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The Trinity Review, May 1950

Trinity College

Review

Volume IV No. 3

COMMENCEMENT

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APOLOGIA

The third and last issue of this volume of the *Review* is the product of the newly instituted editorial board. The new officers wish at this time to pledge themselves to the maintenance and furthering of the literary ideals so well defined by the previous editors.

A special debt of gratitude is owed to F. Scott Billyou whose efforts have resulted in the improvement of the magazine both in format and content.

THE TRINITY REVIEW

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BURGUNDIAN, c. 1400
A Virgin and Child

ANTONELLO GAGINI (1478-1536)
Female Saint

From the religious art and Renaissance collection at the Wadsworth Atheneum (Hartford, Conn.) and printed here by its courtesy.

Book Review:

PEACE OR PESTILENCE

Nicholas A. Halasz

BACTERIAL WARFARE (let's refer to it as BW as the author does, it sounds less potential) has come to stand in the back of our minds as the black ghost or the broom-riding witch of the child; it hangs over our heads like the sword of Damocles, just waiting for some excuse to bang down on us and massacre millions with hitherto unsuspected horrors of diseases, pests. Actually, the picture is different. Its potentialities are overestimated: organized protection is possible; no new diseases are cerebrated by scientists. Bacteriology on its head, as the new science of BW is called, is a twin of medical bacteriology, only with its purpose reversed; it is not to prevent disease but to induce it, hence the name.

The origins of BW go back to the early days of the Second World War, when the Chemical Warfare Service budded out into the BW division, with headquarters at Camp Detrick, Maryland. Experimental work began to investigate the possible use of infective agents and techniques for their spreading, with special regard to their effectiveness on the one side, and their detection, prevention and cure on the other. The investigators had almost unlimited budgets—the dream of any scientist—and a cooperating team of experts in the varied fields. Work was carried out on bacteria as well as on their effective products, the toxins, and soon a list was compiled of the potential BW agents. It was much shorter than was expected because of technical difficulties. Many organisms could survive but for too short a time outside of an animal host; many died when exposed to the ultraviolet rays of the sun; some could not even be effectively spread. Nevertheless, there are 20-25 diseases that could well be used for this destructive purpose. Further technical questions are then discussed at length. However, it is more interesting to consider some general aspects of BW.

The whole idea of biological warfare has been looked upon ever since its first appearance as something evil, and immoral, something that should be outlawed. This prejudice, of course, is purely emotional, as can be proven by a comparison, for example with the A-bomb. The bomb is quite inescapable once it hits something or close to it, while BW is far less thorough. The bomb will cause complete property destruction besides its effect on man—nothing of this kind would follow a BW attack. On the other hand, to put BW on the same level with the A-bomb is not quite fair either, since the latter is just one weapon, while BW consists of several, as a number of diseases can be utilized as we have seen above. BW also is much more flexible and adaptable to many a purpose. It can be used against livestock and agriculture as well as man. To carry on the comparison, the A-bomb's effects are produced immediately after its explosion (except for some delayed radiation sickness) while BW is basically different. After the attack, a timelag would follow, representing the incubation period of the bacteria. This period, if detection has been sufficiently fast and efficient, could be used for sealing off the infected areas to prevent further spreading by person-to-person contact, and for checking the actual disease by antisera and/or medicinals.

We have mentioned the question of detection, and this is one of the most serious problems. A BW agent can be sprayed from a single airplane flying at 40,000 feet as well as dropped into the water supply of a city or spread in a theater or railroad station. To keep a constant check at every place is impossible, and without that, prevention cannot be adequate. In addition, even if we should try to keep alert everywhere, the presence of a BW agent cannot be determined by a simple test, as that of many war gasses. Detection requires a well-equipped laboratory and great numbers of well-trained technicians. Furthermore, some viruses cannot be observed microscopically, but have to be injected into animals for identification, and by the time the incubation period has taken effect the results would be too late to prevent an epidemic. Then only a perfectly operating public health and quarantine system could keep some kind of check on the spread of the disease.

The military's task would be to prevent entrance of the enemy whether he uses fifth column infiltration or attacks by air. An effective sanitation program allied with military protection might give some hope or expectation for control.

We have to realize that many of the involved diseases are not necessarily lethal. In case of an imperialist enemy, however, they would only be useful. It would suit the aggressor's pose to paralyze defense, economy, and industry for a given period. He would then be able to take over the weakened, but already non-infective, country—non-infective, since epidemics go as fast as they come whether man-made or not—and all this without any property damage.

The author calls for international understanding as the only means to avoid another war which very well might involve BW. Then the human race would have to cope with the most serious crisis in its history.

PEACE OR PESTILENCE, Theodore Rosebury, Whittlesey House.

TO THE AGNOSTIC

Vain idols are wrought by men
And worshipped thus in vain,
The genuflection of the weak and selfish mind
To a pagan thing of material kind.

Nor spirit in unattainable realm
Placates unsettled soul;
Existing too divine is this Divinity
And confusing by its very infinity.

And so, the trichotomy of God renounced
And Heaven made a void
Leave us naught to love, but we ourselves,
And naught but the stars above.

"What then," the question vain,
"In life is there to gain?
What purpose, cause, return in sight
To mark the worth of Time's own light?"

Time is but the future's seed,
The present's growth,
The withered flower of the past;
And whither we go is not for us to ask.

So end these useless quests,
As: from whence the embryo?
And after death perhaps . . .
Not even then to know!

—*Ogden Plumb.*

PLAINFIELD, N. J. – A STUDY OF SUBURBIA, U. S. A.

Hollis Burke

THROUGHOUT the land spread great demographic monsters like New York, Chicago, Boston, and Philadelphia. These spin huge webs into the surrounding countryside, drawing, like spiders, food, goods and people to serve their economic ends. Along the threads of these webs are offspring or appendages of the mother city. Philadelphia has its "Main Line" where the Paoli Local runs. Boston has the "New Haven," the Boston & Albany, and the Boston & Maine. New York has the "New Haven," the "Pennsie," the "Long Island," and, last but not least, the Jersey Central.

The Jersey Central Railroad is part of Plainfield, N. J., because so many Plainfielders spend at least two hours each day in its thirty-year-old cars with dirty windows. However they may curse these cars, the coal soot, and the high fares, they bear it all with a secret affection. They know its inglorious past: how it became a pawn in the hands of William H. Vanderbilt, how he used it in trying to gain control of the Pennsylvania coal mines by refusing to carry their coal. They all remember its fight to free itself from the strangulating taxes of Mayor Hague on its Jersey City terminal. They know that the good old Jersey Central has been carrying coal and commuters for over sixty years. It plays an important part because it lends a sense of urgency to the life of the community.

The Plainfield commuter will listen for the whistling or chugging of his train to see if it has reached the station. If near enough to one of the three stops, he will walk to the station with a "Tribune" tucked under his arm. (Plainfield is predominantly Republican.) Often, on days when everything goes wrong, as in Cornelia Otis Skinner's *Dithers Jithers,* he will cut his face shaving too fast, scald his throat on the coffee, and bolt out of the house, kissing his wife good-bye with a piece of toast still stuffed in his mouth. His degree of success in life will be measured by whether he has to take the 7:55 or can leisurely stroll down to the 8:19 and join his cronies in the club car.

Plainfield is located in Union County, N. J., twenty-four miles west of New York, allowing four additional miles for the path the Jersey Central takes. Unlike most commuting towns, it has some heavy industry of its own, manufacturing Mack trucks, tank cars, newspaper printing presses, woodworking tools, radio condensers, and gas meters. Although Plainfield's 15,000 commuters are largely unaware of it, 5,000 of its residents are engaged in making these things. The balance of the breadwinners own or work in the many stores that line Plainfield's three main streets, which form a trading center for lesser towns in the area. The population numbers around 50,000, but if you count the boroughs of North and South Plainfield, the total will come to about 70,000. Founded in 1685 by Quakers and Scotch Presbyterians, Plainfield has today many Irish, Italians, Negroes, and a few Polish.

An 1834 gazeteer reads that Plainfield was "a large and thriving village of Westfield Township, having thirteen master hatters who manufacture $75,000 worth of hats and five master tailors employing 70 hands who make clothes for the Southern trade. A four-horse mail stage is dispatched to New York three times a week. The country around the town is rich, well cultivated and healthy. The water is good, and the society moral and religious, and ambitious of improvement." The country around the town still has a few farms but one may find factories and a small airport too. The churches are well attended, but the chances are that the people are not so moral and religious as they were. The Great Depression wiped out the hatting industry. The water, however, is still good. Plainfield of 1834 would marvel at things we take so much for granted in the model, modern city, such as its 140 miles of sewers, its 105 miles of paved streets shaded by elms, maples, and gnarly old oaks. Plainfield has all of these.

The structures Plainfield lives in run the gamut of American architecture. In the 1890's the town was a popular summer resort for the New York aristocracy. Several families built great monstrosities, the like of which Charles Adams likes to portray in his cartoons —complete with turrets, French windows, mansard roofs, and wide verandas. For the lesser plutocrats there were two resort hotels, no longer standing. After the golden era of capitalism, Plainfield returned to imitating Dutch and American colonial styles. Several non-descript frame houses were built to shel-

ter the influx from Ellis Island. Although Plainfield has no real slums, most of its Negro population live in substandard dwellings.

The glorified dormitories, euphemistically termed "garden apartments," which are mushrooming all over Plainfield, indicate a swelling population and problems of overcrowded schools, water supply, and parking. The citizens were insulted at the installation of parking meters. They did not like paying for what had always been free. They were beginning to learn painfully that some things can be only relatively free, that where there are more people there is less freedom and more need for restraint.

Plainfield, like the Lynd's *Middletown,* and Marquand's Clyde in *Point of No Return,* has all the anthropological stratifications of society, all the clubs and observances of ancient rites and customs.

There is the country club set and the lodge set. There is the Lions Club, the Rotary Club, the Y. M. C. A., and even a club called the Optimists. For women there is the Junior League, which has a kind of monopoly on charity; the Garden Club, which discusses nothing but flowers and is the most select of them all; the Monday Afternoon Club, which engages lecturers and generally meets on Tuesdays; the Y. W. C. A.; and thirty-five different groups called "twigs" connected with the Women's Auxiliary of the Muhlenberg Hospital; these meet bi-weekly to fold bandages or sew. The ladies look askance at one "twig" which hires a woman to do the dirty work while they all run off to see a musical in New York.

Plainfield still observes the Fourth of July, and all the clubs prepare a float for the parade. At night there are fireworks, before which Mayor Carlyle W. Crane delivers an oration. The people of Plainfield must be very patriotic, for thousands stood in a drenching downpour to watch last year's display.

Mayor Crane is a handsome, Princeton lawyer of thirty. He and his Council are elected, though not chosen, by the people to serve for two years without salary. Mayor Crane does receive $300, however, to cover the cost of his New Year's Day reception at the City Hall to which the entire town is invited if it wants to come. The politics of Plainfield never have any issues. There is no opposition because the Democrats are so apathetic. The Republican Citizens' Advisory Committee, composed of prominent commuters, decides for whom the people shall vote.

A woman in the audience of Thornton Wilder's play *Our Town* rises to ask the Stage Manager, "Is there any culture or love of beauty in Grovers Corners?" If this question were applied to Plainfield, the answer would be affirmative. There is an amateur symphony orchestra in which young and old perform. There is a glee club, two amateur theatrical groups, and an adequate library. Besides one synagogue, there are a dozen large churches and sundry smaller ones, representing the Catholic, Episcopal, Presbyterian, Congregational, Methodist, Baptist, Unitarian, Quaker, and Christian Scientist faiths.

The leisure time of Plainfielders is spent puttering in the gardens, bowling, playing baseball in one of the two parks in spring and summer, watching television, or going to one of the four movie houses. A good deal of amusement is sought in New York.

Plainfield has its prides, its prejudices, and occasionally some open-hearted friendliness. It has its town characters. There lived a millionaire inventor in Netherwood, the choice residential section of the town, who chopped down all his magnificent trees and put up signs saying, "Hague Is the Law!" and "Let's Watch Our Own Hitlers!" There is nothing particularly noble about the city of Plainfield that isn't noble about life itself. It is a geographical spot where people live, love, work, play, and worship. Parts of the town are very beautiful, parts of it ugly.

Life there continues in its familiar pattern. The Italian women chatter to each other over their Monday wash. The country club set worries for the future of the race when some bachelor from Pittsburgh marries one of the prettiest girls and takes her away from Plainfield. The neighbors of St. Stephen's Church curse its clanging bell and swear that when their ship comes in they'll buy one with a better tone for the church. The grown-ups lose the sense of adventure they had when, as little children, they placed pebbles in the paths of oncoming trains. The commuters continue to look with pride at each new diesel that is added to the rails.

FRAGMENT

Wm. Dickinson MacDonald

LARGE droplets of rain fell on the newly-surfaced canopies of Washington Square. It was a spring thundershower. Though the lull of twilight was upon New York, the few inhabitants in sight seemed to defy the relaxed tempo of the great city. Bright yellow taxis, usually idling on street corners at this hour, busily splashed up to the sheltered entrances of the brownstone apartments and modest residential hotels, flung their doors open to the usually reticent fares of this district, and then vanished toward the twinkling city. People walked rapidily—wet hats pulled down, faces tilted against the rain. Umbrellas, pulled and bent by the wind, waved incongruously.

Melissa, at her spacious window on the second floor of Hillcroft House, was facing the north side of the Square. Even before the rain had started in the late afternoon, she had been staring out of the window, watching the people, wondering where they were going, and wishing that she were going somewhere too. She would have liked to follow one of them—any one—just to see what someone else does at five o'clock in the afternoon. She knew that most of the people were going home, and she wondered what that would be like—to work at a desk for eight hours a day, and then to go home to a dingy brown apartment filled with the smell of rancid soup and the cries of wailing brats.

The girl was delighted to see the rain begin. It made the people move faster. Like ants on a hot day. She watched while some women waited to cross the street in front of her hotel. Some of them were splashed when cars swung too close to the curbing. She wondered why they didn't have sense enough to move back when they saw a car coming.

Melissa had been watching the cat across the street in the park. It was huddled miserably beneath a wooden bench near a tall iron gaslight. As the rain dripped through the loose and worn slats of the bench, the cat ranged back and forth beneath, seeking a drier spot on which to crouch. But even as she watched, the cat suddenly ran into the darkness.

Turning from the window, the girl crossed the room to telephone for a cup of coffee. In spite of her father's warning about imposing on the dining room for trivialities, she knew it was stupid not to be able to order a cup of coffee in her father's own hotel. Melissa's room was the shambles of an already four months' self-imposed vacation from college. Meaningless, half-finished abstractions in oil hung on the walls, a large easel dominated the north window, and an expensive guitar rested precariously atop a pile of sketchbooks on the drawing table. Charcoal sticks, brushes, rags, and tubes of paint were everywhere. Some minutes later when the white-jacketed attendant appeared, Melissa cleared a place for the coffee on the chair nearest her by dropping several books to the floor. She asked the attendant to take with him the dozen or more glasses still lying about the room since the party two nights ago.

She tasted the coffee, and, finding it bitter, replaced it on the chair beside her. Then she began the letter:

My darling Todd,

Finally getting a decent room here, so now I can do some painting. There isn't much time to be lonely here, running around to offices and the like. But I must say, it isn't overly exciting. Wish I had more time to work on the play. It's not the kind of thing that offers much possibility of selling afterwards, but it's fun to write.

Job situation certainly no better—in fact it's a lot worse. So far—only job—drawing 4 girdles for which I received $3. Have been drawing, drawing, and drawing—fashions, fashions, and more fashions. Still don't get to first base on how I'd like them to look. Magazines are the hardest things in the world to crack, I'm sure. Still haven't done any painting.

I don't know if you've ever connected yourself with nutty people. This isn't much news—just what's up, doc?

Have been occupying myself with the ugly business of throwing out my silly, sentimental, and most ridiculous past by rereading a hundred odd collected letters and burning them. This is an inexcusable pastime . . . one should burn and not read. What muddy relationships we have with the people in our letters!

Started going berserk about a week ago, I think. Climax this weekend. Been going through analysis. As you near the core you stop thinking and start action—any kind.

Picked out my most sadistic relationship and put myself through the torture; then saw the sleeping pills as the most decent solution. Knew I'd do it; wanted to run first.

When I didn't show up they started phoning about. Finally when I thought they must have gone I showed up. He and the others were there; they talked all night and on into the next day. College dance that night.

Got tight. Smashed a mustard jar. When they weren't looking, I ran away again; tried smashing my fist through a window. Didn't work. Found an empty room and went out cold.

Phil came back for the pieces in the morning. Analyst put the screws on; have to go home. Guess, they'll tell Mother I'm behind the 8-ball now.

Analyst said there ought to be a rise. Might be through smashing things and myself now. What a goddamned show. Hope there are other kinds of pride than self-destruction.

That's what up. Maybe there'll be some pieces together in a few days. I don't hope so, just maybe there will . . . *M.*

Melissa reached again for the coffee. It was cold now. She gulped it down anyway. As she turned to replace the cup on the chair beside her, the saucer slipped from her hand. Leaving it on the floor, she got up, turned out the light, and walked to the window.

It was still raining.

WATCHING

The gray clouds drip as the fog rolls in
And the hills are hid from sight,
The trees are dim and their branches
loom
Unreal in the fading light.

The air is still, no bird's in flight,
The trees have ceased to sigh,
Small wispy puffs of cotton down
Pile up in the leaden sky.

The mind's at ease in this quiet room
Four-walled by the forest 'round,
And thoughts will rove to distant spas
Serene, content, unbound.

'Tis then I know the love I want,
I clasp her outstretched hand,
And the sun that rolls my clouds away
Is her golden wedding band.

—*Laurence H. Roberts, Jr.*

SHADOWS

Shadows flicker, fade and flutter
Flashing eery o'er the ground,
Watch and see how soon they waver
Quiver, shiver, leap and bound.

In and out among the thickets,
As the branches bow and bend,
Changing patterns grow and lessen
Move and change, but seldom end.

Ever present in the moonlight
Shorten as the moon rides high
Seem like little fairy people
Brought to earth from past the sky.

Happy carefree as the wind blows,
Racing clouds across the snow—
How I wish that I could frolic
With them as they come and go.

—*Laurence H. Roberts, Jr.*

MR. WEATHERBY AND THE CAT

Winthrop Faulkner

EVEN in his sleep, Albert Weatherby was an orderly person. He lay rigidly on his back with his thin arms drawn close to his scrawny body, and, except for an occasional twitch of one cheek, an onlooker might easily have taken him for a dead man. His grey-brown hair was brushed stiffly toward the left; his eyes were peacefully closed, and his lips were tightly pursed, as if concealing a small piece of candy, or chewing gum. This could not have been the case, for Albert Weatherby had not tasted either since the *Reader's Digest* had proved to his satisfaction that both were harmful to the teeth. Above these narrow lips was a neatly-cropped, wiry, brown mustache. It was the focal point of his face, and his only claim to vanity.

At twenty-nine minutes past seven this particular morning, Mr. Weatherby's eyelids suddenly popped open, giving him the appearance of a surprised owl. His left index finger mechanically sought the button on top of the alarm clock, and a slight click signified that this machine was rendered mute. The fact is that it had not rung for more than six years, yet it was set each night, on the chance that some unforeseen event might upset Mr. Weatherby's uncanny sense of time.

Without turning his head, he knew that the hulking body of Mrs. Weatherby lay hunched in the center of the bed to his left. The steady grinding wheeze of her snoring permeated the whole room. He knew equally well that at the end of her bed lay that hateful black beast that haunted him day and night. He could feel those yellow eyes glaring at him, piercing his very soul. "Caesar is no ordinary cat," he had thought to himself many times. The two had hated one another from the first. One reason for this mutual antipathy was that Caesar, like Weatherby, had a mustache. Caesar's was white, the only bit of white on his ebony body, and he took as much pride in it as Weatherby did in his.

Mr. Weatherby peered into the bathroom mirror and ran his fingers caressingly over the trim brown bristles on his upper lip.

"You're a very distinguished looking man," he said half aloud. "I wouldn't be at all surprised if you became President of the Forty-third Street Branch of the Riggs Bank one of these days."

He was about to make a modest reply to his own compliment, when he saw in the corner of the mirror, Caesar's ginning face.

He cried out in a loud whisper, "Get out, you devil!", and turned about, just in time to see the black tail snake its way out of the door.

At three minutes past eight, Mr. Weatherby boarded the downtown subway marked "Express to Forty-second Street," and exactly twenty-six minutes later, he entered the substantial looking doors of the Forty-third Street Branch of the Riggs Bank. At eight-thirty, he was seated at a chair behind a window marked "Paying and Receiving," and had taken from a drawer a black and white plastic sign which read, "Albert D. Weatherby." He toyed with the sign for a minute, and then hung it in place on the bars which separated him from the public.

"Good morning, Mr. Weatherby," said a short, heavy-set fellow in the next booth.

"'Morning," said Weatherby, in his usual timid voice.

"Did you read in the paper about that child who disappeared on Saturday?"

"No, I did not, Mr. Robertson."

"Looks pretty bad," said Robertson. "Seems to be no trace of him—no trace at all."

"Really," commented Weatherby, with mild interest.

"Well," said the other, "I guess we'd better prepare for another busy day." Weatherby did not reply; he was thinking very hard about something Mr. Robertson had said.

Mr. Elder, the head cashier, entered his booth, and counted out his allotment of money for the day. Weatherby mechanically recounted the crisp bills, and put them in the proper drawers of his large bank cash register. This done, he straightened his

tie, reassured himself that his mustache had not vanished since he left his house, and sat quietly behind his window, waiting for his first assignment. The day was a busy one, as Mondays always are in banks, but to Albert Weatherby this Monday seemed particularly long and tedious. At five o'clock he checked his cash and receipts, and with Mr. Elder's approval, he left the bank.

He did not proceed to Grand Central Station, as was his usual custom, but turned down a side street and stopped in front of a small sporting goods store. "A medium size fishing basket, if you please," he said to the salesman.

"Yes, sir," replied the clerk, "and let me show you this new, seven-foot trout rod; it's sure to make your fishing a dream this season. We also have some Canadian, hand-made flies."

"If you don't mind," whispered Albert, "the basket is all I want." The salesman pressed his point and Mr. Weatherby left the store with the basket, and a set of six trout flies.

An hour later he quietly entered his own bedroom, and placed his bundle in his clothes closet.

"Is that you, Albert?" roared Mrs. Weatherby from the kitchen.

"Yes, dear."

"Bring the eggs in here. Dinner is nearly ready."

The eggs! He had completely forgotten the eggs. Harriet would be furious. "Dear," he mumbled, "there were none left at Schulz's."

"What do you mean, none left?" cried Harriet. "What did you get instead?"

"Dear, I didn't get anything. I didn't know you needed them for dinner."

"Why didn't you call? You stupid little mouse!" The word "mouse" seemed to arouse Caesar, who yawned, stretched, and walked with the greatest majesty diagonally across the kitchen floor, grinning at Weatherby as he twitched his tail.

"I just didn't think, dear," he groaned.

"Well, you'd better start thinking where you can get some food at this time of day, or you won't eat tonight," she snapped.

Mr. Weatherby went straight to the bedroom, and brought out the fishing basket. With one swift motion he deposited the odious cat therein, and walked out the door unobserved by his wife. With the basket over his shoulder he made his way down the street, oblivious to the astonished faces of fellow pedestrians, and the yowling of his captive. An absurd newspaper headline flashed across his mind: "No Trace of Cat Missing Since Monday." He approached the fenced-in excavation on a large corner lot. With all his might he flung the basket over the fence and heard it crash far below on the other side. He breathed a deep sigh of satisfaction, and started for a nearby delicatessen.

It was not until after dinner that Mrs. Weatherby noticed the absence of her treasured pet. She looked in every corner of the apartment, and finally concluded that he must escaped through an open door. "We'll leave the front door open tonight," she announced.

"Very well," replied her husband, "if you don't think it too dangerous."

"Dangerous indeed, who would want to set foot in this apartment?" Mrs. Weatherby read until twelve o'clock and when her pet was still missing, she tried to go to sleep. Albert slept soundly.

At five o'clock the next morning his blissful dreams were brought to an abrupt end, when something fell heavily on his chest. At first he thought Harriet had struck him, but, when the dark blurry mass in front of him materialized, he found himself face to face with two yellow eyes, and a white mustache. He let out a sharp shriek which woke the heavily snoring Harriet from a sound sleep.

"What's the trouble, Albert? Why, it's dear Caesar! Come here sweet pussy. Albert! He's filthy; what's happened to him?" Albert could say nothing; he was frozen with terror.

AT THE BANK that day, Albert was very nervous. He made three mistakes in cashing checks; something that had not happened at Riggs in twenty years. At noon Mr. Elder suggested that he go home and go to bed.

"I do feel in rotten shape," Weatherby confessed, "and if you can spare me . . ."

"Certainly," said Mr. Elder, "Let us know if you can't come in tomorrow morning."

Mr. Weatherby walked out into the street, but he did not go to the station. Instead he made his way to the Biltmore Hotel, and pushed open the large glass door of the Cocktail Lounge.

"I'll have a drink, please," he said to the bartender.

"What do you want, sir?"

"Something strong," replied Weatherby, "very strong."

The first sip burnt him horribly as it rolled down his throat to his stomach. It was the first time he'd ever tasted whiskey. Soon the red leather cushioned stools began to move; in fact they began to do a little dance around him, and he grasped the edge of the bar for support.

He did not remember exactly how he got there,

but he found himself standing in front of the pharmacist's desk in the hotel drugstore.

"Let me have a bottle of arsenic," he heard himself say in a hollow, faraway voice.

"What do you need it for," the druggist demanded.

"My good man," said Albert, with unnatural confidence, "it is none of your business, but if you wish to know, I have to get rid of Caesar."

"I'm afraid someone has beat you to it," exclaimed the druggist, "Caesar died some time ago."

"That is exactly what I thought," gurgled Albert, "but he's back again, and he must be dealt with."

"I see," said the druggist setting a small, brown bottle on the counter, "Wait here just a moment." But Albert could not wait a moment, and as the clerk went to the rear of the shop, he snatched the bottle from the counter, and bolted out the street door.

On the uptown subway, Albert suddenly felt deathly ill, but he managed to control his stomach until he arrived at One Hundred and Twenty-Eighth Street. After several agonizing minutes in the men's room, he appeared on the upper level, with a clearer head. He stopped at the delicatessen and purchased a can of sardines.

Mrs. Weatherby did not return from her bridge game until six o'clock, and did not know that her husband had preceded her by three hours. She had taken Caesar with her and left him at the veterinarian's to have his muddy fur cleaned. Caesar in his new coat returned with her. She found her husband asleep on his bed, and did not wake him until dinner was ready.

Mrs. Weatherby retired at eleven that night, saying, "Now don't forget to feed Caesar."

"I won't forget, dear," Albert chuckled, touching the small, brown bottle in his pocket. "I bought some sardines especially for his dinner tonight." He went to the kitchen and took out Caesar's white feeding dish, carefully placing nine sardines in it. Then he took four of the white pills out of the bottle, and dipped them in the sardine oil. He placed the pills among the fish, called to Caesar and went to bed.

The next morning when he awoke at twenty-nine minutes past seven, his heart leaped with joy. For once, Caesar was not glaring at him from the foot of Harriet's bed. He put on his slippers and cautiously entered the kitchen. There in the middle of the floor lay Caesar—playfully pushing one of the small, white pills, which slid across the smooth linoleum floor. At eleven o'clock Mrs. Weatherby awoke. Caesar was not at the foot of her bed.

"Caesar," she called, there was no familiar "meow." "Caesar, where are you?"

A few moments later she entered the kitchen, Caesar grinned coyly at her, and continued to wash his white mustache with one paw. Beside him, Albert Weatherby lay very still an empty, brown bottle clutched firmly in one hand. Caesar stretched and walked across the kitchen floor.

EPIGRAMS

Delete the scene, and turn the page!
The youthful actor greys with age
The play of life, though never done,
Is ended ere the play's begun.

I would the flaming rose
Ne'er closed its lids in sleep—
So should the endless thread of night
Its haunting sweetness ever keep.

Thou dids't not fret at life.
He gave thee sport, the feast, a wife;
Grateful thou lived, my friend—
And passed the way we all shall wend.

—*Ulysses Paul.*

"THANK YOU, JESUS!"

Jacque V. Hopkins

ON Sunday evening in Hartford, Connecticut, when most of the city's churches have closed and locked their doors, Reverend I. L. Jefferson stands proudly behind his pulpit at the Holy Trinity Church of God in Christ on Russell Street and watches his tiny, yellow stucco church fill to overflowing, as he has done every Sunday night since 1941. Reverend Jefferson is a powerfully built Negro, nearly six feet tall, with a handshake that belies his fifty-four years, and a warm smile that conceals a thunderous wrath capable of being turned upon any recalcitrant parishioner. Behind the pulpit, the Reverend dominates the small church as, indeed, he dominates the Russell Street area of Hartford's densely-populated Negro district surrounding North Main Street.

It is an area of contradictions. In the dark side streets, gaudy Buick convertibles are parked in front of tired, grey houses and shoddy, red brick apartment buildings. Young Negro men in flashy, double-breasted suits saunter past dirty, poorly clothed children playing in the eroded vacant lots. The quiet nights are rent by near-hysterical condemnations of sin and vice emitting from the small Bible centers while young couples slink guiltily in nearby shadows. Above all of this and against it, towers a man who boarded the Jim Crow coach of a train in 1916 and traveled from a small town in Georgia to the city of Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

Isaiah Lincoln Jefferson was born in Buena Vista, Georgia, in 1896, the son of Isaiah and Ineffie Jefferson. The elder Jefferson was a farmer, a deacon in his church and, the Reverend will carefully add, an Odd Fellow. The Jeffersons had nine children, six sons and three daughters, who were brought up on a religious literary diet consisting almost entirely of Holy Writ. The family scrupulously attended church on Sunday, prayer meetings throughout the week, and were regularly "saved" by traveling evangelists each summer, or perhaps twice in a *good* summer. The younger Isaiah showed a bent toward the ministry at an early age. The Reverend today recalls with amusement a game he played as a child. "I'd say that I was goin' to hold a church meetin' an' my brothuhs and sistuhs would come an' be my congregation. I'd read the Gospel an' pray an' then we'd all sing a hymn or two." He laughs heartily at this reminiscence, and further explains in his deep, rich voice, "You see, it was perdicted that I'd be a preacher even then, though I didn't git the call till I was older."

In 1914 Isaiah Jefferson and his wife sold their unproductive farm and journeyed North to Philadelphia where Mr. Jefferson bought a small grocery store in the Negro section of that city. The nine children soon joined their parents in the North, reversing the traditional pioneer process of father following son. Again the Jeffersons moved, this time to a farm in Connecticut. All three daughters had already become missionaries and settled in New Jersey; two of the sons had found factory work in Philadelphia and remained there. Another son had begun training for the ministry and was soon to leave for a parish in Michigan. The three remaining sons followed their parents to Connecticut, where they settled outside of Hartford. Two of them found factory work while the third, Isaiah, felt the "call" to the ministry and began his studies. 1916-1919 were to be difficult years for Isaiah, who had married Josephine Aikens and was the father of a small boy. He received his degree in 1919 and with it received the affectionate name he bears to this day, "The Rev'rund."

Reverend Jefferson's first congregation was in Berlin, Connecticut, where church services were held outdoors under God's big, blue sky in a deserted brickyard. He was then promoted to pastor's assistant in a small, Nego church in Hartford. Then, in 1924 Reverend Jefferson was made pastor of the Worcester Church of God in Christ, where the bean and the cod are unknown and corn bread and fried chicken reign supreme. He stayed in Worcester until 1929, when he moved to New Haven where he became minister to a congregation. In 1933, the Reverend says, with no little pride, "They had to call me back to Springfield." It is one of Reverend Jefferson's greater joys to recount how he raised the money to build a church for his Springfield congregation in 1938. Finally, in 1941, he came to the Holy Trinity Church of God in Christ in Hartford, where he remained for nine years.

The Holy Trinity Church of God in Christ at 62-

64 Russell Street is one of the 2,000 Churches of God in Christ in this country. The Russell Street church has about 150 members of the national membership of 300,000; interestingly, the women outnumber the men seven to one and, aside from the Board of Deacons, take a more active part in the church life.

As in most Negro communities, this church provides the primary diversion from the tedium of everyday existence. One service or another is held in the church every night of the week except Saturday which is reserved for visiting evangelists and singing groups such as The Golden Notes, two fragile septuagenarian Negro sisters from Alabama.

The Reverend's concern over the teen-age group has led to the formation of two organizations in addition to regular Sunday School. A young people's prayer and Bible meeting is held every Friday night; and, an organization bearing an optimistic appellation, the Willing Workers, meets at six-thirty every Sunday evening as a religious discussion group. Reverend Jefferson decided early in his minstry that ". . . these here socializin' rooms don't help to keep the young folks outta trouble. You gotta git 'em into the church. If they got God in their hearts they ain't got no room for meanness."

THE climax of the week's services is on Sunday night at eight o'clock, shortly before which a crowd begins to collect in front of the yellow stucco church. In the light of a naked bulb hanging over the unpainted doors, the men and women talk aimlessly, perhaps in an attempt to relax from the week's work. The crowd grows in size and then a few drift into the church and sit in one of the many simple pews facing the pulpit on either side of the center aisle. The church's interior is as plain as its outside; its faded yellow plaster walls dimly reflect the light from the obsolete fixtures overhead. The pulpit stands on a stage in the front of the church and to its right is an old upright piano. At the rear of the pulpit are the pews for the choir. In the remaining space, chairs are arranged for the deacons who remain on the stage during the entire service. Directly below the pulpit and in front of the stage is a small table. On each side of this table are more chairs reserved for members of the church's Board of Deacons. Ordinary windows line both sides of the church; their aesthetic value is somewhat negative but are necessary for ventilation in the hot summer months.

Standing behind his pulpit, Reverend I. L. Jefferson beams paternally as his congregation gathers. The Reverend and his white assistant, Reverend Halloran wear a "Roman collar" for these Sunday evening services. The choir and deacons take their places and quietly chat while the Reverend greets friends and parishioners with his engaging smile. Sitting at the piano is Minnie L. Ferguson, next to her are George Neals and his guitar, and Ben Freeman who plays a very devout trombone, although it would be described as "a real low-down horn" in more secular circles. The pews fill rapidly with "all sorts and conditions of men," young mothers with their babies, older men and women with canes, strong young Negroes in their bright suits, and a few older white people who, by some quirk of fate, live like displaced persons in this solidly Negro neighborhood. The atmosphere is one of complete informality with housewives gossiping and men calling out greetings to their friends. Only the ushers with their gold-lettered purple ribbons of office remain solemn, unduly concerned with their responsibilities. Deacons and deaconesses run in and out from the side doors which lead to the offices making the inevitable last-minute preparations.

After opening prayers and hymns, the testimonials begin, consisting of proclamations of faith in the Lord, Jesus Christ. These begin slowly and it is not until the Reverend has exhorted the congregation for some time that the first timid soul ventures to testify. The tempo increases rapidly, however, and within a half-hour the faithful are leaping to their feet vying with one another for the privilege of testifying under the benevolent smile of the Reverend. Their emotions become uncontrollable and they testify ecstatically; I believe in the Lawd Jesus Christ an' I don' care 'f you laugh at me an' I'm happy an' I been a sinner but now I b'lieve in the Lawd Jesus Christ an' I know He's comin' t' take me t' Heaven . . . During which the congregation and Reverend Jefferson interject shouts of "Amen to that, brothuh" and "Oh, ain't he *so* right!"

Following the testimonials, the first of three collections, the pastor's collection, is taken. Two or three deacons step behind the small table in front of the pulpit and announce the collection. They remind the congregation of Reverend Jefferson's nine years of faithful service and of the time he devotes to them. Then, with an admirably efficient and businesslike manner, the Reverend brushes modesty aside for important realities and steps up to his pulpit to supervise the collection which is taken in a most practical and successful way. One side of the church is asked to stand up and file down the aisle to the table in the front of the church. They do not have to donate anything if they do not have it but, as Reverend

Jefferson carefully explains, "It will expedite the speed in taking this here collection. So, I want all of you to stand up and march for Jesus!" Sister Ferguson, Brother Neals, and Brother Ben Freeman strike up a vigorous martial air which would ring sweetly upon the ears of John Philip Sousa, and the collection is on! The congregation marches to the front of the room, pauses for two beats at the collection table, effects a snappy right about face, and returns to the pews to stand at parade rest. Apparently unmindful of the Biblical account of Christ's turning the money-changers out of the temple, the deacons readily make change for any parishioner who may be loathe to part with an entire dollar bill. Throughout the collection, Reverend Jefferson stays at his post behind the pulpit and favors those giving particularly large offerings with a rich, throaty "God bless you."

Occasionally visiting evangelists remain at Holy Trinity to preach on Sunday nights, providing a sort of "double feature." Such an evangelist is the celebrated Louis Kaplan who is, his banners exclaim, a Jewish Convert, Evangelist, and Faith Healer. Louis Kaplan is a short, fat man with strongly Semitic features. Speaking, he suggests Stephen A. Douglas who, with arms flailing like a windmill, would attempt to defeat his taller opponent with sheer bombast. At the height of his sermon, his face wears a martyred look which might evidence either genuine passion or genuine fatigue. An evangelist, however, is only a preliminary to the climax of the evening—Reverend Jefferson's sermon.

Reverend Jefferson is extremely proud of the fact that his colored church was the first in New England to sponsor a weekly radio broadcast. "Ev'ry Sunday night, our church is brought into the homes o' the aged an' infirm who can't git to no church savvice." This half-hour program is the culmination of the entire Sunday night service and represents, to many steady listeners, all that is the Holy Trinity Church of God in Christ and its pastor. The program begins with an invocation by the assistant pastor, Reverend Halloran, a tomato-faced Irish minister of 61, who resembles a leprechaun. Praying, his voice ascends to a rasping treble and it is a wonder that the Negroes, accustomed to a much broader dialect, can appreciate the full significance of the phrase, "Lud Gud Ulmighty." The "Amen" is followed by a jubilant spiritual and Reverend Jefferson steps up to the pulpit.

Were the spectator to be unimpressed by all else in the service, he could not forget Reverend Jefferson as he says in his deep voice: "Good evenin', friends in radioland. Now, I want ev'rybody in radioland to say, 'Thank you, Jesus!' " He explains the startling "Thank you, Jesus!" by asking the question, "What can we say that's bettuh?" Not all the powers of Hell could prevail against such impregnable logic. And as whimsically, he dismisses any criticism of the extreme physical activity which is an inseparable part of his church services. "I knows that some folks think that we's crazy down here at Russell Street—or drunk. But we don't come to church to sit lak stone statues. We's got God in our hearts and we shows it. We is a joyful people, for the Scripture says, 'Make a joyful noise unto the Lawd.' Now, I want everybody to clap their hands for Jesus." With the same irresistible charm born of true sincerity, the Reverend exhorts his listeners, "You people out there at your radios, I want you to git outa bed and come on down. We is crowded but there's always room for more."

The Reverend begins his sermons by paraphrasing a text from the Bible concerning the Apostle Paul. "An' so the Lawd done appeared to Paul," he explains to the congregation, "An' Paul says, 'Lawd, I wants to testify.' An' the Lawd says to Paul, 'What you want to say, Paul?' An' Paul answers right back, 'Lawd, I ain't givin' up. I's gon' to keep up the fight. I ain't no quitter, Lawd . . .' " The Reverend is strong and sure behind the pulpit; his gestures are powerful and articulate, and he speaks with a passion that is genuine and with a sincerity that is deeply moving.

The Reverend's personal habits are simple, if not austere; he has little time for entertainment and all his efforts are poured into ministering to his congregation. He is best remembered not as a person but merely as the man who wants everybody to say, "Thank You, Jesus!"

THE SEA GROTTO

Rowing stiffly,
Alone,
Over serene, glassy water
Of hideous green and black shadows
From the eerie luminescence.
Under a dark stone arch of dripping mossy stone,
Into the black hole where only darkening silence grows,
As I paddle softly in
With the coaxing current of the tide.

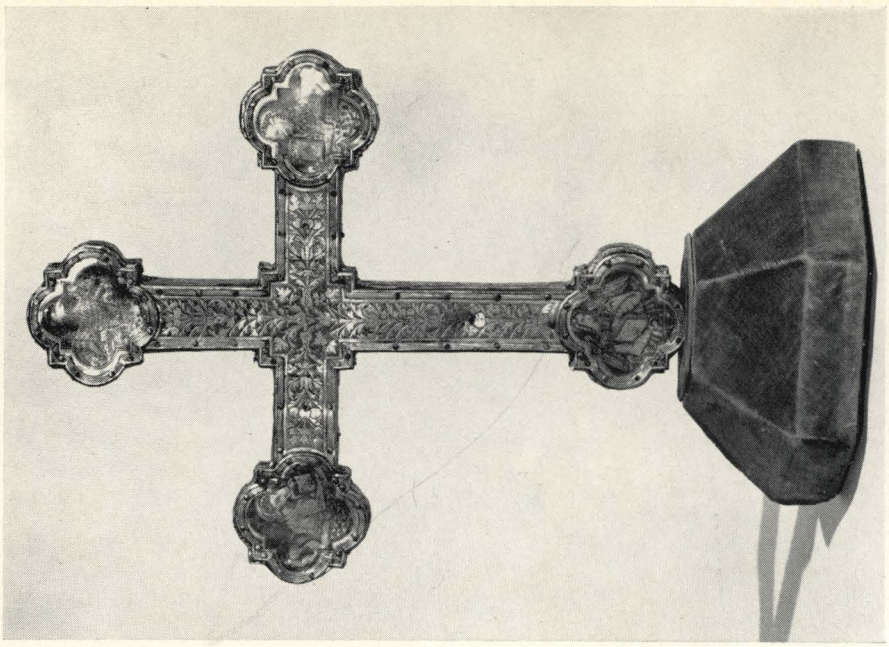
Inside the huge cliff,
Under eternity itself . . .
The ghastly stillness
As I drift slowly with the brackish, thickening water.
Only the high walls, dank with ancient slime,
Echo the dripping trickles
From the phosphorous roof of towering height
Above the water where I am afloat.
And how deep lie these stagnant pools under me? . . .
The depth of timeless seclusion,
Where no living thing has dared to go . . .
Or even grow.
Just the darkness growing intenser
As I drift farther from the little, tortured light
Of the entrance.

The huge caverns
Widening and growing higher,
With tremendous spires of living stone
Hanging gracefully from the ceiling
And sometimes dipping their feet into the water.
Other spires standing in the bottomless depths,
Reaching up to touch their brothers above them.
These stony gnomes of the cave stand more and more thickly
As I drift on, slow as time itself,
Into their home.

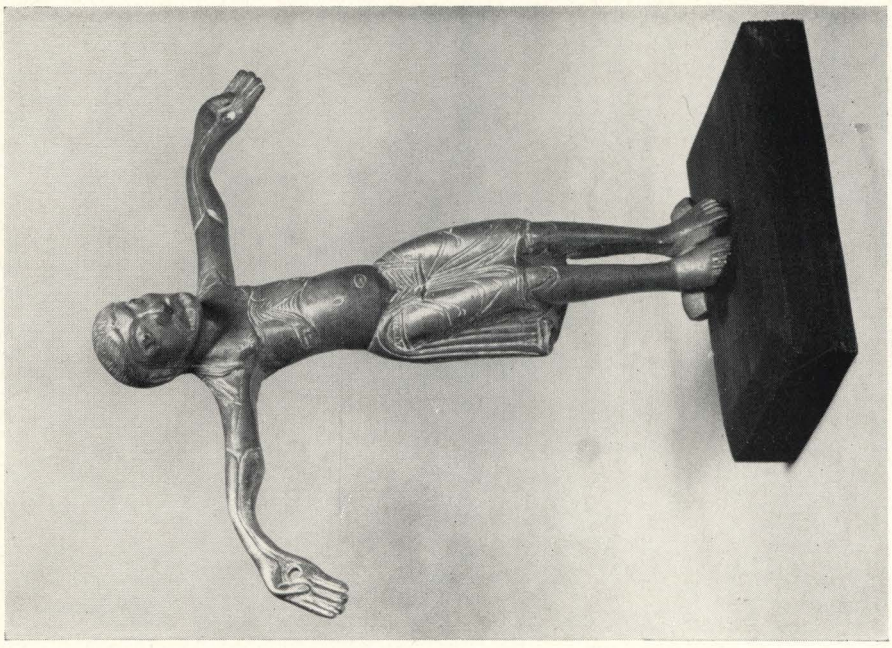
They must surely be guarding some devilish region beyond
In the echoing quiet of the black shadows,
For my tiny craft must pick its way stupidly
Among the horde of strange creatures of resolute stone.
They are towering all about me
And seems to be pushing me slowly back
With their enormous greatness.
Yet as I gaze in utter awe at their majestic, whelming beauty . . .
Their number increasing a thousandfold . . .
I see them pass behind as rank after rank
Of furious but helpless sentries—
Guardians of some inconceivable realm
To which I am inevitably drifting,

And from which there is no return . . .

—*Ogden Plumb.*



North Italian, XVI Century
Crucifix



French, XII - XIII Century
Crucifixion Figure