El Palenque

Semester II
1938-1939
BEFORE YOU BEGIN

An apparent cultural and literary renaissance released such a flood of words and sentences, of prose and verse upon the editors of El Palenque that they have been forced by limitations of pages and money to include only a small part of the material which should, in fairness to the authors, be published. The job of selecting the "best" (whatever that may be) has been difficult, and certainly the editors have sinned in omission and inclusion.

There is much serious writing in this magazine. This does not mean tragical or unhappy. It means that the authors have had something to say and they have tried and succeeded (usually) in saying it in honest, adequate and original style (for this is a "literary" magazine).

We hope that you will find this magazine worth reading and re-reading. We hope that you will not condemn on a charge of triviality. And we hope that you will not condemn yourselves by condemning the magazine on a charge of over-artiness, over-sophistication, or over-intellectuality.

—THE EDITORS

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THREE DECADES NOW

As we look down the fruited aisles of years—
Three decades now they form of life and lore,
Three tens of years to garner fruit from bloom,
Each decade lovelier than the one before—
We sense the springs of spirit, hidden deep,
That nourished root, the branch's steady strength,
We touch the sturdy trunk, and know the tang
Of perfect fruit that crowds each branch's length.

And we are glad that with bared heads we walk
These aisles of friendship, grateful for surcease,
Where one loved traveller has paused to make
This pleasant grove for us a place of peace.

For Irving C. Outcalt, Educator
San Diego State College 1912-1939

-F. S. D.-

TOTEM

Homely black Aztec
Squatting on a chunk of rock
Flabby-lipped, ear-ringed,
Fat and scowling—
What good are you?

You say nothing—
—Just sit there
Taciturn and ugly
Gazing . . .
—Gazing at what?

Are you so self-contained
You'll not answer?
Who do you think you are?
Bhudda?
God! what an egoist!

You fat homely pile of stone
Passing for an ornament
Sitting in the grass and flowers
Just looking—
How I envy you!!

-Leon-
The heavy rain was misting away into a light shower, and through the French doors in the dining room the plot of lawn in the back garden appeared a deep emerald against the dark soil of the flower beds.

"Have another piece of bread and butter, Kathleen, and have some of my new apricot jam with nuts in it, too."

"Thanks, I believe I will," Kathleen answered as she usually did when her friend Mrs. Davis had her special preserves on the table. It was tea-time in the whole country at that hour in the half-light between day and night, and, according to the old-established but unwritten rule, the problems of neither heaven nor earth were considered great enough to disturb the sacred quiet. The large plate of thinly sliced bread and butter went around the table and came to rest near the hostess.

For a few minutes the quiet room heard only the sound of the clink of knives laid lightly against small plates and the crackling of crisp crusts now and then. The rain and local news had received their usual amount of attention and were being quietly folded and laid away for the time being as the warm tea softened the edge of worry and made the world settle down at the fireside in the late afternoon. Time seemed to stop too: When you had tea by the fire-side, it was like every other tea for the last fifteen years and probably would be for the next fifteen. You always said "Two lumps and no cream, please," then took a piece of bread and butter and decided what kind of jam it would be. Perhaps you ate another piece, but tried to leave room for the square cake with pink frosting and citron on top. Next you said how wet it had been that day, as it always was wet at one time or another. The only things that seemed to change were the hot coals in the grate where a tiny flame slid over the surface, and made you stare at one spot that looked like a tree or a face.

But time really did not stand still. The rainy days and the wet earth, the bright days that woke from the rain as fresh and shining as children's hair blowing in the wind, and the blue-bell woods in spring would soon be further away from Kathleen than many a day's journey. She was leaving them but her friends did not know it yet. They would be hurt when they heard that she had known it and yet not told them sooner. She knew how they would feel. Leaving England was like rejecting the hospitality of a kind and venerable host whose pride is in the welcome to his home.

"I hope I may always be able to see you all just as we are here together tonight, whenever I shut my eyes and no matter where I am."

"Why, Kathleen, why do you say that? You aren't leaving us by any chance are you?"

"Yes . . . . We are going out west."

"Are you really? How tremendously interesting. What part of Canada are you going to? And why haven't you told us sooner?"

"It isn't Canada. We are going to America."

Smiles of interest and congratulation that came at first, faded before this last piece of news. To Canada perhaps, but here was a perfectly good English family going to America.
"We are going to Seattle. Mother has a cousin out there who writes that the country in Washington is a little like it is here, and the weather considerably so. . . . Father feels that there is more future for us on the Pacific Coast."

"But you are leaving us, Kathleen. When do you plan to go?"

"It will be in about two weeks time I believe, if all our plans work out."

"So soon? Why Kathleen . . . . "

"Yes I know . . . . "

Time would soon shift into high and carry her quickly away from the scenes she had known as long as she could remember. Was it really true that soon she would no longer be walking down the street whose stones she had helped to wear smooth? Going away did not mean anything to her at that moment. Other people moved away, but things like that did not happen to her family. They had always lived on Bird-in-Hand Lane and always would. Home was just around the corner, but she could not hurry to it as she wanted to. It was as if she were in a dream, trying hard to run, but not being able to go faster than a snails' pace. Reaching the gate she pressed the latch, and heard it make the same sound on closing, that at five o'clock each night meant that father was coming in.

In the front door a man stood talking to her mother.

"Yes, a year ago when there was a housing shortage this house would have brought what you paid for it, but you can't expect it to compete with all those government built houses so near by." He was saying this in the same tone that all real estate men used in trying to be patient and understanding. The house was good, yes, and it was well kept-up, but buyers liked those new houses that were being put on land that used to belong to the old Bishop's Palace Estate. They were houses with shining fronts — white stucco with Tudor beams making dark lines across them in the front, and neat little hedges with gates at the edge of the sidewalk. The door closed, and the house was their own again as the man went away.

"We will have to take this offer as it is the best yet, and time is getting on. Then we will sell the furniture by auction," her mother was saying. Impossible. How could anyone think of treating their home that way? Surely someone would protest, someone would say something against all this. But indoors everything was as calm as usual. The big chairs were as complacent and non-committal as ever, and the cats were sleeping by the fire as unconcerned as usual.

Their little world was changing, but no one knew what was being done to their home, the one place that they had always been able to come back to after a long trip and to find something to eat and a place to rest in. The house had never failed them, but here they were turning away from it as though they could forget all the things that home had meant to them. Kathleen thought of the stairs where she used to sit and read a book when no one else was home, of the brass knocker which she hated to polish but which always looked so bright when she rubbed it as hard as she possibly could, and of the front step which was a shining white when she had put the daily whitewash on it. Would
anyone else understand the garden as she did, and know where the tulips and forget-me-nots looked the best in spring?

Packing started. Big trunks took the center of the floor in the front room, and chairs became clothes-hangers. Conversation came as questions. "Do you want to save this?" "Do we have room for this?" The cats were given away and good-byes were said to the green-grocer and gardener. At last going became real, as the house lost its look of home. The furniture began going out and soon the house would be empty. Then the trunks would go and the doors would be locked for the last time.

The last night was spent sleeping on the blankets on the floor as these could be packed last and the trunks taken out just before they all left. They awoke in the morning, tired but very much awake. Dressing was cold as no fires were lit, and packing was done in a hurry without breakfast. The trunks went in a big van which was followed by a horse and cab which was taking them to the station. The old cabman lifted suitcases through the open side of the little, high slung carriage, putting so many inside there seemed hardly any room for feet. As they looked back, the garden seemed much as usual. The square plot of grass, just big enough to step on, was neat and thickly green as if ever could be, and the wall-flowers were just beginning to bloom. A few steps away and it was cut from view by the tall hedge.

The slow and gentle tap of the horses' feet accompanied the rather unsteady motion of the carriage on its way to the station. Upon arrival, a half-crown went to the driver and the suit cases to a porter. An empty "No Smoking" compartment was found on the train and filled with luggage. The sprightly little train hurried across fields on its way to London. The endless series of Siamese twin brick houses made a sort of big gray ocean before them as they passed through the suburbs. At Victoria Station the suitcases went to another porter who this time took them to an old taxicab that looked as if it had seen its best days twenty years ago. "To Tilbury Docks" meant quite a ride across the city to the docks on the Thames.

A small merchant ship was leaving at eight o'clock that night and was open for luggage during the day, so hand luggage was put in the stateroom and left till the evening.

As it grew dark, there was much moving around on the quay and a line of people was beginning to form for passport inspection. What would the tall man and little boy be like? One man looked as if he might be a doctor, and the middle aged man with red hair and a big nose had a voice like a megaphone. Again time seemed to go to sleep on the job and to stand still as they waited their turn in the line. Once through, and going toward the ship, one had to bend awkwardly at the waist to climb the gangplank. Inside, the white walls of the corridors seemed very impersonal and transient, and the little stateroom was just big enough to turn around in. It was very stuffy and smelled of the odor of naphtha and the drain in the washbasin.

The dining room was a relief after the stateroom, but it too had vague of the ship's fuel, which somehow made appetite remain on land. The menu card was very long and gave the appearance that a banquet
was to be served that night. Even though the day had been hard, no one was very hungry and eating became just something to do. The ship was not due to leave until about an hour after dinner, and it seemed inconsistent to be on a ship and yet be near the lights of the city which were twinkling outside. After supper, exploring the decks seemed the most satisfying thing to do. To be locked in the stateroom with thoughts of the day was unbearable.

Slowly he ship began to move, and going seemed as real then as it had seemed unreal the days before. The sense of being numb gave way to a new feeling that was like awakening on the first day of early spring and sunshine. It was a sense of new things all around asking to be noticed. There were lights twinkling and twinkling, further and further away.

The next morning at six, the sky was an even gray, and the sea was crinkled and reminded them of the sea of roofs they had seen on the way up to London on the last day. The ship was steady and moving slowly. Far to the south was a long gray line on the horizon, the coast of France. To the north was another gray line, but this was more clearly visible. The cliffs must have been near Worthing and near the rolling Downs where they used to walk on Sundays when the weather was fine. The grass was springy and soft, and you got out of breath walking uphill when you hurried. Then it was good to sit down and rest, watching the view that each time became more extensive as you walked higher.

The wind on the deck was cold, and people near you held their coats close as you did. They too, were watching the cliffs slowly take their places in the past. Suddenly a flock of little birds flew overhead. "They are 'Mother Carey's Chickens'," said a voice close by. "They can fly clear across the ocean from America."

From America? Birds from America. Then there must be real trees and grass and country-side and places to go for walks in. Perhaps it would not be the completely strange and different place after all. The wind was blowing from the west; it was air from America. You drew in deep breaths of it because it was new air and meant for breathing long and deep, and filled you with wonder about the New World. It was no longer going from the Old World. Now it was also going forward to a New World, a real place that was waiting for you and that you were coming to . . . . soon.

-Winifred D. Green
Mr. Bother walks briskly down the street, imbibing the spirit of the morning. It was the kind of a day that made Mr. Bother (as he told himself) feel like a kingfisher sporting among the lilac bushes — the fact that kingfishers have nothing to do with lilac bushes did not trouble Mr. Bother in the least — he still felt like a kingfisher should feel when around lilacs. Mr. Bother sniffed the air, smelling the remnants of the spring rain that had fallen the night before.

"Jove, what a day!" Mr. Bother twirled his stick and walked more briskly than before.

A shadow crept across Mr. Bother's countenance. He had a premonition. It blighted the day. He looked uneasily at the sky. The inspection showed nothing but an expanse of blue broken only by a few northwardly scudding clouds. Mr. Bother shrugged his shoulders, but the feeling persisted. Mr. Bother was not sure what type of premonition was preying on him, but he suspected that someone was following him. Mr. Bother glanced furtively behind him. Usually when one suspects that he is followed and looks behind there is no one there. Not so for Mr. Bother, for his glance met that of Mr. Oscar Geldman, junior member and credit manager of the firm of Geldman, Geldman, Geldman and Geldman Tailors by Appointment to His Grace the Duke of Smethwick and Others Bond Street, London

Mr. Geldman gave Mr. Bother a muskrat smile and noticeably increased his pace. Mr. Bother pretended not to see him and walked more briskly than before. An unprejudiced bystander would have said that Mr. Bother no longer actually walked but was in undeniable flight. Through Mr. Bother's mind ran visions of unpaid tailor bills. He chanced another stealthy look behind. Mr. Oscar Geldman was in hot pursuit. Mr. Bother would not have been surprised if Mr. Geldman had broken forth with a deep-throated bay. Mr. Bother imagined he could feel warm, panting breath on the back of his neck. This showed good imagination on his part as his pursuer was still a lengthy half-block the loser.

After five blocks, Welsh rabbit and whiskey and sodas began to tell on Mr. Bother. Mr. Geldman was long and lean and seemed to be holding up well. Mr. Bother tried subterfuge. He slowed down, pretended to find something to interest him on the opposite side of the street — and then suddenly ducked around the corner of a nearby building and just as suddenly ran into somebody and knocked that somebody sprawling. Mr. Bother stopped — aghast. The somebody got up slowly, holding his nose.

Mr. Bother went into apologies. "You see — er, eh — I beg your pardon — er, but my tailor is following me — we had some slight misunderstanding about a mere pittance that he insists that I owe him—." Mr. Bother stammered off into unintelligible mutterings.

The man removed his hand from a rather large and distinctive
nose, and as Mr. Geldman just then arrived on the scene, the stranger seemed to take in the situation with a glance.

"Mr. Bother, so nice to see you this fine morning!" said Mr. Geldman, repeating his rodent smile and rubbing his hands together. Mr. Bother admitted that it was a fine morning but that he must be getting along. A fasting tiger, surveying a pork chop, has the same kind of glint in his eye as there was in Mr. Geldman's eyes at this moment. Mr. Geldman removed his smile and said that he hated to trouble Mr. Bother — Oh, yes, he hated to trouble anyone on such a fine morning — more business of rubbing his hands — but there was the little matter of a bill —. Mr. Geldman stopped and looked expectant. For a moment there was a silence as awkward as a first proposal, then the unexpected happened.

The stranger with the nose stepped forward and looked Mr. Geldman in the eye; glint and all, and said coldly, "I am Mr. Bother's gentleman. I handle all his dealings with tradesmen."

"You must realize that gentlemen never pay tailors. It is enough that we favor them with our patronage. Good morning, Sir!"

The stranger did a frigid right-about-face and said to Mr. Bother, "Shall we resume, Sir?"

Mr. Bother was only too glad to resume. The junior member of the innumerable Geldmans was left standing with a bride-deserted-at-the-altar look on his face.

An attempt on Mr. Bother's part to mix effusions of gratitude with efforts to recover his breath was a distinct failure. His thanks were waved away. Did Mr. Bother have a man? Mr. Bother did not have a man and it came over him suddenly that what he needed was a man. So Farnsworth entered into the life of Mr. Bother.

Mr. Bother looked out upon the bleak autumn afternoon and sighed. Frankly, Mr. Bother was worried. He languidly dipped his biscuit into a cup of tea. His thoughts, instead of being on his biscuit and tea (where any sensible Londoner's thoughts should be at four o'clock in the afternoon) were concerned with Farnsworth.

Take the matter of the toast, for instance. Farnsworth was admittedly the best toast maker in the Islands. He spent his time on rainy afternoons making toast. He would very carefully brown the bread on both sides, then cut the crust off, making the slice into a perfect square. The finished product would then be deposited in a cardboard box which Farnsworth kept under his bed. The toast was resurrected and reheated when needed. Just last week, on a rainy afternoon, Farnsworth had set about his usual business of making toast. His mind did not seem to be on his task, for instead of producing the usual squares of toast, Farnsworth hacked off the crusts in a careless man-about-town manner — and some, yes, Mr. Bother hesitated in his thoughts, yes, some of the toast was darker than the proper light sepia color. Indeed, Mr. Bother told himself, he had a right to be worried.

But the toast making, as serious as it was, was not all. There was the case of Jamie Mao. Shortly after Farnsworth had become indis-
pensible in Mr. Bother's apartment, Jamie Mae had dropped in with a message for Mr. Bother from their mutual great-aunt, Aunt Etheldena. Mr. Bother was at the Club and Farnsworth was loathe to let Jamie Mae in. Jamie Mae was insistent, however, and in she came. When Mr. Bother arrived home he found Jamie Mae calmly drinking tea before the fireplace and Farnsworth was standing coldly by the window, looking his displeasure. Mr. Bother could very well see that Farnsworth did not approve of young ladies coming to Mr. Bother's apartment—especially good-looking young ladies with bulges in the right places. Under this disapproval Mr. Bother had hastened tactfully to get rid of Jamie Mae. For two days afterwards, Farnsworth mixed very poor whiskey and sodas and failed to put Mr. Bother's slippers by the bed in the morning. As a result of improper liquors and the getting out of bed onto cold floors Mr. Bother had caught a cold—such a cold, even to think about it now made Mr. Bother sneeze.

All this had annoyed Mr. Bother, but it had not worried him. No, it was the change in Farnsworth's attitude that was troubling him. Only yesterday Jamie Mae had presented herself at the door and Farnsworth, without hesitation, had said, "Come in, my - - ." Farnsworth had actually said, "Come in, my - - ." Mr. Bother would have sworn that Farnsworth was going to say, 'Come in, my dear!' and had caught himself just in time. Farnsworth had been very genial. He brought Jamie Mae sherry instead of tea and then left the room with a smile that had something of a smirk about it.

And then this morning — Mr. Bother sighed once more — just this morning he had surprised Farnsworth in the kitchen doing what appeared to be a cross between a steeplechase and an African war dance. Farnsworth was humming some outlandish tune — every now and then breaking off to chant, "Oh, I'd like to be a jitterbug — !"

As soon as Farnsworth had perceived a foreign presence in his kitchen he had stopped immediately and attempted to pretend that some insect (perhaps the aforementioned jitterbug) had gotten up his trouser leg and that he was merely going through contortions to track the intruder down. Mr. Bother allowed himself to smile on remembering Farnsworth's confusion. The smile soon slipped away. Mr. Bother shuddered. Could there be a streak of insanity in the Farnsworth family? Mr. Bother was indeed worried — Farnsworth had been such a perfect gentleman's gentleman.

Mr. Bother could hear the subject of his meditations clinking glassware in the kitchen.

"I will talk this over with Jamie Mae," thought Mr. Bother. He rubbed his nose reflectively. "Farnsworth!" he called, "Farnsworth!"

Farnsworth appeared, wrinkling his brow and wearing an air of having been rudely jerked from some pleasant musings.

"I will be out until seven," said Mr. Bother, extracting himself from the tea table. Farnsworth absent-mindedly started to help Mr. Bother into a tweed jacket — recalled hastily that Mr. Bother dressed as he was not going out to golf, so substituted a dark top coat.

Mr. Bother eyed his man. "How is your health?" inquired Mr. Bother, trying to be very casual.
"I never felt better in my life — Sir!" The rather belated "Sir" was added as an appeasement after Farnsworth had noticed a queer glint in his master's eye.

As soon as Farnsworth had closed the door after Mr. Bother he took complete possession of his master's easy chair. He reached over to a cabinet, pulled out a bottle, surveyed its contents tranquilly for a minute, and then poured himself a not too judicious amount of sherry. Farnsworth had the air of a man who has just made a conquest. He was amusing himself by recalling to his mind his immediate past. Every now and then the face that was subordinated to the nose broke into a smile. If a burglar had been hiding behind the door he would have heard Farnsworth.

"You gay dog," grinned Farnsworth, mentally giving himself a sly nudge in the ribs. "You gay dog, you, Farnsworth."

Farnsworth remembered that only a short three weeks ago he had been sedately taking the air in Biggleswade Park. Farnsworth had rounded a corner and had run — Farnsworth groped for a proper word — yes, that was it, he had run slap-dab into a young and pretty — rather he should say — a young and decidedly pretty woman.

"Mmmmm," the eyes brightened. "I know — we met at the Yankee Stadium in New York." As far as Farnsworth knew all the Yankees had been dead since the Rebellion of Some Useless Colonies Against the Mother Country, 1775. Farnsworth therefore disclaimed any knowledge of New York.

"Oh," brightening again, "I know — it was Pittsburg!" All that Farnsworth knew about Pittsburg was that it was "Out West" somewhere in the United States — visions of bowlegged cowboys and howling Indians rode through his mind — he shook his head and finally got around to making the positive statement that he had never been to America.

"Oh!" the young lady said again.

Farnsworth smiled, the young lady smiled, and before Farnsworth had quite regained his proper equilibrium he had mysteriously found out that her name was Darlene Sue Smith; home address: New York City, U.S.A.; present address: just across the park.

"Oh, you must show me something of London," the Miss Smith said in a low husky voice that came from somewhere dangerously close to his left shoulder. He did show her London.

Farnsworth again smiled to himself. "I showed her London — and how!" Farnsworth rolled this latest Darlene Sue Smithism glibly off his tongue. They had really gone places — Miss Smith had assured him.
that the amusements of London were almost as good as her own at Coney Island — except for the lack of hot dogs.

If our imaginary burglar had chanced to peek out from behind the door he would have seen a rather sheepish smile under Farnsworth's nose. Farnsworth was saying to himself, "She calls me Farnsie."

At eight that evening Farnsworth was serving Jamie Mae and Mr. Bother with Welsh rabbit and toast. Although Farnsworth was not aware of it, Jamie Mae was there as an observer and Farnsworth was the specimen to be considered.

Jamie Mae and Mr. Bother (thought Farnsworth) are getting — well — getting intimate. His reflections on his master's affairs were broken into by the brrrrrinng of the telephone. A very familiar voice said into his ear, "Hello, you!"

"Are you there?" replied Farnsworth, attempting to fasten one eye on Jamie Mae and the other on Mr. Bother. This attempt of Farnsworth's made him appear wall-eyed as Jamie Mae and Mr. Bother were sitting on opposite sides of the table.

"Of course I'm here, Nit-wit!" gurgled the wire.

"Oh!" said Farnsworth.

"Farnsie," cooed the wire, "can you come over this evening? — I do so want to see you."

"Mr. Bother has guests," stammered Farnsworth.

"Is that for me?" asked Mr. Bother. Farnsworth gave a negative shake of his head. Jamie Mae was looking at Farnsworth quizzically. The voice on the other end of the wire became persistent. Farnsworth had a vision of Darlene Sue propped up on her bed, surrounded with lacy pillows — very comfortably situated to keep up this rather one-sided conversation all night.

"Farnsie, don't you love me — don't you?"

"Of course I do," said Farnsworth bravely. He tried to keep his voice properly monotonous but he had an uncomfortable suspicion that it was turning liquid.

"I love you, Farnsie — say you love me, Farnsie."

"I do," repeated Farnsworth.

"But I want to hear you say it — say it, Farnsie!"

Farnsworth looked at Mr. Bother. Mr. Bother looked at Farnsworth. Farnsworth took his eyes away with a sigh and said, "I love you!"

"Oh, that's sweet of you!" gurgled the wire. "Say it again, dear."

"I love you, Darlene Sue," repeated Farnsworth.

Mr. Bother, stunned, turned to Jamie Mae. "Jamie, did you hear what I heard?"

Jamie Mae laughed. "It looks to me as if you have lost your man."

Mr. Bother got up with a purpose. "I refuse to live here alone again!" he shouted. "Jamie Mae" — Mr. Bother became bolder than his butler. He skirted the table. "Jamie Mae," he whispered, "Jamie Mae . . ."

Farnsworth pulled his eyes away from this scene and fixed them tenderly on the telephone.

-Kenneth A. Byrns
THE APPLE CORE

Slowly and carelessly he pushed himself to a loose-jointed, nearly erect stand and slopped over to the public drinking fountain in the middle of the square which was called Abraham Lincoln park. The water dabbled out of the fountain, so he put his mouth over the faucet. Slowly he bent back his head and gargled, then spit the water out in a long stream across the dry grass.

The big, four-faced clock on the city hall showed twelve o'clock. He went back to his bench. It faced the south and was protected from the wind by the public toilet. He took an apple out of the pocket of the long brown overcoat which drooped over the back of the bench. When he was again settled spinelessly in the sun he began to eat, automatically.

I had been in Abraham Lincoln park myself since seven a.m. and he was there when I got there. Four times he had gone to the fountain. Twice he had eaten apples. Once he had gone into the toilet.

I had had a fair breakfast of gruel, coffee and rye bread at six-thirty at Sally's. I figured on a Friends' prayer meeting for supper. Lunch I'd have to pick up from one of the super-markets on Fifth street, if I wanted any. But I don't like fruit.

When he finished his apple he sat for a while with the core in his hand. Then he let it slip from his fingers. He got up and ambled into the toilet. I went over and lay down on his bench, using his coat for a pillow.

I used to be a millwright. I lost all four fingers and half the thumb on my left hand. It happened while I was ripping some old lumber into four by fours. That was 1936.

He came back and got his coat. Before he could walk off I said, "Where you havin' supper, kid?"

He said, "I've got two apples."

He was thin and I noticed that his hands were white. I took hold of his wrist and turned his hand around. It was unmuscular and looked as if it had never been calloused or blistered.

"Are you tryin' to live on apples?"

He sat down beside me. His hair was long and combed straight back. It looked all right. His beard was light so that he seemed to have a natural mustache and goatee. "That's all I can steal," he said.

"How old are you, kid?"

"Twenty-one. Born 1917."

"Where do you live?"

"1695 West street, Milwaukee. Mother, father, two sisters." His voice never rose above a half-whisper.

"Perk up," I said.

"Yes, sir," he answered, louder but in the same dead voice. "I came here because I was promised a job."

"Come off it, kid," I said, "I'm not a cop."

He stood for a minute to pull his coat on, then sat down. It was the kind of a coat they make on the WPA sewing projects and distribute to the families. It's supposed to be wool, but it's not. The
leather shoes aren't leather, either. The best way to get shoes is from the local charities.

"Where'd you get the coat?"
"Stole it. Frisco. It's no good."
"Why don't you get in the CCC? They'll train you for a job, and they feed you well. They'll build you up."
"Tuberculosis," he said, "I can't pass the medical."
The sun was hidden by the fog and it was getting cold. I didn't have an overcoat. "Let's go to Sally's," I said, "It's two hours before prayers."
"You go," he said. He sat there without moving.
"Don't you ever get mad?" I asked. He didn't answer. He didn't seem to hear me. His head was bent down and he was watching an ant crawl round the edge of a leaf. I watched. When a gust of wind blew the leaf away the kid laughed.
"Come on," I said. I grabbed his arm and pulled him along with me. He didn't resist. It was four blocks to Sally's. We walked slowly. At the door of the chapel he balked. "Won't you come in?" I asked.
"Hell, no," he growled. He pulled his arm loose.
"It's warm and there's food," I said. He spit against the door, then laughed. "Christ, no," he said, and walked off. I went inside.

-Philip Bowdenship

SONG FOR HOTSPUR

Poets and soldiers trade their souls
For the swift music of a word,
Breath and laughter setting down
In proud subjection to a noun.

Poets and soldiers deal in song,
Worthless stuff in market place.
Gold is pale when pulse is stirred
By the bugling of a word.

Poets and soldiers barter youth
For gaudy trinkets from lexicons.
None may haggle over sense;
Words are built of moods and tense.

Poets and soldiers, none beside;
Others toil to weight their purse.
Those who sing and those who die
Are paid with words, nor question why.

-Jack Waller
LIQUID GRIEF

The Reverend Lucius Dinwiddy,
1195 Dove Street
Dear Mr. Dinwiddy,

I hope you will excuse this somewhat lengthy letter, but I am in great distress of mind; therefore, I have decided to write to you for your counsel, if you will be so kind as to give it to me. Our little home has been the scene of several disturbing events with which I have had to cope as best I might.

It all began with the day Elmer and his friend Mortimer came to live with us. We were immediately taken with Elmer. He was such a graceful, polite little chap — little did we know — ! Mortimer was nice but he lacked Elmer's personal charm. We installed our two friends in a pleasant room with a southern exposure. It was small, but the furnishings were excellent. An old servant, Mrs. Tunk, by name, cleaned it for them every day.

They seemed very happy when we left to spend the Christmas week-end with the family. Mrs. Tunk was in charge and there were plenty of supplies on hand, and in fact, everything to make them happy. We returned Monday evening. Elmer came to greet us, wriggling all over with pleasure: Mortimer, however, did not appear. We went to look for him calling "Mortimer-r-r-! We've brought you something-g-g!" He didn't answer. We looked into the room which they shared together and found — I still shudder to tell it — Mortimer lying dead, with his face to the wall. We were heart-broken. Mortimer — dead! We couldn't understand it. We questioned Elmer. Through his tears he told us that that morning Mortimer had not been his usual self. He had run away from Elmer, had refused to play, had turned his back whenever he appeared. Elmer had given up and decided that Mortimer was indisposed. He thought of recommending Liver Pills, but felt uncertain about broaching the topic. He left him lying on the bed and played by himself in a corner. Mrs. Tunk had noticed nothing. She is a trifle deaf and pays no attention to the boys unless they get in her way. We could find no explanation whatever for his death. We dropped suicide at once as impossible in so young a creature. We buried him with appropriate rites and did our best to console Elmer.

Elmer, alas, drooped. He was lonely. Finally we found Mr. Sanders. Mr. Sanders agreed to come and tutor Elmer for room and board and a small wage. He shared Elmer's room. For a time everything was very satisfactory. Elmer and Mr. Sanders got along well together. Elmer learned rapidly and added to his many accomplishments.

Then, about a week after Mr. Sanders came to live with us, he became melancholy. He preferred to stay by himself. Elmer was left to his own devices. We took Mr. Sanders to task for this neglect of his little charge. He promised to do better, but, as the days went by, he only grew more apathetic. We liked him and did everything we could to help him, but one moring came when he was unable to rise.
from his bed. Elmer hurried to help him, but he ordered him away in harsh terms. Elmer went and sobbed in his own little corner. Next day, Mr. Sanders was dead.

Two deaths in such a short time were almost more than our little household could stand. I was immediately suspicious. I ordered an autopsy of Mr. Sanders and considered sending for the police. I was dissuaded from this course, however, when the doctor reported no trace of violent death. I questioned all the members of my household, but they had all been most fond of Mr. Sanders and missed him greatly. Elmer, of course, I forebore to disturb.

One day I was playing with this gentle creature, taking pleasure in his innocent conversation, when I noticed a very noxious odor. I remarked on it to Elmer but he had observed nothing of the kind. A little later in the afternoon, Elmer undertook to recite to me a long poem he had composed himself. While he was reciting I again became conscious of the odor. This time it was almost overpowering. Elmer apparently was not affected. I left the room on some pretext or other, wondering whether I was suffering from a delusion. In two or three minutes I felt sufficiently recovered to return.

When I re-entered the room the atmosphere was fetid to say the least. Then it was that the awful truth burst upon me. It was Elmer who had killed Mortimer and Mr. Sanders, or, rather, who had been the unwitting cause of their deaths. What a tragedy! This sweet, eager little being had killed his two best friends. It was while I was engaged on these cogitations that the necessity for a speedy return to the open air was borne upon me.

Elmer must not, of course, be sent to prison for a crime he did not knowingly commit. He had suffered enough already at the demise of Mortimer and Mr. Sanders. The truth would most certainly kill him. No. Elmer must never know. Yet he must not be permitted to kill others in the same way. He must be kept from society. That was my decision. I made Elmer’s room as comfortable as possible and then I shut him up in it. Twice a month he takes a short trip outside it while it is thoroughly scrubbed, then he returns to it. Elmer no longer meets anyone but myself and Mrs. Tunk.

I hope, Mr. Dinwiddy, that you can reassure me as to the rightness of my decision. In saving Elmer from the horrors of the chair, I cannot feel that I am cheating justice, and yet —. Please write soon and relieve me of my anxiety.

Let me assure, however, that Elmer seems as happy as any one could be that suffers from Halitosisphitis — that is fits of halitosis. A doctor comes regularly, but there is little he can do for him. He swims and plays quietly in his little bowl with the green weeds and the shells, and though he asks now and then about other fish, he seems quite happy in the companionship of myself and Mrs. Tunk, the snail.

-Muriel Fenerty
SNOW WHITE SYMPHONY (FIVE MOVEMENTS)

Mr. Lemuel Goldsmith recently remarked, via the Hollywood Reporter, that he was going to produce a version of "Snow White."

"Only," as Mr. Goldsmith was quoted as saying, "it's going to be a super-collossal epic. No fooling around with seven dwarfs. We're calling my production, 'One Hundred Dwarfs and Snow White'."

Mr. Goldsmith had ambitious plans. "Garbo to play Snow White," he announced. "Robert Taylor, Dopey. Lionel Barrymore, the old witch. And scenerists ... " he went on. "... Nothing but the best. I have already sent for Theodore Dreiser, Edna Ferber, Ernest Hemingway, one of the writers for the women's magazines, and Feodor Dostoievsky."

(The joke here, of course, is that Dostoievsky, like Shakespeare, is dead.)

As he had promised, M. Goldsmith put these writers to work on different parts of the story, and their work has recently come into my hands. I am, I believe, fortunate to present, therefore, what I am sure are the unpublished works of these authors.

Edna Ferber—(General Introduction)

When he was a little boy he was always called by the ridiculous name of "Snow-Big." Of course, later on when he was kind he was usually addressed as "Your Majesty," but Snow White, going about her tapestry work at the castle, would sometimes pause and call, "How big is my boy — how big is my baby?" and he, in his long white beard, would stretch out his arms and say, "Snow-Big!"

Snow-Big. But was he really Snow-Big? Snow White sometimes wondered. When Snow White had been a little girl she had lived in a large castle with her father. It had been a pleasant place — run down, but with a glamor about its grey rooms that had been fascinating to a small girl with remarkable large, dreamy eyes that always seemed to be seeing something that other people couldn't see.

Something in those eyes had touched old Grumpy the first day he had driven her to the dwarf's home. They had been driving by the mine, Grumpy encouraging the horse with "Git 'long there . . . git 'long . . . " when Snow White had suddenly turned toward the old dwarf.

"Oh, Mr. Grumpy," she had said, he eyes shining, "Gold nuggets are beautiful, aren't they?"

Grumpy bit down on the stem of his pipe. "Peautiful!" he repeated. "Gold nuggets is peautiful!" He began guffawing.

"But they are," Snow White insisted. "All yellow and sparkling."

Grumpy could only repeat, "Gold nuggets is peautiful!"

But twenty years later, after all that had happened, Snow White still believed that gold nuggets were beautiful.

Ernest Hemmingway—(First Meeting)

When I was climbing over the wall out of the garden I saw this girl. She was slight with dark hair and a very lovely mouth. I thought she was very beautiful.
Then I came back into the garden and when I reached the ground I went over to her.

"Hello," I said.

She looked startled. "Hello," she said.

I said, "It's a fine day."

"Yes," she said. "It's a lovely day."

"But the nights are better," I said.

She didn't answer that, but turned away and started walking up the path toward the castle.

"Wait," I caught up with her and walked along beside her, shortening my steps to hers. I thought she was small and sweet.

"You're sweet," I told her.

She lifted her head and looked at me. I saw her skin was very white and I could smell her breath which was warm and sweet. "Please," she said.

I put out my hand and touched her shoulder.

"No."

"Why not?" I whispered.

"Because..."

I went on pulling her toward me. I lowered my head and put my mouth down on hers. She didn't pull away and after awhile I said, "I love you. I mean it. I love you."

"Do you?" she said.

"Yes," I said, because this time it was true. "You're a fine girl."

"Am I?" she said. "Tell me you love me again."

"Darling," I said, "I love you."

"That's lovely, darling," she said. "I'm so happy. I'm really awfully happy."

We sat down on a bench under a tree and I kissed her again.

"After a while it'll be night," I said to her. "The nights are the best."

She didn't say anything at first. Then she said, "It'll be a lovely night."

It was very lovely in the garden. There were some birds in the trees above us. I didn't know what kind they were, but they made a twittering sound. Down at the end of the garden you could just see some grape vines. They were heavy with grapes. They had a very fine harvest that year.

Theodore Dreiser—(At the Dwarfs)

Snow White had by this time adjusted herself to life with the dwarfs. Every day was much like the one before, filled with cooking, housework, mending, and other duties. She was probably quite happy, although she did not think about it very much. Most of her thoughts were on the Prince and how he had looked and what he had said. She could not forget his lovely hands and his dark hair and his dark hungry eyes.

To understand her feeling toward the Prince, one must remember that the emotion she felt toward him was heightened by the fact that she had only seen him once and that a great many disturbing things had happened since, making her thoughts return again and again to him.
"My," she sometimes thought, "if I could just see him again! Wouldn't I be happy, though. Wouldn't I just. He's so handsome, not like the dwarfs. Oh, they're kind, of course," she went on hurriedly, for she had been brought up to feel loyal toward her friends, "but he is so handsome and so slim — quite the best looking man I know, I guess." Then her thoughts would go on to quite idle dreaming — to dreams of hot, impulsive youth, feeling for the first time the flashing, blinding, bleeding stab of love.

Sometimes she thought of being out in the forest and suddenly meeting him. They would be all alone in the dark forest then and perhaps he would try to kiss her. But that would be wrong — evil — seduction. That was what she had been taught as a child. But even so the thought of his kissing her made her forget all that for a moment and released in her such a flood of desires as she had not known she possessed. So when her thoughts ran this way she would put a stop to them and try to think of something else — of supper, or the mending. "Goodness," she would tell herself, "how I do go on." But even so she could not forget about her dream, which caused such a division in her thoughts — between what she had learned as right and what her naturally impulsive, warm-hearted nature desired.

Feodor Dostoievski—(Poisoning Scene)

Hearing a knock at the Dutch door Sonia ran to it, throwing open the upper-half. She stopped, a little disconcerted and surprised, at the sight of the old woman who was standing there.

"Ach — Sonia Snowovna! Fancy, it is you!" exclaimed the old woman. Sonia Whitezelkof looked at her strangely. "How did you know it was I . . . but I have never seen you before, though you remind me of someone I once knew a long time ago perhaps . . . when I look at you there is something in my mind . . . one might say . . ." The girl passed a hand over her face and looked at the old woman strangely.

"Well, well — ' the other said impatiently. "Let us say . . . I knew who you were. Now, come! Let me in - - !"

Sonia looked at her strangely. "Just so," she murmured. "But they told me . . . the little men . . . but do they know? . . . it is perhaps that I want to suffer . . . yes, lacerations." She gazed dreamily at the old woman and then with a curious motion reached out and opened the lower part of the door. "Come in," she said aloud. Then she went on strangely, "Perhaps you can tell me how I may . . . but no!" she went on, turning her face away, "I must suffer because I want to suffer . . . to suffer," she repeated fiercely. "See . . . this is what I mean," and she put the first finger of her right hand in her mouth and started biting it, her eyes watching the old woman strangely. "Lacerations," she repeated.

Suddenly Sonia Snowovna Whitezelkof took her hand from her mouth and dropped to a chair. Her face was like a child's, the mouth soft and half open, the eyes large and wondering. "I have been . . . " she said. " . . . it seems as though I was dreaming . . . " She smiled.
like a child at the other woman. "What do you wish to show me?" she asked.

Then the old woman picked up the basket and reaching in, brought out an apple.

"It is my most beautiful apple . . . I am giving it to you," she said. "Do you understand, Sonia Snowovna . . . I am giving it to you."

Sonia put out her hand and said simply, "Give it to me, old woman."

The old woman drew back. "Wait! Sonia Whitezelkof! I will give you this apple but you must understand . . . it will kill you, Sonia Snowovna!"

The girl looked at her startled. "No, no . . . I don't want to die . . . " and she clasped and unclasped her hands, gazing at the old woman as at a mad woman. "I do not want to die now . . . because if I did . . . " she lowered her head and her voice became a strangled whisper, "I can no longer suffer."

The old woman looked at her, smiling strangely. "But Sonia Snowovna, you cannot refuse the apple . . . you cannot refuse . . . " And she held out the fruit to the girl, fixing her strange eyes on her.

"Eat it, Sonia Whitezelkof. Eat, little Soniavitch," she crooned softly. "Eat."

The girl took the apple from the old woman as one hypnotized, raised it to her lips, sunk her teeth into the tight skin, and with a cry, sank to the floor. "Lacerations," she murmured once.

The old woman gazed at her strangely, then she too fell to the floor, and bending her head, kissed the girl's feet.

"I do not kiss your feet, Sonia Snowovna," she said, "I kiss the feet of suffering humanity!"

Any Writer for a Woman's Magazine—(Reunion)

She waited for him in the castle, at her old home — which was all so changed, now that the queen was gone. Her dark hair framed her small face, her dark eyes were shadowed by ridiculously long lashes, while about them her brows were two little dark wings.

He drove up to the castle in his old car. Just his old car. "Well, my lady," he said, "Will you marry me today?"

"I always thought," she said gravely, "that I'd marry a Prince on a white horse. But I guess I was wrong."

"Oh, I'm not a prince," he retorted gayly, "but I'm a prince of a fellow."

"Are you?" she asked in a voice of magic. Suddenly she was somehow in his arms. Then he kissed her. And she knew that this was
the answer. This was what she had been waiting for. This was what life, a long time ago, had seemed to be promising her.

It is cheering to read in this morning's Hollywood Reporter that Mr. Goldsmith has abandoned his plans for an early production of "One Hundred Dwarfs and Snow White." It seems that all the dwarfs in Hollywood are being used for a circus picture, and besides Mr. Goldsmith has decided to film "Gone With the Wind" — in modern dress, he explained, "Like Orson Welles."

Meanwhile, the Messers Dreiser, Hemingway and Dostoievsky, Miss Ferber and the Magazine Writer have all gone home with a big check and, as they express it, a large piece of experience.

-Verena Cronburg


SONNET VIII

When my full love conceives the better need
To abnegate the bonds of trivial touch
I will have murdered all my dismal greed;
Then all the dreamed-of pleasures seeming so much
Will turn to nothing in a selfless world
Where grief will be ephemeral as flesh.
I know it was a false idol that hurled
The thunderbolt of feeling to enmesh
Our souls with fear, the sacred with the dead.
Each time we fancy God a part of lust
We mock eternity and begin to spread
The spaces with phantom sorrow and blinding dust.
So I will find in stifling wild desires
The revelation sacrifice inspires.

- J. P.
SPRING PAGEANT

SCENE I

Ukiah Canus rejoiced in the spring,
Every corpuscle having its fling;
Every sense had a new perception,
Increased facility of reception.

Mr. Smith, impeccable, neat,
Promenaded the shining street.
His cane, renewed by vernal air,
Cut twirls, pirouettes, developed flair.

Maria Felina, sleekly dight
In ebony fur that caught the light,
Made her entrance on Macy street,
Spurning its stones with her dainty feet.

SCENE II

In a slight depression of the paving stone
Where Macy meets with Whifflington.
In viscid ooze of pristine state,
The epitome of puddles lay in wait.

SCENE III

Was it fate arranged the meeting,
A puddle’s destiny completing?
Who knows? But there, Maria
Was suddenly sighted by Ukiah.

Nemesis was ever swift—
A snarl, a yowl: a sputtered sfft,
A yell—and the quiet of Macy street
Woke to the noise of a shrill retreat.

From his seat in the puddle, with might and main
Mr. Smith was shaking a broken cane,
While Mrs. Whortle’s catalpa tree
Was besieged by not one dog, but three.

CHORUS:

Spring is the season of burgeoning flowers,
Palm beach suits and April showers,
Spring is beloved of Misfortune’s gleaners—
Tailors, bootblacks, and all dry cleaners.

-M. J.
A PHILOSOPHY FOR PRACTICE TEACHERS

Here is a practice teacher: she is probably a girl, about twenty-one years old, above the average in intelligence and academic accomplishment, interested in people, anxious to get a job after she has been graduated. Three mornings a week she goes to a class in the philosophy of education. Five afternoons a week she goes to the third or fifth or first grade to do her practice teaching. If she wishes an elementary teaching credential from the State of California it is necessary she go to both these places. But beyond the fact that these are requirements for a credential, they should both be essential to her to become a good teacher. As the names imply, the one should give the theory, the background, and the attitude that she puts into practice in her two and a half hours of teaching.

The ideal of democratic education is as ennobling and profound as any aspect of modern philosophy. To help children to live happy, intelligent, and useful lives, both as children and adults — to help create a new order, to increase cultural and artistic potentialities, to decrease insanity and neurotism — all these stimulate the imagination of any sensitive, socially conscious individual. Sitting in her philosophy class, she is eager to enable children to be wholesome, questioning, gay — to make a world that shall really be "safe" for democracies, for peace, for freedom, for beauty. Sitting in class, conscious of the great, searching minds of Socrates, Comenius, Pestalozzi, Dewey, she feels that it will be a proud thing to be known as a teacher.

Then she goes to her class of children, and she is immediately caught up in a welter of worries, anxieties, doubts. Small worries, and small doubts. She is not part of a great group, working toward a coherent meaning and end: she is keeping thirty-five children in one room for two and a half hours — trying, to be sure, with great sincerity, to teach them factual knowledge, to keep them quiet and orderly and responsive to her wishes, to tell them how they ought to behave and if possible trick them into simulating such behavior, to get them in their activity period to produce material evidence of the teacher's ability to teach, and above all — above all! — to keep everything under control, because her supervisor, or her principal, or a city school administrator might walk in. Democracy and education... these are less than empty phrases: they are nonexistent.

And how can it be otherwise, when the coherent meaning of teaching, its chief raison d'être, is ignored, and all stress is put on "how it will look" — to the principal, the parents, city and college administrators. The practice teacher has read and heard about the "child centered school" — the modern school, she is told, is child centered — but she quickly perceives that the school is adult centered.

Take for example the activity program. As originally conceived, it was to benefit the child: but it has been distorted to benefit the teacher. Ideally it was to have been selected by the children. This soon proved impossible, for there would be too much repetition in activities,
and the same group might study China, perhaps, three different times, and ignore another field which would be of great value. So it is now teacher selected. But the practice teacher selects her unit and the phases which she shall stress not with an eye to her class' needs and abilities, but with an eye to the possibilities for effectiveness in it.

I am not trying to belittle the activity program. The children enjoy their work; they enjoy learning; those who are not quick in academic subjects may be very successful at building a house or painting a mural. But none of these objects is uppermost in the student teacher's mind. She may not even be conscious of them. What is important is how it is all going to look when the culmination comes around — whether or not it is going to prove her a good teacher. And so she strives and pushes, with attention focused not on the children's development, but on the appearance of what they are doing. Walk through the school building any afternoon, and see how many student teachers with the activity are, with the help of one or two good children, working on the class' activity.

This is true in the academic work. Papers that the children write that are to be on exhibition or sent home must be neat and accurate. Why? To teach them habits of neatness and accuracy? Not at all. Rather, to keep parents and others from criticizing the practice teacher.

Furthermore, the student teacher has to be very careful to have a "beauty corner" and a bulletin board, changing them once a week or oftener. Many times she has to buy flowers and little articles to place in the room; or if she hasn't the money to buy these, she feels herself at a disadvantage with those who can afford it. She feels they are making a better "showing" than she is. Now it is necessary that the school room be as pleasant and attractive a place as possible. The children spend six hours a day in it, and should satisfy and develop their appreciation of the beautiful. But too often the student teacher cannot afford to think of how the beauty corner or bulletin board will look to the class, what benefit they will derive from it — but rather how it is going to make the room appear to a visiting adult. The flower arrangements may be too sophisticated or too subtle to appeal to the children; while the beauty corner may have articles in it that are too fragile for the small children to handle — and what educational value is there for young children in something they cannot touch but only look at? But it is these things that adults like, it is these things that make the more effective room. And so the student teacher, always anxious to please, uses them.

Of course, the most blatant example of this adult centeredness is Education Week. Then must the practice teacher fly. Hours are spent before and after school, preparing the room as it never is. Folders, papers, pictures, all the activity work must be on exhibit — she must have tangible proof of how much she has taught.

But I do not mean to imply that the children are ignored in all this. They are human, vulnerable, and the teacher would not be a teacher at all if she did not like children. It is quite possible she may even come to love her children. And when she becomes aware that many of them live in squalid, unhappy homes, it may make her feel
sorry for them: and she may try to see that they get decent lunches
or new shoes, or even that they are removed from their homes and
put into happier ones. She may give them surprises to please them:
stories, or a party, or a little gift.

But after all these things are chiefly for her own gratification and
mental well-being, and have little to do with teaching. And because
she loves children and helps them rather haphazardly does not mean
she is making them mentally and emotionally more sturdy, nor that she
is building toward a world in which unhappy homes and lunchless child-
ren will be unknown. And the fact that they return her affection, per-
haps adding to it a little hero-worship, incites the teacher to foster
their admiration and make them dependent on her for authority and
approval. She is in truth a benevolent and loving despot — but still a
despot. Sitting in her philosophy class, the teacher abhors the thought
of a despot.

More than helping them in these ways, the practice teacher tries
very hard to instill in her children habits of accepted behavior. She
tries to teach them to say, "excuse me" and "thank you," not to push
each other, to have good posture, not to talk when others are talking,
Why does she do all this? With the hope that they will fit into society
more easily? Perhaps, vaguely. With the hope that they will work and
live more efficiently? Her thinking is not nearly so purposeful. Her
supervisor will watch to see if she is teaching her class courtesy habits.
To be sure, children must be taught to live together successfully. But
teaching this through imitative and, after all, meaningless phrases is
going from the specific to the general — supposing the teacher ever
reaches the general — and it is attacking the problem of social living
from its most superficial basis.

The practice teacher may work very hard over her problem child-
ren — her discipline problems. And here she is partly motivated by
more than immediate purposes. She has had a good deal of child psy-
chology, and probably prides herself on her ability to analyze malad-
justments, and with the help of the more experienced, to treat them.
But I say she is only partly motivated by this, for she is also very
anxious to keep an orderly room. And she is trying, some way, to find
the button which controls her problem child, so she can keep him from
worrying her and upsetting her room. And what of the children who
are psychological but not discipline problems? She usually has no time
to stimulate them to activity. If they are quiet and obedient, she may
be conscious that all is not well with them, and yet she doesn't like
to go out of her way to find trouble. She encourages them when she can,
but there's little honor in making a quiet child a noisy one.

This practice teacher sounds like a hypocrite. She is not a hypo-
crite. She is sincerely trying to be a good teacher. She works hard,
gives up other interests in order to be successful. But the conditions
under which she works are such as to make her value the material aspects
of teaching. Not her material gains, but her class' material gains.
The larger view is not only lost, it is never sighted for her. Just as in
college classes the larger view of academic achievement is lost in the
struggle for a good rating. It is not that the student teacher hasn't
been given a broader attitude, but that nothing is done in connection with actual teaching to foster this attitude. So she may go to her philosophy class in the morning and be conscious of the possibilities in teaching, and that afternoon in her teaching become engrossed with not even Dewey’s next ten steps — but only in clearing the little inch of ground in front of her nose. And she is never encouraged to look up and beyond — to gain a truer perspective.

Departmentalization in thinking is not of course unique to this field. But in the teaching field, where we are fighting it in connection with children’s thinking and behavior, it is unfortunate it should be so rampant among the coming professionals. What should be done about it? Should inspiration be furnished? But inspiration is inclined to be sentimental and weak, and teaching will not profit by soft sentimentality. Perhaps intellectual stimulation and a definite attempt on someone’s part to show what the philosophy of teaching has to do with teaching would be effective. But how can this be done? How can the practice teacher be brought to feel the reality of her philosophy?

To some extent the present system of one school set aside for practice teachers, with supervisors set over two or four of these teachers, is in itself to blame. The supervisor too has obtained her position through effort, probably, and she wants to hold that position or if possible to raise herself. Naturally she is ambitious for her student teachers. She wants to be able to give them good ratings and for them to be successful in the opinions of city and college administrators. For these reasons she has every incentive herself to stress the material aspects of teaching, and it is inevitable this attitude should carry over to her teaching.

In this paper in all my criticisms I have consistently used the term "practice teacher," because this is the only kind of teacher of which I feel qualified to write. The same absence of the broader view may be characteristic of all teachers, but I refuse to accept such a possibility. There must be teachers who are working for all that is best in teaching, who do not use their children for their own advancement or gratification, who do not regard teaching as a job, but as a profession, a science, and an art. Perhaps it takes years of actual experience to attain this attitude, and it is nothing that can be spoon fed; and perhaps only a few can ever learn it.

-A. M. W.
I hated Frank.
Frank used to talk about The Flat.
He had been there.
He had been there once on Nellie and ridden Gipsy once.
It was just up there he said and squirrels were living in the Old Stone House.
The old Frenchman's stuff ran with Frank's dad's stuff and only the brands could tell them apart.
They ate new grass and bright gold daisies and there were springs of bubbling water up there on the Flat.

I hated Frank but I walked with him because he could tell me about The Flat.
I got better grades in arithmetic and even in geography.
Books, dry print, funny little specks of ink.
Frank had felt the saddle hard against his loins.
He had breathed the air of cow springs on The Flat.

I never thought of going there myself.
It wouldn't be The Flat any more. Just some place I'd been.
Like Julian. You see it once and then you don't wonder any more.

Frank had seen all of The Flat. He had crushed its sage.
He had breathed his mare by the double poles you could see from the schoolhouse.
He had been a part of the horizon and now it was just something to talk about.
Now it was only words like the dead black things in books.

I hated Frank because The Flat was words to him.

-Jack Waller
I LIKE A FRIVOLOUS GIRL!

Ah! I like a frivolous girl!
I like a girl who laughs and smiles
And sparkles over nothingness—
One who drops importance and whiles
Away her time on trifling things—
Such as plying with modern art,
Lipstick, powder puff, and mirror.
I love the co-ed who has smart
Short skirts and much-too-tight sweaters,
Sheer-silked legs a-top four inch heels
That click-clack thru the corridors.
Somehow, a girl like that just steals
Right into my excited heart.
I like all her ways—her gaiety
When she calmly skips her classes
Merely to chitter over tea
At some party or reception.
I know she’s at all the dances—
She smokes—she drinks none too wisely—
And often after midnight chances
(And appreciates) country lanes,
Where she flirts boldly with the pearl
Moon . . . Well, no matter what she does,
I still like a frivolous girl!

-Kenneth A. Byrns

CANTO XIX

Where sumac droops above the pebbled hill,
Where the sky flames blue about the sun,
Out of the leaf-strewn ground,
The Pain-flower rises,
Dark sepals curling back
From blinding purity that shames the noon.
Light glances deep into the many-petalled heart,
Crystal drops slip from the wound
And bitter perfume clouds the air.

Flee the burdened air!
It stings the nostrils,
Condenses in the heart,
Distilling venom in the blood.
Death whispers thru’ the sumac leaves.

-M. F. - 29 -
STONES IN THE GRASS

The wind was the voice of a god crying for a people he had known of old, people who had created him and worshipped him with incense and sacrifice of virgins. They had all died and left him only their burial places. Or else they had been conquered by a stronger nation and made to worship other gods. It was a long time ago, and he could no longer remember accurately. But they had been a good people, easily made afraid, easily made glad. He wanted his people to be alive again; no incense had been burned to him for centuries.

Limp as a rag doll, a girl lay in some green grass and wondered about the god, the wind, the people, the pyres, the virgins. She wondered desperately. She knew that when she stopped, her mind would begin to bleed again, bleed like an excited wound, and she knew that faces and voices (human voices) would come to her again, come to torture the thing that bled. So she thought about the god some more, pictured him in silver, pictured him in bronze, finally prayed to him in stone. She made her life into a huge loaf of coarse, tasteless bread and offered it to him. (There was one piece, a crumb, that was the spice and poison of the loaf. If he should eat that, gray death would be his, and the wind would be free of his voice forever.)

The huge green place around her, filled with the stifled sighs and garbled messages of this weeping wind, called to her to lose herself in it completely. And she knew that if she could obey it she would never be sane again and the bleeding in her mind would never come again. So she counted and she prayed and she dug white nails into the soft earth and she tried to see herself a part of this green hugeness and nothing more. But when she felt her mind going from her, the vision of a brown skirt and green sweater filled with a prostrate female came to her; she knew the female was herself; this knowledge was sanity. So always she would be a combination of letters, a little-girl name chosen by a young mother; never could she escape the pettiness of identity.

Her mother—innocent as an idiot! The girl choked. Pain screamed through her head.

There were little rocks in this patch of grass. She pressed herself onto them heavily. They dug into her flesh like live things. She pressed harder; they made the anger in her mind seem less.

Hard, broken laughter came from her when she thought of the cedar hope-chest that had been her mother's gift. Still laughing, she thought how weak the word "hope" had become.

The wind wept, more passionately than before. The god said that he had been a good god and should be used again. He said it was a cruel thing to leave him alone for centuries, unadored. He said he wanted incense, bitter-sweet incense. He said he could still be a good god, if anyone would use him.

Where or when it had happened to her — the seduction — she
could not remember very clearly. At first it had seemed a great thing, but later the effects it had wrought dwarfed it to nothingness. And not the child alone, not the child! This other thing, this crumb of poison, this gray living death, this was much greater. This was greater than the sun or the moon or the earth or love or fear or hope, greater because it reduced them to a part of a gray pattern that had neither life nor will nor any rhythm.

She remembered when the crumb had come in the loaf: a dull afternoon in the middle of a dull week. She remembered reasoning the whole thing out, that afternoon, like a problem in geometry. Given a young girl, given illegitimate pregnancy, given a loathing for the betrayer (betrayer, seducer — strange terms for a stupid lad who had "technique"!) given a gentle mother, given a painful effort that had failed, given many dry sobs, given a modicum of money (not nearly enough for a year in Switzerland), given friends in "good" families—given these, there were but two possible solutions: life, with ugly shame and growing bitterness for herself, with unjust pain for her mother; or death, with deep blankets of nothingness for herself, with only temporary sorrow for her mother. She remembered deciding, still logical as the geometrical proposition, that one brief sickness was preferable to two incurable cancers.

Lying beneath a coverlet of pain, she remembered the wizened old fellow who had sold her the gun . . . and his gray moustache, an old tooth-brush . . . and the red wart on the side of his nose . . . and the funny way he had of holding himself perfectly still as though he weren't breathing . . . and how calm she had been, choosing deliberately, drawing the money from her purse slowly.

Then came the crumb of poison. Here, where there were trees and wind and grass, she had taken herself with the gun. (Now, in this same place, she heard the trees and wind and grass cry out that she was a coward, that they remembered!) She had held the gun close to her, then looked at it dumbly, then thought how very black it was, then felt this aching throb inside her that said it would not die, would not die! Then the warm rush came within her, a rush as when deep music climbs; her head was suddenly light, and she knew that she would live!

Beginning to listen again to the god's plea for adoration, she thought how few the moments were in that dull afternoon, how few they were to bring such everlasting self-contempt; such impotent, universal anger.

When she arose the ground felt her movement. The ground waited, patiently, for her return.

-Karlen
A bent figure huddled against the corner of the trench — silent — motionless. He wore the heavy boots and grey uniform of a German private. A ray of moonlight shone on his coal-scuttle helmet and seemed to form a soft halo around his bowed head. Past him marched an endless stream of like grey-clad figures, with their helmets bobbing around like bubbles on a rolling stream. Though they all brushed past the spot where the strange soldier huddled, and though many looked directly towards him, they were unaware of his presence. After a while the stream of soldiers ceased moving. They lined the walls of the trench — restless — waiting.

The strange soldier moved, his body trembled as if with cold. His back straightened with great effort, with shoulders heaving up as if trying to push off a heavy load. His head lifted slowly into the path of the moonlight. The face below the helmet was an aged, suffering face. A face lined not by the tortures of a few weeks of war, but by the passing of many years. It was the face of an old man, an ancient, tired man. He gazed at the long line of silent men, and then lifted his eyes towards the heavens; he prayed —

"Our Father, who art in heaven, hallowed be thy name:"

Three of the grey-clad soldiers leaned closely against the trench wall. They were a small part of the long line awaiting an attack by the Allies. Through the chinks in the sack wall they looked out upon death. Death in the bodies of less fortunate companions, death in the tangled barriers of barbed wire, wire whose clutching tendrils grabbed men by their arms and legs, wire whose piercing fingers gashed their throats and gouged their eyes, death in the dream-like wisps of fumes that curled up from slimy shell holes, death even in the cold rays of moonlight. The three looked at each other and then looked up at the sky. The moon lit up their faces, revealing a marked physical similarity. They were brothers, Karl, Erich and Ludwig.

Karl, the youngest spoke. "It is horrible, it is dead, just like everything out there. Mein Gott, mein Gott!, end this war, take away this curse —"

Erich’s voice cut his brother short. "Coward, superstitious fool! God! God cannot help you, God cannot stop this. There is no God, out here — or anywheres, only those Americans. I hate them, I could kill every one with my own hands — swine! They are the cause of this. If they had stayed in their own land the war would be over — we would have won. The Fatherland would be victorious, and we would be home now, not here listening to your childish babbling."

Ludwig, the third brother, said nothing, and resumed his vigil over no-man’s-land.

The strange soldier lowered his gaze from the heavens and looked at the brothers — he continued his prayer —

"Thy kingdom come; Thy will be done on earth, as it is in heaven."
An officer's whistle shrilled through the trench. The line of grey tensed, guttural commands came from several spots along the line. The barrage from the enemy lines broke with a crashing explosion. The first shells whined harmlessly overhead, but the range changed and the explosions began to creep up behind the trench. Soon the stutter of the machine guns broke loose, accompanied by the popping of rifle fire. Here and there German soldiers fell, leaving their guns sticking through the firing holes in the wall. A screaming shell struck close to the trench and threw a spray of dirt against the soldiers' backs. Another made a direct hit at the far end of the line. Stretcher bearers began to run back and forth. Occasionally a soldier would cease firing to wrap a bandage around his arm or head, or to aid a fallen comrade. The barrels of the rifles became too hot to handle. A young German stood momentarily looking at a bloody mess on the end of his wrist where a bullet had splattered against his rifle and had torn his hand apart, then he sank to the ground in a faint. The barrage continued for hours, increasing in its intensity until it shook the very earth and seemingly set fire to the ground itself. Groans came from all parts of the trench. Suddenly, and with a blinding flash, a shell exploded directly in the trench. As the cloud of debris settled some of the soldiers straightened up from their crouched and huddled positions, some remained slumped at the bottom of the trench — unmoving. Others with their faces devoid of expression and their eyes glazed, slid slowly down the wall as their legs buckled beneath them. Some — were gone entirely.

Erich and Ludwig looked at Karl. He was sitting at the bottom of the trench, gazing with staring eyes and wide open mouth at the black stream that gushed from a gaping hole in his chest. Commands came along the line for a counter attack. The officers' whistles sounded and the line moved forward.

Left alone the old soldier arose from his place and walked through the dead. He stopped beside Karl's body. He looked at the dead soldier, pity shone on his face, yet there was a slight smile on his lips, a smile that seemed to bless. He turned and climbed to the top of the trench, there he stopped, unmindful of the danger — unafraid. His whispered words came again —

"Give us this day our daily bread; and forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive those who trespass against us: — then he moved on in the wake of the advancing German troops.

Both the Allied and German troops lost all semblance of unity. Parts of both sides went forward, others retreated, some were surrounded, cut off, others annihilated completely. In the heat of charges, stands, and counter-charges the two brothers were separated.

Erich found himself with a small group of soldiers ahead of the main body. They crawled along the ground, huddling against it whenever a shell exploded nearby. Then they would continue forward towards the barbed wire, some of them would remain huddled, motionless — never to move again. Erich reached the barbed wire and passed through it. He had gone only a few feet past when a flare lit up the
surrounding area. He remained motionless, glued to the ground until the flare died out, then he lunged forward, diving into an old shell hole. A second later a shell turned the hole into an inferno. The explosion sent up a sheet of flame and debris. Shrapnel tore into every side of the hole.

At the bottom of the hole lay Erich — dead, his body battered and torn, covered with dirt and mud. Small twisting rivulets of fumes struggled upwards. On the rim of the shell hole stood the old soldier. He looked down upon Erich, then he lifted his face toward the sky and raised his arms. His face became swathed with a strange light that increased until his whole body glowed with its brightness. The light radiated over the shell hole, its rays pulsating and throbbing as they probed through the darkness onto Erich's body.

As though struggling from a heavy dream, Erich moved. He turned slowly, reaching for his fallen rifle. As he moved more into the moonlight, he stopped suddenly — his breath ceased, his eyes bulged out. With a weird cry he stood up, fully revealed in the moon's light. His heavy boots and grey uniform were gone, in their place was the khaki uniform of an American doughboy. Erich lifted his hands to his head and felt the small, flared American helmet. His breath came in short choking gasps, he pressed back against the side of the shell hole, with fear and confusion clutching at his insides.

Another figure approached the shell hole and stopped at the rim, his shadow covered Erich's trembling body. Erich looked up and recognized his brother.

"Ludwig, Ludwig!, it is I, Erich, help me!," his voice made no sound. The figure descended into the shell hole, rifle in hand, the bayonet pointed at Erich. Again and again Erich screamed his brother's name. "Ludwig, Ludwig! It is I, Erich, your brother." But the figure continued to move towards him — unhearing.

Ludwig yanked the bayonet out of the khaki-clad soldier — struck again, and then moved on.

For the second time a shadow covered Erich's body. On the rim of the shell hole stood the strange old soldier. His face filled with compassion, he raised his head, his whispered prayer seemed to drown out the roar of the guns —

"and lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil. Amen."

He made the sign of benediction and then moved on, following Ludwig into the blackness.

-Andre
PORTRAIT

His was the calm that only poets know,
And by its name so seldom recognize,
To model phrases for the ocean's flow,
To court a willing sonnet for a prize.
The toil that breaks the hearts of common men
He saw and wove unruffled in his rhyme,
Nor stirred to labor with them, proving then
That none can mingle singing with the climb.
He sang of life who never lived an hour,
Of darkness who had never seen the night,
And prayed his pretty verse would have the power
To give a race of toilers freshened sight.
Content with singing, he was still not stirred
The day he died with all his songs unheard.

-Jack Waller

SONNET VII

My shallow talk proclaims the impotence
Of every avalanche of words, and fate,
The child of awe, will have no recompense
For prime creative moods that ask to wait.
My throat has spilled inchoate songs until
My intellect confines a febrile fear;
The casual name and phantomed daylight kill
The heart that begs an hour to last a year.
Compassion, hate and apathy are all
Allied with frustrate joy, because my call
From earth to heaven mingles thought with speech,
And clocks impoverish my self-made wall
Of dreams: thus shriveled smiles are flung at each
Kaleidoscopic trance beyond my reach.

-J. P.
Katherine stood by the door, holding the screen ajar.
A moth with its wings chalked by moonlight
Fluttered softly against her face.

Her heart strained in fear.
"They are asleep," she thought,
And she remembered their eyes when they talked to her.
The thought ached in her mind like a wild animal,
Running back and forth, the length of its fetters.
With a choking sound, she closed the door,
And, crossing the yard, turned toward the hills.

Oh close, encupping hills,
Cold and soft in nightmist and moonlight,
Keep my shame tonight,
And tomorrow fall inward, folding Time in your hollows.

Her path through the grass was a dipping swath,
Bending the stems. Her feet were wet.
"Jack watered the grass this afternoon," she thought,
"After the sun was down, and the yard was filled
With the mauveness of shadows,
And the beginnings of fragrance of jasmine."

She passed the shed, where the rabbits gnawed at their hutches,
And at her steps sounding, the great buck thudded his foot once
On the slatted floor, and peered at her brightly.

Swift, skulking love,
What way is this?
What way is the night's darkness carrying me?
The wind blows to the hills,
And my feet are wound by the wind ... . . .
... Fear in my throat . . .
Katherine, Katherine, your people sleep who might watch you,
Fleeing the pathways of night,
Sneaking the hours of dawnlight.
Through the grass your path is a swath
That may not spring back again by morning.
And the rabbits know of your running ... .

When I feed them tomorrow through the laths,
Their bright eyes will mock me:
"We saw you pass through the night."
The rabbits gnawed again at their hutches; 
She ran again, and paused in the shadows of trees. 
Then crossed the fields and came to the sage-covered hills. 
As she climbed the slope, she knew she did not want to come this way, 
Nor see Frederick. She wanted to go back down the hill, 
And into her own room, 
Where the things that belonged to her were. 
She wanted to lie quietly in the certain world of walls and roof, 
And have slow days swallow sadness and joy 
Into their protean maws. 
She bent her head and cried, but went on walking. 
Want and desire were dying winds, 
Smothering themselves in the flames of dream. 
Oh love like fretting waves, 
Pushed up from a deeper sea, 
Breaking in waste on the nearest shore.

Frederick met her where the grove began, 
Silently they walked between the rows of trees. 
Once he stopped and kissed her lips, 
And her heart wailed in sadness, bitterness brought out of joy. 
It was dark, and Katherine thought, 
"Why is it lovers choose the night? 
Night hides each from the other's eyes. 
I cannot see Frederick's face; 
It is as though I walk with half a stranger. 
I cannot see the kindness of his eyes, 
It is as though I walk with someone I don't know."
She felt his hand trembling in hers . . .

Trembling hands of my lover, 
I feel the sinews of Frederick's hands, 
I feel the fine-skeined nerves of my lover's hands, 
Thundering and vibrant.

By the filtered moonlight, through the leaves, 
Dimly she saw him raise his arm 
And fling his hand backward against his face, 
He lifted his head exultantly 
And made a sound of joy of her name, 
Katherine, Katherine, Katherine!

He closed her tightly in his arms; 
Swiftly she wondered how this thing could be, 
That she should be in a grove of trees, 
Patterned and pooled by moonlight. 
That she should be held in arms of someone she knew from desire, 
Feeling the trembling of certainty, 
Of all things closing and ending, about her.
They lay together, and in his arms she thought, "I never knew such loneliness as this"...

His arms seeking her, but the secret of her mind knowing
That she would never feel such loneliness again.
"Women know . . ." she thought,
"They know the brief, sweet-fruitied years
That must be given up to childering the earth . . .
Amid the sown kisses of the night, our children come,
And by their harvest we are old.
. . . To run shrunken fingers through your hair,—Frederick . . ."

She closed her eyes and lay her face against his head.

God let it not pass forever out of life,
Like a comet trailing fire
Across the memory of night.
. . . I draw slim fingers across my lover's face,
With all my youth I love you,
For with this moment goes some part of me,
That will not come again, when I am old.

Past moment, like gone joy,
And the moment of the happening
The birth of its own memory.

The moon passed towards its setting.
She watched its secret passage through the leaves.
It was as though she were the only one who knew
The pain of sinking moons and sleeping lover.

I watch over you who are asleep,
Frederick, Frederick.
Your breath against my breast
Is a wind of anguish sweet and deep.
I would watch over you through every night,
I would watch all the while you sleep,
When you come wearily, I would harbor your face in my breast,
In quietude . . . and kiss the points of your forehead
Silvered by moonlight . . .
Slumber of my lover, last forever . . .
. . . Over your slumber, I hold vigil explaining life.
Frederick stirred and raised his head.
Through darkness she could sense his smile;
Murmuring, he bent his head against her sleepily,
Kissing her throat.
"I'll go with you to the end of the grove..."
"No," she shook her head, watching and knowing every detail of his face.
He stroked her hair from her temples
And left his fingers on the pulse beat.
Somewhere a bird gave a single note,
Deepening the silence.

She watched his figure moving through the trees,
In and out, as though he played an indistinct, sad game with her,
Deceptive and haunting...

Am I doomed to hunt you now, forever,
And forever, never find you?

Anguished, she lay her arms around a tree,
And it seemed to her it was the tree that shuddered
From their same agony...

To be as sexless as the grass,
To be passionless as rain.

She listened to the rustled woods;
She grew afraid to be alone.
She turned and fled along the hill.

Run, run, run...
Run out my sorrow in my panting breath,
And if my sinews hurt, and my throat strains,
What is it more than the bursting of sufferance
Into its tortured fling.
She stopped at the wire fence and pressed it apart to climb through.
Across the fields she heard the dog bark,
"That's Lettie," she thought in twisted shame.
She brooded, holding the cold wire.
"Lettie and I coming home in the dawnlight,
Running in secret the brush-covered hills."
She turned, and saw Mary her mother.
She started and then was stricken still.
The darkness was hysterical, a medley of mockery and tears.

Mary took the girl's shoulders and peered at her.
"I know where you've been ... I know where you've been ..."
She drew a long breath, "Oh, Katherine ... Why?
What will we do?"
Katherine was silent, shuddering ...
"I don't care," she whispered.
Mary grasped her in anger and shook her
Until the moonlight made shimmering ripples in her hair,
And their bodies rocked in the moonlight.
"Fool ... fool! Can't you know there are things in life,
Over and beyond the love of a girl and a boy ...
Can't you know? Can't you know?"
"I don't care ... I don't know ..."

Lettie ran up out of the dark, whining and friendly,
And nuzzled Katherine's hand.

"Get on into the house ... go on,
Before someone sees us."
Mary pushed Katherine before her along the path,
And Katherine was no more than a small girl,
Being switched homeward from some wrong deed ...

Oh great waves going back,
Broken and shamed by the mountains,
Great waves slowly receding,
Followed by laughter of giants ...
SELF EULOGY

Who I Am was born, has lived and died, and now she lies in state upon this elevated place while some who knew her manifested self have come to fit it once again into the pattern of response which their interpretation made.

Her mother said:
"I've never thought that she was beautiful — though happiness enhanced the details that were good. And she was sweet. She always told me everything. At first it was the funny world . . . the little bugs . . . the games at Sunday school. And then it was the things they thought — the teachers and the boys and girls. And then the clothes . . . the dances . . . and the dates. And then the way she felt and thought. She was so slow . . . I don't know what she thought about when she would pull the stopper from the sink and dry it carefully while all the water dropped away from stacks of unwashed dishes there. I think that she was brilliant in her ability to think and to imagine. But she was not self-confident, and quick decisions bothered her. Though still, when she made up her mind she kept her resolutions stubbornly. She felt herself inferior to many folk, I think — at least she was too much concerned with how they rated her; and she would just be meek and not stand up for her own rights, or for her family's sometimes. Yet she resented being told that she was wrong. She would set her lips together fast and do a thing the way she started out. She didn't have the slightest sense of time — she saved too many things until the last and stayed up hours and hours into the night. Sometimes those that should have taken time she had to slight because she'd dawdled much too long with other ones. She wasn't lazy . . . no, just dawdled much too long with other ones. She was sweet, I say, and many people loved her so — many kinds of people too. She always made excuses for folks. People who had only seen her smile would come and say that I was fortunate.

Her father said:
"I knew her best when she was just a little girl. We would ride on horseback then and talk and talk or take long walks and chat along the way. She was never conscious of herself — only thrilled with all the things she found. She'd mix them up again and make them fit into her own outlandish schemes and plays. I won't forget the night I took her piggy-back across the still, dark town when Tom was born — how awed we were — how glad and not afraid . . . and how she talked of taking him along when she went with me to the corner every day. The night I told her we were going to move into a block which had a girl her age in every house and all the fun we planned. They had it too — those seven kids. Troubles, too, of course, but fun. They went to school and grew along — but suddenly we had to move again and things were pretty bad. She and her mother felt it worst — a sort of shame in losing out. She took no sides if we would disagree, but still she wanted things. They thought that I was partial then to
Tom. High school... you know, things mean a lot to kids that old. I thought she went about too much, and she resented that. She didn’t tell me much. Then she went away to school. Her mother had more time for me, and she learned different values, too. And then I guess I changed myself. We went out to the farm. I liked it better there. The funny gifts and notes we sent were fortunate I think. One summer night when she’d come home and all the rest were gone to town, we lay out in the yard and talked again. It’s strange how much we understood each other’s thoughts without a word. I guess that we were pretty much alike. We always knew to dream... if nothing came of it. She studied fine, although sometimes I think she didn’t learn the things that count — not all, that is. She never got a meal herself and it was hard to wake her up, though nights, of course, she kept awake. She never spoke up much about herself except inside the family. She would get moody now and then, or get a fad and take it much too serious — a boy sometimes, a pair of shoes... but fairly steady as a rule.

Leona said:

'She was a little grown-up girl. I knew her first when we liked riding ponies, climbing trees, and dressing up. We’d play so hard and laugh so much, but now and then she’d say the quaintest things and wonder really what was good and bad. I was in high school earlier than she and when I had a party once for boys and girls I didn’t think that she should come. I had a slumber party first — the week before — to substitute. But when we’d gone to bed at last to talk about the special things you talk about at night, she told me Don had taken her to drive and asked her if she’d maybe come with him to my party. Don was one that I liked quite a lot, and so it was a shock to find the friend I thought a little girl was grown enough to make him look at her. I felt bewildered and disloyal, for I have always loved her best of all my friends. I guess the quaintness is the ruse that mixes me — it’s been so often since. Once for a summer she was gone, and I met Dave. He had a past — he’d been expelled from school for something and came back — and he was old and smooth and glamorous. I liked him terribly. I nearly died till she came home so I could tell her all the little things. She did come home when school started. She was a sophomore then and she had found that high school wasn’t serious after all. She was so cute and crazy-gay that first week I remember. She was going with Larry then and Al and Jack and Herb, and Billy back where she had visited. She was very popular, I think. Then she met Dave. I think she tried not to like him, too. Three times that he asked her for dates she didn’t go. I was surprised again that she was whom he picked. She seemed so young and sweet and scatter-brained, and he so old. One noon we went away to talk. "Lee," she said, "he asked me out again. I told him that I’d go. I didn’t mean to really. I don’t why I did... and I’ll be glad to break it, honest, kid..." I think we cried then, both of us, we were so miserable. We promised that we’d always love each other most and that no one would ever make us change. I told her it was best to let him choose — that she was
whom I'd wish to have him, next to me. She didn't break her date and Dave broke one with me to go with her. I couldn't just stop loving him at once — at least, I called it love — and it was hard to see them all the time. But still we kept our pledge. He'd keep her high one day and low the next, but she helped him I guess. We were afraid that she might marry him. Next year I went away to school and missed her more than anyone, I guess. Her interest always seemed sincere about the things I said and did. There was a summer then we tried to catch up time we lost, and after that we saw each other less. It's been a year, I think. But we survived adversity that many friends can't stand. We always wrote about the still-important things — our feelings and our moods. She always made moods into words that I could understand. I was surprised at other things she did — things at school — plays, debates, and even beauty contests. She was only chosen by people that she knew — she did have lovely different eyes that said more than you understood. When she would stay all night with me, we'd talk instead of study; and Mother used to get us up half an hour ahead of time, else she would play too long and we would both be late. I don't know how she ever got things done. There were so many ways that she was contradictory."

Davy said:

"She had almost slanted eyes and when I saw her first a tilted sort of hat. I thought that she was perfect and just enough aloof to make me wonder what she thought. I was the first she kissed. I treasure that and always was a pig about the place I held. Right at first I played around and hurt her some, I know — but soon I didn't even look at other girls. She would give in to things I asked and I would ask too much. Kids used to say that of all the couples that they knew, we got along the best — that we would be the ones to marry later on. That used to make me glad. I would get discouraged that I didn't have a job, but she was sweet about not going out. It got to be that she was all I thought about. I worshipped her, I guess, and while I was in school things went all right. I got a job the summer I was graduated. Good pay — hard work — a chain-store place. I'd be so tired sometimes I'd think I'd die. We went places on week-ends then and did the things we'd wanted to so long. The fellows at the store were crooked I found out. I loathed the place. Then it was fall again, and she was back in school. She did a lot of things that year — class president and all that sort of thing. It took her time from me, and I was jealous, too, of fellows that I knew she bantered with. Even those I called my friends would like to hang around, I know, when I was out of sight. O'Brien's had a big estate a few miles out of town. Their boys had money, cars and clothes and went to the academy instead of our small school. The town-boys cut them flat, but girls, of course, were thrilled to zoom around in old O'Brien's car. We'd had words over Larry now and then before. I finally quit my job and went into the city every day to hunt another one. More and more the things she did were leaving me outside. I've never been so low I guess in all my life. It wasn't all her fault, I know. I don't blame her getting weary
of my tempers and my moods. I went over to her house a Saturday when she was gone and just before I left, she drove up out in front — she and Larry and two other kids. They came inside. Larry brought the milk from off the porch. He stood there rather foolish holding it. I can’t remember what I said, but it was pretty bad. It was very still I know until I’d slammed the door. I went back later — they were gone — and asked her for my picture and my letters. She hardly noticed me — just ran upstairs and down again and threw them on the floor. They scattered out. Then I caught her close to me and begged her that we’d be the same again. I was used to having her give in, but I had never seen her eyes so hot and hard. I didn’t pick the letters up. I took the picture, though. I met Bob and Ray as I was going home. ‘Sure,’ they said, ‘You lose your income so she takes the moneyed boys.’ I lived with Ray and Sue those years, and so did Bob. ‘I think I’ll go and get a coke,’ I said. They dropped me at the drug store, and I asked Mr. Watson what he had to kill a dog. ‘A big police,’ I said. He wrapped a bottle up and told me it was potent. ‘Just use a little bit and then don’t get too close.’ My face was very hot. I ran the whole way home.

‘I called her up. ‘I don’t like dogs,’ I said, ‘do you? But still they’re easy done away with when you’re tired.’ She said, ‘You’re crazy, Dave. I haven’t time to talk.’ I went inside the bathroom, locked the door. I saw O’Brien gaping with that milk still in his hand. How they’ll all gape, I thought. No job, no girl. I laughed. I looked into the mirror there above the paint-nicked cabinet. And you were going to marry her — possess her — always — Hell! I took the top off — read beneath the skull — ‘two teaspoonfuls for dogs,’ it said. I looked back in the glass again. I laughed and tipped it up and drank. The light was glaring yellow on the glass. I laughed until it seemed to waver green. I want to live, I thought. I screamed at Ray and fell against the door.

I can’t remember much except I was in bed and argued with them that I knew I could get up. I wakened after that again and they were gone and so I dragged into some clothes and staggered out toward her house. There was a fog, I know, and things seemed rather weird. And when I did get there I couldn’t talk. Her mother put me on the lounge and said to her, ‘If Dad finds out, I don’t know what he’ll do.’ She called the doctor up and seemed afraid.

‘Next day, though, I went back again. We didn’t say a lot about the night before — afraid to make it real as words I guess. I don’t suppose she’s ever known that it was not an act for sure. Even after that she went with me a lot, though not only with me. I know that it was hard for her to try to keep things casual-like. She asked me if I’d go away awhile and we’d try not to think of anything at all, but I kept begging that we’d have things like they were. ‘No, Dave, I think you’re very tired of us, and hadn’t found it out,’ she said. ‘Go meet somebody new.’

Nobody’s hair would tangle up like hers. She was always proud of things I did, and always asked to know about them then. I couldn’t understand how she could be so sweet and loyal and kiss me like she
did sometimes and still so stubbornly resist the thing I wanted most. I got a job at last and lived up in the city with my family after that. For two years still I didn't think of anyone but her. I didn't see her very much, for she had gone to school. I think that I grew up somewhat in there to see how selfish I had been. I guess it was too long before I did. The last time that I saw her was in spring—a night before I went away. She'd told me about others, but still I was the one who kissed her first—he loved me first I know. There aren't many girls as fine as she. We rode and rode. I begged her once again to marry me. 'I haven't any feeling left at all, Davy,' she said. 'I don't know what I want... I owe so much to all the folk who've seen me through till now.' Christmas time she wrote to me... I didn't answer her. And I forgot her birthday too..."

And when the rites of Who I Am are done, she rises from her place to look upon the outline of herself left there. How odd that there should be a single print for all the persons known... and all of them so strange to Who I Am.

-Mikel Melaney

-\[\text{NOCTURNE}\]

\begin{quote}
I shall never hear your voice on the wind
Nor see your eyes in the dim twilight mist,
My own nightingale of drowsy numbness,
My twin, richly jeweled evening stars.
Lone longing rolls the morning saffron dawn,
Lacy foam from ocean sprays diamond pearls
To catch in my hair, tantalizingly,
Wets my lips—with it weary remembrance.

The sea, the mountain, the mountain, the sea.
Lilt and swell and I between scent of pines,
The salt and nocturnal ginger blossoms
Night blooming, while night, fleeing ever swift,
Smoothly as mirrored swans, soft in stillness,
Pales. I am waiting for the last night's cloes.
\end{quote}

-Virginia Clare Jones

-\[45\]
In an English manor house on a late summer day, a young girl with fair hair and a strained, delicate face sat over her lessons.

"Repeat after me in English, my lady — Haec rosa — "

"This rose lies fallen in death. I don't like that, master. Why should it be said that the rose has fallen to death; it might have risen to be even more beautiful in dying."

"There is no time to discuss the translation, my lady, you are far behind in your recitation; repeat after me, please — Haec familia — "

"Are we never to turn away from these droning lessons?" The young student twisted her hands, rose, and crossed the room, the gray cloth of her skirts brushing the floor with an unsteady and restless sound.

"My lady, you are usually a docile student."

"I know, master," the girl turned her head from side to side in a weary motion, "yet today I feel as if something is to happen, the air hangs heavy with it."

Steps sounded in the corridor outside, the study room door opened and a richly-dressed, middle aged woman came into the room. Two men followed the woman. Before them the girl in gray sank into the folds of her dress, bowing first to the woman, "My mother," secondly to the older of the men, "My father." "My lord," her last bow was directed to the second man.

Her mother spoke, "You are to prepare to go to London at once."

"At once," fright whitened the girl's face, strained her voice. She stood upright. "Mother, to London? I don't understand."

The man who stood with her father came forward. "May I ask her ladyship's age?"

"I am thirteen."

The man made no comment upon her age, went on in a hurried voice. "You will be taken directly up the Thames to the palace today, your ladyship."

"To the palace?" Joy came into the child's face. "To the royal palace, my lord?"

"To the royal palace."

"And may I go in a gondola?"

"You will go in a gondola. You will travel as a queen travels," he repeated again in a lower voice, "as a queen travels."

"Let us go at once, then," the girl put out her hand to him.

As they left the room the tutor shut the day's text upon the sentence, "The rose lies fallen in death," and picking up his books left the room after them.

A boy and a girl stood in the great, sunken gardens of the London royal palace. Pigeons flocked about them, on the ground at their feet, in the air above their heads, seeking the kernels of corn thrown by the girl.

"Your hair is beautiful in the sun." When the girl gave him no answer, the boy went on, "Have you been happy here?"
"I have not been happy."

"Have you been happy as my wife?"

"Oh, yes, always," the girl lifted shining eyes. "Only that has
kept me from being unhappy for sometimes the air seems to hang
heavy here as it did in the country. I had thought I would escape it."

"Heavy, and dark and poisoned with plotting, no doubt, with wisps
behind doors and Warwick's scheming voice."

"The Duke of Warwick is your uncle!"

"He is still a schemer, he plotted with your mother and father,
your mother most, to bring you here; he plotted with her, too, to have
us married so that he might have a blood tie to the throne through
me as prince consort." The boy's hand, caught in her hand, crushed
the girl's fingers. "You knew that didn't you?"

The princess answered in a toneless voice, "I knew it, yes." She
freed her hand and walked away across the garden, the gray silk of
her dress glinting in the sun. At the foot of the stairs leading to the
palace courtyard she stopped and stood looking downward.

"Look at this rose, its petals are falling."

"Does that bother you?"

"It is dying."

"Are you afraid of death?"

"Not of death like this, for this is escape from wasting age, from
ugly and slow decay. You see, the rose is still beautiful. I am not
afraid of death as I would have it."

"How would you have it?"

"While I am young and still seek beauty rather than something else;
before I have sunk beneath self-betrayal and no matter what my
age grown old; before I breathe out treachery rather than breathe it in
and have become decayed inside like my mother and your uncle."

After a long period of silence the boy said, "We must go in now,
the sun is going down."

From a barred window in the London tower, a prisoner stood watch-
ing the entrance to the court yard beneath.

"Aren't you cold, your majesty?"

The prisoner turned to her serving woman. "Not cold enough for
a cloak. How long will it be before the drums sound again?"

"Only a short while, the ax falls fast, your majesty."

"Don't call me your majesty; I am no longer a queen."

The girl turned back to the window, stood staring outward; her face as it was framed in the window was no longer a child's face. Her
skin stretched taut and old about her sick eyes.

"Let him remember the garden," she thought. "There is no longer
beauty in life."

Across the silence of the prison room the sound of rolling drums
struck like a blow against the waiting figure. She put out her hand
then sank stricken to the floor, the gray soiled folds of her court dress
swelling about her. "I am not afraid," she said aloud.

-Frances Stinnett