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A VISIT TO THE ART MUSEUM

By John C. E. Taylor—Department of Fine Arts

OLD Hartfordites have often heard people from out of town complain that for a newcomer to find his way about our city is as hard as exploring downtown Boston. This may account for the fact that only after the out-of-towner has stayed in the insurance capital of the country for several days (or years) does he begin to be aware of all that is available in the way of art.

Not a few Trinity students reach dignified seniority before they realize that Hartford offers more for their delectation than proms, movies, or parties at the Heublein. Pleasant as these divertissements are, they don’t always—for some of you, at least—quite fill the bill. You might have had your curiosity aroused, say, in history class by a reference to medieval knights’ battle dress. Or perhaps a classics instructor said something about a character named Piero di Cosimo and his enchanting pictures. In any case, whoever (hypothetically) brought these items to your attention probably added that you could see them at the museum downtown.

Sounds grand, you muttered to yourself, but I haven’t got time. Such may really have been true. But wasn’t it more likely that you merely thought you hadn’t time—which, being interpreted, meant that you just couldn’t be bothered? The chances are, though, that you felt, uneasily, that you were missing something.

Now a bit of effort in any worthwhile direction is good for us—like cutting down on smoking, or taking a brisk walk in the nice fresh air. Or visiting an art museum. Our hackles usually rise at suggestions like these, though we know we really ought to follow them up. Oh well, we’ll get around to it one of these days. But at the risk of having you hurl the Review across the room, or, worse, yawn and flip over the pages to something more exciting, I propose to enlarge on the last of the above suggestions.

Some exploration of Hartford’s artistic resources would pay large dividends, whether you, gentle reader, be a native or an outlander. I hasten to say that if you have already done so, what follows is self-evident. Initiates need no proselytizing. This paper is addressed to those who still sit in darkness.

When walking up Main Street, you’ve undoubtedly passed a gray stone castle coupled, on its south side, to a Renaissance palace. The castle bears the date 1842 and the name Wadsworth Atheneum. The name refers not only to the castle but also, in general, to the other buildings nearby. They are all interconnected and include the Wadsworth Atheneum proper, which is the Hartford Public Library (and a good specimen of Gothic Revival, by the way); the Colt Memorial, which is the connecting link with the Morgan Memorial (the Renaissance palace); and the Avery Memorial—the newest addition and designed in contemporary style. The Avery is east of the Wadsworth and stands on the corner of the small street called Atheneum Square North and Prospect Street.

The two latter units (Morgan and Avery) house such fine collections of painting, sculpture, and other kinds of art that the Museum is today rated as one of the best in America. The collections, built up with great care over the years, present a wide and interesting cross-section of art history. Many top-flight names are represented—Rubens, El Greco, Toulouse-Lautrec, Picasso, and Dali, to mention just a few. The development of painting in America is

THE LAST LEAF

I woke with a start as from a deep, deep doze
And in my fog filled mind a scene arose.
A town of skyscrapers and upturned eves,
Of flowering bushes and deathless leaves.
And heard the slap of passing coolie’s feet,
Saw painted girls await the landed fleet.

And village maidens walking to the well,
Far off the sound of tinkling temple bells,

The scent of incense burning in the air,
The bare foot urchin combing his tousled hair.
Outside, the moon shone on the elm tree row,
The last leaf fell upon the glittering snow.

Floating softly across the junk filled cove,
From whence the old time pirates used to rove.

—G. R. Shea.
admirably shown by pictures ranging from our primitives through the work of Copley, Trumbull, and Stuart of the 18th century, the 19th-century romantic landscapists, to our painters of today.

As for other exhibits, you can, if you are a devotee of things nautical, see a fine display of historic ship models. These represent characteristic types—such as the topsail schooners that used to sail up and down the Connecticut River—and specific examples that, for one reason or another, achieved fame, such as the yacht Dauntless. Are you interested in the Middle Ages? At the Museum there is a collection of medieval sculpture and fascinating suits of armor. You can also find beautiful ceramics, tapestry, and costumes of different periods.

In addition to all this, the Museum puts on regular series of special exhibitions, a noteworthy instance being the tapestry show about a year ago. There are also lectures, concerts, and movies; and gallery space is provided for the annual exhibitions of the Connecticut Academy of Fine Arts, the Connecticut Water Color Society, and the local Scholastic Art exhibit. Indeed, just about any time you go to the Museum you find something interesting.

It is obvious, as noted above, that for those who care for the arts the Museum fills a real need. But others may ask, why go all the way downtown when so many good reproductions in books are to be had? The answer is, that whether you just enjoy looking at good pictures or are seriously studying them, there is nothing like having the real thing in front of you.

But for the skeptic, for him who thinks that he doesn't care a hoot for the arts, let me polish off my suggestion this way: Remember that nameless benefactor of the race, the first man to eat a raw oyster. This anonymous pioneer may have been facing starvation, or perhaps, in an idle moment, his cave-mate dared him to. At all events, he probably had to muster considerable determination. But once he had savored the scion of the Family Ostreidae he undoubtedly smacked his lips—and went back for more!

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TWO POEMS

By William H. Laufer

"Come," I said,
"And pose for me.
I'll paint you
Or sculpt you.
I'll make you
Another Venus."
Ah, she was beautiful.
Such lines of live and full flesh,
Of calf and thigh!
Such hip and breast
And neck and hair,
Red and lusty lips!

But when I bid her come,
She blushed, and laughed
And said, "I know better."

AUTUMN—NEW YORK CITY

As I greet the sun
Each veiled morning now,
I note with alarm
The overcast.

"New England forest fires," they say.
Strange,
That smoke from other fires
Should linger here.

Later, as I stand
Beneath the stinging,
Smarting gloom,
I wonder what fresh wind
Would drive
This new portent away.

The Trinity Review
I was discharged from the army for taking a bullet in the knee during my training at Fort Sill. The wound, only a tearing numbness, had put me in the hospital for two months. My knee would never work well enough for a soldier’s knee. I was discharged. I went home for a stay with my family before going back to school for graduate work. My father had a letter waiting for me.

"Your Uncle Dee wants you to come over to India, and spend a little time with him."

"What on earth for?"

"He was somewhat impressed with the two weeks' hunting you gave him down in Dorchester County last winter. He’s heard about your accident, and thinks you would enjoy a vacation. There seems to be a two weeks' tiger hunt coming up."

"And he’s asking me to go with him?" I pretended to think about it for a while. Inside, I was ready to pack my trunk at the moment.

"You all wouldn’t mind my leaving?"

"Of course we would like to have you home, Son, but we both think it would be a wonderful opportunity for you."

So it was, the next day, I was making plans for a plane trip to India. My mind worked hard at picturing my noble self slowly and coolly squeezing the trigger on some great charging beast. I was certain it was the one thing necessary to complete my education. I wanted very much to buy an English double rifle. The price was too high, and my uncle had said in his letter that I would be able to borrow all such equipment from his friends at the embassy.

My plane landed at Bombay. My uncle met me, and we started by rail to join the rest of the party in the Central Provinces. A strange feeling came over me when we met the rest of the party. They all seemed middle aged, paunchy men who I could not picture hunting tigers somehow. My uncle was the only tall and noble man of the party and he had never hunted tigers before.

When we reached the grasslands, we left the train and started off in U. S. Army Dodge trucks. I became more disillusioned when I heard that the beaters were going to meet us the next morning. The native beaters joined our party. We entered the jungle and for about four hours bumped over crude trails. At noon we came to a large clearing of what looked to be about a hundred acres of waist-high grasses. Here the trucks stopped. The natives cleared large spaces in the grass and set up house-like tents.

None of the men on the trip had made an effort to become acquainted with me. The rich companionship and interesting people that I had expected seemed non-existent. The men seated in the trucks reminded me of the commuters on the 8:10 going to work in Chicago.

The head of the U. S. embassy did come up to me and present me with a fine H&H .465 double barreled rifle. A perfectly balanced gun with tremendous shocking power.

In the morning the trucks were moved close to the dense growth of the jungle. The beaters went into the jungle. About an hour later one tiger appeared running swiftly through the grass. He ran between two trucks up the line from us. I saw one of the most shameful exhibitions of shooting in my life. The animal was borne down by sheer weight of lead. The men argued about who had made the telling shot.

Finally the six men in the two trucks drew lots for the pelt.

Another tiger was seen. He ran within a hundred yards of our truck. At the first sign of disturbed grass, my companion on the left fired his two barrels in the vicinity of the disturbed grass. The man on the right let one barrel go before he even got the stock to his shoulder. His second shot struck the ground about twenty-five feet from the truck. I saw a clearing in the grass near what I thought would be the path of the animal. The tiger came out in the clearing. I leveled the gun at the tiger’s right shoulder and followed with my sight until he disappeared into the grass again.

"Fire you fool. Get him. What’s the matter with you—fire! What’s the matter with you? Why didn’t you finish him off? That was my tiger. Why didn’t you kill him? Didn’t you see that he was limping? Fool."

I looked over at my companion on the right. His mouth had dropped open. Sweat was pouring from
his brow. He looked as if he were going to stamp his feet in rage. The man on my left began again.

"I've seen fever before, man, but that was terrible. You shouldn't be allowed a gun if you can't handle it."

I looked at them both in amazement. I was so surprised by their attack that I was not able to say a word. When I was ready to answer, the two men stepped off the truck in answer to the dinner call. When I reached the tents, I saw the camp was full of talk about the boy who was too scared to pull the trigger. My uncle said nothing. He looked at me. I saw apology in his eyes. I also saw that someone else was looking at me. He was the native attendant who had been in the truck with me and my two companions. His eyes seemed to want to talk. I went over to him. He was a man of six feet with a strong build.

"You killed tiger with eyes—Why you not shoot?"
I told him I didn't know. He replied that he knew.

"You not like other men—They not hunter—They killers—You want to hunt tiger?"
I looked up at him, his eyes were smiling, and they were offering a challenge. I nodded my head.

"Come with me."
"But won't they need you here?" I asked.

"They only kill once day," he replied, "Get gun."
I told him to wait a minute. I went to my host and asked him if it would be alright to take a man and go off alone. He smiled an impersonal smile and said "yes." I told my uncle I was going. He looked over at the native I was going with and told me that I was in good hands.

"How on earth did you ever get him to talk to you? He goes out on these trips all the time, but he has never said a word. I didn't even know he could speak English. Have fun."

We started off; my guide moved slowly ahead. His eyes moved ceaselessly from the ground in front, to both sides of the trail, to the branches overhead. He seemed headed toward a definite place. We walked on for about an hour, never saying a word. I noticed that he had an old rusty thirty-thirty carbine over his shoulder. I remember hoping that I wouldn't have to depend on his gun to stop anything. The jungle was becoming hotter. Sweat seemed to be dripping from everything. The ground became a little soft underfoot. We came to a marsh following the banks of a river.

"Follow where I step," said the native.

Unerringly he picked his way across the marsh until we came to a bend in the river, where a long sand spit stuck out fifty feet or so into the river. I noted that the high ground continued on back into the jungle. There were innumerable tracks on the ground.

"Hide here."
He pointed to some water rushes behind us. We had come upon the spot perfectly upwind. When we were hidden, I saw that we were fifty yards from the spit and in perfect view of it.

"What now?" I asked.

"Wait."
We did wait for an hour. Then we waited for a half hour, then fifteen minutes. Dusk began to gather. The oppressive heat lessened. I had just begun to dry off. Every leaf that touched my clothing seemed to turn that part it touched slimy. The parrot noises of the jungle became less distinct. All noises melted to a din. I seemed to be pressed closer to the damp earth. Every place that I picked to kneel, sit, or squat filled with water. My guide was so quiet that every move I made was magnified hundreds of times. It was only when I was quiet that the jungle talked. Whenever I moved, the jungle seemed deadly quiet as if the man-sound was not supposed to be there. Movements over there, next to me, and behind disquieted me. Every sound that came cocked my reflexes a little further back so that I was surprised a little more with each succeeding noise. I tried to relax—but no good. Soon I was tensing before the noise or movement even came to my ears. I thought soon I must leap to my feet and scream. If only it would come all at once, but this growing tension. If that parrot screams again, if only—My guide touched my arm.

"Look left."
I looked. There was a head coming through the dense foliage. I looked at it. It seemed to be detached. It seemed to becoming smaller—receding in the distance. I blinked my eyes, forcing myself back to the scene. The eyes, slanted and bright, looked everywhere. I did not see how we could possibly be hidden from the gaze. The whiskers twitched, the nose quivered, and the powerful shoulders moved out into the open. The neck was thick, but seemed slim and graceful, merging gently with the shoulders. The skin seemed to hang in folds under the chin. I lost my balance—a twig cracked under my heel. The folds disappeared to form a graceful curve from chin to front paw. I saw no movement, but suddenly he was completely disclosed. The curve of the back: it formed a hump over the shoulders, then dipped to run like water down the tail. For some reason my eye did not stop there. The dipping belly took my eye back
under the shoulders, back to the head, and to those eyes. Eyes that were independent, disdainful of anything else. They reflected only their own pride. The head moved slowly around. When his head moved, every part of him seemed included in the movement. The shoulder would relax, then stiffen, and the tail would move to the opposite side, seemingly to balance the great head. I watched for in-terminable minutes. Then slowly the neck relaxed into folds again. A rippling began at the neck, the left leg lifted, crooked, the paw turned down so it appeared as if the leg came to a blunt end. The leg was placed forward, the crook disappeared, and the paw flattened out just as it touched the ground. As the paw was flattening out, the left hind leg moved forward with no perceptible change in shape. The movement came from the haunch. As the left hind leg touched, the right rear leg moved, then the right foreleg responded, and the wonderful thing was in motion. He seemed so loose that I felt he must come apart. He rolled when he walked. The distinct stripes blended in beautiful rhythm. I saw no reason why the tail didn't touch the ground. Something saved it about three-quarters of its length down, where it turned in a curve up and to the left. I looked at my guide. His eyes were shining, and I saw the mockery again and I pulled the trigger—a click, good God, no—the other trigger—click, impossible—more shells, pocket—What was he doing? The loose skin had turned into a network of long lean muscles. The claws were dug into the ground, the teeth bared, the lips were curled back—Blake, "burning bright"—the shell stuck—backwards. He's moving.

"Shoot you fool. Why don't you shoot?"

He's in the air. Way above me. High as the sun-stripes, why are they so bright?—why don't they blend? The Christmas at home when my brothers were away at war. Just my mother and father were there. That was in Highland Park. My father gave me a shotgun, it was my first one. I was so brave. I acted just as if my brother and sister were there. People knew, and they came around to visit us. I was so brave. Next Sunday a man took me out to Exmoor to try the gun out on clay pigeons. Those yellow and blacks in the air. I smashed eighteen my first time. Everyone said that I was very good, especially with a twenty gauge gun. I was good and brave. I had a boat. I was the only one who had a boat. My friends all asked to go out in it. We would creep up into a bay and anchor there. We would just lie in the sun and talk. But I liked to go out in the boat alone better. I would pick out the stormy days and fight up the river against a nor'wester. I used to love to stand outside the boat and watch myself, solid, strong, and resourceful, gripping the wheel. I would open the windshield and let the spray drive across my face so that nose and chin ran with water. When I got back to my slip, the men would tell how they saw three-quarters of my kelson out of water. I would be proud of the boat; proud of myself. When I graduated from prep school, I took a trip around the United States, always sleeping outdoors. I fell asleep at the wheel going around a bend. I awoke just in time to fight the car back off the embankment on to the road. Yes, I fought it back all alone. No one was with me. I fought it—but not always. When I was little—asthma. I didn't have a bike. Everyone else
had bikes. I was too young to have a bike. After school, I used to go puffing and wheezing behind the other boys so I would not miss the games in the back yards, or the ride to the hockey pond. I had to be strong. I fought it back off the embankment all alone. It was hard. They used to tease me. My father was a minister. I shouldn’t get in fights, so I didn’t. They called me chicken. It wasn’t right. But it wasn’t always so. I went to Wyoming. I worked hard. My arms became strong. People were afraid to pick on me. At first, the men on the ranch didn’t trust me, but when they saw I was willing to learn, they took me in and helped me. But then I got a bike. I could go home just as fast as they could. The BB gun wars on the beach: I learned to use a gun much sooner than any of my friends did. We used to play on Lake Michigan: Up and down the cliff stinging each other with BB’s. I was the most feared man on the beach. I was always captain of a team, or at least chosen first. They knew I would not run. I didn’t play football, but I could drive a tractor better than anyone else. Planting, digging, ripping, lugging, nailing, tearing. I was in charge of a dorm too. One of the best sixth formers they said. Then there were the dances. I liked them. The girls seemed to like me. We talked and had fun together, but they never seemed—or I could never make myself get close to them. Why didn’t they help me? nod to me? anything—but they didn’t. I was never certain. I would go back home for Christmas. Yes—Christmas, more people were at home now. We had fun together. I would take my brothers and sister hunting. My sister and I never used to get along together, but we do now. When we went hunting, people never beat up game for us. We walked miles for a covey of birds. I got to be a pretty good shot on birds. I got lost in Wyoming once, just a mile or so from the house. I think I knew it, but I spent the night out. I used the saddle blanket to sleep under. I cooked two of the fish I had caught. When I got back, no one even noticed. I had to go right out and milk. It’s a funny thing how I sat reading sometimes. The books seemed to get further away from me. Even as if I had nothing to do with the book. Then sometimes thoughts would come—nothing to do with the book even though I was still reading. They came more as a throbbing than thoughts. The ceiling pressed down on me. I enjoyed the sensation. It was different. The sensation was delicious until I felt as if I were losing my mind. Perhaps I was out of my mind—why should I enjoy it? It was so brave—the red and green balls on the tree—no one was home except my mother and father. The man, Mr. Butts, took me out clay pigeon shooting. Yes, they all said I did well—they came to visit, too. They knew—I did especially well for my first time, and with a twenty guage gun. Those black and yellow targets fly all around, all over to the side, right, left, but especially overhead. Yellow and black targets breaking, tearing away the ceiling. Yes! Yes! breaking, breaking—fragments falling all over me. Yellow all over me, some black—My head. He was on top of me. Why didn’t his fangs tear at my throat? Why didn’t his claws rip out my heart. There was blood. Yes, it had happened. I am finished.

Then the yellow disappeared. My guide’s face grinned down at me.

“Shoot him you fool—why don’t you shoot?”

“He dead, you kill.”

I tried to get up, and much to my surprise I did. Something held my arm. I looked down. My hand was wrapped around my trench knife. The knife was sticking in the creature’s throat up through his brain. I tried to unwind my hand from the knife, but it didn’t work. Blood was running down my arm. I saw that the tiger had got one claw into my arm before he died, and ripped the flesh to the bone. For some reason I didn’t care. Then my hand came loose. I suddenly saw my gun lying on the ground. I picked it up, broke it open, and looked. Both barrels were empty. I had loaded it. I knew I had. I looked over at my guide. He smiled happily.

“I unload it.”

I was so aghast all I did was ask why.

“When I see you not shoot tiger in truck—I know you hunter. I unload so you can hunt.”

His large eyes smiled, and his big lips tightened in admiration.
BASEBALL CRAZE

By Stewart Woodruff

BEFORE his unfortunate accident, baseball player Eddie Waitkus probably never considered injury at the hands of a female fan as an occupational hazard. As I remember it, Eddie was lured into a Philadelphia hotel room and then drilled in the shoulder by a woman known to the trade as a "Baseball Annie." I am told that Mr. Waitkus has since recovered and is now back on the mound, or at the plate, or in the field, or wherever he's supposed to be. What happened to the girl, who was apparently as devoted to Mr. Waitkus as she was to his job, is a mystery to me. She may have seen a psychiatrist or possibly has been barred from our ball parks.

Although such lethal enthusiasm for America's "national game" is rare, a milder but equally annoying form of mass hysteria seems to possess the baseball-minded every spring. Beginning in March when the hibernating players emerge to slough off their winter fat in the Florida or Arizona sun, this strange fanaticism mounts through the season, reaching its climax during the World Series in October. Faced with this annual seizure, I always become depressed and a trifle puzzled as to what it's all about. Let me say that I think baseball itself is a fine manly sport, abounding in virtues physical, mental and moral. My quarrel is with the fans, a group so obviously large that I feel alone and forced to strike back.

Although the baseball craze isn't exactly breaking up my home, it's already begun to form the apex of a nasty little triangle. Someone took my wife to a Red Sox game once and it must have gone to her head—she's got the bug like almost everyone else. When the Marines threatened Ted Williams with active duty, her appetite fell off somewhat, and only today she has registered deep concern over the absence of Clyde Vollmer from the outfield. My unequivocal reaction to all this fluttery interest is "So what?" When that first game is broadcast, peppered with razor blade commercials and the monotonous clicking of the teletype, I've made up my mind to head for the hills.

Not only is the sanctity of my home invaded, but the spirit of Demon Baseball stalks me everywhere I go. During the height of the season, when the fans really begin to get excited, I am merely confused by such pungent terms as hitting .310, Texas Leaguer, grand slam and balk. I always thought the farm system was an agricultural project and that a slump occurred only in business cycles. If the conversation turns to baseball (It invariably turns to nothing else) I will either try to sneak off quietly or, if my escape is blocked, will pose as one of them by juggling around a few of the technical terms, usually incorrectly. When these conversations become arguments, however, I am always at a complete loss as each side produces vast tables of statistics, or reels off averages like an I.B.M. machine. All this makes me very uneasy, but I just have to bear up until the snow flies once more.

Right now, these baseball fanatics are concentrating on the physical fitness of their favorite players or team and the air is rank with detailed accounts of wrenched knees, Boudreau's broken nose, and numerous operations on which rest the fate of one club or another. Pitchers, it seems, have more chips in their elbows than a poker player on a good night, and all these must be carefully gathered up each season. As the months drag on, the emphasis shifts to "r.b.i.'s," pitching records, and bases which have been stolen; and towards the end, that phenomenon known as the "pennant race."

World Series time is the loneliest time of the year for me as the baseball fan begins his final ritual of devotion. It is a brief but trying time for me, as the country goes baseball, and I am almost forced to register an enthusiasm I cannot feel, a show of loyalty that just isn't there. The only genuine interest I ever registered came two years ago when Bill Veeck (or Phil Bleek, or somebody) used a dwarf as a pinch hitter. But as soon as this clever device resulted in ominous threats of reprisal, my ennui returned ten-fold.

I never could understand why I was singled out to pursue my solitary way during the baseball season, but I'm just as pleased in spite of it all. To the true fanatic it is a visitation upon me; to me, however, it's a good thing and I hope it stays that way. I don't give a damn what team Mel Allen plays for!
LES DJINNS

Translation by Alfred J. Wright, Jr.

The editors of the Review should like to express their thanks to Dr. Alfred Wright, Jr., of the Department of Romance Languages for having submitted for publication his poetic translation of Victor's famous tour de force, "Les Djinns." In a brief prefatory note, Dr. Wright says:

The present version of Hugo's fantastic poem is an essay in close translation as well as a conscientious imitation of Hugo's French meters, the syllabic count being for all practical purposes the same as in the original. The form of the original has been preserved and many musical effects proper to English have been called upon to translate the poetic devices of the French.

Accordingly, if we can comprehend the importance of the formal relations of poetry, those of rhyme and meter, then we can appreciate more fully Dr. Wright's translation. The translations which strive to present formal relations are certainly more faithful than those which do not. The better part of any poem inhere in its form. And doubtless, the more qualified and perceptive observer will agree that Dr. Wright's translation is a skillful representation of Hugo's poetic values.

—J. R. B.

Town, port,  
And walls—  
Resort  
From squalls—  
Seas gray  
Where stay  
Winds' play;  
Night falls.

Far and high  
Sounds a sprite,  
Mournful sigh  
In the night;  
Hear it toll  
Like a soul  
From a dole  
E'er in flight.

A higher cry  
'S a bell that pings,  
Of elfin spry  
That darts and springs;  
He dances, glides,  
On one foot slides,  
As on he strides  
In rhythmic swings.

The clamor grows strong,  
By echo rehearsed;  
'Tis like to the gong  
Of convent accursed,  
Or noise of a crowd,  
Like rolling storm-cloud,  
Now dull and now loud,  
Now ready to burst.

The demons' ghastly blare! ...  
Their deadly band draws nigh;  
Below the spiral stair  
To refuge let us fly!  
Always dies my light,  
And blackest shade of night  
Along the winding flight  
Mounts up e'en to the sky.

'Tis the goblin host which pass  
In their whistling, whirling pack!  
And the yews their wings harass  
As if burning timber crack.  
Now their rapid, heavy swarm,  
In its spin through space inform,  
Seems the gloom before the storm,  
Bearing lightning in its track.
They're here close by! Hold firm that door!
Within we'll try to stem their swell.
What noise outside! The dragon's roar,
And hideous vampires 'scaped from hell!
The beam, unfastened from the ramp,
Inclines, like grass beneath the damp;
The ancient door with rusty cramp
With all their force they try to fell.

Infernal crying! Voice that shrieks and sobs!
The horrid herd, propelled by the gale's whoop,—
God! let my house not fall before their throbs,
Though bulwark bend beneath the evil troop!
My dwelling groans as if to sink at last,
And one would say that from the earth unfast,
As withered leaf before the wint'ry blast,
The raging wind revolves it in its swoop!

O Prophet! From these demons vile
If you but aid me in my plight,
Forever my bald forehead I'll
Bow low before your sacred light!
Let firm these pious doors remain
Against their fiery breathing's bane,
And may they pound their claws in vain
Upon these windows in the night!

They have passed! In haste the mob
Flies away; at last their feet
'Gainst my door have ceased to bob
With their palpitating beat.
Hear the air with clanging quake:
In the forest, in their wake,
All the great, old oak trees shake
'Neath their flight, oppressed with heat.

Now, as the flapping wanes,
Afar their winging weaves,
So jumbled in the plains,
So faint that one believes
One lists to locusts' trill,
That chirp with voices shrill,
Or hear the hail a-drill
Above old leaden eaves.

What strange-sounding word
Still floats on the air,
As Arabs when heard
At hour of their prayer!
A song from the deeps
At moments still creeps,
And infant that sleeps
Dreams dreams that are fair.

The deathly elves,
Dark sons of night,
Back to their delves
Now haste their flight,
Their scolding drowned
As waves profound
In murmur sound,
When not in sight.

This vague cry,
E'er decreased—
Wavelet's sigh,
Scarce released—
'Tis the plaint,
Growing faint,
Of a saint
For deceased.

I fear
Not night:
I hear
The flight;
The blast
Is passed—
At last
No sprite.
At five o'clock on a summer's morning, London has a penchant for being wrapped in a blanket of fog. For some it spells foreboding, this eerie, intangible substance that arrests the rays from the street lights before they can reach the ground. For others who walk the sleeping, misty streets these tiny droplets of moisture seem to instill new life, their teasing effect stimulating one in preparation for the coming day.

To Inspector Mitchell, who was pacing the quiet streets to the Yard, the fog was none of these. Since the time that the problem arose, over six months ago, until last night, when he had reached a decision, his nerves and patience had progressed to the breaking point. He had allowed himself six months to decide the fate of a man, a man who had committed a crime to be sure, but a man who had probably thought, in his own mind that he was doing the right thing, just as the Inspector now felt justified in his decision. For six long months he had wrestled with himself and humanity, pitting his own realistic solution against the enveloping hordes of the present-day leaders who were wrapped in the fog of their short-sighted, idealistic thoughts.

As he passed under a faintly penetrating beam from one of the street lights, he found himself thinking tenderly of Hilda. Now when the doubts and suspicions that he had once entertained as to the course he must take were dispelled, he realized that he had been a damned boor to Hilda through all six months of it. Hilda, who had lain by his side through the eternities of the tempestuous, sleepless nights when he had soaked the sheets through and through with his worrying perspiration. Hilda had borne the transition from their comfortable mid-city apartment, bombed out during the blitz, to the housing project where they now lived, without a single complaint.

Hilda had her own worries with the rationing, but who still found time to worry for him. Well, now it was all over; all but the doing. This afternoon he and Hilda would leave on what would probably be their last vacation together. Perhaps the seaside, or maybe a small cottage nestled in the pastel-like Welsh countryside that the Inspector loved so much. After the way in which he had been acting toward her, he would let her decide where they should go. This thought cheered him immensely, but as he turned the corner and saw the lights of the Yard, he fancied that they were glaring and pointing at him alone, and all the old fears and doubts surged back, engulfing him in a wave of apprehension.

He suddenly realized that his assistant, a young, eager fellow by the name of Edmund, had probably spent the night in the office, arranging the details and complexities of the affair. Here was another person who had faithfully devoted his services, his private and home life, to the Inspector for the past half year. He thought wryly, that the whole business was rather like a feudal system, each component putting trust in the person immediately above him. The vassal in this case happened to be Edmund’s young wife, a pretty girl who was completely distraught and confused by the affair. This was where the Inspector found some solace, for Hilda had been married to him and the Yard for thirty years and could understand the necessities and the hardships. Well, if Edmund and his wife had the courage and the desire, Edmund might one day hold the Inspector’s position, an unenviable one perhaps, but one in which he would learn more of life than he could as a bank clerk and one in which he would learn more about love than he could in his marriage bed.

The vision of the tall, dank gates of the Yard looming in front of him interrupted his reverie, and as he wiped his forehead with hands damp from the tiny particles of fog, he realized that it was no longer any use to think of Hilda and vacations—this was (Continued on page 20)
A LITTLE BIT OF PARADISE

By David K. Kennedy

In the beginning, ages and ages ago when the world was young, a rift was opened on the floor of the Pacific Ocean. The rift was approximately 2,000 miles long and extended a distance of about 2,000 miles from the American continent just below the Tropic of Cancer northwest toward Japan.

Out of this rift volcanic lava poured to build up a chain of underwater mountains. The tops of these mountains form the group of islands which are now called the Hawaiian Islands. They begin at Midway and extend 1,000 miles to the Island of Hawaii, called the Big Island.

The first settlers of these islands were a Caucasian people forced to leave their homeland, India, by enemies. They wandered through Malay to the island groups of the Pacific, and on their way acquired darker blood through inter-marriage with Malays and Orientals.

By the time they reached the Society Islands, now considered the ancient homeland of the Polynesian, they were chiefly a Caucasian people with enough Malay and Oriental blood to make them a light brown people.

From Tahiti, the ancient homeland, these people, now called Polynesians, began settling the islands of the Pacific. The Hawaiians are a branch of those Polynesians.

The original settlers of the Hawaiian group are known in traditional history as Menehunes. The legendary history of the Menehunes pictures them as hard working elves.

It is believed the Menehunes were Polynesians. Their discovery of Hawaii may have been as long ago as 1,000 years.

A study of the radiocarbon content of charcoal excavated in a cave in Kuliouou Valley, Oahu, has established that Polynesians were on the island in 1004 or within 180 years before or after that date.

During the 13th and 14th centuries groups of Tahitian Polynesians rediscovered the islands and settled there. They probably conquered the Menehunes and either drove them out or absorbed them.

The Tahitian Polynesians are the ancestors of the ali'i or ruling class of Hawaiians. They came to the islands in canoes constructed with stone implements. In these large canoes, some double, they brought their families, food, plants and animals to Hawaii, a journey of more than 2,000 miles.

They were guided by their knowledge of ocean currents, winds and the stars. Many of these canoes returned to Tahiti for more immigrants and then sailed back to Hawaii to remain.

The period of long voyages and settlement ended about 600 or 800 years ago. Hawaii was again isolated from the rest of the world until 1778. In this year the distinguished English navigator and explorer, Captain James Cook, discovered the Hawaiian group. From that time until this, by being used as a refueling station, whaling port, agricultural frontier, and military base, Hawaii has built itself up into a modern, progressive American possession.

Geographically, the Territory of Hawaii is composed of a chain of islands separated from the mainland United States by 2,500 miles of the Pacific Ocean.

Politically, these islands have been an integral part of the United States since they were annexed in 1898.

The islands are reached in half a day by plane from the mainland. The average flight is nine hours. The leisurely four-and-a-half day trip by ocean liner is considered a luxury cruise in this day of air transportation.

Although the islands lie in the northern margin of
the tropics, they have a subtropical climate because cool waters from the Bering Sea drift to the region. Temperature of the surrounding ocean is about 10 degrees lower than in other regions of the same latitude. The climate is mild and temperate and is relatively free from any uncomfortable extremes. In fact the temperature is considered near ideal. The annual average is around 75 degrees. The absolute highest temperature ever recorded was 88 degrees in September, 1941, and the lowest was 56 degrees in February, 1909. The temperature of the ocean is usually around 75 degrees and never varies more than 3 degrees in the course of a year. The average rainfall is less than 25 inches per year and scarcely a day passes in Hawaii without sunshine. During an average year, Hawaii has 110 clear days, 177 partly cloudy days, and 78 cloudy days.

Trade winds from the east or northeast prevail continuously in the warmer months; during the cooler part of the year the trades are occasionally interrupted by winds from a southerly direction. Sometimes these interruptions may extend over a period of several days, giving what is known in the islands as "Kona weather"—probably the most unpleasant type of weather experienced in the area. Increased humidity, and sometimes heavy general rains occur during these periods.

There are eight major islands in the Hawaiian group. Oahu is the capital island. Although it is the third largest—only 40 miles long and 26 miles wide with an area of 604 square miles—it is the most important island of the group and one of the most important islands in the entire Pacific Ocean. Oahu's importance lies in the fact that it is the site of the city of Honolulu, its harbor, and Pearl Harbor, the home of the United States Pacific Fleet.

The island of Hawaii is called the Big Island, the Volcano Island or the Orchid Island, and all three names are appropriate. It is larger than all of the other islands put together; it is the island on which volcanic activity has never ceased; and within the past few years, it has become the largest center of orchid culture in the United States. With a land area of 4,030 square miles—about twice as much as all the other islands combined—Hawaii is a small continent formed by five volcanoes, two of which are still active in adding land area to the island. Its greatest length (north-south) is 93 miles. Its greatest width is 76 miles.

Maui, built by two large volcanoes, now dormant, is the second largest of the Hawaiian group. The two volcanoes formed separate mountain masses, which as they grew became joined by an isthmus to form an island 25 miles from north to south and 38.4 miles from east to west, with an area of 728 square miles. The valley-like isthmus between the two mountain masses gives Maui its nickname, "The Valley Island."

Kauai is the northernmost island of the group. It is the fourth island in size, having an area of 555 square miles. It is circular in shape, with a diameter of 32 miles. Kauai is called the Garden Island because of its lush natural greenery and beautiful gardens. It is also menehune land, the island richest in menehune lore. The menehunes are commonly called the pixies, or dwarfs of legendary Hawaii. Legends describe them as people "as high as a man's knee" who performed marvelous feats of reconstruction—all in one night.

Molokai, called the Friendly Island because of the Polynesian welcome it affords visitors; Lanai, called the Pineapple Island because of the large amounts of pineapple grown there; and Kahoolawe, referred to as the Target Island due to its use for bombing practice by the Air Force, are the next three largest islands.

Probably the most interesting of all the Hawaiian Islands is the island of Niihau, The Island of Yesterday. If there is any place in the territory where the heritage of old Hawaii is being kept alive, it is on the little island of Niihau. For here is probably the largest colony of pure blooded Hawaiians left in the islands. The approximately 205 inhabitants of Niihau speak the old Hawaiian language, much of which has been forgotten by Hawaiians and part-Hawaiians living in larger communities elsewhere in Hawaii. The residents of this semi-arid island depend on stored rainwater, for there are no streams and only small springs. They raise sheep, cattle and bees. The animal population includes 1,500 shorthorn cattle, many sheep and wild goats, and a collection of Arabian horses which were brought originally from India and Australia. There are no dogs, movies, courts or police on Niihau. But there are radios now and Honolulu newspapers are read avidly. Children are taught English in the public school. But at home they speak the Hawaiian they learn from their parents and from the Bible and Hawaiian hymnals.

There are several unique customs and habits in Hawaii that may be considered on the humorous side. One is "Hawaiian Time." This is a phrase that laughingly explains the custom of inviting guests to a function or dinner at what would customarily be the normal time to start the affair. You arrive on time and find the dinner is not served, or the function does not start for another half hour or hour.

(Continued on page 24)

The Trinity Review
CAPITAL PUNISHMENT: THE ROSENBERGS

By Jerald E. Hatfield

CAPITAL punishment and the Rosenberg trials are being widely discussed these days. People are asking themselves whether an execution is the best answer for a crime of treason, or for that matter, for any crime. The fact that there is some question indicates the possibility of a more rational alternative. Significant among such pondering is the reasoning of individuals basing their opinions on a Christian approach to ethics and a historical view of the evolution of justice.

The history of laws makes people dare suggest that justice might be improved on. Man's ethical concepts have advanced far beyond the law of "an eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth." Still there was a time when men were willing to live under such a code, just as some people today are willing to take a criminal's life with a gaseous or electrical form of "justice." There are others, however, who desire a more constructive form of punishment than extermination. Since they realize the innate potential in justice for improvement they are alert for practicable alternatives to capital punishment.

It is here that Christians ask to be heard. In the first place, they are not too happy about laws as such. Their ideal is the possibility of a society in which laws are unnecessary. But the Christian is not a cock-eyed optimist. He sees man for what he is, and recognizes the need for an imposed justice in a society of greed and competition. His concern then is for the best form of justice, because such a principle is a realistic approach toward his idealistic goal.

Julius and Ethel Rosenberg have been convicted of treason for having sold secret atomic information to an enemy country. It is clear that their crime of treason is the crime of murder. The secrets sold by the Rosenbergs mean the unnecessary deaths of countless world citizens. In sentencing the couple for their crime against society, we are dealing with one of the most important murder trials in history. The most frequent question is whether we have a punishment strict enough for such a crime. It is at this point that the Christian asks for a closer study analysis.

We recognize immediately a conflict between punishment for strictness and punishment for justice. If the penalty is to be in terms of strictness, we are back again to the historical "eye for an eye" level of law. Let's return then to the twentieth century. How can the punishment achieve justice? Several requirements are obvious. The punishment must maintain the dignity of the law if justice is to retain its social significance. It must prevent the criminal from repeating the crime and, at the same time, discourage others from copying the deed. And, not to be entirely overlooked, it might possibly reform the criminal. These requirements shall be our criteria in discussing capital punishment.

Our first interest is the preservation of the dignity of justice. To let a crime go unpunished would not maintain such an interest. Neither would dignity be amplified by the death sentence. Taking another person's life is, at best, a last resort. The criminal has committed a murder and this sinful act is not going to be improved upon by a second death; even that of a criminal. "Two wrongs don't make a right." A last resort is never too apt to inspire respect or add to dignity, and should therefore be avoided if possible.

Justice also is obligated to society to see that a criminal is not allowed to repeat his crime. Certainly capital punishment assures this, but it is also true that withdrawing the criminal from society is another kind of assurance. We may argue that life imprisonment gives an assurance that is only temporal, but our authority to administer justice is only temporal too. When we take a person's life, that puts him in the dimension of the eternal, and the authority of the eternal belongs not to us, but to God.

Justice is concerned that the punishment discourage others from copying the crime. No one is convinced that a premeditated killer is going to fear death any more than life imprisonment, and so it does not seem that the death sentence will serve the interest of justice any more effectively in such an in-
stance. Again we are faced with the alternative of life imprisonment.

Finally, the function of punishment in its highest sense of Christian justice is its reformatory influence on the criminal. Obviously not much such influence is going to be felt by a person whose body has served as a high tension wire. By taking his life, we have shirked our responsibility as a reformatory or redemptive society and we have dumped the whole business in God's lap. If God wished us to hand over all our earthly responsibilities to Him, He would not bother to keep us on this earth. Certainly our duty to our fellow man is such a responsibility. If we are that anxious to avoid our reformatory function as members of the Christian Church, we have failed to be Christians. By its very definition, the Church is the "Redemptive Society." Again, capital punishment does not seem to be a legitimate last resort.

For these reasons we do not ask whether the State has a punishment strict enough for the crime of murder or treason. We ask whether there is a punishment which is more in the interest of justice than the death sentence. The life sentence seems to be the better alternative. It is less vindictive. It upholds the dignity of justice in a richer sense. It prevents the criminal from menacing society by withdrawing him from it. It is probably stronger in discouraging a repetition of the crime by others, because a person who values another's life so little as to destroy it probably doesn't place a very high value on his own. Death is less of a threat to him than the boredom of life imprisonment. Finally, and most important, life imprisonment is infinitely more reformatory and therefore more able to fulfill the function of the Church as a redemptive society.

Thus, in every aspect of justice, life imprisonment is more successful. In administering punishment by a standard of strictness geared to fit the seriousness of the crime, we are really helping neither the criminal nor society. In contrast, there is a possibility that both might benefit if the life of the criminal can be transformed to be a useful contribution to society. Our parole systems can't be too careful about the danger of a premature suspension of sentence. If the life sentence is going to administer justice effectively, no chances are going to be taken with public welfare. But most important, justice is going to achieve a new dignity and respect. And to the Christian, a substantial step will have been taken toward the redemption of the whole of mankind.

Even the secular world of today would not try to discourage an attempt to bring order out of the chaos that exists.

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THREE MEN ON A HOUSE

Thunder and lightning. Enter three Witches and a person with a rather narrow head.

Protagonist. Did old Senmut philosophize When he felt Queen Hatshepsut's eyes Peruse the tomb he'd scupled

1. Witch. I'm sure he did.

Pro. And Michael, when he set his dome Upon the armory of Rome, Did he expound upon the fault Of less dramatic use of vault?

2. Witch. I hope he did.

Pro. Was Andrea's audience more swayed By what he spake or his arcade?

How can you answer that?

3. Witch. By both I trust.

Pro. Then tell me Mies, and Frank, and Corb What makes you think we must absorb The rationalities you make For your unpardonable mistake: The absence of grandfather's clocks, Cast iron deer, the chair that rocks— Where can we put 'em?

All. On the third floor.

Moral: Predilection postulates dichotomies inherent: The masses never could discern the real from the apparent.

—W. W. F.

The Trinity Review
I had been a year and a half since my brother Zeke and I had been home together. We were to have only a few days before he would leave for the army.

I stretched out my cramped legs under the seat in front and lay back to watch the fence posts approach; then dart out of sight behind. The train would arrive in Hillsboro soon and Zeke would be at the station to meet me. I smiled inwardly as I thought how he would look, his unkempt blond hair drifting over his forehead, and his broad shoulders slumped forward, hands in pocket, grinning up at me as he waited for the train to stop.

It was spring when we were home last. The Virginia woods were filled with laurel and dogwood then, and the sweet odor of balsam drifted in the air, teasing me as it wafted away when I tried to fill my lungs with the redolent aroma. We had spent the entirety of those days together fishing in the pond down where the stone mill used to be. Only the walls were standing now, and the great iron water wheel, much too large in proportion to what remained of the mill.

Now and then we had ridden the horses down to where Mill Creek ran into Guy’s Run, at the Indian hole, for a swim before supper. No one had been out with the horses since we left, and they probably would be a bit skittish for a while.

It was late fall now and the deer we counted that spring feeding in the lower pasture surely would be in the lowlands where the grass was more plentiful. We might even bag one if we were quiet and did not laugh at one another’s stories about Jean Tyre, our mutual girl friend, who lived with her aunt and uncle down on the old McCoy place on the other side of Mill Creek. It had always been more fun to talk about Jean than go silently and dutifully stalking a deer that was never where it ought to be, and I knew that time would never change our unprofessional procedure. There was always a chattering squirrel that was too curious anyhow.

The train was beginning to stop before I realized that this was Hillsboro. I jumped up and pulled the suitcase from the rack, walked the length of the car, and slipped down from the platform before the train stopped completely. Moth and Dad were there to meet me, but Zeke, I guessed had not yet arrived.

I put Mom back on the ground a bit more gently than I had lifted her, for I realized something was wrong. Zeke had not been able to come home, but had been sent straight to Kentucky to begin training.

It was home all right, even after so long a time, but not the home I had left. The days were long, and the woods were empty, and my expectations were again memories. Zeke will be home soon, and then it will be my turn.
Charles Huntington sat in his accustomed place in front of the cheerfully-curtained, barred window. Behind him, an aide moved about briskly and quietly, his starched white uniform rustling softly in the still oppressive atmosphere of the room. Rays of sunlight, streaming in through the window, illuminated the sharp features of Charles' face. His furrowed brow accentuated his Roman-like nose and suggested a formidable despondency. His eyes moved neither to the left... nor to the right... but stared vacantly straight ahead.

It had all begun with a well-meaning gesture by his parents. When he was still a young lad of sixteen, they had sent him abroad. He had returned from Europe fired with enthusiasm about anything foreign. He developed an insatiable affinity for collecting peculiar souvenirs, and his room at home became filled with a conglomeration of curiosities and knick-knacks from all over the world. Eventually he developed an attitude that amounted almost to sheer lust for such things. There was the thimble-sized music box from Switzerland, the animated puppets from Paris, the hand carved jade bust from Singapore—these, and many others like them, he doted on, completely fascinated by their enigmatic charm. After a while his friends began to look askance at his avid devotion to a collection of curiosities.

The summer of his graduation from college, Charles went to Tibet. Using the capital city of Lhasa for a home base, he and a group of tourists spent the summer inspecting the Tibetan villages and examining the quaint customs of the Indians. Charles, of course, was constantly on the lookout for some momento which would add to his collection. As the end of the summer grew near, he began to grow discouraged, for all he had managed to collect were a few insignificant woodcarvings. It was not until the very last day of his junket that he came across anything really interesting.

The group had been off on a three-day trip to visit a village of minor interest. On the return circuit they had stopped for the noon rest hour at the city of Tongdjak Dzong. The main attraction of this city was a large monastery-like Lhamist temple. Charles had seen many such temples in the course of the summer and this one did not particularly interest him; however, on the chance that he might find something worthwhile, he strolled along with the rest of the tourists for a look inside. As he had expected, the interior of the temple was similar to the others he had seen, and disappointed, he started to leave. As he passed by one of the dimly-lit alcoves with which these temples are so copiously endowed, he noticed, almost indistinguishable in the scant light, a set of rough-hewn stairs leading downward through the cold flagstones of the temple floor. Immediately his curiosity was aroused. He stepped back into the shadows and waited until the rest of the tourists had left. Then, making sure he was alone, he started down the mysterious stairs.

He groped his way downward for several hundred feet. Although there were flaming cressets set in the walls at periodic intervals, the anemic light thrown off by the flames served only to create a multitude of grotesque shadows at each turn of the way. At the foot of the stairs Charles found a long narrow corridor, which he followed to its source. It led to what resembled an old subterranean wine cellar, but actually was an ancient Tibetan mausoleum. At one end of the room was a dais carved of some black substance that Charles did not recognize. On it were burning three candles which threw a wavering light throughout the room. The walls were hung with tapestries, and the floor covered with a fine red sand. On the dais, in front of the candles, was a sight that made Charles' eyes open wide in
fascination. It was a miniature of an ancient Lhamist temple, almost but not quite, a replica of the one which was overhead. Many-colored stones, mounted in the ivory walls of the little temple, shimmered in the light thrown off in reflection from the golden effigy of a priest prostrate before its polished jade altar. In front of this little model, set into the mysterious black stone of the dais, was a plaque on which was inscribed:

"Gyna-Khri Btsan-Po"

The inscription somehow sounded familiar to Charles. From his pocket he took out the tourist’s manual which he had purchased in Lhasa. He thumbed through the pages for a few minutes, and then stared fixedly at a page titled, “Ancient History of Tibet.” In essence the page told him that Gyna-Khri Btsan-Po was the first king of Tibet, and that he had lived somewhere around the time of the Ming dynasty. The miniature was a replica of the ancient king’s temple. What a fine addition that would make to Charles’ collection! How his friends would gape in awe!

The sight of that tiny effigy fascinated him. In his eyes could be seen the demise of reason and the genesis of avid, mad desire. Desperate thoughts went racing through his brain. Feverishly he climbed onto the dais and snatched up the model. For a few seconds he squatted there, inspecting his prize. He put it into an inside pocket of his coat. A sudden noise behind him sent icy chills racing up and down his back. Whirling around, he saw, not two inches from his nose, a horribly bent and withered finger pointing accusingly at him. It was attached to a stooped ragged old man with a hideously pock-marked face. From the black toothless maw of the ancient came the words:

“Thou hast desecrated the tomb of Gnya-Khri Btsan-Po. Never shalt thou know peace on this earth . . . never shalt thou . . .”

The old man said no more, for he was knocked senseless by the terrified Charles who, being completely seized with panic, had grasped the shoulder-strap of his binoculars, which were enclosed in a heavy metal case, and swung them against the old man’s head. One blow would have sufficed, but Charles, in his madness, swung the heavy binoculars again and again. When reason at last conquered terror, the ancient one had gone to his ancestors. Charles, standing over his victim, was breathing hard and beads of perspiration stood out on his forehead. He suddenly felt nauseated, for he saw clearly what he had done. At his feet lay the old man. One eye, being freed from its cranial prison, dangled blithely at the end of its optical cord. It seemed to twinkle at him, vitreously humorous, as if having the last laugh after all.

Two days later Charles was aboard a ship on his way home. The coveted prize was tucked safely away among his belongings. As he leaned against the rail, watching the rippling wake stream out behind the ship, his thoughts were back in Tibet. The realization of what he had done appalled him. He was a murderer, he had taken a human life. It was not that the moral or the principle of the thing bothered him, it was the thought of what would happen to him if he were caught. To die was the last thing Charles wanted to do. The thought of his own demise made his skin crawl. How he cursed himself for having left his binoculars behind, on the sandy floor next to his helpless victim. What if they traced the binoculars to him? His name hadn’t been on them, but still . . .

Shortly after Charles’ return his father died, leaving him a profitable and flourishing insurance business. Everyone thought that Charles would merely delegate the responsibilities of running the business to an attorney, but this was not the case. Charles applied himself to the task of learning his father’s business with such a fervor that he amazed everyone. He worked like one possessed. His associates remarked of him, “What a tireless worker he is . . . how does he do it? . . . a fine man.”

But nobody knew the true motivating force behind Charles Huntington. Nobody knew that he was afraid, that fear ate at him like some parasitic monster, pushing him through life in a series of frantic leaps and bounds. An odious terror gripped him, and to escape its incessant soul-devouring hold, he drove himself at a furious pace.

Because he could not bear being alone, he married. The woman he married was, in essence, an obsequious soul who meekly followed the dictates of the exclusive coterie in which she and her husband circulated. The incessant hub-bub of keeping pace with her husband, however, made a nervous wreck of Mrs. Huntington. The doctor often warned her, but she did not heed his warnings; in fact, she used her precarious physical condition very often to obtain the attention and sympathy of her friends.

The Huntingtons occupied a suite of rooms on the top floor of the Seton Arms Hotel. The exquisite appointments of the suite sharply denoted the style to which the Huntingtons were accustomed. Ruby red drapes were hung at all windows, accentuating the deep beige carpeting which covered the floors. Throughout the suite there were several divans and easy chairs upholstered in a light pastel shade har-
moniously blending in with the over-all color scheme of the rooms. In the living room, seated on one of these divans Mrs. Huntington was sipping a cup of tea. She was dressed in a gray conservative-looking suit. On her wrist was a glittering baguette. The sound of a key in a lock and the opening of a door could be heard.

"Is that you, Charles?"

"Yes, dear."

"You’re home early. Is there anything wrong?"

"I’ve had a miserable day at the office, and a splitting headache besides."

"How terrible. Can I get you anything?"

"No, I just want to lie down before dinner. I think I’ll lie on the couch in the study, it’s quiet in there."

"All right, dear, I’ll see that you’re not disturbed. Oh, I almost forgot, Dr. Marston was here today."

"Really, what did he have to say?"

"Well, the usual thing. I really am becoming quite annoyed with hearing the same lecture every week. Dr. Marston has been treating me for six months now and my nerves seem worse than ever. Do you think I ought to try someone else?"

"Suit yourself, dear, but I don’t think that Dr. Marston would have been recommended to us if he were as incompetent as you make him out to be."

"But, Charles..."

"Really, dear, I don’t feel up to discussing it now."

Mrs. Huntington sat back on the divan, somewhat piqued, and watching her husband go into the study. Two minutes later Charles emerged and walked across the room to the liquor cabinet. It was not until she noticed the bourbon spilling on the rug that Mrs. Huntington became aware of her husband’s chalk-white face and trembling hands. As he turned and faced her, she could see his eyes, whose pupils were dilated with a consummate terror.

"Whatever is the matter, dear?"

"Nothing, nothing."

How could he tell her what was wrong? How could he tell her that there, on his desk in the study, lay those horrible bloodstained binoculars, that all of the terror and fear which had been eating at him for years had suddenly manifested themselves in the form of that odious incarnadine implement of damnation.

Wondering what it was that had upset her husband, Mrs. Huntington went into the study. Charles, immediately on guard, cautioned his wife.

"Wait, don’t go in there," he shouted after her.

But Mrs. Huntington had already gone into the room. She reappeared after a few moments with a look of bewilderment on her face.

"I just don’t understand why you look so upset, Charles."

"Didn’t you see them?"

"See what? See whom?"

Perhaps it was only my imagination, thought Charles. Of course, it must have been. What else?

But Charles was not at all convinced that what he had seen had been the work of overwrought nerves. He still felt a cold lumpy feeling in the pit of his stomach.

That evening the Brentworths were over for dinner. The entire meal was an ordeal for Charles. Mrs. Brentworth’s shrill effervescent laughter even further augmented his mounting enervation. He was almost desperate. Once, when the maid was clearing off the table, she accidentally dropped a serving spoon onto a silver platter. At the sound of the subsequent clatter, Charles jumped to his feet and shouted angrily at her.

"My goodness, Charles," Mrs. Huntington had said, “you needn’t be so harsh with her. She only dropped the spoon.”

Charles had looked from his wife to the almost tear-stricken maid to the upraised eyebrows of his guests, then, shrugging, he excused himself.

"I’m sorry. You must overlook what I said. It’s just that I’ve had such a miserable day at the office, I’m a little nervous."

The evening proceeded quietly after that, except that Mr. and Mrs. Brentworth threw furtive glances at Charles from time to time.

Charles stayed up after his wife had gone to bed. He smoked cigarette after cigarette, as he nervously paced the floor. At last, when he was sure his wife was asleep, he walked quietly into the bedroom. Feeling his way in the dark, he opened the closet door and took down a metal box from behind a row of shoes. Taking a small key from his pocket, he unlocked the box, and took from it a black-ugly-looking revolver. The cold smoothness of the steel seemed to soothe him.

He quietly closed the metal box and replaced it on the shelf. Taking much care not to awaken his wife, he crossed the room, slid the gun under his pillow, and got into bed. But the absolute comfort he had expected from having a revolver within his reach was not forthcoming. He rolled and tossed, unable to get to sleep. Across from him, he could
hear the steady peaceful breathing of his wife. Lying there in the darkness, he envied her. She had no problems, life was as simple as ABC to her. Then, as never before, did he feel the crushing effects of his inner stagnation. How vivid, how very sharp was the regret of the damned.

Eventually he fell into a fitful sleep. Subconsciously tormented, he began to dream. His aberration transported him effortlessly through the ether to far-distant Tibet. In his mind's eye he recalled every event of that fateful day. He saw, clearly painted, the picture of that time-worn temple with its cold flagstones. Vividly he remembered those rough-hewn, cresset-lighted stairs descending under the temple. There was the long narrow corridor, the shining tapestries, the red sand—all these he saw as if he were actually there. And that horribly bent finger pointing at him... the hideously pock-marked face... the black toothless maw... the dangling eyeball with its mocking twinkle...

"Thou shalt not know peace on this earth...."

A sudden noise brought the tortured man back to reality. He sat up quickly, his eyes open wide in terror. There at the foot of his bed was an ominous figure. Completely seized with panic, Charles twisted around convulsively, grabbed the revolver from under his pillow, and emptied the magazine into the person standing at the foot of his bed. The shots rang out sharply against the dark stillness of the room. The figure fell to the floor with a soft rustling noise.

Almost out of his mind with terror, Charles switched on the lights.

"My God, what have I done?"

There on the floor lay Mrs. Huntington, her nightgown stained a deep red where blood was welling up through six small holes that formed a rough circle on her abdomen. In her left hand was a bottle of nerve medicine.

They found him, the next morning, sitting on the edge of the bed, mumbling incoherently to himself. In his right hand he still clutched the revolver. His eyes moved neither to the left... nor to the right... but stared vacantly straight ahead.
FAITH, HOPE, AND . . .?

(Continued from page 10)

reality; and with an austere English "goddamn," flung at the world in general, continued the miserable predawn trek to his office.

* * *

What was that infernal sloshing noise? For a moment, Edmund, lying half asleep in his large swivel chair, thought that he was home, laughing at the baby as it mouthed its porridge. But as he saw the heels of the scrubwoman disappearing past the open office door, the full impact of where he was and what he was a partner to awakened him fully. Reluctantly he allowed his mind to return to the decision of the early evening, and beyond that, the climax that he had reached with Elsie at lunchtime. It had not been easy for a young girl who had lost both her parents in the blitz to be alienated from her husband for six months, not knowing where he was, when he would be home, or what he was doing. This, combined with the care of young Edmund had been more than she could bear.

"For God's sake, Edmund, how much more do you think I can stand? If you knew the way I worry about you, where you are, if you're safe. If you knew how I feel when I reach my hand out to you in my sleep, and wake up when I realize that you're not there beside me. Please, please tell me Edmund, and let me worry for you and with you!"

But how could you tell her? How could you tell a believing girl, a girl who worshipped you with godlike adoration, a girl who had never seen life outside of London, that what you were involved in would shape your future and hers?

Edmund's mind drifted from here to the conversation he had held with the Inspector only a few hours before.

"But Inspector, the whole affair just can't end like this. Believe me, I'm not a young fool being overwhelmed by old wives' sympathy or foolish rationalization. I've been through a war and know what it is to kill someone who is a robot, stupid enough to allow himself to be taught to hate and to kill you. But this is different. This is the life of an intelligent man who reasoned with himself and finally did what he believed in."

"God knows, there's truth in what you say, Edmund, but in this matter we're all, everyone of us, young fools—the members of the House of Lords in their white wigs are no more than suckling babes panting at the milk of promise this world holds in store for future generations. You came out of the last war alive, happy, with a pretty wife and child, in a frame of mind to forgive and forget so to speak. Try and understand me when I say that I have the same feelings, but I try to fight them when I realize that they are enveloping me in a lethargic blanket of dreams. This is no time to dream. Living in the present isn't going to benefit our grandchildren. You can take all you want, but you have to pay for it. Hans Gruner took more than he could afford. He came to England during the war, proclaiming himself a self-exiled German, but being a worldly man, he later decided to exile himself from our shores to the extent of giving atom bomb secrets to the Russians. You surely don't think that this is a pardonable action?"

"No, sir, but I can't help thinking that the man did what he thought to be the right thing."

"Edmund, if you get into Heaven for no other reason, you probably will for your unexplainable love of the bloody human race. Try to be realistic for a moment. When a man is motivated to endanger the lives of the entire world population, it is not because he thinks that he is doing the right thing, but because he deemed it profitable to prostitute himself in the face of all humanity. Now, after serving only five years for one of the most heinous crimes possible he is to paroled, set free by the men the people trusted and put in office,—free for more sabotage. The course we are taking may not be apropos for the moment, but my convictions in it for the future and my own personal satisfaction are unwavering."

Edmund, slumped there in his chair, tried to organize these thoughts into some pattern that he could believe in and understand. He thought that for a man to make a decision such as the Inspector had, he must believe in himself, something Edmund considered impossible in this case.

As Mitchell mounted the stairs to his office, much the same thoughts were running through his head, but instead of tormenting, they were rather comforting, for Mitchell finally believed in himself and his action. After living through two wars with his country and Hilda, he did not want to see that which his life had been built around perish. He wanted others to be able to see the changing of the guard at Buckingham, the swans at Serpentine, the coronation...
of a king. True, these were mere traditions, but they were in no way symbolic of a decadent or doomed civilization. They were things that imparted an aesthetic and intellectual balance to an otherwise materialistic world, lost in a haze of lethargic and wishful dreams. Coupled with these traditions were men such as Dickens, Shakespeare, Donne, and Shaw, men who lived ages apart, but who imparted to England the epitome in arts and literature. Now, when the machines of war and destruction were again looming on the horizon, the prospect that perhaps this culture would be liquidated forever struck a great fear in Mitchell's heart. He was a Christian, but he believed that the life of one man was insignificant to the civilization that he might doom, driven to the deed by promises of wealth and glory.

Mitchell realized that he had not succeeded in making this point clear to Edmund, but there was time enough for that. Edmund had been through a war and was now content to live and enjoy life in the present. After living another half-century, however, his fortunes rising and falling with those of his country and the ones he loved, he would, perhaps, understand. Pray God that he wouldn't have to, but if he lay awake nights as the Inspector had done and heard the work and toil of centuries, art and beauty which had survived hundreds of generations, being crumbled around him in the space of an hour, he would soon find reasons for believing in himself. He would believe in the future and gain a faint understanding as to why he was on this damned planet in the first place. Yes, thought Mitchell, you can take all you want, but you have to pay for it. It is not enough to enjoy the wealth and prosperity and culture of the moment; plans must be made for posterity. Edmund would learn all of this. He would go through years of sleepless nights and indecisions, wondering all the while just what the hell God thought He was doing. But, when after years of failure you finally did something that had some meaning, you knew that you had begun to pay, and life ceased to be a day to day existence and you began to give God some credit—for after all, hadn't His tradition lived longer than any others?

As the Inspector climbed the last flight of marble stairs, worn to a series of rounded troughs, the first rays of the fog-lifting sun slanted through the office window and crept down the stairs to meet him.

* * *

The same sun that managed to penetrate the dusty office windows also forced its way into a room on the ground floor of a large, damp stone building, its rays being dispersed in a longitudinal pattern on the floor of a room whose sole light hitherto had been the glowing end of a cigarette. As the light gradually pervaded the dank atmosphere, it fell on a form lying on a cot. With a tantalizing and teasing motion, the rays danced quickly up from the man's feet and across his torso until they finally concentrated on his face bringing an instant reaction of guttural cursing. With a lethargic and rather rheumatic motion, the man dropped his feet over the side of the cot, with an universal gesture, rubbed the sleep from his eyes. He was a small person, barely over five feet tall, his once luxuriant gray hair now but an austere ring of fuzz around his ears. His striped trousers, the remaining piece of a once pompous morning suit, draped rather sadly around a pair of tattered spats. His shirt was collarless, but the vestiges of his more lucrative days showed when the sun glimmered on the small gold collar button. All things considered, he was a rather comical sight, reminiscent of the shabbily dressed comedians who tell the dirty jokes before the girls come on at the burlesque.

As Hans Gruner shuffled to the wash basin and made his toilet, he was occupied by a single thought, one that afforded him a great deal of pleasure. After all, he chuckled, these were not the days when a political prisoner was left ensconced in some subterranean dungeon to rot with the years, and he now envisioned the termination of his days in the penitentiary. He had been a model prisoner and knew that the British public did not bear him the same animosity they had five years ago. The ironical thought that they might even engage him for more research made him suddenly laugh out loud. On hearing the measured tread of several persons coming down the corridor, Hans recovered his Teutonic stoicism and turned to gaze scornfully on those whom he thought were the bearers of his breakfast. A bit disconcerted when he saw that his visitors were the Inspector, Edmund, and another man whom he did not recognize, he continued wiping his hands and greeted them cordially; "Ah, Guten Morgen Herr Inspector. To what do I owe this unexpected pleasure?"

"Good Morning, Gruner. Have you had your breakfast yet?"

"I would like very much to talk with you of that, mein Herr. For three days now all that I have had for breakfast has been broiled kippers. Please forgive my probably bourgeois taste, but in all my years of living in your country, I have not been able to acquire a taste for them. Is it not possible that my diet could be changed, or I shall surely die of indigestion?"

"I will see what can be done, but now I must
speak with you about something a bit more serious. Gruner, do you remember meeting a fellow named Wooster, during your espionage activities?"

"Please Inspector. Show a bit of deference to a repentant man by refraining from using that horrible word Espionage. Ja, it was he to whom I sometimes gave the information to be transmitted to the enemies, but he is since long dead."

"On the contrary, we believe that he is very much alive and needs only your identification to be certain. We have this suspect hidden in the country, and if you are willing, will drive you there to make the affirmation."

Realizing the lucrativeness of the offer, and thinking that the British needed him already, Gruner readily gave his consent.

"Good. We will return for you in half an hour. Oh, please forgive my rudeness in not introducing you to the others. I believe you know my assistant, Edmund. This is Michael Fairfield, your guard on the trip."

Fairfield, a hulking young English lad, stepped forward and offered an awkward bow, twisting his cap in his two great hands all the while. The interview over, Gruner turned ready himself for the trip.

* * *

It had given promise of being a good day when the large sedan left the limits of London in the early morning, and now, as they drove through the flat countrysides of Caterham, the sun was shining down most pleasantly. As they progressed deeper and deeper into the heart of the farmland, Gruner become more and more chatty, punctuating his sentences with glowing adjectives and superlatives of the country and its people. This was a conversation into which Mitchell entered willingly, even Fairfield offered a few coarse remarks from the driver's seat. Only Edmund was silent throughout the entire trip. Once as they passed a pretty young milkmaid to whom Fairfield waved, Gruner remarked; "Ah, it is a revelation to travel this pleasant country. Your working class has a common tie that binds them. Witness the pleasantries just exchanged between the driver and that attractive wench." No word was spoken, yet they understood each other perfectly.

"Yes, we do have a common feeling in this country. Those who are not ashamed would probably call it patriotism."

"Please, no disparaging comments, Inspector. We, too, had a patriotism in Germany, but one inspired by the wrong man. You must remember that it is all too easy for the mass to be influenced by one who poses himself as a savior. For people who have been suppressed all their lives, the promise of leading the rest of the world is a difficult one to ignore. Here in England, the people have all existed together. They have been in dark abysses of despair and on radiant pinnacles of success. In short, they have not been misled by one despotic individual. You are people who depend on, and help each other."

"Gruner, either you've changed one hell of a lot, or you're a damned clever man."

"As you wish, mein Herr."

Mitchell, gazing out the window, realized that they were fast approaching the destination. Fairfield kept the powerful car moving at a steady clip, flushing coveys of drab swallows from the hedgerows bordering the road. As Mitchell watched, they would zoom upwards, now vividly outlined in the glare of the sun, and then last again against the dark backdrop of the distant thunderheads as they dived for their insect prey. Up ahead of them in the middle of the road was a wagon piled high with succulent, fresh cut clover, a little boy astride one of the straining Clydesdales. Now, during one of the most important episodes in his life, Mitchell found himself thinking nostalgically of the times when, as a boy, he had loll ed in the new hay, feeling the warmth of a whole summer under his naked shoulder blades. He returned from his fanciful journey by the abrupt jolt of the car as it came to a halt.

"So this is where the secret tryst takes place, eh Inspector? My apprehension is reminiscent of when I would meet my beloved in the gardens of Heidelberg." Gruner's little chuckle died almost as it had begun when his witticism met with no response from the others. Alighting from the car, he saw that they were parked on the outskirts of a thick copse of white maples, the sun glancing blindingly from the underside of the leaves. Stretched out before him as far as the eye could see was a Breughel-like panorama of luxuriant green hay strips, alternating with the darker ones of wheat, wending their path through a pattern dotted with small cottages, each with a wisp of smoke rising from the tall chimneys. He turned again to the Inspector and the silent others, and saw a footpath which crawled painfully up a steep rocky slope until it terminated at the door of an old shed. Before he could voice his question, Mitchell had nodded an affirmative reply... and turned to Edmund with the words: "Take your post."

When Edmund finally had reached the slope which afforded an unobstructed view of the road, Mitchell turned to Gruner again with the manner of one thinking over something that he had long since decided upon.

"Damn them all," thought Gruner. "What are
they trying to do? What is the matter with this Edmund fellow? He has not said a word the entire trip."

Engrossed in this enigmatic thought, the words, "Come Gruner, Edmund is waiting for us," startled him into realization, and he obediently began to climb the path, flanked by the inspector and Fairfield.

As they emerged from the shade of the trees into the humid glare of the late afternoon sun, several Jersey cows, grazing by the side of the path, looked up unconcernedly at the intruders through the protecting fence, then turned again to their business. Once he stumbled but there was no response to his hand, outstretched, asking for help.

He turned his head down the path to see if he could still see Edmund at his position overlooking the road, and as he did so, was aware of a cooling sensation, floating down his neck until it completely covered him. Turning swiftly, he saw that they were inside the shack, and as he strained his eyes against the gloom, looking first into one corner, then the next, finally, the entire room was in his scope, he saw that there was no one else there—no Wooster! With a sinking heart, he knew that he had never really expected there to be anyone. He realized that to supplement the flock, men such as Fairfield, there were others. There were Mitchells and more like Edmund were being bred to fill their places. The Inspector had known that he hadn't changed—that he was not even damned clever.

For some ironic reason, Gruner felt no fear or nervousness in his present plight. He had lived an unorthodox and perhaps evil life, but he had only tried to accomplish and fulfill what life meant to him. Gruner had always believed in the material betterment of one's self. What was the difference in the means he used to accomplish it, or those of a fat Bavarian butcher who allowed his thumb to rest inconspicuously on the meat scale?

He thought it only proper that now, in his last minutes, he should try to conjure up his and review his whole life, but the only thing he deemed important were the words that his buxom old nurse had read him from the family Bible—"Render therefore unto Caesar those things which are Caesar's." Well, the fat butcher would probably die of a brain hemorrhage, and he would be left there twitching face down on a dirt floor covered with crumpling cowdung. He wondered ironically what would be rendered unto the Inspector. With a sad but acknowledging smile, he turned from the doorway, seeing simultaneously, the all clear signal from Fairfield and the deft motion of Mitchell's arm as it leveled at his head.
A LITTLE BIT OF PARADISE

(Continued from page 12)

Many an embarrassed guest not aware of "Hawaiian Time" has arrived at a destination and been forced to wait a considerable time for the hosts to appear.

Hats for both men and women are a matter of preference. Some men and women in Hawaii never wear hats. Instead of wearing a hat, many women wear fresh flowers in their hair.

Informality of dress is so common among the youngsters of Hawaii that it is not unusual to see notices in the newspapers of "formal dress" dances to be given by clubs. The youngsters themselves understand that this means the boys are to wear their shirttails "tucked in" and ties. The girls may wear "long dresses."

The custom most enjoyed by the young people is that the children generally "go barefooted" to school. To the utter disgust of many, one private school specifies that the children have to start wearing their shoes and stockings when they enter the seventh grade.

The two best known traditions in Hawaii are the traditions of the flower lei and the hula.

From the days of the early Polynesians who lived close to nature and adorned themselves with the flowers that grew abundantly around them, has come out of Hawaii's favorite customs of today. Stringing bright and fragrant blossoms and giving these garlands as expressions of friendship is a gesture that plays a part in many phases of island life.

Today, as in old Hawaii, these garlands or leis (pronounced "lays") are used on such memorial occasions as birthdays, marriages, welcomes, feasts and school graduations. They tell the story of lovers and are given to departing friends. They are placed on objects of veneration.

Because flowers grow the year 'round in Hawaii, the lei custom knows no seasons. Men and women, islanders and visitors wear leis. They are worn as floral hatbands and instead of corsage bouquets.

The term "lei" is generally used to mean a flower lei. But there are leis—necklaces and hatbands—made of feathers, shells, seeds, teeth, minerals, or other material. Imitation flower leis are made of colored cloth and paper. Throughout the years, however, the most popular type of lei has been the plant lei, made of flowers and colored, or fragrant leaves.

The hula is a far cry from the sexy Hollywood version. There are definite patterns of steps that are followed, and the hips are swung in graceful movement to the music. The hands are the most important part of the dance. They tell a story and every movement they make describes something. It may tell of an erupting volcano, the waves at the beach, a romance, or it may be a comic hula. The hula is a gentle, historical dance in which every movement says something.

Many people have been lured to Hawaii by the summery climate, the lush foliage and exotic flowers, the colorful and varied scenery, reports of South Sea languor and style of life. Because of these unbalanced emphases, the newcomer to Hawaii is often unprepared for aspects of the islands which are more significantly a part of Hawaii. He is amazed among other things by the metropolitan atmosphere and by the diversity of racial and cultural backgrounds which characterize these people.

Hawaii has just under half a million people. While only a fifth of them are pure white, four-fifths are American citizens, most of them citizens by birth rather than by naturalization.

The U. S. census and the bureau of health statistics at the present time recognize nine such groups: Hawaiian, part Hawaiian, Caucasian, Puerto Rican, Japanese, Chinese, Korean, Filipino, and "All Others."

One can so easily become diverted by the fascinating story of each of the groups that have gone into the making of Hawaii today as to forget to look at the relations among these groups and at the far more important process by which they are becoming one people—the "New Hawaiians"—with a single way of life which they share in common—a New Hawaiian Culture.

There is abundant evidence that the people of Hawaii are in the process of becoming one people. After a time the terms now commonly used to designate the various groups according to the country of birth or ancestry will be forgotten. There will be no Portuguese no Chinese, no Japanese—only Americans.

The Hawaiian Islands are very difficult to understand and explain. The magnetic and magic powers of Hawaii, which come from the traditions, customs, and myths of varied ancient civilizations, hold its people in a bond whose strength is known nowhere else in the world.

Hawaii is best explained by its motto: "UA MAU KE EA O KA AINA I KA PONO"—"The Life of the Land is Preserved in Righteousness."
MUNICH, 1952

Wind whips the street where drums once beat
And the hooked crosses blow o'er the crowds below
With the strident beat of the hob-nailed feet
As they thudded on the snow, as the legions flow
Marching row on row—just ten years ago.

Where are the staves that dug men's graves?
Whose sticks beat out to the frantic shout?
The chill wind saves their frenzied waves
As an echo of the rout—so the powers they flout
May still stalk about with an air of doubt.

Where are the flags and the folds whose rags
Flapped in the air to the trumpet's blare?
They lie in rags with the wound that rags
With the loser's share—with the eyes of care
And the pride laid bare, and the hate-filled stare.

What of the slain who marched to the paen?
Of the confident hand, and the squad full-manned?
Kiev, La Compeigne, and El Alamein
Each claim their band—and the crosses stand
On the frozen land, and the desert's sand.

And how stands the creed that cast the seed
Of the subject mass and the Dachau gas?
Stars only heed the answer I need
With the fire-born grass in the Koenigstrasse
Mid the shattered grass—where the ghost-troops pass.

—Jack Boyer.

METRO

This is the city—vibrant life,
Metropolis of rushing strife,
Auto horns echoing splash
Along the pavements canyon-slash.
Below November's midday sun
Heedless shoppers hurrying run,
Heedless—hearing, seeing not,
City's massive patterned plot
Of soaring stone and steel and glass,
Music in a static mass.
Winter's first cold puffings moan
Between dark windows and walls of stone.
Listen to the great heart beat
Living, pulsing in concrete.

—Richard Ferraro.
But only Time will Tell

LOOK AT HER SKIS! REAL SWISS TYPE!

NOW WE'LL SEE SOME HIGH-CLASS SKIING AROUND HERE!

I BET HER SLALOM WILL SLAY 'EM! THIS I GOTTA SEE!

HOW CAN THEY TELL SO SOON? WAIT 'TILL THEY SEE HER SITZMARKS!

Only time will tell about a new ski enthusiast! And only time will tell about a cigarette! Take your time...

Test CAMELS for 30 days for MILDNESS and FLAVOR!

EVERY SMOKER wants a cigarette that will give him more pleasure, pack after pack. And more people have found more pleasure in Camels than in any other cigarette! Try Camels as your steady cigarette! Smoke them for 30 days and see how mild, how flavorful, how thoroughly enjoyable Camels are, week after week. There must be a reason why...

CAMEL leads all other brands by billions of cigarettes!