Apologia

The work presented in this second volume of the new series of the Review has been measured by two criteria: excellence and representation. In the interest of catholicity we have deliberately set the Freshman writing apart, hoping that through this design we may stimulate a concentrated effort toward creative work in an important source of future contributions.

In setting this issue of the Review before its readers, we fear only indifference. Any criticism, therefore, however virulent, will be welcomed by the editors. Accipere quam facere injuriam praestat.

—The Editors
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North Chapel, Trinity College
FROM TIME OUT OF MIND

John B. Parke, '48

CAROL'S love affair, once it had been going on for about a year, was, she felt, the most logical, the most natural development of her life. Occasionally when she came out of her apartment building in the morning, the thought would strike her that the newsstand on the sidewalk was the same newsstand that had been right in that place ever since she had first noticed it, that the same papers were sold there morning after morning, that the familiar cripple running it was the same old person, and that the people in the street took away from the newsstand a constant, reliable, expectable group of reports from the extensive chain of little happenings of the world of which they themselves were just a part. The newsstand was a connection, a connection of those very people walking up to the stand to buy papers, a connection to the rest of the world, and the connection itself was just a little part of the complex network, — adjusted, complete, fitted into a scheme. Looking at it, seeing the people hurry up, hand over their coins, and go away with newspapers folded under their arms, she would be struck with the fitness, with the strange little harmony of familiarity that should not have been surprising, and yet was so striking when she looked at it in the half-detached way coming out of the apartment building in the morning.

Just so, she might be walking along towards the subway, or musing in half interest before the window of a dress-shop, when she would suddenly recover herself and the sensation would immediately become foremost in her mind that she was a girl in love. And with this change from attention to walking towards the subway or
speculating before a shop window, she would become aware of herself in a fresh but familiar way. The surrounding people of the city would seem to be right, and she would feel connected to the world in just the right way, — a perfectly fitting part of a perfectly natural network. And the funny part, — yes, it actually was funny, because the sensation of the thing actually made her burst into laughter right in front of the shop window or right on the stairs leading down to the subway — the funny part was that even though her rememberings of being in love were always new and fresh, there was yet a feeling of fate, of logical fitting-together of her whole life into a beautifully natural sweep of events leading up completely obviously to her being in love. The fact that before falling in love she had not expected to fall in love was the only strange part.

Now that the thousands of disconnected bits of life she held in her memory had resolved themselves into their true meaning, she understood that the great reason in all her experiences was just this one thing, being in love right now, being in love right this very second. The sole mystery was time. What before had seemed to be real time, hours by the clock, the steady, progressive change of the seasons, the amount of attention used up by the watching of a train of a certain length passing by, all these notions of time she now understood to be false. But where was the mistake?

She held in her mind two images. On the one hand, she was conscious of Harry, her lover, sitting in his flat on a hard chair. He wore pajama pants and a white shirt with rolled-up sleeves; from the shirt there came just the faintest odor of perspiration. He needed a shave, and his hair, black and a little curly down where it touched the back of his shirt-collar, needed to be combed. He would be sitting there in his flat on a Sunday morning, claiming that she, Carol, had better go down for the papers because he was not dressed.

The other picture in her mind was just as sharp, just as strong, significant, and part of her awareness; and yet according to time, the picture belonged fifteen years ago. She was lying in bed, getting better from a sickness that had been with her for six months. The flowers on the table, purple irises that smelled like the taste of timothy stems, had wilted; but the air was fresh, coming through the window with a moist pungence that always followed hard summer rains. The strength had come back to her limbs, but it still piqued her to lie on one elbow to read. She threw down her book in vague irritation,
and looking at the wilting irises and feeling just at that moment an especially poignant waft of rain-fresh air, became suddenly overpowered with a terrifying suffocation,—a sense of being the victim of time and of being thrown rudely aside from some incredibly beautiful experience of the soul.

The one picture, the knowledge of Harry and its accompanying sense of belonging, explained the other, gave it meaning and a reason. The two were logical mates, question and answer. But then what was the separation of fifteen years? Why did time throw these two images out of their logical connection? The answer, she felt, was somehow curiously bound up with her leaving off with Roger and the growth into kinship with Harry.

There were in the art school in Boston, as she remembered, cliques of students, both male and female, that gathered artistically enough in lofts, apartments, and an occasional real painter’s studio for the purpose of putting their heads together about art. The cliques mingled, interchanged, crossed, and divided off. She went to the parties she was invited to. And even though she found the society what she called shallow, she would admit to herself that she needed this society. She liked the classes at school; she liked the feeling that her fingers were acquiring a strength, a technique. She wanted to learn how to design patterns for fabrics.

Sometimes her particular group found itself among numbers of those Cambridge people who showed an almost French passion for current favorites in music, art, and literature, who would recoil in great femininely exaggerated gestures from the word “expert,” and from whose vocabularies the word “dilettante” was conspicuously missing. Carol soon learned that although the names of Proust and Wolfe and Picasso and Eliot and Saint-Saens and Prokofiev were very much to the fore in the conversations that swirled like cigarette smoke through the Cambridge living rooms, the center of the thought was cleverness: a subtle, rapid-paced cleverness that even if it had nothing to do with the apparent subjects of artistic and literary criticism, was almost artistic in itself, and certainly enjoyable. She did not have it in herself to jump from cubism to impressionism and then sail into the psychological aspects of music, all between puffs of a cigarette, but she entered into things in a passive way and found them good.

It was at an afternoon cocktail party at the house of "some one
who’s collaborating with a Harvard don on a sensational treatise on American Indian art” that she met Roger. His first noticeable characteristic, at least the one that made her notice him, was that he remained a little austere, a little aloof from the spirited in the literal and the chemical sense Babel of people. He was of fairly rugged, that is, well-defined, features, a steady posture, and possessed a trait that struck her as determination. He, like Carol, offered little to the stream of cleverness, but when some one pointed a sharp remark at him in an especially demanding manner, he came back politely with a fairly genuine laugh.

She discovered that his name was Roger Forman; he was an architect’s apprentice, a graduate of M.I.T. (There were women at the party ready at a second’s notice to pour these one-breath biographies into a person’s ear.) They fell in with one another when Roger noticed she was sober. He made the remark to her that this was a group of soft people, that few of them were hard. Carol did not know exactly what to make of that point of view, but she thought that in general he was likeable enough.

She met him at another party. He invited her to the next. He took her to a concert. Coming out in the midst of the crowd onto the Boston pavement, he said to her, “You know, when I listen to music like that, I get the feeling that there’s something behind it, — that the musician puts out a sort of message to me in his music.”

Carol noticed that he was perfectly serious in his statement, and that it seemed to come as something of a rare self-revelation. Although she had seen the awakening of youthful idealism in several of the students at the school, had seen it come as the last painful stage of adolescence, it was all she could do to keep from being surprised at this solemnly naive outburst from one associated with the Cambridge people.

Another time, after they had had supper together, Roger talked architecture to her. He said that in order for a man to do well in anything, and especially in architecture, he had to be self-disciplined, to be hard with himself.

“And you consider the people at these parties soft, is that it?” Carol asked.

“Yes. Well, say they don’t bother too much with principles.”

Then there was another party. Carol had spent a week of alternate dullless and despair about her work. The early Boston winter,
with its cold, sleety days that seemed to creep sarcastically into all the rooms of the school and make the faces, the colors on the pallets, and even the curtains of glossy plastic fall pale against their deadening negation, cut her off from the others, who seemed to be smaller and more narrowly determined to immerse themselves in one another. People's skin was white and papery, their eyes watery and uninteresting; the girls' cosmetic colors stood out harshly against the flesh, giving their mouths a look of cruelty and their cheeks a texture of plaster. And while the others talked of the Saturday party, Carol was more than usually silent. She found her work tiresome.

In her former days, the future had seemed to stretch into a vast infinity, she knew. She remembered often thinking to herself with perfect surety that there would be one day a balcony in a foreign city, where she would be sitting at sunset beside the man wearing a silk shirt open at the throat. There would be music, or the delightful reflective pause just after listening to some music; the odor of the city, of its wood-smoke and open fruit markets, of its coffee and tobacco and gasoline would rise into the golden air that would be light and clear and yet miraculously dense with peace. Images and personalities would appear on the horizon of her future perfectly convincing and yet without the slightest reference to time or to the possible course of her life.

In the week before the party she had found herself plodding wearily; she hated herself for leaning so heavily on the little pleasures to occur in the next hour or two, for thinking ahead to a hot shower as though it were the climax of her life, for letting a mid-morning cup of tea stand out impressively like a star actor taking a bow alone before a great black curtain.

She did not know why she went to the party, except that she had told Roger she would go. There was no reason, no connection. Outside the window was the mass of aggressive gray air threatening to come down in sleet again. In the foyer the people about to come together were desperately—yes, there was no question about it, they were desperate,—desperately gay. With no connection. No pattern, no point of convergence. Here were two things pulling apart. Carol was there, she thought to herself, simply because she was neither a part of the weather outdoors nor one of the people bent on a party.

Things began. She became separated from Roger, and then
while she was standing with a little more reserved passivity than usual listening to the same old cleverness, she saw him for the first time.

There he was, the fine young architect. His chin, his nose, his cheeks were granite. His eyes, glinting blue, were at respectful attention, controlled crinkles at the corners ready to come into play at the turn of the joke by the person with whom he was standing there across the room. And the half dutiful, half she did not know what, glance over to see what she, Carol, was doing. There was the man, she thought, who could listen to foolishly clever banter about Prokofiev, about Debussy, about Sibelius, and above it all say that "there was a message behind music." The man of principle, of integrity, of self-discipline, who laughed appreciatively with people he said were soft.

Yes, it was all there, the New England future, the bright young man in the architect's office who worked hard and could with no trouble at all take it easy at a party once in a while. In twenty years his name in some colored letters or others on some kind of sign or other. The young man who would be on the verge of a marriage proposal as soon as someone died at his office, but whose thoughts of marriage would be shocked into obscurity by a proposal to sleep with her if she offered, and if such a proposal were made would no doubt accept half sheepishly and think after that of her only in connection with his own absurd little bodily passions. The man of the future, — wise, so wise as not to be taken in by the "soft people," with the ludicrous ideals that had no reference to the valuable people he smiled appreciatively at and yet who stood apart like a rock from the society he could never become a part of.

She had left Boston.

And now still each little incident took its place in her consciousness in a separate, half unfulfilled way. There were moments, of course, of wonderful experience, but they were too quick and too unnatural. One time, spending a vacation alone, she had been walking along a beach at sunset. The sky was a bright pink. And when she looked down at a seashell lying on the beach at her feet, she saw just within its open side a lustrous panel of exactly the same pink color as the sky. The sameness of the two different things brought to her an exquisite feeling of belonging with nature. A feeling too vague to name, and yet so sharp that she could have cried. There they were, the lovely pink in the heavens and the same lovely pink
in the seashell. Both the same. There must have been a meaning, she thought, but she could only understand that they were beautiful.

And there was an alarming streak in her thoughts that made her wonder whether it was not perhaps something possibly in herself that had made Roger seem so flat. There were sharp flashes of thought when it seemed that she had gone somehow off her correct course, had missed something. And sometimes the little bit by bit sensations of life were lost to her, pushed into the background of consciousness where they meant nothing. The only feelings that came through to be recognized were unpleasant, — an acute tiredness perhaps, or wet feet, or a painful fingernail. And there was a haste about getting to work, about mailing a letter before the box collection at night, about finishing a meal alone in a restaurant, a senseless, almost bitter haste that was imposed upon her by the people of the city who hurried and barked and jostled her into their fearful race against themselves.

Often there would come up from the past scenes sharply set off in time, measured only in calendar measurements and therefore without connection to her as she really was then in New York: she could remember cinnamon-scented baked apples at home, and her favorite skirt that made her taller, the woolen blue one with a thousand knife-edged pleats. The street she once lived on was a lacy cave of overhanging trees, and on summer nights the passing cars threw lights along the tunnel in such a way that her street, her home, and all the world with them were concentrated down to just the one cheery green tube. The nostalgia, the sentimental memories these things brought had no relation to her day by day existence in New York, and realization of this made the memory pictures even more desirable and the hard, disconnected world of the present far less attractive.

At night alone with a book that could not hold her attention, or at a movie from which her mind wandered because she had seen it ten thousand times before, in moments when she fought hard to keep the awareness of herself from closing in and had finally lost, the terrifying thought would come that she had been wrong, that the art school and Roger were sound and right and desirable and that the part of her which had looked forward so hopefully and assuredly to the fine images, the balconies in foreign cities at sunset in the golden air, — that the certain hopefulness was wrong, that she had somehow fallen away from the life which was somehow due her.
And as she looked back, it was all curiously different now, but she knew that at the time as she had thought that time was then, at the time it was something tragic.

She did not remember exactly, but she knew of course that she had met Harry.

And in the beginning of the change, there came a curious rush, a strange sense of direction out of nowhere that was nothing, she knew it was nothing, and that after she had met Harry made it just seem that there was not a force, she could not believe that there was, that there was not something coming that she knew how it would come and what it would turn out to be, and could laugh to jump outside herself and frown sternly at herself with all kinds of denials and feel that the force was now a direction inside herself but from inside herself and no matter where she looked and knew that it could not be there was again from within her the very predictable and having been predicted and known force that laughed to think that she herself was outside and somewhere apart and knowing all the time that it had come and the direction was from within, and there she was, it had happened.

It looked at times like a joke with herself; the old, old joke that had made her when time was something different creep up to her father's lap and show him tearfully how great a problem had come before her, how impossible it was for her to hold the big scissors tight enough to cut the doll-lines cleanly out of the stiff paper; and he with the enchanting leathery-lined throat and the black pointy whiskers and the voice coming from the deep, mysterious, and all-powerful body examining the problem, testing the paper, holding her little hand in his great one, looking severely at the cantankerous scissors; and with the first move, the very first placing of her fingers into the proper handle holes brought to Carol the profound joke with herself that it could be done, that she could without question, without a possible question, do this thing that had just a minute ago thrown her back against herself.

Or in a drugstore there would be a line of people sitting in perfect uniformity along the stools leaning forward from the diaphragm in complete oblivion to everything but the mistake that time had sneaked into their minds, while Carol could see the rack of toothbrushes, all miniature plastic staffs winking in blue and yellow and green and red at her who had found the change, had escaped. The one at the end
with his hat beside a sandwich plate might be a Roger, and she might
peer for a second at him in curiosity as she might at the hand of
a clock.

In the morning at the door the world would glare in a half
smile at her, and she could not keep from laughing back at it, the
whole joke was so obvious. And the correctness, the fitness, filled her
again and again and replenished her again and again, if for a second
she let time steal a few seconds from her. There was a velvet drape
in her room, and when she clasped it lightly, letting the soft bristle
stimulate the nerves in her fingers, she had a feeling of perfectly
balanced sensation. The very fact that her fingers were so much
aware of the delightful smell of the velvet made her hands seem warmer,
slimmer, more delicate than before. All textures were good; the
knowledge of smooth and rough, even and uneven, loose and taut,
slippery and sticky, fine and gross, new and old, uniform and grainy,
thick and thin, heavy and light, plane and stippled, hard and soft
were marvelous to experience, to recognize. Minute orders of sensa-
tion that had once been as nothing to her became important; glass
windows polished to a high gloss were to be noticed and to be liked.
The rubbing of a Turkish towel against her skin; the sound of an
elevator's cables running true in their lubricated sheaves; the feel of
a thick carpet under her shoes.

And her body seemed quietly perfect, ready to complete with
ease the obvious and nice little motions of daily life. Standing in
the entrance-way of her apartment building in the morning, she could
take in the mass of sound presented by the city, look about at the
street, and then with a smile to herself recognize what everybody
knew was there yet nobody but Carol saw, the familiar newsstand
there on the sidewalk.
WAR PRISON DIARY

Mr. Albert E. Holland,
Assistant to the President

(Many of us have forgotten about the Sto. Tomas Internment Camp in Manila. Its importance lies in the fact that thousands of Americans were held within its walls for thirty-seven months—the first time Americans had ever been interned on their own territory. The following notes have been taken from a diary written during the last months of imprisonment, when scores died of starvation. Unfortunately, due to lack of space, we can publish only a few excerpts.

The author was a member of the Executive Committee of the prison camp. For over two years he was in charge of handling negotiations with the Japanese concerning the release of the sick and the setting up of outside hospitals and convalescent homes. After liberation, he was put in charge—under USASOS—of the repatriation of internees. He returned to Trinity in September, 1945, and graduated in June of the following year. He is now assistant to President Funston.—THE EDITOR.)

November 1, 1944:

I WONDER if I can describe for you the bombing on September 21st. Imagine almost 4,000 people, slowly starving, interned for two years and nine months, with no sign of any of our troops since the fall of Bataan and Corregidor back in April and May, 1942! Then one morning these people hear far off to the Northeast the drone of planes. They pay little attention, as the Japanese have five or six fields in this area. The noise grows louder and they can see a large number of planes heading for the city. They are still sure that the planes are Japanese. The planes begin to assume a more definite shape, they seem different, they are different, they are American planes! The anti-aircraft fire starts, and laughing, cheering and
weeping, these 4,000 internees watch the Navy planes dive right through the shrapnel. And still they come, wave after wave. Tall columns of smoke rise from the airfields, from the Port Area. The explosions are deafening. Late that night there is one final explosion; the entire sky is lit up. There is a tremendous detonation as if all the thunderclaps since the beginning of the world had been joined. Then silence and blackness.

The next day they come again. And again wave after wave. We think that this is the beginning of a campaign on Luzon. We will be released by October 10th. There are no more raids until October 15th! Again elation, especially since the raids are resumed on the 17th and 18th. Then comes the news of the landings on Leyte 300 miles to the South. They will soon be here! The next raid comes on October 29th! Since then no raids.

November 4, 1944:

The days used to pass very quickly. We seemed to gulp time. Now with more activity, especially the air raids, the days pass very slowly.

When one day was just like the other, and life was a dull routine, time flew, and we lived from holiday to holiday, from season to season. Then months seemed like days, but now days seem like months. In the evening wandering through the halls, you can hear a murmur or rather a sigh: how much longer, how much longer?

November 10, 1944:

We are smoking dried papaya leaves, dried hibiscus leaves and dried tea leaves. The art of rolling a cigarette is difficult to acquire. And it is a tragedy when you make a mistake, and the mixture falls out and is lost.

November 11, 1944:

Armistice Day!

Remembrance of the dead. Silence for the millions who died in the last war.

Every thinking person must be asking himself today: where did we fail last time? What can we do to prevent World War III? The answer I believe lies in each one of us. We cannot hope to educate our enemies until we ourselves live according to our principles. Perhaps this suffering will supply the answer for many of us.
November 17, 1944:

Our camp reserves of rice are exhausted. Starting tomorrow we are to receive only 255 grams of rice daily, nothing else. This is equivalent to 950 calories. Yet it is wonderful how the internees take it. There is plenty of selfishness, but there is a great deal of good humor, which, as Madame Curie said, is the finest mask of courage.

November 18, 1944:

Today we had a frank statement of Japanese policy. When Grinnell protested about the scant rations, Lt. Shiraji said, “You do not seem to realize that Japan is fighting a total war. Every man, woman and child is fighting for the very existence of the Empire. We do not care, therefore, whether you live or die.”

November 20, 1944:

Tonight I sat and watched another one of my old men die. How many beds have I sat by, how many hands have I held until life has ebbed away, how many tears of helplessness have I shed! I love these old men. Most of them came out to the Philippines long ago to fight the Moros. Walking up and down the corridors at night, you can hear snatches of talk about attacking the stockades, bits of songs like “There’ll Be a Hot Time in the Old Town Tonight.” The old men are almost helpless, some of them paralyzed, some of them blind, all of them starving. They all desire but one thing: to live until they are liberated.

November 22, 1944:

Lt. Shiraji has suggested that all dogs in the camp be killed and eaten. Children to be given the choice cuts, the liver to go to the anemic patients. When he was giving this advice, 6 cows and 2 calves were brought in for the use of the Commandant’s office.

November 25, 1944:

If we helped each other more, we could, when release came, look back on these days, and our bitterness and sadness would be lessened by the knowledge that we did everything we could to ease suffering.

You would laugh if you could see us picking up cigar stubs and cigarette butts and re-rolling them. I’ll never look down again on the tramps in Central Park, and the beggars on the Bowery. And I begin to understand the “Sterno” drinkers along the waterfront.
November 26, 1944:

Hunger dreams are becoming more prevalent. And the dreamer is always frustrated: his meal is just about to be served, and he wakes up. Or he complains about the food, it is taken away to be re-cooked and is never brought back, or he arrives at a famous restaurant only to find it closed for the day. Or the tempting food is securely protected by unbreakable glass.

Another manifestation of hunger is the otherwise inexplicable copying of recipes from standard cookbooks.

November 27, 1944:

There is a man here who feeds 17 people each day from his talinum patch. He picks the talinum, cooks it, puts it in individual containers and delivers it. The man is Roy Bennett, editor of the Manila Bulletin. The recipients are the weak and the sick. If everyone in the camp had the same spirit, there would be less bitterness.

December 2, 1944:

For the last few days I have felt as if I were in a vacuum around which whirled vast storms and battles. All of us wish the storm would break over our heads, that the clouds would burst and the hail fall. The tension is wearing us out.

December 7, 1944:

Literally hundreds are so weak that they cannot help themselves and need special care.

Santa Catalina’s ward for men is a room for the dying. I go up to visit, and the nurses point out man after man who is not expected to live more than a few weeks. All we can do is pump blood plasma into them. Actually all we can do now is help each other hang on to life.

December 10, 1944:

People are so hungry that they are eating cats and dogs. Some even pick up scraps of food from the ground or eat the filth from the garbage cans.

December 15, 1944:

This morning I saw an old man go along the counter where the meals are served. There were a few watery drippings from the rice mush pots. He looked around, and, probably thinking no one was looking, licked up these drippings from the serving counter. And this man was well-known in business circles before the war.
December 17, 1944:
I came across a description in Conrad’s *Nigger of the Narcissus* which could have been written about our condition: not dead starvation but steady living hunger, the tormentor of waking moments, the disturber of dreams.

December 19, 1944:
Have you ever noticed how step by step something will disintegrate for major reasons and then blow up because of some minot irritation? So it is with many of our old people. Starved, their bodies melt away, their resistance is destroyed. Then a slight cold, an unimportant diarrhea — and they die.

December 20, 1944:
The Japanese cut our ration today by 25 percent. From now on we get only 650 calories a day. In September we got 400 grams of rice, today only 180.
The bravest people I have seen have been the dying — especially the old men.

December 26, 1944:
I wish you could see this ward! Men swollen like balloons from beri-beri, men weakened by the exhaustion of bacillary dysentery, cases of protein deficiency, pellagra, severe anemia. All smashing down defenses undermined by starvation. And death watching by every bedside until a moment of acute weakness — usually in the early hours of the morning — when he can lead another victim away. Day in, day out, the struggle goes on against disease, against starvation, against death.

December 27, 1944:
Conrad writes in *The Mirror of the Sea* of the “hope of home, hope of rest, hope of liberty . . . following the hard endurance of many days.” Home, rest and liberty! What dreams are conjured up by these words. And what determination to hold out against this deliberate starvation.

December 28, 1944:
It is no longer possible to fight this fight on the plane of physical life. The Japs hold all the trump cards. We must fight from the lonely fastnesses of the spirit, where the Japs cannot penetrate.

——— ——— has gone insane. But we cannot send her to a hospital for mental cases, because the Japs will not permit it. And so they have put her in the former hospital storeroom. She sings
all day and curses all night. And as we lie here in the darkness it is like the cursing of a witch upon us.

December 29, 1944:

The man next to me will live. He was dying, and the story of his regained will to live is the story of the courage of a woman in this camp.

This woman has lost everything in this war. Her father was murdered by the Japs in Mindanao, her husband died in a Philippine war prisoners' camp, and her only child died last June here in the camp. Yet she never complained and worked even harder. The other day she came up to visit me and noticed that the old man in the next bed was too weak to feed himself. So every morning, noon and evening she has come up and fed him—spoonful by spoonful. He was so weak it took an hour to feed him. Then she decided she would make a program for him, so that he would gradually be able to help himself. It was very simple. The first day he would feed himself the first spoonful of each meal, then she would feed him the rest. After a few days he would feed himself two spoonful and so on until he was again eating his whole meal. Today, he fed himself the first spoonful. And it was wonderful to see him smile again as she lowered him back on his pillow.

December 30, 1944:

This evening, just at twilight, I was in the center of a really harrowing scene. Hogarth might have done it justice.

Two beds to my right one of the priests was administering the last sacraments to a dying man. Through the screen placed around him I could hear the whisper of his last confession, the prayer of absolution, and the sigh of peace after he had received the sacraments.

Three beds away on my left another man had just died. He had been dying literally by inches, always seeming to call upon some secret reserve of strength when he was about to go—but now the reserve had been depleted and he was gone. Father Hurley was binding his wrists, tying up his jaws, closing his eyes.

In front of me a profiteer was sitting at the bedside of another dying man. This profiteer was holding life-saving milk in his hands and was haggling about the price to be paid for it. Finally, he agreed to sell the one pound of Klim for $250. The patient was too weak to sign the note, so a nurse had to steady his hand. The milk was handed over, the profiteer went away.
And I lay there thinking: how can a man act like this profiteer? But while I was damning him, I realized that the problem went deeper—to the very core of our upbringing. What we give is out of a surplus—with few exceptions—and that is not enough. We must learn to give of ourselves.

December 31, 1944:

More and more frequently we are turning to prayer, trying to keep alive through strength derived from faith. And I am sure that even though our physical strength ebbs, until there is no hope for us, we will gain a spiritual strength which will give us peace in our last hours. And actually, compared with the sufferings of soldiers from wounds, we have little pain in starvation—only increasing weakness, apathy, loss of appetite, coma—then death.

Every person who dies takes a part of me with him. I suppose the reason for this is that I have been so close to all these men that they have become part of me.

January 6, 1945, Three Kings' Day:

The man next to me died very suddenly this morning. He called me at five and told me he was hungry. We talked for a minute, and then he fell back on his bed. By the time the doctor came, he was dead.

January 12, 1945:

Despite the good news, the whole camp is apathetic. We are so starved, so weak that no one cares any more about anything—except food. For almost four weeks now we have been on 650 calories per day. Perhaps thirst is worse than hunger but this deliberate and gradual starvation can hold its own with any torture.

January 16, 1945:

I want to leave the hospital, but so far the doctors have refused. Perhaps in a few days. It will be a relief to get out of this morgue. Good humor is still an asset, but very few of us carry it on our balance sheet any more.

January 17, 1945:

If I were to make a list of the real heroes in this camp, it would contain many names, but these would head it: Carroll Grinnell, Duggleby, George Bridgeford, Sam Lloyd, Kenneth Day and Dave Harvey.

January 19, 1945:

Like shipwrecked sailors, we are, who for months have been
drifting in small boats with food becoming scarcer and scarcer. And is that Land? Hopes are high, but only a few have the strength to look up.

January 21, 1945:

Conditions in the camp are getting worse and worse. 4 more deaths today. The Japs are showing no signs of abandoning their policy of deliberate starvation. Another two weeks and even the arrival of our troops will not help many. People are too far down to pick up again.

January 22, 1945:

All day long I have felt light-headed. Almost disembodied. My legs are growing numb. I can hardly walk. I sleep and wake fitfully. Sometimes I have not the slightest idea of what people are saying to me.

January 25, 1945:

Even children are beginning to collapse now. The deterioration since the medical survey in July has been shocking. It is not unusual to find 1-2 inches increase in height and 5-15 pounds loss in weight.

January 26, 1945:

Four more deaths and the beds are immediately filled from the long waiting list. Today, if you collapse, you are just carted to your room and put in your bed. There is no room in the hospital unless someone dies.

I want to mention again this mania for copying recipes. It does not concern itself with foodstuffs we have had here in camp in the early days, but with rich cakes, lobster dishes, steaks. Most of the recipes can be found in standard cookbooks.

January 27, 1945:

I visited today a friend who suffered a stroke three or four weeks ago as the result of starvation. He was stretched out in bed, helpless, cared for by a courageous wife who herself is near the breaking point. No whining, no complaints.

Again the “hearse” comes. A pushcart, three-wheeled, and coffins of the cheapest wood, poorly fashioned, not even planed, splinters all over and only a few nails. The body is dumped in, pushed away, and buried with no relatives or friends to say a last farewell, in some scooped-out grave in the cheapest part of the graveyard. And, perhaps, after the war, the body will be exhumed, put in a fine coffin and buried at home beneath a tree, and birds will sing,
and family and friends will mourn. But he is beyond grief now, beyond the external trappings of a stateside funeral. He might just as well be left here in the ground under the hot sun, surrounded by Filipinos who shared his suffering and died, as he did, still hoping.

These last three months have changed my life forever.

January 28, 1945:

In the last five months the average loss of weight for each man has been 24 pounds and for each woman 16 pounds. Before that, that is in the first 2 years and seven months, the average loss of weight had been 27 pounds for each man and 16 for each woman. We have lost as much weight in the last five months as we did in the previous 31 months.

January 31, 1945:

Dr. Stevenson, head of the medical staff, was thrown into jail today by the Japs for refusing to change the cause of death on some of his death certificates from “starvation” to something the Japs would like such as “heart trouble.”

February 3, 1945:

I have never felt so weak as I feel today. Don Bell dragged himself up to the room today and entertained me with some stories and with his plans for the future. He has done a fine job in keeping up the morale of the camp.

Tonight at 8:30 we were liberated!

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REGRET

Sadly now the turning wheel of fate
Spins, tossing hopes and destinies,
The human jack-pot’s outflung bits.

Carried thread-like on the autumn air
A love-song, simple, torture sweet,
Twines memory half-revealed to future half-conceived.
Colossal in its lethargy of mind
Comes the night, as countless nights before.
And still the theme in distant air afloat
Strings like pearls the vagrant hopes;
Vanishing in futility.

Anonymous
OLD JEFF had not spoken to her for two days.

The blizzard raged unabated over the roof of the unpainted farmhouse; but the windows no longer rattled jaggedly or allowed fine sprays of powdery snow to sift over the jambs. The house was solidly drifted in.

Each morning after the breakfast of oatmeal, Old Jeff climbed into his greasy sheepskin and took the snow shovel from the nail he had driven beside the south kitchen window. He would open the kitchen to the furies as he quickly slid into the tunnel, slamming the window down after him. Beyond the tunnel-mouth, he grasped the wire which guided him through the wall of snow to the corn-crib, where he filled a bucket of corn for the team. A second wire led to the barn. Dakotan blizzards are too blinding to do without a guide-wire.

She should not have married him to escape the county orphanage. Three years of serving the recluse had put weary age into her young face. He seldom spoke, except to give her the day’s orders in broken English. He paid the combine crews extra to eat away from the house during the harvest to keep them away from her. He had a shotgun inside the disused parlor door which the whole county knew and feared; and no one would challenge it by trespassing his fields.

She polished the breakfast dishes carefully and silently. Her dull eyes did not betray the revolt that had been growing within her, pushing aside the carefully locked barriers that hid all that was womanly and young from him. Her hands trembled at her work, and pains of repression nagged her forehead into tiny furrows. She no longer wept, for her fate was upon her constantly. She no longer studied the thick catalogues, spelling out the names of the flowers with her lips, yearning to understand and live in the world of the people that wore the colorful dresses and the bright suits. She was empty of hope.

The cracked plate suddenly slipped from her hands and crashed into shards upon the floor. Fear erased the color from her face as she stooped to remove the scattered bits of china from sight. Suddenly she froze whimpering, she raised her eyes to those of Old Jeff.
who had been watching her from the south window. The whimper
died when she saw the cold smile that lighted his face, exposing red
gums that opened like a gash in his stubble beard . . . she had seen
that smile only once before when he had beaten a mule to death
with a maul for mashing his hand between the wagon and the pasture
gatepost.

He let himself in, the smile widening at her hypnotized stare. He
struck her on the face, the arms, the body; he kicked her until
she remembered no more.

She did not die. She came through a wall of pain that tasted
like ice chewed between decayed teeth. The fire had been banked,
its dim glow through the cracked stove bringing her to reality. With
the studied gait of a drunken man, she found her way to the narrow,
iron bed that was hers. Intoxication was upon her whispering over
and over the two words:

"The wire, the wire, the wire!"

As usual Jeff called her at six o’clock. Her breath came in white
puffs as she dragged her stiffened body into the kitchen to boil his
oatmeal. Forced on by the words that raced through her brain, she
watched Old Jeff start out the tunnel for the corn crib, the snow
shovel held in his gnarled, mittened hand. When he had passed
from sight, she hurriedly put on her sleazy old coat, one of Jeff’s
cast-off hats, and slipped the kitchen pliers into her pocket.

The icy blast exhilarated the blood in her thin cheeks, tearing
through her clothes to pierce her quaking skin . . . the wire came
into her grasp, the frozen metal clinging and biting at her rough
hands. She felt the crib ahead of her after several minutes, and
detected the shake of Old Jeff’s motion. Hastily she cut the barn
wire, the end disappearing with a snap into the white, impenetrable
wall of snow. Then back to the house, her hands frozen, only the
drag of the wire telling of the ravages it was making on her palms.
Again she cut the chill steel wire, and then dived into the tunnel,
pulling and striking until it fell in behind her.

The kitchen was warm and comfortable. She sat trembling by
the stove, staring at her hands with unseeing eyes. How long she
sat there, she did not know; but the scraping sound at the kitchen
window awoke her with a shock to see the smiling face of Old Jeff
grinning at her through the panes . . .

She had forgotten the clotheslines!
THE Diary of Samuel Pepys is unique. It is not merely the office record of an important business man. The author later kept such notes in Memoirs of the Royal Navy when serving in that branch of the Restoration government. The Diary, less formal, presents in an unexpurgated manner an account of everyday life in England—particularly London. As Arthur Bryant notes, Pepys has combined a singularly inclusive personal journal with a selective document which serves the social historian immeasurably. Of the Diary I have chosen to discuss only that portion between its inception and entries concerning the Great Fire of 1666. I do not wish to imply, however, that these years constitute a period in any sense of that word. There are numerous ways of limiting the discussion. I have arbitrarily set upon “King, Church, and Society.”

Englishmen had rejected military law, albeit sometimes particularly effective and efficient. They were tired of the confused pattern of God and right and might and Puritan stiffness. “He [Mr. Shepley] told me also, that he did believe the King would come in, and did discourse with me about it, and about the affection of the people and City, at which I was full glad.” Drinks to the King’s health were no longer downed in private. Preparations were made; with a histrionic flourish Charles promulgated the Declaration of Breda. An Act of Oblivion brought bonfires and the continual ringing of bells in the City. Englishmen had flipped the calendar back into its logical pace; the dates of monarchs once again became history. “And a great pleasure it was to see the Abbey raised in the middle, all covered with red, and a throne (that is a chair) and a footstool on the top of it; and all the officers of all kinds, so much as the very fiddlers in red vests.” The Coronation signified the return of color to the court life. That the colors soon resembled those of a jester—the orange of cavalier playing comically on the black of the Puritan—required twenty-eight years to seep thoroughly through English society. But Pepys and others rejoiced in 1660 at the early bright
red of Charles II. It is interesting to note, though, that amid all the first enthusiasms, even the diarist thought the reinstitution of the king’s healing power ‘ugly.’ The balance of King and Parliament seemed based on the acknowledgment of the social preeminence of the squire, the gentleman and lady. When the Stuarts played too heavily upon this restoration, Englishmen showed pragmatically that they were not courtiers at heart.

What of the religious settlement? “All people discontented; some that the King do not gratify them enough; and the others, Fanatiques of all sorts, that the King do take away their liberty of conscience; and the height of the Bishops, who I fear will ruin all again.” Possibly some of this widespread discontent was actually directed at the ever-increasing expenses of Whitehall. Politically the Regicides had been proscribed; religiously the nonconformists were to suffer rather harsh treatment. The Anglican attitude, following upon the heels of Puritanism, instituted persecution as the just solution to religious deflection. Had this persecution been spread evenly among the classes, had there not been such conscious avoidance of the gentleman group wintering in London and summering in the country, uniformity might have succeeded. But Mr. Blackburne “makes it great matter of prudence for the King and Council to suffer liberty of conscience; and imputes the loss of Hungary to the Turks from the Emperor’s denying them liberty of their religion.” The Battle of Uniformities by the sixties was being continued with such sophistry that the toleration enacted in 1689 became inevitable. Yet, as James II discovered, the resolution was tied to the political problem. The return to the old religion may have been accepted more readily since Anglicanism made less demands on day-to-day living. By 1663 there was little affection ‘co-mingled’; for “how highly the present clergy carry themselves everywhere, so as that they are hated and laughed at by everybody; among other things, for their excommunications, which they send upon the least occasion almost that can be.” Many sympathized with George Fox and his Quakers.

By far the most interesting aspect of the Diary lies in the picture I have dubbed ‘Society.’ The years following the Restoration carried all the characteristics of social reaction to the artificial restraints accompanying a set of Blue Laws. Sir Charles Petrie has remarked: “Much has been written about the lack of restraint in all departments of national life which characterized the Restoration, but this was
merely the groundswell of the previous storm . . .” Samuel Pepys found it difficult to keep vows. But then wit and parliaments of ‘lesser men’ blend with mild promiscuity. This also meant that the popularity of executions would continue. Pepys would stand on a wheel of a cart for two hours in order to see the latest thief properly dispensed. Similarly superstition clung to the minds of many Englishmen. “Among other things, he and the other Captains that were with us tell me that negroes drowned look white and lose their blackness, which I never heard before.” They did not think lynching would extirpate evil.

The people of London during the sixties combined public duty happily with any private occasion, or vice-versa. Business hours were not stencilled on doorways and punch cards had not been invented. And business picked up. Cromwell’s depression disappeared as offices enjoyed the Restoration booms. Pepys’ careful countings at the end of each year mark the gradual upswing of economic activity. In a sense those entries also indicate the growth of London. Not even the Plague nor the Great Fire seem to have abated that growth in urban population.

An intellectual interest accompanied the scrupulous plotting of pounds on business graphs and the ‘fast pace’ of Pepys’ social group. His appointment to the presidency of the Royal Society recognized an active acquaintance with the new type of inquiry. The spontaneous discourse found the most eager reception in the new City institution, the Coffee-house. Where one day a report on the navy may occupy the conversation of a morning’s draft, another day Descartes’ approach to philosophy may corner the discussion. As for instance: “At noon to the Coffee-house, where excellent discourse with Sir W. Petty, who proposed it as a thing that is truly questionable, whether there really be any difference between waking and dreaming, that it is hard not only to tell how we know when we do a thing really or in a dream, but also to know what the difference between one and the other.” How far abroad this type of questioning persisted, how often the Coffee-house was a forum and not a business “Change,” we have little way of telling. I think we must credit the gentleman of London with a sincere feeling for philosophy and science, even if that feeling came and went quickly.

And at the Coffee-house Purcell would much later replace the musical ditties composed by foreign musicians to gratify the court
taste. In Pepys' time the Italian craze found its way into the semi-madrigal witticisms upon the Rump parliament. "And after dinner we had pretty good singing..." This entry recurs often. Pepys even tried to teach singing technique to his wife. We have lost an appreciation for the family singing which seems to have been so characteristic of England during the seventeenth century. That was a time also when people went to Hale's, for instance, for a portrait. The quality of the painting may have been hampered by its imitative tendency, but its patronage was extensive. With a disdain for 'Scriptural readings' on morality, Charles II encouraged the revival of the theater. Pepys attended the Royal Theater in Drury Lane many evenings in a month's period. But the link between the stage and the revelry of court life was made in the minds of middle-class Englishmen, to the detriment of the art later on. Passing on down through the particulars of 'Society,' I noted with amusement the unaffected concern over clothes evidenced by the diarist. "But clothes, I perceive more and more every day, is a great matter." It was smart to wear a full coat and sword after the Restoration.

I think that we may notice one thing, however, peculiarly absent in this sketch of life during the sixties. Pepys never said much about the landlord or about the cottagers and paupers who composed so large a proportion of the English population. Only occasionally, as when Pepys notes the lament of the wives of impressed sailors, do we see the wide and dull group of hard-working people. Possibly this can be justified by interposing that this social group, large as it may be, did not change its habits especially during the Cromwellian period. Or that there are the strong, the long and short, in every historical period. I do not know. It matters little. But granting that Pepys' circle reflected most faithfully the fluctuations of 'Society,' I regret, nevertheless, that we have no substantial glimpse of York yeomen or Durham tenant-farmers. As to that London set once again, I conclude with the lines from Hudibras:

"What makes all doctrines plain and clear?
About two hundred pounds a year.
And that which was proved true before
Prove false again? Two hundred more."
ST. JOHN THE BAPTIST

I
Heavywith-Jesus Mary turned her grace
Upon Elizabeth. They met. Embrace
Of eyes reunioning their mother-love.
The memory of Ave-hailing wings
Was faint (but echo-faint) within her ears
Who knew how sharp a spirit’s message sings
A sacred initiation to strange fears,
Which the swift feathers fluted to the dove
Split as sweet lightnings on a raptured face.
They felt new dawning in the sterile place.

II
She knew the parable, the barrenness,
The tree, the dull despair of fruitlessness,
Till, with a growth of anxious hoped-for flesh,
Blessing the bounty of a giving-God,
Kneeling her will to womb the prophecy,
Templing her taper hands to shrine the Quod
Erat Demonstrandum by decree,
Thanks-giving like a harvester to thresh
Her gold, so working on her happiness,
Elizabeth forgot the wilderness.

III
Just when the wilderness claimed him to waste
And stretches of the unoasied chaste
But shadowless surroundings (“Ut queant
Laxis”) leaves histories of time for thought.
He was precursor, though not fit to tie
The sandal’s thong. A word was darkly bought,
(“Antra deserti teneris”). Then why
Go ye into the haunted desert, chant
Like raving wounded reed, why crave the taste
Of honey strewn in sunless-april haste?
IV

What went ye out into the desert for?
To see a reed besieged by windstorms, or,
(He that hath ears to hear, O, let him hear)
A man clothed in soft garments? — they are in
The house of kings. To see a prophet? Yea
More than a prophet. In a seamless skin
His hand learns how to hold the river spray
To heap salvation’s everlasting year
Like sanctuses upon thy brow. And more
Than prophet — an angel sent before.

V

Horizonless crucibles of scorching suns
Where, unattainable, the shadow runs
From its destruction — Girt in mangy beasts,
The Baptist knew Saharas of the mind
Until the rocks of his Gethsemane
Split firebrands; then suddenly behind
The heat a transformation came, and he
Found garlands for his eyes, wild honey feasts,
Soft meadow-peace amid the burning dun.
He fountained Jordan-ransoms of the Son.

VI

Footprints in the sand after the dance
Shift and are gone — leave no remembrance,
Beautiful though it was. She danced for death.
Seven veils shimmered all their subtlety.
For “She laid snares for him,” Herodias,
Who cursed the truthful lips with blasphemy
And wished them gaped and desiccant. “Alas,”
The duped King cried! An echo stole his breath.
He cried too late. Salome had her chance
To choose — “His Head,” her only utterance.
VII
So the toll (St. Augustine) was taken and rashly was kept
Most criminally, for the oath was exacted. Y-clept
As he was, God Is Gracious — can blessing be blood
And the decapitation more fitting than Nod to the Name,
The Revering with Reverence? No matter, the prophet was dead
For a dance. When the tray-bearers came,
From under his crown stared the King at the bodiless head.
There is worse ... there are thorns' coronation, a hill and a rood —
Half-Hell it is though to see how the hurling is swept
Of the blade and the glint, hear the groan when the voice is inept.

VIII
All speculation in the probable
Would turn the possible to parable
And gospel veritas, and one new life,
Unshadowed by a hoped-for coming one,
Could at that anno domin-O, that end,
Could laughter a beginning in the Son
's grace for existence, if Beatus Den-
's own handhead (Miracle!) Ah! holy strife
Allowed Apostleship the (laughable?)
To make the heart once more responsible.

IX
Consider the field where the eye sees nothing but graves —
Cathedrals of terrible bones swaddling caves
Where the fox obscene to the gaping tombs retires
And the hourglass mind is tipped with unmountaining sands
Elusive as moments of life, when life was a gasp
Or a laugh or a sigh or an "O," when incorrigible hands
Pawed for the finding that sift is unfingerable grasp —
And repent ... For you know not ... How a moment expires ... (Repent!) How he cried, (O Repent!), and the echo would rave (Repent O Repent.) Gagne la mort ... irresistible grave.

John P. Fandel, Jr., '48
SOLILOQUY

Anonymous

(Testimony in Connection with the Death and Judgment of Edmund Stanis.)

Robert William Mayberry:

His father came to me and said he was withdrawing Edmund from my school because he wanted the boy to learn. He said he wanted his son to develop in the right direction. He wanted him to learn discipline. When I asked him just what he thought his son was learning at my school, he said, Nonsense. When I asked him in what direction he thought his son was going, he said, No direction. When I asked him if he thought it was wise to discipline a child, he said, Yes. He said that he had come to the conclusion that he had placed his son in the wrong institution, and that, if things kept on much longer as they were, the next step for his son would be an insane asylum. I lost my patience. I told him that he must have imperfectly understood the purpose of a really Progressive School. I explained to him that we were attempting to unfold the child; that we were advancing beyond anything that ordinary educators could foresee; that we needed bold, courageous parents; and that, of course, there could be no advancement anywhere were there no daring souls in the world. He countered by listing what he thought were grievous errors we had made in our education of the child. He said we had fostered a spirit of wild contempt in the child, that we had encouraged slovenliness, that we had permitted him to use vulgar expressions and slang, and that we had made no provision for religion in the life of the child. This last surprised me. Religion? I asked. Yes, he answered. He said he and his wife had gone over it all, and they had decided to withdraw him. I termed his charges absurd, but told him that if that was how he really felt, perhaps it was better if he did withdraw the child. Out of politeness I mentioned a scholarship. He told me he wasn't having any charity, that money was not the object. I asked him where he planned on entering the child, what place he thought could provide the things
he demanded. He said he was sending the child to the parochial school in his parish. I told him, Rote Learning and Inhibitions. He laughed and said, Unfolding.

Sister Mary Clothilde:

When Father Kennedy called me into his office I shook hands with Edmund and his father. Father Kennedy explained to me that Edmund was to be in my class starting Monday. Won't that be grand, I said. We shall have a lovely time! He wasn't a happy-looking child. Quite serious he was, with his head propped on his arms and breathing on the desk glass, and his foot banging away against the leg of the chair. Raising a most awful racket and never a smile or a word out of him. Well, I'll fix that, my lad, I said to myself. Father Kennedy told me he was placing Edmund in my complete and capable care, and after Edmund and his father left Father explained to me just what was wanted in the boy’s case. He said the boy's father was back with his wife. They had been separated. It was indeed a pity. The boy lacking a good education since he was that high. Stuck in that Progressive School, when it was known they progressed no farther than a poor idiot. Little rascals. All the time they needed a mother's love and a good Catholic education. Father and I agreed on that. But Father said that Mr. Stanis had acquired some nonsense notions about the child’s education. He wanted the boy to be given some extra work. It seemed a strange request to me, as it indeed seemed to Father. But we left it at that. Edmund was to get some little extra work, and he was to be marked severely on it. There was no need to worry about that. I was a severe marker of papers. Perfection was what I aimed for, and I soon found out that Edmund fell short of the mark. He brought all sorts of contraptions and distractions to school. He always had bags full of candy and little novelties until I had to write to his father not to give him any more money for these things because he made all the other little children feel inferior. After one week the boy refused to pay attention in class. But when he wanted to, he could be one of the brightest boys in the room. For his first extra work I asked him to write a report on George Washington and then recite it to the class. I had to admit it was an excellent job, but I couldn’t have him make the other little children feel he was superior to them.
I criticized the piece severely and told him he would have to do better
than that. The piece he wrote on St. Bernadette was a good deal
better than the first. I told him I was sorry, but that it wasn't much
of an improvement. I assigned him another paper and it was quite
poorly done. Every paper I assigned him after that was worse than
the one before. They were full of fantastic figures and wild imagin-
ings. Not at all normal for a young boy. One day he took the Lord's
name and I was forced to strike him. His father came to see me.
I simply told him that the boy wasn't making out at all. His father
was understanding of my position. He said he had had no idea
that things had come to such a state, that he had assumed the boy
was improving, that the boy was much improved in his attitude at
home. Really you would never know he was the same boy in the
house. Well, I told him, you would certainly know he was in school.
Mr. Stanis was sympathetic. It was a pleasure to meet a father so
interested in his son's education. He gave me permission to discipline
the boy as I would any of the other boys. Not to let him contradict
me in class again. I told him I would do my best to put the fear
of God into the boy. I inquired after his health. He looked quite
different from the first time I had seen him. Pale and worn and not
nearly so well dressed. His shirt collar was quite dirty in fact.
He said he had been selling out of town and that was why he hadn't
known about the boy. And his wife? She wasn't feeling well.
A pity. Poor man. I didn't have the heart to tell him that the
extra work wasn't coming along. He seemed to have so much on
his mind. I decided that I would stop that nonsense and get Edmund
in line. I was really quite amazed that there was a noticeable
improvement in the boy. For one thing, all his gadgets stopped
coming to school with him, and his clothes were not so fine as they
once were. He began to look more like the other children. That
was a good thing. The other children began to think he was not
such a Mr. Big. Many things began to settle. Oh, once or twice
he tried some of his smartness, but I soon took care of that. He
learned, and he learned well, or got no mark from me. So that by
the time it came round for me to prepare him for Confirmation he
learned his catechism in short order, commas and all. I took no
more excuses from him for not going to Mass and Communion. Soon
he was one of my best pupils, helping clean the boards and answering
the door. No more of the wild ideas. I told him time and again
it was thoughts like that and many others which sent boys straight to hell. I had reason to be pleased with him. True, he wavered once or twice, but after the mission fathers left he was fine again. The other sisters found him a model boy too, and were happy when he was promoted into their rooms. For he was not a rowdy like the other boys. He kept to his studies. When he graduated he won two awards for excellence: one for English Grammar and one for Catechism.

Elizabeth Reilly Stanis:

I had to take his father back. When the poor sap went broke he said the kid needed the both of us. I knew I wouldn’t get any more alimony, so I figured why not? He wasn’t such a bad guy. And boy, he was a man. I never had anyone like him. When we were together nothing else counted. He could really love you when he wanted to. And he wanted to. He was smart too. I never met anybody with a line like his. And the vocabulary. Smooth, that was him. Of course, he told me things would be a little different until he got going again. The money, he meant. But he said he had a couple of prospects lined up and they looked pretty good. Well, I had nothing on the fire, and I wasn’t planning to work the rest of my life. I figured I might as well hang on to him. He might go places again, and I’d be sitting pretty. Because if anyone could go places it was him. So I moved my things into the bungalow and the first few days everything was O.K. Just like it always was. I didn’t think I missed him before, but I found out I did. And besides, he built some swell castles we were going to live in. But meantime we had to move out of the little bungalow. We had to economize. I asked him why didn’t he take the kid out of that school he was sending him to. That must cost something, I said. He said he was going to take him out. He said the kid wasn’t learning anything there anyway. And he wanted the kid to learn something besides how to break up everything he laid his hands on. He wanted the kid to learn about religion. Not like us. Oh, not there was anything wrong with us. Just that it was O.K. for us to knock around, but a kid should have some religion. So I said, O.K. Let the kid learn some religion. As long as it didn’t cost
anything. And he told me to be nice to the kid when he came home. I said, Certainly. It was my kid too, wasn’t it? We moved into an apartment, but pretty soon the furniture went back to the store and we had to take a furnished flat. Everything started to go wrong then. Even though I didn’t see the kid since he made his Communion I tried to make believe I was never away. I tried to act as though we were used to each other. But I found out he was a funny kid. He wouldn’t do a thing I told him to do. Sometimes he wouldn’t even talk to me. I didn’t know what to make of it. I was used to people talking and having a good time, like his father. I didn’t know what to make of it. I asked what he learned in school and he told me, Nothing. A couple of times I wanted to hit him, but I figured he wasn’t used to me yet. I even asked him if he wanted me to go to church with him. He said, No. And all the time his father was going out of town on the road, sending a little money home once in a while. Just enough to get along on. I got lonely and the kid annoyed me. Nothing like his father. But I felt bad about not being able to get along with him. I bought him all kinds of gadgets and toys I could, on the extra money his father sent me for him. But he’d just take them and run to school, and that would be the last I ever saw of them. And just when I’d think I couldn’t stand another minute of it, his father could come home and everything would be O.K. That went on for quite a while. And all of a sudden the kid starts quieting down and behaving himself when his father was around. But I could see he didn’t like his father and I being together all the time. But what could we do? Ed was back and forth. We had to have some fun when we could. After a while the kid started to act quiet all the time. He hardly talked. Even when his father was around. We could be alone all we wanted and he never seemed to mind. He didn’t ask his father to play with him any more. Well, after a year I had to go to work. I was sick of scraping on what Ed sent me. The kid seemed to be able to take care of himself. Everything was nice and quiet. I used to leave him some money for some ham and a roll for lunch, and he was O.K. But every time Ed came home he got mad because I couldn’t take a few days off from work. Jobs were hard to get and I told him I’d be fired if I took time off every time he came home. Pretty soon, though, he started getting nasty. He told me I wasn’t taking care of the kid right. I told him he wasn’t doing a very
good job either, since his wife had to go out and work to help support him. Well, he started to go down fast. I could always tell when he was drinking and cheating on the road. That was why I left him the first time, and I didn’t want anymore of that. So I began to stay in the flat only while he was away. When he came back I would move in with a friend of mine until he left. I found out he brought women up to the flat, even though the kid was there. One day I told him I was leaving for good. I asked him what he intended to do about the kid. He told me not to worry about that. In case I was interested the kid got a scholarship to the Seminary high school. Father Kennedy thought maybe he might become a priest. Well, I said that was one good thing. Not like his old man, anyway.

Roger Eaton:

He always acted funny. He used to just sit and look. But he always seemed a little excited about nothing. Nobody could figure him out. He got good marks and all the guys wondered what a brain was doing on the football team. He was a pretty good player but he played too hard. He was always getting banged up. And he never acted like the rest of the guys. He liked English. He used to write the craziest themes. No one would have thought he was like that. But that’s how quiet guys were. You never knew what they were thinking. Everybody wondered. For a long time he wouldn’t want to sit in on the bull sessions, and he’d always make believe he was asleep when anyone asked him to keep watch after lights out. One night, though, we talked him into having a cigarette in the locker room. He acted scared and he didn’t inhale. Some of the guys had some books they were reading and passing around. I handed him one and he didn’t want to take it. I told him, Take it. There’s some things you don’t learn in school. When someone warned us to duck out of there, he kept his book and took it back to his cubicle. Next time we had a chance to talk he asked me what some of the things in the book meant. At first I thought he was kidding, but I guess I knew all along he wasn’t. I told him what I knew and he kept pesting me all the time to talk about the book. He asked me if people really did any of those things it said in the book. I told him everybody did. It was nature. I think
he was surprised. Anyway, after that, he started to keep to himself again. This time nobody could get him away from his books. He used to spend all his time doing homework or reading by himself in the library. All kinds of books and poetry. He quit the team. He didn’t seem to stop. He used to ask questions all the time, and argue with all the brothers and priests. Pretty soon the faculty began to worry. He was asking too many questions about the Church, about the Pope, about poetry, about famous people, about everything. They warned him. I think all the brothers and priests in the school had a talk with him. A couple of times when the missionaries came around they scared him in their sermons. But he’d always come right back. It was like that the whole four years. He was smart all right, but he always acted funny. Brother Jim was the only one who could talk to him. That didn’t last long though. Even Brother Jim couldn’t stop him from leaving the Church.

**Brother Jim:**

From the beginning I could not think of him without thinking of myself. We seemed to have so much in common. A fierce burning, an unquenchable thirst after learning, great depths of emotion, and delicate poetic natures. We could comfort each other. We were not of the madding crowd and we knew it. I was lucky to find him. I held on. A teacher is fortunate in discovering one of the many stupid people he must deal with year after year has a mark of distinction, some light which shines from within and projects itself from a field of blackness. I drew out his doubts and fears. I gave them expression. I told him we are lucky when we do not have to fight alone; that we were allies who could become One; that we had many battles ahead and we could fight them together. I gave direction to his anguish. I soothed his warring heart. I gave him poetry. I gave him Shelley who had no Church to fight with him. I gave him Whitman of the lonely Yea. I gave him Housman:

“Smart lad, to slip betimes away/ From fields where glory does not stay . . .” I gave him Hopkins: “Felix Randal the farrier, O he is dead then? my duty all ended,/ Who have watched his mold of man, big-boned and hardy-handsome . . .” I was pleased to give these treasures to the deserving. There are so few. I was happy he was to be one of us. Out of the many comes one of the chosen.
I had plans. We were to live and work side by side, study, talk, and labor for salvation. We two together. But suddenly he was gone, just when I thought we should begin in earnest. He left only these odd words:

"At night the world creeps beneath my skin,
Driving me but half-asleep to soothe the itch
And spring the door and let more of it in.

The worldly gardens in pot and box,
Packed and labelled for God,
Resent the intrusion of their iron domain.
But I remain to scratch and sweat and sit
Rusting the other-worldly soul,
Searching across the tops
Of trees of chimney pots.
And reflecting the stupid case of I and Why,
The Great Cliche hangs in a sweating sky.

As long as love is caught in man-made walls,
We two sing hymns in strange and different halls."
BOOK REVIEW

David S. Smith, '50

It is said that all art tends, or at least should tend to the condition of music. If, as it seems to me is inevitable, the greater value of an art work lies in the area of aesthetic significance, as clearly defined from that of ulterior, associational significance, then certainly it would appear that music in its purity and reliance on form most nearly and perfectly achieves this desired end. Music is Olympian. There can be no question as to its claim of being the ultimate in aesthetic intent and mode.

Of course, when dealing with the literary phase of the whole body of art, certain allowances or modifications in principle must be made in order that it may be considered a valid artistic expression. This reconciliation of seemingly intransigent purposes and means is a subtle business. It is also one which invites the worst kind of sophistry. However, by way of offering a general statement of the accepted criteria, we might say that the nearer prose approaches the musical condition, and at the same time succeeds in fully developing the aesthetic qualities proper to its own limited field, namely, the unique arrangement in terms of symbols and representations of the imaginative content of experience, the more refined and rich is it in artistic value.

To illustrate this, as well as generally review a very excellent recent novel, we shall in the following paragraphs examine Raoul C. Faure's superb exercise in symbolism and descriptive imagination, *The Spear in the Sand. 1*

In considering this remarkable book the rarely sophisticated reader is confronted with a nexus of complimentary and conflicting forces. Some of these forces are intelligible, that is to say conceptual. Others are shores rather dimly seen.

The actual story itself is very thin serving merely to introduce a situation, the analysis of which is the real substance of the work. Sausal, a young scientist, finds himself aimlessly drifting in the great unknown waters of the South Pacific after a violent tropical storm conveniently disposes of the other members of a marine expedition.

The months spent on the meandering boat are passed over quickly and eventually Sausal achieves a small coral island, where he is to remain utterly isolated for the rest of his life, forever the mirror of seas, skys and the images of the night.

In brief, this is the essence of the relatable narrative. All the action in the book, as one thinks of literary action, is confined to its very initial portion, and it is herein through the words of the expedition’s captain, Alhus—who by committing suicide is ultimately responsible for Sausal’s eternal isolation—that a statement of the first theme or force is expressed: that of nihilism and negation.

The remainder of the book, its really significant part, is exclusively devoted to an analysis of human disintegration which presently becomes a process of reintegration, and this is an almost terrible spectacle, into the implicit harmony of pure natural phenomena. Sausal gradually through an inundated sensibility ceases to be the ego-centric homo sapiens, but rather becomes the battleground for a titanic struggle between the chaotic dynamism of the intellect and libido on the one side; and the unknowing, infinitely resourceful, infinitely exquisite revelation of the elements of nature, as perceived and felt through the ever deepening folds of creation’s mystery on the other. The substance of Faure’s narrative is the irresistible triumph of the latter. End as Alpha, as the final knowing, the last beginning. The thing in itself. The becoming of being in the whole fabric of possible experience. This is the Spear in the Sand.

To return, however, to our original theme, I mentioned in some earlier remarks the desired and actual relation of prose art to musical art. I believe that in the Spear we are subject to a magnificent expression of that particular relationship. Certainly in its preeminently lyrical and sensuous qualities, in the suggested Lydian strains of its descriptions of tropical flora and fauna, and in the iridescent almost unbearably brilliant images of light and color it has wrought of words, Faure’s work is more a superb tone poem of effects and intangible sensations than usually explicit prose. Here is the sounding of an incredibly vivid and rich imagination. One comes to this book as to a very deep well whose waters possess some strange and intoxicating powers. To read it is an exhausting yet utterly fascinating exercise, and in the end one must feel for it as perhaps Proust’s Swann felt for the haunting Vintieuil sonata. A feeling of a sort of ecstatic spirituality.
A word at this point concerning the literary technique in the Spear. As has already been implied, the musical quality of the Spear is its raison d'être. Consequently, to achieve this end, Faure has liberally employed a frequently excessive impressionistic method of statement. The very words themselves, most of which describe such things as sunsets, cloud formations and the florid vegetation of the island as they register their mark on the drunken unself-conscious senses of Sausal, possess intrinsic tonal values. For the most part they are expressions of color and sensation, rather than anything more concrete, and thus are musical in effect.

The residual concept of the Spear cannot be that of a structure of definable values in terms of ideas. Such a concept, usually precipitated by prose expression, dissipates its potential efficacy through the various intellectual facets it always suggests, and is not a completely aesthetic one. In the Spear, on the other hand, the eventual evaluation of the work must be made from the stuff of monumental impressions. Thus the essence of music in this book, and thus the great aesthetic power it is able to achieve. After putting away the Spear, one remembers little of specific detail, though as in the instance of hearing a Debussy fete, it is impossible not to be cognizant of an intensely moving and subtle experience gone through.

I declared at the beginning that the primary intent of this review was to be a discussion of Faure's Spear in the light of its musical content. I also intimated the presence in this book of other forces perhaps more intelligible, certainly more tangible than those already considered. One of these forces is something which is rather analogous to a Proustian philosophy of society. This is not surprising, since Faure in so many ways approximates both in style and thought the great French writer.

Sausal is symbolic of the escapist trend characteristic of a spiritually constricting modern civilization. He is also symbolic of the frustration common to so many in these days, which is due — and with this I am sure the spirit of Schopenhauer would vehemently agree — to the increasing inter-human dependence, the shifting of the center of gravity, as it were, or soul from within, to the turbulent assembly line of contemporary life.

Again in reference to Proust, Sausal is subject to the same circumstances affecting the anonymous narrator of Swann's Way. He is able to view in retrospect the nature of his past and of the society
of his times. Doing so, he seeks, but divines little meaning. Here Faure is more conclusive than Proust, who loses the thread of purpose in his interminable examination.

In conclusion one remark. There is in the Spear an intense preoccupation with the Freudian elements in the homo-quasi-sapiens. Faure’s treatment of this element in Sausal’s mad nocturnal pursuit of an imaginary woman across the island is nothing short of brilliant, and is certainly terrible enough to make any writer’s reputation.

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END OF SUMMER

Soft-scented summer gently slipped away
And stole my dreams.
And in the still September night
I cried. It took you too.
The arms that held you heavy hung,
Eager in emptiness to enfold again
Soft flesh that shivered in such sweet embrace;
Dark eyes reflecting stars; the fires of love
Fierce burning on your face.
I longed for you, as on the silver sand
I vainly callea the summer back to me.
September came too soon. Alone I stood
Where whispering waves in endless cadence beat
And broke in silver barriers at my feet.
The moon, from his hazy star-hung heights
Watched — as I wept for summer — and for you.

Clinton T. Macy, ’48
GORDON twisted around in his chair to talk to his wife, who was standing at the window, looking out.

“What time did you tell them to be here?”

“Seven o’clock. What time is it now?”

He looked at his watch, a new one with diamonds instead of numbers.

“Quarter of. You might as well sit down. They certainly won’t be early.”

She moved to the fireplace and straightened a candle on the mantel.

“No, I guess not. It’s getting foggy out.”

“They’ll be later than usual, then. They’re never on time. You know that.”

She sat down in the matching chair opposite his.

“That’s unkind.”

“But it’s true. Why can’t people ever be on time?”

“Are we?”

“Most of the time. At least we don’t make a practice of being late.”

She raised an eyebrow and smiled.

“Perhaps not. Give me a cigarette, dear.”

“There are some on the table right beside you.”

“There aren’t any matches.”

She put the cigarette in her mouth and waited. He got up, more slowly than necessary, she thought, and went over to her. He was tall and looked even more so as he stood above her and struck a match.

“You don’t really think that we’re always late, do you? I mean, not like the others.”

She puffed on her cigarette.

“Thanks. Late? Well, we’re hardly ever on time.”

He sat down again.
"I don't mean that kind of late. I mean half an hour or more."
"There have been times. I remember one . . ."
"I don't mean times. I mean all the time, like Bob and Marge tonight. They'll be half an hour late."
"Well, after all, dear, it is foggy."
"An hour then. Besides, it isn't that foggy."
He went over to the window and looked out.
"Why, there's hardly any at all."
She stamped her cigarette out impatiently.
"It will be by the time they get here. It's coming down fast."
He walked over to the fireplace and straightened the other candle.

It immediately fell back to its original position.
"They should make allowances for that sort of thing."
"For heaven's sake, Gordon, make allowances for fog. Who ever heard of such a thing?"
"For God's sake, why not?"
"It just isn't done that's all. Besides, I've ordered dinner late, so if they're not on time it doesn't matter."
Gordon sighed and sat down again.
"You know, I'd die if they walked in here at seven. I'd drop dead."
She smiled.
"Promise?"
"You know what I mean. There's just no chance, that's all. There ought to be a law. What's ordered for dinner?"
She became business-like and counted on her fingers.
"Asparagus soup, creamed, of course, squab . . ."
"Why squab?"
"Marge adores it. You can eat all the vegetables if you've got a grouch against squab."
"Why doesn't she have it at her house, then? They can afford it."
"Better than we, I imagine, but it's sort of a kindness, something she likes when she comes here. Then there's broccoli with marrons . . ."
"I don't like marrons. You know that."
"But Marge does. After all, dear, we're entertaining them."
Gordon frowned.
"I'll bet Bob doesn't like marrons either."
She spoke a little faster than usual.
"He probably loves them. It's just that you don't and you're grouchy about it."
"I'm not grouchy."
"You are, you most certainly are."
"I am not, but I don't see why we have to go hungry whenever guests . . ."

Phillis stood up.
"All right, for the sake of peace in the house I'll tell Sophie not to have the marrons . . ." 
"No, let her alone. I'll just drink milk while the rest of you eat. Or are we having milk?"
"I hadn't planned on it. I thought wine would go much better. But you can drink that all during the meal and be hilarious after dinner."

"I won't open my mouth."
Phillis shrugged and sat down again.
"I suppose you won't like the dessert either."
"What are we having, not floating island?"
She nodded unhappily.
"But dear, floating island is so innocent, so unassuming, none can possibly object to it."

He sighed heavily, resignedly.
"No, I suppose not."
She went over to him and sat on the arm of his chair.
"We'll raid the icebox after they're gone."
He looked at his watch, ignoring her proximity.
"It'll be morning before we get rid of them. They're late already."
"You sound as if you don't want them to come."
"Who said that?"
"You did, at least you inferred it."
"I did nothing of the sort. I said I don't like their being late. It throws everything off."
Phillis walked over to the window and looked out again. She turned back to him.
"Now it's really heavy out; you can't see ten feet. I wouldn't blame them for being late. Maybe they won't get here at all."
"What in hell does that mean, maybe they won't get here at all?"
She shrugged.
"They might turn back or . . . or have an accident, even."
"How could they possibly have an accident? The road is as straight as it could be all the way."
"No, it isn't. There's a big sharp curve about a mile from here, and rocks and water below, hundreds of feet down."
"Anybody who can't drive here in a little fog with that one little curve, deserves to get killed."
She began talking fast again.
"Gordon! How can you say that? Why, it's cruel, it's sadistic. I almost hope they do drive off the cliff and get killed. It would serve you right."
"Talk about me. That's a hell of a thing for you to say, a fine thing, about a person you'd serve squab and marrons and floating island to, and let your own husband starve. That's really a fine thing to say, hoping they get killed."
"It would serve you right."
Her voice had become higher in pitch. Gordon frowned again.
"Hey, wait a minute. I think you mean it. Think you almost mean it."
"I do mean it, it would serve you right. You're always so unreasonable and sure of yourself it might give you a lesson. You never have any feelings for others."
"I don't get you."
"If anything did happen to them it would be because they were hurrying to be here on time instead of driving slowly and carefully as you should. The whole world can't run according to your schedule. Everything can't be the way you want it all the time."
Gordon stood up. Phillis was breathing a little heavily and her fists were clenched.
"I think I'd better get the Scotch, a drink before dinner."
But before he moved they heard a car turn in the driveway and stop. They waited motionlessly and heard two doors open and then slam shut. Only when the doorbell rang did either of them move. Phillis walked to the door, but before she opened it she turned to Gordon.
"You see, they're not so late after all."
"No, I guess not."
She smiled contemptuously at him, but somehow, just for a moment, Gordon thought that the smile might have been more
victorious had no car come into the driveway, had no doorbell been rung, had there been no arrival at all, had some dreadful accident occurred. For then she would have won, she would have proved her point completely.

POINT OF VIEW

(after Philip Wylie)

When Odymondene whistles snackle
When pedants leer and cackle
The common felp of prissian ways
The merkish flabid soon displays.

One voice ("flebish solid stogians")
An idea ("too true for you")
One ("redeem the common")
Done ("Odymondene victorious")

When the gabble, gabble ceases
And all blurid thought increases
Odymond phobis cannot save
For only fair deserve the grave.

Robert W. Herbert, '50
ONE cold autumn evening a student pounded on the door of Dean Lark’s study.

"Dean Lark! Dean Lark!" the boy shouted, as he kept hammering away. An overhead light flashed on, and a little while later the dean stood in the doorway, his frame silhouetted by the warm light inside.

“Well, what do you want at this time of night?"

“I’m sorry to disturb you, sir, but Mr. Bunston said that you should call the police.”

“Police? Why? What’s happened?“

“There’s been a horrible accident in the Chemistry Building. The janitor is dead and his face has been burned away by acid. I just met ________.”

But Dean Lark didn’t wait for the rest of the gruesome story. He spun around and slammed the door behind him. The student ran to spread the news.

About fifteen minutes later, a group of Hartford police stood around the corpse, talking in low tones.

“What do you make of it, Sergeant?”

“Well, I’d say he’s been dead about an hour. From the looks of things in here, there must have been quite a struggle.”

“I’ll call Homicide. Do you know where there’s a phone around here?”

A small body of students dressed in bathrobes and slippers were standing in the back of the room talking to Mr. Bunston, Dean Lark and Mr. Tolland.

“What happened, sir?” one of the boys asked.

“Well, about all we could get from Mr. Johnson, before he died, was that some one had broken in here to get a chemistry final. While the student, or whoever it was, was looking through Mr. Smith’s desk, Johnson came into the room. There was a fight, as the prowler tried to escape, and he grabbed the nearest object as a weapon. That broken sulfuric acid bottle near the body was the weapon. He hit the janitor in the face with it and it broke open. You boys know the rest.”
As the small collegiate group continued talking I called my roommate aside.

"What do you make of it, Dick?"

"Not much more than what Bunston just told us. Why?"

"I was just wondering who it could be. Bunston said, or at least implied, that it was someone on the campus. Now whom do you know, Dick, that would be stupid enough to try a stunt like that just to pass a course?"

"Oh! I see what you're driving at, Moon. Yeah, there is a 'queer' who might have———."

"You got it, Dick; William Jenks is the boy they're after."

"But how can we be sure he was the one? He might not even be on the campus tonight."

"Well, we can always find out. Let's go!"

As Dick and I started to leave the chemistry laboratory, the sergeant's rough voice was heard.

"Where do you two think you're going?" he barked, "isn't it all right if we go back to our room now?"

"O.K., O.K. You can go—the bunch of you can go." Then he pointed at Mr. Bunston. "You better stick around a couple of minutes; I want to ask you some questions."

Dick and I walked downstairs slowly, but when we got outside, we raced toward Marvis Hall.

"Hey! Did any of you fellows see Jenks around?" Dick called out.

"I saw him a little while ago in the first floor 'head'," one of the crowd shouted back at us.

"Thanks a lot."

We skipped down two flights of stairs, and pushed open the swinging doors. Jenks, bending over one of the sinks, was washing his head furiously.

"What do ya say, Bill?"

Jenks stopped scrubbing and rinsed the soap off his face. Then he turned and started to say something. I wasn't listening to him; my mind wouldn't function because of what I saw. His face and head were covered with raw, red wounds. I could see that he was in pain.

"What the hell happened to you?" Dick asked, as I shook off a cold chill passing through my body.
"You weren't the one who slugged the janitor, were you?"

Jenks stood still, staring at us, and shaking. I tried to talk to him, to "ease him down." But the more I talked the wilder he got. Finally, Jenks rushed at me; before I could move I felt his fist slam into my jaw. I saw a lot of flashing colors and heard a buzzing sound. I hit the floor with a thud.

As I came up, out of the deep, dark whirlpool, Dick kept asking me if I was all right.

"Sure. I'm fine. Yeah, yeah I said, I'm O.K."

"Come on, I'll help you up," he said.

My legs felt like rubber bands and my neck ached. A throbbing pain kept shooting through my head.

"Where did he go, Dick?" I mumbled.

"After he slugged you he beat it out of here. If we hurry we might still get him."

Dick helped me up and we rushed onto the campus.

"There he goes!" shouted Dick. "Over there, by the chapel."

We saw Jenks disappear through the front door. It didn't take us long to run to the house of worship. We pulled the large door open, and walked in. Near the back of the chapel we spotted a little stone trap-door with an iron ring at one end of it. I tugged at the ring, and felt a sharp pain in my neck again.

"You better open 'er up, Dick. I'm still a little weak."

"O.K., Moon."

There was a narrow flight of stairs leading down into the murky depths under the church. I lit a match, cupped it with my hand, and started down. I almost fell as I missed a sharp turn. My heart was beating audibly against my chest. In a little while Dick was beside me.

"All set, Moon? Let's get going." I struck a third match, and large frightening shadows leaped across our path.

"Stick close to me, Dick; there's no telling when we'll run into that nut."

I took off my belt and bent it in half. It had a large buckle, and if I hit someone hard enough with it — .

"Easy, Dick. There's a little tunnel to the left. Jenks might be in there."

"Look, Moon! Give me the matches, and you stand on the other
side of the tunnel. If Jenks is in there and he rushes out, you hit him with your belt.”

I edged my way along the main passageway in the darkness. When I reached my position I tightened my grip on the belt.

“T’m ready, Dick.”

The eighth match broke in two as Dick tried to strike it. He took another one and scraped it across the cold, marble wall. The tunnel was no more than a niche in the lurid passageway; much too small to be used by Jenks as a hiding place. Dick came over to me, and we continued worming our way underground. Suddenly a gust of cold wind that seemed to come from the entrance whipped down the corridor and extinguished our light. As the next match flared up I could see that we were coming to a down-grade, and if we continued on we would go deeper into the earth.

“Hey, Dick!” I called. “We’re not getting anywhere this way. We better get outa this damn place and find some help.”

“Hold it a minute, Moon. I thought I saw something move down there. See? There it is again!”

“That’s Jenks, Dick. Take it slow. Give me some light and I’ll rush him.”

“I’m out of matches, Moon; we better get him together.”

“All right, but do it as quietly as you can. The second we hear him move, we’ll jump him.”

The darkness made it impossible to catch a second glimpse of Jenks. I had to rely wholly on my sense of hearing. Time stood still as we edged along the cold, damp side of the passageway. Then I heard a noise not far to my right. I gripped my belt and lashed out. A half muffled cry ended in a gurgle as a warm liquid spurted over my hand and face. I didn’t bother to wipe the blood away. Again and again I sent the belt hissing through the air, and each blow ended in a thud. I was breathing hard and could hardly talk.

“Dick! —— Dick! I got —— I got him. Let’s —— let’s get outa here and get the cops. Come on!”

I turned and took a few quick steps toward the trap-door entrance. For the second time in one hour I felt a sharp pain at the base of my skull. Those same florid stars spun before me as I fell back into the black whirlpool.
As the lights went on again, and my head stopped spinning, I could see a policeman staring down at me. I tried to talk but my mouth seemed filled with glue.

"Don't try to move, son. The doctor will be here soon."

("Doctor? What doctor? Who's that dumb cop talking to? Where's Dick? Why doesn't somebody answer me?")

Then I was swimming through the air. Suddenly I fell, and kept falling. I heard someone scream as the wind whistled by me. After that everything went black.

When I awoke I was in a bed, in a clean, white room. A pretty nurse smiled at me. A little later a doctor and two cops came in.

"How do you feel now?" the doctor asked.

Before I could answer he shoved a thermometer into my mouth. Then he rubbed something cold on my arm and stuck what felt like an ice pick into me. The doctor then nodded to someone near the door and Mr. Tolland walked to the side of my bed.

"You really went through a lot today, Mellins. I bet it feels good to lie there and rest?"

I managed a sickly grin, and asked where Dick was.

"William Jenks was captured shortly before he told us where you were. He confessed to the murder and begged that we ease his awful pain. You see, the acid that had splashed over his head and face had eaten all his flesh away. By the time we caught him, he had gone blind and could barely mumble enough to be understood."

"How about Dick, sir? What happened to Dick?"

Mr. Tolland evaded my question as long as he could, but at last he told me what had befallen Dick.

"I'm sorry, but there was nothing anyone could do for him. When the police got to him, he was dead."

"Dead?"

I lost my head and started to shout.

"What are you talking about? Dick's not dead. He was with me when I killed ———. But you said Jenks had surrendered. He couldn't have; I hit him. I hit him in the tunnel; I killed him. I killed him."

"You're wrong, Mellins. Jenks is still alive. You see, he was the one that murdered your friend Dick. We found the weapon he used not far from the body. It was an old belt, covered with blood."
"No! No! Not Dick. Please, not Dick. No! No! No!"
"Officers, will you please hold the patient down? Nurse! Hypodermic! Quick!"

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**THE HOUSE OF GOD**

How easily the eye can miss
The hidden sights of Him,
When truly just before one's sight
His secrets seem to brim.

The woods are really one of these
In winter, spring and fall,
With waving roof and floor unkempt
Does the house of God appall.

A cellar built of hardened coal
With lofty ceiling and leafy walls,
An atmosphere of purest air
And a stillness of imagined halls.

Where creatures live in Nature's care
And streams come rippling o'er,
As winter nears, the roof falls in
And snows become the floor.

*John W. Coote, '51*