Contents:

Tank Hill - Robert Wylder 2
Autumn Mist - H.C. 9
The Home Front - Kirk Badgley, Jr. 10
The Fog - H. 14
Poems - David Perkins 15
Letters Home 18
Gladdy - Fay Buchholz 27
Poem - Walter King 35
Five Poems - John Moore 36
Out of Weakness - Mary Foot 38
A Song that is Dead - Helen McDonald 42
And Have Not Charity - Virginia Bell 44

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I picked up the phone. I was young and it was spring and the animal spirits were running at flood level thru my veins. I wanted to go out and wear off some of the edge in the best way I knew how. Right then the best way was women, young women, darn young women, high school girls, in fact. The giggly ones, the ones with small, firm breasts and bodies like boys. I wanted female companionship pretty bad just then, so I picked up the phone. Female companionship meant almost any girl, just so she was in want of male companionship too. I knew pretty well in those days where I could find such girls, young girls, girls with the possibility of womanhood just beginning to dawn on them, girls with a realization that youth was meant for living. I guess I was pretty crazy about girls in those days, so I picked up the phone.

Hello, I said, I want to speak to Bob, please, Mrs. Morrison. I wanted to speak to Bob because he was young and eager and alive too. He sought female company the same as I did, and wasn't too particular who filled the bill. Not seniors or sophisticates, but just wholesome young girls, girls who hadn't been educated by the movies to fear love. I wanted to talk to him because I was going to go out with him to find some of the girls that interested both of us. I wanted to tell him the way I felt. Most of all I wanted to talk to him because he had a car and we were going out in his car to pick up some girls and we were going to ride around a while, and then we were going to drive up on a hill and park and kiss the girls. That's why I picked up the phone to call Bob. I wanted to make sure that everything was all right. I wanted to be sure we got those girls.

Hello, I said, I want to speak to Bob, please, Mrs. Morrison. I wanted to speak to Bob because he was young and eager and alive too. He sought female company the same as I did, and wasn't too particular who filled the bill. Not seniors or sophisticates, but just wholesome young girls, girls who hadn't been educated by the movies to fear love. I wanted to talk to him because I was going to go out with him to find some of the girls that interested both of us. I wanted to tell him the way I felt. Most of all I wanted to talk to him because he had a car and we were going out in his car to pick up some girls and we were going to ride around a while, and then we were going to drive up on a hill and park and kiss the girls. That's why I picked up the phone to call Bob. I wanted to make sure that everything was all right. I wanted to be sure we got those girls.

Hello, Mouse, I said, this is Bob.

Hi, Weasel, he said.

Then we talked about what we were going to do. He said we should go to the show first, and then pick up some girls afterwards, but I said no, let's just drive around for a while until we find the girls we want and then pick them up. I don't feel like going to a show tonight. He said, okay, have you got any money to pay for gas? We talked for a few minutes about the girls we were going to pick up. I hope we don't get stuck like we did last Saturday night, he said, and I said, yeah, I hope so too.

That Saturday night we had felt the same way, and we had gone about doing something about it in the same way. Only we got the wrong kind of girls. They were pretty sophisticated: Mouse and I drove them around for a while, and bought them cokes, and then we drove up on the hill. They wouldn't let us kiss them, though. They got the idea of being coy somewhere, so we couldn't kiss them. We tried pretty hard, too. Mouse and I were both mad. We took them home. I still can't understand why they wouldn't let us kiss them. Probably they saw too many movies. What it comes to is this:
those girls are going to have to see fewer movies if they expect us to take them up on the hill again.

I guess the best place to get anything is at the Pony, I said to Mouse, and he said yes, let's go to the Pony and pick up some women and go riding. We always called girls women in those days. I'll honk for you, he said. I said okay, and hung up the receiver.

The Pony was a dance hall for high school students, and that's where we all went when we felt that urge, especially in the spring time. It wasn't big, and it wasn't classy, but it was the place where the fellows like me and the girls like the ones we wanted to find all went on a spring night when they felt the way I did that night.

Mom, I'm going riding with Mouse, I said.

All right, she said.

I'll need some money, I said.

What for, she said, I don't see where riding is going to cost you anything.

It's for gas, I said. Mouse is going to have to buy some gas, and I have to help him chip in.

Well, here's a quarter.

That's not enough.

Why not? Where are you going, to Great Falls? she said.

No, I said, but I'll need some money to get into the Pony.

I thought you were going riding.

I am, but I want to go to the Pony, too.

I wanted to tell her that it was spring and it was just in high school and I was going out with Mouse and we were going to pick up some girls and go out and kiss them, but I didn't say so. I just said, seventy-five cents will do.

Fifty cents will do, she said.

Okay, fifty cents, I said, but I'll probably have to walk home.

See that you walk home before 11 o'clock, then, she said. I don't see what you do until all hours every night. What do you do?

Oh, we dance and ride around.

Alone?

Of course not alone. We can't dance alone.
I mean riding. Do you ride alone?

Sometimes.

What do you mean, sometimes, she said.

I'll take the fifty cents now, I said, there's Mouse honking for me.

I took the money and ran out to the car. I couldn't help thinking about the questions she kept asking. It was the same spring when she was a girl, and the horses knew their way home with the reins tied to the shipstock. She knew what I meant when I said we just went riding. But I didn't care. Mouse and I were both ready to go out and find some girls, and we didn't care what anybody thought.

I got four bits, Mouse, I said. Let's go get some gas.

Okay, he said, so we went and got some gas to go riding with.

I guess we better ride around a while, he said. I went by the Pony and there's nothing there yet. We rode around for a while, and talked about girls and sex and the track team. We only brought the track team in as a contrast. We discussed sex and girls primarily.

There's Helen Jane and Mae, Mouse said, let's pick them up.

No, I said, they're too old. You know what happened last Saturday night. Let's wait for a little while and then go down to the Pony and pick out some good young ones.

Okay, he said. We drove around the block again.

They're still standing there, he said.

Yeah, I see them.

I guess they want us to pick them up and take them riding.

Yeah, I guess they do.

Well, we'll just take them for a little ride and then go down to the Pony.

Okay, I said, but I don't know if this is going to work.

Mouse drove up to the curb. Wanta go for a ride? he said.

Helen Jane giggled. Oh, I don't know, she said, we're just out walking.

Oh, come on, Mouse said. Let's go for a little ride.

Helen Jane looked at Mae. Shall we?
I don't care, Mae said. I'll go if you will.

Well, I'll go if you will, Helen Jane said.

Okay, come on then, Mouse said, and I got out and opened the door. Then I opened the back door. I didn't know which one was going to get in with Mouse, and I didn't care much. It was his car, and I was bound to get what was left over.

Where shall I sit? Mae said.

I don't care, I said, you can sit any place you want.

I'll get in front, Helen Jane said. She got in and shut the door and Mae and I got in the back.

Where shall we go? Mouse said. You tell me where to go, and I'll take you there.

I don't care where you go, I said. It isn't dark yet.

We rode around a while and discussed the local high school situation, and it began to get dark, so Mouse said, let's go up on the hill.

What for? Mae said.

Oh, just to look around, Mouse said.

I've already seen everything from there, she said.

I knew we should have waited, I said to myself. If we go up on the hill now, all we'll do is look around. I don't want to go up on the hill and look around. I want to get some girls, young girls, and take them up there and neck with them. I don't want to look around. I've seen everything, too.

Oh, let's go, Helen Jane said, so we went. Mouse didn't care whether I wanted to go or not. Helen Jane wanted to go, and he wanted to go, so we went and parked up on Tank Hill. Tank Hill was our favorite parking place. It was close to town, and yet not too close. It was dark and quiet, and if you just wanted to look, you could see the whole town from there. If you didn't want to look, you didn't have to.

Well, I didn't want to look. I had looked before. But there wasn't anything else to do. Mae decided she wanted to look. She had been seeing too many movies too. She didn't want me to kiss her. She just wanted to look.

So there we sat, looking at the town, and I didn't like the situation at all. Mouse and Helen Jane were in the front seat, and they weren't looking at the town. I wanted to trade places with Mouse, but he wouldn't do it. He was satisfied.

Pretty soon I said, let's go, Mouse.
Yeah, let's do, Mae said.

Why? Mouse said.

I gotta get home, Mae said.

But we just got here.

I know, but I have to go home.

All right, Mouse said, if you gotta go, you gotta go. So we took Mae home. I don't think she wanted to go home at all. I think she just wanted to get away from me. I think she expected me to be nice to her and to try to entertain her in the back seat while Helen Jane and Mouse were necking in the front seat. But she wouldn't let me kiss her. I wasn't interested in entertaining her. I just wanted to take some nice young girl up on the hill and kiss her, and Mae didn't fit into the scheme. That's why I think she said she had to go home. She wasn't having any fun. Neither was I.

Do you have to go home, too? Mouse said to Helen Jane. We had let Mae out at her house, and now Mouse was worried. He was afraid Helen Jane would want to go home too.

No, she said, I don't have to go home until 11.

Good, Mouse said, we'll go riding some more.

I guess you might as well take me home, Mouse, I said. I was mad. Here we had picked up a couple of the older girls that I had warned him about and I was now sitting alone in the back seat. I wanted to be sitting in that back seat with some nice young giggly girl, one with little sense but lots of emotion.

Do you have to go home so early? he said.

No, but three's a crowd.

Well, we'll go down to the Pony and pick you up something.

Okay, I said. I didn't really want to go home. I didn't want to sit in the back seat of that car all alone either.

We drove down and parked in front of the Pony. It was full of boys and girls, dancing or just standing or sitting around.

You go on in, Mouse said. We'll wait here.

How long are you going to wait? I said. I knew Mouse was anxious to get back up on that hill.

Oh, we'll wait fifteen minutes.

I don't know if I can get anything in fifteen minutes or not, I said. Don't drive off without me. If I haven't lined up anything in that time, I'll come out and you can take me home.
Okay, he said. I walked into the Pony.

There was a big crowd there. I began to look around at the girls. I didn't have much time, so I didn't waste any of it. I passed up all the girls in high heels, and all the girls with their hair upswept. I looked around for low heeled shoes and sweaters and skirts. I looked for girls without makeup, girls with bodies like boys, girls overflowing with exuberance.

I danced with Shirley. Want to go for a ride? I said.

No, she said. I got a date.

Well, I said, do you know anybody that does want to go?

Yes, she said, but you don't know her.

What difference does that make? I said. She's young and female, isn't she?

Yes, she is.

Who is she?

There she is, dancing with Don.

I looked over. She was just the kind of girl I wanted. She had a sweater and skirt on, and she was young and full of enthusiasm for living.

Introduce me, I said to Shirley.

Jean Marshall, this is Bob Wylder.

Hello, I said, may I have the next dance? I wanted to dance with her so I could ask her to go riding. Mouse was waiting outside in a car, and it was a nice soft spring night, and I was young and this girl was young, and I wanted to ask her to go riding with Mouse and me and Helen Jane. I wanted to go up to Tank Hill and park and kiss her. That's why I asked her to dance.

She was a good dancer. In those days the Big Apple was the rage, and we danced it together. She was really solid. I couldn't ask her to go riding while we were doing the Big Apple, so I asked her for the next dance. She was good on the regular dancing too.

Say, Jean, I said, would you like to go riding?

Oh, have you got a car?

No, but Bob Morrison is waiting outside for me in his. We get his car almost every night.

Who's Bob Morrison?

He's a friend of mine.
Well, I don't know if I should, she said.

Why not?

Well, I don't know. I could see she wanted to go. She knew we weren't going to ride very much, and she still wanted to go.

Oh, come on, I said.

Well, all right, but I have to be in by 11.

Okay, I said, it's only 9:30 now.

We went out to the car.

You want to drive? Mouse said. He knew very well I didn't want to drive, but he asked me, and I had to say yes. He got in the back seat with Helen Jane.

I introduced Jean to them, and then we rode around a while.

There's not much gas left, Mouse, I said. I wanted to go up on the hill and park but I couldn't think of any logical excuse for it.

I guess you better park somewhere, Mouse said. He didn't really care if we parked or not, because he was in the back seat and didn't have to drive, but I wanted to park, and he knew that, so he said we had better park somewhere. He knew I couldn't drive and kiss Jean at the same time.

I guess I'll go up on Tank Hill, I said.

Where's that? Jean said.

Don't tell me you don't know where Tank Hill is?

No, I just moved here from Glasgow.

Well, I'll show you, I said, and drove up to the hill. I stopped the motor and put my arms around her.

Oh, she said. I didn't know what that meant, so I kissed her. Her lips were warm and moist and smooth, and her waist was small and lithe. We sat up on Tank Hill and talked about all the things young people talk about, and kissed each other until 11 o'clock. Mouse and Helen Jane were in the back seat doing the same thing, and we had a great time. It was spring and we were drunk with the feel of it, so we sat up on Tank Hill and had a great time. At 11 o'clock we went home.

That's the way it was in those days. Get a car and pick up some girls and take them up on Tank Hill. Take them up to Tank Hill, any girls, just so they were not corrupted with the movies, just so they wanted to go up on Tank Hill too. Take them up on Tank Hill and kiss them until 11 o'clock.
That was in the old days. Their breasts and hips have filled out now, and they have seen a lot of movies. They have discovered love. They won't go out and have an unabashed good time just kissing any more. They are afraid of love.

But in the old days we had a lot of fun up on Tank Hill.

*******

AUTUMN MIST

We found Love a peaceful, quiet kind of thing
That held us in its own, quiet world, alone--
The two of us, in a world of still, soft trees
And soft, green velvet grass beneath their wet, black trunks.

Not a leaf stirred in the quiet dusk
Of tall, pale trees.
Serene they stood, like mandarins in silver coats;
And the darker trees, the evergreens
Clothed in the dignity of years, stood in the soft, wet dusk
Beside the haze-gray road.

Our love was like that.

No flaming sunset, copper-gold upon the maples;
No storm, nor midnight clouds hurled by the wild wind
Scowling and ranting, full of fury;
Nor passionate, purple velvet skies; nor icy stars above
the cold, sharp peaks.

Only the gentle, graying mist, gathering
Softly lowering around the serene trees.
Quiet our love was, like the still, pale mandarin trees.

H. C.
Some of the signs plastered on the Administration Building, on the Labor Pool, and on the various time shacks read: "Please don't buy war bonds and stamps, this will help us win. Sincerely, TOJO." Others, in blunt American, read: "A two bit stamp will kill a Jap." But every time we laborers paid for a war bond, we also questioned Uncle Sam's spending policy. Both management and labor, the big guns in the United States, seem to be reading those signs and then spitting at them. The project with which I was acquainted was a $47,000,000 naval training station placed deep in the heart of Idaho's Rockies. From 12,000 to 15,000 men worked ten hours a day on this $47,000,000 war job, and each man earned from $1.00 to $1.75 an hour with time and one half for overtime. These men, both educated and ignorant, put in their time so that they could draw that $1.00 to $1.75 and for no other reason.

And so I too hit the boom town of Coeur d'Alene aiming to get my share of the gold. At this time I only half believed the rumor that one could get $11.00 every week day and $15.00 on Saturdays and Sundays for digging ditches. I doubt if the forty-niners ever averaged a dollar an hour in their diggin's; this goes to show how the value of things changes. Well anyway, this wide open town of Coeur d'Alene was booming, and the boarding houses were supposed to be packed to the rafters; most of them were, but I got a hot tip and managed to squeeze in one door before the landlady slammed it in the faces of the hundred men that were behind me. Next I wired my few skeptical friends left at home and asked them to come and join the party. Going outside, I ran into Bill, Tom, Mike and Dick, friends who had already put in their first day. Upon inquiry they told me that Adam did more and dustier work in the Garden of Eden than they on this new job. This, of course, was in early June, when the weather was cool and the grass was green.

The job was a big one, taking in more than 4,000 acres of very thick second growth timber. These 4,000 acres were divided into nine areas: six barracks areas, a hospital area, an administration area, a warehouse area—maybe you could call the sewage disposal plant a tenth area. The woods' growth was handled by brush-crews aided by 10 to 15 bull-dozers. The brush-crew's job was to clear the areas of timber, burn branches and small trees and to make cord wood out of the larger lodge-poles. After an area was cleared, a swarm of $1.40 carpenters and $1.00 laborers moved in and proceeded to make the place suitable for the Navy, and also proceeded to kick Uncle Sam in the seat of his striped pants.

I was on the night shift for my first two weeks, and, believe me, those June nights were just plenty frigid. Some mornings the puddles left by intermittent rains would be frozen solid. Our 11:00 to 11:30 p. m. "noon hour" during these cold nights was spent thankfully around a bonfire of scrap lumber. The thing that grated us was that great piles of scrap lumber were still burned after the majority of the night crew had been put on day shift and the small
remaining night crews had no use for warmth during the hot nights of July and August. As 100 pennies make a dollar, so short length lumber will make hundreds of cords of good stove wood. It took the company one and one half months to finally pick that wood up in a truck. I hope they put it to use somewhere.

When I was transferred from the night to the day shift, I went in to the plumbing and heating department, which promised "70 hours a week, rain or shine." That meant $.85 a week less $.15 a week for war bonds and $.85 for social security. Plumbers and steamfitters received a gross $127.50 a week. More than half of their week would usually be spent sitting on their dead ends for two reasons: lack of material, and pure unadulterated laziness. But no one can blame the workers for being lazy if there is really nothing concrete to work for. A war, yes, but unfortunately the average American workman evidently has to have some one present to prod him, and the war is several thousand miles away. And before the employee can be prodded, the employer evidently has to be prodded. If a prime example of America's war construction is displayed in the efficiency of building this naval station, it is small wonder that the national debt is $105,000,000,000 and inflation is rearing its ugly head above the American way of life.

Now our plumbing and heating department, because of red tape someplace along the line, had to dig its pipe ditches after the building was put up. I can tell you what this means: it means a loss in production in two ways--1) the ditches had to be dug a foot wider and a foot deeper so that a man could roll a wheelbarrow load out from underneath the building, and 2) underneath work such as this is back-breaking, which means more "fives." Also, such places are enticingly cool for the worker who has had only two hours sleep the previous night. There were plenty of us who, on many an occasion, slept away five of our ten working hours. Tying the can to those few who were really lazy was all right, but a new crew would be no better than the old one, and men were hard to get.

We worked on two dispensaries identical in every detail. On the first one, we, the plumbing and heating laborers, got our digging plans before the carpenters could get their building plans; consequently, we dug the necessary ditches in three ten-hour days ($517). We were outside where we could see what we were doing, which cut down the rates of mistakes, and where God and the foremen could watch us. The second dispensary was the usual underneath job; three 70 hour weeks ($3,400) were spent under this building trundling dirt down dungeon-like corridors exhausting in their backbreaking shallowness. Incidentally, approximately the same number of men worked on each dispensary. Perhaps you ask why some one didn't make these men work. The Navy did begin close checking about the middle of August. This increased output in some degree, but after all a Navy checker could not watch every man all the time and the Navy did want that training station built. As one worker said, "With so many men hired, something has to go up."

America's whole war policy seems to be based upon this principle. The mess has to start being unsnarled deep down at the roots, and so again the familiar cry arises that either labor or management is to blame. Actually, both labor and management should realise
that this is war. By war I mean your son's and brother's guts hanging on a barb-wire entanglement; youth's integrity and sense of values discouraged and sometimes lost by war's hardness, integrity which is needed in making a livable world. But if either labor or management has any such realization, the evidence of it was not apparent where I was working.

The union charged $10 initiation fee for each laborer and $25 for each carpenter, $50 for each plumber and steamfitter and $100 for each power-machine operator; $345,000 in initiation fees from these four groups of men alone was collected from this job. In return we got a job at $1.00 an hour and enforcement of union rules: the maximum weight to be lifted was 75 pounds; a trucker had to have a laborer load his truck; etc. Back of all this there were, I'll grant, many bitterly contested battles out of which valid results emerged, valid if this were peacetime, which it isn't.

A democracy, it would appear, is not the best type of government for war. How can we produce war materials or build defense factories if truck drivers cannot load a keg of nails or a sack of fittings on a truck, or if two steamfitters, instead of telling jokes and matching quarters, cannot run their own few errands? There were many days as steamfitter laborers when we didn't do a lick of work all day, but were paid just to be on hand. This lack of work encouraged us to stay out until late, many times not going to bed at all, and so the less we slept the less we wanted to work.

When Bill met Cliff on the street, the talk was invariably about their particular jobs, how little they had to work and how much they had slept during working hours. I could tell incidents similar to the one about the man who fell asleep and woke up three hours after quitting time, or the tale about one particular man whose boss saw him leaning up against a wall doing nothing and so went up to the slacker and asked him what the score was, why he wasn't working. Receiving no answer, he poked the mute one, almost toppling him over. The man had fallen asleep.

Ninety percent of the men were likeable and intelligent and were conscious of their faults the same as we were, but they could remedy only minor items through the local union. No one will contest the point that a man's money is his own to do with as he pleases, and I know plenty of men who spent 70 to 90 per cent of their pay in the local skin games of black jack and dice; but I also know most of these men were glad when the games were finally shut down. Two thousand dollars a night is too much pay for cheap tin-horn gamblers.

Management's share of the spoils and their contribution to Japan's war effort was disgusting. A ten per cent profit was their share. Because of this juicy reward, the contractors didn't make any attempt at cutting cost—as we have already seen. Let's hope that the profit tax hits them the way the government says it will.

All-inclusive planning of the job just wasn't in the books. The towns of any appreciable size were from 25 to 40 miles away, the highway to these towns about five air miles away. Two unimproved, corduroy, dusty roads left the project—one going directly
west to the highway, but seldom used because of the congestion caused by road machinery brought in to build a four lane highway out of it,--and an eight mile, much-used southern route with several branches leading to the highway. Neither of these roads was fit to fly over, let alone drive over. When more than 5,000 tired, hungry men quit at the same time and "got the hell" for home at the same time in more than 1,000 cars on roads like these--with the temperature 90° and dust so thick you could almost roll it between your fingers, thick enough to obscure cars 20 feet ahead and behind, the cars with their windows shut tight, increasing the heat and sharpening the tempers to razor edge, each car traveling 15 miles per hour--well, it was rather an irritating situation. The six in our 1935 Chevrolet coach came to the conclusion that the hardest part of the day was on that one and one-half hour ride home after the quitting whistle. A good many men were hospitalized with dust pneumonia. The trip out in the morning was exactly the same except for a few minor details. Once or twice a week some fellow would try to drive his tomato can to work. Now this wasn't helpful at all, because thirty cars behind a clunk can get nowhere fast. Sure, go ahead and pass the thirty cars winding around curves like a giant caterpillar. We did--twice; once we had to pull clear over to the left bank and let a car go between us and the other cars traveling our rightful direction, and another time we bulled our way into the line just in time. They finally staggered the shifts the last of August, and attempted to surface the roads, but they could not take the men off the project because of union rules and Uncle Sam's contract, so nothing really permanent was accomplished.

That road surfacing was part of the biggest farce I ever saw staged. August 2 was the day that the first completed area was to be handed over to the Navy. On this day the townspeople were allowed to come and inspect the area. The company blandly put a surface of road tar on the road to be used. In the area proper, where several sewer ditches had not had pipe placed in them bull-dozers filled the ditches up—all this to impress the natives. Local newspapers congratulated the men and the company for doing such a fine job and went on to explain that the slogan was "full speed ahead." I don't get it. People just couldn't be so dumb as to believe all that trash when 15,000 men know it wasn't true.

All this evidence plus the fact that friends from other war jobs bring back the same story from Boeing, the Richmont Shipyards, Bremerton, and the Great Falls airport—all this points to something drastically wrong. One friend was a draftsman whose work could be completed in four hours; he had to spread it to eight, then during rush hour ride a crowded bus to a home which was clear across town. Another friend brought back a tale of an Army Ordnance project in South Dakota, a job on which he was driving a truck. He put in 12 hours a day, six driving and six behind the brush, sleeping. All this points to only one conclusion: Employers are following the policy of dog eat dog, and the devil take the hindermost. To them, winning a war is secondary to grabbing all men for themselves and spending a helluva lot of money in order to make more profit. I hate to face it, but it looks as if the almighty dollar is mocking our life, liberty and pursuit of happiness.

All this leads us to my proposal: draft labor and contractors
and use them in such a manner as to accomplish things, and yet leave them free men. If I mention government control, a million conservatives will wish I were dead, but that is what it is, government control. The government controls the fighting front, why not the home front? Just remember we can still elect the leaders in this country and riddance of profiteering grafters might bring more persons to lead us who are real men! One hundred five billion dollars will be no easy sum to erase from the books, and the way we are spending means just that much more added on. Drafting of labor and contractors would mean a fair distribution of materials and men to all necessary war jobs, as well as to the all-important farm. My special project was short of materials, yet kept hiring men. The worn-out plea that $50 a month soldiers are giving up a lot still holds good—death is a big price to pay. The drafted laborer should have no kick. We jail extremists if they will not join the army, and the undecided ones soon decide to join up after a few people call them "dirty low-down Nazi-mongers", or after they get a few sidewise slicing contemptible frowns; yet the newspapers boast about, and flaunt stories on, the magnificent job our war contractors are doing. They don't believe we all see out of our blind side, do they?

But perhaps to you the drafting of labor and contractors is going a step too far; I don't think it is, and I believe that if we ever have another war labor will be drafted; if you do not agree, then let's look into a system of nationwide contracts whereby there can be no cost-plus thievery nor labor pilfering. Believe me, a contractor who has to get things accomplished with a limited amount of money and time will get the most out of his help. He would use fewer men, pay them more, and get quicker results. This plan also would allow more men for other jobs. Such a plan as this would have to include strict supervision, otherwise the plan would end up exactly as the present plan has; licking the boots of Hitler and Hirohito and making our children and grandchildren pay in "blood, sweat, and tears" for the victory of World War II.

THE FOG

The fogs cling to the mountains; winter long
We walk our ways upwrapped, and far away
The guns sound -- far, too far away --
And so we wait and work and rub our eyes
And doubt our souls and try to see the end,
Knowing what Milton knew who also stood
Battled in mind and far, too far away
In another battle and another day --
Knowing the agony is not our own,
No bombs, no fever, and no slaughter done;
Hoping alone our blindness is less blind
From waiting quietly so far behind;
Humble and yet with agony no less,
Who long have fought, and long have fought in vain
And now must rest and never fight again.

H.
SONNET FOR MORNING

A timbered mountain yawns into the sky,
Slicing the lonely clouds upon its top
Without regard for their emotions. I,
With pursed lips, think of how men always stop
To reconsider all the dreams they make
In idle moments, watching falling snow.
Men stop to reconsider dreams that snake
And seem to fall when winds of winter blow.

The dreams that men have turned their backs upon
And laughed at, still are dreams and still are strong.
The dreams that seemed to fall are merely wan
With cold abandon, and the endless song
That once was in them still is flaming bright.
These fires need only tending, not a light.

SONNET FOR EVENING

Above, I hear the droning of a plane,
And in the woods the yapping of a dog.
I look up at my trembling weather-vane
And watch the wind bring round the evening fog.
The sun has trailed across the sky all day
And now hangs hesitant to leave the sight
Of drowsy fields and new-piled stacks of hay.
A startled bird flies east into the night.

Dead men on the earth and in the earth
Commune, and whisper friendly salutations:
Vanished now are estimates of worth
Which live men make on races and on nations.
The strife of creeds is gone; these men transcend
The bayonet, and let the doctrines blend.
ON THE DEATH OF A FRIEND IN THE WAR

I need to be well drunk and rid of all care
Others may sleep but I must not be sleeping
For even in sleeping still the dreams are there
And the weeping

Today the sunlight glistens on his hair
But the bloated face is not of him nor the eyes
Nor the way the air is heavy with dead-man’s stink
Where he lies

I will look at the naked legs of girls as I drink
There comes a silence after many glasses
And for a while I will not have to think
But the silence passes

CARPE DIEM

Sun high and cold wind and a voice calling
Tomorrow not the same nor the next month
For the day is gone with the passing not to return

Books with the dust on them! Rows on the shelves!
Sometimes new fingerprints show on the covers
Here are the words not the men who wrote them

Only the silent shadows remain in the darkness
They do not speak but the words are here
Listen! Frightened whispers on the page will tell you:

Sun high and cold wind and a voice calling
Tomorrow not the same nor the next month
For the day is gone with the passing not to return...

High sun cold wind and a voice calling now!
SONG FOR MARY

Whisper softly here,  
Evening-wind,  
Or come not near  
Where you find  
Earth's best dust.  
Whisper softly here  
If you must.

Fall silent on this stone,  
Rain of night.  
Silent fall, and be unknown  
To her sight  
Who here lies sleeping.  
Soft and still she lies alone;  
Rain, fall weeping.

WEDDING-NIGHT

You, my girl, the last frontier  
Of sweet virginity--  
And I, a pioneer...
We are on a beautiful island—everything is so green. The weather is wonderful—not too hot. There are no winters, no summers here—just wet and dry seasons.

Plenty of cocoanuts, pineapples and bananas which we can pick ourselves; or lacking the energy buy from the natives. Vegetation is heavy and dense here—hard to walk in, impossible to run through.

The natives can't do enough for you, once you become "my friend"—they bring fruit, do laundry and errands for a small coin. They need no money, need not work for a living, so they have no worries, or "mental agonies" and are about the most friendly, best dispositioned persons I have ever seen. Laughing, singing, smiling, they while the days away walking along the road, watching the marines.

Because of the kind climate they usually wear nothing but a bright cloth wrapped around their middle, no shoes or hat. The men have the finest physiques of any group of men I have seen—beautifully muscled and excellent proportions. Their shoulders are very wide and square, tapering away to narrow hips. They do a lot of swimming and when anything is to be carried, they carry it on their shoulders, so you can see why the good builds.

They are brown-skinned and have even features. They speak a smooth language, which I hope I can pick up.

I like the way we live here—eating and sleeping and working out of doors. The Company office is in a small grass hut but it has no walls, open except for the support poles. Have a new platoon now, about the best Gunnery Sergeant in the business. He is an old timer, and has much respect for a platoon commander who does things right—hope he respects me. Well, the sun is browning me, turning my khaki lighter, and now I feel lost leaving the area without my revolver—please write often and I will too....

Wind is rising, cooling off the evening, hushing the semi-jungle to sleep and driving the humidity from the air—making the weather remind me of Montana's.

While there is a breeze, the days do not get too warm, and I like the mild, soft sunlight. However, when there is not sea breezes blowing, the humidity seems to sap your strength and bring perspiration to the surface from no effort at all.

We have moved into a new camp—a move of 26 miles—a hike with packs and weapons. As usual, during the morning, my shoulders
burned, but it went away quickly, and all the rest of the day I did not notice my pack and walked automatically.

We have the most beautiful moonlit nights...dazzling white beams that makes the sea glisten with rollers of brilliant silver diamonds, each sudsy foam luxuriant with rich jewelry of south sea island magic.

Technicolor green jungle steps out in its best evening gown into the brilliance of the moon's shower of pearls; tropical birds pick up the strain of sea music and the jungle seems to waltz the whole night through.

South Seas
January 1, 1943

Christmas Eve when I came in, I found your swell letter, and thanks a lot. I did have a fine Christmas, with many packages from the folks. No, it was not a white Christmas, but a warm, green, sunny one.

Just before Christmas I made a trip in an open landing boat around the island, visiting outposts. First day out was rough, rocky, and wet. Big breakers smashed at the bow all day, splashing us with spray continually. Coxswain tried to quarter--cut sideways to reduce the shock and spray--the waves but they were too big to handle. Miles in all directions, nothing but hills and valleys of roaming, heaving, surging water. Going nowhere, but moving forcefully and in a hurry.

We landed through a hole in the reef, just big enough to let a boat get through. Through this channel the running sea moved at a terrific, deafening rate. Because of the speed of the current we had to hit it with the throttle wide open and with a marine gray diesel engine in an open landing boat that is moving. When we shot through, we could see huge rocks, close on either side, just below the surface. It reminded me of the old stories about trappers and traders and Indians shooting the rapids in their canoes.

Along this quiet, parklike beach, the natives lived in their huts in neat towns along the well-kept trail. Their life was so uncomplicated, so simple and pleasant it seemed unreal. Everything so natural, untouched, unspoiled. Their work was easy and little of it. They lived by a fresh-water spring so they were clean. Toyland of the Tropics--Dreamland of the Gods--at least they were built like Gods and believed in Him.

After I came in, I had to return again, and in a hurry so I went on horseback through the bush. The trail was punched through by bull-dozers and it was loose dirt and rocks. It rained all the way, so the horse was knee-deep in mud all the way and had to work to keep a good walking pace.

When I came out on the other side, I stopped at a little vil-

lage, picketed my horse--a big, fastmoving grey gelding--and ate
and stayed till morning with a native family. I slept on the mat covered floor, ate their too sweet, unpleasant tasting food and took off again. I planned to return there the same night, but got a late start coming back. The trail again was through the bush, but I believed I could reach the trail junction before dark, if not the horse could find it.

Just before I reached it, it started to rain hard and was so dark I could not see the trail. For the first time in my life, I saw a puzzled horse go round and round in circles. And when I was a kid I used to get lost at night and trust the pony to bring me home and he always did.

But not tonight. When I leaned over to try to sleep, I couldn't see the horse's white neck nor ears nor the water he was standing in. The rain drove down, it belted down, it poured, pounded and came down with everything heaven had and part of hell too. First time in six months I felt the sensation of cold. When I forced the horse to move, he crashed into a tree, tangled me in the ferns and vines. So I waited—six hours until light enough to travel. When I hit the beach again and the firm white sand, the horse was just as happy as I and let himself out. When we came through the village—they all look alike—I did not recognize it and went on by. When I came back looking for the hut I slept in, the staccato of the horses hooves awakened the chief. He lighted me a lamp, gave me a dry wrap around cloth, and I went to sleep until everything was dry again. In the next a phonograph was grinding out Harbor Lights, Why and other American songs—a day's ride through the bush, 2 days by fast boat—and still swing music!

That black night in the bush was a funny thing. All I could do was wait out the rain and hope for daylight, and I found time to think about things I had not time for previously. I relived days and days down in the Clerical Service, puzzled out my old puzzles of why things happened the way they did, thought of the personnel and incidents. It all comes back very clearly. I had time for my novel too, even started to phrase it. Wish I could get it finished out here. I am going to start on it again soon. Well, this is too much for one time. Please write soon again. Today the sun and rain are playing games or working a swing shift—uncertain but not dry.

Yours,

Dear You:

Yesterday, sunshine and gardenias; today snow and ice. Believe me it's no wonder we can't sleep. Gee it's fun to come home. Out there is sunshine, but it's also a paved road to Hell. The smell of burning oil fills your lungs until you almost choke, and the wind seems to be screaming like a wounded eagle; sun-banked clouds tear at you at a terrific speed, while all around you are darting shadows. First you see a blaze of daylight, then a sharp plunge into dark of night and this dizzy pace keeps on and on until the very heart in one cries out for peace. Don't ever let anyone tell you that night falls.
(Overhead now, comes the roar of more Eagles coming home to nest.)

Night starts with the dim-out shadow close to earth and darkness ascends towards the heavens. At 20,000 feet it's still light when ole mother earth's dim in darkness. So you see, night ascends and does not descend.

Well, dear, all the eagles are back and now I guess, like ole mother hen, we'll all go to bed.

Goodnight,

Reception Center Dispensary
Fort Lewis, Washington
February 7

One night, about two weeks ago, at Camp Roberts, I got in from some maneuvers, and was told that an order had been received to send me back up to Fort Lewis, so I left the next noon.

Of course, my fare up was paid, I was given $7.00 ration money, as the trip takes two days and two nights, and I had about $18.00, my month's pay, to the date, so I felt a little better, and then too, this was not a troop train, but a crack streamliner. So I finally began to nurse my Mattingly & Moore along (M & M must have been a fine old gentleman), and then I repaired to the Lounge.

Well, there were a lot of beautifully gowned women, and prosperous looking men (Republicans, doubtless) in the lounge, so I went up to the bar and ordered my whiskey and soda. Nothing would do but what those folks would pay for my drinks. You know the angle, it goes "No, sir, these boys that are defending us don't have to buy drinks in my presence, no sirree." (Some ladies-ready-to-wear merchant playing the patriot and making a two-bit impression on a two-bit subject at the same time.)

So anyway, I took the cue and did my act right well, I thought: The modest youth, just wanting to do his bit, cheerfully putting up with untold hardships, etc. etc., (but at the same time retaining a firm clutch on my whiskey-and-soda), so we got along famously. They were really nice people, only, like you, and my folks, and a lot of other nice people, they don't see yet just how savage and exhausting this storm is going to be when it breaks over their heads. Things have been too easy for too long, for most of us.

I stayed with them until about 8 in the evening, and then I went to eat, just having a pleasant glow on. When I went back to the lounge again, it was deserted except for one young fellow, and he was a British flier. He had been studying at some air field in Southern California, he said, and was going to Victoria, British Columbia, and, as he had been given a few days vacation, had decided to travel by train, and see the country, and do a little quiet toffing, and toffing was his word for it.

This lad's name was Higley, and he lived in Highgate, which is a suburb of London. He was a handsome chap too, and very well
mannered, and not at all reserved or clam-like, as we expect most Britishers to be. I rather imagine, in fact, I am certain, that he was a well-born Englishman, as he was a commissioned officer, and it is hard for a poor man of dubious lineage, regardless of ability, to earn a commission in England.

He and I hit it off mighty well; we talked about everything from American music to whiskies, discussed American and European women, politics, the war, and just about every subject under the sun. Either he outdrank me, or else I had an earlier start, because I am pretty sure he had to help me into my berth.

Next morning when I woke up we were approaching the Oregon border, and it was snowing, a beautiful sight to see. After eating, I went back to the smoker and found Higley, and we got some cold bottles of beer. When we got to Klamath Falls, Oregon, we laid over for an hour, so he and I took a cab up town and got some M & M and went into one of the local taverns, and I introduced him as an R.A.F. man to the bartender. Higley said afterwards that was one of the things he liked about America; in England, you could never do that.

He was sure a prize lad. He had fought over Dunkirk in 1940, and he said it was a bad show, those were his words, verbatim. He has flown over Germany and all the occupied countries, and he said that while Germany's armed might is not fully appreciated here, he believed that eventually the Allies could win. He did not say "would." He thought Roosevelt was greater than God. Of course, you know how I feel about that. Roosevelt may not be greater than God, but he is breathing right down his neck. He said that if England had had Roosevelt when we got him, Hitler would never have gotten beyond the Munich beer halls.

Well, all friends must part sometime, and he stayed in Portland. My Aunt, whom I haven't seen in six long (to her, I guess) years, came down to the station to meet me, as we had a 2½ hour lay-over. She brought another couple down, to show off her nephew, I suppose, and I was roaring drunk, made coarse remarks about how she had fattened up, dropped my helmet on the floor and made a clatter and bang. My Uncle is a mighty nice guy, though henpecked severely, and I have a notion that he would have liked to have come along with me. My Aunt said, "You positively reek, just simply reek, of whiskey, I declare." Then I would imitate her.

Well, I don't suppose I will see her for another six years, and probably not then, if she has anything to say about it. Poor Auntie! About the only pleasure she got out of our reunion was telling the lady with her what a beautiful baby I was in 1921. Poor Auntie, I can't help loving her, she is so much like Mother, and so serious. When I boarded the train she gave me a carton of cigarettes and a $5.00 bill, which she shouldn't have.

I finally got to Fort Lewis, a lousy place and a lousy job. I hope they ship me back to a front line outfit soon, and judging from the poor work I am doing, and the impression I am creating, they no doubt will.

Love,
Fort Benning, Ga.
January 23, 1943

Hello--

...We started on our hike at about eleven thirty, and covered twenty-eight miles by five-thirty. Three of us from the 5-2 acted as guides for the leading battalion. That is, on a tactical march, we would have been what is called the point. In short, we were the first in line, first to meet the enemy if an enemy were to be met. We travelled fast and quietly those miles—you would be surprised at how little noise an entire regiment makes when night discipline is in force. Each time we stopped for a ten minute rest we dropped to the ground, relaxing as much as possible because we knew that the hike was far from ended.

In acting as guides we didn't have an easy job. In the first place, we had never been in that area—we didn't know our way around. But we did have a county road map, an old one, made by a very poor map-maker and we had some aerial photographs. It was the photographs that really helped us, believe me. In this war of today, photography is an integral part of any tactical maneuver, and reading and understanding a photograph is an essential. It needs training too—that isn't easy.

A full moon shone through the night until about six o'clock, when a heavy hazed overcast sky covered the moon and stars. It grew very dark. We were glad that there was a moon—it helped us a great deal with our road. It was so bright, we could read some of our notes.

Gabriel and I dug in in a tiny ravine, an old creek bed that filled when it rained. It had been raining previous to the hike, but although it was damp and a little muddy, it was more dry than the grass in the field and it cut off the wind. It also served as a natural trench so we didn't have to dig one—or a fox hole either. We spread out our rain-coats to hold back the dampness. One shelter half, we lay on the rain coats—to supplement. We took our blankets (each of us carried one, and spread them out and put another shelter half atop them to cut whatever wind there was. With the rest of our packs as pillows, we lay down to sleep—quite warm and comfortable—until about eight thirty when day began to break. By the time we awakened, the rest of the troops were dug in, gun emplacements were set up, and a CP (command post) had been established. Together with an aid station, some of the troops were detailed as security. The rest went to sleep, wrapped in shelter half and blanket on the grass.

Our problem was to defend an airport, after simulating a jump—until glider troops could land. The enemy came in the afternoon. Unfortunately for them, they hit our strongest point. How and why they did it, I don't know, but machine gun and mortar fire would have pulverized them and I haven't mentioned the effectiveness of grenades and rifles, and a few land mines strung here and there. But, I speak only of my Battalion—I don't know how well the others fared—I won't until we have a general critique.
After the attack, there was a conference between friendly and enemy forces and a rest period declared to gather equipment. Theoretically, ammunition, engineering tools and food were dropped by plane. We received the engineering tools and we received some food. Food consisted of some coffee and some more K-rations. It was cold out, and the coffee went good, not because it was good coffee but because it was warm. With coffee it is much easier to eat the dog-biscuits.

As night fell, we prepared to leave. We acted as guides again. We hadn't had too much rest and we started the 6 or 7 miles to the bivouac area. The recent rains were not kind to us, for we travelled through swampy mud and it isn't easy. Again, we were thankful for a full moon and bright stars. There was no confusion this time--our words were taken, and we settled down in the area there from about ten thirty to two thirty. It was cold. This time, Moderhak, Gabriel and I spread out our equipment, and slept comfortably for three hours. When we awakened we were stiff, sore, and tired, but the hike was not done yet. We had only travelled about 34 miles--there were about thirty to go. The entire regiment started the hike back. The roads and trails were bad. On good ground, we made three miles an hour, weary as we were, through the mud and the ooze. Two miles would have been our average speed, which is a good speed. At ten o'clock in the morning we approached our area. The band was out to serenade the regiment.

I passed an old house, on our hike. It was a huge place. Scarlet O'Hara might have called it Tara in her day. There were huge pillars in the front supporting a heavy roof. The house itself was square, made of wood save for a stone foundation. There were holes in the walls where once windows were. Crude boards criss-crossed some of these holes--many of the boards were sagging. Perhaps once people planned to return--put it off from day to day, week to week, month to month, year to year. They never returned. The white paint turned gray and began to chip and peel, the boards began to show and the weather warped them--pieces fell. There must be a story in that house; a story about the dirty old well, the ramshackle barns and corn cribs, the crumbling storehouses and loading levers, the mill stones. No trace of a lawn, only white sandy soil, eroding with weeds and brush here and there. The drive way long eroded and overgrown with wild briars. I stopped and looked at the haggard, ghost beauty of the place, the spreading trees in the yard, even in winter when trees are bare.

Across the road was a building made of crudely sawed lumber. It had never been painted, never shall be. There were no windows, only one door. Early in the morning a rooster crowed and like magic, a lamp flared in the house. Light did not filter through the cracks in the building, dropping beams on dirty earth. It flared through the large cracks; as much light outside as inside. The yellow light seemed dirty to me. I shuddered. "What hath man wrought." Here a negro family, toiling its way through life, no means of transportation, miles from anywhere, slop and dirt littered the place. The lord of the manor had long since gone. There was still a weak shoot of his slave crop left living there. I saw three children. I don't know if they were boys or girls--only the upper parts of their naked bodies
showed. They watched the passing regiment. A tall, angular negro woman, fat with huge breasts falling, came to the door. Perhaps it was a kimona thrown about her shoulders, her feet were so very large, no shoes on them. She must wear shoes but seldom. She was an ugly woman, yet, she smiled and shouted good morning, laughing as she took the children back in and closed the door.

All in a short moment when I stopped to watch the troops and adjust my pack and I marched on. There were other dwellings, some of the men shouted to the negroes, "Hey, black boy, you all git up. Leave the woman alone and git out and build the fire--" Tired men who wanted to laugh, perhaps they hurt the negroes but the poor boys wanted to laugh.

And we went on and we slogged through the mud that had the suction of quicksand and we squished, squashed, slog, slog, slogged through the goo and the gum and when we rested, whether it was dry or wet, muddy or not, we fell flat where we were. Now we could smoke, so we would smoke. Some men fell asleep as soon as they touched the ground. It was Hell to have to awaken them to move on--those men wanted to laugh.

I looked about to see the splendor that was the South. We were on a county highway. No vehicles could travel here. Even men, tired men, bogged down in the mud of the highway and on either side, I could see swamp land, all dirt.

A colored man passed riding a huge, beautiful bay horse. There was no saddle. He was giving the horse a morning sun. In the distance I saw a modern mansion. I wondered--there were still slaves. The colored man was old. His hair and whiskers were white, his clothes, cast off, were too large for him. He said good morning and I replied. The bay was strong and spirited. Gnarled hands held a firm grip on the reins and there was power there. Knees and calves squeezed tightly to the horse's sides and the horse was guided carefully through the long line of men.

I heard an owl hoot and off in the distance there seemed a reply-- a whoohoo, sadly--whoohoo, then a short whoo-oooh, and silence and I wondered about owls and I looked at the beautiful moon and we walked on and on. We stopped and I lit a cigarette and I awakened. I could not find the cigarette and the column began moving on--on again. There was a creek that flowed under an old wood bridge. The creek was deep and it seemed to sing with its rapid current, "Morning soon, morning soon, rest, sweet rest." I looked at my watch, it would be 40 minutes before rest and I laughed bitterly and wondered what the bright spot was before my eyes and I knew I was tired. My feet hurt. I put my rift on my other shoulder and strapped my helmet to my belt. It was too heavy on my head.

The man in front of me sat down suddenly. I walked to him.

"I'm hurtin'," he said.

"An ambulance will pick you up," I told him and he fell asleep immediately. I looked at the deep, sticky mud in the road and marched
on. An ambulance would pick him up. The Col. would see to that. We marched on. I saw a young officer limping. I passed him by to get to the head of the column. "I'm hurtin'," he said. "So am I," I replied. We laughed. I don't know why we laughed. I went on and looked at my watch and crused.

We rested. Someone said, "S-2, how far to go yet?" I looked at the man, at my watch. "Four more hours," I said. He groaned and fell asleep and I looked at him and I wondered what he did before all this. The captain got up. I got up. The En. got up. I awakened Gabriel. He got up and we moved on. An officer driving a jeep passed going in the opposite direction. He was cold and looked tired. I took a machine gun tripod from a man and carried it. He was limping. He said, "Go to Hell" but he let me have it. An officer was there; he carried a base plate from a mortar, heavy iron thing, and two rifles. He was limping and I wondered what he had done before all this. His wife must love him. His shoulders he somehow kept straight, his head up. I put the tripod on my other shoulder. It was a heavy thing. We went on not so much mud now.

A truck full of negro laborers passed by and they were frightened because the men were taunting them. The tired men wanted to laugh. The truck moved on. I saw its headlights make a turn.

Time passed, many miles slowly slid beneath our feet and we reached Fierce's Corner, three miles from the camp and we rested and we watched airplanes overhead and the sun was shining. An old man, 60 or more came by. The men said, "Hy you Pappy." He grinned a toothless grin and walked on leaning heavily on a gnarled stick as he went. We marched on and a mile to go we rested again.

The band played and colonel stood at attention as his troops passed. He was pleased with the men. I fell out of line--went to my hutment. I'll write again today. It is noon, lunch time and there is some work to do. God, I'm tired yet. Goodbye.

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Editorial comment: The foregoing letters are actual letters received from soldiers. Most of the writers are former students of Montana State University.
GLADDY

By Fay Buchholz

I met Gladdy on a March day when the wind was whipping the straggly poplars and sending little gusts of sand and old leaves across the school yard. We were playing hopscotch under the windows of the third grade room, on the sunny side of the school house. It was my turn to throw the nail, and I tossed it way beyond the square I was trying for. I walked across the squares, disgusted, to pick up the nail for Helene. And then I saw Gladdy.

There was a sudden gust of wind around the southeast corner of the building, and two girls rounded the corner. They were laughing and holding onto their little brown felt hats. Their long, dark-blue coats floated out behind them like sails in the wind, and their long straight hair blew around their faces. We stopped playing hopscotch for a minute and drew closer together.

"They're the new minister's kids, I bet," Janie Moffat said. "My mother said they ought to be here this week."

"My mother helped clean the parsonage Saturday," Helene said, "and some of their furniture came then. I guess they have several kids."

"They moved in this morning," I stated, proud to be the one to know.

"Pretend like you don't see them," Janie said.

We weren't unfriendly. We just wanted to size them up. They were aware of us, too. They stopped laughing, and stood close together against the sunny wall, while the wind whipped the dry dust and bits of paper and tumbling weeds across the school yard.

We resumed our game, watching the new girls out of the corners of our eyes.

One of the girls was about our age, maybe a little older. She was tall, and blond, and very thin. She had deep, burning sort of eyes, with blue circles under them. She had a long face, like my Father's bird dog. Her lips quivered. She reminded me of my Father's setter when the birds are out on a misty fall day. Or of the deer we saw in the Park. They had that same quivery look, like they could feel something present or just around the corner, maybe—something that we didn't sense.

The other girl was older, and plump. She had round brown eyes and there were dimples in her fat, round cheeks. Her cheeks were very rosy, and she was out of breath from running and laughing.

We went on playing hopscotch, and the new girls whispered together as they eyed us.

Velma looked mysterious, like a gangster's moll in the movies, and said out of the corner of her mouth, "Should we talk to them?"
"Well, they're minister's kids; I guess they're all right," Janie said.

"I like the dark one. She looks like fun," Velma said.

"She's older, though, I bet. She looks like Seventh Grade."

"Well, I'm going to talk to her, anyway. The other one looks kind of sour. We better hurry, though, before the Breed Crowd gets them to join up first."

Janie and Velma sauntered over to the two girls. The rest of us followed. I went around and stood by the blonde girl. Janie said, "You the new minister's kids?"

The dark girl said, "Uh huh. Our name's Hargreaves. We just got here this morning. I'm Juanita. This is my sister Gladys. We call her Gleddy."

The other girls said "Hi" to Gladys and turned again to Juanita. I was standing by Gladdy, so I said to her, "What grade are you in?"

"Fifth," she said.

"Me too."

The bell rang, and we started toward the door. "There's an empty desk back by mine," I said. "Why don't you ask Miss Martin if you can sit there? She's an old hen, but I think she'll let you, being you're new here."

We went in the back door and up the steps toward Miss Martin's room. "Where did you live before?" I asked.

"Minnesota. We lived there five years. North Dakota before that."

"What did you do there?"

"My father was a minister there too."

"No--I mean, what did you kids do?"

"Oh. We played dolls, and stuff. There was a Young People's there--and we always went to that."

"What's a Young People's?"

"A sort of club in the church. All the kids belonged to it. We had meetings every Sunday night, and had a lunch sometimes. Oh--and then we went to Services and Sunday School, too."

"What else?"

"Well, I didn't have very much time during school. I had my dishes to do at noon, and I always helped get supper after school. Nita did the supper dishes, though, so I could practice."
"Practice what?"

"Piano. I took lessons in Minnesota. I was on Chopin when we left."

"Oh, good. I play violin. I take lessons, too. I play for programs sometimes. Maybe we could play together."

"I'd like to." She tossed her head somewhat shyly. "I don't know whether I can take lessons here or not."

"My mother teaches some kids," I told her. "You can take lessons from her."

The parsonage was next door to our house, so Gladdy and I used to walk home from school together, and then, if Gladdy didn't have to get supper, we would play in my room, or out in our garage, or under the grape arbor where we had a play house. Or, best of all, Gladdy would play the piano and I would play the violin with her. The time melted away when we played like that together. Gladdy could make a piano sound different, somehow. More like when my Mother played. It was not like Janie's or Helene's playing. They hit wrong notes and banged so I couldn't hear whether I was in tune or not, but when Gladdy played with me, we made music together.

We used to plan how we'd go away and study music together when we grew up. And I knew that Gladdy would be a great pianist. We planned concerts. There would be a big, gloriously bright stage, with a piano on it--only a wonderful, gleaming, vibrant piano, in the center of the stage. And then Gladdy would come in. She would wear a frothy white gown, and orchids. There would be jewels in her hair, and the crowd would go wild when she appeared on the stage. Then she would play. The great, shining piano would come alive under her fingers. When she had finished, there would be a moment of complete silence, and then the storm of applause would thunder forth. Gladdy would bow and smile, would graciously receive the flowers and notes sent to her, would greet the richly dressed people backstage after the concert.

"And you'll play the violin. You'll be there, too," Gladdy used to say, trying to anticipate glory for me too. So we'd plan another magnificent debut.

Gladdy practiced hard in those days, and she loved it. My mother said that she had remarkable talent. Mother sometimes gave Gladdy a lesson at our house, but Gladdy didn't tell her folks about that. Freacher Hargreaves said that they couldn't afford lessons any more, and Mrs. Hargreaves said that she wasn't well and it made her head ache when Gladdy practiced on the piano. Anyway, she needed the girls to help with the housework after school and Saturdays. But Gladdy practiced at our house.

Sometimes she played hymns at home. It pleased her folks to have her play them, so she played Blest Be the Tie That Binds, and At The Cross, and What A Friend We Have In Jesus. Freacher Hargreaves would sit in the kitchen and nod, and say, "Mamma, you're right. Glad-iss doesn't need any more lessons. She can play all
"Yes," Mrs. Hargreaves would say, "and she can sing the alto part now, too. I had her practice a duet with Juanita this afternoon, 'Whispering Hope.' It was fine. The girls can sing it at Services next Sunday."

"Ah," Preacher Hargreaves would sigh contentedly as he leaned back in his chair, his stockinged feet outstretched toward the open oven door. "It's nice to have a daughter to help with Services again. I like to have Glad-iss at the organ. It's like the old days, when poor Jennifer was here."

I didn't like to hear them talk about Jennifer, because Mrs. Hargreaves always cried, and said Jennifer had been too religious for such a nervous, delicate constitution. I thought at first that Jennifer was dead, but Gladdy told me one time that her older sister was in an insane asylum. "They had to take her away when we lived in Minnesota," Gladdy said. "She was nervous. She sort of went crazy over religion, I guess. It was terrible, when they took her away. She was always swell to me."

One time, I heard Mrs. Markham and Mrs. Trowbridge talking about Jennifer at Ladies Aid. They were sitting in our front bedroom while Mrs. Trowbridge rocked her daughter's baby to sleep. I was getting clean tea towels from the cabinet in the hall. They didn't know I was out there, because, if they had, Mrs. Trowbridge would have raised her eyebrows and said, "Little pitchers, you know," and they would have started talking about the Annual Supper, or Mrs. Markham's new electric stove, but they didn't know I was there, so they talked about Jennifer.

"You know, my dear," Mrs. Trowbridge was saying, "The Hargreaves' oldest daughter is in the Insane Asylum." She looked very pleased when she said those words, Insane Asylum.

"Too much religion, I understand," Mrs. Markham said.

"Too much religion, nothing!" Mrs. Trowbridge leaned over and spoke very low in Mrs. Markham's ear. I could see her in the hall mirror. I could barely hear what she said. "Jennifer Hargreaves was in love with a married man. I got it from a very good source, my sister Lena has a friend whose mother-in-law lives in Minnesota, in the same town the Hargreaves come from, and Lena had it straight from her. Jennifer wasn't any more religious than anyone else. She was thirty-four years old, and she had this affair with this married man, was all. I guess Preacher Hargreaves was terrible hard on her, when he found out."

"Yes, he can be a hard man. He makes his children toe the mark, all right. My, I wouldn't think of making my Helene work the way the Hargreaves girls do. I think it's nice for a child to learn to help around the house, but they need to play, too. It doesn't do to be too hard on them."

Gladdy had two brothers and another sister, a married one, besides Jennifer and Juanita. The married sister's name was Anna,
and Preacher Hargreaves and Mrs. Hargreaves loved her very much. They always spoke of her as Our Anna. She was married to a man who owned a big store in Minneapolis, and she used to send boxes of beautiful dresses and shoes and things that had hardly been worn at all. Once, Gladdy got a lovely purple chiffon dress in the box. It was an evening gown, the first one I had ever seen, because people didn't wear evening dresses in our town. Mrs. Hargreaves cut off the dress, but it was still beautiful. Gladdy wore it when she played at Baccalaureate that spring, and for best for a long time afterward.

Gladdy's brothers were Marvin and Albert, Junior. Marvin was seventeen, and was a senior in High School when Hargreaves' came to our town. Marvin was wild, everyone said. That spring there was a scandal in the high school. The principal hushed it up, but I knew about it because my father was on the school board, and the board members met with the principal at our house. I had to promise not to tell anyone about it, but I knew.

The seniors had a Sneak Day. They weren't supposed to go to another town for this Sneak Day, but some of them did, and what's more, they stole the gas to go on. They went to Woodworth, which was sixty miles away, and when the school board and the man whose gas was stolen finally caught up with them, they were parked in the ditch six miles out of town. It was early the next morning, and they were all sound asleep. There were six of them--the Grant boys, Lela Morey, Frances Gunderson, and Bobbie Blake, who was a girl with a very bad reputation in High School, and Marvin Hargreaves. When the school board met at our house, they called Marvin in, because he was the one the filling station man saw stealing the gas, but Marvin cried and said it would kill his mother if she should hear about it, so it was hushed up. Mrs. Trowbridge knew about it, though, I guess. She said it was all you could expect of Marvin, the way the Hargreaves family had to toe the mark at home. "Isn't it always the way with preachers' children," she said. "They just never seem to turn out the way you want them to."

"It's not that way with all preacher's children, my mother answered.

Gladdy's other brother, Albert, Junior, was just a little kid, so we didn't play with him much. Besides, Mrs. Hargreaves liked to take care of Albert, Junior herself. She said the girls were mean to him, and he liked his Mamma best.

Sometimes, in the evening right after supper, some of us girls would go over to Gladdy's house to play. Mrs. Hargreaves usually sat in the rocker over the floor register and rocked Albert, Junior to sleep. We would help Gladdy and Juanita with their dishes, and then we'd go into the living room to play the piano or play games, but usually Mrs. Hargreaves would have a headache and she would go to bed, so we'd all go over to my house to make fudge or play theater. We didn't mind much, because it was warmer at our house than at Gladdy's. They usually had damp washing hanging in the doorways at Hargreaves' and their electric lights didn't have any shades on them. We didn't care much to play there. We just went because Gladdy asked us.
The best times of all were when Gladdy and I listened to the orchestra practice at our house. It was a dance orchestra, so we didn't play in it, but we'd sit on the stairs, sort of back in the shadows, where the folks wouldn't notice us and remember how late it was. My uncle Joe played in the orchestra. That was why they practiced at our house.

Those were wonderful evenings. The orchestra members would take off their coats, and play and play until their shirts would get all damp and wrinkled and their hair rumpled. They were very serious players. Uncle Joe would close his eyes and sort of sing into his saxophone, and there was one fellow named Hap who pounded all night on the drums, and he'd yell different things as he hammered on the different drums and tom-toms and cymbals. "Rat trap drums," I called them the first time I heard them, and everyone laughed, so I was very embarrassed, but that was when I was just a little kid.

My Uncle Joe brought all kinds of people home to play in the orchestra--business men, and some of the kids who came home from college, and once he brought a nigger trumpet player, but Mother didn't like that much. Uncle Joe explained that a white man couldn't blow a trumpet like a nigger, but Mother said he'd better be satisfied with a white man.

There was a piano player there sometimes named Bill Barker, who was wonderful. He played all over the keyboard. Gladdy used to sit and watch him with that quivery look she had. She never took her eyes off him, and she'd sort of sway when he played. Gladdy wanted to play like that. "I know it's sinful," she would say, "but I'm going to learn to play that way. I just have to learn."

Shine On, Harvest Moon, they'd play, and Button Up Your Overcoat, and My Gal Sal, and St. Louis Blues. Uncle Joe would sprawl on the blue-and-tan brocade davenport that sat cater-cornered across the living room. They'd push the fringe up over the top of the big blue georgette lamp shade, so that the light shone on the cymbals and the piano keys, and they'd play all night, with Gladdy and me listening on the stairs. Gladdy would sit in a trance, her cheeks flushed, eyes shining, and far away. She'd sway, and tap her foot, or swing her hand in time to the music. She didn't even know I was there beside her. When there was music, nothing else mattered to Gladdy.

Then someone would remember to send me to bed, and Gladdy home, and she'd catch it for being so late, but she always told me the next day it was worth it.

Gladdy and I graduated from the Eighth Grade together, and started to High School. Gladdy had been learning piano from my mother all that time, and she played beautifully, I thought. Mother said she made up for all the spoiled kids whose mothers wanted them to learn piano.

In our town, after you were a sophomore in High School, it was considered proper to go to dances. The dances were always held in the school gymnasium, and in those days, our parents attended them. Our crowd always went. Sometimes, we paired off in couples;
Janie Moffat went with Skinny Austen, and Helene with Richard Frye, and I went with Squeaky Carlson. Velma usually went with her brother Ronald. Velma had buck teeth and giggled all the time.

Gladdy wasn't allowed to go to dances. "Dancing is the invention of the Devil," Preacher Hargreaves used to say. But Gladdy cried, and even threatened to leave home, so her folks finally said she could go to the dances if she would promise to stay out in the hall, and not go in where the actual dancing was held. Gladdy was so wild just to get to where she could hear the music that she promised, of course. She went, and stood in the hall, and finally one of the fellows offered to take her home. She went to several dances, and stood around in the hall listening to the band. Some of us used to go out and stand around to keep her company, but our parents didn't like to have us out in the hall, because there were usually a bunch of drunks around the door.

Then Preacher Hargreaves made Gladdy get a job, so we saw less and less of her. Our crowd was pretty busy during our Junior year, putting on the Class Play, and the Prom, and the Senior Banquet. Gladdy didn't ever seem to be around when we were working on something for the class. Janie Moffat's dad gave Janie a car for her birthday, and she used to call for me in the morning and bring me home after school, so I didn't walk with Gladdy anymore. We usually stayed for a meeting or a rehearsal after classes, and then we'd go back to work on the paper or practice with the pep squad, or just go down to the drugstore for a soda and sit around with a bunch of kids after supper. Gladdy worked after school and evenings for the new doctor's wife. She had to quit coming to orchestra practice. She had accompanied the glee club and the orchestra for four years. I stopped her in the hall one day, to tell her we missed her at the practices.

"I go to work at three o'clock now, instead of five," she said. Mrs. Wolfe wanted some extra help in the afternoons, she explained. It meant more money, and her folks wanted her to take it. The congregation was pretty hard up that year, on account of being hailed out, and the donations were mostly meat, and flour or vegetables—not much cash. By working she could buy her own clothes to help the folks some.

"But don't you have any time to practise now?" I asked.

"No," she said, "I have to work all that time. I do miss orchestra and glee club, though. Maybe I can come back next year. How is Janie getting along with the accompaniments?"

Then, that spring, we heard that Hargreaves' were moving away. There were several church parties before they left. Then it was the Sunday for Preacher Hargreaves' farewell sermon. There was a big crowd there. Afterwards, we all stood on the church steps, talking about the Hargreaves' trip and saying how much we would miss them.

"Well," said Mrs. Hargreaves, "We hate to leave; we've been here so long, but our Marvin has been begging us for months to come to California. With Reverend Hargreaves' rheumatism bothering him so
this past year, and my health being so delicate for years, we just decided to go on out to Marvin's. Juanita is out there, too, you know. She's in nurses' training. Oh, yes, this is her second year."

I started toward our car, and then I saw Gladdy out in front of the Church, standing in the tall grass near the Preacher's car. She was brushing some little sticky burrs from her slim, silk stockings. The wind blew the short kinks of her permanent about her face, and whipped her thin silk dress close around her slim body. She looked fine in the clothes she had bought for herself. She saw me and waved as I picked my way through the stickery grass to where she stood.

"When are you leaving, Glad?" I asked.

"This afternoon," she said.

"Oh, so soon?"

I could think of little to say. I saw her, standing in the warm, dusty wind as she had stood that first day in the school yard. I was filled with a sadness, longing, a sense of loss—disillusionment, maybe—I didn't know which. I felt that I was losing, had lost something which I couldn't have told what it was I had lost—a friend, someone whom I completely understood and who completely understood me? No. I guess it wasn't a person for whom I grieved. Maybe it was a very happy childhood that was gone. Or an ideal. I would have liked to tell Gladdy about this sense of loss I felt at her leaving, but I couldn't seem to say it without sounding silly, so I didn't tell her. Maybe I was just being sentimental, anyway. You usually are, when people go away. That's probably all it was.

"You'll be back," I said, being gay about it. "People always come back, once they've lived here."

"Oh yes, I'll be seeing you again some day."

"And practice hard," I said. "You know, you're going to be a great pianist."

"The folks sold the piano to get money for our trip."

"Oh," I said, feeling sorry, "but you can find another one somewhere. You have to!"

"Maybe." Her answer was vague. "I haven't practiced much lately."

My folks were honking the horn. They were in a hurry because we were going to Moffat's for dinner that day. I held out my hand to Gladdy.

"So long," I said.

"So long."

I had a Christmas card from Gladdy the other day. It rather surprised me. It was the first word I'd had from her since the year
the Hargreaves' went to California. She wrote of her father's death, and said that her mother was running a grocery store, with the help of Albert, Junior, who was in school in Los Angeles.

"All the rest of us are married, now," she wrote. "My husband is a bookkeeper in a bank. He's wonderfully sweet, and we have three darling children. They are Albert, four and a half, Jennifer, two, and the baby, Donna Kay. We are buying our own home, an adorable, five-room cottage, only two blocks from a good grade school. I have met some lovely people here, and am in two clubs. One is for bridge, and the other, a sort of study club. This year, our project is music; you'd like that. Each meeting, we take up a different composer, and have a paper on his life and works. They asked me to play some selections the other day when we studied Chopin, but I told them I hadn't played anything classical in years, although my husband bought me a lovely little spinet piano last year, and I play sometimes in the evening for him. He doesn't care much for classical music, though.

Well, now I've told you all about my family, etc., you must answer soon and tell me about what you're doing. I read in the hometown paper where you're studying music in college. Remember when we were kids, how we used to plan to study music together? What times we had!

I'd love to hear from you—all about your school, and music and everything. Love from all of us, Gladdy."

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I must not be the wailing wind in the night,
nor the rattle of hail against the glass,
nor the shudder of ice that is breaking fast,
nor the shreik of a crow in flight.

Nor must I laugh the idiot laugh of the loon,
nor sing the simpleton song of the cricket,
nor cry as the bob-white cries in the thicket,
nor droop with the dying moon.

Rather must I be the sturdy pine that grows
neighbor to the wind on a craggy bluff,
be the wild grass, as soft, as tough,
be summer as it comes and goes.

And I must sing the consonant song of the thrush
and laugh the heedless laugh of a boy.
I must gild my heart with sequins of joy
to smother the grief I hush.

Walter King
I

A man can shape his hand around
This plot of earth, this northern ground;
Can weave in air the secret way
The wind sucks out this sandy bay;
Can mark in eyes the squint of sun
Seen water-ward where ledges run
In shoals off shore where unfelt air
Will stir the waves and sudden there
Give gleam and light to hidden things,
To broken spray, to one gull's wing.

A line of hills a man can trace
And hold in mind their windy face;
But lose him where the land grows pale
And mark his acre by one sail
Beheld against another's sky,
And he shall know the tired cry
Of man come home to native ground
To find his county water-bound,
To find the hills held in by lake,
To find three pines and the cedar-brake.

II

While lights the window one tortured star
Remove your belongings, find the stair
That mocks the creak and furtive jar
Of generations hiding there.

Find mental freedom in the vault,
Among the fruit, by autumn's wine.
Beyond the roofftree night's assault
Disturbs the stars, annuls the mind.

Befriend the slug, the undead worm,
And learn to breathe immortal earth
Against the daylight's bleak return,
Against the angry night's rebirth.
III

No purity remains but flame.
No purgative so heals the mind,
Dumb with wonder, no name
We know speaks words that find

So large an acre of the man.
Woodlots of the heart left white
With snow, forgotten of the hand,
Now bend to flame, now cheat the night,

While all about the flame's bright plunder
The air melts down, distills new wonder.

IV

Now crows do come with early light
Their darkling wings above the wood,
And there they shape their hungry flight,
And there they cry in autumn light.

Now over fields November grey
The stubble harvest waits for snow
To bleach the sodden shape of day
And hide the naked grass away.

Now crows do wheel them home at night,
Their fading wings above the wood,
And there they still their solemn flight,
And there they mark the fall of night.

V

A town should follow water-wise
The crescent where the cedars rise;
All its hours measured there
In rounded rings of watered air,
In wind that thins itself through pine
And curves along the water line.

Anchored thus a town will stay
And hold its arc against the bay
Through all the winds a man may find,
Yet hold at last his tired mind.
Next year, if there were any of those first pioneers still liv­ing, the first successful cooperative association could celebrate its 100th anniversary.

It was in 1844 that a few English flannel weavers, in the town of Rochdale, decided that something must be done: they made barely enough to keep body and soul together while they were fit to work; and when working days were over, there was nothing to do but accept charity or starve. They wanted what everyone wants: a "new deal."

A new deal being nowhere in sight on the road of time, these weavers proceeded to create one for themselves. Meeting in secret--(the cooperative idea was too "revolutionary" to be generally accept­able)--they came to the conclusion that if they couldn't get higher wages, they might be able to make what they did get go further by pooling their resources and buying in large quantities from whole­salers.

That is just what they did. A dozen dissatisfied workers pledged two pence a week. At this rate, it would have taken them a year to accumulate enough to buy a sack of oatmeal. However, they attended meetings of other workers and set forth the plan to their fellow laborers. Finally the subscription list had swelled to 28 persons. Heaven only knows how, on approximately 45¢ a week, these folk had the courage to pledge nearly 10% of that amount to this uncertain venture, but they did. By October 24, 1844, they had scraped together the sum of 28 pounds, and the Rochdale Society of Equitable Pioneers was duly registered. Two months later they opened their first venture--a store.

That isn't an accurate statement, really: it carries no im­plication of the obstacles that had to be overcome before the store could be opened. There was, first, the difficulty of getting a place in which to operate a business. The ground floor of one of the many cotton warehouses on Toad Lane seemed the most favorable spot available. Accordingly, the Pioneers approached the landlord, a Mr. Dun­lop, and asked him to rent to them. Mr. Dunlop refused emphatically; no sane person would rent to such a wild-cat scheme. It was only after Charles Howarth, the leader of the group, offered to be the official tenant of the place, that Dunlop consented to sign the lease. So it was agreed that the society could have the place for three years, if Howarth, as tenant, would pay the rent in advance each quarter.

Half the 28 pounds in the society went towards the creation of a store out of the gloomy warehouse. The rest of it went for a small stock of flour, butter, sugar, and oatmeal.

If the store itself was discouraging, in size and appearance, the welcome which the Rochdale public gave was even more discouraging. When Mr. Samuel Ashworth, one of the Pioneers, pushed back the folding warehouse doors, signifying that the store was open for busi-
ness, there was a large crowd gathered to witness the new place. The tradesmen of the town, having got wind of a new competitor, had assembled to give it the onceover. Worse than the tradesmen were the insolent doffer boys who filled the street—running, screaming, jeering, and doubling up with laughter as they pointed at Sam Ashworth. One tradesman mourned that he'd been an ass not to bring a wheelbarrow; with it, he could easily have hauled away all their stock of supplies. It was an awful moment! A few Pioneers stood in the warehouse, undecided: should they bolt and run, or should they stay and face the crowd's insults? Others might have run, but these Rochdale weavers, who had dreamed this dream, had been laughed at before; they could take it. They pulled their caps lower over their eyes, held their ground, and bought. And since that raw December night, three generations of doffer boys have bought their butter and oatmeal—yes, and their caps, boots, and jackets, at the "owd weaver's shop" that 27 men and one woman, with a stock of 28 pounds, began in Toad Lane. In a few years the jeers of the doffer boys had changed to cheers and the tradesmen were beginning to laugh out of the other side of their mouths.

For several years the cooperatives dealt only with tangible consumer's goods; goods were bought in the wholesale markets and sold to members at the regular market price; the split between wholesale and retail price was piled up as savings, and either kept in the business as operating capital, or divided among the various members of the organization as rebates at the end of each season.

Now, however, there are cooperatives in every possible line of business. In Sweden, there are cooperative flour mills and cooperative manufacturing concerns, such as the shoe factories; in Scotland, a furniture factory produces some of the finest furniture in the world; in Denmark, there are cooperative schools; most countries have long had cooperative creameries, though they may not have been known always as cooperatives.

The United States was the slowest, among the more progressive countries, to begin to experiment with the cooperative method.

It has long been known among philosophers that hardship and danger breed two kinds of people: the kind who break down—who keel over on their backs and give up when things get hard, and the kind who grow and become strong in the face of hardship—the kind who fight back and try to mold their world to their liking.

It was this second type of person that in 1844 determined to do things over, economically, and create a better world for themselves; out of their determination came the first cooperative.

The great crash of 1929 brought the two types out, too. The weak type settled their difficulties with gas, a pistol, or a jump from a window. The second type began to use their brains to fix things over. The government set up the F.W.A. and W.P.A., and the N.I.R.A., the F.S.A., and the A.A.A. But the government didn't do all the work.

Between 1929 and 1939, thousands of farmers' cooperatives, consumers' cooperatives, and "Self-Help" cooperatives sprang up in this
country. Of course they helped only a portion of those who suffered during those years; they were not strong enough to absorb all the shock; moreover, there was a lack of leadership—and a lack of an educated following, in many places where it was most needed.

The crash of ’29 affected more than just the business men themselves. The housewife had less to buy food with; the children had to do without their movies—and in some cases, without their milk; and more than one college student, sooner or later got a letter from Dad, something like this: "—and business is falling off so much, we've just got to cut down on expenses. I hate to say it, son, but I'm afraid that I won't be able to help you much, after this quarter. I know you won't want to quit; I don't want to see you quit either. But this won't always last, and you can go back just as soon as things pick up enough so I can afford it. You can come home, and maybe you can help me at the store, part-time."

And the weak students put away their notebooks and went home, at the end of the quarter, when their checks ceased coming. And the strong students—what did they do? Pull in their belts and stay, studying, until they starved?

Yes, they pulled in their belts, and they studied. Studied how they could support themselves in the face of decreased opportunity to find work, and low wages. Many of them did find employment, and they did manage to stay in school, in spite of their very limited resources. The way they made ends meet is very interesting, and since M.S.U. is typical, we may as well see how our own students did things.

One M.S.U. fellow, who had to support himself, got a job in a truck garden in Orchard Homes. It was a part-time job. The fellow also had another job that paid for a room in a private home near the University. Truck garden sales fall off during a depression, too; this truck-gardener was wise, though, and did some figuring of his own. If he couldn't get high prices for his produce, perhaps he could get something for it. He approached his employee one day: a lot of students were batching in Missoula, and they bought most of their supplies downtown. Could Al get them to buy from the truck garden, if he offered them lower prices? Al could try, and he did.

He began among his friends. They were finding it hard to make ends meet. Surely, they'd buy from the truck garden, through Al. So Al brought them vegetables.

Word of a good bargain always gets around. It wasn't long before strangers approached Al to find out how they could get in on the deal. It wasn't hard. The truck gardener had plenty of stuff to get rid of.

After a while, these students began to get acquainted with one another. This was spring, 1939. In the fall of that year, Al and his friends began trying to organize the batchers. They had an idea that, if they could get organized, prices could obtained from merchants on canned goods.

It took time and work, but out of the effort came the Batchelors
Buying Club. Merchants were willing to sell large amounts at a reduction. Al got N.Y.A. help, so that he could buy gas, and went into the business of buying and delivering wholeheartedly. And so the seeds of the first cooperative grew.

It wasn't long before the hundred or more members of the B.B.C. began to realize that they could provide themselves with something more than the necessities of life. They began to get together for dinners and parties once in a while; they got help from the Home Economics Department, and learned how to plan menus, thereby averting the danger of malnutrition; some enterprising students even began to put out a mimeographed news sheet.

Very early, these students, who were scattered from one side of town to the other, began to dream about the someday when co-op houses could be formed to take care of some of the batchers. Batching is inconvenient and apt to be lonely. But these dreamers felt that that day was still a long way off.

That was only three years ago. Today there are two cooperative houses listed with other M.S.U. organized living centers. Those earlier workers, not content just to dream idly, began to try to put foundations under their castles-in-the-air. They began to look for a house in the early months of 1940. The house at 601 Daly seemed to present an opportunity. The owner was leaving soon, and anxious to get rid of the property. The students had found a valuable friend, a philanthropic, energetic faculty man and, due to his efforts, were able to get the house. All that summer, Harvey Baty worked on the house, getting it in shape, and in the fall of that year, the first cooperative house began to operate for the benefit of a dozen girls.

In the spring of 1941, the men of the B.B.C., with the help and encouragement of Burly Miller, opened a house at 540 Daly. Within a year, the Men's Co-op House was bigger than the Women's House.

Today, both houses are still growing, still pushing upward. The girls are at 601 Daly, yet; the Men's House is located at 805 Hilda. Both houses have their problems. The price of milk goes up, the living room needs redecorating, a student fails to do his or her job properly, the furnace needs repairing, the war takes away valuable members. Yet the cooperatives grow; they can face life's problems. They are not afraid, for they are confident that the future can be successfully met.

In 1944, there won't be any of the Rochdale Pioneers left to celebrate this century of progress. But the spirit of Rochdale lives on!
A SONG THAT IS DEAD

By Helen McDonald

We had a window of wild bees at our summer cabin
They had been there for years, my father said.
When he was a young lad on the Madison
They had come one summer and taken over.
They liked the jasmine bushes growing outside the fence.
There were chinks in the logs about the window ledge;
The black swarm had seeped through beneath the shutters
From the outside, and built their hive behind the glass.
I had wondered why the north end of the cabin was so dark.
"Can't take off those shutters, kid," I was told,
"Might disturb the bees." It was also added
That I'd better not try opening the window,
"Might get stung!" That time I didn't have to be informed
As to the whys and wherefores. I had seen a bird fall dead
Out of the air, and when I went over to pick it up
I found that its head had swollen three times its normal size.
These bees were not a society that tolerated transgressors.
It was fun to stand before the window
And watch this busy mass of activity within
Working in oblivion of my two staring eyes.
I would watch them store their eggs,
Fashion their regimented cones, see them
Always busy with motion that I could not comprehend--
Always crawling topsy-turvey over one another.
On a flower they looked like a dignified insect
But here they lost their identity in the shuffle;
I could not see their bright colors clearly in the dark.
But their continual hum permeated the pane.
We never tried to take their honey:
"They don't get much," my father said,
"Have to store their own grub for the winter;
Good thing those jasmine bushes are perennial."

We went back last spring to visit the old cabin.
It had been a bad year - cold far into May.
This day the sun was shining
And there was promise in the jasmine buds.
"Won't be long now," my father said.
But something was missing. You noticed it
After you passed through the wire gate and opened
The screen door of the porch. The air was awfully still.
When we got the cabin door unlocked and pushed
Back into the dark interior, the odor was nauseating.
"Bats are back again in the attic," my father said.
"Either bats or mice," I agreed.
We opened the south and east shutters
Letting sunlight flood the floor.
"Something sure stinks," my father stated.
There were no mice pippens on the table
And only cobwebs on the beds and chairs.
"Must be bats," my father reasoned.  
We held our breaths to see if we could hear
Their tiny wings brushing across the attic floor.
The silence was heavy, almost as overpowering as the putrid stench.

And then I happened to look to the north window.
The black mass was quiet, too quiet. Their activity was lost.
And then I realized their tremulant song had ceased.
"The bees are dead," my father said,
"Blizzard from the north must have killed them.  
They seem to be frozen stiff." We walked over
To the window. Nine years had I stood here
Watching the bees make honey when spring came
And summer followed. And then my father
Gave a low whistle. "I know why the bees are dead,"
He said. "Look," he pointed, "their honey's gone.
They couldn't wait for spring. They've starved to death."  
My father went into the back room to get a hammer,
And I went outside to find the shovel.
"We'll bury them under the jasmine," he said,
Lest this sound too suspicious, he added,
"Good fertilizer." I blinked a lot
To keep the sunshine out. He cut deep into the black loam.
The bees were caked solidly together in one big mass
Against the scanty remains of their dried cones.
"They look like an Egyptian plaque," my father said.
Took him a long time to dig the hole.
"Want to hold service?" he questioned, pausing over the shovel.
He went back to his digging when he saw my face.
I clenched my fists and watched the dirt fall in.
I knew then a song would be missing from our cabin--
And that our jasmine bushes would always be bare.
AND HAVE NOT CHARITY

By Virginia Bell

She sat on the front steps in the warm sunshine. She remembered how she used to love spring, and kicked the mud scraper violently. Her mother, standing inside the screen door, laughed. Mandy stiffened imperceptibly. "Are you mad at it, Mandy? That can come off the bottom step any time now; I don't imagine we'll have much more mud." If spring had a voice it would be like mother's, thought Mandy. The voice went on. "Isn't this sun wonderful?" I'll have freckles in ten minutes of it, thought Mandy. Not that it matters. What does anything matter? "If you're going to start to work tomorrow, how would you like to finish weeding the pansy bed sometime today? Look, those weeds are smothering the little plants."

Mandy got up, the tranquillity of her movements contradicting the desperate rotation of her thoughts, and smiled at her mother. "Yes'm," she said. "Right this minute. Popovers for lunch?" Her mother's smile showed white through the black screen. "Maybe. We'll see." She was gone from the door then, and Mandy could hear her humming "Flow Gently Sweet Afton" faintly as she moved on through the house. She took the telegram from her pocket, and then shoved it back, hastily so none of it showed. Oh ho. I won't read it yet.

She moved over to the pansy bed and sat down cross-legged on the lawn before it. It was green with new promise, and prickly with last year's faded crop. It scratched her bare, brown legs, and left crossed sword patterns on them. The telegram crackled as she bent over, her fingers moving swiftly among the plants, plucking out the little weeds. Poor little weeds. Just like the rest of spring. Miserable time of year. The apple blossoms gave their fragrance to the breeze that moved her hair. Oh, darn. Into my face. I wish I had braids. The pansies bowed gently. I wonder why we let them live when we don't let the weeds? They grew too, all hopeful and earnest and sturdy. She contemplated the withering heap of weeds she had stacked on the edge of the flower-bed. Pretty discouraging, poor little things. They try so hard to be something, all eager and green, and all they turn out to be is a little haystack, kicked out of the way for something that is only pretty. The pansies waved and smiled delightedly. She put out her hand and one, and as though its velvet smile offended, flung it over on the sidewalk. Lie there and die. Thousands of weeds and one of you.

The apple tree rained petals violently, and she flinched. Last spring. Last year at this time. She stood up. He stood underneath that tree. We used to play under it and fall out of it when we were little, and now we are grown, and he is gone. But the tree goes on. Always. He looked like a boy angel. I wonder if there are such things.

She leaned in the crook of the apple tree and contemplated gravely the crossed sword patterns the grass left on her ankles. He had stood there with the spring sun glinting his cropped blond hair. "You look like a hairbrush," she had said. "How do you comb all that? With a towel?" He looked so tall. Maybe it was the blue uniform,
and the creases in his trousers. Shoes even shined. "There's cer-
tainly been a change in your approach to the day," she had said, to
cover the violence she felt when the lines around his eyes and mouth
showed so clearly in the bright sunlight. "I can remember when you
didn't think a pair of pants were decent if you could tell what color
they were."

"Look," he had said, "don't tell Mother, but I have to start
back today. We'll just go down for a coke this afternoon, and I'll
take the 5 o'clock train. She gets that look whenever I mention
leaving, but I've got to leave today. I'll just barely get in under
the wire as it is. I think it'll be easier that way." The apple
blossoms had suddenly sickened Mandy, and a bright film appeared over
the day. It cleared with a jolt, and she felt the ground again, firm
and perpetual, under her feet. Poor Bruce. He's always hated to say
goodbye. "Today," she had said, "You've only been home a week." His
eyes were clear and bright and anxious. They grinned at each other,
and he pulled her hair. "You are right," she said, "goodbye is loath-
some." Lord, look at him, she thought. He's older than I am now.
What was I like two years ago? I was trying to think of good ways to
juggle dates so I could have two an evening. It's not fair. I should
have been the boy in this family. I'm the oldest. It's not fair.

"Maybe the war will be over by fall and you can go back to school
when I go," she had said, not believing a word of it. "It wouldn't
be too gloomy to have you around my last year." He had pretended,
too. "Not so bad," he had agreed, "Maybe you could fix me up with a
few tall, dark, exotic dates? I'm getting somewhat tired of blondes."
"You're older now, dear," Mandy had said. "Your taste is improving."

They had laughed and argued, and even fought over the last piece
of cake at lunch, so they'd look the same. Mandy got it, and it
choked her.

"Mother, we're going down and sit in the coke shop with several
people," Mandy had said, after a while. "Want to come?" She never
did, but they always asked. No, but they could bring home the meat
for dinner. Such appetites. Had Bruce eaten anything at all while
he was away? They laughed. Her mother's eyes were dark and wide
above her familiar smile. She went to the front door with them and
watched as they walked down the steps, and told them not to be late.
They heard her humming, as she went back into the house. "Flow gently
sweet Afton among thy green braes," Bruce had said. "I bet we both
got lulled to sleep with that ditty. I think of it standing watch at
sea lots of times. I have it all arranged in everything from waltz
time to boogie woogie. When I get back I'll show you. It's smooth."

When I get back.

Mandy's face contorted. "Hey," Bruce had said, "Going soft on me,
after all these years? I distinctly remember your jabbing me with
a safety pin once." "I think I've got indigestion," said Mandy.

Bruce wanted to go listen to records. "I've seen enough people.
Dad won't be at the train either. We had breakfast together this
morning. If you weren't such a sleep hound--anyway, we decided this
was the best way. He's so busy, and stuff. You know, Mandy, he's
the hardest one of all to say goodbye to." Yes, Mandy knew it. She'd seen the pain flicker across the mask her father wore when Bruce left for the first time. He'd turned away, and they found him at the car testing the tires, after the train pulled out. He had looked ten years older.

They went into the little record shop where they'd spent so many Saturday afternoons. Tommy Dorsey, Sammy Kaye. Bruce thought Guy Lombardo was strictly ish and goc, so they had never even listened to him much. Five "Star Dust's." Jimmy Lunceford, Bennie Goodman, two soul disturbing boogie-woogie albums. The ultimatum Mother issued about that. "All I ask," she had said, "is that you do not play them when my bridge club is here. They're kind of conservative, and besides, they're not deaf." They had some good music. Some Strauss waltzes, Beethoven's Fifth, for which they had scrimped strenuously for weeks, one of Bach's fugues. "That individual should have been a mathematician," Bruce had said. "Listen to him." They had hung enraptured on anything of Tchaikowsky's, Bruce had decided Stravinsky was a radical. And who originated boogie-woogie but Chopin? "Listen to that eight to the bar in the bass. Hear it?"

"Hi, Mr. Tomaline," Bruce said to the man who came to meet them. "May we listen to records?" "Sure, kids. Help yourselves." A white smile animated a dark face. "How much longer you got, Bruce?"

They listened to Debussy's Bergamasque Suite. "Let's add this next to that conglomeration we've got," Bruce said. "Let's get a bunch of Debussy. He sounds like the sea. Moonlight. It's moonlight on the sea. Talk about things having souls--the sea has a thousand. They beat at you and tear at your clothes, whisper in your ear. When we were in the North Sea last fall--" he stopped. "Yes," said Mandy, not breathing. "Yes?" The face he turned toward her was suddenly strained, the eyes dark and surprised like a little boy who got his knuckles rapped for something he didn't do. "That's the first time I ever saw a man die. Mandy, I never saw anything die before. He had a wife and he kept cursing her. All the time he was dying. I didn't know he was. They couldn't do anything for him, I guess, so all they did was give him a shot of something and leave him. He talked about God." She breathed a little. Bruce walked up and down. His back was straight, and the hand that held his cigarette did not tremble. "Two enemy aircraft came over. They were black and looked like seals, just as sleek. Looked funny among the clouds; it was nearly sunset. A scouting patrol, maybe. Remember what Mother used to say about the sunset being a divine benediction when it got all those colors? They dive-bombed us, and machine-gunned the decks. The radio man always gets it no matter what, right up in front you know. I was on the crew that manned the .50 calibre anti-aircraft guns in the bow. We got one of them. It looked like it was tired. It spiralled lazily like a gull, only there was smoke coming out of the tail, and it plopped into the sea. Did I ever tell you we used to practice on the gulls? We used to hold them in the sights and try to follow them. The guns were mounted on the parapet you know, and the bay was so blue it looked like a bad painting." He sighed. "Anyway, the other plane just sort of circled around and left. It seemed like just a few minutes, but it was really about an hour and a half." He ran his hand over that terrible haircut. "Honest, Mandy," he regarded her with wonder. "I wasn't a bit afraid till it was all
"You weren't?" said Mandy. Her hand was bleeding a little where the nails cut in. She put it back of the chair.

"That's the first time I ever felt sure of myself. You know, that I'd be able to hit the ball without having things complicated by knowing I was afraid. But after they left, I froze to the gun, and they had to pry me loose. I'm not ashamed of it, either. You see, I turned around, and about an inch or so above my head was a line on the fusilage where tracer bullets had ripped it. Scared? I was scared silly. That's when I froze." He laughed a little. "That didn't ever happen again. The first time, you know, sort of a baptism. Mandy, don't ever tell Mother this. There just isn't any point in telling her. I told her we had shore duty for a couple of months now."

Then you don't! she thought. I promise, scout honor," she said. Her voice felt very old and rusty.

"Then when I went below, there was this guy. Cruisers are small, you know, and there's a lot of motion." He paused. "Well, someday I'll show you. This radio operator. He was just lying there, and I thought it was just--well, lots of others were wounded, too. We didn't lose very many that time, though. Anyway, he asked me to sit with him, so I did. I held him so he wouldn't get flung around so much. It was a rough sea. His eyes were funny though. But he was conscious the whole time. He talked, well, babbled, about how--Mandy, I couldn't tell what he said. It wouldn't be decent, because now I know more about him than anyone in the world. All of a sudden he stopped talking, and just looked at me, and his eyes got funnier and funnier, and I knew he wasn't really seeing me, though his eyes were still focused my way. It was funny. His eyes were the same, but they weren't. A minute before there had been someone there, talking. Then there was no one. Nothing. I felt his heart, but I didn't need to."

"Oh, God," Mandy said silently.

"I talk too much," Bruce said, abruptly turning around. "Forget I ever said all that, will you? Don't ever tell anyone." His voice was urgent, his eyes urgent.

"I never will," said Mandy. His face was relieved. It was a young face again, with lines around the eyes and mouth that didn't belong there.

He's too young to have a muscle in his jaw like that, Mandy thought, agonized. Bruce, Bruce.

"Let's clear the deck," he said. "We're not listening to this any more. Let's go have a chocolate sundae."

"A profound thought," agreed Mandy. A chocolate sundae! I could easier eat a snake.

The tree shivered a little, and rained petals. Mandy brushed them off, and moved over to the steps again. The telegram in her
pocket crackled. Maybe I ought to open it now. No, I won't. It's nearly noon. I'll open it when I see Dad's car turn the corner. That's soon enough to know. Oh Lord, I'm glad I was sitting out here when the boy came with it. What did he tell me at the train. As if I could ever forget.

"You didn't have to go this soon, you know," she had said. "You could have had another year of school before--" His eyes were very clear and blue, more searching that the sunlight. "Now look, Mandy," he said, "let's not have any of that. You know perfectly well--remember that business we read that time? Something about 'while there is yet a soul in prison, I am not free'? Gosh," he paused. "I don't mean bleeding Poland, or starving Greece, especially, or the rapacious Hun, or the mutilated Jews, or the dead sons of England, or any of that old guff. But it's all of us. It's because I haven't any right to try to live the way I think cause nobody else has." And then, like a very patient, wise voice out of the ages, he added, "Maybe this time we'll learn." That beautiful lopsided grin. "Anyhow, what the heck. I'll be back."

Mandy had stood while the train shuffled out of the station. The black smoke soiled the blue sky. She wanted to lie down on the cobbled platform and wail. The Irish know what they're about when they have wakes. What a relief it must be. Her feet were numb. When she finally walked away, she remembered thinking she must be lurching like a drunk.

She saw the blue car turn the corner. "Now," she said aloud, and tore it open. The words swam. "--------in action--------gallantry--------" Flow gently sweet Afton. She slowly rolled it into a little ball and held it in her clenched hand, then carefully smoothed it, and tried to re-read the wrinkled words. A little boy rode by on a bicycle, the tires humming on the asphalt. "Hi, Mandy," he shouted shrilly. She didn't answer, though her eyes regarded him thoughtfully, and sightlessly. The pansy lay on the sidewalk where she had thrown it, its purple and yellow face crumpled. "God," she said. "Spring is beastly." She stood straight and tall, as her father drove up, and waited for him on the bottom step.