EL PALENQUE

It is hard to look away. Our world of striking steel and tragic chaos is grimly fascinating. It is almost with moral qualm that we momentarily glance up from the blood-smeared pages of its daily history, keeping our fingers on the line where the last battle was fought or the last Anschluss consummated. Yet do not our eyes need the rest provided by a longer vision? Is it not in order that we breathe the air less fouled by the vapor of insidious statecraft and seek a view more distant maneuver of troops or treaties?

The wheel-less civilization of the pre-Caucasian American was, like ours a harried civilization. Intrigue and machination played their part. Warfare and waste of life were continent-wide scourges. Yet between the seizures of mankind with the disease of self annihilation, time was found for the expression of the arts and for the pursuit of learning. No better symbol of the art that was America's may be found than in the Mayan city of Palenque.

Palenque is still not entirely known to archaeology. More of its buildings are still fast in the tentacles of the Chiapas jungle. What is known, however, tells us a story of a people who were capable architects, brilliant designers and poetic in their use of religious symbolism. The largest of the Palenque buildings is the Palace which embraces a unique square tower, four stories of which are still extant. Five other buildings are known as the Temples of the Cross, of the Sun, of the Inscriptions, of the Foliated Cross, and of the Beau Relief. All rest on pyramidal bases, suggestive of archaic pyramids or natural hills which were the first places of worship and sacrifice. The facades of the buildings, which were originally stucco, offer strong contrasts between areas entirely plain and areas tightly filled with intricate ornamentation.

The tablets which adorn the walls of the sanctuaries were rich in hieroglyphic inscriptions and religious symbolism. Two of the tablets, the tablet of the Cross and the tablet of the Foliated Cross bear the cruciform symbol which to many peoples of the world has meant the cardinal directions and the quartering of the universe. These probably meant ever more to the Mayans. The Foliated Cross was doubtless the tree of Heaven, the roots of which rest on the huge head of the Underworld and the top of which is surmounted by the Quetzal bird, the symbol of rain and vegetation.

Palenque was of the earlier period of Mayan culture. It brought to culmination the arts of the first great phase of Mayan civilization which lasted from the second until the seventh centuries of our calendar. It and its civilization collapsed. Because of failure in the food supply? Civil war? Pestilence? The archaeologists are not sure. They are certain, however, that the people of Palenque wrested from the surge of time a few generations in which to develop their arts and sciences and pleasure-giving diversions. Has any civilization done more?

Dr. Spencer Rogers.
EL PALENQUE

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He sat there nonchalantly paring his finger nails and gazing moodily out of the bus window as we travelled along the dusty highway. A grey flannel coat over brown trousers did nothing to improve his appearance, while a frayed white collar peeked coyly over the wrinkled jacket and encircled his thin neck. The only thing to be said for his shoes was that they matched, but they were half covered by his falling socks.

The bus lurched placidly on, and I gazed across the aisle at my unappetizing fellow passenger. We were sitting across from each other, each of us the master of an entire seat, the bus not being very crowded. Suddenly he turned around and began to stare at me. I got the fidgets. He scrutinized me as carefully as if he were taking inventory, then he leaned forward and beckoned.

"Come on over and talk a while, bud."

Well, the trip was boring. I'd finished the Spicy Stories that I got at the last stop, so what the heck, I might as well go over and shoot the breeze with Fancypants across the aisle. So, I got up and lurched across into his territory.

He opened the conversation. "You going to Jersey too?"

"Yeah, but I'm going straight on through up to New York."

He straightened himself up proudly. "I'm going home to my wife", he announced.

"You're pretty lucky to have someone to go to," I told him. "Is she meeting you at the station?"

"Well, not exactly, this is kind of a surprise."

I wanted to say the right thing, so I commented that it would probably make her very happy.

His shoulders sagged a little, "I don' know, she hasn't seen me for four years."

"You'll have a nice reunion", I told him, and we both spent several minutes looking out of the window at the slowly passing landscape.

Finally he broke the silence. "I wonder if her old man is still sore."

I had no comment.

After carefully blowing his nose, he remarked, "He had me arrested for vagrancy."

"Your own father-in-law, I queried, "how could he do that?"

"He said he was sick of me living off him since I married Polly, so he had me arrested for vagrancy after we were only married a year. I don't know what he was kicking about. Polly made sixteen a week and she gave him five of it."

"Didn't you work?"

"Nah, I couldn't work, I have a weak heart, or something. I have to take things easy. But, I used to help with the dishes. Sometimes."

"It's o.k. though", he went on, "they'll be glad to have me back. I got about thirty dollars now, and I even bought Polly a swell present, so she'll have me back."

"It must be lovely", was my only comment.

"You'll think so when you see it, wait," and reaching into the depths of his grimy pocket, he pulled out a small box. Opening it he proudly extracted a little heart suspended on a gold chain. The ten cent store variety.

Dangling it proudly, he spoke, "It cost me plenty, two and a quarter. The fellow said it was hot, so that's why I got it so cheap. I didn't even get a good look at it until he scammed. But it's a real solid gold locket. Think she'll like it?"

The thing was horrible, but I assured him that she would like it, that she would take him back, and that his father-in-law would probably go wild with joy when he saw him. I wanted to get back to my seat. Even rereading my Spicy Stories would be less boring than this pathetic tale. Who did he think I was, the Voice of Experience?

He was droning on again. "Should I call her from the station? Or should I walk in and surprise them? I'm all excited. I better call them first, then they can come and meet me. Gee, will they be surprised when they hear I have thirty dollars. I bet they never thought that I could make so much money."

I just got up quietly then and went back to my seat. He was still talking and didn't even notice my careful retreat.

We were to pull into New Jersey very early in the morning and then go straight into New York. I awoke tired from sleeping in an upright position all night; it was hard on the back. Looking around I saw my shoddy friend still paring his nails and looking out the window. We were out of New Jersey already. Gosh, I thought, the poor fellow forgot to get off; he must be all up in the air about seeing his wife again.

Leaning across the aisle, I yelled at him, "Hey, you missed your stop; aren't you going to see your wife and her family in New Jersey?"

He looked at me dreamily. "I just remembered," he said, "I got thirty dollars, and I know a slick little dame in New York. I'll go home to New Jersey next week."
When David—with a harp in his hand and the intoxication of conceit in his breast—hinted to the Lord: "Oh save me... for in death there is no remembrance of thee: in the grave which shall give thee thanks?" he was not felled violently to the earth. The remark was assured to the point of irreverence; it indicated a grating condescension; as sured to the point of irreverence; the re is no remembrance of thee: in thanks the ear th. The earth . The divine psychology. Yet the Lord, although still in the era of heaven, exhibited in general a most unerring tolerance. It boasted a thorough knowledge of the youth—let no temple fall on him, shielded him from the jaws of tremendous asses, and exhibited in general a most surprising tolerance. It is all a matter of conjecture, of course, but very probably the Lord murmured (within the cautious hearing of some bystanders), "Poets, you know... all odd fellows... handicapped from the start... not entirely responsible." The word got around rapidly. The precedent was set: poets were allowed tremendous latitude.

And although David was eventually swept to the thankless grave, his disciples have been increasingly more convinced of their impunity. Things have now reached such a state in this respect that Dylan Thomas—most intensely and inscrutably surrealistic of the modern poets—can devote one of his infrequent understandable lines to telling us "my symbols have outelbow ed space"; and William Carlos Williams can fill an entire page to his satisfaction with no more than two syllables to a full line, while E. Cummings outdazzles him by giving a single punctuation mark the space of twenty words. The reading public even accepts, in the way of good-natured jesting, Kenneth Patchen’s unrhymed denial of its collective and individual legitimacy. They are then, these makers of song, given the ancient privilege of court jesters. That the majority of them are given a proportionate amount of awe they resent not one whit: ours is clearly not the age for Tennyson’s description of a pathetically unobtainable 'Excelsior'—we are too sophisticated for Khayyam’s statled disbelief in a mathematically just Omnipotent; we would wince ever so slightly were a modern Shelley to become noticeably enraptured over a skyscape.

Yet, we are not entirely sophomoric. Our poets are for the most part neither effete nor insincere: ours is an age surrounded by the haunting chaos of vague conclusions and recently conceived but imperceptible beginnings. Without attempting to be critical, we find ourselves dissatisfied, possessed of minds made deaf by our own effortless, caustic laughter. Our poetry reflects this criticism, and that the bulk of our poets profess with mockery the negativeness of their attitude should be considered no less that ardent proof of our peculiar, muffled honesty.

Stephen Spender gives—in sixteen lines—unmistakable expression to his recently popularized but fundamentally sincere disillusionment: "What I expected was Thunder, fighting, Long struggles with men And climbing. After continual straining I should grow strong; Then the rocks would shake And I should rest long."

What I had not foreseen Was the gradual day Weakening the will Leaking the brightness away, The lack of good to touch The fading of body and soul Like smoke before wind Corrupt, unsubstantial."

And in the later poem, Spender—as frantic as Dostoievsky at his inability to aid the average tiny beaten man—stammers his confusion like a child awakened from a nightmare:

"Then, when I raise my hands to strike, It is too late, There are no chains that fall Nor visionary liquid door Melted with anger.

When have their lives been free from walls and dark And airs that choke? And where less prisoner to let my anger Like a sun strike?"

William Carlos Williams, uncovering a similar wound, insists on adding a little boy’s grimace; he seeks a shadowed corner so that the redness of his eyes cannot be seen:

"He has on an old light grey Fedora She a black beret
He a dirty sweater She an old blue coat that fits her tight
Grey flapping pants Red skirt and broken down black pumps Fat Lost Ambling nowhere through the upper town they kick their way through..."
heaps of
fallen maple leaves
still green—and
crisp as dollar bills
Nothing to do. Hot cha!"

W. H. Auden avoids dignity with every ounce of his contorted energy. He admits an universal kind of defeat but he denies that the defeated could possibly be capable of victory. He announces by the knowing smirks of his intricately obscene "Letter to a Wound" that he has found disease in every part of life, in every function of the mind; he hints that he would seek fulfillment only in death's quick decay. He has an old man's way of taking delight in impotence; like a grandfather who has long been a cardiac case, he protects himself from anger, barricades himself against pity:

"In my spine there was a base;
And I knew the general's face:
But they've severed all the wires,
And I can't tell what the general desires.
Here am I, here are you:
But what does it mean? What are we going to do?

In my veins there is a wish,
And a memory of fish:
When I lie crying on the floor,
It says, "You've often done this before."

For the most part, then, they are better than Gorki, these modern poets, but they will not find release with him in thunderous hatred. Their works have no tone of solemnity, no faith in human worth, no patience with the ancient concept of spiritual majesty. Like Auden, they make tinkling rhymes, laughing at their sickness; or, like the knuckle-cracking hero of the proletariat (Kenneth Patchen) they sob that they are trapped by the diabolic hatreds of God and capitalists.

Their defeat and their sickness are—as the latest war testifies—neither unreal or uncommon. Both the poets and their mute brothers have acquired a distaste for life peculiar to such men as Thomas Hardy and A. E. Housman: until they discover a thing worth deserving, they cannot possibly do more than to describe the hurt of their disappointment.
The time clock almost spat in my face as I slapped my card into its slit mouth and banged the plunger into its ribs. Its mechanical guts bonged once, making me wince. It was like the start of another eight round battle, an hour for each round.

I hurried down the corridor, turned into the ground floor tracing room, and was rolling the cover off of my drafting board before I shook off the clinched-fist sensation in the pit of my stomach.

"Oh, well," I sighed, as I looked around at the twenty other tracers hunched over their boards, "some of these suckers love airplanes as passionately as I hate the tin kites."

How well I knew this struck me forcibly with the visual aid of the "Swede's" pink hair glistening over his board. There was a guy that adored airplanes. They were dearer to him than anything in his life with one exception—perhaps—his girl.

When we left the boarding house earlier that morning, I halted at the top of California Street hill fascinated by the view. The "Swede" didn't break his long stride, so intent and forward pulling were his thoughts of airplanes. The tin kites housed in the shiny glass-walled factory, which sprawled out like spread butter in the early morning sunshine, hypnotized him. He forgot his girl. He forgot everything but overgrown toys for kid aviators.

He didn't see the sleek, black submarines huddled under the lee of their Mother ships like chicks protected by an old grey hen in an oval nest feathered in blue. He didn't see the long, bare brown, muscular arm reaching into the sea, as though the vast genii that cuddled San Diego in its lap was dipping a handful of deep ocean water to slake its thirst. The "Swede" never noticed the drifting seagulls, the diamond sprinkled Pacific, or the clean, crisp air.

"Hell," I thought, "the guy is nuts. He's a lost soul. He's worse off than some ancient worshipper bewildered by a pagan idol. He just doesn't know any better, or he'd do something about it."

With this forgiving reservation, I took a big breath, prepared to dash off a morning's work. I gagged. My throat felt cauterized. As best I could under the circumstances—I cursed the foul rope my nearby pals smoked in their pipes. I took a last longing look as the glass walls of the prison and got to work.

Imagine my surprise at lunch to have the "Swede" swing in beside me as I hoofed it around Lindbergh Field to reach the bay. He didn't like fishing boats or pelicans. He usually walked up and down the
assembly line during his lunch hour and climbed in and out of his tin gods, lovingly memorizing every countour and contraption in their bloated bodies.

"I'm going up after lunch and see the "old man" about a promotion."

Ah, so that was it. I marveled anew at the pink haired one's singleness of purpose.

"I can do the work up there in any of those groups. I'd like to get in the "Wing Group" under Ray­mond. He could use a good man."

"Sure, if the Company had any new contracts, but it hasn't. You know as well as I do, that about half of us will get the axe before the month's over."

"A lot of tracers will go, that's certain, but not the boy's upstair­s." "Which gives you small chance of making the grade."

"I don't know about that. I'm going to see the "old man" regard­less."

"You know what he's like when he blows his top." I warned.

"He's not so bad."

"That's what you think."

The "old man" had me buffaled, and I knew it. Maybe the "Swede" could handle the old lion, I didn't want any part of him.

About three the "Swede" came by and gave me the eye. I went up­stairs with him, I had to get some blueprints, and I wanted to see the fun. If I'd had a chance of chang­ing his mind, I would have; but knowing the tenacity of purpose beneath that thick Scandinavian skull, I didn't even try.

"The old man" knew how, though. As I watched through the glass partitions of the office, I saw the wrinkles grooved near his eyes and mouth go deeper. The "Swede" persisted. The back of the "old man's" neck grew redder. He leaned back in his chair. That was the signal.

"What in hell do you think you are? Eric the Red?" boomed the "old man." The old boy continued by asking the tall fellow in front of him how, he, a square-headed Swede, who was probably the worst draftsman in the Company's em­ploy, thought he deserved a promotion.

Now when the "old man" makes himself clear in this manner, he begins by leaning back in his chair, removing the cigar from the corner of his mouth, running the fingers of one hand through his grey hair, and then letting his voice boom out so that all the upstairs drafting room gets in on it. His deep tones bounce around his target till the Chinese war seems a quiet retreat to the poor devil.

The "old man" completed his barrage by wanting to know why "by the index finger of the hand of fate" and why "by God!" did a young whippersnapper like the "Swede" dare tread on the sacred­st floor of his office.

The "Swede" took it. He'd asked for it. But when I met him at the elevator his jaw was a frozen line of angry determination. He didn't say a word on the way back to "Tracing," nor did I. He brought the subject up after supper that night.

"You know," he said, "I'm going up and see that old codger once a week 'til he puts me where I belong."

"I hope it's not out on your neck," I suggested pleasantly.

"No, it won't be. They can use me up there, but it may take a while to convince 'em."

I glanced over at the "Swede's" smooth, innocent face with the limpid blue eyes and thought maybe he would.

Several weeks later I was sitting at my board with my drafting equipment all packed and ready to take with me. In fact about twenty of us were perched on our stools like owls in a glass cage, waiting for our last pay envelopes. The tracing contract with the Navy was completed, releasing us automatic­ally from further employment. The "Swede" had been up to see the "old man" twice more but with no apparent success.

My spirits were lilting. Out of these prison walls I was flying, tra la, tra la, tra la. I felt positively poetical. In honor of the occasion I penned a noble poem:

I've never been up in an airplane flight,
Way up in the sky so blue;
But believe you me, my Sue, so true,
I'd rather fly than fabricate tin kites!

I was just going to take the master­piece over to the "Swede," when the girl brought the box of pay envelopes by. She thumbed through them and gave me mine.

Opening it, I glanced at the amount on the check and began to read by letter of dismissal; just then a terrific slap on the back almost knocked me over. I recovered my­selves and my temper and found the "Swede" waving a sheet of paper and dancing a jig. I grabbed it and read in the "old man's" handwriting an order for the "Swede" to report upstairs for fur­ther work under Raymond.

That tickled me almost as much as it did the "Swede," for I knew what it meant to him. As I watched the satisfaction written all over his face, I was envious. The guy was lucky: he'd found something he could work at with nothing less than enthusiasm.

"Maybe that's what I need," I thought, "a job to grip me like the "Swede" is gripped by his tin gods."

Then I remembered the sky, the ocean, the salt edge of the breeze... "Oh, to hell with this place!" I growled, grabbing up my junk and heading out.

As I passed the flat-faced time clock, it smirked at me—glad to see me go by for the last time; I grinned back and turned down the corridor, wondering: "What next?"
Guiding the common people of America has been a dream, a vision of a more abundant life, fuller and richer for every man to live and fully develop his capacities: a life wherein life will be organized to provide a fuller degree of security and democracy to the people. This American Dream has sprung from the richness of the American earth, from its tremendous industrial system, from its trained labor. And American literature has contributed intense expression of it. But what has happened to this hope?

The decay of the social and economic system, the decline of the middle class have tended to frustrate the conscience of the people, as well as the disillusionment of the last twenty five years: the World War and the hope of a just world, the collapse of the New Era with the crash of 1929, and the failure of the New Deal to organize an abundant, secure life, and now a War Boom, tomorrow war.

Accordingly, the literature of this country has turned from optimism as stated by Emerson and Whitman to pessimism; numerous writers escape from social reality, turning into themselves, inflaming their ego, lost in the contradictions of their age. This essay is about one seeker, one passionate writer who expresses the frustration, the longing fury, the search for the door to a new America.

"O lost . . . lashed and driven on across the earth by fury . . . of wandering forever and the earth again . . . where shall the weary rest? . . . this brevity of days haunted by the eternity of the earth . . . O lost . . . a stone, a leaf, an unfound door . . . a wind is rising, and the rivers flow."

This is Thomas Wolfe.

II

This search is intensely personal, and all Wolfe's writings are autobiographical. They contain an egotism partly akin to the Whitman type; yet this tended at times to fall to egoism, regarding himself as the center of things and his own existence as the only thing certain, probably due to tendency of the individualism of the Nineteen-Twenties to turn to a deeper and huge self-centeredness with the downfall of many traditions and institutions during the Thirties.

Another characteristic was his passion and excess. He viewed life more according to his mood: life was either lofty, with wild ecstasy of joy and overwhelming, intoxicating poetry, or life was brooding, ignoble, base; many of his characters are either driven to wander across the earth, searching, or lonely, in one place, frustrated. His writings are throbbing, piercing, singing with raging joy and fury.

"We are a phantom flare of griefed desire, the ghostly and phosphoric flicker of immortal time, a brevity of days haunted by the eternity of the earth. We are an unspeakable utterance, an insatiable hunger, an unquenchable thirst: a lust that burst our sinews, explodes our brains, sickens and rots our guts and rips our hearts asunder. We are a twist of passion, a moments flame of love and ecstasy, a sinew of bright blood and agony, a haunting of brief, sharp hours, an almost uncaptured beauty, a demon's whisper of unbounded memory."

And Thomas Wolfe wrote hundreds of finer passages than this for he was essentially a poet. The draw-back of this along with his voluminous writing—one of his novels in its original manuscript was 12 times the size of the average novel—was to make a definite structure almost impossible; his editor had to greatly condense and organize and still they contain gaps and over-lapping parts. And this "poetry in prose" often came from his prodigious memory that, as he put it, "opened enormous vistas and association, going from depth to limitless depth, until the simplest incident conjured up a buried continent of experience," filling page after page with almost pointless details. In his exceedingly interesting essay, "The Story Of A Novel," he readily points out his faults. But these are the faults of a genius, of a writer whose strong lyrical impuses flood into characters and scenes, into whole books, with a vitality and vividness that rivals Walt Whitman in his portrayal of America and its people.

III

The first publication of this young writer was "Look Homeward, Angel" which serves to introduce himself and his background; and this should rank as an important American novel. His powers of characterization are shown in the presentation of the Gant family and the people of a small North Carolina town, and his talent for making rich full scenes, as the death of Old Gant and Ben, one of the sons, present the depth and fullness of human experience, throbbing with human emotions; such scenes can stand beside any scene in American literature. However, the main function is to introduce Eugene Gant—Wolfe himself—as the main character, portraying his background, and going though his college life.

"Of Time And The River" reveals the impressions on the sensitive young mind of Eugene Gant of New York: that millioned-footed world, with its "savage violence and dense complexity, its ugliness and strange beauty," of the spectacle of millions who have forgot how to live in the struggle to make a living, of frustrated people with their "fury of unrest and longing, driven flight and agonized return, terrific speed and smashing movement that went nowhere." Is this America? What has happened to that vision of America? Why? Where?

This book is always moving; Wolfe writes of his small town, the bitting reality of New England, the aloofness of Oxford, and the loneliness of Americans in France, but it is always an American who is reporting these wanderings, and it is in this capacity that Wolfe wrote much of his finest writings.
into this book. In fact, it was the writer's intention to write a series of novels covering the entire history of the United States.

The tragic death of Thomas Wolfe at the age of 38 ended such ambition and all the great expectations of critics. With his death he left two more or less completed manuscripts. After rigorous editing the first manuscript, still lacked a definite plot; it was published under the title "The Web And The Rock."

Despite the essential repetition of the first two books in this, it contains some interesting features. After a fine first part, the main character, who is George Webber in this one, runs into a long, torturous love affair, true to life and to him, and ending nowhere. As a whole, even with some excellent passages, this doesn't rank with Wolfe's better works.

One interesting feature of this and his preceding volumes was his treatment of time. He employs it on three levels: actual, present time; that time which so deeply influences the present, the past, "Each moment is the fruit of forty thousand years... every moment is a window to all time"; and immortal, unending time symbolized by the river and the earth, the river of time that flows endlessly under the perplexing surface of America, "and the earth will endure forever."

His last work was posthumously published in 1940 as "You Can't Go Home Again." In this is a strong note of satire of the literary dilettantes, and the "intellectuals" with all their cults.

However, the real significance of this last novel was that Wolfe was finding himself, and his search was beginning to bear fruit. But it was not till he fully discovered that "you can't go home, again," that decay and force were rotting his wandering grounds in Europe, when he discovered that love is not everything, that there are greater things than fame; he realized his egoism, he was but "a tiny spurt of flame that blazed out briefly in an illimitable and terrifying darkness"; he began to feel "an intense and passionate concern for the interest and designs of his fellow men and of all humanity." Before his untimely death, Wolfe realized the error, as someone put it, of man "spending one's youth dreaming forward and spending age dreaming backward." Man's future is now, being decided in the everliving presents.

In the last few chapters he states his credo. He was going to hurl himself into helping his fellow men, dedicating himself to the search for those truths that will help man, even though this meant "nothing less than the complete revision of the structure of society as we know it." He states: "I believe that we are lost here in America, but I believe we shall be found... America's everlasting, living dream... the true discovery of our democracy is still before us."

Where will Thomas Wolfe stand in American literature? This is...
difficult to state as the closer one is to a person and his times the harder it is to get a historical perspective. He might be listed, that is, in possessing certain qualities, with Herman Melville and Whitman, and certain similarities with Proust and even Dostoevsky in World literature. Yet his works are distinctive and individualistic, and, to paraphrase Whitman, "Who touches Wolfe's books touches a man." He may be remembered as a rhapsodic poet, and the collection of fragments, "The Face Of a Nation" which is a collection of poetic passages from Wolfe's writings be his remembered work. Probably, he will be thought of as a sensitive, passionate writer who tried to focus himself and the American Dream upon a new, mechanical mass civilization; of the lost and confused, of what the world does to a young man.

As he once wrote:

"O the wonder, the magic, and the lost! His life was like a great wave breaking in the lonely sea; his hungry shoulders found no barrier—he smote his strength at nothing and was lost in a wrack of mist. But he believed that this supreme ecstasy which mastered him and made him drunken might some day fuse its enormous light into a single articulation. He was Phaeton with the terrible horses of the sun; he believed his life might pulse constantly at its longest stroke, achieve an eternal summit."

No one who has felt the wonder of youth, and the beauty and passion of life can read him and then ignore him. For there it is, forever on those pages, youth and the American earth. He tried and said "to pluck out of the sunken depths the roots of living, some hundred thousand magic words that were as great as all my hunger, and hurl the sum of all my living out upon three hundred pages—then death could take life, for I had lived it he took it: I had slain hunger, beaten death!"

The mighty tree is down. But his spirit will live, and those who have that spirit will remake America and shape it for the dawn that is coming. O Thomas Wolfe! You will glow ever with an increasing brilliancy!

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**BETHANY VALE**

Anna Jean Peterson

Bethany Vale has the eyes of a witch who lived in a cave a thousand years ago.

All the magic of the ages slumbers in them.

They burn in the dark.

Men would die for the love of Bethany Vale,

But her love is he who sets a billion leaves dancing, bends a giant tree and cracks its roots, lashes the ocean with his whip—

He is the love of Bethany Vale.

And when he takes those who would die for the love of his love, and drives them down into the core of the world, or tares them to shreds as he lifts them in space, He only caresses the hair and kisses the eyes of Bethany Vale,

For hers are the eyes of a witch.

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**REBEL**

Anna Jean Peterson

"I will not be like other men" he said

And flung his scornful laughter at the head

Of Custom, at whose glance the others bled.

The time-frayed dictums were his mockery;

He revelled in his wild impiety;

He walked the earth alone, sublimely free.

And those whose very fingertips knew fear,

Looked on and marvelled at this brazen Peer

Of Insolence and coveted his jeer.

Until Eternity, he will deride:

On his demand his epitaph denied

That he was born, or that he even died.

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LOUIE THE LUG AND WENNIE THE WENCH
AND THEIR HAPPY LIFE IN THE CITY
OF SEATTLE ACROSS THE BAY FROM WHERE
CHIEF SEATTLE LIES BURIED
Edward Reese

Are you aware, said I to Louie,
that the jowl of your left cheek
hangs lower than your right and
that you smile on only one side of
your face when you are provoked
about my deficiencies because I
hangs lower than your right and
that you smile on only one side of
your character: what you eat, when
you are dead. Now tell me of
which you are the principle actor
and especially about your
characteristics so you will
have blood in you that will live
violently in the imagination of your
public.
You are writing a movie, ob-
served Louie?
No; I am writing a comedy in
which you are the principal actor
and that is why you must be pa-
tient, and that, you see, is why you
must be patient.
Why should it be a comedy? My
life has never been other than
tragic. It might possibly be comic
to one who observes it from a dis-
tance, perhaps God, but how could
it ever be to fellow man?

My dear Louie, you are thinking
of the old definition. Your life is
a comedy because you are still
walking; it is a tragedy only when
you are dead. Now tell me of
yourself and especially about your
love affairs.
Louie began; see, he said, there
on the right, two brick towers arise
against the light northern midnight
sky. It is the beautiful Catholic
Cathedral by which we can always
tell where we live; there is an
octagonal white turret on the top of
each tower and each turret has a
brass green dome upon it. And
from our balcony to the left you
can see the dark waters of the
Puget Sound, and across the sound
Chief Seattle lies buried.
Completely around us, although we
can't see it, but we can feel it, is
the Evergreen Empire. This, said
Louie, is the life.

As I live, in the mornings I have
an old Russian custom of drinking
a glass of wine and of never eating
anything before breakfast, which
means eggs and ham, or eggs and
waffles, excepting, that is, my old
Russian custom of a glass of wine,
which here is usually Port or Mus-
catel, which, of course, I sip and
do not eat. I mean I never will
eat lunch first, that is, before
breakfast, or even dinner, I will not
eat it before breakfast, which is two
fried eggs, potatoes, a huge hunk
of ham, coffee and toast. I never
deviate from this rule; I mean I
never eat anything but breakfast
upon arising, although it might
happen to be five in the afternoon.
That is I never deviate, although I
do sometimes go into a Chinese
joint where they give you chicken
soup or clam chowder before they
bring the ham and eggs. Then I
have soup before breakfast but I
count it all part of breakfast. Food
is important.

As to your love affair . . .
As to my love affair, there's
where the tragedy begins.
You are still walking.
Yes, I know, but there is where
the tragedy begins, for I can't seem
to make one last over a week, and
marriage, I abhor it; for I've had
the same facilities as those who are
married and I know what it is. Yet
I long for woman. Let me explain.

I like them when they have
beautiful form, yet I demand a
spiritual essence in them that I
never seem to get. When I was at
the boarding house I met, one even-
ing at supper, a young woman who
completely took my eye. The cool
of the evening we spent walking
along the waterfront. Fool that I
am I could only mutter insuffici-
cies, but she seemed to be as
much taken with me as I with her,
although neither did she say any-
thing. Later we went into a dance
pavilion and there sex fanned the
flame of my desire, and I guess it
did her's too, for that nite we
guiltily arranged her bed clothes as
tho she had slept there and then
we went to bed in my room.

Dawn came, the roseate dawn, as
the poets say—Milton, Shakespeare
and Keats, and beside me in the
bed was this lovely creature. I
thought, what peace and solitude.
Ah, my friend, you two were like the great philosopher Rousseau and his mistress.

More like Jude and his loathsome Areabella, for neither could I get her to converse of things intellectual, nor could I get her to listen to my enthusiastic explanations. Each nite we would retire into each other's arms, the flesh inviting and warm, and sink to the bed in fleshly ecstasy. Here we would moon and love—but in the morning—ugh—I reviled myself. She was moody and we talked little. Almost like machines we performed our functions. By the end of the week I was thoroughly disgusted, disgusted with a beautiful body, a not unintelligent young girl, that many men perhaps would have died to have; and so at the end of the week I left her, moving down closer to the center of town. Was she grieved? I do not know. This to me is indeed tragedy.

You are a good character, Louie, and I shall write your story although I may change it a bit; the title of the story will be: Louie the Lug and Wennie the Wench and their Happy Life in the City of Seattle Across the Bay from Where Chief Seattle Lies Buried. It will make an excellent comedy.

It is a most auspicious title, my friend, but what has Chief Seattle to do with the story of my life?

Louie, I will tell you. It is because you are of the living, you are of the strong and of the weak, of the human, of those who are living; you are not of the sawdust, of the printer's ink, of the typewriter's ribbon. You are of the new life, the living that the weeds are trying to strangle. The old world and old ideas are crushing you. Yet you are living although the private enterprise of hating and crushing others, the capitalism of the few, of the spiritually dead, is warping you; yet there is life in you and you are living it. And the essence of this is Chief Seattle whose grave is across the bay. For Chief Seattle lived in the mighty land of the Evergreen Empire. And the fertility of the giant trees and of the many shrubs was in Chief Seattle and in his tribe, and they lived, friendly in a land of plenty. Chief Seattle was a mighty warrior and he is of the living and you are of the living and the great Chief's grave is on the other side of Puget Sound and around us rises the mighty forest of fir and pine, the evergreens, and spread amongst this forest are hundreds of lakes and this portends the land of plenty. You are of the land, of the living. This is why the title is to be: Louie the Lug and Wennie the Wench and their Happy life in the City of Seattle across the Bay from where Chief Seattle Lies Buried. But come, Dmitri, day breaks; let us observe your ancient custom and then descend to breakfast.

Call me Pyotr, Aloysha, Raskolnikof, or any other Russian name you care to, but I detest Dmitri and by the way, are you aware, said my friend to me, that you got this story from William Saroyan?
I. An Eye Opener

In the Economics department at San Diego State College there exists a subject that opens sleepy eyes. The average student walks into class with his typical "teach me if you can" expression, and usually walks out with a "I want more" look upon his face.

The newness of this course makes it interesting. Facts made it startling. Most important of all, this subject is practical. Every person on the campus is concerned with the ideas, and theories brought out in Economics for Consumers.

Many definitions can be used in describing this consumer economic course. It might be said to consist of a study of present fraud and deceit in advertising and marketing, or a class dealing with defense and attack against consumer enemies. At any rate Economics for Consumers deals with the means and methods of getting one's moneys worth.

The average person feels he is living in a safe and sane society. He buys mouthwashes, toothpastes, canned foods, and patent medicines thinking that he is amply protected against fraud and danger. "After all," he will say to himself, "After all, it is not like it was in the old days. The government now protects us by pricing and pure food laws."

The consumer who has his eyes opened can debunk such statements. First of all, the government has been most generous in passing laws for the benefit of producers and manufacturers, but very slow in aiding the consumer. The price fixing laws which have been passed by nearly every state are a direct slap in the public's face. Not only do these regulations tend to limit competition, but they also make it impossible for stores to lower certain prices. In other words, the consumer is being deprived of his valuable right to shop around and save money through careful buying.

II. Value and Purposes of Consumer Education

After one has had a bite of consumer education a new conception of what goes on about him is formed. Pages of gaily colored advertisements in magazines take on meanings that cause the advertisers to froth at the mouth. When one's mind has been cleansed of the belief and awe in advertising he sees the true emptiness, misstatements, and downright deceit which prevails. The illustrations of beautiful women snaring their men with hand lotions are laughed at, and the pink toothbrush ads, mouthwash, cosmetic, cigarette, breakfast food and other loud shouting advertisements lose their power to create desire, worry, or any of the other emotions.

It is in order to create consumers who will buy wisely and sanely that a course in consumer economics is offered at State College. The picture of the ordinary typical consumer is one so horrible and pitiful that the value of education in this field is clear.

The average consumer believes nearly everything he reads. Because so many really great things have been printed he carries the idea that an article, story, or advertisement must be all right if it appears in a prominent newspaper or magazine. Most people do not know that advertisers play upon the consumer's emotions as a great artist plays a piano or violin—using the full range in order to achieve the proper reaction.

III. An Example of Hot Air

A radio receiving set might be defined as an instrument that produces an endless string of moronic plays, meaningless music, and mind crippling advertisements. If all the radio announcer's voices could be gathered together in one place there would be a great deal of hot air. To the uneducated consumer this hot air is often fatal.

IV. Progress of Consumer Education

Consumer education has not progressed very fast in the United States. Several reasons can be presented for this slow growth. First of all, manufacturers, producers, and advertising men, who are engaged in high pressure selling, do all they can to keep the consumer ignorant. These greedy business men are out for profit in any shape or form. It means nothing to them if a consumer wastes his hard earned money buying worthless or harmful products. Their idea is to sell, sell, sell; keep the sucker buying and coming back for more.

In order to insure consumer education, the producers have started an undercover, whispering campaign. One hears that the two important magazines, Consumer's Guide and Consumer's Union have been bought out and are now printing false information. There are carefully circulated rumors that the consumer movement is a tool of the communist party. These lies show a concern among the boys that their money reign may be curtailed.

The men behind the ads have had years in which to poison the public's mind. Deep shafts have been drilled into the brains of consumers, and the black maggots of deceit and untruth introduced At the present time many people have little in their minds but ideas that were planted by the reading of countless magazine and billboard advertising.

The average consumer himself, holds back his education. It is natural among human beings to believe. Thus when a mealy-mouth tooth paste advertiser states that "Zany Toothpaste will give you the glamour smile men like," thousands of women with large yellow tusks and buck teeth, will buy Zany because they want to believe it will bring them romance. Likewise the sour-pickle face women, who use cosmetics in a generous and ghastly manner, cling to the idea that they are on the way to a successful love life.

Another popular fallacy is that there is a medicine to cure nearly every human ill. All that one has to do is find the correct remedy, and he need suffer no longer. Hordes of patent medicine companies help fix this idea firmly in
people's minds. In the field of herbs, teas, and tonics we find thick masses of deception and awful tasting, useless medicines.

Men who paint the town with a vivid color quite often could not stand the pace if it were not for their belief that hangovers can be dissolved with a good dose of good old Alco Seltzer.

Yes, it must be admitted that the average consumer is a very poor fish. He is hooked nearly every hour of the day and although his mouth gets sore, he will fall for the same old bait.

In order to get consumer education into the brains of the large group of people just discussed it is often necessary to step softly and carry a big club. By this expression it is meant that the teacher must creep quietly up behind the stubborn person, then violently beat the consumer facts into the maggot filled mind. In other words, the instructor should be kind and gentle for a time in his argument, and then suddenly, without warning, blast out words of fire and conviction. This believer because he wants to believe, has to be startled; shocked suddenly, without warning, blast out his numbness and made to change his ideas.

A third reason why consumer economics has lagged behind in the United States is closely aligned with the facts given above. The average person is really not very intelligent. Proof of this statement is on every side. Books and magazines dealing primarily in childish adventure stories and sex; movies with plenty of music, love, dancing, singing, but little acting or plot; and radio programs that are about on the level of a centipede's chin all point to the fact that the average mind is low in mental power. Besides the everyday proofs are results of thousands of mental tests which show Mr. average man with a mind equal in reasoning power to that of a twelve or thirteen year old child.

These people are easy prey, for their minds are full of childish hopes and desires which the advertisers promise to fulfill. To aid these people consumer education is needed.

Finally, an underlying American idea of non-interference with business has retarded more consumer teaching. This country has felt that everyone has a right to enter a business, to operate it as he pleases, and to make as much profit as possible. Well, this idea of free enterprise and rugged individualism is all right when one is dealing with conscientious human beings, but when the fat money hog enters the picture the scene is not so good. It just is not possible to permit these hogs to run businesses in any manner they desire. Gold measures their success in life and the consumer is simply the sucker who is going to make this success possible. For the average modern consumer is one of the greatest suckers that has ever lived. His condition is pitiful, disgusting, and helpless unless ruthless profit making is curtailed. It can be seen that if people are to have protection against exploitation the federal government must curb modern advertising and producer rackets with laws that shout stop, instead of laws that softly murmur naught, naughty. Present regulations are like a set of false teeth with most of the molars broken out. Like the person with such damaged plates our food and drug acts need new, sharp teeth.

V Leaders Needed

Courses in consumer economics are not as yet making an important mark on the fraud and deception practiced by big businesses. Because of the mentioned opposition of producers, stubbornness and ignorance of the average person, and poor cooperation by the government, the day of mass consumer education may be well in the future. Thus the person who interests himself in this movement has a good chance to become a pioneer, a leader in the fight for honesty and decency in the consumer world. He has an opportunity to gain advance notice, to wear armor that protects against waste of money and minds. The one who studies consumer problems is given weapons with which to attack the dragons of greed and excess profits. The battle may be long and bitter; perhaps a thankless and tiring one. But to the educated consumer, who does his part and stays by his ideals, will come the strong, real satisfaction of fighting for the progress and benefit of humanity.

Perfect Crime Robert Noel

I can't strike the events of that horrible night from my mind. I can still see the terror in the old man's eyes; I can still hear the shriek in his voice—just as on that night when the train came upon him!

I cannot say that I really cared for my grandfather. Nor can I say that he really cared for me—although he made me his sole heir. I planned a perfect crime! . . .

It was about nine o'clock in the evening when I met the old man in the village. We walked home together. As the shortest distance from the village to our house is across the railroad tracks, we took that route.

Immediately upon reaching the tracks I tripped my grandfather and forced his right foot between a rail and a tie. And I fastened it securely. I made doubly sure that my grandfather found it impossible to free himself.

The train was coming coming nearer and nearer. I hurried a safe distance away. My grandfather screamed for help. The train came closer and closer!

A policeman heard the screams and came running up to me. I pointed "helplessly" to my grandfather.

The train came more quickly. The policeman tried bravely to free my grandfather's foot. Cold sweat ran freely down his face, arms, and back. The foot wouldn't come out. The steam of the locomotive was upon them!. . . .

I heard the roar of the engine, the blowing of a whistle, and the screeching of wheels. The policeman leaped to safety. The train was practically upon my grandfather! I closed my eyes as it came nearer. It went swiftly by, uninterupted, on the opposite track!. . .

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MATHEMATICS AT TWILIGHT

Beatrice Wright

The day, having brought to each of them an accumulation of weariness, was now at an end. The night, with its promise of miniature death, had not yet settled completely. It was the twilight and the family of Foleys sat quietly in the largest room of its house, digesting its latest meal, watching the subtle entrance of darkness, moving warm tongues. The Foleys were extraordinary in no way: they were poor, they had each admitted defeat silently and often, they accepted impotence with no show of rage, they were easily made afraid. They sat together now in the warm evening, comfortable in their shabby furniture, fairly well at ease; they spoke absurdly and were not conscious of their masters.

The family consisted of five: the father, a carpenter made emphatic by an oppressive smell of sweat, hunched himself on the couch; on the right of him sat his sickly wife, spasmodically attacking a bit of needlework; on his left sat their daughter, colorless, staring with pale intensity at her languid hands. She was much the youngest in the room, but from childhood she had shunned youth. The married son, a sailor, lay back in the largest chair in the room: he held a pipe in one enormous hand; on his arm lay the conscientious image of a funeral wreath. Near him sat his wife, perfumed, buxom, red lipped.

The sailor had been telling the others a riddle; finding it very hard to solve, they sought refuge from his exultant gaze in their glasses of beer. He commented on stupidity of men.

"See, nobody can answer it. No where you go can anybody answer it. My buddy told it to four of us the other night, and I was the only one as unnerstood it."

The soft red lips of his wife sprang apart. "Darling, tell us again. We didn't hear the last part. Please."

He snickered. "Just hearin' it doesn't make you solve it, you know. You've gotta think."

"I imagine as it might help, though," said the father. "Say it again, son."

"Well, there was a guy—"

But his sister interrupted, "You said three guys last time."

"I'm talkin' about the guy already in the hotel. And as I'm tellin' it, keep quiet. The hotel-guy charged three guys thirty dollars for a suit of rooms."

"Suite, darling," murmured his wife.

"Well, suite." Then he paused significantly. "Now shall I tell it, or will another person tell it?"

"Oh, go on, boy," said his father impatiently.

"All right. But see if you can listen this time. Gets monotonous to keep repeatin' it. See if you can get it. So they each paid the man ten dollars. Ten dollars. Ten dollars each. See?"

"Mighty expensive hotel," said the mother a little sadly, impressed by the waste.

She stared guiltily at her needle when her son said, "Oh mom! Haven't you got any sense at all? This is just for supposing. There

EXERCISES ON A BLACKBOARD, SHORTLY BEFORE WAR

Beatrice Wright

A dozen patient voices, calm, all bearing sense,
Have filled the room in earnest turn today
With explanations of a foreign tense,
With erudition on an ancient play.
A purblind man devoted well-paid breath
To earn a laugh; he failed, began to shout.
One hinted at a common cause of death
And tacked up charts to paralyze our doubt.

We heard the patient voices rise and fall;
We soberly preserved them with quick ink.
For we are crowded on a hurried ball
And guessed that to be sane we should not think.

At home tonight we shall sedately learn
The bleeding names of seven wars. We'll press
No thoughts in words to say we can discern
Sham gain; smooth blindness obviates distress.
We've blotted out the silent men (not dead,
Bereft of hands, with bandaged holes where eyes
Have been), and marked instead the names that led
Them boasting into agony's surprise.

Though young, we're buried warm within the graves
Of all the years we've lived: our minds reject
Seculation, lose their private gods in naves
Of churches, bulge with honor, seek effect.

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aren't any such people or anything like that. My God! So they each paid the man the money and went to their suite. Then, after a while the guy relented—

The carpenter grunted out a small laugh. "I'll say it don't make sense!"

"Now just relax, pop." The sailor made his voice very soft, as though he were talking to a petulant imbecile. "It's not supposed to make any sense: it's a riddle, like a joke. That doesn't have to make any sense, does it? It's just to see whether you can think abstract or not. My God!"

"Dearest, don't get so mad," said his young wife.

But the colorless sister said bitterly, "Oh, let him show off. He just wants to show off anyway. Can't stand it."

"Hush up!" said her mother severely. "Nobody's asking you for your opinion. You just keep quiet or go to your room." Then she turned to her son and smiled. "Now nobody's going to say another thing."

"So then this guy found out he's charged 'em too much, so he sent the bell-boy up with five dollars. Five dollars. Get it? He sent the boy up with five dollars."

Every head nodded.

Then, as though the tension of the moment were more than she could bear, the dispassionate young girl suddenly chanted, "He sent the bell-boy up, with five dollars. La-dee-da. La-dee-da."

"Oh shut up, you little fool!" her brother growled angrily.

Then his wife rose gracefully, compostedly. She sat on the arm of his chair and allowed her darkly polished fingertips to trace arabesques behind his ear.

"So then the bell-boy thought what the hell that's a lot of money, so he kept two. He gave 'em three but he kep' two . . . Maybe he wanted to buy a marriage-licensie." The corner of his large mouth twisted hideously; his thick hand reached for the beer. He looked lovingly into her eyes and the other Foleys started in fascinated embarrassment. 'I dunno for him, but for me that was the best invest'ment I ever made." He squeezed her hand with a careful part of his strength. Then, completely carried away, he smashed his lips.

With two sudden pink spots in her cheeks, his mother said, "Is that all, son?" Her needle tortured the limp cloth in new, quick rhythm.

"Oh, no, not precisely all. Uh, he kept two . . . " He staggered mentally, unable to leap to his old track. "He keep' two."

"He kept two He kept two. La-dee-da. He kept two. This can't go on much longer: death will lose its punch."

He glared at her with the hatred of a murderer. Then he resumed coldly, "Honestly now, dammit, I won't say another word after the next interruption."

His greater lower lip rose like a protective shell over its fellow.

"Three fellows, as I understand it, pay a hotel-clerk thirty dollars," said the carpenter with his tired impatience. "And he sends 'em up five. Then as I understand it, the bell-boy he sends it up with steals two and gives 'em three—a dollar each. Now, is that set clear?"

"Yeah. Yeah, well if you knew it so well why did you want it over again?"

"What happens then, dear?" asked the sickly mother.

"Well, then, mom, it simply comes to this: You had thirty dollars, didn't you? See each one paid ten, didn't he? Well, and they each got one dollar back, didn't they? Well, that's twenty-seven dollars, ain't it?"

"Oh, sweetheart!" said his wife. "Ain't?"

"Oh, honey, you really hadn't ought to interrupt me so much when I'm talking. But, awright, isn't . . . aren't . . . anything you damn please!"

"Oh darling! Don't be mad at me!"

"Awright baby, I'm not mad at you. You know I couldn't be mad at you. I love you to much. You know that, baby."

His sister, in bitter loneliness, mocked, "Sure, we know it. You love her too much. Sure. Sure we know it. And she loves you too, sweetums baby. Sure. But, la-dee-da, now that's clear and settled, could we have the point? La-dee-da, but this is sickening."

"All right, sister, said the mother, her tired eyes gleaming frantically. "You'd better go now. You just show you can't be around adults. Just you go now. No one wants you here. Just go now."

"Oh for Christ's sake!" exploded the carpenter. "Leave her alone! Go on with your riddle. What's the end of it?"

Painstakingly, vast hands stuffed tobacco into the pipe's bowl. "Well, you had thirty to begin with. Where'd the other one go? Huh? Where the hell is it, huh?"

From her place on the couch the young girl felt the objects in the room grow enormous; her own hand seemed miles away but at the same time unbelievably large; she felt her knees become a tank. She felt nervous words hurry from her lips. They were not astonishing but she could not believe she had said them. "Well, there's nothing to that. You're just subtracting the wrong thing from the wrong thing to subtract from."

No one answered her. She felt remarkably happy and foolish. The words continued to repeat themselves.

The carpenter muttered, "Each one pays ten and gets one back. That makes twenty-seven. And then the bell-boy keeps two. That's twenty-nine. All right." Then, with one of his quick suspicious glances, "Well, where did the other one go?"

The sailor made delighted sounds in his throat.

His mother rested from her work. Oppressed by a vague feeling of being trapped, she stared straight ahead. A wisp ofgraying hair had fallen over her cheek.

"What do you make of it, mother?" asked her husband.

"I don't know, dad," she said slowly, looking timidly from him to her raw little hands. "I never went more than the fourth grade. But it does seem—she raised her eyes doubtfully to his—"as though you should have as much as you started out with—unless, of course, somebody took some away."

"What kind of nonsense is that?" said his son irritably. "They paid thirty and got three back. That's twenty-seven. The bell-boy stole
two. That's twenty-nine. There. Now where's thirty?"

"Darling," said his wife, beginning to be bored, "What is the answer? What is it, darling?"

He replied, 'The answer is in it. The answer is it. The answer is what it is.'

But, somewhat taken aback, she asked again, "I mean what's the answer if you sum it up. Say, in a sentence. What's the answer then, sweet?"

"Of course not," he said.

A complete silence followed.

Finally the sickly woman coughed and the sound of her coughing was to her daughter the crashing of giant mountains, suddenly dismayed.

Happier than he had been in years the carpenter persisted, "Say the bell-boy was honest and see if you have it that each one paid ten years the carpenter persisted, "Say the bell-boy was honest and see if you have it that each one paid ten dollars the bell-boy brought them five dollars. Say he changed it into halves. And gave each one three halves. And then they said for him to keep the one as a tip." The carpenter found his glass and emptied it. He winked at his wife and continued, "Then you have it that each one paid ten and got a dollar and a half back, haven't you? That's eight and a half. And eight and a half times three is twenty-five and a half. And with the bell-boy's half it's twenty-six." He paused again. "That leaves four unaccounted for—instead of one."

His son stared at him blankly, hot anger rising in his breast. The sailor's wife was startled and forgot to close to her lips. The other Mrs. Foley felt very proud of her husband, but wished he would explain it; she swept the hair away from her face but the feeling of being trapped remained. The lonely daughter, who had for so long withstood youth, felt a dizzy whirling in her head and realized that she knew no one in the room.

The pale virgin, retaining her bloodless appearance, felt a rushing gladness near her heart; a surge of pagan joy in life possessed her. She silently admitted that she was drunk, and gazed happily at her folded hands. She spoke, fearing at each word that her enemies would guess her drunkenness. "The whole thing is you're just mixing two things up, taking a part away and then dividing it and then adding it and not having enough because you cheated in the way you divided it."

Her sister-in-law answered her shortly, "If you know, surely there must be some way you could say it so we could understand."

The carpenter, no longer suspicious, said, "Well look at it this way. Say, the hotel-man got thirty dollars. He gave three back. And the bell-boy stole two. There, twenty-five plus two is thirty. There."

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**THE CLUB**

Clarice Hubert

Intermission time. In the dim light the deserted seats of the orchestra are disarranged, covered with scattered sheets of music. Through the smoky haze, a shiny gold instrument glints wickedly. A hum of voices rises from the clients seated at the little tables and in the rounded booths. An occasional burst of laughter rings out above the din. A white-jacketed waiter scurries to and fro, holding aloft a tray loaded with glasses and frosty bottles. Across the floor, slippery and shiny with its heavy coat of wax, strolls a jitterbug "fashionplate," with a long coat reaching to his fingertips, trousers baggy at the knees, narrow at the ankles, and a loop of slender gold chain, reaching almost midway of his calf. A blast of music sets many couples in motion. A reeling man persistently asks a girl to dance. A crooner moans into a mike; the drummer steadily becomes louder, and hotter. A man and woman make open love in a corner. Two boys quarrel. A glass is suddenly flung at one. Blood spurts. Bottles fly. Shriill screams, as partners rush the girls back to their tables. A girl, left suddenly alone in the middle of the floor, runs frantically through the crowd. The band plays louder and louder. A group of boys force one of the combattants outside. A short boy, in a brown suit staggers toward the door, with a rapidly staining handkerchief clamped over his eye. Bright scarlet drops splatter on the smoothly polished dance floor. A short stocky boy, swinging a large bottle, crosses the floor followed by a curious crowd. He begins slugging the injured boy ruthlessly, before strong hands drag him away. One by one, couples begin to dance to the insistent music. In the center of the room, darkening red spots become smeared by dancing feet.
A man heading a great nation stood before a crowd of admirers. During his speech on current problems he made a dramatic pause—then, 'I hate war,' he drawled.

To millions of this leader's people that declaration seemed to stay clear of the European inferno. Yet despite these words the man has brought his country so close to the brink of war that already a few dislodged stones are rolling down the bank.

There is no further need for the people of the United States to bolster themselves up with false words. The plain facts reveal that a man who hates war has virtually led those who trust him, and those who do not, into a second world war. Are his reasons justified? Has he been forced through love of humanity to enter a battle against hate and force? In order to answer these, and other important questions it is necessary to go back twenty-three years.

"We must save the world for democracy." Famous words, stirring ones, words that carried an idealistic United States into a first world war. The average man, the ordinary citizen, used freedom and democracy as his battle cry. Despair and days of darkness were lightened by shouts of "self-government and personal liberty for all!"

A price was paid for our entry into this world battle, in money, blood, and hate. Sadly enough the smoke had hardly lifted from the fields of strife before many people realized that they had been deceived. With the war hysteria dying, and the voices of selfish interests silent, because they were fat with ill-gained profits, specks of truth began to filter up through the murky deceit. As years went on, more concrete evidence was uncovered. Even the more ignorant of the population became conscious that the participation of the United States in the World War was a bad mistake.

It is now generally acknowledged that the four years of death, disease, and destruction, 1914-1918, settled nothing. In fact it can safely be said that instead of settling issues more were created. A great force of hate was formed during the war, and the peace treaty gave this hatred a prolonged life. Instead of establishing true democracy throughout the world the way was paved for dictatorships. In place of the slogan, "save the world for democracy," a more accurate cry would have been, "preserve the world for despotism."

There is no intention in this paper to go into specific causes and effects of world war number one. It is sufficient to say that the bloody struggle of the world today is the second phrase of the one of twenty odd years ago. To discuss one is to touch the other. The same issues are at stake, causes are similar. Uncle Sam is on the brink, as in 1918. An ambitious president is prodding him in the back.

After being a sucker, and pulling the chestnuts out of the fire in the first great war, most citizens spread grease on their burnt fingers and said, "never again." They opened their eyes and saw the deception that had been fostered upon them. At the present time, however, the eyes have been closed once more by powerful, clever propaganda.

(This war between England and Germany, plus what remains of Italy, is a fight between right and wrong, a struggle to decide whether or not individual freedoms shall survive. England is fighting for a just cause. If she wins freedom will be spread across the world instead of slavery.)

This paragraph in parenthesis sounds wonderful. It tells of a need for swift, sure action in a great cause. It is too bad the words are not true. One need only boil down the high sounding phrases and look between the lines to see that battered slogan, "we must save the world for democracy." It is quite disheartening to condense our President's war view into a time worn, meaningless phrase. In other words, the same old stuff is being fed us, but the bottle has been changed; colored a deeper, blacker hue.

If we say that history is repeating itself in our second world war, just what are the real reasons back of these two periods of madness? In an article as limited as this it would be folly to attempt a complete discussion of war issues and causes. Thousands and thousands of volumes have been written on this subject. Fifty, a hundred, five hundred, a thousand, even ten thousand words could not cover the details, intrigues, meanings, and actions which lead to all wars and have caused the present conflict. It will only be possible to touch lightly, to brush the surface.

People find it easier to fight, to condemn, if they can convince themselves that they are on the right side. Therefore, when a government wishes to lead its citizens into a death struggle it must assure them that, "we fight for freedom, justice, and equality." This type of propaganda is successful because people want to believe it. They soak it in willingly, with pleasure and satisfaction.

Also there is present in the human being emotions of hate and rage. If one is told the enemy is barbaric, cruel, unfeeling, and ruthless; a feeling of hatred grows into a desire to fight and kill the monsters. War is formed, grows, feeds, and thrives on the hatred of man for his brothers.

Urges for colonies, offering new
markets and raw materials, usually lead to bloody strife. This of course means that economic reasons are the main foundations of war. Countries want an unshadowed place under the sun of world trade. Many times they think they have a right to wrestle lands away from more prosperous neighbors. It is ironic to note that lands acquired by force usually produce less than is put into them. Thus a successful war for new lands often is an acquisition of a millstone around the neck.

II.

The second world war, in common with all wars, has as one of its elements that of personal glory and power. A leader is never as strong as when his country is at war. Usually he has a life and death rule over his subjects. If so-called victory comes, honors are heaped upon his head. It is mighty nice to have printed in thousands of history books, "President Blank, upon hearing of the sinking of the munitions ship, acted with his customary firmness and demanded war." or, "President Blank was welcomed by a crowd who wildly cheered when he declared, "We must defend our freedom from the aggressor!"

And so, as we add it all up even this brief discussion shows that wars, and the present one in particular, are not fought for ideals. Lives are lost, money wasted, and cities destroyed because of personal and collective greed for power and gold.

Whether England or Germany wins this second world war means little. Freedom is lost in either case, for in the backwash of war the dictators float. True, the present rulers may be toppled from their thrones, but new men with iron jaws will spring up like mushrooms after a warm rain. Depressions, insanity, disease, and violence will sweep the world. Building up with deadly force will be the same old issues magnified and expanded by bitter memories and humiliations.

The United States would better serve by staying clear of this mess. We have no logical reason to take sides in a struggle for the balance of power in Europe. Our part should be to preserve sanity in a world of hate, to be an example of soundness among tottering governments. We have no sympathies with the people of Europe. The United States is sought as an ally merely because of its wealth. When the war is over we will again be branded the nation of Shylocks.

The duty of this country is plain, it appeals to common sense, but sad to say reasoning and logic will probably be ignored as in 1918. The same forces of hate, greed, and ambition are at work. A useless war will be fought, and then a few years afterwards we will say, "never again."

History can be described as an ant walking slowly around a large wheel. As he goes around and around he sees the same spoke time after time. But dust has fallen, and his old footprints covered. He says to himself, "I have never been here before."

It is thus today, as we prepare to enter a great war. Once before we stood in this same spot. We regretted the action taken then, but dust has fallen and covered our footprints. We are deceived and think we are in a different situation. History is a wheel and wars the spokes thereon.
"Smile, for your lover comes . . ."
Rich, full-bosomed earth, beneath your grass
Lies one not dead but suffused through all space,
His spirit circling round in steady pace,
Embracing all he loved—the man, the mass.
All he has seen or known is made to pass
Within his spirit, there to seek out, grace
The fertile wraith of soul. The struggling race
Looks up in praise from out its deep morass.
Smile, earth, for still he loves your hooded hills,
Your dimpled vales, your men both good and bad.
Still does he love them despite human ills;
His understanding spirit sings, is glad!
Death, evil still prevail, but he is free
To love and be beloved eternally.
The others were all standing now. He gripped the sides of his desk with both hands till the knuckles stood out white and it hurt the insides of his palms.

"I pledge allegiance to the flag," they were saying. His fourth grade room, it was; all of them standing there with one arm raised toward the flag in the corner.

... of the United States of America, and to the republic for which it stands ... Jerry Oakes, standing behind him, nudged him with a toe and then kicked his shin sharply when he refused to budge. He could feel the curiosity in their eyes as they said the words. He alone out of the twenty-nine in the class was sitting down—he alone with twenty-eight juvenile faces turning to him, accusing him as the treble chorus chanted.

... one nation, indivisible ... Miss Comstock had swung around from the flag a little and her eye caught sight of him. He did not meet her face, but he felt her eyes compelling him to stand up—felt them commanding him to join the others in the flag salute. He slumped down in his seat and looked at George Washington's tight-lipped smile above Miss Comstock's desk.

... with liberty and justice for all.” Seats banged down and desks squeaked. There was a rustle and murmur of voices as they sat down—all of them were staring at him.

"Clement," said Miss Comstock sharply, "you will stand up and recite the oath of allegiance." She wasn't sure of herself, he could tell, and suddenly he saw she was afraid he might disobey. His feet scuffed against the floor and a little knot of muscle swelled on his jaw, but he did not stand up.

"Clement Collins," she said, "stand up."

Blindly, he shook his head. His hands trembled where they clutched the desk. He could feel the tears forming behind his lids, and he blinked a few times.

Miss Comstock stood up, frustrated, and made a quick decision.

"You may start today's English lesson, Jean. Will you read until I return?" Her heels tapped against the worn floor as she swept down the aisle.

"Come with me, Clement," she ordered. He rose and followed her, keeping his eyes on the hem of her skirt which swished indig­nantly as she walked. She strode down the hall, her mouth set in silence, and Clement followed. The familiar corridors looked strange to him, thrust in them as he was by unusual circumstances. He looked hard at the stairway, as if he had never seen it before. His tongue felt dry and stuck against the back of his mouth. He swallowed, but the salvia refused to flow. The palms of his hands were damp as he clenched his fists.

Into the principal's office they went. Clement waited outside in the anteroom. He sat down and stared at a crack in the floor ahead of him. It was filled almost level with dirty orange sweeping compound—he could smell the odor in the room—and an ant labored across the board, down the crack, up the other side.

Miss Comstock's voice reached him from the inner office, mounting to a high hard note as she raged about "morale" and "no respect for authority." The door finally opened. Miss Comstock came out, fixed him with a sharp glance, and stalked back to her classroom.

Mr. Johnson was standing in the doorway to his office.

"Won't you come in, Clement?" the tired gray-haired man asked.

Clement rose and walked into the inner office. He had never been there before, and even if he was afraid, he remembered to look behind the desk to see if there was a whip there as they said. There wasn't.

He sat down on a straight, high-backed chair facing Mr. Johnson's desk, and waited, his jaw clamped shut.

"Miss Comstock said you wouldn't give the flag salute with the others this morning." Clement said nothing.

"She was pretty mad about it, Clement. She told me you had never acted that way before." The principal leaned back in his chair, his hands folded behind his head.

"This isn't as bad as I thought," Clement told himself. He squirmed into a comfortable position.

"I'd like to know why you didn't salute the flag. I don't have to tell you we should all be proud of our country."

Clement moistened his lips and leaned forward. At first he hesitated.

"I'm a Jehovah's Witness," he told the principal.

"Oh, I see," said the older man as if that changed everything. "It's against your religion, isn't it?" he asked the boy.

"Our pastor says we mustn't bow down to false idols or worship graven images," Clement was repeating phrases from Sunday's sermon.

"Well, why did you salute the flag before?" the principal asked. He was talking freely now, and the boy felt his interest.

"I never knew it was a graven image till yesterday," he explained.

Mr. Johnson screwed up his mouth and smiled at the ceiling.

"This is going to be quite a problem," he said, "quite a problem." He absently took up a pencil and began marking circles and squares on the green blotter that covered his desk.

"As far as I'm concerned, Cle-
ment," he said. "You are just as good a citizen now as you were yesterday. Sometimes I think this patriotism is a little overdone." He stopped abruptly as though he had said too much.

"There's a board of education that won't see it that way. I'm afraid." He tapped the pencil against his teeth.

"I'll tell you what, Clement," he finally said, "if you don't feel like saluting the flag, I'll have to bring this up with the board of education. Maybe they'll see it our way."

"Yes sir, that will be fine," the boy nodded eagerly as he felt the responsibility for his act passing off his small shoulders. He slid off the chair.

"Can I go now?" he asked. It was time for recess.

"Why yes, run along," replied Mr. Johnson absently. His mind was already occupied with the Bill of Rights, test cases, Civil Liberties committees, the ponderous wheels of ultimate justice. He did not see the small boy slip out the door.

Clement ran through the main entrance. Out on the grounds, his team was already at bat. His feet pounded over the dirt and pebbles as he raced to get his "innings."

"Who's next up?" he called to Jerry Oakes who was waiting for the pitch, bat poised. Jerry looked at him deliberately.

"Beat it, ya Nazi" he said and turned back to the pitcher.

Something inside Clement dropped. He had forgotten them. Now they were looking at him again with that same look. He was different from them—a curiosity. He halted and looked around for reassurance. There was none. He stepped back as the bat swung and met the ball with a sharp "plop."

He tried to watch Jerry running the bases, tried to jeer with the others when Joe Goodson missed the catch—but he couldn't.

"I—I'm going to go and eat lunch," he blurted to the chicken wire backstop. Without looking at the others he turned and walked back to the building, much more slowly than he had come. He dragged his feet up the stairs and encountered Miss Comstock. She glared at him as she hurried past. Blindly he turned into the boys washroom and found it empty. Clement leaned one arm against the soapy-smelling wall, and, cradling his head in it, began to sob.

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**CAN TINY TREE TOADS SWIM?**

It is with infinite ease
That tiny tree toads
Cling tight by large sticky soles
To the slim, smooth boles
Of kindly evergreen trees.
But it is a constant miracle to me
The finesse with which toads bode
To the bark of the Sad Willow tree;
For the Sad Willow boles resist, you see,
The suctorial soles of all tree toads,
So the poor tiny things must resort—
On the tear drenched Willow bark—
To the intense, slight strength
Of their twelve little, inadequate toes.

**Kent Bush**

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**QUAD AT MIDNIGHT**

Eternal ebb and flow
Of saddle shoes
Tick off the hours
With neon shafts
In shadow.
Rattle of red lips
Lingers with dusk,
As rustling leaves
Re-whisper secrets,
Heavier lump of Shadow
Huddles in a corner,
Longing to drink
From the copa de oro.

**Jane Karl**
“Hell,” I said, “This is a funny war.”

Joe and I were standing together on a small hilltop. Before us the ground dropped abruptly then leveled out in long rolling waves. The monotony of wild oats and rank weeds was broken about one hundred yards from the hill by thick patches of sumac and other smaller brush. Squatty oak trees formed deep, dark splashes among the lighter greens.

Joe took off his helmet and tossed it to the ground.

“My ideas of war were much different than this,” I said. “I thought we’d go into trenches, be under heavy artillery fire and get bombed. I thought we’d leave our trenches in long lines of men, and drive back the enemy with naked steel. Why there hasn’t been a drive back the enemy with naked steel.”

“Thou ght we’d go into trenches, be under heavy artillery fire and get bombed. 1 thou ght we’d leave our trenches in long lines of men, and drive back the enemy with naked steel. Why there hasn’t been a drive back the enemy with naked steel.”

“We haven’t been here long,” said Joe. “Maybe the trenches will come later.”

“Ya, this patrol duty gets tiring some. Day after day we’ve advanced in front of the main troops in this damn country. It’s just like it was back home; a lot of grass, weeds, brush, and a few old, sick oak trees. And there’s no human life. Jackrabbits and garter snakes make mighty poor opposition.”

“I guess we’ll get to fight pretty soon,” Joe said mopping the sweat from his face.

“We’ll be old men before we find any opposition. Come on let’s move. The rest of the squad will catch up with us, and we’ll have that damn, fat sergeant barking at us again.”

Joe and I walked down the hill, through the scratching weeds, and into the brush. “This stuff is sure thick,” I said. “It doesn’t look as if anyone has ever been through here.”

We shoved our way along, breaking a path and snapping undergrowth beneath our feet. It was so hot that the sweat ran down my face in tiny rivulets, dropping from my chin to the ground.

“This uniform is cooking me like I was in an oven,” Joe said. “I think I’ll pick out a bit of shade and cool off.”

“The squad will catch up with us,” I said.

“What’s the difference?” Joe said. “We can cool off before they get here anyway.”

He left my side and walked quickly toward an oak tree whose stubby leaves-covered arms cast a network of shadows on the earth. He called over his shoulder, “Looks like somebody’s been around here after all. There’s a tobacco can under the tree.”

“Joe,” I yelled, “Joe, come back, Joe... Joe...!”

A crackling, loud chattering metallic voice echoed my words. The air was filled with screaming bullets. Joe twisted around, crashed upon the ground as if a heavy fist had fell him. A noise that began low and deep within his body made mighty poor opposition. Joe said, and he sat down on a large rock.

I squirmed into the under brush, hugging the warm safety of the earth. Lead cut the ground about me, twigs and torn leaves rained thickly. I felt a sudden shock in my leg, another, another. A deep pain crawled up my body. The warmth of escaping blood became a sensation. I tried to pull my legs closer; they were a dead weight.

The bullets continued for an endless time, although I suppose it was only a few minutes. Then only Joe’s torture-filled voice remained. It seemed as if he were pouring his life out in that scream. I prayed for silence, for an end of his agony. The gun jabbered again, briefly, and when it ceased all was silent.

I can not tell of all that passed through my mind at first, as I lay on the ground shivering with chills of pain. There were too many scenes, too many faces, images, and objects that passed with blurring speed and confusion. But when my wounds had created distress that even the warmth of the earth could not aid, my thoughts became fewer, more centered... What has happened to the squad... Will they, too walk into this trap... Just where is that machine gun located... Must be quite a ways beyond that tree Joe was going to sit under... They got him easily, but I was a bit out of line of their fire... They must have hit Joe a dozen times with that first burst, but he could still scream... The second time they stopped his voice, but he’s still alive... he moves, twitches... it’s awful, he can’t let the pain out... it boils and pushes inside of him, but he can’t scream any more... Why doesn’t he die?

I lost all track of time, for the burning in my legs dragged each minute into hours. I know that I was getting faint and weak when I heard the voices. Two men were walking into the brush. I recognized the voice of the fat sergeant. “This is sure a damn unnecessary waste of energy. There ain’t anyone within ten miles of here.”

I knew I should shout a warning of the spitting death waiting in the brush. But although I was weak, and my suffering great, life was still within me. It was sweet and real. If I spoke, lead would again pour around me, probably with more accuracy. I weighted my life against that of the sergeant and his companion. Mine was more precious.

The machine gun spoke several times. It’s voice was guttural as if gorged with killing. There was efficiency, no screams or moaning. When the silence again returned, the air was solid with death.

Toward evening the alternate chill and burning of pain grew into a numbness that increased helplessness but offered needed relief. Using all available strength I raised myself up on an elbow and looked through my brush hiding place. Joe was no longer moving. Some what further away from the oak tree were two other crumpled forms.

The sun set slowly, painfully, in a splattered pool of blood.
Oh science, lift aloud thy voice that stills, The pulse of fear, and through the conscience thrills— Thrills through the conscience with the news of peace— How beautiful thy feet are on the hills! —W. H. Mallock,
Lucretius on Life and Death

* * *
There is the voice of science crying in the wildernesses of today for those who will listen. It is a calm voice, touched neither by the hysterical outbursts of the war-maker, nor the stumbling murmur of the confused thinker. It is the voice which makes science students hurraying students, who arrive at school early and are the last to leave at night. Yet, even its avowed listeners, these hurraying disciples, realize that objections have been raised to science. It does not pronounce its dictums from an isolated mount top; it has ever been a companion to man, and, as such, open to objection from man. Science is not sacred, but its satellites believe it is defensible. Here, then, is a defense of science.

* * *
If the hapless machine could comprehend all the abuse heaped on its head gears, it would probably gnash its cogs and shiver its bolts. Protagonists of the ills of increased mechanization say that machines have caused unemployment on a titanic scale, and that labor has been routinized as to no longer hold forth any joy of craftsmanship. They say also, as does C. E. Ayres, in Science, the False Messiah, "That the credit of science rests wholly upon its connection with machine technology, of which it is a part." Thus to science are transferred the faults of mass production.

Superficially, mass production of such machines as, for example, automobiles, does throw men out of work, but in the long run, the requirements for skilled men for repair work and upkeep, for chemists in the fuel refineries, service station men, etc., are infinite. Large scale manufacture has made available to poorer people more necessities and luxuries than ever before. Lastly, rather than enslaving mankind, have not machines helped free it? Man today has more time for education, relaxation, or travel than did all his independent ancestors madly working away at creating horseshoes.

When science comes in the door, cry the canting objectors, ideals go out the window. Science has created a cynical, materialistic attitude in the world today.

To begin, let us both start punching in the same ring. Let us both define cynicism as a questioning of an unproved statement. Let us both define a fact as truth if it is proved by the five senses, for what more natural proof can be advocated? Then we can logically, (scientifically, begad) conclude that cynicism is no more than a search for truth. And, to quote the Latins, who formulated the best proverbs of all time to Poor Richard, "The Truth shall make you free."

So science is materialistic? Here is Walt Whitman, in his Song of the Open Road, saying:

"The Earth never tires,
The Earth is rude, silent, incomprehensible at first,
Nature is rude, silent, incomprehensible at first;
Be not discouraged, keep on, there are divine things well envelop'd.
I swear to you there are divine things more beautiful than words can tell."

"More beautiful than words can tell"—the poet bows to Nature. Here is acknowledged the mystery of the mysteries of the living world over the spoken word. Here is acknowledged the thrill a scientist feels at a discovery of old laws, new life, in the world around him. There are yet frontiers in science; scientists, seeing these, become visionaries, or authors.

One cannot conceivably be both a true scientist and a materialist. Materialism implies a dogmatic creed, while science each day discovers new hypotheses to upset outdated laws. It is these laws of science which force us to view the universe as a glowing, dynamic thing. It is, perhaps, this belief of science in growth and change which has caused its occasional clashes with the unchanging principles of established religion. Many fair-minded, Godly people attack science on the ground that it attacks the basic truths of religion. A complete understanding of science obviates such an argument.

Scientists, however they honor the changing world, do not ignore old laws; they incorporate them, if they are true. Robert Andrew Millikan, physicist and philosopher, speaks thus on this point in Evolution in Science and Religion. "There is a truth in the past which . . . cannot be ignored by men of insight . . . that much of the knowledge of the past is still eternal truth, that just as Einstein embraces the whole of Newton, so presumably the truth of the present is merely an extension of the truth of the past." And again, "Why is it that all the world is still willing to say of Jesus, 'Never man spake like man?' Is not because he literally spake two thousand years ago the words of everlasting life . . . ? . . . of, that is, eternal truth?"

Thus, as it is with religion, so be it with science. Both seek truth; religion, if Millikan is a true prophet, has found it; while science still seeks it. There need be no antagonism here.

Indeed, religion owes thanks to science for some of these truths. Science has revealed that we live in a world ruled by reason and order on a grand scale. To again quote Millikan. "Through it mankind began to know a God not of caprice and whim, such as were all the gods of the ancient world, but a God who works through law." Every scientist knows this to be true. The lonely astronomer surveying the ordered traffic of the celestial bodies, the chemist and physicist peering into the tiny, regu-
lated universe of an atom, the biologist and botanist viewing the unceasing tide of all life, the mathematician and his perfect natural logarithmic scales—all these have marvelled at a universe divinely dictated, even down to the arrangement of veins on a gnat's wing. Whether or not the scientist believes in religion, it is much easier to envisage a God of order, rather than one of catastrophe.

The greatest charge made against science today claims that it is a bloody altar onto which may be laid the remains of the victims of modern warfare. Raymond Fosdick, in The Old Savage in the New Civilization, points to the 10,000,000 known dead soldiers, the 13,000,000 known dead civilians of the last world war, and says, "This was the tabulation that our mechanical civilization made possible. This is the result of creating machinery for which we have no method of control. This is the consequence of giving children matches to play with . . . ."

In the first place, few people could accept the implication in Mr. Fosdick's statement that science is responsible for war. Since there have been two men on earth, they have been fighting each other. Scientific instruments, machines, and ammunition used in war are but a means to an end. If modern man did not have bombs, or gases, or airplanes, he would be using tomahawks, catapults, or arrows, as did his predecessors in pre-scientific days. Even these products of science used in battle may be turned to a dozen peaceful and useful ends—the advantages of the airplane, for example, as a means of quick transit, have demonstrated that fact. Consider, too, that without the advances made in scientific medicine the death roll of war would undoubtedly be much longer.

Scientists are not so sure, however, that Mr. Fosdick is not correct when he says that science is advancing too fast for mankind. Pure science only creates, only opens fields of research and thought. It leaves the application of its results in the hands of the social scientists. If these social scientists have failed in their efforts, if science has become the Frankenstein of mankind at war, then the fault does lie with scientists, not for inventing machines of destruction, but for allowing their misapplication.

Either in a world lashed by war or lulled by peace, science survives. It is a calm voice which has not been stilled for long at a time, and speaks now by reason of its law that the most fit survive. It is a voice which "stills the pulse of fear," because in it are the nuances of truth, which frightens fear, and knowledge, which dispels it.

CHILD AMONG JONQUILS

A child among jonquils in wartime—
so small a thing,
Olivious to retreat and charge
and command . . .
(But of course, it's Spring.)

I must have forgotten that God
made a bird to sing
With soft throats in bright colors
without Death on the wing . . .

Retreat, they ordered, for all
but one
as the columns filed,
One who remembered the jonquils in Spring.
(Thank you, child)

Thank God that beauty knows
no taboo;
thank God it could fill
The long ache of Death in the fields

Janet Allen

FLIGHT LIEUTENANT

The edge
was scarce off winter;
The newness still on Spring,
When Fate
flung out her dominoes
and shut your door of Life.

Obedient,
you slanted down
along the sliding silver light;
Silver-tipped,
war's flighted pawn,
You clef t an English sea.

Jagged waves
will braid an epitaph;
Wheeling gulls salute you.

You were
pinioned wings
Freed by the laughter of death.

Janet Allen
REVIEWS OF RECENT BOOKS
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THE GREAT CRUSADE
Gustav Regler

The Civil War in Spain was like all wars; unnecessary, brutal, gruesome. Gustav Regler shows a rare ability in transferring the hate and strife on to printed pages. In the latter half of the book the Civil War reaches its fullest heights, and the author parallels the fury with superb strength of expression. The Great Crusade tells of the early days of the gallant International Brigade. It is a novel of supreme sacrifice, of death on the battlefields of Spain. Regler was an active participant in this modern crusade for freedom and has relived his experiences for the reader.

THE UNDERGROUND STREAM
Albert Maltz

In the story of The Underground Stream the author has used a pen of talent and power to present one side of the picture in the continuous battle the Communist Party wages against its opposition. Although at times Mr. Maltz lets his style become commonplace and stilted he has still been very successful in writing a book of modern realism. The story describes the sacrifice and suffering of a young Communist whose ideals were more important to him than freedom, love and family, or life itself.

RETURN TO DUST
Alice Lent Covert

Here is a story that treats of the modern grim tragedy of the dust bowl. There is a well created descriptive picture drawn of life amid the periodic howling clouds of yellow sand. The author makes use of the rawness and bluntness of realistic writing in order to bring force and naturalness into the story. Return to Dust is a story of human faith and courage; lost hope and despair in a land where the grimness of nature commands.

THE BURNING CACTUS
Stephen Spender

The Burning Cactus is one in a book of five short stories. Mr. Spender writes with a smoothness and style reminiscent of the complete, soul-satisfying music of a great symphony. Beauty and ugliness are created in a skillful blending of words and given life by the author. The obscurity of the themes in Spender's short stories requires careful, thoughtful reading. As a reward the reader receives the gratification and contentment that poetry in prose can give.

WHITE MULE
William Carlos Williams

Through the pages of White Mule crawls a baby. Often this tiny creature's activities are distinctly unpleasant, but the author does not spare an adjective in his descriptions. In fact, Mr. Williams writes as he feels, with no use of mechanical or artificial means. As a result the story gives a conviction that the events depicted actually occurred. Parts of White Mule drag and are uninteresting; a lack of quotation marks affect reading comfort. Despite these faults the author is to be commended for his preference of honest, sincere writing over that of set rules and regulations. The story brings to life the conflicting interests of a man and his family. Characters are not faked but live as the author sees them. Mr. Williams has created a new, strong, original line on the beaten pattern of present day books.

SONS OF THE FATHERS
Albert Halper

Sons of the Fathers is a novel, which by describing America's entrance into the first World War, mirrors present day conditions in the United States. There is the reality of the Draft, life in hastily constructed army camps, lakes and mud of parade grounds, propaganda-stuffed speeches by bald-headed politicians, fat Majors holding down safe jobs, war slogans, posters, rising prices, profiteering, and the hate and fear of war days. Mr. Halper has been successful in drawing a picture of an American family under the pressure of war. The principal character is a father who is tagged as old fashioned because he has the courage to say that all of Europe's woes are not worth a single drop of an American boy's blood.
**FERMENT**  
*John T. McIntyre*

The main character in *Ferment* is a man with a handsome exterior of charm, personality, ambition, and good will. However, the rottenness of greed and selfishness are deep within him. Using his traits of evil as grappling hooks this personality boy seeks to pull those about him down to his level. His degree of success is an important part of the story. The book suffers from an over dose of pseudo economics and slowness of development. There is a brief flurry of welcomed action in the last few pages.

**CHRIST IN CONCRETE**  
*Pietro De Donato*

In order to give naturalness to this story, Pietro de Donato keeps wording and descriptions in a form that at times is almost repulsive. He makes no effort to paint in colors but uses the black and white of realism. *Christ in Concrete* tells of an Italian family, their complete loyalty and protection of each other. Forces of death, circumstances, suffering, and pride mold a small boy into a man.

**UNION SQUARE**  
*Albert Halper*

Like a skillful painter blending colors together upon a canvas Mr. Halper has drawn a vigorous, natural picture of life near and in Union Square, New York. There is the barber who drank too deeply of life, the tragedy of the poet punctuating his despair with dope and gin, and the successful business man whose bit of heaven turned into hell. Other pages reveal the hopelessness of the workman with the black dot before his name, and show the disconsolate love of a tiny Communist. Dull pages do not mar Union Square. The story begins after a riot and ends with a riot.

**THE HAPPY LAND**  
*Eric Knight*

He who reads The Happy Land by Eric Knight will live for a time in the homes of the Yorkshire coal miners. He will speak their language, know their loves and hates. The author has given such a clear presentation of beauty and ugliness, so many vivid real word pictures that the story has the element of life. Mr. Knight has woven his story around the characters of the simple-living Yorkshire folk. That which happens to the moral, physical, and mental characters of these people when the mines are shut down is of value in formulating opinions on pre-war social conditions in England.

**POEM**  
*Edward Reese*

From the green curve of nature's breast  
Suckles man all his infancy and romance,  
Out of the matty green foliage of life  
Twists his narrow creeper of meaning,  
Seeking tree trunk, sun, or desert sand,  
Far from his water-sprung seed of green,  
Seeking, he flowers,  
Or withers brown in the scorching sun,  
Insensate, he wanders on,  
Impressed by ordered structure of the ant  
Or by Ecuadorian condor's waxlike wings,  
And where the jungle weeds the Mayan ruins,  
By the ancient calendrical stone.  
Such green shoots as once grew love  
No longer nourish; except those roots  
Which seek and love the solid stillness of the moon.

**F.O.B. DETROIT**  
*Wessel Smitter*

On the fast moving assembly lines of modern industry, machinery is the master. Often the iron and steel of a motor is content merely in creating sweating slaves; sometimes with rhythmic drone and throb, it talks insanity into a man's brain. He who has commanded machines is usually hardest to break, but steel gears and rods have sharpness and patience. This is brought out in *F. O. B. Detroit*, a novel of the speed-up the ruthless efficiency of a large automobile plant. With clear, plain words the author tells how a vision of green fields and deep blue lakes in a man's mind is splattered, dimmed, finally ruined by the oil and grease of present day industry.

**THE STRICKLANDS**  
*Edwin Lanham*

Through the eyes of Edwin Lanham the people of the Southern hill-country are seen in a sympathetic light. Jay Strickland is a Union organizer seeking to bind his people together so they can live as other human beings. Pat Strickland earns the title of Public Enemy Number One because he is reckless and wants to kick the world in the pants. Rock Island Jones is a negro with courage beyond most white men. He knows that nothing comes out of this world for a poor man unless he fights for it. The author uses a style of writing which gives the thoughts and feelings of characters as well as their conversations.
THE FLARE

John stood at the cliff's edge looking across the quiet straits toward Calais and enjoyed the sweet pressure of Lee's arm on his. His attention wandered presently to other things, to the clear moonless night, to the sea at the foot of the cliff which lay calm and peaceful with only an occasional break when a foaming comb would rush in, suddenly and startlingly close, and crash on the pale and shuddering cliff beneath. To John, it seemed that a slow and terrible battle was going on in the shadows down below. There lay the sea waiting cunningly in seeming quiescence for the right moment and then it would surge up, in foaming, roaring fury and fling itself on the land, on England. It reminded John of England's other enemy lying in apparent quiet over there on the other side of the narrow strait. Lying still and gathering strength for a great final wave of destruction that would lay England in waste. John had felt the power of that enemy not two weeks ago at Dunkerque. He felt it now in the dull ache of his shattered, handless left arm that was strapped tightly across his breast. His gaze traveled out across the sea again and he could almost see that place of awful embarkation. His mind's eye saw it quite vividly. There were the struggling men, the curling water, the stricken ships, the strewn beach, and over and above it all in maddening overtone, the drone of planes. That embarkation had left its mark on John's body and now memories of it were leaving marks on his face.

Suddenly the spell was broken; the picture fled. Lee was looking up at him anxiously and speaking.

"John dear, we've come too far. We had better go back. You mustn't overdo it you know." John looked back over the hundred yards they had walked and then looked down at Lee. His smile was tender and a little cynical.

"Yes of course." As they started back, walking slowly along the cliff path toward Priestley House, John felt uncomfortably that Lee was looking at him. She had done so often since his return. She studied his face earnestly and almost surreptitiously as though she were afraid he would see her doing so and question her. He had no need of questions though; he knew well enough what was troubling her. He had changed while he was in France and she sensed it in his manner and certainly saw it plainly in his face. When he had left he had been 'Young Captain Priestly.' He was scarcely twenty-four. He was tall and fine and filled with a joyous exuberance that made him seem even younger than he was. He was rarely serious and gravity came to him only in fleeting moments. But now all was changed. He seemed older. His face was serious and his rare smiles came seldom and remained briefly, and all of his exuberance was gone leaving in its place only a blankness like one shows who is suffering from shock. John looked suddenly at Lee and she met his eyes and then looked away.

"Don't you hate the blackout, John? The night is so blank and lonesome without any lights. Dover might be a million miles away instead of just down the hill. I've grown to hate the nights awfully since they started."

John squeezed her arm sympathetically. "I'll tell you what worries me more. Since this happened to my arm you have always walked on my right side. I think I will never get used to not having you on my left." Lee flared up suddenly in a rage. She stopped and stood squarely before John, her eyes blazing, her slender form straight and tense with anger. Even in his surprise, John thought how strongly she resembled a fine ter- rior in her complete and thoughtless acceptance of the actions that instinct led her to express. She burst forth into speech hurried and almost incoherent.

"John, I hate them. If I could, I would kill them all. What right have they to hurt you? What right have they to destroy our world?" John grasped her arm and squeezed it tightly stopping her tirade.

When they reached the steps, John was tired and he climbed them slowly with Lee's help. As they reached the top she stepped forward to hold the door open for him and at that moment a dull, flat explosion rapped out from near by. John whirled quickly and bumped his arm on a pillar. He bent over in pain yet his attention was so strongly riveted on the scene before him that for the moment his accident held a place of secondary importance. Lee clung tightly to the door and watched also while a thin red streak arced slowly up the sky until it was almost out of sight and then burst with a sharp pop. Sudden, brilliant illumination filled the sky as a blinding white light sprang forth like magic and began drifting slowly toward the earth. The ground was plainly visible in the glare and Lee and John both saw the dark figure of a man run quickly along the edge of the cliff and disappear into a black crevasse. John remained bent for a moment longer and then muttered: "Sodium flare, Lee, it's a signal!" Straightening he dashed by her and burst into the house. Going to the phone he called central awkwardly with his one hand and asked for patrol headquarters. Connections were made instantly and John speaking fast, said: "Some one just shot a signal rocket from the cliff top in front of Priestley House. You had better send someone up here immediately." He paused briefly and then said: "I see. Yes Captain Priestly talking." Hanging up the phone he sat down on the sofa as though he were very tired, the reaction from his pain and weakness making itself felt at last.

Lee stood in the center of the room still anxious and excited. "John, are they coming?"

"Yes, dear. They had already started when I called."

"Oh John, you've hurt your arm."

He was lying full length on the sofa and Lee was busily trying to make him comfortable when the patrol arrived. There was the brief
roar of an approaching truck and then sudden silence as it stopped before the house. As Lee opened the door a tall, lean soldier hurried up the steps and addressed her, his face eager and intense as he spoke. "Good evening, Mrs. Priestly. A rocket was fired off near here a minute ago. Did you see it?" Lee told him what she had seen and he thanked her as he turned and clattered down the stairs issuing orders to the men in the truck while he ran toward them. The soldiers leaped to the ground each one carrying a rifle and an electric torch. At a run they followed the officer who led the way to the crevase, where they all disappeared quickly. Before Lee could re-enter the house John came out carrying her coat and they hurried toward the cliff. When they reached the edge and looked down they could see the patrol scurrying about below. There torches winked like fireflies in the darkness where they searched among the rocks and reefs for the fugitive. Occasionally a long, white comber would come rushing in hissing and foaming and then the torches would make short streaks of light across the water as the men scrambled to safety. "He timed it nicely," John said. "It's low tide." Lee did not answer but continued to watch as the searchers spread out along the beach. While she was watching two shots rang out from the beach below and then two more in quick succession. The launch stopped immediately and two long, blue-white beams of light shot out from its sides and began playing along the reefs. Almost immediately one of them picked out the form of another boat which had been hiding in the broken rocks. There was a slight stir of activity in the other boat and then all was still as before. The patrol boat began moving again, slowly picking its way carefully through the dangerous water, holding the searchlight steady on. Still the other boat did not move and John muttered out loud at their foolhardiness. Meanwhile the second searchlight had been moving about flashing quickly over the rocks. Suddenly it stopped moving and the beam of its glare was a man black and small standing far out on the reefs and very close to the waiting boat. The waves looked huge as they dashed by him flooding high on the sides of his refuge. As the water receded he plunged feet first from his rock and disappeared only to reappear a moment later scrambling up on another rock much closer to the boat. Apparently the patrol boat had gotten within range during this time for they started firing. The waiting launch quickly came to life and started backing away from the reef, returning the patrol boat's fire. Almost immediately the probing searchlight was hit and went out in a flare of electric sparks. Then there came the sound of a racing engine and the strange boat headed out to sea leaving a trail of white foam behind it. The other searchlight had never wavered from the figure of the man and now Lee noticed the bobbing and flashing of the torches as the

**BOREROM ON A BALCONY**
*Beatrice Wright*

Now we who have not guessed above one cause
For life stand archly in the night (with laws
Of social form intact), and bear a dirge
Concerning love, and see the matrons' jaws
Most gracious: torn in two neat halves by surge
Of standard laughter.

Quite immune to urge
Incautious (say to drink hot blood), we say
The things of which we're sure until we merge
Into one path of thought: for one must pay
Great price for peace.

The moon extends a ray
Revealing two grey eyes within your head
Emotionless as God.

And shall we stray
To where the strongly scented lilac bed
Attracts esthetes? I have not lately fed
On honey-dew.

Have you, most nobly nosed
Of loves? (Forget whatever I have said,
And I'll ignore the wrinkles light disclosed.)
(There are neurotic, smiling girls, red robed
And wise beyond the vaunting guess of age:)
They dwell alone in dreams of youths who've dozed
With thoughts of beauty fitted to the page.
If you are one of these my careful gauge
Of men and God is hopelessly awry.
I sense your admiration for the stage
And fear to see you lift your head and cry:
"The roar of God's own laughter greets our try
At prayer. We are but hopeful fools who serve
An unseen strength; we live and breed and die
With cause concealed."

You'll find a pungent verve
In grief; I shall become a writhing nerve
Possessed of you.

Or shall we keep all calm,
My dear, within the balcony's smug curve?
land patrol made its way out to him. Lee was exuberant. "Now they'll surely catch him," she exclaimed. John was not at all excited and to Lee he seemed strangely silent. Suddenly the man on the rock turned and looked toward the shore, his face flashing white as he did so. He stood quietly for a moment and then turned and without pause dove headlong into the whirling, foaming water. Lee was stunned. "John, he jumped in. No one could swim there. He - ."

* * * *

When he entered with the patrol there were fifteen of them and they lined up around the warm walls shivering and dripping. Lee noticed with pride the deference they granted John, addressing him as "Captain Priestly, Sir," even though he was not in uniform. They were all excitedly talking about the chase but presently when Lee served the tea they became quieter and then one of them spoke directly to John. "Captain Priestly, you know none of us got over to the other side and we haven't heard very much about what happened over there. Would you mind telling us about it, Sir?" John's answer was reserved and courteous, but Lee did not miss the strained look that came into his face. "Why, Dave Stevens there went over. Why don't you ask him?" Lee looked quickly at the man John indicated and was surprised at the similarity between their expressions. The blank look was not on his face but the same reserved, almost disinterested air in the midst of excite-ment prevailed.

He looked at John without smiling and said gravely, "I don't like to talk about it any more than you do, Sir."

"Of course, Dave. I shouldn't have mentioned it."

At that the man who had questioned Lee said, "Hurry up. We've got to get back and report." And turning to Lee he bowed slightly and thanked her for her kindness. After the men had filed out he turned in the doorway and saluted John and then closed the door. John smiled tiredly at Lee. "Come, dear, it's late. Let's go up to bed." Lee turned off the light and followed him up the stairs.

* * * *

The first thing that Lee noticed when she awoke was that John was gone. It was still dark but she sensed that the morning was near. She slipped out of bed quickly and wrapping her coat around her went to the stairs and hurried down. John was standing by the window. Lee went to his side and looking out noticed that the fog had come in making it perfectly impossible to see. She clutched his arm anxiously and asked, "What is it, dear?"

Freeing his arm he put it around her shoulders and said, "Be quiet and listen." Lee pressed against him silently and soon, far in the East, she heard a faint, high drone. It grew louder and louder. With terrible rapidity it grew until the sky was filled with a deep, nerve-wracking resonance. Lee looked at John who was standing straight and still, his white face utterly blank and calm. Suddenly from the direction of the town there came the sound of gun fire. Quick, sharp, ringing cracks like huge rifles firing rang out across the night, as the anti-aircraft batteries went into action. John's expression changed and he looked at Lee, tenderness and despair mingling in his face. He remained silent until the sound had passed away overhead and faded into the West; then he spoke. "They've come, Lee. There must have been hundreds of them. They passed over our coast defense guns just as though they weren't there. London or Liverpool or some other inland city will get it tonight. Maybe tomorrow night or the next we'll get it. There's no security left, no safety, and all that horror that was at Dunkerque, and worse, will be in England from now on. There's nothing for us to depend on, nothing for us except each other. That's why I didn't want you to hate, Lee. I'm afraid of it. I can't hate them. I saw too much over there. And you mustn't either. If you do, maybe I'll lose you too."

Lee stared out the window at the blank night. "I know, John. That man who sent the signal; he's a hero too. Somewhere.

FINIS