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ALTAR, CRYPT CHAPEL
THE SELF-AVENGER

By Walter R. Davis, '50

I

JUST look at us—sheep! A long line of sheep, noisy and bustling, heading straight for the slaughterhouse. The butchers are up ahead—the khaki butchers, cold and impersonal behind their olive-drab desks. Khaki and olive-drab—the colors of modern America—forty-eight white stars on a field of olive-drab, with thirteen stripes of alternating khaki and gore red. Khaki robots strutting about the land—about the world—tramp, tramp, tramp, salute, tramp, tramp—little tin soldiers parading through the streets, saluting each other at measured intervals—America’s power stalking the streets. America’s? No. Hate’s power! “O brave, new world”—where you are either a khaki robot or a sterile old civilian. What ever happened to the men in the world? Will we—must we—always hate? distrust? fear? “Don’t trust anyone!” “Russia is out to destroy us! So let’s get Russia before she gets us!”

That sounds familiar. When was it? Yes! Was I thirteen? or fourteen? “You see, Son, if I didn’t shoot him, he would have dug up our whole garden and eaten all our carrots. Then we mightn’t have enough to eat this winter,” and the barrel’s smoke nearly choked me, and tears came to my eyes. But I had heard my father’s grunt of satisfaction when he had made the hit. And I had seen the little, furry thing, shivering in the morning cold, grubbing frantically in the earth—jerking his head around when the breeze brought the man-smell to him—fleeing wildly towards the bushes—then leaping into
the air with a shriek, squirming, turning, scratching with his feet as if he were still running—landing on the cold earth with a thud, still struggling—then lying limp, panting, whining. And those eyes of amber staring in blank incomprehension—eyes without a mind, trying to break through the surrounding mist, trying to find the cause, the hope. Trying to find something; he knew not what. Perhaps he was trying to find the "why?".

Yes. Why? Because people who hate want others to hate too? Because they scare us with threats and warnings? "Capitalism is enslaving society! The Capitalists must be wiped out!" So we kill the Capitalists; or we kill the Communists. Bang, bang! Everybody's dead. No more evil. Our policy: "If you don't like him, kill him!" Yes, kill; kill the fly that tickles your ear, the mole that digs up your lawn, the man who says something you don't like!

—Well, what can I do about it?
Refuse! Tell 'em off! Refuse to fight! Show them that there's one person whose mind rises above their dirty hate—propaganda! Something like: "I believe that killing is unjustified and unjustifiable in any case whatsoever. I stand on my rights, not as an American, but as one of God's creatures in refusing to kill for any narrowly nationalistic cause!"

Oh Christ! Didn't know it moved so fast, I'm next!

II

Well, Boy Scout, here we are with all the other young warriors, just panting for a chance to sacrifice life and limb for God and for country. Praised be Mars, the ruler of men! Hurrah, boys, hurrah! The Rover boys are rolling away to their training camp — where they'll all learn to be grade-A-number-one killers. Where is it? Oh, some place in the swamps of Georgia, where things are damp and rotten—a fitting place for us killers.—Oh, and by the way, old fellow, what ever happened to those pretty, blue-and-gold ideals of yours?

—Oh Jesus! And it was only yesterday. No, it was fully a week ago. But it seems like yesterday. I guess it will always seem like yesterday. There I was, me, the self-styled prophet of Love, young Orpheus marching into the jaws of Hell. "I believe that killing is unjustified and—" Oh Hell! I could feel how their eyes would bore through my neck if I said it. They would have stared at
my neck, and their eyes would be full of contempt mixed with pity. And when I turned around, they would all be studying the floor, afraid to let me see what was in their eyes. And after I had gone, they would have looked at each other, embarrassed, as if they had seen some disgusting sight, like a drunken man peeing in his pants. And they would have thought I was yellow. Me, yellow, because I would have had the courage to refuse to fight. They would have thought that I was making up excuses. I couldn’t have taken that!

No, I didn’t give them the chance to call me that! But, even so, I can’t stand looking at them. I can’t look into their faces. I know I won’t find it there, yet I can’t look. Well, they’re in there, and I’m out here on the rear platform where it is cool and dark. In there, I can already smell the stench of death. The smell of death and the sight of khaki. Yes, now I’m a khaki robot too. Look at this shirt—stiff, starched khaki! I’d like to see it in little pieces, pieces so little that you couldn’t tell their color. Just imagine: two, four, eight, sixteen, thousands of little pieces of khaki scattered along the railroad track.

—They say that train wheels can sense what is in your mind and reflect it, hammering your thoughts back into your head.

“Yellow! Yellow! Yellow! Yellow!”

AS A GODDESS SMILES

In each grace of the softly crying wound—
Forgiveness for the crime of man
For inventing the sin of sins,
For capturing the love of love
And imprisoning it in the tomb of tombs—
Let me find my rest of sleepless nights,
Of king-torn thrones and of sound-sobbing cymbals,
Of screaming age and whitened youth,
In the rage of the sea and the cry of the tern,
The feel of the sword and the touch of your lips.

Thomas C. F. Lowry, ’49
THE city dweller, doubtless in some measure because of the comparatively congested environment in which he lives, in general assumes, if he gives the matter any consideration whatsoever, that the animal life there is made up entirely of pigeons, starlings, rats and squirrels, those forms of life commonly seen in either parks or dumps. This assumption might be more or less valid were it not for the fact that oases exist in every city. Such a green spot in a figurative desert is the Trinity campus, which, considering its urban location, is surprisingly well represented, faunatically speaking.

Probably most Trinityites, at one time or another, have been made aware of the begging, thieving or fun-provoking antics of the many squirrels which frequent the institution’s famous elms. Few are aware, however, of the black and white prowler who, on winey autumn evenings fills the lower Vernon Street air with the almost overpowering scent of musk. Fewer still know of the existence of a family of cottontail rabbits, which at present reside within the confines of the football field. One of these quadrupeds have even been observed as far afield as President Funston’s yard, munching grass directly below the chief executive’s window — doubtless one of the younger generation in search of knowledge, perhaps as regards the control of predators. So far the rabbit’s celebrated fecundity has done a marvelous job perpetuating his tribe despite the inroads of various carnivores. Add education and he might rule the world.

Inevitably, due to their great advantage in being able to cross the surrounding residential sections by air, the feathered creatures of the oasis must far outnumber the furred ones both in numbers and in variety. Chaotic hordes of English sparrows and raucous bands of starlings maintain a year-round residence in the gables and the ivy of the quadrangle. Blue jays frequent the elms while the ubiquitous pigeon floats from roof to room. All summer long the robin quests ceaselessly for the worms on the college green.

The aforementioned birds are a common spectacle. Relatively more esoteric is the killdeer, the noisy plover of the pasture land.
Two pairs of these striking brown, white and black birds managed to raise four young ‘uns apiece on the site of the new practice football fields. Sharp eyes are necessary to pick out the young birds, who avoided mowers and strollers by extraordinary speed afoot, while the parents put on a distracting exhibition of feigned injury. This year may well mark the last of the killdeer’s residence on campus, as this strictly ground bird cannot abide mowed fields during nesting time. And another casualty to encroaching civilization may well be the meadowlark, he of the V-marked breast, the rapid flight and the musical voice. Though the latter abounded on the lower grounds this season, another year may tell a different story.

The flicker, largest of Connecticut woodpeckers, scans the greens for Jap beetles and takes dust baths in the clay of the baseball diamond. Hairy and downy woodpeckers seek to evict grubs from beneth stubborn elm bark. The somewhat ludicrous grackle lurches around campus in constant search for a square meal. An occasional house wren and catbird add their voices to the general din. Nighthawks (those sadly misnamed birds) fly high above the campus in quest of insects, and from time to time a large broadwinged hawk majestically soars overhead. An old crow, not of the bottled variety, includes Trinity field in his stamping grounds, while a wood pewee might be found perched on any dead limb during early summer. And chimney swifts ceaselessly glide around their abode in Northam towers.

During the vacation season the Chapel tower served as a home for a pair of sparrow hawks, smallest of the falcons. Pop hawk spent much of his summer perched on the football goalposts, ever on the watch for food. These wary birds, due to their proximity to the Chapel bells, take a very dim view of all carillonneurs, be they neophyte or professional.

One of the newest arrivals on campus is the brown creeper. This myopic fellow, seemingly oblivious to all which goes on around him, solemnly wends his spiral path up each tree trunk, then flies to the foot of the next to continue his never-ending process. His oneness of purpose is vouched for by reliable ornithologists, who have reported his ascension of such exotic (to him) objects as cow’s tails, wooden legs, and hydrants.

Most of our summer visitors, together with various migrant warblers, thrushes, and sparrows, have by this time left us. Already,
however, the vanguard of nuthatches, chickadees and juncos from the north are with us, heralding the arrival of quantities of winter birds.

The study of Nature is complex, the quest for new forms a never ending one. But observation is free, opportunity is often present, and the contemplation of the physical universe offers perennial gratification to novice and veteran alike.

THE CHILDREN'S WARD

Children are so,
in their illness,
serious;

They far outweigh
the amplitude
of time.

Their eyes are minutes
marking
fate
and people passing
and dismembered dolls.

Their fingers lay out
stakes on bandages,
lay out
claims on stethoscopes,
saying:
"We are the children
ill,"
and, "We are the children
attended to;"
saying:
"We are the children
sick-a-bed,"
saying,
"We are the ones
involved."

—A. H. Feingold
“I’d built the load and knew right where to find it,
Two or three forkfuls I picked lightly round for
Like meditating, and then I just dug in
And dumped the rackful on him in ten lots.”

“The Code”

A TOWN-BRED man working on a farm may think he knows just how to load hay to get the most on a wagon. From the ground where he walks picking at the windrows with his fork, swinging the heavy forkfuls high, carrying them just right, he has a suspicion that there isn’t much about making hay he doesn’t know. But put him up on the wagon laying the hay and “building the jag” and he seems rather ridiculous. By the time the wagon reaches the barn, his high load has shaked down and settled, and looks like a lonely wisp in the big wagon rack.

But the two things this town man is bound to learn from his load-building experience will help him through a lifetime if he’ll listen. The small jag will show him he doesn’t know so much, and if he has the stuff to follow the idea out, he’ll have a feeling of earth. This feeling of earth is not easily defined, but it’s like a nugget of gold in a pile of coal, and worth the effort. The town man can get this feeling from the sweat that blinds him, the smell of the new-cut hay, and the taste of switchel out of a stone jug when he comes out of the mow. You can perhaps best live your definition. Find a pasture hill, climb it alone, and when you reach the top, lie down on your back and look up at the sky.

Or if you haven’t the inclination to climb a hill, you can read Robert Frost. You can read “Mowing” which is no longer than fourteen lines without the ache that a scythe lays into your arms.
The sun shines hot and the smell is there, and the "bright green snake" scared by the blade is just as frightened as though you scared it.

The professors of English know many things about Frost and his work. One authority argues that Frost employs the native twang of New England to full advantage. Amy Lowell, an early twentieth century critic, laid down her cigar long enough to say emphatically that Frost does not use the New England dialect that is at his disposal. Another scholar, steeped in the scent of chalk-dust and the kind of green floor-dust janitors use to sweep classrooms, shows that Robert Frost was aware of the changes in his New England when he wrote "The Axe Helve", a poem which is strongly French-Canadian in dialect. On the other hand, Amy Lowell decries his failure to be aware of the French immigrations into New England back country.

This much is clear—Frost is one of the few poets who satisfactorily captures a sense of earth into his homely works. Whitman perceived this sense and employed it. A. E. Houseman knew this seventh sense and gave it unsparingly in his neat verses of the English countryside. Burns, and further back, Horace, knew the earth, the smell of it in the spring, the liquid damp of a brook-bank, the white lather on the breachings of the team, and the satisfaction of a harvest made. This much no academician can deny!

But contrary to above indications, Robert Frost has been well-acclaimed by his contemporaries. Ezra Pound, an apoplectic poet of the Left Bank School, was the first to support the just-published book of poems that started Frost upon his road to recognition. Pound declared that "The Code" contained a pervasive humor of things as they are, and held this poem as his favorite of the Frost works. He agreed with other critics of the period that the first book was not "accomplished", but analyzed the poetry in one conclusive and valid sentence. "His stuff sticks in your head - - not his words, nor his phrases, nor his cadences, but his subject matter . . . professors to the contrary notwithstanding!"

Let us inspect some of the best examples of earth sense from The Collected Poems. In the first book of poems published by young Frost, "The Pasture" stood out then as now as a superb example of real knowledge, a friendly working knowledge, of earth. Where Wordsworth painted in vain, Frost deftly sketches the farmer's stride, without mentioning a word of it.
"I’m going out to clean the pasture spring;  
I’ll only stop to rake the leaves away  
(And wait to watch the water clear I may):  
I sha’n’t be gone long.—You come too.

I’m going out to fetch the little calf  
That’s standing by the mother. It’s so young,  
It totters when she licks it with her tongue.  
I sha’n’t be gone long.—You come too."

See the stride of the farmer? See the brown-black, water-rotted leaves matted in the bottom of the spring? When the leaves are raked away and the water is brown, the new water will come and clear the muddiness like a clean cloth across a dusty attic window. And can you not detect the timeless earth-sense in these humble, powerful words?

Feel the earth-sense in these four brief lines from “Dust of Snow”:

“The way a crow  
Shook down on me  
The dust of snow  
From a hemlock tree . . .”

Only Frost could have so perfectly captured the hundred stirring thoughts of this snow-covered day in just four lines.

What other strong qualities are there in the works of Robert Frost? What other virtues recommend him? Simplicity, for one, is a definite strength. For his is a wise simplicity of strong ideas in simple words. Another definite quality is the careful workmanship of each line, so that the reader is conscious only of the smoothness and continuity of thought. As the student of literature becomes keenly aware of the strength of personality in Hemmingway’s works, so does he become aware of the forceful strength of personality in Frost, although it is more subtly revealed.

As an embodiment of these qualities, let us turn to “The Cow in Apple-Time”. We must watch for indications of the poet’s strength of personality. We are easily aware of his sense of earth, and of the
simplicity of expression, the crowding of meaning and implication into each line, and the strong, knotty philosophy underlying the surface of simplicity.

"Something inspires the only cow of late
To make no more of a well than an open gate,
And think no more of wall-builders than fools.
Her face is flecked with pomace and she drools
A cider syrup. Having tasted fruit,
She scorns the pasture withering to the root.
She runs from tree to tree where lie and sweeten
The windfalls spiked with stubble and worm-eaten.
She leaves them bitten when she has to fly.
She bellows on a knoll against the sky.
Her udder shrivels and the milk goes dry."

The place of Robert Frost in the literature of this country has long been established. In his verse, we are aware of the youth and vitality of our country, and of the deep sense of earth that is a part of its development and progress. And when I get feeling low and you get feeling low and out of touch with reality, we can find valuable consolation and renewed strength in his poetry. He is willing to take the time off to talk:

"When a friend calls to me from the road
And slows his horse to a meaning walk,
I don't stand still and look around
At all the hills I haven't hoed,
And shout from where I am, 'What is it?'
No, not as there is a time to talk.
I thrust my hoe in the mellow ground,
Blade-end up and five feet tall,
And plod: I go up to the stone wall
For a friendly visit."
A FATHER’S THEME

Cornelio de Kanter, ’49

FOR two minutes I have been staring ahead of me, seated at the graceful inlaid desk that Betsy and I were fortunate enough to buy just before the extension courses began. Lined up against the wall are my stalwart thought and style aides: three dictionaries, a thesaurus, Writing and Thinking, and Lester’s Spelling Review. These are the wax and cloth that polish my rough drafts.

Everything lends itself to the writing of a good theme. The room is quiet, the children fast asleep, and Betsy is scurrying about the kitchen. Leaning back, I stretch in anticipation of the work confronting me and begin to outline in mind the theme I am about to write. The title:

“Jamboree Anecdote.”

“During the summer of 1937, when I was at the Boy Scout Jamboree in Bloemendaal, Holland, I had a most amusing experience. Holland, for once, had been blessed with torrid days. The temperature . . .”

‘Cor’ dear, will you peek out the window and see if Stephen is covered?” Betsy requests from the kitchen.

“All right.” I peer through the glass door without moving from the desk, and see, lying in the carriage, our eleven-months-old boy bundled in his snow-suit, with his supine arms resting beside his head.

“Yes, he is covered and asleep.” Now, let me see. Where was I? Hmm . . . “. . . The temperature on this particular day was so blistering that it was an effort to move, yet the other Mexican Scouts and I, fully arrayed in our colorful Mexican costumes, sauntered through the camp to the theater . . .”

“Daddy!” I recognized the imperious voice of our elder child, who is harnessed in bed. “Daddy, fasten me out. I had a nice good sleep.”

“All right. Just a minute.”

“. . . Our costumes were all different in color and significance. Some of us wore the simple white suit of the working peons, others
the silver-studded, embroidered charro suit, but all of us had proudly slung our choicest serapes over our shoulders. We caused some speculation and comment as we walked among the spectators, and suddenly, being able to speak Dutch fluently, an idea came to mind. I paused long enough to open my serape completely and envelop myself in it. I had become a walking oven . . ."

"Daddy, you come right now to fasten me out," commands our persistent "Corki". No use trying to by-pass this order. The tiresome routine of dressing an over-active child follows. I keep wishing it were summer so that the tedious snow-suit process could be discarded. At last—hmm . . .

" . . . Walking around in the serape and hat, I overheard remarks from the startled onlookers, who couldn't understand my propensity for a blanket on such a day.

"'Look at him!' I could hear them say, 'it must really be hot in Mexico; that poor soul cannot even get warm on a day like this. He must be nearly baked.' Farther on, I was stopped by two girls who carried on the following conversation in Dutch:

'You ask him in French.'

'No, we'd better try German.'

'He's a Mexican who probably speaks only Spanish. Do you know any Spanish?'

'No, but I can try a little Latin.' In hesitant Latin the girl tried to ask me why I was wearing the blanket on a hot day. Shrugging my shoulders I indicated that I did not understand the query. French and German followed with the same mute result.

"Finally, I decided that the girls had battled long enough, so in my politest Dutch I asked them to repeat their question in that language. Their mouths, as well as those of the aroused bystanders, opened incredulously.

"From this moment, my trip to Holland was a resounding success and even now, thinking back to that episode, I always . . ."

Baby noises from the porch erased all thoughts from my mind. I sprang to the glass door and saw a tipped carriage, and on the floor in the middle of a mound of blankets, Stephen was gustily chewing shreds of newspaper.

Oh, theme! "Ave atque Vale!"
INVITATION

When I stroll off and go my way,
I look to find a small boy play.
And like a squirrel about a tree
He'll quickly stop in front of me.

He calls, "Let's go to find the fox,
—Capture snakes into a box,
And race the many paths and then
We'll go to find the mother wren.

Let's climb the willow or the oak,
—Whittle sticks so we can poke
Old lazy frog, or run to stare
Upon the cliff at all that's there.

Let's go to scout the pasture hill,
And drill the marching clouds until
The sun calls dusk. Come on! We'll do
A lot of things, just me and you."

"I'd like to join in your fun, boy,
But some would think that I enjoy
Your games too much and tell . . . Oh no!
My boy, I can not go."

Jonathan M. Lambert, '49
EVERYTHING IS NOT RELATIVE

Harry M. Bracken, '49

Rosiland Murray’s first American publication is certainly aimed at some of our weaknesses. In less than two hundred pages we discover what is wrong with our age and what can be done to slow our decline. Decline being axiomatic. But the solution she is advancing for this sick yet powerful age is through an agent we think we have had with us all along. Christianity. Writing with an almost naive style, Miss Murray indicates some major gaps in our scheme of values.

The general thesis being expounded is that a character called the “Good Pagan” is no longer at the world’s helm and that the Barbarians now have the watch. Meanwhile the Good Pagan is trying to join with the orthodox Christian in order to swing a mutiny. But by now you are wondering who this Good Pagan is. First of all, Miss Murray is quite explicit in reminding us that pure breeds of any of the above-mentioned species are rare and that all tend to be blends with dominant characteristics.

The fundamental causes of our differences in the world today are our conflicting attitudes toward God. The Good Pagan is an historical product of the failure of Christianity completely to permeate the heart and soul of Pagan and Barbarian culture while superimposed upon them. With the short-run loss of power of Christianity following the Reformation and during the Industrial Revolution, the Good Pagan gained ascendancy. He turns out to be a very intelligent man, a “kind” man, deeply concerned with amelioration of the world. “The easy consciousness of effortless superiority, supposedly characteristic of the Balliol Man, is natural and suitable to all Good Pagans.” So generally he is in the upper class, but in any case well imbued with the Greek principle of “Nothing Too Much.” The true (and very rare) Good Pagan just hasn’t faced the facts of life and love, God and the Devil.

The Good Pagan’s Failure
by Rosiland Murray, 1948,
New York, Longmans, Green and Co. 177 pp.
He is sure that man is "good" if he is allowed to be, and that both sin and evil will disappear if bigger and better schools are erected and longer and deeper sewers dug. He has appropriated the "Christian Ethic" as any reasonable man does, but naturally realizes that he is living in an entirely different age from any preceding. This lets him put the obviously unimportant aspects of Christianity (such as Christ crucified) along with Grimm's fairy tales. But the Good Pagan has had trouble lately. The fellows at the bottom of the social pile have been coming along. For since the governing class during the last century was of Good Pagans, the proletariat slid further from Christianity. Then with further mechanization and the spread of democracy, the proletariat displaced the Good Pagan upon his failure and without the aid of his background or of Christianity's, these Barbarians are at the wheel.

But the Good Pagan has made quite an imprint on non-Roman Christianity in the course of his ascendancy. He has done his best to make Christianity a road to a democratic heaven, and no tolls either. In pursuit of this notion, Miss Murray first presents the exalted estimations of man as expressed in her selections from Plato, Epictetus, Russell and others. What her opinion would have been of Professor Demos' lecture, given here at Trinity last year, on the Platonic doctrine of man, I don't know. He had apparently read more than one paragraph of Plato. It is also notable that no quotations appear from Aristotle. Perhaps because they would have required re-definition in terms of St. Thomas' Roman theology, thereby weakening her argument. But be that as it may, she presents selections from various Catholic authors in the Sic et Non fashion. They all illustrate the wide gap between a fallen man and a mighty God.

Our Good Pagan has drawn heavily on Rationalistic sources. He has brought them into, and thereby watered down, Christianity. He is now turning to Rome asking that they have a little "fellowship", and pull through this thing together—on reasonable terms. Several quotations are made from Anglican divines to indicate how thoroughly Pagan thought has mixed with Christian. But the "United Front" is definitely out of the question for Rome. Truth cannot be sacrificed for unity, although the logical conclusion to Miss Murray's reasoning seems to be that love can be sacrificed for truth. She does not, however, mention love.

Miss Murray realizes that Christianity is in a perilous position
today. It can only offer one way in, and a load of worldly goods can only be a burden. The way of life called for under the label "totalitarian Christian", (Miss Murray's phrase) emphasizes personal behaviour as opposed to the Good Pagan's "social conscience". Although she pays lip service to the doctrines of the Supernatural permeating this universe, she is only a step from the man-is-a-worm theory that smacks of Manichaeism. Then one no longer cares for this world, for freedom of anything, even for digging small sewers. One focuses entirely on the "next" world, thereby breaking the value relationships that should exist. It is a general tendency for modern literature to present some aspect of the sinner in man. It is justified, but in religious discourses authors go to the extreme in attempting to drive the point home.

The more Miss Murray deals with Christianity, the more one is tempted to wonder if the present physical and intellectual entity called Catholic Christianity is the result of two thousand years of humility and surrendered will. One wonders if Miss Murray had investigated her historical position as well as she has appraised her contemporary one whether she would have found any "middle ground". Some other phases of Catholicism might be found to reach to the same historical and in this case eternal roots of value but which have observed different applications in given times and places because of differing pagan influences. For example Aristotle and the Platonism of Augustine both found expression in St. Thomas, the father of Roman theology, whereas a more pure Platonism entered Greek Catholic and Anglican theology. But in both instances pagan influences determined the applications of the eternal Christian verities. Of course it is precisely that sort of "middle ground" that Miss Murray is trying to call quicksand, but her methodology suggests further investigation along those lines.

This is not, however, a book aimed at giving you ideas and definitions. You will finish realizing that you have a share of all three attitudes, a definition of none. Neither will you be offered many "facts". You will find yourself frequently called upon to justify your own religious and philosophic convictions. You will shadowbox with yourself, not a philosophic system, and you may very well knock yourself into Miss Murray's corner.
A

N old pickup rattled along the lane. Six empty milk cans tied onto the rackless bed jangled discordantly together as the wheels jounced through the ruts. Behind, a plume of dust streamed up to settle slowly, graying the new shoots of corn that reached out of the dark earth bordering the road. The pickup swung around the tractor shed by a yellow gas pump and squeaked to a stop in the shade of the great barn.

The driver, a lean, weathered man dressed in overalls, climbed out, blinked at the dust that overtook him, and removed his cap. He laid it on the seat of the cab. His forehead seemed green-white where the visor of the cap had shaded it from the sun. He walked around the corner of the barn where a red tractor whined at the end of a belt that swirled off into the recesses of the barn floor. A man and a boy were grinding ear-corn in a hammermill. He paused on the threshold for them to notice him. The man saw him first. He left the scales where he was weighing feed, walked to the tractor, hit the throttle, and the roar died to a mutter. He pushed the switch with his thumb, and the sudden silence rushed over them in a wave.

“Mornin’,” said he, brushing the fine mill-dust from his clothes and unbuttoning the collar of his shirt. “Hot 'nough for you?”

“Good for the corn, I reckon,” said the visitor. “Your corn looks good down by the lane.”

“Planted too late, I guess . . . wet spring. How’s that bull coming along you bought to the dispersal sale?”

“He’s coming along good. Good bull, there!” He spat in the dust. “D’you know this fella’ Lyle Willing? Heard he was with you a while.”

“Sure! Lyle worked for me over a year. Nice fella’. I let him go when my oldest boy got big enough to help full-time.”

The boy who had slid onto the seat of the tractor to listen, grinned at the visitor. Then he shyly wiggled the throttle of the tractor back and forth while the talk went on.

“. . . he’s from up Canton way. His daddy’s in dairy up there . . .”
As soon as the law allowed, Lyle left school and went to work for his father. He was proud that he could do the work of a man at fourteen, before the fuzz had grown on his checks. That was all right for a year or more, but the pay was small, and his older brother kept after him.

"Lyle bin shaving hisself, Ma! He bought a razor with his money last Saturday." Lyle would burn with shame for himself and hate for his brother.

At fifteen, he went into the shoe factory in Canton. Life unfolded before him with all its possibilities. He had hard money to spend where he wanted . . . more than he'd ever had. He bought a blue double-breasted suit the color of the sky at dusk. He bought a bright-colored tie to go with it. He bought some black town-shoes with narrow pointed toes. In his room at the boarding house he had a radio with an all-white cover to listen to, and each week he went to the store and paid two dollars and twenty-six cents to the man in the radio department. He older brother never said much any more when he went home to dinner Sundays.

In the factory, he learned to run his machine with all the facility of a farm-trained boy. Tukey, the boy on the machine next to his, was a year older than he. Tukey had forceps marks on his face and spoke in a high voice which was hard to hear over the machines. He lived in town with his mother. Tukey knew the girls in the factory. At first Lyle grew red when Tukey told him about them, but before the first year was over, he knew some of them himself. Then he met Ella . . .

"This Willing boy come into my place the other day asking about a job. He must'a heard I was looking around. He's been working for Old Man Jackson for some time. Said Jackson's sold out to retire, and the new man don't need him."

"I heard Old Man Jackson was selling . . . "

"I mentioned him to my woman. She says there's something she heard about his wife . . . thought maybe you'd know?" The visitor spat again into the dust.

"Well . . . there is something. Didn't want to mention it 'less you asked. None of my business. But since it hinders you hiring the man . . ."

Ella was different. She always looked nice. Lyle met her in the restaurant with a girl-friend of Tukey's. She was a sophomore
in the high school, and she went to the movies with him on Saturday nights for the rest of winter. She was like nothing he had ever known. Not very tall, slim, and with her long, dark hair she looked more like a movie star than his factory girls. When he finally asked her to marry him she agreed.

He bought a car. “Mr. Willing,” the used-car salesman called him when he signed the papers. It was a lovely car. It had a bright metal dashboard and fender flaps with sparklers. It had a radio and a chain of bangles tacked across the inside of the windshield. His daddy stood the note for him. In the car, he and Ella went everywhere. They went to the city. They went to the shore. Finally Ella told him they’d better get married, and they drove into the next state with Tukey and his girl for witnesses.

“To tell the truth, I never got much of a look at his wife. They lived in the bungalow up the lane, and she never come out of the house.”

“That’s what my Missus said . . . something mighty funny there!”

“She must be a good wife. My wife felt snubbed ’til she went over one day. She never would say what went on, but she never went back . . . we’re used to bein’ neighborly . . . their kid is a real pretty thing. Come to milkin’ with Lyle sometimes but never said much.”

“. . . they got a kid, huh?”

“Girl. Must be about five now . . .” The man looked up at the visitor, “Miz Willing has been sick, see . . .”

He took Ella to the carnival that Saturday night. The bald lights were fogged by the fine rain, and the “carneys” leaned disinterestedly on their booths and called to each other across the empty midway. Rain and mid-summer toil make carnivals poor in agricultural areas. Lyle won some flowered china-ware on a chance game, and a cigar for ringing the bell with the wooden mallet. Ella wanted to go home.

“Lyle, let’s go back to town,” she said. “Let’s go home early, tonight.”

He looked at her closely, trying to probe her meaning.

“I feel funny. She said we’d better not run around so much, what with the baby coming.”

“Aw, your mother said! Hell! Mine had me in the middle of harvest and kept a full table for the help!”
But she began to look shaky.

"O. K. Let's go back," he said flatly. "This carnival is dead any-
way."

In the car, he felt irritated. One of the china pieces on the back
seat slid onto the floor and broke on the jack handle. Ella sat silent
on her side of the seat. When they came over the top of the hill
he was going too fast. At the turn at the bottom, the tires skidded
over again, and landed with an earth-shaking thud deep in the mud
of the gully, its motor running, and its wheels turning high in the air.
He remembered the sickening helplessness of the first roll. He re-
membered the jar and the sweet-sharp pain as the steering post took
his shoulder. His mind, like the engine, kept running.

"Ella!" he whispered. But has lips didn't move. He tried again.
"Ella . . . Ella . . . Ella . . . Ella . . ." but he couldn't hear his words.
Something trickled through his hair to his lips, and dripped from his
cheek. "I won't taste it. I know . . . I won't taste it," but it was
not blood. In a panic he knew that it was GASOLINE. He
couldn't move. "Ella! Get out! Gasoline!"

He heard voices before the gasoline caught fire. His door was
jammed but they pried it open and dragged him out. He screamed.
They put out the flames in his clothing before they could burn him.
Ella was pinned. The fire department had to put out the fire before
they could pull her out. That's why she was burned. He lay on the
ground under a blanket. The wet rain fell on his face. He closed
his eyes. He could hear the men talking.

He was only three days in the hospital. When he got out, he
got some flowers from the florist on Main Street to take Ella. He
took candy the first day too, but when he saw her, he hid it in the
wastebasket. She didn't know he was there anyway. She had dope
in her.

Each day he went to the hospital. His shoulder mended, and
he carried the flowers in the sling, in a box. When she got better,
he talked to her, but she liked listening to the radio when they let
her on the ward. His white radio looked out of place against the
enamel of the hospital furniture.

She was burned beyond recognition. Most of her wavy black
hair was gone. Her mouth was a hole that stretched in a ghastly
smile over her teeth. The right side of her face was pulled up and furrowed by a mad plowman. Her ear on the right was smooth, without design or curve. But she was going to have her baby...

"He’s a good man with a tractor... good with a team, too." The man buttoned the top button of his shirt, and looked at the tractor. "You won’t make a mistake, takin’ him!"

"Sounds all right... I’ll talk it over with the Missus. She likes company, too. Say, d’you hear they was going to cut the price of milk again?" The visitor backed away a step.

"They cut it back much more, won’t pay us to stay in business. They say, though, the price of feed is goin’ down" He turned to the tractor. "Start her up, son!"
THE black market doesn't wait for Americans in Europe. Business begins on board ship as soon as the tip of Long Island shrivels into the western horizon. It isn't too brisk at first, although enterprising stewards and waiters have already commenced to palm pounds and francs into anxious hands. Five hundred miles from Broadway, the pound "sells" for $3.50 instead of the legal exchange rate of $4. The franc, right along with sister pound, dips in value, 325 to the dollar, not 300. As the ship continues to slice her course through the Atlantic, the dollar grows more and more. By the time the humpback Irish shore is a day's journey away, you can "pick up" the pound for $3, or if you're heading for France, one dollar for 340 francs. "Of course, Mabel, I know perfectly well it isn't the right thing to do, but you know how they sting us Americans."

Cobh, first port of call, speaks for all Eire. There isn't any black market. You can run up and down Dublin's main drag, O'Connell Street, waving dollar bills in each fist, but you won't get one taker. The Irish are comfortably clothed, possess decent housing, and have full bellies. No business to be done here by "our overseas visitors" from Zenith.

England, unlike hog-rich Ireland, has a black market. A sordid underground affair, it exists in London's Soho and the squalid coastal cities of Southampton and Liverpool. It's very tough for an American to be initiated into its rites and mysteries because it is run by a small group of despised "spivs." That's about the only reason you don't find Yanks.

France's black market, like sex life in Paris, is very different and justly deserves extensive treatment. The Paris black market flourishes openly on the world's best known boulevards. Such commodities as chocolate, cigarettes, nylons, currency, and gasoline coupons, leap from pocket to pocket in the shadow of monsieur l'agent.
The cop doesn't care; oh yes, once in a great while the government yells bloody murder, but what the hell, says Gallic spirit today: "C'est la vie."

The large influx of seersuckered and white-shod Americans with their alien tongue swells black market operations in the summer. So, if you want to sell something, buddy, put on that button-down shirt and head for the rue de Rivoli, for example. The shops along here are pretty interesting, and it's even more intriguing when you stop for a minute. "Psst, hey Joe, got anytheeng today?" Don't turn around; keep staring at those ties. "What are you giving for the dollars?" "Spesheel for you, Joe, 350." Hmph, you expected as much from these Moroccan squirts! You know damn well that the almighty buck fetches 400 francs from your "little man" up the street in the tourist agency. But, don't go away! Toy with him. It's fun! "How much for a carton of Luckies?" "Oh, Joe, zat's 1200." Hmm, that's four simolians; your friend gives five. "No soap, beat it bud." Before you reach your destination at least three more similar characters have approached you. Hell, price is the same as the first guy's. Guy's got to make a living.

At the tourist agency, no one's around except the boss. Slide the bills across the desk. He counts them, multiplies by a juicy 400, and presses a gummy wad of tattered franc notes into a sweaty palm. He'll take anything else you have to offer. You lose nothing on the Luckies. On ship, they cost you $1.50 per carton. Bring in ten cartons, just five over the limit. "I'm telling you, Joe, those Frenchies never search your luggage." Ten times five is $50; that's $35 profit for a nice night on the Champs-Elysees. "American youth is our best ambassador abroad."

Gasoline is the most lucrative racket. Why, Joe? You don't spend one red cent, that's why, Joe. Now, if you're going to peddle these coupons, and what American isn't, here's something to keep in mind. The market for this stuff goes up and down like the stock market. Prices soar in the summer because it's vacation time. They also rise on the first of the month and start dropping around the twenty-seventh because the tickets are good for one month only. Taking that into your noodle for a little thought, it's easy to see that the year's most wonderful prices are on the first few days of June, July, and August. Boy, the market's really bullish. You get the gas coupons at the Bank of France by flashing your American passport.
That's all there is to it. Nothing else, they're yours! A short walk to that tourist agency nets $50, courtesy of the Fourth Republic. Remember, Joe, the market goes up and down; you've got to pick your spots. "Gosh, Mabel, I'll be glad to get back to Zenith. These foreigners steal the shirt off your back."

A few lines composed about an abandoned house on Nantucket Island, believed by small children to be haunted by the ghosts of old whaling captains:

This haunted house, last haven of the dead,
A ceaseless, lonely vigil stands at night;
Host to unseen dwellers within its walls,
Resisting all of Nature's cruelest spite.

This haunted house, grey bleached by salt and sun,
Grows old with sagging roof and curv'ed lines;
Creator long entombed, it slowly dies,
Embalm'd in ghostly dust and strangling vines.

This haunted house, sole keeper of its thoughts,
A stronghold of adventure and of fear;
The days grow longer and night's mantle chills,
End now the fruitless struggle, rest draws near.

—John W. Coote, '51
Carlton was a good climber. His years of practice in the Alps and active membership in the Swiss Mountaineer Club assured him of that. But he was tired of his usual activities as a guide: laboriously taking the stupid, innocent tourists up and down the same peaks he had climbed as a boy. He knew every slope and fissure, and it irritated him to see the amateurs labor over routes that he could almost climb with one arm tied behind him. He now longed for something new and untried—a summit that had never before been reached because of its difficulty, one that would tax his utmost skill and endurance. Even the Matterhorn and the Weissturm no longer held any fascination for him. It must be the Salchow—tried but never won by any of the ambitious ones who attempted it. This must be his victory, he thought. To conquer a virgin peak would gain him much self-satisfaction; and he thought that he might retire, never to climb again, if old Salchow would be his. He knew he must go alone and share his victory with no one.

Carlton prepared for his climb. He packed no food, for this was a short climb that would be made in a day or not at all. He did not want to be bothered with even a small lunch—only the bare essentials: ice ax, crampons, pitons, and a small coil of his finest rope for the vertical sling hoists and crevice belays. He would need a well planned strategy to overcome the seemingly impassable "iron chin," a large overhang that jutted out horizontally from the east ridge, the only route that was at all possible. This overhang had been the turning-back point of the most successful previous tries. But Carlton had a plan.

Early the next morning he started across the small glacier with the sun and Salchow towering over him. The glare from the ice reminded him to put on his anti-glare glasses. Nothing so trivial as snow-blindness must stop him now, he thought. Within half-an-hour he reached the first steep scree-slopes and carefully made his way over the boulders and ice patches toward the base of the east ridge. Above him, two thousand feet up on the ridge, he could barely make
out the overhang representing what was to be his greatest barrier. The haze obscured the summit; but he imagined it as he had seen it from the lodge telescope on a clear day, rising majestically, not because of height but because of its championship over those who would bespoil its substance with their step.

Soon he was climbing the jagged ridge, testing each hold more carefully as the angle of ascent became steeper. He was climbing steadily; and perspiration began to show on his expressionless face as the sun beat down on the cold rock. He did not rest himself but climbed with a rapid and graceful manner befitting an expert. Once, as a strong wind whipped over the ridge, he was forced to hold his grip and hug the crest he was clinging to. This was followed by a minute avalanche of small stones which rushed past him and shot out into the immense whiteness of space which surrounded him on all but one side. The deathly stillness—broken only by an occasional gust of wind or the sharp grating of his hobnails on the cold rock—together with the two-dimensional aspect that the haze imparted to the surrounding space, created a void which made him feel an intense sensation of aloneness. It seemed to him that he was in another world, on another planet, and that he was the only living thing in existence.

Suddenly he was confronted by the overhang which cast a huge shadow on the ridge below it. There was no way to by-pass the overhang, for on either side of the ridge were smooth, vertical, stone walls with not even a crevice for pitons or fingers; the only route was over the overhang. After this was passed, the remaining climb to the summit would be no more difficult than that preceding the barrier. Carlton set about trying his plan. He inched his way laboriously up to the underside; and after roping his waist to the wall directly under the roof of rock, he leaned out and carefully drove a piton into a crevice in the roof of the overhang. Then by transferring his sling to it he swung out under the roof with the piton supporting his entire weight. Then drawing himself up to the roof again he drove a second piton farther out toward the end of the roof. He then transferred his sling to this one and swung out almost under the outer edge of the overhang. He glanced down into the dizzy nothingness below him. This was the most dangerous maneuver he had ever undertaken. Collecting his senses, he reached out over the edge and imbedded his ice ax in a crevice above the edge of the overhang.
Then slowly he drew himself up over the edge onto the steep slope above. As he was about to pull himself up to a better hold, he felt a tug at his waist. He feverishly unsnapped the forgotten sling from his belt. He dragged himself slowly up the smooth rock. One slip would have meant a two thousand foot drop to the bleak glacier below. But he had conquered the barrier! He sank to his knees on a small, flat precipice, gasping for breath and feeling jubilant over his victory. The remaining climb would be child's play.

After a short rest he plodded on upward. His fingers were numb from the cold and his joints ached from over-exertion. He moved his arms and legs mechanically—the grey rock passed slowly by. In less than a thousand feet he collapsed exhausted but triumphant on the small plateau of the summit. He had won! He had conquered the virgin peak! But now to return and let the world know. Visions of receiving honors and becoming president of the mountaineer club flashed through his mind. With nervous and bleeding hands he planted for posterity the capsule with the record of his ascent. He was almost delirious with excitement.

Then he began his carefree descent. It was so much easier going down, he thought. Then as he came to the overhang, the horrible realization struck him. How was he to get down over the overhang? His mind raced madly for the answer. He certainly could not hang over the edge and try to reach the piton. It was too far out of reach to tie a rope onto it even if he had not left his sling dangling from the piton. He had no more rope to make a sling. In his obsessed haste to reach the summit, Carlton had overlooked the technicalities of descent. Only the ascent had been foremost in his mind ever since he had first decided to attempt Salchow.

He gazed over the "iron chin" down to the knife-like edge of the east ridge thousands of feet below. He gazed until darkness closed about him. The cold wind that whipped around him set up a shrill cry as it played among the shadowy crags, and his eyes retained the gaze that became as fixed as the mountain. Salchow was still the champion.
L

LAUGH!" The stick rose twice and for the sixth time fell on
the cringing dog. "Just laugh, say something." The seventh
stroke fell harmlessly in air. The man dropped the stick; ex-
hausted, he crumbled to the sand; sobbed to the sand for the dog
could not speak. "If someone, something, would say one word,
only one word." The man cried on without control. In deep despair,
in utter agony he clawed deep ruts in the sands.

Finally, the dog’s cold nose touched the man’s ear forgivingly.
Still shaking with sobs the man looked up. His surroundings seemed
odd. He spat the sand from his mouth; "Forgive me, little dog,
won’t you?" The only response was a more enthusiastic nudge of
a cold nose. "You can’t laugh, or speak, I guess." He patted the
dog’s back with sudden affection, as if to erase the stick-marks still
in the fur. "You would not understand, dog. If you could speak
this island would be far more tolerable. How long is it now since
I last heard a human voice? Ever so long. It’s been just the noise
of the surf, the cry of the gulls." The man rose and brushed the
sand from his bare chest and ragged dungarees. "I must start all
over again to comply with my schedule. If I took one more look—
about from the knoll though, there might just be a boat passing that
I could signal. Nope! Must go to the point for food now, and
then at noon, as I’ve scheduled myself, I can take a look around."

He strode off down the beach with the dog trailing after. The
waves leaped at their feet and filled the imprints. No sign of man’s
combating the island’s solitude could remain. The beach returned
to its even smoothness of sandy monotony.

"Yes, it’s good mental practice," the man muttered as he dug
the clams, "to hold to the schedule; at least I eat better when I do." He
continued to entertain himself in conversation as he broke the
clams and ate them. The dog went off to chase gulls.

When he cast no shadow to speak of, the man knew it was time
to take a look-around. The schedule allowed. As a certain spot
on the beach the man made a military oblique with a springy step.
Almost gaily, he strode into the high grass. Nearing the knoll, he
broke into a run. There would be a boat this time. Waiting to catch his breath, the man looked at the ground and visually checked the pile of wood, the sea grass, both in position for immediate use. He poked under a flat stone to see if his matches were still neatly together in the box. There were three left. Everything in readiness, so with hopeful and courageous toss of his head the man looked up.

He looked out across the mile-long island, first to the West and the hundred odd miles to where the shipping lanes ran. Slowly, carefully he studied the blue composition. There were no boats; just empty, endless water. His head drooped dejectedly. Without looking again—"best not to look twice," he muttered—he turned off the knoll and shuffled down into the grass. He sat down on the island, his head between his hands.

"A schedule is a ridiculous thing. Haven't I learned by looking too long that the sea fills with boats that aren't there. I've wasted all but three matches on those ghost ships. But the schedule keeps me from having false hope. I can time my trips to the knoll by the sun, and I have to collect wood, and get food, and make the fire by rubbing two sticks. Doing what is scheduled keeps me from going crazy just looking all the time. Sometimes when I feel there is a boat, I look, and damn the schedule. There might be one now, but I've got to get wood. I might miss a boat because of the schedule; Oh! I don't know. I don't know. I've been over the problem too many times to know."

The idea that a boat might be passing wrestled with his mind until finally he fell asleep. The sun went down but the man slept only a few hours when he awoke to wait impatiently for dawn so he could look again. It began to rain as the light spread the East in sight. The man went back to sleep.

The heavy drizzle finally awoke him. There was no sun to tell the time. Today he did not have to go by the schedule. He rushed eagerly to the knoll. The dog, playfully, impeded his progress. The man was hopeful as so many times before. The matches were dry. The grass was damp but would burn if coaxed. He replaced the matches under the rock where they would stay dry. There was a sudden down-pour—then drizzle. It would be that way all day—all day, unable to see very far, and not able to light a fire in case, the man stared unconsciously at a small picket-boat about one or two
miles off shore. Not expecting to see a boat so near, his eyes turned south. Then he realized. He rubbed his eyes incredulously. A boat! A boat! Rescue at last. How long had he waited for this moment? But quick, a fire—a good smoky fire.

The man piled the damp grass neatly, attending each motion with a pause. Days spent in practice made each movement efficient, perfect. He took the first match—he had three if one failed—and under the roof of his chest lit it and held the grass to the flame. The rain moistened his back and neck. Excited, his trembling hands fumbled at their duty. The flames were healthy. Placing more grass on the fire—moist grass—it would burn—it must—the flames took hold and some smoke-thin smoke began to rise. The man took a brief glance at the picket boat merrily cutting the water with the bow stuck up proudly, snobbishly, as if to flaunt him, escape his society. It was nearing the point.

A man was walking aft. A little smoke rose to the air, but was too light to be visible from any great distance. A little denser now; he would tell them he had tried to swim the Pacific, had tired, and he would laugh, hear voices, drink hot coffee. "The drinks are on me, every one have a drink on me!" The smoke rose, darker. The damp grass blazed. Yes, a banquet with women, music, laughter and talk. There would be plenty of back pay—"The place is yours, men, everything is on . . ."

A sudden down-pour. The fire was out. Startled at first that the fire was out, the man looked at the black grass and ashes. The fire was out. He looked around at the boat. He reached for another match—there were two left—but he had dropped them in his hurry to start the fire, and they were wet and useless. The rain let up to only a drizzle. Down the path to the beach the man ran shouting at the picket boat to stop; waving to it to stop. There was no one on the stern. He ran out into the water—he ran shouting into the water yelling for the picket boat—he shouted with the cough of salt water in his throat, but the waves pushed him back—back again to the island. The boat passed around the point, proud, haughty, pressing the water from its bow into a grinning, foaming wake. It did not stop.

"Laugh!" The stick rose twice from the cringing back of the dog. "Say something!" sobbed the man as the stick rose again and again.
LOUISE

James D. McClister, '50

LOUISE unconsciously dropped her knitting as the train pulled into Paoli and ground to a noisy halt. Travelers hurried along the platform looking fixedly ahead as though trying to avoid an encounter with an old school friend whose name was long-forgotten. The old lady across from her was still talking about her five-hundred acre farm in Bucks county, but Louise was not listening. She was thinking of the time when she would be able to travel where and when she pleased, when she would be able to say goodbye to school-bound nieces and make comforting remarks to them about vacation time coming before they would know it, and then to go home alone secretly elated because she was free and could stay home forever if she liked. She would have a long, black foreign car to drive about the countryside on autumn days and she would wear a long silk scarf which would blow behind her in the wind. There might even be an astute-looking Doberman seated beside her which would snuggle up beside her as the wind became chill, and she would stop at a gas station to have the oil checked and watch the attendants admire her car, her dog, and her long silk scarf. She would pay the attendant for the oil and tell him to keep the change, and then she would step hard on the accelerator and leave the station shrouded in a cloud of dust. The tires would screech as she went around the sharp corners, and country boys fishing on the little bridges would look up from their birch poles and whistle. Sometimes she would smile and wave to them, sometimes not. It would be pleasant to see the townspeople pointing at her car and to watch their envious faces. They would make remarks behind their hands, but Louise would blow the horn impatiently at an imaginary, jay-walking cat and drive on.

Her reverie was interrupted by the conductor shouting, “North Philadelphia!” As she picked up her knitting, Louise was conscious of the old lady describing the beautiful birch trees she had just had planted along her garden wall, and she smiled and said yes, they certainly must be beautiful, especially in the fall. She watched the
gold ring glistening on her finger as she knitted. And when a traffic policeman would arrest her for speeding, she would wait until he had taken her license number down in his book, and then she would lean her cheek on the steering wheel and say that he really was very sweet, but Judge Daugherty was her uncle and she didn’t think he’d have the heart to make her pay the fine, and then she would retie her carefully-tied shoes and drive away.

As the train pulled into Broad Street station, Louise collected her bags, bearing conservative labels reading “The Baldwin School for Girls”, and struggled down the aisle, at the same time thanking the old lady for wishing her a good year at school. The same pretzel man still sold his wares under the arch of the station, looking more than ever like a frustrated general as he twisted his white mustache and looked toward the ceiling. Outside she bought a gardenia from a small girl and pinned it on her mouse-colored coat. She thought she saw a handsome young man admiring her, but he was really admiring the paint job on a Luckies sign behind her. Miss Blackstone would soon arrive in the school station wagon and she would have to take off her lipstick and maybe even the gardenia that was only starting to turn brown at the edges. But she would come back some day to see Miss Blackstone in a long black foreign car, and a long silk scarf would be blowing behind her in the wind...