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FOREWARD

Baxter Hathaway

This is the first issue of a new college magazine. As a kind of publication, it fits superficially into a class of journals which go commonly by the name of "college literary magazines," and it is likely to be praised or condemned either for following the tradition set up by such magazines in the past or, on the other hand, for departing from the tradition. Now, traditions are sometimes good and sometimes bad; the worst feature of traditions is that anything which comes within their scope is judged not so much by what it is in itself as by its conformity to the tradition. The result is that traditional things do not change or evolve to meet new standards and new conditions: they either survive or depart this world abruptly. Unfortunately, some of them do not depart as soon as they should.

There is a sneaking suspicion in my mind that the old-style college literary magazines should have made their exit some time ago. They were traditionally modeled, so far as I have been able to determine, upon the Atlantic Monthly, or some such magazine, of fifty years ago. The Atlantic Monthly is not the same any more. We are not living in the world of fifty years ago and significant changes have come over periodical literature in the meantime. The world has plumbed for fact in the interim, especially sociological fact. Gone are the dainty little essays about robins' eggs found on the Boston Common; gone also are the reminiscences from the study of the booklover whose inspiration in life was his contacts with some of the great -- who, in other words, merely saw the pale reflection of life and literature. The magazine of fifty years ago had too much of that kind of thing in it. Much is wrong with the modern magazine: it is perhaps too much prepossessed by fact and the topical, so that it fails in broader interpretation; it is perhaps too journalistic -- which means, in turn, that treatment of ideas is subordinated to treatment of incidents. But still there is more vigor and closer conference with living in the modern magazine than there was in the typical literary magazine of fifty years ago. The college magazine, handicapped as it is, not only because its writers are immature and hence inexperienced with life but also because they are immured in unrepresentative environments, is bound to have its troubles when it tries to come back into contact with the world around it, but therein is no reason why it should not try.

If I can speak for the editorial board of this magazine, here is what it is trying to do:
1) It is trying to keep its feet on the ground that we all know -- which means that it is trying to mirror the life of this part of the country, to order the sensations and thoughts we have about the kind of life we live so that they are communicable, intelligible, and semi-permanent. We do not want to allow the New York publisher solely to retain the privilege of telling us what our experiences mean. Part of the time
we want to think and speak for ourselves.

2) It is trying to provide a medium by which we can thrash over some of the problems connected with college life and the present generation of college students. It is trying to do this in a more extended and thorough way than a newspaper can. It is traditionally the function of a newspaper to relate particulars, and the newspapers most of us know follow the tradition. In a magazine these particulars can be put together and illuminated.

3) It is trying to do its duty to the students who write for it. Its duty here is to develop them as much as it can, so that they are digging deeper, hitting harder and more accurately, discovering more their own potentialities. This is a service not only to the students themselves but also ultimately to the community in which they live.

4) It is trying to provide, if only in a small way, an organ by which the highly diversified and highly specialized activities on our campus and in our world can be brought together and synthesized. For the future this magazine is seeking, is even begging for, material from all parts of the campus.

If all this sounds too serious, let's start again. This magazine wants to be full of lively, intelligent expression of whatever is going on in our heads. It does not want to be dull; it does not want to be sloppy; it does not want to be inane. If any reader finds any of these qualities in what is expressed in these pages, the editorial staff, I am sure, would be happy to have that reader turn in something better for the next issue.
The door-bell was ringing.

Patricia looked over at Gaylord. He was lying on the davenport; one leg hung over the back of it, and the other dropped over the side to the floor. His face was concealed by a magazine. If he heard the bell, he paid no attention to it.

"You'd better answer it, Dad," called Patricia. "It's probably for you!"

She grinned, slyly. It would be the neighbor calling to take mother to church. They all knew that. But mother had gone early today. Patricia didn't go to church because at nineteen, she had grown too old for 'that sort of thing.' Gaylord didn't go either. He didn't believe in God. Mother took care of Dad's religion, too. "She enjoys it, and I don't, and that's all there is to it."

Patricia heard Dad going to the door. She heaved a sigh and turned again to the Funnies.

"Well, if that isn't good news on a Sunday morning!" Dad was in the living room.

Gaylord let his leg fall from the back of the davenport and stretched his body half-around to look at Dad. "What?" he asked, politely. Patricia wasn't so polite. Patricia wasn't so polite.

"Your Uncle George died today."

There was no pathos in Dad's voice, but a restrained excitement. Dad had been irked that he should have to leave his shaving to answer the door-bell, as if these two were the cocks of the walk, and he just around to keep their feathers preened and to see that nothing should ruffle them. His self-respect had been further piqued by Patricia's indifference. Well, here, by the gods, was something would make her sit up and take notice!

His words brought results.

"Uncle George?" Patricia sprang from the arm-chair where she sat curled. She looked at Dad. Her blue eyes began to water, her chin to quiver. She knit her brows. "Uncle George?"

Dad nodded. Now she was down off her 'high-horse'
he was touched by the grief on her pretty face. He cursed his malevolence. Patricia flung the Funnies to the floor and fled, sobbing, to her room.

Gaylord shifted his legs softly to the floor and arose slowly. He cleared his throat and walked over to Dad, who stood, indecisive, in the middle of the floor. George was Dad's brother. Gaylord put an arm around his father's shoulders, and in his lowest voice, asked, "When is the funeral?"

"Tuesday." Dad was embarrassed. The news was out. What was expected of him now? He wasn't sentimental about his brother's death. All of his brothers had separated at an early age. No great affection had sprung up among any of them. He had friends who were closer to him than George! Whether this was unfortunate or not, Dad had never stopped to consider. He was a simple man, and not one to worry about anything intangible. With Patricia it was different. She had visited her uncle often and held him in affectionate esteem. Besides, Patricia was high-strung. Dad should have known she would take it this way.

"Don't worry, J.P., I'll go with you." Gaylord slapped Dad reassuringly on the back. "I'll just call the Paper and tell the fellows I won't be to work for a couple of days."

Dad didn't ask him, as he sometimes did when he couldn't restrain himself any longer, where he would get the money to 'go with him.' Gaylord had a good job, but he was always broke. He was always 'treating the fellows!' Dad dryly remarked that if any beer-hound in the state were thirsty, it was his own damned fault! But Gaylord didn't worry about being broke. There was always money at home when he ran out. Besides, 'what was it good for anyhow?' Dad, although he called himself all kinds of fool, never let his son learn the answer to that question.

Gaylord dialed his number. Lord, how he hated his work! Maybe if he had some good, old, outside, manual labor... but he hadn't been brought up to use his hands. He got in touch with his boss; then he went to console Patricia. He hated to hear any 'female' cry.

"Whatcha crying for?" he asked by way of sympathy.

Patricia interpreted this as indifference. "Oh, shut up!"

She jumped from her bed and ran past him into the
living-room. Dad was seated in his big chair re-reading
the telegram. He was glad to see Patricia.

"I don't know why he had to go and die," she said
fiercely. Her chin quivered again, and, shaking with
sobs, she fell onto Dad's lap.

"There now, Patty," Dad stroked her head. It wasn't
often that he got a chance to show his affection any more.
This was another thing she had 'grown too old for,' -- for
paternal affection at least. "We've all got to go some-
time. Your Uncle George wasn't young any more. So-o-o.
There now. How would you like to go to the funeral?"

Dad wasn't irreverent. Patty was crying and he was
only trying to placate her just as he used to, when by
mentioning an 'ice-cream cone' or the 'movies' he could
stop the tears and bring out a smile.

Patricia sat up and blew her nose. "Of course," she
said, seriously. "They will all expect me."

'They' were the widow Edna and her children--some
eight or nine of them. Only Dad with his numerical acc-
curacy could tell you the right number right off. Dad was
proud of this accuracy. This was his sole bid for dis-

There were Guinevere and William, the eldest; Charity
Faith, and Hope (Dad was surprised Edna had any of that
left after those two!), and Desdemona. The names of the
others were unimportant; they had still to grow up to
them.

Guinevere was Dad's favorite. (He had seen the five
eldest through college). He said she was the only one in
the lot with any gumption--gumption that was softly dis-
guised by a pair of 'dreamy' eyes and a small 'rose-bud'
mouth. Of her many beaus she had married the one most
likely to succeed, an objective to which she, herself,
gave considerable energy.

'Bill' was good-looking, but short in intellect and
long in temper. "I didn't lose no time in tellin' him
off!" he would say, twenty-six times a day.

Charity, Faith and Hope were scarcely a quantity
when seen together, but less than that when seen apart.
Their best features were their brown eyes that waltzed
away when a man was about, but that were naturally trained
to a parsimonious trot. Their smiles were likewise versatile! They admired their uniform, physical flatness, it made no difference that the earth is round. They related everything to two principles: that a man should never see them with their noses unpowdered; that they should never succumb to any advances (though they spent hours devising means to provoke them).

When they were alone, they would sit in their parlor and sigh and sough and sulk, picking at the horse-hair that popped out in the black wiry bunches here and there from the leather davenport. Then, when Aunt Edna had finished cooking and dusting and sweeping and mopping, she would join them, listening to their complaints as if this were the only music she thoroughly enjoyed. They stopped only to peek out from the curtains to see who might be passing by, a game which even Aunt Edna indulged in. "We will just see who it is," she would say with a small giggle, upbraiding herself for this bit of roguishness. If it was some of their boyfriends, they would hasten to straighten the calendars on the wall, to see that the hooked rugs covered the barren spots on the linoleum, to arrange the music on the piano so that the names of the most popular pieces could be easily read, and, finally, to move the family pictures on top the piano so that the flattering ones of themselves might not be overlooked: a quick survey of the room, then a hysterical dash upstairs to the bedroom to get at their cosmetics. Once 'made-up', they would wet their eyelashes and brows, run an index finger up the seams of their stockings, inhale and fasten their belts, and leave the room to descend on their spellbound guest.

They bragged that they were too fickle to marry. Charity would find no one who wore the cuffs of his trousers long enough; Faith was looking for one who could dance as skillfully as he could make love; and Hope was waiting for the other two to marry so she could look their choices over and make sure hers was best.

Perhaps it was Desdemona's fault they took the step. Desdemona had been deprived of the counsels of the triumvirate because she was younger. A slim girl, tall and graceful, with wide-spread, dark eyes and a full red mouth, she would stay in a corner, unheeded by even her youngest sisters who ran screaming in and out of doors the whole day long. Boys began noticing Desdemona. Her sisters, though they might poke fun at her height and natural complexion, weren't blind. So at twenty-five, Charity married, followed by Faith and eventually, Hope.
Now Charity had a two-year old, Mary Bee; Faith had a baby, Shirley Lee; and Hope was expecting one, Dorothy Dee, and if it was a boy, she just wouldn’t have it.

Uncle George had been a quiet man with a soft voice that only rose in defense of his ‘kids.’ He never punished one of them, because ‘they don’t never need it.’ He owned a small gas station and sold fresh eggs and milk on the side. Most of his leisure was devoted to contests to win radios. There were always three or four around the house. In interims, he enjoyed taking out ‘Sears’ and ‘Monkey Wards’, and, with his horn-rimmed specs on the end of his nose, he would sit with his elbows resting on the oil-cloth of the big, round kitchen-table and thumb through the soft, limp pages of the catalogues, inhaling their scorched odor, while Aunt Edna and kids looked over his shoulders. He ordered what he thought they ought to have. This never failed to coincide with what they wanted. There were boxes of powder for each of the older girls (Aunt Edna said she would ‘borrow’) heavy socks for Bill, and bright galvanized pails filled with gum-drops and chocolates for the youngest.

“How can Uncle George afford it?” Patricia once asked.

“You never see your Uncle George nor your Aunt Edna go any place, do you?” answered Dad.

“No, she hadn’t. Moreover, Aunt Edna always wore patched cotton aprons and stockings. There was always a button gone from the side of her shoe so that the black strap waved when she walked. At least, this was the way she had dressed, but Patricia hadn’t seen her since Guinevere’s marriage. This would be no such happy occasion. Patricia’s eyes filled with tears.

“Do you suppose mother will go the funeral?”

“I don’t know, Patty. We’ll ask her. I hear her now.”

Mother entered the living-room, hat and gloves in her hand. Her blue eyes were sparkling; her cheeks were pink.

“Well, what’s the matter?” she asked, smiling.

Patricia wanted to tell, but in a flash of unselfishness and intuitiveness which struck her so seldom that she dwelt on the novelty, she knew that Dad probably did
too, and after all, it was his news.

"George died," said Dad.

"Well for heaven's sakes!" Tears came to mother's eyes. "Well isn't that just too bad!"

"The funeral will be Tuesday. Do you want to go?"

Mother thought a moment. "No, I don't believe so. You two can go, and Gaylord, if he likes. I have this cold, and I suppose all those children will be there. It might be just as well if I stayed home."

Patricia, Gaylord, and Dad left that same evening. They rode the whole of the next day, passing over the snow-white valleys of the eastern part of the state, and the white rolling hills of the Bad Lands. Here freakish rock forms loomed in the darkening horizon. Black clouds that had been gathering moisture all day, swung low from the sky. The country was forlorn. Through the gloom, the train's whistle echoed like the cry of a banshee. Slivers of rain began tapping on the panes. The lights in the narrow corridor flickered and grew dim. A parallel depression settled upon the group. They sat staring into space. Dad broke the silence. He was leaning back in the seat, his arms and legs crossed.

"I wonder what your mother is doing?" he said.

"Yea.--Wonder what the fellows are doing, too," added Gaylord.

"You both sound as if we'd been away for years!" snapped Patricia and burst into tears.

Gaylord's jaw dropped...no telling what a 'female' would do next! But Dad knew Patricia. She was more lonesome than either Gaylord or he. If he petted her, she would only cry harder. The conductor appeared, relieving the tension.

"It's just a short way down here now," he said.

Dad thanked him and stood while the porter dusted him off. "Dis heah shuh ain't mah weathah! No, suh! It most assu'dly ain't."
Gaylord wiped the moisture from the window-pane with the back of his hand and tried to look out. He turned from the window in disgust. "Nuts! Not even a light in this jerk-water town!"

The train stopped. The three stepped from the warm coach onto the cold wet platform. Someone stood beside the porter; a kerosene lantern hung from his hand, casting a green, eerie circle of light. It was Bill. His coat-collar was pulled up around his ears; his cap was well down on his forehead.

"Hello, Patrici.a." He kissed her. His face was wet, but this was from the rain. He greeted Gaylord, and then turned to Dad.

"Hello, Uncle John." He shook Dad's hand and turned his head quickly away. Patricia and Gaylord were ill at ease. It was up to Dad now.

"Which way is the car, Bill?" asked Dad, gently.

Bill nodded ahead. "Watch out for the boards. They're slippery." He indicated the wooden platform covered with slush.

The Overland was parked beside the depot. Patricia and Gaylord got in back. Patricia was unprepared for the cold leather that touched her legs, for the seat was wet where the rain had found its way in under the side-curtains. The wind pounded against the flaps.

"You got my telegram?" Bill asked Dad by way of beginning.

"Yes, I did, Bill."

Patricia and Gaylord strained their ears to hear every word. "How did it happen?"

"Well, dad hasn't been well come some time, Uncle John. Last week he had another of his spells. I drove him to the hospital at B--. He figured he didn't have much longer, I guess." Bill's voice broke. "--Saturday night he went to bed, and just never got up. The doctor said he hadn't suffered none at all. I got the casket and made all the arrangements for the funeral. They fixed him up awfully nice."

"You're going to bury him here?"

"No. Most of us kids live around B--, and it ain't far for mama. She won't never go too far away, I guess."

"I suppose Guinevere and the other girls are with her?"
"Yes. They brought their kids too. They're sure cute! Hope has one comin' any day now. She sure looks that way too.

Patricia blushed and heard Gaylord snicker. She, too, giggled a moment, hysterically. High-strung and conscious of the depression of the hour, she, nevertheless, thought of how short Hope was and how funny she would look, and the nervous little titter escaped her.

They drove up into the yard. The car skidded and stopped. There was a light shining from the windows of all four rooms, but the absence of voices and laughter made the unusual brightness sinister. Bill had stopped as near as he could to the walk—an invention of two ties laid side by side. The ties were slippery. The slush alongside covered an adhesive, treacherous gumbo. They all entered the dingy entry, scraping the slush and gumbo from their shoes with a table-knife left out there for that purpose. What they couldn't scrape off, they wiped off on the piece of gunny-sack that lay, sopping wet, on the floor-boards. Gaylord bumped against a three-legged stool and knocked over a soap dish. A tin wash-basin rang against the wall.

Bill opened the kitchen door. A gas lamp glaring at them from the center of the ceiling, blinding them for an instant. Their eyes adjusted, they saw a room full of people. There were familiar faces at the big round table: several elbows rested on the flowered oilcloth. A few men stood behind the table, their backs to the stove. Tangible odors of powder and perfume, of damp clothes, of gas, and of linseed (the oil-cloth was nearly nauseating in the heat), filled the room.

To one side, by the cupboard, sat Aunt Edna. She was rocking a baby, patting it, rhythmically. Her hair had turned white. She wore the same kind of cotton apron and stockings, and there was still one button gone from a shoe. She saw Dad and arose, while Faith took the baby. She walked slowly toward Dad like a somnambulist, staring at him all the while. She let him take her hand, then suddenly she leaned her frail body against him and cried like a broken-hearted child.

Dad was unprepared for this, but, if he was uncomfortable, his calm face didn't show it. Neither did it show the unexpected pride which surged through him. George dead, it was natural that Edna should turn to his brother, he thought. Dad let her weep until her energy was expended; then he patted her shoulder. There were tears in his eyes. Like Gaylord, he couldn't stand to see a woman cry, and Edna's grief moved him deeply. "There, now, Edna. We can't all go on living forever. George had a good long life."

Edna raised her head. "I know it, John, but it seems like only yesterday that he was right here with me, and now he's--." She reached in her apron-pocket for a handkerchief, the tears flowing freely.
Gaylord watched this scene, not knowing what else to do. Cripes! Wasn't it awful, he thought. If he had known it was going to be like this---!

The muscles of Patricia's stomach ached from holding back the tears. How terrible for Aunt Edna! She had forgotten the others, and was surprised to find Guinevere beside her. Guinevere was plumper and more independent than she had ever been. Her features were now subordinate to her ambitions.

The other cousins hadn't budged from the table. Charity and Faith were the same. Their children were nearly as big as they. They were selfish with their young and of their husbands who stood behind them. The husbands were all aglow. In spite of her feelings, Patricia was able to note the shortness of their pants' cuffs.

Hope was hardly recognizable in her new size. She stood lowering her eye-lids, talking of her approaching motherhood as if she were endowed with the exclusive patent. Her young sisters were taking everything in.

Only Desdemona was absent. Ignored by the others, Patricia went in search of her. She found her in the other room, weeping in a corner.

Dad couldn't stay with Edna more than a day. Was she amply provided for?

Bill walked over to the cupboard and removed a green, enameled tin box. "Here are all the papers, Uncle John."

"I just don't understand why Dad didn't tell Mama more about these things," said Guinevere.

"Your dad isn't the only one, Guinevere. You'd be surprised to know how many people leave us without discussing them."

Dad questioned Bill and seemed satisfied with what he learned. Aunt Edna was too fatigued and bewildered to heed. She waited until the papers were back in the box; then she spoke. "I suppose we'd better go to bed," she said. "We have to get up early tomorrow."

She arose, and again sobs shook her. "I just know it will rain for his funeral!" she said.

The funeral was to be held at one o'clock. Unrestrained excitement prevailed among the members of the family. Aware that they would be the center of interest this afternoon, they forgot their grief, for a brief moment at least.
in anticipation of their glory—all except Aunt Edna and Desdemona, who had forgotten their grief in their despair. The old kitchen mirror, missing here and there of silver, reflected each familiar face in such rapid succession that the images merged.

Patricia, Gaylord, and Dad were no party to this primping. Gaylord’s face registered amusement; Patricia’s showed plainly disdain—it was such bad taste, she thought, Dad was thinking how none of them had changed in all the years he had known them. The last inventory taken, everyone stood ready. hey buzzed out of the house to the last one, like bees swarming to a new hive. They flew through the rain to the cars assigned them. Dad rode with Guinevere’s husband. Patricia and Gaylord were again in back. They passed the few straggling houses of the town, square wooden houses, painted a box-car red, with a small unit of the same color a few yards in back. Gaylord nudged Patricia—there were faces at the windows of every house!

Guinevere’s husband was hard-put to keep the car in the road. Patricia and Gaylord were jostled about in the back seat in a fashion that set fire to their tempers. Their feet were as cold as ice. After what seemed hours, they arrived at B—, and drove to the mortuary. Some of the cars had already arrived. Gaylord looked at Patricia, and there was a nervous smirk on his face. He hated like the devil going in there. She was nervous too, but she ignored him.

Bill was standing beneath the dripping eaves. He wanted to smoke, but his hand shook, and he had to throw the cigarette away. He opened the door for his relatives.

In the vestibule, Aunt Edna was sitting on a wicker couch. Guinevere supported her. Both of them were weeping. "He looks so peaceful!" Guinevere said.

They followed Bill on into the parlor. A number of people were grouped around the coffin. Dad advanced quietly. Patricia was shaking so with nervousness she could hardly walk. Strangers parted to give them place.

The coffin was covered with a blanket of white carnations. These were probably the first flowers Uncle George had ever had near him. He had been allergic to flowers during his life, and there were never any in the house. He was dressed in a grey suit with light pin-stripes: he had never worn anything but black. His head rested on a white, ruffled, satin cushion. With his plain simplicity, Uncle George never would have understood why that was a pillow.
It looked as if the family had disapproved of everything he represented while he was living, and, now that he was dead, they were going to have their way.

What Uncle George would have thought of the mourners is difficult to say. Surely he would have regretted the grief he brought to those who cared; he might even have been amused at those who didn't, but pretended; certainly he would have been confused at the tears of Faith, Charity, and Hope. His ashen, powdered face and closed, rouged lips held no expression of opinion.

Dad regarded the body, unemotionally. The unnatural face which lay before him called up no feeling, and he had gone to too many funerals to be saddened by the atmosphere alone. He remembered those last times he had been with George. He had paid occasional visits to his brother during their maturity, but their diverse professions and interests, their different status and environments, made them strangers, these two brothers. But it hadn't always been so. Dad recalled their childhood before their mother had died. There had been five brothers of whom he was the youngest. They had been strapping boys, all of them. It was inconceivable that such a slight, wistful person as his mother could have bore them. Theirs had been a poor family but she seemed never to mind the hardships. None of the boys had ever heard her complain. She had always intervened between the boys and their dyspeptic father, so that when she died there was no arbitrator striving to hold them together, and so eventually they left their father and drifted their singular ways. Dad remembered her funeral—how grief-stricken her neighbors were, how forlorn and stunned his father was, and how clumsy his brothers were in their tight Sunday clothes. Then afterwards they had all missed her so much, they couldn't stand it, and they sold their home.

A frog had stolen into Dad's throat, and now it took on gross proportions, but another's sobs stayed his tears. Desdemona swayed at the head of the coffin. Her tall weeping figure, draped in black, could have been mistaken for that of an Italian image—a terra-cotta madonna, if there hadn't been such convulsive movements of her shoulders.

Hearing Desdemona set Patricida off. She had never been to a funeral, but she knew there was nothing real about this, nothing natural about the state or complexion of her favorite uncle. Dad led her away.

"He looks so peaceful, doesn't he?" asked Guinevere.

"He surely does—real peaceful," answered Dad, wiping
away the tears that his mother's memory had raised.

Charity had followed Dad and Iatrícia into the vestibule. "He looks so quiet," she added.

"So would you if you were dead," thought Gaylord. He had remained in the vestibule while the others looked at Uncle George. If this kept up, he would be crazy!

The minister entered and suggested kindly that they move into the ante-chamber next to the room where he would conduct the service. It was one o'clock. There were folding chairs there for all of them. The door was ajar so that they could see the platform with the piano and all the flowers. Guinevere peered through a vent in the door. "My, there's a crowd! The Fairchilds are here!"

Bill was drawn out. "Yea. I seen Mr. Fairchild in town this mornin'. He told me they was comin'."

Guinevere returned to Aunt Edna's side. She removed a series of cards from her purse, curious to see who had sent flowers. She handed them one at a time to Aunt Edna, who took them without looking at them.

The minister reappeared. Were they ready? Guinevere nodded. He left the chamber, and soon they saw the coffin wheeled up to the platform. Two women approached the piano. One struck a few feeble chords, and the other began The Old Rugged Cross, in a trembling soprano that might have brought goose-pimples to any detached observer.

"That was his favorite song," Guinevere cried.

Her words pierced the sentiments of everyone there. Tears fell in earnest. It was the "altogether now," concentrated response to what society expects of the bereaved at a funeral.

Sobs were silenced during the eulogy. Afterwards, there was another solo. This was the piece Uncle George liked "second best." Here Desdemona wept so loudly that Dad got up from his chair and went over to put his arms around her. It was a damned shame the rest of the family would let her cry like that—even to Guinevere. Again tears came to Dad's eyes and fell on Desdemona's head. It was a dismal scene, stimulated by her virgin grief.

The service was over. There was a scraping of chairs and a stirringle of sobs. Handkerchiefs to their swollen eyes, the family found their ways to the door. Other mourners stood, bare-headed, in the rain, waiting upon the family and
The pall-bearers bore the body with grave faces. Once it was inside the hearse, everyone got into the cars. On each radiator cap, a miniature black pennant tried, feebly, to wave its mission in spite of the downpour. The drops pounded, unceasingly, against the panes, while the long cortege made its swerving, veering way to the grave-yard.

The tombstones sat in a marsh of slush and gumbo. The green-house flowers were piled around the only open grave, their colors standing out sinfully against the dirty snow. A lone train-track stood sentinel to the cemetery.

Everyone got out of the cars and walked over to the coffin. Some wanted to hear the minister; others wanted to hear the family. A train approached, apprehensively, pulling a reticent line of freight cars. Spying the minister's bowed head, it whistled mournfully. The minister spoke rapidly, his words drowned by the din of the rain and the train. He indicated it was all over.

Aunt Edna was led back to the car. She might catch pneumonia. Friends and neighbors rushed back to get out of the rain, a few of them forgetting the funeral to curse the mud on their best shoes. Patricia, Gaylord, and Dad hurried back to the car to be rid of all of it.

A sole occupant, the driver, returned to the long black automobile that had led the procession to the grave-yard. Rid of its lethal weight, the hearse bounced capriciously along down the muddy road that led back to town.

********

NIGHT NYMPH

Milady fair
Came down from air
(It must have been the grog);
Her eyes were stars,
Her lips the moon,
Her deshabille the fog.

By David Perkins
These are the pictures that linger in a cowboy's mind when he is a long way from home:

The stench of lathered horses,
Shimmering alkali flats stretching endlessly,
Glaze-eyed cows staring stupidly at a mis-shapen clump of greasewood,
Rising dust clawing at parched throats like some fiendish, living thing,
Tired cattle and horses slobbering contentedly in the murky Wind River,
Blue smoke of burning sage blending with coffee and bacon,
Mist-shrouded mountain parks resounding to the hoarse shouts of cowboys collecting steers,
A snake-like line of cattle slithering along the precipitous trail that leads up and over Sand river divide,
Searing winds sending a withering wave of drought out across the drying prairie,
Skeleton windmills rising grotesquely from the parched prairie in defiance of the searing winds that hiss through their creaking frames,
Foam-flecked steers butting against the bars of the loading chute,
Dinily silhouetted cattle cars drifting aimlessly through the great freight yards to crash headlong into the waiting train bound for the maze of corrals that is Omaha,
The sputtering glow of the dingy kerosene lanterns banging monotonously against the wall of the rattling caboose,
Hunched figures of horse and man silhouetted against the driving sheet of rain that is a Western cloudburst,
Sullen cattle plodding unwillingly into the dismal world of falling rain,
Floodwater raging like a mad dog down a dry gulch to ravage such puny things as roads and bridges with one slash apiece of its foam-flecked jaws,
The maternal impetus that leads a dumb cow back to her calf more surely than a halter around her neck,

Cowboys squatting in the dim light of the little freight office to roll cigarettes while the telegraph key clicks on into the long night,

The clack of wheels on track as the hills of old Wyoming drift by the windows of the tossing caboose,

The town saloon-keeper wagging his fat jowls in conversation while wiping his pudgy hands on a greasy apron,

The soothing chill of the night wind on burned faces,

Bleached bones lying half submerged in the drifting sands — reeking with the dull sense of death that haunts the place forever,

Shooting stars streaking across the heavens to disappear behind pale cliffs rising like ghoulish spectres,

The flash of a skulking coyote as he cringes around the base of a distant hill,

Long arms protruding into the white frustum of light hanging over the card table where cowboys gather on a Saturday night,

The shrill boy-like whistle of the mountain marmot blending with falling water and whispering winds to compose a symphony that is the song of the wilderness, a song that Echoes from the solitude of the snow-capped peaks,

Frothy waterfalls plunging into the depths of the pool to come bubbling up under the royal coachman floating on the effervescent wave,

Campfires splashing firelight carelessly over lean brown faces — faces drawn tight and grim with the rigors of gruelling hours — faces that stare into the fire with a chill intensity as in search of something long lost,

The grimy windows of the town saloon throwing dull squares of light into the rickety board sidewalk that wanders carelessly up toward the general store,

The bawl of a lonesome calf as the long shadows reach out over the shimmering valley,

The whispered rustle of the night wind that springs from nowhere as the shadows fuse into the night.
WAR NEWS -- 80% OFF

Victor E. Archer

"NAZI ARMY IN FULL FLIGHT," my newspaper screamed at me. In one and one-half inch red capital letters last evening the headlines told me that the Nazi army was fleeing with fright. Did I leap into the air and shout "Eureka, the war's almost over!"? No, I mentally deducted eighty percent and said to myself, "Looks as if the Allies gained a couple of miles today." Contrary to my usual wont (I had a little extra time), I read on: "COMPLETE VICTORY FOR THE BRITISH ALMOST IN SIGHT." The subhead did not limit the rout to any particular war front. Was I expected to believe that all German armies were running for their lives? I knew my eighty per cent rule would hold, but I wondered how much I would have to read before I got the evidence. I continued reading. After wading through two full columns describing how the African German Army was cracking and falling apart, I finally found the object of my search -- a little gem of truth tucked neatly away near the end of the piece. "The British advance," it read, "continues on all sectors of the front, with enemy tanks and anti-tank guns fighting a rearguard action along the coastal road... axis forces were reported still holding out in a few isolated positions." Having found this candid statement, I was satisfied. My eighty percent rule held.

Why is the war news doctored up in this manner? Why don't the newspapers give me the facts instead of simply trying to cheer me up? Must you and I have our news sugar coated? "Just a minute," you may caution, "Is the above citation typical? Is it a bit of poor reporting that slipped by the editor?" Let us take a look at some of the high points of the war. Let us see how impartially the newspapers have treated the facts.

Remember Pearl Harbor? The newspapers treated it largely as an unforgivable nuisance raid. Even after the censorship was lifted, they gave little intimation of the fact that our loss was so great as to leave Japan temporarily supreme in the Pacific. Although the newspapers showed the Arizona sinking, they loudly proclaimed United States' naval supremacy. We have learned the truth only much later from men who have privately reported on the matter.

Do you recall the battle for the Phillipine Islands? The newspapers never did tell us that the Japanese gained an initial control of the air by destroying most of the American planes on the ground and by bombing the American air fields. After this defeat the newspapers fostered the hope that MacArthur would soon get reinforcements, without once mentioning the complete Japanese air supremacy over the area. Army and government officials informed reporters in December that MacArthur didn't have a chance; that he couldn't possibly be reinforced. Yet the newspapers continued to laud the Phillipine army as diverting the main Japanese strength. They continued to feed us with hopes of MacArthur's eventual success. Then when Corregidor's fall became imminent,
the newspapers began denouncing inefficient "brass hats" for not giving MacArthur reinforcements.

- Did the newspapers do any better with last winter's African campaign? While the British were advancing about twenty miles a day, we were told that the Italian Army was on the run; that it was practically annihilated. Yet a little later, when the Germans, instead of advancing a mere twenty miles, advanced sixty or eighty per day, we were told that the British were falling back to new positions, or that the Germans had made local gains.

Have we obtained the straight truth in the Russian campaign? Do you remember how the Russians were making such terrific advances last winter over frozen Germans; then how shocked you were in the spring to see how closely the spring war map resembled the fall map? And more recently I can recall a headline saying that the Germans had given up hope of taking Stalingrad. Yet only yesterday I saw a brief insertion concerning some hand to hand fighting in a Stalingrad factory.

I can recall a distinct impression of Japan that I had in the days before Pearl Harbor. It was an impression of paper cities, of tiny battleships, of an undernourished and squalid Japanese populace. I wonder where I received those impressions.

I cannot leave these imputations of the newspapers without mentioning three other subjects, irrelevant as they are, on which the newspapers played us false: "Ike's oil shortage" which the newspapers pooh-poohed until the situation became acute; labor's attitude toward the war which the newspapers were denouncing, even as our plane production exceeded expectations; and the India situation in which the newspapers accused Mr. Gandhi of everything from imbecility to stooging for Japan, while practically all the more considered articles in magazines were stoutly defending him.

The above examples are convincing, surely, of the highly colored news which the "free" American Press hands out. Is government censorship or official regimentation responsible for this deplorable reporting? Let us see if our answer is in the Government bureaus. Byron Price heads the Office of War Censorship. "Newspapers can write the news up in any manner they choose," he says, "my office just withholds certain facts which the enemy could use." The other bureau concerned in the matter is the Office of War Information headed by Elmer Davis. "We give the newspapers stuff we hope they will print," he says, "We have no power to tell them how to print it...We believe that truth is the best propaganda. Military officers and other Government officials have repeatedly rebuked the press for its overweening optimism. Most of our news remains brightly tinged with optimism.

The strict optimistical newspaper censorship which prevails is obviously self-imposed. The newspapers have voluntarily taken the role of propagandizing the war. They are America's self-chosen cheer leaders.

But why have they done this? Why haven't the newspapers adopt a policy that would distribute the plain truth? I can see but three
possible answers: (1) that the reading public demands a sugar coat over its war news, (2) that the newspapers have a distorted sense of their own place in our social system, or (3) that our newspapers are really not free but are dominated by political and economic interests.

I think that number one -- a public demand for softened war news -- is false. Judging by evidence in magazine articles, I would say that the people prefer their news straight -- without a nauseating coat of optimism and propaganda. I have never heard anyone say that he wanted his war news softened. Number two -- that the newspapers have distorted sense of their own place in our social system -- is difficult to verify or to refute. It does, however, seem partly true that the newspapers misuse their primary function of disseminating information. They have often attempted to form, rather than to reflect, public opinion. Although the newspapers have sometimes played an important role in our lives by advocating reforms, it seems quite clear that the formation of public opinion should be a distinctly separate function of the newspaper; the news alone should be on page one (if that is where the news is put), and the editorials confined to a different page. Sufficient information regarding the answer to number three -- that our newspapers are controlled by political or economic interests -- is not available. Many newspapers are known to be owned by corporate interests, but I do not know how many of the rest are dominated by other diverse subsidizing agents. These interests may be using the blatant headlines to cover their own war profiteering, or to cover their trampling on the rights of labor. Or perhaps, because of the tendency of the present social revolution to remove capitalists from their realm of unlimited power, these interests are attempting to build a popular confidence in their own magnanimity. At any rate, our news is colored. This coloring, then, is probably due either to corporate control, or to the newspapers' distorted sense of their own function, or to both causes.

Having tentatively determined the cause, and presuming a desire for the simple truth, what can you and I do about the matter of bleaching our tinted war news? I fear that I cannot answer this question. Perhaps by yelling loud enough and long enough we can get the news as Elmer Dvis hands it out. Until then, let us not forget to deduct eighty per cent.
FOUR POEMS

Walter King

I.

I have loved falling stars that cleft the night
and from far off the sound of horses' hoofs.
I have loved tulips, yellow, red, and white,
and mists in evening drifting down the roofs.
I have loved days in spring when first the leaves
begin to clothe the naked limbs of trees,
and fields in summer lined with new-bound sheaves
where once long waves of wheat made golden seas.
And I have loved autumnal flights of birds,
journeying southward, pilgrims of the air,
and even winter winds, from which the herds
of men and beasts hunt refuge everywhere.
These have I loved with passion, these and you,—
and you forsake me, whom I thought most true.

II.

Thus through the endless evening she would stand,
watching the street, her eyes rimmed round with fright,
rubbing her wedding ring against one hand,
trying to pierce the stillness of the night.
He would come home as usual, after she,
weary with waiting, had crept off to bed,
and lying still, remote, beside her, he
would not remember words that could be said
to mitigate the bleakness of the day.
No soft caresses in the night from him
need she expect. Still she would wait away
her life beside the window, where a dim
geranium, pale as herself, breathed cheer
into a house betrayed by love that year.
III.

A Kindly Crumb to Pandora

Oh, I could curse you roundly and with pleasure, wretched Pandora, first of all your sex. I could belabor you in classic measure, rhetorize wildly in a style complex even enough for tedious Cicero. Oh, I could do it if I would. Unless it be contemptuous disregard, I owe you nothing save invective rich with stress. I could vituperate thus with righteous passion, even as I said before, for days and days; instead of which, in as extreme a fashion, rather than censure, I can only praise your curious courage, strong enough and stout to raise the lid again and let Hope out.

IV.

Whom the Shoe Fits

As in a deep ravine they walk, nor ever scale its sides to find the joy that all without their hemmed-in sight abides;

nor ever see the light of day direct save at high noon, which time they close their frightened eyes and cry out for the moon;

and when its soft, suggestive light comes filtering through the skies, they curse the obscurities that trick their unobserving eyes.

Content within their hide-bound walls, they creep through life serene, nor ever wish to leave the safe confines of the ravine.
I USED TO DREAM

Jean Gordon

It is strange how the past rolls back when I turn a corner and see an old farm woman in a slouch hat, or a basket of freshly picked grapes, or a wagon load of hay. It comes up and bumps me unawares, and before I know it, I'm not walking along a street at all. I am out in an open field with Shep and Father, playing the game of forgetting and straining one ear for old Minta's call to supper.

We had a strange game, my Father and I. Maybe I'd get a D on my report card, or maybe I'd be just sad for sadness, or maybe Minta had been cross that night and scolded me. But it never mattered because Father would take me by the hand and say, "Let's go forgetting." So we would walk, down the lane and out into the daisies, and we would lie there in the tall grass. Father would say:

"Nothing can ever be unpleasant if you don't think of it. You're not here at all. You're in a castle by the sea, a princess, with a million ladies-in-waiting. I'm your fairy god-father in coat of gold, and see, Shep is your milk-while charger.

We would lie there in the grass and the world would fade around us. We would lie there thinking and forgetting and soon the happy things we dreamed of wouldn't be dreams any more, but things we could put out our hands and touch. Then Old Minta would call, "Supper! You just hurry up and get here. I can't waste my time waiting for two good-for-nothings."

The spell would be broken, but there was happiness just the same. We knew that if we thought something hard enough and talked to ourselves long enough that pretty soon we would begin to believe. Once Father got awfully angry because our neighbor told him that the derrick was broken. Father had said, "The derrick isn't broken. It can't be. I just saw it out in the field where it's always been and the beam pole was straight and I saw the cables too. I know it isn't broken."

People in the neighborhood said that Father wasn't quite the same since Mother died. They thought he was a little crazy. It wasn't that, I know. It's just that when people are beaten numb with sorrow, they are afraid of another hurt and close themselves to feeling. They find a dream world of their own and build a wall around it without an entrance. That's what Father did. Maybe the fences did sag and let the pigs run wild. He never noticed.

I had never noticed either until one day when I climbed the butte and looked down. There was a green patch and then a brown patch. Between the two the lines were blurred where the fences had retreated, leaving great g.p.s of green slicing across the boundaries. To the left was the house, the barn, the chicken house and milk shed, all squatting like field mice, small, drab, and fright-
ened. Back of the barn was Nero's pen, fenced haphazardly with
rails. Nero was there too, pawing at the gate, his horns glinting
in the sunlight. This was our farm, our never-never land where we
could smell the grass and feel the wet earth and hear the cows moan
at nighttime forever and ever. It was a lovely feeling, to live
life from day to day, never thinking of the future and letting the
past go hang. People could say what they liked. It never mattered
to Father and me because we never even heard them.

It mattered to Minta though. Minta was a realist, eternal and
carved in granite. She must have been awfully lonely sometimes,
for neither Father or I paid her much attention. She would grumble
from morning to night, "A lot of thanks I get for working my fingers
to the bone around here. Treated like a dog, I am, or else you den'
even see me. But things'll change someday, I tell you. I'll be
walking down that road and the both of you can starve to death for
all of me/g.

But she was there until she died, striding down the road to the
store for groceries, gathering the eggs, and feeding my Father and
me three times a day. I don't know where she got the money to buy
things with. I know that Father never gave her any. Maybe she
sold her eggs and garden things; it was just that we never noticed.

Minta was a philosopher too. She used to talk about death
sometimes. She would often say, "Nothing can kill me, not a falling
rock, or a tree, or even the small-pox. The good Lord giveth and
taketh away and you can't die before he taketh you. Someday he'll
probably just come in the night and take me. That's all right, too,
because if my time's come, well then, I'm ready to go.'

The Lord came the autumn when I was fourteen. We had had corn
on the cob and fried chicken for supper. We sat there laughing at
one another while the butter from the corn trickled down our chins
and mixed with the salt around our mouths. Minta was at the stove,
frying the gizzard of a drumstick that she hadn't been able to
squeeze into the last skillet. Then, all at once, she drowned the
fork and fell beside it, twitching to the floor.

We did not see the coroner come. My Father had taken me by
the hand and led me out into the fields. Death was all around,
but we would not look.

"You see," my Father said, "Death is just a visitor, who comes
and then leaves again. This time he came to visit Minta. It's
only a small thing, and nothing we should cry about.'

"Father, I said, "I saw Minta when she fell. It wasn't just
a small thing. It was something big and strong which hurt Minta
terribly. Her eyes said so. Oh, Father, I can see her, twitching
there on the floor! Her mouth was open and she looked so queer.
Didn't you notice?"

"No," he said, "We didn't see that at all. Minta was standing
at the stove when all of a sudden she just went away. She floated
up into the air escorted by two angels. She's in heaven now, dressed all in white, with a satin pillow beneath her head, just lying there, with nothing to do.

"Yes, Father, now I see her. There are angels all around with big, white wings. It is cool and quiet and Minta can sleep all the time. She can lie on great soft sofas of clouds and float forever and ever."

So we played our game of 'Let's forget,' denying everything that had been or would be. Life was such a simple thing! If you stood still and let it touch you, it would squeeze so tightly that you couldn't bear the pain. But Life never touched Father and me. We wouldn't let it touch us. Sometimes, though, when Father wasn't there, things crept up and wouldn't go away. I could see them plainly until he came to drive them off.

Life went on like a river of happiness. I wish it could have been like that forever. I wish we could have gone on, just the way we were, eating and sleeping and dreaming our beautiful dreams. But I guess that life can never be perfect. It must be that trouble has to be equally divided so that no one has too much and others too little. That was the way it was with me. Life was beautiful because Father and I made it that way. But it could never last.

It lasted until a day in May. It was spring and after spring would come summer, lazy, hot and sweet with many things. Even Old Nero in his pen felt the coming of summer, for he would paw and bellow behind the barn. "Have you ever heard a bull scream?" The sound is high and throbbing and it makes little bumps go up and down your spine. That was the way Hero screamed that day. I was reading about a princess who was cast under a spell. I sat up and listened, feeling the sound go bump, bump, bump along my spine. A bull can scream for many reasons. Maybe it is just spring, or maybe there are cows around, or maybe he is angry. Hero was angry. I knew it by the shrillness of his voice. It rose and fell and each scream burst and grew until it fizzed out like a firecracker. Then he would scream again. I heard his hooves strike the fence and the tearing of the rails. The fairy princess was pitched on her face beneath the tree, forgotten. Nero had climbed the fence and had tackled my father into the corner between the barn and the bull pen. I shall never forget the look on his face. Nero was huge and dark, and froth ran from his mouth, flecking his chin and breast. He was not a thing that could be dispensed by with a set of dreams. Please do not think my Father was frightened, he was only surprised. I saw the sharp horns enter his chest and the blood that spurted afterwards. It was a red river pouring from his ears, mouth, and chest. There was nothing I could do. My Father fell and Nero prodded him with his horns, then walked away, shaking away the blood which still clung to his head.

I knelt beside Father and lifted his head. He was dead. Blood still streamed from his body. I could feel it upon my hands, warm and sticky. It spattered upon my arms, and I could smell its hot, body smell. This could not be my Father here upon the ground. It
was only the shell by which others had seen him. I could not cry, the thing was too new. My Father was still beside me and I could hear him say, "Life needn't be unpleasant. It's just up to you. The thing to do is just not to think of it; just think of something else."

So I walked down the lane and out into the fields. The grass had a dry, sweet smell.

"Father is here beside me," I said. "We have just eaten our supper. Now we can lie here until it gets cool and it is time to go to bed. We shall dream and laugh and live happily, forever and ever just like they do in fairy books. That I saw is over and I shall forget it."

But the grass grew wet with tears, for this was life, and I knew that I could never forget again, ever.

*****

ICE AGE

Now that the glacial season comes again
And I am trimmed and steeled to meet its edge,
I build a curious armor for my mind,
Assert the iron, firm, and will not budge
For any weakling weather; God am I,
Impervious to storm in valiant stance.
I sheath my soul and hold my shoulders high
To prune a brighter Eden from mischance --
From winter's flint make hotter sparks to fly.

But then insidiously there come on wings
Too fleet for will or wishing to deny
The lotus image of forgotten things:
Of lazy birds against a hazy sky,
Of golden fruit on golden branches hung,
The sea, now quiet, murmuring to the shore,
The hush entrancing while the song is sung
Whose molten notes make music evermore,
The bell across blue valley stillness rung.

So, though my stays are bone and cannot change
And I committed to the harsher race,
I play my hero's role with armor firm
But with a liar's mask upon my face.

- Hermione -
There's better. Snow, isn't it, all the rain and cold. Glad I was able to help you. Terrible night to be out.

...And they stopped here passing West and called it “Beatrice” and those following added to the fresh-made mould -- north of it they laid a youth who had been dead in the wagon, for ten whole days -- the mother had not wanted him to lie alone.

An old timer willed a wheel that he had carried for a spare; his outfit had lost half their caravan, and now were loaded down for too many ‘emergencies’. A horse was turned loose here to graze, its shoes were gone and its feet swollen like honey tubs. The next party left two oxen -- it would be a shame, they reasoned to waste good shells on dumb animals just to put them out of their misery.

A widower left his wife’s trunk -- the sight of it made him lonely he put it beside the tomb marked with the crossed planks and the feeble writing:

no Indians here to raise a rumpus with fare’s calicoes and linen.

Then one stray wagon spied the spot -- the horse and two oxen, the bursting trunk, the brand new wheel, and they liked the looks of the river that ran near by, and the fresh spring that flowed from the mountain, and they settled. And others joined them, soon a store went up, and later a propitious-looking house.

But the settlers passed by heading West, and the human stream did not cease to lose momentum, and the graveyard did not increase.

Today there is a railway station there -- one shack -- bright yellow, bearing the black letters BEATRICE.

The river flows on, and the spring still empties into it. And the willow near by is her long hair, and the wind, blowing through it, combs it with caressing fingers.

As yet we have not written about the Indians which thou invar, is varia, possibilities of neighbours in the Western World; or our. While the cutting’s done, up gone is this statement: “While the emotional centers of the brain are located in the medulla oblonga, and many persons have been known to live with this area destroyed, the frontal regions, where the higher functions of the mind are found—reason, intelligence, judgment—are absolutely essential to life.” The doctor stops when he gets to this sentence, but that doesn’t make any difference, unless that’s the whole book four times anyway. It’s the only one he’s got.
Won't you step in here a moment, out of the rain? Just sit down there. I'll tell you a story while you're waiting for your car. The man should be up from the village in about half an hour. I had my servant call. Smoke? Drink?

There, that's better. Fierce night out, isn't it, all the rain and mud. Glad I was able to help you. Terrible night to be out.

Well, now the story. You may find this tale hard to believe, but that isn't strange, because it isn't true anyway, I made it up.

This is going to be the story of a man who cuts up people's brains, so naturally our hero has to be a doctor. Of course he was a brilliant student at medical college, but never got his diploma because of (1) an old family curse, (2) a conspiracy against him, (3) his uncontrollable urge to perform forbidden experiments on exhumed cadavers. Take your choice.

As this is a horror story, the doctor has to live in an old castle on a hill away from the village. He is of course considered mad by the simple, superstitious villagers. In the spooky old castle you can furnish as many bats, cobwebs, and grotesquely misshapen laboratory assistants as you feel necessary, but no werewolves or vampires, please. This is strictly scientific.

For convenience's sake, we shall call our doctor friend Rubai A. (for Alexis) Thorndyke. (The fact that his initials spell "rat" has no significance. Disregard it.) He has to be good looking because a beautiful girl is going to fall in love with him. Tsk.

We get our first glimpse of Rubai as he sits before his fireplace in his deep maroon dressing gown, reading a thick volume of psychology. Smoke curls from his meerschaum. The huge room is in a half shadow, but it is easy to see that it is furnished expensively and in good taste. Where mad doctors who never have a patient get the funds to maintain palatial residences is none of our concern, so we'll disregard that, too.

We get a close-up look at the book over which Rubai is poring: "Possibilities of Psychosurgery in the Modern World, or Cut While the Cutting's Good". On page 497 is this statement: "While the emotional centers of the brain are located in the middle lobe, and many persons have been known to live with this area destroyed, the frontal regions, where the higher functions of the mind are found--reason, intelligence, judgment--are absolutely essential to life." The doctor stops when he gets to this sentence, but that doesn't make any difference, because he's read the whole book four times anyway. It's the only one he's got.
Rubai is still bitter about not getting a sheepskin, and he gets a nasty thought in his brilliant head once in a while. This is one of the times.

"Nork," he calls, "come here." Into the room shuffles his assistant, twisted and deformed, alive only because the doctor's great skill has cured his terrible nervous malady, and worshipingly devoted to him for it.

"Nork," says Rubai, "tonight I'm going to perform my greatest experiment. You know what I mean, the same one I tried on the rats, the ones that died. Well, tonight, Nork, I am going to try it on a human being. You must not be afraid to say so if you do not wish to help me. You must choose for yourself."

Now anyone knows that he doesn't mean that at all, and Nork knows it too, so even if he looks pretty dumb, he says, "I will help you, master."

"Good. Go down to the village and tell Herbert Cromwell that I want to see him at once. He was in my class at college, and he hates me because I was a better student than he. I hate him, too. He has won Caroline away from me, the girl I love. She loves him, and he loves her, but I will fix that. I'll alter his mind so that he can't love her any more, and he'll drive her into my arms. With him, I don't care if my great experiment doesn't work. He will come, Nork, he will come to see what I look like after all these years, and this place. He will come to gloat over me. I shall make him regret that. Steal my girl, will he?

"Bring him into the laboratory when you arrive. I am going to prepare for his reception." His laugh as he leaves the room rattles the few panes left in the windows and echoes down the halls. A couple of bats flit about, just for atmosphere.

Nork leaves, and if you don't think Herbert comes, you're as wrong as unmatched shoes, because he does. Anybody can see he must not have much to keep him amused down at the village, except Caroline, and now and then he likes to get away from her for a change. So he comes up to look around. Poor Herbert.

He finds himself strapped to a tilting board when the effects of the powerful drug wear off. He looks about the huge laboratory, up to the minute in every detail. Not a bad lay-out for a mad doctor. There are dozens of glistening, sinister chromium-plated machines, and row on row of chemicals in labelled bottles. Electricity crackles and dynamos groan. A light shines down into his face, and above him looms Dr. Thorndyke, a diabolical smirk on his handsome face.

"So, my friend, we meet again. Welcome to Mandrake Manor."

You can say what you want to about Herbert, but he has guts. He looks that crazy doctor right in the eye and says, "Hello, Rubai. Glad to see you. What goes on here?"
Now that's not at all what the victim is supposed to say. It sort of baffles the doc, who was expecting a plea for mercy at the very least, but he recovers and says in what he intends to be a terrifying and awe-inspiring voix basse, "Cromwell, you are going to have the privilege of helping me with the greatest experiment the world has ever known. Upon your delicate brain I am going to perform history's greatest operation. When I finish, you will be devoid of all emotions, all worry, hate, jealousy, all love. I am going to sever the center of your brain from the front. You'll have intelligence and reason and judgment left, nothing more. I'm really doing you a favor, Cromwell. You'll be a better man for it.

"But besides all that, you'll be indirectly subject to my will, because you won't be able to hate or fear me, and I will be the logical person to whom to turn, because I can further your intelligence.

"You think I'm mad, don't you. I've tried this experiment on thousands of animals, and it works. It works, Cromwell. Yes, they said Rasputan was mad. I'll show them!"

About this time Herb begins to get a little worried, but he thinks maybe he can squeeze out yet. "You can't get away with this, Rubai. They know in the village where I am, and if I don't get back soon, they'll be up to find out what's wrong. Your operation will take all night, and I won't be able to leave for a week at least. You mad plan will never work. You'll be caught, and you're none too popular around here now."

"I haven't sat up here for years reading and experimenting and learning for nothing, my dear Cromwell. The operation will leave you ready to leave here in three hours. In case you don't know it," he says, straightening his leer, "you're looking at a genius."

Cromwell doesn't have time to answer, as Nork slips a mask over his face and the anaesthetic in it puts him to sleep. It is raining outside by this time, and lightning flashes brighten the room from time to time. Thunder crashes drown out the drone of the machines at intervals. The shutters bang and the wind moans, as Thorndyke bends over the still form of Cromwell. Work hands shining instruments to the doctor, and the chromium machines hum and crackle and whir. Sweat (in cold beads, no doubt) stands on the doctor's brow as he works feverishly over his patient.

At last he is finished. Upon the wound he pours a secret solution from one of the many bottles, and the red welt begins immediately to disappear. He forces another potion between Herbert's lips, and he wakes. He runs his fingers thru his hair and feels only a scar.

"Rubai, you're wonderful. If I could like anybody, I'd like you. You've done just what you said you would. I don't feel any emotion at all, Rubai, you must teach me. You must let me learn your wonderful skill. Together we will free the world. Think of it, Thorndyke, no more worry, no more hatred. We'll revolutionize the world!"
The doctor chuckles. His experiment is a success. Now, heh, heh, to get the beautiful damsel. Gad, but Herbert was a changed character.

"Herbert, you are right. It is perfectly logical to give our secret to the world. You go back home as if nothing had happened, and make arrangements to come back here. Say you're going to be my assistant. We will start your training for the great work tomorrow."

Two months pass. Up at the house on the top of the hill the laboratory lights burn into the wee small hours every night. The village folk shake their heads in bewilderment at the activity, and Caroline, poor girl, goes almost crazy wondering about Herbert.

You know what happens now. She goes up to see what has become of him. She has to go at night because of her job at the notion counter at Woolworth's. Only an owl answers her knock on the huge oak door, and then it swings back on protesting hinges. There stands Nork in all his hideousness. "Come in, Miss," he whispers, "The doctors have been expecting you."

Caroline enters. Just saying she is scared won't half cover it. She is petrified. Only her worry over Herbert keeps her from turning and setting a new hop, step, and jump record back to the village. No, she says to herself, I must be brave for Herbert's sake. Incidentally, she is beautiful, and just at the age when she won't be much longer.

Nork leads her down the long dim corridors toward the laboratory, and she isn't setting any less scared. I hope Herbert is worth it, she thinks.

Well, Herbert isn't, of course. As Mahitabel says, he hasn't got it, here. The old spark is gone. Rubai is no fool, though; he doesn't rush things. He lets Herbert cut his own throat, and just doesn't rush things. He lets Herbert cut his own throat, and just gradually steps in. Now this doesn't happen overnight, you understand. Rubai works on it every time Caroline comes up to try to get Herbert to go back to the village with her, and marry her and settle down. It seems Herbert has a snag or two, but don't think that's the reason for her interest in him. Of course not.

But finally she gives up, and on the bounce back, there stands Rubai, ready to receive her. Caroline is a woman and can change her mind even faster than most, so when she finds that Rubai has a goodly bank account too, she falls in love with him, although of course the money doesn't influence her. It is just love's call.

By this time Thorndyke has everythink under control. Herbert is out of the way, and Caroline now goes for the doctor in a big way. He is slightly crazy about the girl, himself. In fact, he seriously thinks of retiring from the bogey-man trade to set up a house for her down in the village, where she can be close to her old friends and her old job, too, in case taxes go up. He's already abandoned his scientific experiments and is letting Herbert tinker around in there. Ah, love. It really has the doctor by the drawers.
Yes, everything looks rosy for Rubai Alexis Thorndyke. If only Herbert would stop messing around in the laboratory.

Caroline and her mama are staying with the doctor now, preparing for the nuptials. Besides, mama doesn't want another prospect to get away. So there they are, the four of them living with Nork, three owls, and assorted bats.

Morning, the wedding day. The happy groom is up with the birds, preparing for the ceremony. Never has he been so happy. He whistles and sings and kicks up his heels in a very unmad-doctorish manner indeed.

Into the room comes Herbert, the fire of conquest in his eyes. Behind him walks Caroline.

"Success, Rubai," cries Herbert. "Success! Your wonderful technique has saved another soul from the worries of the world. I have successfully operated on Caroline. Now we can teach her and go on to save mankind. Success! Success!"

Well, that's the story. You don't have to believe it if you don't want to. It isn't true. Really it isn't.

Hand me that scalpel, Nork. We are going to free the world.

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FISHING HOLE

Helen McDonald

His spirit comes here in the spring
With melting snows and soft rain;
The rushing waters will not let him sleep,
The swirl above his grave disturbs him once again.

The fish lie deep in the unheeding whirl,
They taste the sea weed nourished by his body
And over the imprisoned mound the tongues twirl,
As viciously they lick the sands where now he stirs.

It's only in the season of low water he is free
To breathe the wilderness air as he walks the banks;
When the sun basks in the dried hole he can see
The cliffs where once his village rested.

But we who pass here in the spring throw out our line
Upon the turbulent surface and watch the slimy river bowl
Of murky substance suck it under, and we think of him who drowned here
And we say: We ought to have good luck in the Indian's Hole.
Nell Mann, director of the employment department of the National Refugee Service, states in the magazine Occupation, "The training aspect of refugee adjustment has been a relatively late phase of the general efforts in their behalf. Since refugees are coming to this country in large numbers, one of our immediate problems is to train them in ways which will best benefit themselves and the nation. Various professional and lay groups of all faiths have cooperated in this vast orientation program for training the newcomers in the American language, customs, and occupations." There is also a program for the readjustment of European students and for their placement in American colleges.

The International Student Service and the Intercollegiate Committee to Aid Student Refugees have lately announced that at least forty-seven colleges throughout the country would provide scholarships and living expenses for European refugee students. Denominational groups have undertaken to support many of their own adherents. Special committees have been formed to assist students in medicine, music, and art. Many of the college administrations have waived tuition fees, and student-faculty committees have raised funds for living expenses. Until the war conditions prevented it, the ISS sought to bring to this country students of great ability, achievement, and personality. Selections were based on exceptional academic records, well-rounded interests in non-academic subjects, together with testimonials of excellent character. Most of these students had been subject to racial discrimination. From Germany and Austria, from Poland and Czechoslovakia, from Italy, students have come in hundreds—believing the United States to be the last great haven where intellectual enterprise and integrity are welcomed.

Many of the stories that that group of refugee students told were like this one—"My story is like all the rest, only in details it is different. Three years ago I was thrown out of my school in Vienna. I found life unbearable and I left my home in order to escape from the country. I crossed the border into Czechoslovakia one night while the storm troopers were attending a rally at which the Fuehrer spoke. In Prague I was safe, and for a few months I earned my living by a small circulating library of magazines which I started. Then the Germans came into Czechoslovakia. I found refuge in a small town, and soon I had started a travel agency, by which I earned money to come to America. Two days before I sailed war was declared. I found myself on a train carrying German soldiers, enroute to Munich. I stayed locked in a washroom until we reached our destination, but I was seized by the Gestapo when I tried to find my way out in the blackout. Three days I was detained in prison. Then the American consul arranged my release and I was permitted to come to this country."

Now that the ISS is unable to bring new students, they attempt to place former European students in the various American universities.
and colleges. They have a long waiting list and it takes about a year for one to be called. Until then the refugees work as hotel bus boys, as janitors, as workers in factories, as night chefs in diners, stock keepers, truck drivers, dishwashers. Some time ago a young Austrian musician waiting for a scholarship told the worker in the ISS office that he was working 112 hours in a week, washing dishes in a small New York restaurant at a wage of $18 a week. "It is not impossible," he said with a smile, "but I could make a greater contribution to your country in another field." When they do receive the scholarships, almost all of them carry part or full-time jobs, while attending school. For most of them this is very good experience since, having had upper middle class backgrounds, they are usually helpless when it comes to earning a living. The road at the beginning is rough and whether the refugee student makes progress depends in the long run not so much on what is done for him as on the drive within himself. The refugee student begins the period of retraining in a state of drastic psychological readjustment, due to the fact that he has prepared himself for political and social changes, but he has no real recognition of the radical economic adjustment which will be required of him. Only with the sympathetic aid of those who understand his problems and possess intelligent insight into the American way of life, can the refugee student adjust himself emotionally, physically, and economically to his new country. This is successfully accomplished by placing him in an American college. There he acquires a "sense of belonging" to a community or student body. He has more chance of losing his foreign mannerisms and accent, which are--"so charming, my dear," but with which he has a "helluva" time obtaining a job. By living and studying among American students he has the opportunity of becoming one of the group life. After a while the word "refugee" loses its stigma, because it no longer means a strange, different, and misunderstood being, but a living person whom everyone knows and realizes to be just like anyone else, even if some of the accent remains. One of the boys who was placed in an American college writes--"I get along fine here. I didn't become an all-American player of course, but before this season I have never seen a football game. Now, I make a tackle...Last month, there was a party held in the college on which I have won the title of 'Best Li'l Abner.' Probably I was the first Li'l Abner in America who had a foreign accent. Generally said, I make progress here, and obtain a great deal of the American life. This is a swell chance to learn to master the English language and besides I have an opportunity here to receive a good college education. Frankly said, this is the happiest time that I have ever spent in my life."

But until the refugee becomes one of the group, his problems are many. He has to reconcile a European academic background with the relatively settled academic and social mores of the American campus scene. The refugee finds himself in the midst of a strange academic world, working in a new language, learning new sports, listening to new radio programs, rebuilding study habits, all under difficult financial strain. He is, moreover, expected to act as general ambassador to the college community, representing not only his native people but also the principles of tolerance and internationalism. He is asked how he likes the country, how he liked
crossing the ocean, how long he has been in America, etc. There is evidently a certain logical sequence of these questions because most people ask them in this given order. One time one of these inquirers was slightly shocked when the refugee, not giving him a chance to ask more than one of the usual questions, rattled off the answers to all of them. Sometimes after a four day stay people ask questions such as, "How do you like this country?" and expect an intelligent answer—after four days, mind you. He is called upon to lecture on politics, to demonstrate folk dances, to sing, and to comment perpetually on his country's foreign policy—all regardless of his individual tastes and talents. The crux of his difficulties is generally language. A young lady who abbreviated her "marital status" to "sin" for single, caused some amused scandal on a Mid-Western campus.

In spite of all these difficulties, the refugees on the various campuses have a "high old time" and become Americanized more quickly than they possibly could in any other phase of American life.

*****

GLUCK AUF

Helen McDonald

My brother, your body is stiff upon a flowered pyre
But he who pronounced you legally dead is a bigger liar
Than Annanias, and should lie here to ossify.
Let the past such misdemeanors clarify.
There are not four casket walls built
Or any cavity of clay or hollow, dirt-filled,
That dare to keep you locked within a vault.
You who labored underground and daily fought
The ore and rock will never be a prisoner at rest
In chains of dirt tight-grappled on your chest.
Nor will you ever stand sentry at death's post
In womb of earth familiarity made you loathe.
Think they can lock your laughter underneath the sod
Or keep your feet from wilderness paths they trod
In quest of high adventure? There is life undreamed of yet
In your young bones; restless, they still must trek
Out miles of unsung country; there is still the ocean
And the song of longshoremen, and the paths chosen
Through the jungles by those who went before to probe
The way. There are highways calling from all four corners of the globe
And you are free to answer; no level on the twenty-eight hundred
Can hold you any longer in its tomb. Dead, you can tear asunder
The chains of day by day existence; all life is yours—and
And I will laugh and wave you farewell, brother.
Dearest Kerttu,

Many, many and more thanks to you, dear child for the record. Birthdays are not happy tidings to a man nearing the end of a fruitless life, but your gift seems almost to efface the occasion that brings it. Fifty or sixty years mean nothing when I hear Sibelius' music, for then I forget that I am an old, gray, outworn piece of flesh and my spirit is closer to days long past than to the present moment. Sibelius may not be as great a composer as Beethoven, but Finlandia always takes me again to days of my joyous boyhood in dearest Finland. It reminds me especially of the beauty of cold Lapland. I was only fifteen when I led a crew of ten men through the thawing marshlands to that land of uncharted lakes to survey them. Proud and officious I felt in my responsible position, carrying the precious transit, directing the men here to break trail through the virgin forest. Of course, I was acting under the jurisdiction of father but he was far away now, perhaps lying at home in a drunk sleep or making merry in an ale house. I was the lord of ten men and a land yet uncharted.

It was on one crisp morning of that summer that I saw Lake Kemi at sunrise. So still in the great Northland it lay -- icy clear in the gray dawn. No bird sang, not a pine rustled, not a ripple disturbed its calm. I had to dip my finger into it to be sure it was not frozen solid. Then the first rays of the sun slanted through the thick soft pines and shimmered uncertainly across the awaiting water. Lacy ferns along the shore, thick soft moss under the pines, and the still white birch trees were each greeted by the beams in their turn. I stood there entranced. The sun must come up like this every morning over Lake Kemi and no human being had ever before seen it! When the warm rays touched my face, I realized how still everything was. I expected at any moment to see the waves dance, the trees sway to the music I heard so plainly inside. But everything remained as still until it was broken by the voices of the men breaking through the forest. Well, now my officious arrogance lies buried deep in Lake Kemi with the first rays of that sunrise and there was born my desire to write that Symphony of Lake Kemi. Sibelius saw a lake too but it wasn't Lake Kemi. That is my dream. These are foolish words from a worthless dreamer who never wrote a single note of that symphony. I wish that you could hear it too and give voice to it. Such foolish musings occupy me on my seventieth birthday.

The old phonograph plays as well as the day it was new almost twenty years ago. Would that I might still get the same notes from my old cornet as I did then. Must be that cornets wear out faster than phonographs, eh?

We had a slight frost last night and the tomato plants and some flowers are black now, but golden-low and dahlias still stand
and the grass is as green. There will be many warm days yet, but
the frost was a certain warning of a morning soon coming when all
the green things will be black. So we live while we yet may en-
joy what is left before the final killing frost comes.

Best luck in your studies. How different is your education
from what mine was. The Pohjola River, a mile and a half wide,
separated my home from the schoolhouse. In the spring and fall I
rowed a boat across the river to learn my algebra and Latin. That
was tiring but not half so distasteful as the long winter months
when I skated across the mile and a half of ice to arrive with numb
feet and white ears at the cold schoolroom. If the temperature was
under fifty degrees below freezing, I didn't have to go. How I
used to curse when the mercury would drop to fifty and no lower.
No use to plead with father, and mother would only smile sadly and
bid me obey. Montana is a cold country but notin like those
winters in Finland.

My W. P. A. song goes on duty tomorrow. I must go to bed now
so that I will be ready to wave the flag tomorrow. A fine position
flag waving; -- cut it's a bright red one.

Many thanks again for your gift. Would that I might give as
much to you. Write home soon.

Your loving,
Father Eronen

November 15, 1941

Dearest Kerttu,

We are sending you the Finnish ceremonial dress that you wish
to wear at the Forester's Ball. It is a beautiful dress and you
may be proud to wear it. Your aunt carded the raw wool from my
father's huge band of sheep, she dyed the yarn, and wove the materie
on the great hand loom that stood in the sunny sewing room. There
I first saw the beautiful finished garment on my sister as she
wheelied about for my approval. She wore it that night to the great
Juhanus celebration on the top of Mount Oonas. We had these every
year but this one I remember best because it was my last. Many
bright dresses swirled there in the clearin - red as the flashes
of light that flamed from the northern horizon, green as the lush
pines that surrounded our dance, yellow as the tiny buttercups,
purple as the tall larkspur. Yes, many bright dresses, but none
were as beautiful as my sister Lydia's. No one could match either
the lithe grace of her movements, the dark sparkle of her eyes, or
the rich sweetness of her caroling voice. But I did not dance with
her often. No, brothers are poor rivals for sweethearts, and Eino
Leino, besides being handsome, was already foremost among the poets
of Finland.

I must always think of them so -- she dark, small, gay; he tall
blond, gracious; dancing under the northern lights. Yes, he might
have been the world's greatest poet had he not gone to the wars.
and my dear sister Lydia would not have died after spending two
months in an asylum after his death - it does not seem true. Last night in a dream I thought she called to me, crying that he had died in vain, that all the struggle was in vain, that Finland would never be free. I awoke myself crying, "We must fight - we must fight." Well, besides being old, I have another sin which is superstition.

I was telling you of the last Juhanus dance I ever saw. We did not go to bed that night but danced and sang all night, and the next morning I left, sailing down the broad Pohjola to the railroad center fifty miles south. How foolish people are to stand there weeping on the shore, I thought. They should be joyous. I was going to the land of opportunity to make much gold, to read many books, to write my symphony. Certainly they must know that I would return in a few years to take them too to the new land, to buy them satins and silks, fine leather shoes, music, books, send them to great Universities.

Well, that was many years ago and, after all, the Pohjola only flows one way. It was a broad majestic river, greater than the Missouri. In the fall when we felled the timber, it swept our huge sturdy rafts like toys down to the sea. The first time I took a raft of logs down alone, I nearly lost my life going over a ninety foot waterfall. When my raft broke in two, it was only luck that I should cling to the half that was thrown clear of the rocks. The other half was smashed to bits, and I lost a good many fine logs. The next time I knew the river better. But the Pohjola was a bountiful river too. That delicious salmon and trout we fish from its waters. Yesterday I told Mr. Coman he could keep his "very fine fish." Pale and dull it was, none of the deep rich red of Pohjola salmon. I have sent to Seattle for some first-grade frozen salmon. They say it is the very best. Your mother thinks it is a waste of money, but then I'm a working man, you know. We'll see if Columbia's salmon is as good as Pohjola's. I'll send you some if it is good.

We are looking forward to seeing you at Christmas. Until then I remain,

Your loving,  
Father Ernen

January 30, 1942

Dearest Kerttu,

Well, it is now nearly a month since you left this home of yours, and we sit here alone again like two old sparrows after their children have flown away, remembering days when our life and work made life worth living. In such memories we live but also in the lives of our children whose progress we watch with joy and whose sorrows we try to soothe. It grieves me to hear of your illness. You must not work so much. If only I had been a little more practical in my younger days I might be able to help you more. So quickly our lives pass in planning. But you must get more rest and remember to take the cod-liver oil every day and keep dry and
warm or your lungs will weaken as did my mother's. Poor mother - a short joyless life she had with only an unfaithful drunkard of a husband and two thoughtless children for companions. You look so much like her, my dear, from what I can dimly recall of her features. But her eyes were always sad and her movements slow and quiet as she went about her tasks. Well, she lies quietly now beside the broad Fohjola and perhaps it is just as well that she does not know of what has happened.

We are sending you some pies and biscuit. Do you know what we used to call pie in the early coal mining days? - "split-food" we called it. We taught the name to our landlady's little girl and nearly drove the woman wild trying to find out what the child meant. Oh, we were a rowdy bunch in those days - all fresh from the old country, all earning $10 and $15 a day blasting coal out of the virgin mountains. That is, we earned that much after the strike. The winter of the strike was a hard one - no work for three cold months - watching our children go about hungry and cold. At Christmas there were very few presents; but we won out. We were busy learning the ways of the new world, tearing up the town every pay day and giving all the girls a gay time. Yes, there were two hundred saloons in the little coal camp and every Saturday night they were full of miners singing all the songs they knew - Swedish, Finnish, German, Norwegian, Slovak. We sang English songs too. One fellow thought he would impress the old country girl he was courting by singing her a song in the new language. It ran:

"Good morning, boys; good morning, boys;
How do this day, how do this day,
Good morning, boys."

They were all the English words he knew, I guess. Well, the girl must have liked the English song because she married him. No, that wasn't me, your mother liked the Finnish songs better. We did not see any urgent reason to learn this foreign gibberish when we could say much more in our own tongue. Well, much of it is still gibberish to us.

I have been trying to study the books you left, but I am afraid I must leave them to younger minds. It is too late now for me to start to learn rules of harmony by a language that I am not the master of. Whatever I may now manage to express in music will have to be without harmony. Perhaps some day I'll manage to get some sort of note-jabber down and you can write the harmony. The book of philosophy interests me greatly, but there is so much I must pass over from lack of understanding the terminology. I remember reading of these men in school, but time has dimmed their concepts. How many philosophies men have lived by and what a short way they have come to gain freedom of mind and spirit from ignorant superstition and power of wealth and war. Even now when one nation has struggled so to realize its ideals of freedom and justice, - when these people have suffered through hunger, cold and bitter war for peace and equality - now they are again attacked by those thirsting for power, and all that has been accomplished is threatened with destruction. It is hard to stand by and watch. If I could only write of what I feel. But it is too late now.
Dearest Kerttu,

Well, it is certainly spring now. Even that old cottonwood in the front yard, that we thought was certainly dead, is leafing out. I won't have to worry about how to cut it down without breaking the fence now. Everything and everyone is young in spring, or at least thinks he is. I finally got my new teeth and can play the horn some, even tried the Spring Song today, but a meadowlark kept interrupting. A sassy bird it was, making me miss the high 'D'.

We saw your name on the honor roll in the Montana Standard. Those are the kind of grades that lift my chest. The Eronens can show them. I am sending $5 to help you a little. I wish it could be much more. You must come home this summer. I'm going to have a bigger garden and I need a helper. We'll make enough money so you can afford a vacation. I have some other plans too. The soil is still somewhat solid, but I have the whole garden mapped out. We are buying more cabbage plants and planting about ten more rows of carrots. Also I ordered a red rose bush to put near the lilacs. It should look fine there.

Bend River behind the house here is rising rapidly and we can hear it roaring all night long. I took a walk down there yesterday. The muddy water was swirling swiftly, tearing at the muddy banks and carrying huge torn limbs downstream. It was just at sunset and the sun on the water made it a deep purple color. A few meadowlarks and robins were chirping good-nights in the willows. The song I am enclosing came to my mind. It hasn't any name, but if you think it deserves one, you can christen it. Perhaps you would write some English words to it. It is a far cry from Sibelius or Lake Kemi, but then Bend River, though it is a vigorous river, is only a small stream and muddy too.

Your mother and I await some word of your summer plans. I must go now to put in a seed order at the store before I go to work. I'm still waving the red flag.

Your loving,
Father Eronen