated. I had come to college, just a kid, with the idea I was going to make good in football. Of course, engineering had been in my plan, but that was a vague dream, a long way off. Now, football seemed to me just a thing to be played, four short seasons, and then forgotten. I realized how desperately much I wanted to build bridges and run lines of railroad across the desert. Figures and algebraic symbols meant something to me now—
wire cables holding a suspension bridge, and shining tracks cutting in a
great curve. For the first time, I really wanted to study in college.

For the first time, also, I saw how Rod had grown. From a kid, he de­
veloped into a handsome, quiet-voiced young man with poise and intelli­
gence—the sort of ideal collegian who deserves the notices and honors
he receives. Things had come pretty easily to us—campus honors that
were mostly titles and little work. It was surprising how I'd received so
many things because of a little gold football with the words "All-Ameri­
can." But Rod was different. Being a spectacular and inspirational play­
er, he'd gotten his share of campus recognition. But out of chairmanships
that were little more than titles, he could arrange a campaign for some
long-needed school want, and pull it through, even though it was nothing
connected with his interests—if it could be said he had an interest. For,
just as before I had seen him careless about football, so now he had little
interest in engineering. He'd struggle over problems when I had given up
the ship; but he never cared whether they were good or bad, once he'd
finished. It may have been because an "A" was a grade unknown to me,
that I couldn't see how he could pass by good grades without getting ex­
cited.

I felt even worse, when the other fellows started noticing his attitude.
It was just natural that he should be nominated for every office that came
along. And, being Rod, for three years he'd accepted them without say­
ing anything. But, when he turned down the nomination for student body
president, some of the kids lost their admiration for him. It was after he
had finally agreed to be frat president that I spoke to him, upstairs in the
room.

He turned to me suddenly, his eyes hot. "I don't care about the pre­
sidency," he said, "I don't care about glory or responsibility or the honor
of the Sigs or school spirit. What's the good of it all? All of you trying
to get me to go out for a Rhodes scholarship next year. I'm not going to.
I wish people would realize that everyone who goes to college isn't trying
to reach the top."

I came as near hating Rod that night as I ever did. Everything he
said made me have only the same opinion as the others in the house. I
think it was that feeling that made my junior year seem the most unpleas­
ant to me.

All that year and that summer I worried about his attitude. Some­
times Rod would look at me as though he wanted to let me know how he
felt, but couldn't. And I couldn't understand the most important thing
he wanted me to know. Then school started again.

There's something about the senior year in college that makes it seem
more eventful than all the other years. Feeling that way, and full of the
importance of being a senior and a football captain, I almost forgot Rod's
attitude—till we got the news of Clint Evan's death.

Almost every high school boy has an ideal who sets his way of think­
ing and sometimes his choice of a career. Clint Evans was mine. I had
come to the U because he had gone here, and the fact that he had taken
engineering had caused me to make my choice between that and aero-

And Clint was the hero of all the other Sigs. One of our most treas-
ured possessions, ensconced among plaques and loving-cups on the mantel-piece, was a paddle with his name scrawled on it.

It was a night in early September when we got the news. We'd been sitting around just before supper when Will Albright came in with the evening paper, yelling, "Did you see the news? Clint Evans was killed in a windstorm in the Andes, working on the Torres Altas bridge."

That evening at supper we spent talking about the tragedy. The others were still discussing it when Rod and I went up to the room.

"Gosh, that was terrible," I said.

"I don't know," Rod answered slowly, "I don't think it was so ter-

He had been pulling his orange sweater over his dark head as he spoke, and now he stood free of it, looking down at me, his eyes burning as they burned out of the photograph.

"No death is terrible," he said, "when a person is doing the thing he loves."

He walked over to the desk and opened his notebook, searching among the papers as he went on. "There's a quotation we had in English the other day, by Stevenson. It's stuck with me because it's so true. He says 'does not life go down with a better grace, foaming in full body over a precipice, than miserably straggling to an end in sandy deltas?"' If there is anything that ought to be on Clint Evans' tombstone, that's it. That's the way his life should have ended, working on a bridge, fighting against nature. That's the way he would have wanted to go."

He had half convinced me just by his earnestness. "But the tragic part of it is," I said, "that he had to die so young."

Rod came over to where I was sitting, and looked down at me. "Do you remember," he said, "when old Marvel died in the lab last year working over that culture? They said he was eternally youthful because he always kept that interest. And if he'd forgotten to keep looking for something, he'd have been a crusty old codger—the sort Clint Evans might have been if he'd lived and there were no more bridges to build. That's just what Stevenson says. He says that the Greeks once said that those whom the gods love die young, and that's what they meant by dying young—leaving this life in the middle of things, doing what they love. After all, Rikky, isn't that the way you'd like to go?"

He stood there above the bed looking into space. His muscles tight-

He stood there above the bed looking into space. His muscles tight-

"That's right," I said, "I guess we both want to be one of those whom the gods love—the way Clint Evans was."

Suddenly Rod's expression changed. He came over and sat on the bed opposite me. Just a minute ago, he had been the Rod Carter whom fans cheered and students admired—stirring and inspirational. Now he
was worried and defeated-looking—the person whom only I had ever seen up in the solitude of our room. "I wish I could be," he said. "Those whom the gods love. It sounds grand—inspiring." He rested his elbows on his knees and put his head between his hands. His voice was very deep and low as he went on. "I don't know whether I'll ever find anything in the world I care to do. Oh, it's easy for you. You love engineering, and you wouldn't mind losing your life building a bridge. But I can't think that way. Engineering's just another study, and I can't put my soul into it. I thought I might be able to. That's why I went to college, because I thought I might find something I loved. And I can't. There isn't a thing I might do that I care two pins for."

Both of us sat for a moment without speaking. Finally, Rod looked up, a half-smile on his face. "Lot of spouting," he said, "Forget it, Rikky, and let's get to bed."

But I couldn't forget it. Sometimes at night, coming in late, I could see Rod's face, quiet and calm on the pillow, and I would think of it. Sometimes, when people pointed him out as one of the big men on the campus, he would turn to me, and I could see his eyes, dark and puzzled and hurt. It worried me to see him wanting so desperately to find something he cared to do, and having nothing to interest him.

It was only when we were out on the football field that all his naturalness came back. There he seemed to forget that he was anything but the old freshman, Rod Carter, having no realization of what he himself really was. And being his old self, he was more of a player than ever. The whole team felt his spirit and turned out greater than ever. We watched Crete, Northern, and Middleburg fall; and we were at the height of our glory when we took on the toughest game of the season with Kingston.

None of us will ever forget the only scoring play of that Kingston game in the third quarter, and Sauer, in the huddle, calling for a pass play.

I often wonder what would have happened if Rod had been called on, instead of me, to receive the pass. It would have been easy for either of us to have received it, for he stood near me to block out interference. It was a deceptive play.

I could remember the curve of the ball in the air, and Ivy Norton, Kingston's great tackle, coming in to break up the play. For one second I saw Rod, like an inspirational statue, standing, his grin a challenge to Norton and an encouragement to me. Then he darted forward, and I felt the burning smack of the ball in my hands, and I turned to run over white lines and around black jerseys, till I grounded the ball in a maze of diagonal chalk lines and saw the referee raise his hands in the familiar gesture that meant a touchdown.

Then I turned to see the little group in the center of the field, and I strolled down to the crumpled body that the doctor was just lifting up.

It was one of those accidents that happens, no one knows how. The doctor said, "Better get an ambulance for Carter. He's hurt pretty bad." I slapped Norton on the back—his shoulders had caved in and his head was bent—and said, "That's all right, old boy." Then I stood watching
the stretcher going over to the sidelines, till one of the officials touched me on the shoulder and said, "Winter just went into the game for you." I wandered to the bench, half in a daze.

It made good copy for the sports writers.

We were all very quiet in the house that night. Only the table lamp was on, and in the corner Alex Ryka was playing something sad and sweet on his violin. It seemed to soothe me as I sat tense in the big easy-chair.

Bob Winter answered the telephone when it rang. He spoke so low we couldn't hear him, but when he came in, I knew what had happened. I said, "He's—gone, hasn't he?" and Bob nodded, silently. And suddenly I thought of that empty bed up in the room. . . . .

The supper gong struck, and I looked around. It was very dark now, and outside the street-lamps were shining. I could feel the blood throbbing in my forehead and the sweat, cold and damp in the evening wind, on my chest. It was the first time since that night that I had been able to think of any of it—even the little incidents.

I got up and turned on the desk-lamp. There, beside it, Rod's eyes burned into mine, and his lips parted in a grin—a battle grin—the grin he had worn that last, tragic afternoon. Suddenly, as I watched it, I realized how it filled his face and gave it but one expression—the love of the struggle with no thought of an end but only the desire to fight.

I switched off the light and went to supper, feeling like a conqueror. I had realized that Rod had died doing the one thing he had really cared to do with heart and soul. He had gained his desire—he was one of those whom the gods love.

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LINES TO A SAILOR

Because I sailed with you into the wind,
And felt the spray of salt upon my face,
And watched the misty breakers roll and toss,
And gush upon the beach in foamy grace,
So I remember you on stormy days,
When all the oceans fervor seems to raise
And pound away its anger on the sand
And lift its salty lips to kiss the skies.
And I remember breezes in your hair,
And laughter at the corners of your mouth,
And how you languished on a day too fair,
And left me for a head wind going south.

—Lois Stephens
IMPATIENCE

It is not always true that cocks hail morning.
Some make their cry too soon,
Deceived by the white steady light of cities
Or the strong-risen moon.

And I have seen anemones too eager
With haste to grow,—
The edges of their petals chilled and blackening
Under an April snow.

Oh, there are valors that mistage their moment,
And loves that show a bloom
To an unready sky, with proud impatience
To run upon their doom.

—Rachel Harris Campbell

CELEBRANT

The scent of the acacia is on the winds today,
Suaver than honey, startling as wine.
The bloom of the acacia breaks from the thin-leaved spray
In pendant beads of chased gold, yellow and fine.

Today I shall walk slowly beneath the grave young trees,
Fill my hands with dusty gold, let my eyelids smart
With tears, and so make offering to the old proud mysteries,
While the scent of the acacia warms like nectar at my heart.

—Rachel Harris Campbell
am not exactly proud of Charles Antoine d'Etienne. When viewing in perspective the life of this grandfather of mine, I find that it is little less than interesting; little more than sad. The d'Etienne coronet bears the words: "Ce Qu'il me Plait, Cela Je Fais," the significance of which is both dangerous and impressive. It pleases my sense of the dramatic to believe that the last title-bearer of the family was punished by the gods for the iniquities of his forerunners, who were self-centered enough to have formulated such a motto.

Charles Antoine was born in St. Etienne during the year 1860. The first incident in the life of this ill-fated youngster was the death of his fourteen-year old mother, on the day of his christening. At the same time, his father, Francois, unofficially disowned Antoine and followed Napoleon III into Italy. Thus, in the first few days of his life, the child lost his mother, father, and was left under the care of his grandfather, Charles, eleventh Comte d'Etienne.

For fourteen years Antoine lived in the languid peace of southern France. His training under the older Charles consisted of riding, fencing, hunting, reading, and the gentlemanly pursuits that were intended to prepare him for his future position as ruler of the manor and township of St. Etienne. Antoine developed into a tall and slender young man of extraordinary poise and polish. He presided at the hunt banquets for which his grandfather was famous; he conversed in many languages with the gay parties of nobles from Versailles. He was happy.

At the time Antoine reached his fifteenth year, it pleased the gods to hurl another thunderbolt in his direction. Francois returned from the campaigns and announced his intention of sending his son to an Italian military school. Antoine objected. Charles objected. Francois insisted. In the duel that followed the quarrel, Francois was fatally wounded and Charles was killed. The thunderbolt had hit its mark: Antoine was bereft of his only friend and adviser, and had become Charles Antoine IV, thirteenth Comte d'Etienne. For the three years that followed, Antoine, as Lord of the Manor, attempted to carry on the work of his grandfather and failed; he was too young, too sad, too sensitive.

A ship sailed into Savanna harbor and a young nobleman stepped from the gangplank into the land that was to deal a fatal blow to his life,—a land that was to take all the splendid beauty that had been instilled into his soul by his grandfather, and replace it with cheap, tawdry disillusionments. Antoine arrived in America.

It took less than a year for this young man and his money to be separated. He was no match for the clever horse-racers of the South. Sadly, Antoine discovered that he had been trained to enjoy living, but not to
make one. His early experience with horses, however, enabled him to ob-
tain a job on a breeding farm in Collinsville, Illinois, (about fifteen miles
from St. Louis). It was there that he fell in love with Amelia Beierlein, a
German girl, who was a citizen of the United States by birth. Antoine
wished to marry Amelia and take her back to his native land where life
had been more satisfactory for him, but she refused to become his wife
until he had taken out citizenship papers in this country. This, of course,
meant that he must renounce his title—the title for which his fathers had
so proudly fought; it meant, if he were to be a good citizen of his adopt-
ed country, that he must give up all the traditions of his own country;
that his allegiance was to be pledged to another flag, and that the old
Tricoleur, in whose shadow he first saw life and death, must call in vain for
his services. Very sadly and reluctantly, Antoine signed papers and an-
tered questions, and in time, Charles Antoine IV, thirteenth Comte
d’Etienne, became Mr. Tony “dee Teen,” citizen.

Tony and Amelia were married and had one son, Charles Antoine V,
who is my father. They bought their own farm, on which was discovered
a great deal of coal, and they were prosperous and happy—for a while.
The gods, it seems, were not satisfied. Again they pleased to train their
guns in Antoine’s direction. Amelia divorced him to marry a blue-eyed
Irishman (who, by the way, was not a citizen).

Seventeen years after he arrived in this country, Tony de Tienne was
worth more than one million dollars. He followed the races with his own
string of horses; he built the first race track at what is now Exposition
Park, Los Angeles, and he is credited with having imported the finest
stallion ever brought to this country from France. He became a gambler,
drinker and wanderer, whom it had pleased the gods to play with.

In 1920 he died; old, penniless—and drunk, they say. His life form-
ed the pitiful anti-climax to the long line of titled members of the d’Eti-
enne family. I have often thought I should like to give up my American
citizenship, go back to France and assume the title. It would be a charm-
ing, dramatic gesture for the last of the family to make—but I fear the
wrath of the gods and their sinister adoption of the words: "Ce Qu’il Me
Plait, Cela Je Fais."
TEN HOURS
By Ransom Eng

MARTIN, who is responsible for this story, is famous for two things. He is a veteran hunter and an incorrigible story teller. Others of his type burden themselves with guns and go hunting grouse or elephants. But Martin is always in search of matches. I suppose if one were to meet him in Saigon or Vladivostok, he would first ask for a match, then tell his story, and stroll out of your life as casually as he had entered it.

There are, I suppose, others who answer his description—about forty-five years old, tanned skin, and an air of self assurance. But others of his calibre seek adventure. Martin is always hunting matches. He uses them to light his foul smelling pipe.

Some day he will die; but not before he has asked for a match, and has told his last story through a cloud of tobacco smoke.

I met him one afternoon in August. Anticipating his first question, I reached in my pocket.

"Could I borrow a match?" he asked me.
I handed him the ready match.
"Thanks," he said. "I'm always out."

Martin sat down beside me and lit his pipe. I was silent, waiting for the inevitable story.

"Got a light for my pipe once by lightning," said Martin.
He looked at me, but I showed no surprise.
"Last year I was up in central Canada. As usual, I had plenty of tobacco, but not a damn match."

He paused to blow smoke at a buzzing insect.

"I was walkin' along the path in the rain, swearing to myself, when there was a crack—no, it sounded more like a slithery smash—and lightning hit the pine tree not more than ten feet ahead of me. I grabbed a glowing piece of the bark and lit my pipe before the rain put it out."

"I lit a cigarette on a red hot exhaust pipe of a car which had tipped over," I volunteered.

"That reminds me of the time I had to wait for ten hours for a light," said Martin, interrupting me.

"Where were you?" I asked.

"On Cordova island."

"Never heard of it," I said.

"I'm not surprised," he answered. "It's on the charts, even if nobody ever goes there."

"It's just a little pile of rock down in the tropics. Volcanic origin, I guess. There is a seastack in the cove. Beach is shingle, and the rock wall

Sixteen
behind it goes up for a hundred feet. Up on the cliff there is a ledge where a fisherman built a shack. When I was there, it was deserted. He probably left because there wasn't any water on the island. That's where I was stranded for ten hours without a light.

"Old Nick Barranda and I came to Cordova to see if there was any pearl beds in the cove. Nick was an old timer who never seemed to be able to find anything he was looking for around the island. What I liked about him mostly was that he always had plenty of matches.

"I was more interested in seeing if there was anything left of the wrecks that were supposed to have collected there. I didn't think much of the stories till I found a skeleton mixed with the wreckage of a rowboat. And next I found the nameplate of the Arabella, the yacht out of New York, which just disappeared a couple of years before. I was the first one to find out what happened to the Arabella. There was some schooner rigging there, too. Might have been the Mary Burns.

"I dug around on the beach all day while Nick looked for pearl beds. Early that night we climbed up to the shack. It was sort of cloudy, but we could see stars here and there through the holes. Then, after awhile, I couldn't see the stars any more. The wind was coming up, and the clouds were solid across the sky. Nick got worried about the water kegs on the Nina, so he went down the path towards the rowboat he had beached in the cove.

"After you get them lashed down, get me a few matches," I told him.

"I'll bring you a light," he yelled back.

"I sat there on the step for a long time thinking about the Arabella and the skeleton and the Mary Burns. I thought about how I would go down to the beach and dig some more in the sand the next day. The wind kept getting stronger all the time.

"In another half hour it was really blowing. I wondered why Nick didn't come back. I was worried. I wanted to smoke. For the tenth time I went through my pockets to see if there was a stray match there.

"Then I heard what sounded like the exhaust of the Nina's engine. Nick was warming it up. He knew I wanted a match. But he thought the Nina would be safer out at sea in case it was going to be a real storm.

"The wind had been rising all the time, and now it made the shack shiver. I began to wonder if it would stick there on the ledge all night.

"Then I went down the rocky path. It was pitch dark. Before I reached the beach I was soaked with spray, so I came back. Wasn't any place else to go. And after I did get back it was a tough job closing the door against the wind.

"The storm lasted all night. I couldn't sleep. I wanted to smoke. And I wondered if Nick had gotten the Nina out in the open sea. A few hours before dawn, I thought I heard Nick at the door. A little later I thought I heard somebody laughing outside.

"As soon as it got light, I went down to the beach where Nick had landed the little boat the day before. The storm was over, but a heavy ground swell was rolling in from the open sea. And there was the Nina,
all busted up on the beach. I couldn't find Nick in the wreckage. Washed out to sea, I guess."

Martin shook his head sadly.
"How did you light your pipe?" I asked him.
"I dug around in the wreckage till I found the magneto. Then I soaked my shirt in oil and managed to get enough spark to light it. Nick had brought me a light...

Martin rose to his feet and emptied his pipe.
"I found this thing in the wreckage of the Nina," he said. "I have carried it for two years. It's the lock for the port locker of the Nina. You can have it if you want it."
"No," I answered, confused by the offer. "Why don't you keep it?"
"I'd rather forget the whole affair," he said, thrusting it into my hand and turning away.

Martin's figure was receding in the distance. I sat there holding a rusty padlock which was supposed to have been fastened to the port locker of the Nina.

I might have believed his story. But something about the lock seemed familiar. It was shaped like one I had lost the summer before. Out of curiosity I drew my keys from my pocket and selected one. The lock snapped open.

Then I put the lock on its old hasp on my cabin door.

ON TIREDNESS

O God, I am tired.
When You make me over
From this me-clay that feels so
baked and dusty
I want to be
A fly asleep on the windowsill,
A book, or a spool of thread,
Anything.
Anything but a girl.
I would even be a man.

—EMILY GREENE
THE big hat box balanced gravely over her head. A shower of golf balls, materializing from thin air, hurtled in a graceful parabola onto her upturned face. Startled arms jerked back, too late for defense. Her finger tips had barely brushed the edge, yet this round and diabolical object seemed to jump forward from the closet shelf. Hitting her head smartly, it sprayed the floor with a litter of last year’s vagrant discards.

Mrs. Darlington had been too surprised by this concerted onslaught to protect herself. Grimacing with pain, she poised her foot over Jack’s panama and ground her sharp French heel through its meek flabbiness.

"The cozy apartment will strike you with its compact snugness and convenience at every turn," she observed grimly to the vanquished hat.

Abandoning the ruin, she retreated, stumbling as she went over two suit cases which Jack had artfully placed in the exact center of traffic. Seeking refuge, she found progress thwarted. A pile of shirts ready to pack occupied each chair; B. V. D.’s sat proudly side by side on the couch; Jack’s contribution. "First Aid to Packing!" Quite social looking. Irritation burned in waves over her throat, cheeks, forehead.

"Damn such a place, damn it, damn it! What a way to live!"

From the very floor rose the billows of Jack’s impedimenta. "What a dump," she thought. "Impossible to keep straight. No place to store anything. Certainly not our fifteen years’ junk pile. How could I ever have been fool enough to let that loathsome real estate woman coax me into such a cul-de-sac. Cozy, she called it. Cozy! Merciful Heaven!!"

Her mouth twisted in a sour smile. "Cozy! That’s good. We were lucky to find any sort of shelter in a respectable neighborhood at our price." She shrugged her shoulders. Surprised by a vicious twinge, she realized the hat-box golf-ball alliance had been accurate in its fire.

"Lord, that thing handed me a blow," wagging an experimental shoulder. "And my eye! I think every golf ball hit me there. Perfect shots to the green."

She walked over to the mirror. Jack’s hiking boots were in front of it. Ingeniously they managed to trip her. Steadying herself against the long pier glass, she dislodged his rifle. It fell with a handsome clatter. "Good thing it wasn’t loaded." She regarded it with distaste. "Who ever heard of poising a gun at the foot of a looking glass?"

She leaned forward to examine the territory which had sustained the golf ball artillery. A tentative finger explored. Not a scratch, not a blemish. "Well, it hurt as though my whole skull had been crushed in!"
Dissatisfied, she sighed her regret. "I'll carry no wound stripe for that battle. Oh, Hell! Let's pack!"

She picked her way carefully through Jack's all pervading offerings, swept the pile of shirts in the morris chair to the floor, pleats unfolding and jaunty arms waving in outraged propriety. Shaking with a chill of baffled impotence, she glowered over them. "Too bad you don't thump when you light. I'd love to hear you bang!"

She surveyed the scene, trying to be cold and dispassionate—"hold her horses," Jack called it. Don't waste time getting mad at something that can't talk! What rot! Her frenzy of irritation mounted till she felt as though there was sand gritting between her teeth.

A steady slide down hill - that's what her life was. Since Jack had retired the slide turned to an avalanche—gone past economy to sordidness. What chance had they had to save money while he was on the Navy's active list? One jump ahead of the sheriff all the time. Shore duty and sea service alternated, far-flung posts. Decent shore billets meant expensive towns—Washington, Naval Academy, Newport. Visitors, congressional committees, official entertaining! People had dropped from the skies, all with open mouths waiting to be fed. Bills piled on bills. They lived from pay check to pay check. Then the usual retreat to some obscure post; retrench, catch up, save up. Meanwhile the blue-bird carried plums of promotion over their heads. Officers in the lime light, those next the throne in Washington, got the gravy.

"That's the service," she acknowledged gloomily. "Fair weather friends eat you out of house and home, visit you out of bed and board while you're on the up and up! What's it worth, their friendship?" Heaven knows they had all been good enough, solicitous enough, during Jack's long, disastrous illness. She'd grant them that. At the hospital day after day, flowers, 'messages, Well - - -

She had been grateful. They both had. Heartening each other up with catch phrases about "friendship true as steel!", "spirit of the service." Lord, what bunk! A retrospective mental flick brought back the whole procession. Flower-bearers! All they had wanted, all they had been thinking of, was that extra number. If Jack dropped out, the next fellow went up. Promotion! That's all it meant.

Well, they made their number, all the fellows below Jack, the solicitous classmates who used to inquire daily for the dear fellow's progress! Then one by one the telephone calls, the Christmas greetings had dropped away. Parties were gone long ago. Those dear, informal gatherings where the men, with backs firmly turned to the women, stood nose to nose talking ship and shop! No one asked them now. They were a dead weight. No one cared what Jack thought, even those who had once hung on his lightest words. Retired—out of the running—done!

Their scale of living had shrunk. Gone were Navy quarters. "Once we had a house with fourteen rooms," she marvelled. Furniture accordingly. That was where all this oversize stuff drifted in. Then smaller places, apartments, flats, now this—shanty. Cozy! Antiques looked

Twenty
frankly second-hand in dishonorable old age. Period furniture—good old broken-spring period.

Pretty well picked over, things were. Only the bare bones of the original equipment were gathered around her now. And at that there was too much for this tiny dump. "No use looking at it and hating it. If I had the energy to pick my way through this clutter, I'd put some ice water on my eye. Heavens, how it hurts. And this mountain of pack­ing! What a time to spring halt and the blind stuff."

An experimental journey to the mirror. Still no wounds! She made herself a little ice pad from an old towel, and retreated to gloom in the morris chair.

"Hang it all, let Jack pack his own duffle," she grouched. If he's well enough to duck, he's well enough to pack. Certainly after I've unstored every darn thing we stored so carefully, de-mothed every smelly parcel from that inadequate trunk room—trunk room indeed! That ramshackle, abandoned, mangy woodshed. Far be it from me to indulge in a pity party, but I really think he might have had more consideration, taking himself off duck shooting when we're barely moved in. Such selfishness."

She dabbed fiercely with the ice pad, holding it over her eye. Maybe that would shut out the vision of Jack's sheepish and pleading face. Like a little boy. His eyes, that misty, puppy blue! They always did that when he came in with some scheme, preposterous beyond any hope. "And always I've fallen for it."

Resentfully, she cast her memory back over the things they had done, trips they'd taken, places they'd gone, just because Jack's eyes would look young and appealing and helpless. Up to China on a toot, from Manila. Could they afford it? "God no," roared Jack. "Let's go anyway." A toot to New York. "Money, of course we haven't any. We're buried at this ammunition dump three years! Why, darling, of course, we'll go. We owe it to ourselves," he had told her virtuously.

And she had laughed, saying, "Don't you blue your eyes at me that way. You know you overcome all my better judgment." Fun, of course they had had fun! Skimping and saving, then blowing it on one glorious binge. "Don't worry, Dot, we'll make out. Next month we'll save, have a big bank account by the time I retire. Twenty years to do it in."

Well, they hadn't. His mother's death, that long, long expensive illness. All the family's savings had gone in that. What little there was left, the stock market had taken care of. Now his sister. Wouldn't you know she'd break her hip and have her husband make a dash for freedom at this special time? Hung around their necks like an albatross—she'd be! Well, anyway, she didn't have to live with them. One blessing. Two rooms, kitchenette and bath was all but guest proof.

"How cozy you will be in here," that beaming hyena of an agent had kept repeating over and over again. The breakfast nook. They could hardly wait for the fatuous female to leave before delightedly assuring each other that the nook had undoubtedly been built to house a garbage pail, "and a damn tight squeeze at that," Jack had boomed cheerily. That was two weeks ago. The nook was not so cheery now, nor any other por-
tion of their miserable domain. Out at the wrong end of town, down a mud road, a view not quite over the city dumps, though all but. "Love among the ash cans," Jack called it.

She picked her way through the mess on the floor to the window, pulled the shade, let it snap up in order fully to savor the outlook. She knew that she was deliberately wallowing in misery as she surveyed the shabby street. The rapidly deepening twilight could not disguise the fact that when you had said "respectable," the last possible compliment had been paid, and not so much respectable as worthy, she taunted it. "A fine bit of landscape!"

Better stop this idiotic grousing and start in on Jack's packing. Poor devil. It was the only bit of pleasure that had come his way for many a moon. She musn't act like a dog in the manger. It was pretty decent after all for O'Shea to make this big hole in his leave just to take Jack out duck shooting. Pretty decent, too, the way he had put it. "Lend me the old fellow for a ten day trip. He and I haven't had a chance to go ducking, it must be twenty years come Michaelmas. I'll take the best care of him. Return him safe and sound. You wouldn't be so hard-hearted as to refuse me a little favor like that, now would you?" he had blarneyed.

All in a glow from the feeling that they were doing a favor to O'Shea, who was going to the top of the heap sure as shootin', they both said, "yes."

"I oughtn't to leave you with all this settling to do. I'm just a dog to go," he protested, but his eyes turned misty blue.

"There's not so much settling as unsettling. It's a Chinese puzzle," she'd explained to O'Shea. "Sort of put and take. You put one thing on the shelves and twenty tumble down. Take twenty things out of the closet—try to fit one back. It's an endurance test. You can't help me, Jack, darling, of course, you'll go." A warm glow of love for him, gratitude to O'Shea made her eager. "I'll pack your things for you myself. Go on down and see about your gun and ammunition."

Her response had been prompt enough then. Now the quick kind of enthusiasm had been dampened down, as, one after another, difficulties in the way of quick packing popped up. All the warm, old, sheep lined jackets had been safely salted away. Everything with any bearing on a shooting trip had seemed to have vanished. Pile after pile of junk to be worked through, as one discard after another welled to the surface, always the wrong things. Through the entire day, she had been growing more and more irritated, more coldly discontented, more burningly furious with Jack, with O'Shea, with this miserable makeshift existence. "Not even a decent closet to hang my clothes in," she thought. "Men's clothes always bulge into five times the room they have any right to occupy." Two miserable, crowded, little drawers for me, while Jack's gear spreads over every inch of space in both of those mastodon highboys."

She made an experimental move toward piling up the shirts which she had brusquely hurled to the floor. Heavens, what a twinge! Her shoulder again. That loathsome hat box. It might have—but un-
doubtedly hadn't—broken a bone. Her eye hurt. It hurt like 'the very devil. It seemed impossible it had not been cut open. She touched it gingerly. The door opened. Jack and O'Shea switching on lights, overflowing with great big, hearty, cheerful sounds of greeting.

"What are you doing, glooming here in the dark?" they boomed. "All packed?"—then startled exclamations. "Merciful Heaven, Dot! What happened?"

She blinked in the bright light. Her eyes felt tiny and slitlike. "Happened?" she parroted, aggrieved. "Packed?" To think that they had expected her to find things and then pack them in this gruesomely cramped place. All ready, indeed!

"Your eye," Jack's voice was full of concern as he slipped his arm around her shoulders, tipped her head toward the light. "My poor honey, what have you done to yourself?"

Dimly she caught O'Shea's expression of grave concern. "Raw beef," he pronounced. "Best thing in the world for a black eye. I'll get some."

Efficient, he produced the evil smelling thing. They snuggled her down in the big chair, Jack making little, soft, distressed noises. They propped her feet up on a stool which they miraculously emptied. They tucked pillows busily into the wrong corners of her back, evolving them astoundingly from a couch which had previously seemed the exclusive nesting place of B. V. D.'s and shorts. Trotting back and forth to the kitchen, with bowls of ice, rolls of gauze bandage—incredible—orderly bustle! O'Shea had tied a horrible damp rosette of beefsteak firmly over her eye. She looked ridiculous. Laughable. Now she could hear them buzz—buzz—in the kitchen,—no, the kitchenette. How could they both get in there, those two enormous things? "It's because they don't mind," she decided. Same way they can patter and snort up and down this room and never touch a thing. They don't even know it's crowded."

She sneered and hated them both. She could hear them plainly. "Of course I won't go. Poor girl, her eye is back as ink." O'Shea now. ... So it would be like this for days, would it? What an asinine picture she must make. No use yanking off this damnable beefsteak rosette. ... Equally absurd looking with or without. ... The crowning insult, really. A black eye! "If they don't get out of here, I think I'll go mad!" Determined, she confronted them.

"You've got to go," she said. "I cannot bear it. I cannot stand having you peer at my black eye. I think I will have hysterics if you stay."

Shocked, they protested impotently. Efficiently they packed, lugged bags to the car. Miraculously, she was alone.

* * * * *

"The apartment will fascinate you by its coziness and compactness," she hummed to herself each morning, as she awoke. She sang all day,
puttering around the place. All her belongings meandered luxuriously through the drawers of both of the bureaus. These monstrosities in the tiny bedroom did not seem to shoot over so much space when filled with her clothes alone. Dresses swung jauntily, roomily, unwrinkled. Each coat had a hanger. What Heaven! In the kitchenette and the breakfast nook she cooked oddly constructed meals at weird hours. Men! She dismissed them scornfully. Getting hungry by timeclock! Eight, one, seven! No imagination. Just great caverns.

Once there had been a dining room with a maid walking around the table. But all that was just water under the dam. She had given all that up, put it behind her forever when she had married. Oh, they had been happy she supposed. Happy after a fashion, she grudged. "Look at me. Cooped up in this awful place with a black eye." To connect this astounding object with the unhappy marriage seemed a little abstruse. Mrs. Darlington realized that she was being unreasonable, gloried in it.

Spreading more and more of her belongings about, bringing them out from hiding, she thrust more and more of Jack's things into obscurity. It seemed a trick with a bit of magic in it. The golf bag! Heaven could witness that there was no place in rooms like these for anything as bulky as that. Down one side ran the lettering, "To Captain J. F. Darlington, the finest in the service. U. S. S. Oklahoma." How he loved it—and how she hated it. There was never room enough for the monstrosity.

And that fiendish radio, another white elephant. She had bitterly refused to admit its towering bulk into the room. It lurked now in the woodshed, its mahogany sheen blinking at her accusingly each time she ventured into that den of discards. "We could live inside it," she had shrilled, exasperated. "You might just as well try to bring in Westminster Abbey as that diabolical contraption. It makes so much noise, it will shake these flimsy walls down."

"I could tune it low. It has a lovely, gentle little note," Jack urged; but she had only repeated her March Hare refrain, "No room."

True enough. There was no room—then or now. She faced the idea which had skulked about her mind. "And no room for you, Jack, not in this sort of life. If I must be poor, if I must live this way, I can be more comfortable alone."

That was it. She could lead a more peaceable and more ordered existence without Jack. "I don't love him anymore," she analyzed. "I'm used to him, that's what it is. All that boy and girl romance—that was burned out long ago."

Her thoughts turned back to his illness. "You were sorry enough then," she told herself, "worried sick with anxiety. You cared all right." Some other self, the self with the black eye maybe, seemed to laugh. "Of course, you were sorry," it agreed politely. "Anybody's sorry for a person who is sick, desperately, horribly sick." It tugged her away from recollections of long hospital days and horror haunted nights. . . . She refused to remember or even acknowledge that they had been.

These days now passed happily, dizzyingly fast, but calm. Naturally
a person with a black eye could not go out. A telephone wire furnished needed communication with the outside world.

* * * * *

Its wicked bell broke in on her peaceful day, its first chirp since the hunters set off. Startled, she sprang to answer it. Not time for them to be back yet. Seven more days. Anxiously she listened. O'Shea's voice at the other end, frighteningly considerate, guarded.

"Nothing to worry over, Dot, just telephoned to warn you about the procession we make. Absolutely all right, absolutely. Nothing to worry about. Don't let the sight of the ambulance upset you. The doctors thought it safer. Just a little heart attack. Rest and quiet will fix him right up. They wanted him to stay in the hospital but he would come home. He wanted to be with you."

Panic in her heart. She caught the break in his voice. Quickly, efficiently, she slipped about the rooms, rearranging. The familiar sick room atmosphere. She knew too well how to evolve it. Bitter practice made perfect. Everything ready. The soft whir of wheels up the mud drive.

* * * * *

"Your eye is just as good as new, isn't it, old timer?" Jack's voice, weak, but again wonderfully his own. That eerie little whisper of the past tense weeks! He patted her hand. Don't tell me I mustn't talk. The doctor said I could just for a little while."

He smiled at her, that little boy smile! "We got fun. You're so sweet when I'm sick, Dorothy. I'd almost rather be this way than well." His glance strayed to the window. The sun streamed in. "View looks almost pretty from here." Jack raised himself in bed, glimpsing it. "You know, I think I'll almost be able to play some golf this spring."

Suddenly alert. "Where's my golf bag, honey?"

His glance swept the room. She reassured him, "I just put it away in the closet. It seemed a little bit in the way, what with me and the doctor and the nurse and O'Shea all romping around in circles."

Jack looked wistful. "I sort of like to have it around. It's nice to see your things even if you can't use them. Honey," she looked into eyes that were becoming misty, pleadingly blue. "He does it on purpose," she thought, bracing herself. "How about the radio? While I'm laid up, don't you think it would be fine to have it right here by the bed? I think. . . ."

She achieved a slightly battered enthusiasm.

"Fine! It's just what we need to make the place really cozy!"
ULIA'S hands trembled so from nervous excitement that she could scarcely fasten the snaps on her exquisite evening gown. Her lovely features were flushed and happy, and the tones of her voice were vibrant and eager.

"Mother dear!" she trilled, "Do hurry with my jackette. I've kept Reginald waiting fifteen minutes already, and you know how important it is for a dramatic critic to arrive on time at the opening of a new show."

"All right, all right," patiently answered mother, "I'm sure that you won't be late. It's just a short ride."

"Just think, mother, my first time at a world premiere at Grauman's 'Chinese', and I have a date with the dramatic ace of the Los Angeles Times! It's the biggest triumph of little Julia's life."

"Yes, Julia, but do be careful with that young man. He's the romantic type, and he'll rush you off your feet if you're not careful. You know these writer-people!"

"Well . . . . I sort of like him too."

* * * * *

Twenty minutes later, Julia and Reginald were seated in the magnificent theatre awaiting the rise of the curtain.

"You're gorgeous tonight, my sweet," whispered Reginald.

"If I were any more excited, I'd simply pop," breathlessly announced Julia. "To think that I'll be the first one to know what you think of the show."

"Now, my sweet, you mustn't flatter me so. I'm just a human being like anybody else," in a tone that implied, however, that he was much more than a human being.

"So much depends on what you say. The success of a play which may make or break actors, writers, and producers is in your hands."

A superior and deprecatory glint entered Reginald's eye.

"Oh, no, you mustn't say that. All we critics do is to tell the playwright whether he has written a good play, tell the producer whether he has staged the play well, tell the actor whether he is doing justice to his role, and tell the scenarist whether he has succeeded in creating the decided effects . . . so that they may all learn and thus do better the next time."

The house-lights dimmed down gradually; the low, rhythmic beat of the orchestra became increasingly insistent until, rising in a final ripping crescendo, the signal for the rise of the curtain was made. A ripple of
applause ran over the well-filled theatre, and the first-nighters settled imperceptibly into their luxurious seats for the performance.

The rise of the curtain had a directly opposite effect upon Julia's escort.

Reginald leaned forward slightly, tensed his muscles, frowned severely, and began rubbing the tip of his nose meditatively.

"Hmmmmmm," he mused impressively.

"Oh, what a lovely set!" exclaimed Julia, with a delighted gasp.

"Sssh! My dear! Not so loud. Some of my colleagues might hear you."

"But... but... isn't it a lovely set?"

"That table was used last season in 'Keeping Father Home,' that drapery was copied after the one in 'Bottoms Up,' and that Chinese screen came right out of 'Dr. Fu Manchu.'"

Julia snuggled a little deeper down in her seat.

"Oh," she feebly apologized.

Reginald leaned over and reassured her, "You'll learn better, Julia, you'll learn better."

Picking up courage, Julia ventured the remark, "Now I know I'll enjoy the show. There's Garbo. She's so wonderful. I think that she's one of the best actresses we have, don't you? She's so original."

"Well, if she could learn how to speak English, walk, and wear clothes, she wouldn't be bad for someone who has no imagination, emotion, or intelligence."

A look of intense disquietude swept over Julia's features.

"Well, what about Charles Farrell? Do you think he's...?"

"It's all right," Reginald cut in. He had been looking intently at the character in question, and now he leaned back triumphantly to announce, "It's all right. I was waiting to see whom Charley was going to imitate this time. In his last play it was John Drew. Now he's switched to John Barrymore. God! Can't any of these people do an original thing! Sometimes I feel I must give up the theatre. It is more than flesh and blood can stand."

Quite some time passed before Julia regained enough normalcy to enjoy the fast-moving plot. Finally she tittered a little, and at his questioning look she exclaimed, "That line. It struck me as being terribly funny. I suppose you don't think it was, though."

"Yes, I do. And why shouldn't it be? It's been funny ever since Eddie Cantor first used it in the Follies of '26."

Nothing more was said until the curtain was down and the crowd was milling up the aisle toward the exits.

"At least it was a surprise ending," concluded Julia.

"Do you mean to say, my dear, you didn't expect that?"

"No... did you?"

"Why, my dear, that situation has been taken bodily from the Scandinavian play, 'Hunger.' Thank God this is over. Where shall we go for a bite to eat?"

By this time the couple had reached the street, and to Reginald's sur-
prise and discomfiture Julia coldly disengaged her arm and walked calmly in the opposite direction from his car.

"Why . . . where are you going?" he breathlessly demanded, as he caught up with her.

"I'm going down here to catch a street-car for home."
"But—I can't understand this—I'll take you home."
"You'll never take me anywhere again," was the firm answer.
"But you can't do this to me," he cried.
"Dear me, why can't people be original? That line was used by Ibsen over and over again," she came back angrily.
"Ah, but you don't understand."
"Right out of Moliere."
"Don't play with my affections!" he frantically cried.

Julia turned away muttering to herself in disgust, "Ah, Sax Rhomer, Owen Davis, and Van Dine."

"Don't leave. I'm terribly put out by this."
"My dear, my dear, I can't help that," was the icy reply. "All I can do is to tell you that your lines are bad, that your production is poor, and that your acting isn't even adequate. In fact, it's rotten. Good-night and good-bye!"

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**GRAINS OF SAND**

*My words are like grains of sand
That perhaps you will sift through the fingers of your mind.*

*If in the illimitable land
Of contemplated beauty you can find
A single grain
To hold on the palm of your hand,*

*Recall the pain
Of April moonlight,*

*Or of the still desert dusk,*

*Or purple sand verbena in the spring,*

*Remember the delight
Of some forgotten morning's dusk;* Or see again

*Splinters of rain
In stunted desert trees that bravely fling* Their branches up against a gusty sky,*

*Then I can feel my ecstasy contain* Completeness, for it was not spoken of in vain.

——EMILY GREENE
VENING CAME and the beach was deserted. Wide and lonely it stretched along the coast, answering in broad curves to every contour of the land. Now that the sun had set and the beachcombers had long since taken to the hills, the shore was left to the wind, to the booming surf, and to the approaching darkness. Cool foam gently washed over the sand, cleansing the wounds of day, soothing the hot thirst, claiming as its own every trace of fowl, beast and man.

I sat upon a sand hill and gazed far out upon the sea. There I saw the peaceful roll of swells; there I saw the kelp beds, flat and green and smooth like mirrors; there I saw the tints from the artist’s brush: delicate shades of orange and gold that hung over the ocean, shades that deepened as they rose and then in masterful strokes, swept the horizon, leaping high and flaming upon that altar of heaven.

I turned and saw a figure plodding across the dunes. He mounted a crest close by and stood for a moment watching the sea. His head was held high; his shoulders were squared. A wild crop of hair fought with the wind. At last he descended to the beach, and, burying his hands in his pockets, he sauntered on, proud and carefree, whistling an air that winged its way into the twilight.

* * * *

The blossoms of spring gave way before the fierce heat of summer. Far to the inland the field lay hot and baking under the dazzling sun. In a crowded courtroom, the air was moist and heavy. A dull drone of voices rose above the wrigglings and rustlings of a waiting audience. Suddenly a head appeared in an open doorway. A hush fell across the room; every eye was turned upon the figures that entered.

Followed by two officers, a youth leisurely walked across the floor to a waiting chair. For a moment he gazed indifferently at the blur of faces. A murmur rose from the lips of the crowd as they saw the clear, young forehead, the deep brown eyes, the thin, well-shaped nose and lips. The youth sat down.

The jury room door opened. In trod the figures, haggard after a long night of debate. Slowly, deliberately, they walked, marching like convicts under the shadows of a gallows. A whisper swept like a wave over the throng and died away in the dome of the courtroom. The judge’s mallet sounded dull and hard on the bench.

"Has the jury reached its decision?"

The foreman stood up.

"It has."
The crowd quickly drew a breath. The judge went on.
"Does the jury find the defendant guilty or not guilty?"

Pulses quickened. Bodies were strained forward; faces were frozen and rigid. The words of the foreman were firm.
"After due deliberation, your Honor, we, the jury, find the accused guilty."

The word drove home. The rising tiers of faces sat in stunned silence.
"Guilty!"... and a whisper of awe echoed throughout the courtroom.
"Guilty!"... and there was a sob from matronly lips.
"Guilty!"... and a smile crossed the lips of the youth as he revealed a cold contempt for human life.

"Will the defendant please face the court?"

The youth rose and stood before the bench, his bushy mane proud and haughty, his shoulders erect. About his lips still haunted a smile. For several minutes the judge delivered a lengthy sentence in a stern, mechanical, voice that echoed sharply into every ear of the court.

"... and thus, William Morrison, you have been tried and convicted by this court of the murder of a man. And therefore, as only a just measure for the preservation and protection of society, I am bound to pronounce upon you the sentence of death."

The figure stood unmoved. A thin veil had fallen like a curtain, and now he was isolated forever from the life about him. A quiet voice from the bench came:

"Have you anything to say?"

The youth turned and faced the jury. One by one he searched their faces; one by one each pair of eyes avoided meeting his burning stare; one by one each body writhed in momentary guilt. The youth turned to the judge.

"Your Honor, I only ask for the right to a sea burial off Sandros Beach."

* * * *

Once again summer returned to the shores of Sandros Beach and the stragglers footed their way among the dunes and wandered along the wide and glistening sand. Then one day, from round the Point, crept a boat, slowly making its way across the glistening waters of a late afternoon. It paused. A black object was lowered from the stern to the waves. The boat rolled for several moments in the swells, then turned and made for the shelter of the Point.

That evening I sat upon the shore watching the twilight deepen into night. I heard the lonely cry of a gull;—heard the wind softly moan along the deserted sand;—heard the lull of the waves as each crest rose as if to speak... but only give way in a low "Swish-sh-sh-sh." I saw water, restless, as if troubled in its sleep. Then I remembered the boat that came, and paused, then went back.

As the shadows darkened along the dunes, I rose and fled in terror.
I DON'T THINK SHE CAN DO A THING FOR ME

Donnelly Dunann

I reached out from my bed and closed the window nearest me. The wind was sharp and the curtains had been blowing. I tried to close the other window without uncovering myself, but it was too far away and it stuck. Finally I leaned over the side of the bed and, holding myself up by putting my hand on the floor, got the thing shut. Then I stretched out— as far as was wise. I think I have shoved my feet through the end of the bed for the last time.

The clock on the dresser said 10:45. I had an appointment at 11:45. I thought I had fifteen minutes, until I ran my hand over my chin. Oh Lord, those whiskers. Chill water in a white basin. Early morning and the old men shuffling on the grey sidewalk on their way to church. Man's curse indeed. Maybe woman's is worse. But a man has to shave forever. Even after he's dead they keep right on growing.

I stretched out in bed again. I heard a bird somewhere. Whu crip, whu crip. Then a car came by. Rattle, rattle, rattle. The only place it didn't rattle was in the SATURDAY EVENING POST last winter. It rattled so hard that the bird stopped singing. That's all right. There are a thousand cars knocking to pieces for every bird singing. You can't make much money on birds.

I got out of bed suddenly and dressed, being careful to keep my feet on the rug. Then I turned some water into the basin and began shaving. It sounded like someone scratching on pavement with his fingernails. I haven't had a new blade in six months. When they get too dull, I use them for clipping newspapers. After that I don't have to worry about disposing of them. They are no longer dangerous. While I was shaving I thought about the appointment. I wondered if she could do me any good. Mentioned by Jung; written a book of her own. But she'll never find out what's wrong with me. I'll see to that. What a jolly little game it will be. Do you suppose she's normal herself? I'll be case 711—unsolved.

What do you suppose is the matter with him? Have all his records too. Very promising; something lacking. A banana without a peel. Culmination of the indiscretion of his family. No mental backbone. How do they expect me to slip one in for him?

I got down at 11:45 and knocked at the oak door. An old woman with a mop in her right hand said, "She's upstairs." Left handed maid. Elementary W.! Go on, get back to your slushing, grandmother. I went upstairs. Well, she isn't bad looking. Strawberry nose, corn teeth, and bat wing ears. But I mean, wholesome.

Thirty-one
I sat down on a sofa, and she leaned over a marble table and put her chin on her fists. Ah, for Hogarth. No, the place is too clean.

"Now, tell me all about it. How did you get this way?"

No, you tell me all about it. How did you get this way? I mean your ears. They were the first things Dr. Slop was able to find? Yes?

"Well, you see we were in a small room together. I had the curtains down and it was dark. I kept thinking some one would come. Some one came all right. The woman who rented the room."

"Yes?"

"I got up and put my wrists under the cold water faucet. After a little I raised the curtains quietly and opened the door. That was all there was to it. Ever since that time I've been this way. Do you think you can straighten me out?"

"I believe I recognize the trouble. Come over here. Sit down. Write what comes into your head when you hear these words. I want to know more about you."

Oh, so that's it: subconscious reactions. I know something about them. You won't catch me.

"What a vocabulary. It's a good thing I can spell."

That's what you think; it doesn't make a snap of difference. I'd never know.

We're off: women—indeed; blue—sea; tramp—rail; Galsworthy—Smith; lace—gallery; sex—Popeye; pig—grunt; house—radio.

"I don't understand it. Your reactions are swift — except in two places: father and Nirvana." She sat back in her chair and looked at me.

"I can explain that." You fathead. Don't you know I had to leave a couple of blanks? All your good words I answered quickly. You'll never know what ones they were. "I did not answer to father because the word calls up a picture. I did not know how to interpret the reaction; so I said nothing."

"Nirvana?"

"Didn't know whether you said Nirvana or Evana; so I let it go."

"Well, we'll get you yet. Here, put your arm in this sling. Now you read to me and let your arm draw or write whatever it wants to."

"What do you say to putting the arm I use for writing in the sling?"

I asked.

"Pardon me," she said. And she put my other arm in the sling.

Anything but Twain and INNOCENTS ABROAD. How about the STATESMEN'S YEARBOOK?

There, that's better. THE MAYOR OF CASTERBRIDGE. The irony of it. Hardy is a pessimist. Hardy hangs his characters on closet doors. Hardy had two pictures in his house. One of Shelley and one of Hardy.

Now listen to me read: "'I must go rather a long way back', said Lucetta, the difficulty of explaining herself satisfactorily to the pondering one beside her growing more apparent at each syllable. 'You remember that trying case of conscience I told you of some time ago—about the first lover, and the second lover?""

After a little my arm started to move.
She was puzzled. "You don't seem to draw anything but rabbits. What is on your mind?"

I'm no fonder of my subconscious mind than you are. What would you like me to do for you? A Cadillac? Better taste if you had said Lancia. Now I'll draw Peter. McGregor is outside of the paper. You can't see him for that reason.

"Well, we haven't got very far today. You take this outline. It will show you how to relax. An hour a day."

Nothing relaxes me like beer, lady. I do not need your chart. I'm relaxing throughout my entire body. During this period of rest a process of reeducation is going on by which - . If I could only get under the edges of this subconscious mind of mine I could do anything. Even spell. But no one around here is smooth enough to slip anything under its edges. An hour a day; on my back: a process of reeducation - - .

"And come back Wednesday at twelve," she said.

Ah, yes, Wednesday at twelve. We will play some more games. I'll draw some deer for you next time.

How can she know I practiced drawing rabbits before I came?

I went down to the park from there, carrying a book with me. It must have been Meredith because I did not open it.

A lean bloke was resting against a fir tree. I looked at his book.

"Studying German?"

"Jah."

"Jah, jah; Ich liebe dich; qualquabbe von gassenjunge. Anything but Sanskrit and English."

"So, you want work. Just about starved. Been eating corn meal for two weeks. Come back Wednesday at twelve. My dad has lots of money. I'll find something for you. Come back Wednesday at twelve— and bring your German book."

I walked home and sat down and thought about it. I really don't think she can do a thing for me.
I think it uniquely fitting that, in spite of my family's opposition, I named our principal cat Urukagina. Nor was naming our Siamese fighting jewel fish Tiglath-Pileser mere coincidence; for Urukagina indeed was king of Babylon long before either Tiglath-Pileser I or II were kings of Assyria.

Tiglath's name for a sliver of a fish, ill-tempered and fiery with opals, was no whim. He was tough—so tough that I suspect a certain kind friend of having presented me with him chiefly to maintain the favour of his domestic gods. I accepted him gladly, heard all warnings, and welcomed all advice. I listened to prophecies (which, however, the fates vetoed) to the effect that were I to place him in such and such a bowl, and feed him so and so, he would grow thus and thus. And with all due tenderness and precaution I placed him near the foot pedals of the car, buttressed his container with parcels, and, except for a minor upset when the car suddenly obeyed a stop-signal, brought him safely home.

The unceremoniousness and jolting unavoidable in travel temporarily subdued him. He remained in startled, rigid suspension, rather well toward the bottom of the jar, and, I fancy, near enough to a sprig of water plant to wind a steadying fin or tail about a leaf, in case of serious upset to his environment.

He remained in this mood until I put him into a larger bowl. Then he began to show annoyance. The bowl was right and round enough, heaven knows! There were his water plants; there were a couple of stones for him to sulk behind, if he chose; there was sand, both coarse and fine; there was plenty of new water. In fact, he should have been as happy as a goldfish can be, with no duties but swimming round and round and striking defiant attitudes. But instead, as soon as he had appraised the new scenery with a cold, fishy stare, he kept darting angrily at the sides of the bowl. Either he saw the reflection of an ill-tempered fish whenever he saw the sides of the bowl—so runs my theory—or he knew that Urukagina the Babylonian was somewhere near Tiglath the Assyrian.

Now once upon a time Urukagina the Babylonian might well have been named Sir Mordred. Left to his own devices indoors, this rascally cat had earned very unsavoury repute in a previous tragedy with two other goldfish, Lancelot and Guinevere.

"Alas," Sir Thomas Malory prophetically groaned some centuries ago, "that double traitor Sir Mordred, now me repenteth that ever he escaped my hands..."—doubtless when the double traitor was but a fluff of a kitten. Urukagina—of, if you like, Mordred—had grown into that kind of cat. Cruelly, heartlessly, he had gobbled up Lancelot and Guinevere in a trice, not even allowing the lady her option of entering a convent. And when I arrived, I found the cat under a chair licking its guilty claws; not
until after I had tenderly deposited him outside the back door did I notice the desolate and turgid goldfish bowl.

A cat unbalanced by such success, be his name Mordred or Urukagina, I naturally planned to keep out of trouble. For several weeks I prevented the fish from noticing the cat—for I wished the fighting Assyrian to forget all the traditions heaped upon him by his name, and to lose, by familiarity with me, some of his vile disposition. Indeed, I overestimated Tiglath’s pugnacity: I wanted to avoid a pitched battle between the goldfish and the cat. So I succeeded for a while in keeping each where he belonged, having no inclination to nurse either badly mangled fish or fiercely nipped cats.

At last the fates nullified all my acts. I went out and the cat came in.

I should like to write how the Assyrian descended upon the Babylonian, who was planning a strategic approach from the radio cabinet; how with furious squeaks from the flashing fish and terrified yowls from the cat, Tiglath time after time beat Urukagina off; how Tiglath, emboldened by success, organized a sortie from his bowl, leaped into the air, and in his fierce teeth seized Urukagina’s ear; and how, alarmed by shrieks of mortal strife, I burst open the door in the nick of time to prevent — — —.

But no. This is a chronicle of sad fact. When I came in, the cat was under a chair. With my usual tenderness and generosity, I gently placed him outside with his scrambled eggs, and not until I re-entered did I see that the bowl was upon its side and that the cat had already enjoyed his entree. Babylon had vanquished Assyria with scarcely a protesting flip of the tail.
THE TALKING BIRD
Wendell Marsden

The phone rang just as I finished setting up the last line of advertising space.
"Gus Parkins speaking," I answered.
Sheriff Peabody's voice jumped into my ear. "Gus—something hot, get ready—two minutes!"
I hung up on a dead line and wondered if the sheriff had been kicked by a horse. In a town like Seaville I prayed for news much as a farmer prays for rain.
I grabbed my coat and was waiting in front of the shop when the roar and the screech of suddenly applied brakes announced the arrival of the law. The sheriff threw open the rear door. A stranger, whom he introduced, was riding in the front seat.
"Gus, meet an old friend of mine, Mr. Smith."
"Howdy," I said.
Smith turned and nodded. There was something familiar about his face, but with a name like his it's hard to be sure.
I remembered the paper. "What's up, sheriff?"
"Old Captain Hendricks," he snapped over his shoulder.
"Murdered?"
"Nope. Suicide."
It was about a twelve mile ride out to the old fellow's shack, and by the time we pulled up I had most of the story. It seemed the sheriff received a phone call, about twenty minutes ago, from a guy named Phillips—Donald Phillips—claiming that he was Hendrick's nephew. According to Phillips, he had driven from the city to pay his uncle a visit. He had entered the house, when his knocking had failed to arouse the old man, and had found him lying dead on the floor—a bullet through his head.
It might sound like suicide to the sheriff, but my ideas were different. Especially when I remembered Hendricks had been something of a miser, and reported to have a small fortune hidden around his place.
Phillips was waiting at the door when we arrived. He was a small man, and mighty unpleasant looking. Eyes like shoe buttons. The sheriff introduced himself, then Smith and me. These formalities completed, Phillips led the way inside. Captain Hendricks was dead, sure enough. He was sprawled in the center of the parlor floor, a pool of blood matting his long grey beard to the carpet. A wicked looking automatic was clutched in his right hand, which, I noticed, correlated with the position of the wound.
The sheriff gave the body the once over. Then crisply: "Repeat once more your connection with Captain Hendricks; also your discovery of his body."
"Of course, Sheriff Peabody," said Phillips, assuming a fatuous grin. "I am entirely at your service, if I can aid in the least—" he broke off to raise his eyebrows at me. Smith was wandering unconcernedly about the room, smiling to himself.

Thirty-six
The sheriff interpreted the eyebrows.
"Mr. Parkins—a newspaper man. Mr. Smith—an old friend."
"I am the only living relative of Captain Hendricks," continued Phillips. "Since his wife died, I have been in the habit of making this a regular trip. The old man was rather lonely."
"Yes," murmured Smith, from the rear of the room. It was almost a question.
Phillips gave him a quick look, but Smith had his back turned. He was peering into the high beamed ceiling, which was partially shrouded in gloom.
"What in hell did you mean by that?" Phillips jerked unpleasantly.
Smith was unperturbed. "Nothing—absolutely nothing."
"You understand, Phillips," interposed the sheriff hastily, "your position involves you to a certain extent, but you are not implicated in the Captain's death. There are, however, a few questions that—-"
"Naturally," said Phillips.
"When did you last see your uncle alive?" The sheriff continued.
"About a month ago."
"You had no reason to suspect this action?"
"No-o-o," replied Phillips thoughtfully. "He had been depressed since the death of his wife, and I have believed him to be inclined toward melancholia." He gave us another nasty smirk. "Nothing definite, I am afraid."
"Well," the sheriff cleared his throat gruffly, "I guess there's nothing more to be done here. C'mon, we'll check your story in town."
What happened next will stay with me for a good many years to come. A piercing shriek, that set my spine tingling, and held us rooted to the spot, rang through the house. It was followed immediately by a wild burst of insane laughter.
We turned as a man to the rear of the darkened room. Smith stood with his back to us, and for the moment I could see little else. Then high up on one of the rear beams I noticed a huge parrot. The old Captain's bird, I recalled. It was swinging back and forth emitting an occasional guttural cry.
I glanced at the sheriff to see how he had taken the outburst. His eyes narrowed, he was watching Phillips, who stood stricken. Eyes wide—mouth open. Obviously he had never seen the bird before.
Once more that scream, then a babbling, "Don't shoot—don't shoot—I'll tell—I'll tell—Don't shoot!"
I think it was the sheriff's heavy boot that stopped Phillip's plunge for the outside. A moment later he lay handcuffed on the floor.
Well, that was that. I had witnessed a miracle. I said so.
The sheriff grinned queerly, and Smith winked. But it wasn't before I reached the paper that the dawn came up—so to speak.
No wonder Smith had looked familiar. He was giving a performance at the theater that night. Under his picture I read:
Theodore Smith
Ventriloquist
Thirty-seven
Carl Bower got up and put water on the pads over his eyes. His eyes felt bad. The light hurt his eyes. The pads softened the light a little, but his eyes still hurt. He rubbed his eyes with the back of his hands. They felt hot, even through the pads. The doctor had strapped the pads down with adhesive. He told Carl to keep them there. He told him the infection was no joke. Carl knew it was no joke. He would have known that even if the doctor hadn't told him. His eyes hurt like hell.

Carl typed another page. He couldn't see the paper through the pads, but he knew it was neat. He didn't have to check it for mistakes. He knew there was none there. If there was one thing he could do, it was type. His fingers were automatic.

He liked to type. There was something about the smack of the letters against a piece of paper on a rubber roller. He took pride in his typing. His letters were always black and sharp. They marched across the page without blurred outlines or pale insufficiency. Changing the ribbon took care of that. He changed the ribbon frequently.

His eyes hurt like hell but he had to get the theme done. If he didn't get it done, Old J. J. would get off one of his nasty, sarcastic cracks when the class met. He couldn't stand that. Old J. J. was worse than sore eyes. Old J. J. got under his skin.

When Old J. J. cleared his throat, it made him see red. When he looked over his glasses with a cold smile and said, "Let us hear what Mr. Bower has to say on the subject," his stomach gathered itself into a hard ball beneath his belt and his throat tightened up. His throat tightened up like that when he kept himself from socking someone who rubbed him the wrong way.

Old J. J. rubbed him the wrong way. The friction had worn a raw spot the size of a hat. No one in the class knew about it. Dutch Borst didn't know about it—Dutch was his roommate. He still had his pride. He took it all with a smile. It was a forced smile. Sometimes it was a little twisted. But it was a smile and it saved his face.

No one knew that the smile was forced and twisted, except Old J. J. Old J. J. knew. Carl knew that he knew, and that made it worse.

When he got up to tell the class "what he had to say on the subject," he gave Old J. J. look for look across the four rows of heads that separated them. It reminded Carl of the dotted lines, with daggers at regular intervals, that cartoonists drew to indicate visual hatred.

The typewriter sputtered to a stop. He pulled the paper from under the roller. He felt around for the rest of the sheets. They were in a pile by the typewriter. He fastened the pile together with a clip. He held the pile down with his left hand and counted the sheets with his right hand. There were seven pages. He felt all around the table. He found an eraser. He found an oil can and a stiff brush. Dutch had been cleaning the mach-
ine. Dutch was a good egg but he never put anything away. He never put anything back where he found it. Carl pulled the table drawer open and put the eraser, the oil can and the brush in the drawer. Then he got up and put more water on the pads over his eyes.

He filled the toothbrush mug with water and put it on the floor by the chair. He let his head fall back at an angle. When he held it back, his eyes didn't throb. He listened to the noises coming through the open window. When his eyes got too hot, he dipped his fingers into the tooth mug and wet the pads again.

Old J. J. was coming after the theme at five o'clock. He had sent a note by Dutch, telling him he couldn't get over to the English department to drop the theme in the theme box. If Old J. J. didn't come, he probably could work the English department for a passing grade anyhow. He could prove he had it done. He could show them a written notice from the doctor about his eyes.

Somebody came down the hall and knocked on the door. 
"All right," Carl said. "All right."
He heard the door open. Somebody came in and closed the door.
"Well, Carl," it was Old J. J., "You seem to be rather bunged up."
"Eye infection," Carl said. He didn't feel like talking to Old J. J.

The pads on his eyes made him feel foolish.
He said, "Theme's on the table."
"My, my," Old J. J. said. "Such devotion to duty! Your eyes - - "
"Didn't use my eyes," Carl said. "Used the touch system."
He wanted Old J. J. to get out. Talking made his eyes hurt. They hurt so bad, they made his stomach feel queer. He mustn't get sick at his stomach in front of Old J. J. He closed his mouth tight.
He heard the rustle of paper. Old J. J. was looking at the theme.
The papers stopped rustling. The room was quiet. Old J. J. must be reading the theme. Why didn't he read it at home? Why did he have to stand there like a ninny? Why didn't he get to hell out of the room?
"Did you type this yourself, Carl?" Old J. J. sounded queer. His voice didn't sound like Old J. J.
"I just finished it about ten minutes ago," Carl said.
Old J. J. didn't say anything. Carl heard him at the table. What was he doing at the table? Why didn't he go home?
"I guess we'll have to give you a passing grade on this. In a lot of ways, it's the best theme you've done." Carl said, "Yes, sir." He wouldn't thank Old J. J. It must have hurt Old J. J. to say it.
Old J. J. went out and closed the door. Carl got up and got a pillow. He put it under his head and felt better. After a while the gym clock struck six times.
Then it struck the quarter hour and Dutch came in and splashed in the wash basin. He could hear Dutch blowing the soap out of his eyes. Dutch got a towel and come over to the chair.

Thirty-nine
"Well, Big Shorty," Dutch said, "when you gonna start in on the theme? I'll fix the old riveting machine up for you."

"I've finished the theme," Carl said. "Old J. J. came over and got it. He gave me a pass."

Dutch was quiet for a minute. Then he said, "My God!" in a strangled voice.

"Well," Carl said, "What's the matter? What's eatin' you?"

"Carl!"

"Yes?"

"There's no ribbon in the typewriter. I forgot to put it back this morning."

GATEWAYS

I knew a cold abiding filled the room
And touched his couch and took him, and they went
With fierce long strides along the clouds—all wild;
And winter-grey and fleet and turbulent
His soul loomed once against the dark cloud drift. I saw; my heart was bitterly defiled.

I stood against the earth that took the earth
And tried to shut his white beard from my mind,
His great, tall body and his weary eyes.
The thin, wind-driven sunlight shook the world
With chill and glittering hands. Dead god!—how can
I find his soul in back of all those skies?

My window looked upon the new spring night;
The wind came faintly in across the stars,
Came where I looked and made my anger mild.
A far dark door came open like a flower
And many gardens came forth out of night.
A soul moved there. It was a laughing child.
KNAVE ON A BOOKSHELF

NITCHEY TILLEY, by Roy Helton

New York: Harper and Brothers (1934) $2.50

NITCHEY TILLEY is an account of a young mountaineer’s struggle for articulation. It solves for Nitchey his questions: What is man and what is the purpose of existence? The book is Nitchey’s fumbling for a personal philosophy.

One autumn night a woman came to a cabin in the hills of North Carolina. She was sick. Old Dort, the hermit who had built the shack, took her in. An hour later Nitchey Tilley was born. Before morning his mother died.

Nitchey (from Nietzsche) was raised in complete seclusion. By the time he was of age he had seen fewer than twenty people. He had not been five miles from the cabin. He did not know what a woman was.

In a misanthropic, abnormal atmosphere, Nitchey wondered over the nature of himself and of life. He had no help and no experience. Dort crushed his questions with sour answers. About all he ever said was to avoid humanity and its cities. Once he suddenly exclaimed, "Men want to work in dark places, you let them work. But keep the sun in your face, boy, and you won't go too wrong."

When old Dort died, Nitchey set out for New York. It was the only city he had ever heard of.

On the way, Nitchey’s pocket was picked. He nearly starved in New York. Finally he got work selling balloons on street corners. After a while Nitchey became disgusted with his job and began bumming. An artist picked him up as a model. When the artist had finished with him for the morning, Nitchey took up a brush and began to sketch. Dort had shown him something about painting. The artist was surprised when he saw what Nitchey had done. He told Nitchey he had something.

Nitchey’s art was distinguished in the way he was. Its simplicity, strength, honesty, perplexity made people stop to notice it. It was frank; it described what it saw, for it wanted to understand what it saw.

His painting straightened things out a good deal. But Nitchey really found the values he had been hunting for in an ingenuous young woman. He evolved his philosophy from her unconscious attitude toward life.

His answer was this: Live for today; grasp for no more than can be
GLASS, by Howard Stephenson
New York: Claude Kendall (1934) $2.50

GLASS is another of that group of books lately published which have turned to the American soil for their theme. It is not a tale of humanity struggling with and subject to King Earth. Rather it is the story of a man's single-handed fight against the Ohio transition from agricultural to industrial pursuits.

George Rood's hatred toward has mercenary neighbors is born on the night of his wife's death. She dies in childbirth from the shock of an explosion when natural gas comes in on the neighboring Karcher farm. Rood bitterly exclaims, "It was the gas that killed her. Them is the flames of hell."

Through the years he stands his ground, refusing to sell his land, burying himself in devotion to his farm and his son. He refers to the great glassworks that spring up just across the road as the "hellhole." He predicts that return to the land is inevitable. Georgie automatically repeats after his father, "You and me is farmers, nothing else."

The boy shares his father's animosity during the earliest years of his life; but time effects a change. Perversely, he soon succumbs to the fascination of the roaring furnaces, the burly Belgian glass-blowers, and particularly to the carefree beer boy, who twice a day makes the trip from saloon to factory with his little tin buckets of lukewarm, slushing liquor.

True to the father's prediction, the gas supply is drained. Rood's conviction that this would happen, that the people would return to their purposeful pursuits of producing food, wool, wood, and leather was the source of his serenity of purpose. New gas pockets are discovered elsewhere, and the glassworks across the road became an abandoned mass of wreckage.

Howard Stephenson creates a character in George Rood, without whom the book would have lacked power. The intensity and consistency of his resentment toward the invading industrialists is the keynote of the novel.

One day father and son were in the cornfield. Suddenly they came to corn stocks that had been crushed down. Someone had carried a great chunk of glass across the road, and heaved it into the field. The boy was fascinated, but the father scowled. Picking up the glass, he marched through his own gate, across the road, and through the factory yard entrance. The boy followed him soberly. Straight to the cullet pile they went, and the "great, green, jagged thing" was thrown onto the refuse,
while the factory workers watched. "Somebody throwed it in my field. Somebody that wanted to be mean," was all he said.

GLASS faithfully reproduces the wrenching and uprooting of society's old forms in the face of the new. The mood of the book is a tribute to Stephenson's powers of description and delineation of character.

—F. R. C.

ONE WAY TICKET by Ethel Turner

Harrison Smith and Robert Haas, New York (1934) $2.00

In ONE WAY TICKET, her first novel, Ethel Turner has achieved the seemingly impossible, that of presenting a novel of prison life in such a manner that it is a study in adolescent psychology. Having lived for nineteen years at San Quentin, where her father was employed, Miss Turner has a thorough grasp of her unusually limited field.

ONE WAY TICKET is less a novel than a view of a summer as seen by the young, eager Veronica Bourn, daughter of the Captain of the Guards. The electric atmosphere of execution days, the feeling of constantly impending danger, and the animal-like exultation of the prisoners when an escape has been made, are all felt keenly. In this environment, where life depends upon refusing to acknowledge the "Cons" as human entities (although one uses them as cooks and gardeners) a small community lives. Here wives sift criminals to find one trustworthy cook. Little consternation is caused when Veronica's name is misspelled upon her diploma; forgers are common and at her service.

The high quality of ONE WAY TICKET earns Miss Turner a position of probationary eminence. Seldom does one find a work in which the style is so admirably suited to the subject. The tone is competently sustained. Indeed, the very excellence of the work is the chief problem in the reader's mind. Is it Miss Turner's ability as a writer or is it her unusually complete grasp of her material which makes ONE WAY TICKET a work of rare quality? Simplicity of style is commendable, but to be worthy of commendation, the motivation must be of more than ordinary significance.

—P. L. R.

THE WIFE by Helen Grace Carlisle

Harcourt Bruce & Company. $2.00

With THE WIFE Helen Grace Carlisle has turned from the historical, that occupied her attention in WE BEGAN, to the very modern, with an intimate glimpse into a crucial twenty-four hours in the life of a woman who calls herself "a child of the city."

At the beginning of the twenty-four hours, Nina Cameron is entirely secure in her husband's love, her wealth, her assured success as an artist, with the completion of her Proustian drawings, and in the talent of her
young son. Basking in the sunlight she is continually thrusting from her the tormenting thoughts of all the sordidness and bitterness of a somewhat lurid past, determined never to suffer as she has before, desperately afraid of her lack of strength, if a crucial situation should arise. Yet, before the day is over, she is made to realize that even a place in the sun must be insecure, that she must suffer again as she did in the past, and that she can once again face a crisis unflinchingly. However, as such a crisis may arise in the rapid course of twenty-four hours, so may it be solved in a few short hours, as it is in this instance. This is weak perhaps in a narrative sense but sound psychologically.

The attention of the reader is consistently maintained by the force of the present difficulty and especially by the troublesome reflection of Nina. He is carried along in a disconcerting manner through a disagreeable recollection of past experiences. The staccato style in which the book is written is entirely suitable to the subject, but it is devoid of all literary beauty. The thoughts of the protagonists seem merely artificial devices of the author for revealing the past.

Like so much of modern fiction, this isn’t a pleasant story to read, nor is it profound enough to offer an excuse for its unpleasantness and frankness. Yet it is forceful and gripping, with the sort of power that depends merely upon a reader’s compelling curiosity to ferret out and fit together all the bits of detail of a past experience, and to find a solution to a present difficulty.

—J. B.

**NIGHT FOG**

*Night fog is the breath*  
*Of departed souls—*  
*Dank steam from their*  
*Ghostly nostrils—*  
*Grewsome reminders that*  
*They are near—*  
*Huddled in the gray mist*  
*Motionless as*  
*Stagnant water.*

—THAIS DE TIEENNE