FATHER AND SON, PAVELICH AND NAUGLE; GINNY, RUSH; TIME SPEAKING, TURLI; THE ANTIOCH WAY, HENNINGSEN; EMPTY JACK-POT, BRUTSCH; WHERE IS EMILE, ASERLIND; ON THE BIAS, DIXON; SEASONAL, REGAN; STARVATION, THOMPSON; BALLADE OF THE SEA, PERKINS; AUTOBIOGRAPHY, KING; WHAT THE TRADE WANTS, KARLIN; HOME IS WHERE YOU FIND IT, BRUNETT; NEW LIFE, JUNE; READJUSTMENT OVER THERE, WRIGHT; PARIS SKETCH, KABALIN; AFTERNOON IN CANNES, REINEMER.
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Father and Son

Big Eli Stoyovich

By JOSEPH PAVELICH

BIG ELI Stoyovich is dying. He is dying a slow coughing death and only a miracle can save him. It would be hope in itself to know that miracles exist, but Big Eli doesn’t believe in miracles and he doesn’t believe in prayer...

He lies in this bed in this cheap walkup hotel that smells of dirty clothes, food, and tuberculosis. He lies there looking at the wall wondering about the next few months and about the past. Big Eli is afraid, not of death but of the things that go with it, things like that slow trip to the flats and that brief minute when the casket is lowered into the ground.

“This is my life. From the day I was born through the days I mucked and broke my back in the glory holes and stopes of the mines that I have worked, I have thought about this. How was I going to die? I have thought about the ways that my partners died. That big Bulgars at Cripple Creek that was shoveled into a basket after the cage fell to the bottom of the shaft; McGinnis the Irishman who lay in a gutter in Wallace and died with poison rotten bootleg in him; and the guy that got caught in between the shaft and the cage. Goddamn, why don’t I go that way instead of waiting for it to come to me slow and dirty?”

Outside of Eli’s room the lights of Park Street shine like they have always shined and on the thousand nights that Big Eli walked those streets never did they look so beautiful. Or was beautiful the word? Those lights were pleasant then—they meant drinking and life—but now they mock Eli with their life and brightness...

“Goddamn those lights; under them people are drinking and gambling and whoring around and I am up here in this two-bit room waiting for the cleaning lady to come up and find me dead in my own bloody puke!”

Big Eli Stoyovich reaches under his bed and pulls out a lard bucket with its side and bottom covered with bloody slime and pieces of lung. Long hard coughs come up through him from his stomach
and his blood spatters the bucket again.

"I hit this country when I was sixteen years old; I weighed two hundred pounds, my hands were hard from the work I did on my father's farm in the old country. With these hands I worked the iron ranges of Minnesota and mucked the hardest mines in the West. Wallace, Prescott, Butte, and Cripple Creek; I've worked them all. I've drunk all night long and then worked and mucked with the best of them the next day. I've whored and spent my money fast and hard and those chippies down on Mercury used to be afraid of me because I was so strong. Now, I lie on this bed not having any power in me except to swear and hope for death."

Down on Park Street in one of the bars they are talking about Eli. They talk about the smell in his room, about his eyes that are wide and not like they used to be. They talk about his skinniness and then they think back to the days when Eli Stoyovich was the biggest man and the best in Butte. They remember the power of his shoulders and the way he drank.

"I wonder what they think of me down in the Arizona? I know what they think! 'Poor Eli,' they will say. 'It won't be long now.' They will come up to my room to tell me how good I look and how they know that I will come through while all of the time they think of me in the casket.

After they put me in the ground, they will come back to the Arizona and tell each other that I was a good man and a strong one. Then they will tell each other how peaceful I looked. Goddamn them, they won't know why I look so peaceful because they don't feel their guts coming up this way."

On the table next to his bed is a picture of a sailor. That's Big Eli's son Johnny, Johnny Stoyovich, seaman second class. Big Eli hasn't seen his son since 1935 and the one letter that he has written to him has never brought an answer.

"Johnny my boy, I want to see you again, Johnny, but that goddamned Irish mother of yours has turned you against me. I want to see you, Johnny, to look at you and see myself. I want to see you in uniform. I'm proud of you, Johnny. I can't write my son and I can't read but I went up to the post office every day to ask for a letter from you. I wish you would write to me, Johnny. I want to see you before I die."

Once more Big Eli reaches under the bed for the bucket and once more he coughs. All the thoughts he has felt are dead now for the pain in his body. Big Eli Stoyovich is dying. Broke, lonely, and tired, he stares at the wall, seeing nothing and feeling only pain. Out on Park Street the neon sights are blinking and life is going on as if there were never a Big Eli.
JOHNNY STOYOVICH

By C. E. NAUGLE

JOHNNY STOYOVICH walked down Park Street, walked slowly and deliberately, while inside him his stomach was knotted with rage. He passed with unseeing eyes the lights, the people, and the life that had marked Park Street for as long as he could remember. It had never seemed as repulsive to him as it did now. People who saw him did not recognize the tall, well-built sailor as Johnny Stoyovich, Big Eli’s son. He had been away for five years, which for Park Street was long enough to forget more important men than Big Eli’s son.

It was a little after five and the day shift was beginning to straggle home. They drifted down the hill in two’s and three’s, some walking grimly as though it was an effort, while others bantered good-naturedly with their companions. On Park Street the lights seemed to brighten up automatically, beckoning to the tired men, reminding them of the pleasures within. Raucous music drifted out on the street, while within bartenders gave their bars a final wipe in anticipation of the coming rush. Whores gave first-aid to their tired, old faces while card men sat beneath green eye-shades—waiting. It was payday on the hill.

Johnny Stoyovich knew the scene well, as he also knew the other scene that was being enacted—the wives and mothers of these men, waiting in dirty, dingy homes, cooking over a beat-up wood stove while kids not yet old enough to be out on the street ran screaming around the house playing some mythical game.

The straggle of workers had grown to a stream and Johnny Stoyovich had trouble walking on the crowded sidewalk. As they hit Park Street the men seemed to straighten up, walk a little spryer, talk a little bolder. The noise, the lights, the smell of stale beer and cigarette smoke seemed to give them confidence. Once more they assumed the air of individuals, an air they had discarded that morning as they had wearily mounted the mill.

“Ya, I tell that bastard. He could be twice my big but I no have the scare for him. Them Goddam cable need for to be fixed and...”

“To hell on dat cable and you too. Me for biggest goddam beer on Park Street. M’ye beme te...”

“I gonna vin dat goddam lottery tonight and leave dis place.”

“Ya she’s whore but best goddam whore over in dis street.”

Johnny Stoyovich cursed to himself and the rage inside him grew. It hadn’t changed one bit. The war had hit this town but not like other places. Nothing was better, just worse. There were more vultures now, more leeches. More odds against get-
ting home with a full paycheck. God damn them, why don't they give the poor bastards a break? Johnny Stoyovich walked slower for he had reached the neighborhood of Big Eli's address. He glanced at the numbers on the houses until he saw the one he wanted.

In answer to his knock, a wizened old woman opened the door.

"Zivi Eli Stoyovich oja?"

"Un zivi oja room four." She turned and left Johnny Stoyovich standing in the dim doorway. The cracked, dirty, dingy wallpaper, the musty smell, and the dim light made Johnny Stoyovich feel sick. Christ! This was worse than home. He went up the stairs and turned down the hall toward room four. A foul, familiar odor, faint at first, but stronger as he drew nearer to Eli's room, assailed his nostrils, made him want to gag.

Johnny Stoyovich did not have a political mind but his anger told him something was wrong. A man should not have to gasp his last few breaths in such surroundings. True, a great deal of the fault lay within the man himself, but there was no help. No one seemed to want to help. Everyone was interested in getting all he could for himself. God damn them, God damn their dirty, rotten black souls. God damn their stinking, damp mines, their shining limousines, their snotty, well-built daughters who couldn't make a dollar in a two-bit joint. God damn the dumb hunky bastards who grumbled and growled yet kept right on working, never trying to better themselves. God damn his ignorant father who lay dying in the room he had yet to enter. God damn his stoic acceptance of the way he was forced to live. Die then! God damn you. I'll never be in the same fix. Hot angry tears welled up in his eyes as he grasped the knob, turned it—entered the room.

Johnny Stoyovich saw Big Eli lying on the bed.

"Otac moj Draji, sto stobom?"

"Mali moj, tesi moj zevot. Fala Bogu sto si doso."

* My dear father, what ails you?

My dear son, you're all my life. Thank God you've come.
Ginny

By TOMMIE-LOU RUSH

GINNY DIDN'T know when she first noticed Robert. Robert was four years older than she. There was a chance that she might never have noticed him except for his illness. Robert had always seemed much older and wiser than she. He lived next door. Mrs. Brockman, an invalid, was his mother. When Ginny went over to visit Mrs. Brockman, she was shy of Robert and would never speak directly to him. "Hi!" she would say almost soundlessly when he spoke to her, and then she would run upstairs to Mrs. Brockman's room.

Ginny was very lonely in her freshman year at college which was in her home town. She couldn't seem to make friends. Everything she knew or talked about seemed countrified to her own ears, and she knew that the girls laughed about her behind her back. She didn't particularly like any of the girls either. She avoided parties or any social events where she would have to talk to them.

She had only one real friend, Gale, and she felt that Gale was her friend only because she felt sorry for her, but she still went around with Gale because she was the only one who would notice her. What do you see in me? she wanted to ask her. I don't like the kind of books you do or the same music or anything. Why do you want me around? But she never asked her any of these questions.

Robert had been very ill for three years. He had gone back to Rochester for treatment of curvature of the spine, and he was still very frail. When Ginny found that he was just a year ahead of her and sat next to her in history, she was embarrassed by sitting next to one so important and older.

Robert. No one called him Bob. It seemed to Ginny that if anyone would call him Bob, it would be a sacrilege. She became a little bolder and spoke to him in the halls, trying desperately to meet his eyes. If he stopped and talked, she spoke too eagerly and blushed if he smiled. She knew she was talking too fast and was blushing, and she hated herself for the show, but she could not resist the temptation. Afterwards she would burn inwardly and know he thought she was a silly girl. After all, he was nice to her just because she happened to live next door. What if he thinks I have a crush on him? she would
say to herself, and then she would feel her face get hot and swear she would not speak to him again for a few days.

One night she dreamed she had died. She was an angel dressed in white robes with no wings. Her face was beautiful and her hair was long and blonde. She found herself by his bed and reached out her hand to touch his forehead.

"Robert," she said in a low, musical voice, and he woke up. As he looked at her, she saw something come into his eyes. "I have loved you, Robert," she said, "and I could never tell you. But now I am dead. Do not be afraid. You are an architect, and I will see that you attain success. I will always protect you and love you."

Then she saw herself following his ship blueprints through the mails, saw herself hanging over the master engineer's shoulder whispering into his ear, "See how wonderful it is? The man is a genius. He will be great. You will be great for having discovered him. What bridges he will construct! Maybe across the Grand Canyon!" And then she saw the engineer smile and pick up the telephone to call a conference on the manuscript.

Suddenly she and Robert were driving up a mountain road, and the car ran off a cliff. She protected him with her body, but his head was cut, and he was unconscious after the car crashed. She dragged him into a cave and lovingly wiped away the blood from his forehead. Then she laid his head in her lap and waited for him to return to consciousness. He was so handsome and young. She knew he loved her.

Very soon she heard some people coming. She went to the entrance of the cave, raised her arms, blinding them with a holy light. "Do not enter here," she cried. "He sleeps!"

She woke up. For some reason she sobbed helplessly, and it was a long time before she went to sleep again.

She did not like her father. He was a big fat man with gold-tipped teeth. When he laughed he threw back his head and shouted, pushing himself away from the table and teetering on the chair legs. He had not liked the Hoover administration, so he had voted once for Roosevelt, but he had not liked Roosevelt either, and never voted for him again. When Roosevelt died, he hated Truman even more.

Ginny felt sorry for her mother. She was very proud of her English blood. Ginny's father delighted in making dirty jokes about the English, or saying, "It's the goddam English who are getting us into another war. Why should we send them food so they can start another shindig? What the hell. Let 'em starve."

At these times her mother would wince and her face would grow very white, but she would say nothing; so, in a way, Ginny hated her mother too because she was so weak.

She dreamed over and over that her father was chasing her down long, dimly-lighted corridors with a big stick shouting, "Flesh of my flesh!" She knew he would not beat her with the stick, but she felt he would do something worse. What, she did not know or would not tell herself. She would run and run and get so tired. Finally, she would make one last turn and find herself in a black corridor with no light. She could hear her father's steps come clos-
er and closer, but she did not have the strength to run. When he was just about to make the turn, she would wake up. Then she would lie in the bed, trembling, feeling the sweat run down between her legs.

One night she dreamed that she was kissing a boy. She kissed him over and over, wishing he were Robert. It was never the same boy that she kissed, but it was never Robert, either. She grew tired of the kissing and turned around. Robert was sitting on a cloud watching her and smiling ironically. “I hate you!” she screamed, but he kept nodding and smiling just the same. “I hate you, I hate you. Oh, I do, I do hate you so!” She woke up screaming, “I hate you!” Her mother hurried in, asking her what the matter was. She rolled over and told her mother she had had a bad dream and to please go back to bed.

Her mother felt she was nervous and took her to a doctor. He was very brisk and correct. He gave her some vitamin B1 and told her mother that she was going through a not-uncommon stage. She did not like the doctor. What could I tell you, she whispered to herself.

She went on speaking to Robert in the halls. She went on blushing. Once she pretended that her father had shot her, and as she was slowly dying in a hospital, someone told Robert that she was calling for him, and he came to see her. He told her that he knew she would not die, that he would make her live, that he loved her, that he would marry her. She pretended another time that he took her to a dance. On the balcony he proposed. He said they would have to marry secretly, and then someday they would tell everyone, but right now he did not have the money to support her. She would marry him, she told him, and they would be very happy.

When she saw him in the class or in the halls, she would pretend they were talking on seemingly unimportant things to cover up for a much deeper feeling. She was happier than she had ever been.

She started planning her dreams in advance. One night she whispered sleepily to herself as she began to drift, “Tonight Robert and I will be married!”

Her gown was lovely with real calla lilies figured into the design. She had to walk very carefully so as not to break the flowers off their stems. In spite of her precautions, wherever she walked, she saw she left a trail of broken flowers.

She found herself in the aisle before the wedding march started and was embarrassed by the whispers around her. When she backed out she found that most of her gown had fallen off and she was nearly naked.

But I must go on, she told herself. This is my wedding day! She stood in front of the altar trying to make out the minister’s face. He looked like Robert.

“I want to marry you,” she told him, “not have you marry me.”

“What’s the difference?” he smiled.

“But I want you to be my husband.”

“Oh, no, here he comes now.”

She turned to look at the man who came to stand beside her. This was Robert, too, but it
couldn't be! This man's face had a long, running scar stretching from temple to mouth, and his face was pitted with pock marks. "But I can't marry you!" she gasped, clutching the calla lily dress about her.
"You wanted to, and now you have to!" He grinned horribly and started pulling off the last few calla lilies.
Ginny woke, finding herself hugging her pillow in desperation, saying, "No, no, no" over and over. She untensed herself with a jerk, and lay there, panting. She stared wide-eyed into the dark, afraid and alone.

**Time Speaking**

*By IRENE ANNA TURLI*

In a few bitter years
The voice of time
Speaks in the words
A writer is apt to set
To paper, and although
They capture a new vision,
A new thought,
Still they are chained to bitterheartedness
So that somehow the worth of them is less.

So a life, known to be short
By the one who lives it,
Often cuts
A rift between the vision and the world
And only he who has a genius quality
Can make the distance seem
No distance, but a fine line or a myth.
A YEAR at Montana State University followed by two years at Antioch College led me to believe that students at M.S.U. are missing out on many opportunities that should be a part of university life. I believe that the administration, the faculty, and the student body of any progressive institution should consider the application of proven innovations to their particular program and for consideration I present some ideas being used at Antioch College. Antioch has been a leader in applying new ideas in the field of education with a marked degree of success.

Founded in 1853 by a church group as a non-sectarian college (a new idea in itself), Antioch is a smallish, liberal arts school located in Yellow Springs, Ohio. Horace Mann, eminent educator and first president, is responsible for its educational philosophy. The ideal toward which Antioch strives may be summed up by Mann's motto, "Be ashamed to lie until you have won some victory for humanity," and his concept of symmetry, "the development, in proportion, of every element of the personality."

The most outstanding feature of the Antioch curriculum is the "work and study" or "cooperative" plan, a program initiated in 1922 by Arthur E. Morgan. Under this plan students alternately work and study in ten-week or quarter periods. The college personnel department interviews employers and procures jobs; there are over three hundred employers in twenty-two eastern and mid-western states. These jobs are filled by students who alternate in keeping the various positions filled (while one student studies, his "co-op" is working and, of course, vice versa). Every attempt is made to correlate the job with the student’s major field; thus the science student may be found in laboratory, foundry, hospital, or clinic, the journalism major in magazine or newspaper office (or more likely out chasing a story). Positions for fledgling teachers run the gamut from nursery schools to reform schools, for business students from file clerk to junior accountant. Each student is given a choice of jobs within his ability and has the enviable prerogative of being able to go to the files to find other students’ evaluation of a particular position. From these candid reports he may also learn that the boss is prone to misplace his false teeth . . . or that "Sloppy Joe"
serves bread with his one meat-ball . . . or that the apartments on Y Street are comfortable and inexpensive.

The work and study plan is only one outstanding feature of the college. Others, more applicable to larger institutions, are worthy of mention. The record library is one of these. The college maintains a student-staffed library of over three thousand phonograph records which are allowed to circulate like library books for periods of a week and, if desired, a record player may be rented (seldom necessary since there are phonographs in all the dorms). It is significant that Antiochians exhibit great interest in music.

The Antioch Motion Picture Advisory Council is another highlight well suited to adaptation in any university. This is a community (student) government sponsored activity which has for its purpose the selection and showing of significant and interesting films, including many outstanding foreign productions which seldom reach the average theater. The college owns movie projection equipment which was secured, installed, and is operated by students. (Note: It is incredible that Montana State University fails to take advantage of the many films, domestic and foreign, entertaining and educational, that are offered at a nominal charge.)

Still another highlight of the "Antioch Way" is the intramural sports program in which a majority of the students participate. Intramurals at Antioch are based on the assumption that it is more blessed to participate than to watch. In 1930 the student body decided that a well-filled playing field was more important than well-packed grandstand. Accordingly, they voted out intercollegiate athletics in favor of an extensive program which insures recreation, health, and actual athletic participation for everyone in school. Experience has proved that this plan plus the required physical education courses succeeds in giving athletic training and enjoyment to nearly ninety-five per cent of the Antioch student body. So that everyone may play, the college provides tennis and badminton rackets, golf clubs, archery equipment, and the other paraphernalia of minor sports for use by all students free of charge. Also a number of bicycles are available for a small upkeep charge. Members of the faculty enjoy the same benefit since they participate in all major team sports as faculty team competition. A program of this sort is particularly applicable to small or medium sized schools like M.S.U. whose size and location make the support of intercollegiate athletics prohibitively expensive.

Some mention has been made of the community government and with good reason because this government is a dynamic force at Antioch. It is what the name implies—a government of, by, and for the community, a government that has a voice in college administration and that is shared in by students and faculty alike. Specifically, the government consists of a group elected by proportional representation (weighted ballot) from the student body and the faculty. Its members have seats on administrative boards (college policy, curriculum, board of trustees, etc.) and through extensive use of commit-
Community government is supported by a fee of sixteen dollars a year per person (note the similarity to our A.S.M.S.U. fee). This amount is enough to support all of the government functions such as an auditing service, fire department (responsible for all fire protection), traffic department (which inspects student cars), lost and found bureau, banking system, bookstore, intramural accident insurance, and individual fire insurance policy service, housing councils (which are responsible for regulation of dormitories) and various other committees and organizations.

The fee also provides admission to concerts (seats for all students), dramatic productions (five major productions a year directed by Paul Treichler, M.S.U. graduate), all dances, and all campus movies. In addition it finances a broadcasting project, Campus Valet (which offers low cost laundry and shoe repair service), and three student publications.

This multiplicity of services and activities is possible because all of the income from fees is allocated to activities of direct benefit to all students. (Note: Not much resemblance to A.S.M.S.U.)

One more thing before closing:

Antioch has taken the view that anyone old enough to attend college should be mature enough to manage his own affairs. With this in mind rules and regulations for all students have been abolished; infractions of good taste are kept to a minimum by social pressure rather than by regimentation. In respect to examinations, class attendance and related activities, the honor system is used almost exclusively. The only exception to the "no rules and regulations policy" are those for fire prevention and traffic regulation. My experience is that this shifting of responsibility to the individual is the real solution to many problems now perplexing men's and women's deans elsewhere and that the attempt arbitrarily to regulate the activities of adult students is inane.

The "Antioch Way" is the correlation of study with experience, community living with civic responsibility, and the teaching of specifics against a broad background of education-for-living or general education. It is progressive education designed to create scientists, accountants and engineers who are not unfamiliar with Bach, Kant and Bacon, and schoolteachers, social workers and artists who are acquainted with Galileo, Pasteur and Einstein.
"I, honey, glad you stopped by. Patterson and I thought we’d stop in for a short one at the Club before knocking off. Couldn’t make it, so let’s go now." He put his arm around her shoulders as the three of them slowly sauntered down the street, two pairs of shoulders with a small head between catching the end rays of the late afternoon sun slanting between the office buildings.

"How did it go today, Max? Anything new?" she smiled up at him and then turned to Patterson. "We figure the big wheel ought to be making a little stir around these parts pretty soon. What do you think?"

"Well," Patterson hesitated, looked over her head and winked at Max. "You tell the little woman."

"What is it? C’mon, tell me." Her eyes lit up as she poked him in the ribs. "You devil, is this a celebration?"

Max grinned, threw out his chest, took a deep breath and said, "Honey, it’s like I told you. We’re on the way. Got a letter from the big boys offering me a raise and managership when Patterson leaves next month. Of course, our friend here knew about it a month ago but he’s been waiting for the glad word. Reason enough for a small party?"

"Oooh, it’s wonderful. Big Gun Tellier makes good at last." She laughed as he growled some incoherent disagreement at her innuendo. They pushed weakly on the door of the Club, laughing at each other until Patterson provided the necessary assistance with a shove which swung the door wide.

The lounge seemed to hang suspended in time, blue smoke drifting in clouds from the tables, a small but persistent clink of glasses, the interminable clatter of the slot machines and the same tired blankness on the faces of the human nonentities who pulled the handles or sat staring at each other across a three-foot table. Always the same, she thought. Always sitting here at this hour, always with the same drinks, the same boom, boom, boom, of the music in the background, same film over everybody’s emotions. Funny that we come here, or is it?

They moved toward a table near the slot machines and with a low sigh she pulled out a cigarette as the two men quibbled over whether to play the quarter or half-dollar machine.
“Now, Max,” she leaned across the table and laid her hand on his coatsleeve, “please let’s take it easy. I know that this calls for something, but those darn machines just sweep everything away. You know it as well as I.”

He looked hurt, making her think of a little boy pleading for a nickel. “This is going to be different. We’re in luck, honey. Just got that feeling. We’re going to be in the chips eventually. You believe in me, don’t you?”

“You know I do, only we’ve got to get some groceries and things. . . .” she stopped as she saw Patterson frown.

“Just a little?” His voice was low and as he lit her cigarette she felt helpless like so many times before when he pleaded with her. She couldn’t smother his recent pleasure with anything as realistic as potatoes and meat, nor was she impervious to his infectious laughter and ingratiating ways. She sat back, picked up the drink which was set in front of her and tried to relax as she watched Patterson and Max move off to get change. The room was filled with little knots of people gesticulating and nodding to one another in pitiful attempts to find entertainment in the unreal atmosphere. Such a thin veneer, she thought, so easily peeled off with that one drink too many, all the feelings, hurts, memories of a lifetime stored close to the surface, ready to burst out with the slightest provocation.

She felt a heavy hand on her shoulder and turned, startled.

“Hi, baby. Hear the old man’s got a raise.”

“Tabby, what’re you doing here? Thought they’d shipped you out for good, but what a sight for sore eyes.”

“Yep, back to the states, back to the land of the free and the brave. And watch my smoke.”

“Figure you’ve got a big deal pending?”

“You know it, sweetheart, flying for the airlines, with layovers to make up for lost time, yum, yum. See that doll over there?” He pointed with his cigarette to a blonde who was leaning against the bar and laughing up into the face of a man nearby. “See what I mean?” He chuckled, ran his stubby fingers through his hair and leaned closer. “How’s it going with you and Max?”

“Fine, Tabby, fine. He’ll be back in a second; stick around. I’m sure he’d like to see you again. He and Patterson think they are going to beat the one-arm bandits tonight.”

Max came striding across the floor, a wide grin spreading on his face. “Tab, you old devil, what’re you doing in town? Don’t tell me, I’ll guess. Have a drink.”

“Thanks, Max. Don’t care if I do.”

Max smiled down at her and said, “How about keeping the stack, honey? As banker you’ll get half the winnings. How about it?”

“O.K.,” she said.

A heavy woman passed the table, bracelets jangling on a beefy arm, cigarette dangling between two long crimson-tipped fingers. Her languid glance strayed over the crowd and she stopped at the table crooning, “Darling, what a surprise to see you here. Thought you’d talked Maxey out of drinking, gambling and otherwise entertaining himself. My, but you’re looking well.”

“Thanks, Mrs. Chambers. It has been quite a while since I’ve
seen how the other half lives. Washing and ironing take time, you know."

"Poor dear, of course. Did you get to the Valentine’s Day party here? Terrific brawl, I heard, but I can't remember a thing. Silly, isn't it?" She laughed raucously, her head thrown back, consciously making a show of every move. "'Been a long winter, but the breath of spring is just around the corner. You must stop over to see my new house, darling. We just moved in and what a chore it has been. Terribly dull tonight, isn't it? Well, must toddle on..." She moved off, each mincing step looking like a crazy caricature of a ballet dancer.

Dull tonight? she thought, dull? It hasn't seemed that way to me. Nothing has been dull since that winter Max appeared like something from another world and whirled me off with him. Fairy tale stuff. Mrs. Borden next door saying to Mother, she could remember it all—"But she is so young and inexperienced. And you know how Max Tellier's been a terror around town. Why, Mrs. Samson, I don't see how you can let the girl go, it's a downright shame. It will never last a month. You wait and see." Silly to remember the prophecies of the neighbors. What difference did it make what they thought? Maybe Max had travelled light and fast all his life. Maybe he was miles ahead of her, smoothly glossing over the rough places, friendly, talkative, all the things she wasn't. It had been so easy and so simple to let Max decide everything. He had no trouble making up his mind... no problems involving others, only one decision to make... his own.

"Dance, baby?" It was Tab again.

"No luck with the blonde!" she countered.

"Sure, easy set-up, but I left her with her boyfriend of a few minutes ago 'cause you looked kinda lonely and pensive over here. C'mon, let's wiggle the bodies for a minute or two."

It was easy to dance with Tab, easy to talk to him. She tried to forget about Max and the last dollars in the bank account, his passion for momentary pleasures which he would moan about later. Why worry, why not be carefree with Tabby?

"What's on your mind? Worried about the old man?"

"No, Tab, it's not that. He's been awfully good to me, honestly. Just those darn slot machines—and I don't know how to battle with him. It's not just the slot machines, either. It's everything all rolled into one. They're just part of it. I'm afraid to give him an ultimatum." She stopped. "I sound like a broken record. Tab, what am I going to do?"

"Honey, you've got to make up your own mind about that. No matter what I say, whether it's the right thing or not, the last decision has got to be your own. Poor little baby." He tightened his arm around her but she didn't notice.

Baby... make up your own mind, she thought. Am I helpless? Can't I be independent about anything? Do I want to wander around asking people like Tab what to do all the rest of my life? He's right. Whatever he says can only muddle me up more. If I could only ask Max. He'd know what to do. He always does, but he can't help me now. So con-
used, so lost, so afraid. The same old terrifyingly frantic sensation of not knowing where to turn, the fear of being alone as she had been many times. Alone where people crowded past, hurrying, rushing people all bound for someplace, intent on some destination, brushing past her, rubbing shoulders with her but not seeing her and she searching between him for Max. In a hotel lobby, standing on a street corner or at a station expecting to see him somewhere in the crowd. A station, dirty, impersonal, crowded, noisy. Max due in on the 4 o’clock rain. Looking, looking for that familiar dark head above the silly hats of the women, the flapping overcoat between the swinging skirts and uniforms, his funny triangular grin—where was he? To like him to forget, stop somewhere with the fellows from the office for a drink. One more for he road, one that always grew unto ten. Always the continual tension engulfing her so that Max’ ast-minute ease only made her more keyed up. And then, not seeing him, turning when at last the station quieted down to go back to the apartment alone. Where had he gone? What had happened to him? Slowly home-ward, aching inside ... how could he be so thoughtless ... why does he worry me this way? Doesn’t he know he drives me crazy? Maybe I should be just as forget-ful, try something new and dis-ppear the way he does ... but where would I go, what would I do? That long dragging after-noon in the apartment, waiting to ear from him and at last his call. ... come out here by the next train ... pack the stuff and store it, I an’t leave now. On the move gain and she couldn’t do it. But it had been done. Good of the couple next door to help pack and label the stuff. Couldn’t have done it alone, alone coming to be with him or waiting for him. Alone so much of the time, even when we are together. In a way like now . . .

When the dance ended, Tabby steered her through the crowded dance floor back to their table. She looked down at the silver in front of her and played with two lonesome halves remaining of the banker’s pile.

Max and Patterson came up with doleful looks, plumped themselves down. “No luck,” Max said, “but she ought to fall. Just got to ... why the gal on the machine next us said it was ripe for the gold award.”

“What do you say to just five more?” Patterson asked.

“O.k.?” Max turned toward her.

“Sure. We’re poor; we can af-ford it.” She smiled up at him. They moved off and Tabby turned toward her.

“Why don’t you tell him no? Are you afraid?”

“Just can’t, Tab. It’s his money more than mine; besides, it would only make him more un-happy if somebody else got the jackpot in a few minutes. Oh, what’s the use?”

“Nothing, baby. Sorry I men-tioned it. Want another drink?”

“No, thanks.”

“I’ll be around if you want me.” He patted her shoulder and left.

She watched his stocky figure move across the room, stopping now and then to chat with some-one he knew. Her fingers closed around a few halves lying on the table and as she stubbed out her
cigarette a weariness settled over her. The noise beat monotonously on and on, the smoke-filled air was hard to breathe, and she leaned back in her chair with a patiently tired motion. . . . Peace and quiet, clean fresh air, she thought. What heaven it would be. Racing through cool, clear water out to a raft in the middle of a lake, shaking her hair free from her tight cap, laughing at Max jumping on one leg, trying to free a water-plugged ear. She could remember it all, smearing each other with oil and then stretching out, one hand hanging in the cool water, the other close to Max's browning arm, just lying there with the brightness of the day lulling her to sleep, knowing Max would be there when she awoke. Beautiful vacation it had started to be, ending in that nightmarish party in a neighboring cabin down the lake. Too much liquor, too many people who were strange and talked too much about themselves and others. One of them mentioning to her Max's new job, the smart way he had played it to come up here on the pretense of a vacation and clinching the job with Sanders. What a struggle it had been to smile and nod, to speak without choking on every word, to act natural. She couldn't have said anything to him. She had closed her eyes, the hurt inside going deeper. The same hurt then as now and it seemed as if it would never stop. Praying each time it would be different and it never was. Max, she thought, I love you. No help for it, but I can't take it anymore. It's just too far up and too far down. Feast or famine, pink clouds or the depths of despair; either the moon in your palm or nothing at all. She looked down at the silver in her moist hand... such a little remaining of the stack that had been.

And then Max was back with a handful of halves. "Pile 'em up, honey, pile 'em up. The push is on. It's a shift in the wind. Watch now, they're going to fall. Come on over." He pulled her to where Patterson was shoving the halves in and as she watched the stacks of halves growing from two even piles into three, four, she wondered at her own lack of faith in the omen that they could portend. "C'mon, Maxey, just getting her in the mood for you," Patterson said. "Kinda temperamental today, but tricky little wench that she is, we're far from beat. Your turn."

Max pulled; the wheels buzzed, click, click, click, stop... and the clatter of coins brought a gasp from a disheveled woman standing at a nearby machine. "Honey, we're in. It's like I told you, the turn of the worm, the end of a slump. We're on the up."

He put his arms around her and planted a loud smack on her cheek. 'No more worries. Plenty of macaroni for days to come.'

She looked at him, yet seemed to see him from a distance. "No more worries," she echoed hollowly. He doesn't understand. How could he? But I won't ruin tonight. Tomorrow is soon enough.

His wide mouth spread in that I three-corner grin she knew so well; the crinkles beside his eyes deepened as he tightened his arms around her. She wriggled out of his grasp, held up her drink and said, "Here's to the big wheel."
Today I get the letter. For the last six months I have been worry stiff about what happen to my dear brother Emile. For years and years I not see him. So I invite him to come to Chicago to visit me. Now Emile I never have to worry about, he is much bigger, stronger, and smarter than me. When we are boys together up in northern Quebec it is Emile that is boss, he always leads me where he want to go and I never question him because there is no boy in all Quebec that is good as Emile about taking care of himself, and knowing his way around the north woods. Emile can talk with birds and animals. They all have something to say to him, but hard as I listen I hear only the squeek and the grunt. The whole world is like a book to him and he know all there is to know about the whole world. I am not nearly as smart as Emile, so I have to go to school to learn to read and write out of printed books, and learn what men find out before me rather than find out myself like Emile did.

Finally I know I can never live good in the woods so I borrow some of Emile's money he make trapping furs, and come to the United States. I settle in Chicago because it is right on the same lakes that border Canada, and I do not think I can ever feel lonesome here. Some man I meet say because I am small and neat and speak English like a Frenchman I can work as a salesman in his hat shop. Soon I am making hats. Women like my hats because they like me and I charge them much money for these hats. They even say I reek with chic, but I don't mind cause they are the one that pay for the lovely hats. Now I own the shop and I have everything I want except I am lonely. I am very homesick, and I know I cannot go home now because I have to work and make money, so the next best thing I think is to send for my dear brother Emile. I send him enough money to get here on, if he do not eat too much, and tell him where to find me in Chicago.

I wait and I wait, but still no brother Emile. Is he keep my money and get drunk? Is the steamer sink with Emile? Is my letter with my money fail to reach him? For a long time I worry, now today I get the letter. It is a very long letter written by Father Gauthier at the mission. Father Gauthier wrote the letter as Emile tell him what happen. Now I
know you cannot read French, and Emile do not talk very well anyway, so I tell you what happen.

Emile get the letter, and at first he not quite knew what to make of everything. Why should he leave the woods in Quebec? Yet here is the money, and Rene want him to come quite badly judging from his letter. Emile paddle his canoe down the stream that run by his fine little log hut, the stream that furnish mink and otter for his hungry traps. Finally he hit the Great River that flow on into the sea. Emile travel down the Great River for two days until he finally get to Le Boussiere where the railroad will take him to Sault Ste. Marie and he can catch the steamer for Chicago.

Lucky for him there are many French crew, and Emile always find a willing audience to listen while he tell the tales of wolverine, and lynx, and how he, the mighty Emile, once even trail the dread Loup Garou for a week before it take another form and vanish. Everybody is attract by Emile. They like his curly black hair, his broad shoulders, the way he laugh, talk and sing about himself. When Emile talk, people smile and say something to each other about a "grain of salt", and Emile, he know it is something very good so he talk some more. They know Emile is very strong too, because sometime he is call "big wind."

When Emile leave his friends on the boat they take him out and put him in a yellow automobile, and say something to the driver. All this time Emile has no time to think. The man drive up before a place call "hotel" and motion for Emile to get out. Emile pick up his bag and thank the man very kindly, and as he walk off the man shout and shake his fist and act very mad, and Emile do not understand. He go into this place call "hotel" and when the man behind the desk see Emile he shake his head and point to the door. Then Emile show the man the letter from his dear brother. Now the man cannot read French, but he see the rest of the money in the envelope and take fifteen dollar, then he give Emile a piece of paper to put a mark on. After he make his mark a little man called "belljump" take Emile’s bag and Emile follow him. At first Emile think he is being trap when he step into a cage like he used to catch the bear. The cage shoot straight up, stop and the door open and they walk out. The man take Emile to a little room at the back end of the hall, open the door and turn on the light, then stand there. Emile do not know why the man stand there so he smile. The man smile too, and hold out his hand, Emile think he is fine, friendly man so he reach out and shake the man’s hand. The little man jerk his hand away and look at Emile funny and walk out sounding like the little bird when he say "Cheap, Cheap."

Emile look around the room. It is very small, especially for Emile. He say it is so small that even the little mice running around are stoop-shouldered, and ever time he bend over he is stab in the behind with a doorknob. Emile always is a great one to make the jokes. He got to open the window. When he open it all he see is another window a few feet away with not enough air in between to go around. So Emile want to take a walk to get fresh air. He walk down the stairs, and as soon as he get down one flight every-
thing look the same, so he go
down again. Finally he come to
the place where the man is stand-
ing behind the desk, so Emile
wave and walk out into the street.
It is good to be where he can
walk again and swing his arms
and breathe all he want. But
everywhere he look the people
hurry, they are all hurry in
different direction. What can there
be that can make people want to
hurry so many ways at once, so
he decide to follow them to see
where they are going and maybe
he will find out something new.
Emile walk for a long time behind
a man and a woman. They hurry
along the sidewalk. Sometime
they stop and let the cars go by
and sometime the cars stop and
let them go by. They hurry for a
while then they stop and look in
a window for a while. After a
while Emile decide that they don’t
know why they hurry, just like
the squirrel who don’t know why
he chatter all the time. Emile then
think maybe he should follow just
one person, so he follow a hurry-
ing young lady. She must be hur-
ry for some good reason so Emile
hurry after her. After a little
while she turn around and see
Emile following her, but he just
smile. Everytime she turn around
Emile smile, and every time Emile
smile she hurry faster, so he think
she must be going somewhere to
see something grand and want
him to hurry to see it too. But
soon the girl walk up to a big red-
headed man in a blue uniform
with a shiny badge and start talk-
ing and pointing at Emile. Now
up in the north woods everybody
talks about what a great man
Emile is, maybe this girl does not
know Emile because the big man
in the blue uniform with the shiny
badge step between Emile and the
girl and tap him on the shoulder
and point down the street. Emile
do not like this because people get
out of his way when he want to go
someplace. He tell the man he is
Emile from Quebec, all the man
say is “Clancy from Cicero,”
which Emile not understand. So
Emile say he is “voyageur” and
the man say that he is “cop,”
then he look close at Emile. After
he look close at Emile he point at
himself and say “gendarme”.
Emile know what “gendarme”
mean from the time he get drunk
in Dolbeau and they throw him in
the “carcel”. So Emile go back
down the street. He think to him-
self, “Why do the gendarme do
this to me, I am not drunk?”

By this time Emile think he
want to go back to the place called
“hotel” and sleep, but Emile do
not know where to go. He can-
ot find his way back because
there is no moss growing on the
north side of the tall buildings, all
the water is flow in different di-
rections, and the streets are so
hard you do not leave any tracks.
Emile decide to ask somebody
where the “hotel” is. He walk
up to the man and ask about it
as good as he can. The man point
down the block to a sign saying
“hotel”. Emile walk down there
and see that it is not the place he
first come from. He now think
that there are many place called
“hotel” in Chicago.

Emile also know by this time
that his dear brother do not know
where he is, so he must find his
own dear brother. Emile ask
about one hundred people if they
know where Rene from Quebec
live, and they all just smile, and
laugh or say something that Emile
cannot understand and walk off.
But Emile find out when people
do not know or understand what
you talk about they just say “screwball” and everything is all right.

By now it is getting dark in the sky, but all the different color lights won’t let it get dark on the ground. They make so much light that Emile cannot even see the stars, so he just walk and walk.

Soon Emile come to a place where it is not so light, the only lights come out of windows and a few in the street. Of all the place he has been, never is Emile see such friendly people. All the ladies look out the window at Emile, they tap on the window and wave to him, everyplace around there they look and motion to Emile to come in. This make him feel very good because maybe these people have hear of him. When people make Emile feel good he always sing for them. Emile start singing one of his beautiful songs. When he sing in the woods the birds all stop and the animals come out to listen to him, so beautiful it is. Here all the ladies look out and laugh and wave, but before Emile can go up and tell them who he is, another “gendarme” come along and tell Emile to quit disturbing the peace or he will “run him in,” so Emile has to leave all these beautiful, dear friends and move on. But he think to himself, “Why do they do this thing to Emile—He is not drunk, he do not follow the young lady, he do not sing to his friend??” Emile do not know or understand what is about so he just say “screwball” and go to sleep.

Late that evening just as Emile finish eating the food they bring, he hear much noise and soon he see his friends from the steamboat talking to the head “gendarme”. Pretty soon the “gendarmes” come over and let Emile out of the cage. Then his friends start talking to him all at once, and they want to know what happen. So Emile tell them what happen. Sometimes they laugh and sometime they just shake heads. When he is finish they show him picture in the newspaper of the great Emile being hold by two men while he is being lock
mountaineer

up. Emile shrug his shoulders and think how different this Emile is from the one who live up in Quebec. One of his friends leave and come back several minutes later with his bag. They all ask Emile if he want to try now to find his dear brother. Emile say he just want to get back to Quebec as soon as he can, and want to know how soon they leave for the north country. Since the steamer is sailing that night Emile has no chance to see his dear brother. And since his dear brother Rene do not buy any papers, Emile leave for the north country without his dear brother even knowing he was in the city.

All this time I worry about my dear brother Emile, now this letter come today and explain everything. Emile is asking me now to come up and see him, but he don’t know that I have the hat shop and have to stay and make money. I will send him back the money he send me to come up and see him, and tell him to use it to come down to see me. Only this time I write a letter in English for Emile to show to everyone any time they talk to him and this way he will get to see his brother Rene. Only sometime I think maybe so my dear brother Emile don’t want to come to Chicago again.
On the Bias

By GEORGE I. DIXON

T
HE corporal, caught in town without a raincoat, stood in the comparative dryness of a doorway and lit a cigarette. He looked with disdain at the falling rain, and wrinkled his nose at the debris streaming in the rivers flooding the gutters. "Home was never like this," he said to himself. "Christ, what a god forsaken country! I don't know what the hell these people are fightin' for anyway." The corporal looked down at the ribbons on his chest. The invasion had only began a year previously, and bronze stars studded his campaign ribbons. "Yes," he mused, "We've got something. It's been worth every bit of it."

The corporal threw his cigarette onto the rain-soaked sidewalk in front of the doorway where he stood. An Arab boy of indeterminate age, between four and ten (he couldn't tell the difference) pounced on the wet half cylinder and plunged it into his ragged barracks-bag robes, darting back into a doorway to escape the rain and collided with a French captain, elegantly dressed in a smart formal uniform, and flowing rain cape. The Arab boy rebounded, and landed solidly on the pavement, yipping with hurt surprise. The captain let loose an epithet and lifting his arm, brought his riding crop sharply across the face of the rising Arab boy.

Horrified, an electric racing through his vitals, the corporal bounded into the rain, across to the doorway, grasped the shoulder of the Frenchman, spinning him around, "You filthy bastard," he said. "Just who the hell do you think you are, you big ape. We don't do things like that back where I come from!" The captain, unruffled, stared at him coldly, his eyes hard, and the corporal stopped, looked into the captain's eye.

The Arab boy, whimpering, picked himself up and ran, disappearing into a maze of doorways, and the two soldiers looked at each other long. The corporal released his grasp on the captain's shoulder, sighed, turned, and walking in the pouring rain tried to light another cigarette, the brightness of the ribbons dulled with the wetness.

"Thank God I'm getting out of this hole," the corporal muttered to himself. "By god, a man can be a man in the United States Army!"

It did not stop raining when the corporal and several hundred
other men walked several miles and loaded themselves and their wet equipment into the deepest compartment of a troopship anchored in the harbor at Algiers.

* * * * *

Three miserable weeks at sea, and a blacked-out night on a train brought the corporal to Bristol, England. During peace, Bristol was an industrial city; in war, it changed only that it was a wartime industrial city. But to the corporal, Bristol was civilization.

"Civilization," the corporal mused, "is a rather relative thing. Sicily is civilized, and we are told that Italy is civilized. At any rate they've got 'Men' marked on the men's toilets, and 'Ladies' marked on the women's toilets. That's a sign of civilization. But by God, it will be good to hear civilians who talk English! That's civilization so far as I'm concerned. Yup, it will be good to take a look at civilization."

With a clean uniform, and his first furlough in the civilized world, the corporal got onto the first bus he saw, deciding to go to the end of the line, and maybe back again. But the end of the line was what civilized people call "down town", and the corporal got off the bus.

In England, as in the United States, it gets dark fast in January, and in the blackout, cities seem to get dark even faster. But the corporal didn't mind. He was seeing civilization. He had spoken to the bus driver—a civilian, and to a conductorette, which which was a new thing to civilization. He had talked to a policeman, and to a bar maid. (He had a date with her, too; one of them should show up.) He had spoken to factory workers and children. "Yup," the corporal said to himself with satisfaction, "Civilization's the stuff!"

But night does fall quickly, and even in industrial cities, there are limitations during wars. The buses don't run beyond nine-thirty and the corporal found himself stranded. He laughed at himself, knowing he couldn't find his way home in the dark. An M.P. or a policeman seemed to be the best bet, and choosing a direction at random, he began to search.

Walking a few blocks, he found a policeman walking a beat.

"I'm lost, mate," he said in a laughing voice to the bobbie. The policeman chuckled, and the corporal laughed.

"You Yanks are always getting lost. You aren't used to the blackouts yet."

"Nope," replied the corporal, "not yet, but I'm doing pretty good for my first day in a civilized country."

"Oh, you've been abroad, Yank?" said the policeman.

"Yup," emphatically, "Africa, Sicily, Italy, and all the other holes."

The policeman replied with an interested, "Hummmm."

"We ain't all of us in the quartermaster or base engineers, y'know," continued the corporal.

"Yes," replied the bobbie, jokingly, "I was in the last show, you know, and they still tell me supply won the war."

The men laughed. The policeman followed with, "Come along with me, Yank, and we'll find a cab for you."

The two men walked side by side chatting amiably. The bobbie talked with a Yankee soldier
and the Yankee soldier talked to civilization.

The scream that cut the blacked-out night was of extreme pain. The corporal felt his hair prickle and said sharply, "He's been struck" and took off with the already running policeman.

A tiny, very dimmed-out light glowed at the hack stand. In the light the soldier made out three figures, and a taxi cab. One figure lay on the ground, twisting and churning and screaming. The other two, hearing the approach of running feet, turned and disappeared in the darkness. The corporal stopped short where the man lay, and the policeman continued running after the two figures. He returned empty-handed.

"He's a Yank," the corporal said to the bobbie. "A colored boy, and he's been stuck pretty badly. Can you call an ambulance?"

The policeman beat his stick on the sidewalk, and the sound echoed through the night. An answering beat came back, and the corporal felt it come into his toes from the paving, and wondered. The policeman, after a cursory examination of the wound, turned to the cabbie. "What was it now, man, tell me what happened."

The cabbie stepped out of his cab, gesturing excitedly, and stammered, "The black chappie was just gettin' into me cab when the other two chaps came and pushed him aside. 'E didn' stand a chance, I tell you. They said the cab belonged to them, and pushed 'im aside. 'E didn' stand half a chance, they both jumped on 'im."

"Take it easy, man" the policeman said calmly, "Here, write your name and address on this pad." And then the policeman turned to the wounded man, helping the corporal cut away the clothes and apply a first aid bandage which the bobbie produced from his pocket. A police car pulled up out of the night, and the wounded man was put into the rear seat, and it drove off. The bobbie asked the corporal to get into the cab with the driver, and the three drove to precinct headquarters, where the cabbie and corporal gave their stories and registered as witnesses.

Back at camp, the corporal reported to the officer of the guard, went through the routine of answering questions, and made his way to his squad room. He undressed quietly, picked up soap, towel and toothbrush and walked to the latrine, musing, "Cripes, whatta night! Maybe civilization isn't so good at that. I wonder who the hell stuck the poor guy. I hope he lives. That was a nasty stomach wound." The corporal shook his head.

Reaching for the door of the latrine the corporal stopped short as voices came dimly through the glass partition. "I better wash the blood off this knife, too. D'ya think I killed the black bastard?"

"Mebbe," came the reply. "Jees, he didn' know what hit him. Cripes. Lucky that cop didn't ketch us. Over here they treat a nigger like a white man."

The corporal looked through the glass door and studied the faces of the two men closely. He turned around and walked back to his bed, put on his clothes and walked to the guard house.

"Know who stabbed that man," he said to the officer of the guard.

"You mean that nigger? Hell, that's nothing, go back to bed."
"I'd like to report it to the police," the corporal replied. "That man might die."

"I can see you ain't been here very long, corporal," replied the O.G., "O.K., I'll do it. Go back to your barracks and get some sleep. You'll be called in the morning."

The corporal went back to his bed. It seemed he had only fallen asleep when he was awakened. "Hey, Hey!" someone was shaking him. "Are you Corporal Yovitch?"

"Yeah," said the corporal sleepily, "I'm Yovitch. Why?"

"Dress up, and pack all your equipment and bring it down to the orderly room, right away."

"All my stuff?" asked the corporal.

"Yep, everything you got. Hurry up, the top kick's waitin' on ya."

Gathering his gear, the corporal shoved it in his barracks bag, and walked down to the orderly room.

The first sergeant was there. "You got immediate ship orders," he said flatly to the corporal. "A jeep will take you down to the train; you'll be travellin' all day. Your destination is Ireland."

"OK," replied the corporal sleepily. "But say, ain't I gonna testify at that stabbing last night?"

"Cripes," the sergeant exploded, "I don't know what goes on here! All I know is that they got me outta bed to get you rollin'. I don't know what's goin' on. Cripes," and then looking at the corporal wisely he added, "What the hell, you got nothin' ta lose, and everything ta gain. So long, kid, and good luck." The sergeant laughed a short laugh.

The corporal looked at him for a while. "I don't know," he began, and then "Yeah, yeah — I guess I have nothing to lose. So long, Top," he said, and picking up his duffle bag, the corporal walked to the waiting jeep.

Stowing his gear on an improvised shelf, the corporal grinned at the man sitting on the next bed. "Christ, does it always rain in Ireland? It seems as if I ain't seen anything but rain since I left Algiers three-four weeks ago." The man on the bed grinned back at him. "It's no use unpacking this stuff," the corporal went on, "my section chief called up and said he'd bring a jeep down for me in the morning. It sure will be good to see the guys again. I guess they won't all be there though."

"Yeah," replied the man beginning to get under his blankets. "It seems they always kill off the good guys, and the bastards always escape."

"Yeah," said the corporal, beginning to undress. "Ain't it the truth."

The section chief came early in the morning, and greeted the corporal vigorously. "Christ, we didn't think you'd come back, you old son of a bitch. What the hell ya been doin'? How's your chest? Are ya O.K.? Cripes, it's good to see an old man again. These new guys ain't the same." And the two began to tussle with each other. The exuberance caught hold of the corporal.

"How's yourself, ya old bastard? Sure, I'm O.K., the Jerries can't kill me off, not yet any way. How's the old man? Or did some Jerry do us a favor at Anzio? Cripes, the old outfit looks good!"
“Yeah,” said the section chief.
“It’s a goddamned good outfit. Wait ‘til ya get settled. The guys made a bed for ya soon as they heard you was comin’. And we got a couple quarts of real Irish whiskey. It’s sure good after that sweet Dago stuff, and that goddamned belly wash they had in Morocco.”

Arriving in his company, the corporal reported to his commander. “Good to see you back, Yovitch,” he said, shaking hands vigorously. “Take the day off, and fool around, and I’ll see you in the morning. Your section is out on a problem anyway.”

“Thank you, sir,” the corporal said, and saluting, dashed off to his barracks, dug into the section chief’s locker, and had a long happy pull at a bottle of Irish whiskey.

“Let’s get the party started,” someone said, “I’ll get the beer from under the hut, if someone will get the coffee boilin’. The guys are comin’ back from chow.”

“O.K.,” replied the corporal, and he began feeding peat in to the stove.

Conversation was of war, home and women. The corporal, laughing with happiness, let out a whoop, and uncorked a bottle, and asked suddenly, “Why the hell ain’t you guys in town? Don’t the Old Man give any passes?”

“Hell, yes,” came the reply. “We all got Class A passes, but they are only good every other night and Sunday.”

“Why the hell is that?”

“Oh, tonight’s nigger night. Only the coons kin go to town tonight. That’s to keep the peace, I reckon.”

“Oh,” the corporal said, a bit quietly.

Sgt. Dietz laughed. “By God, if that bitch of mine goes out with a nigger, I’ll cut the guy’s throat!”

And from the corner of the squad room came, “Hell, these gals think this black stuff is pretty good; they’d rather sleep with a nigger than a white man anyway. These Irish ain’t any better than niggers anyway.”

The corporal took a long pull at a whiskey bottle.

Settling himself in his reserved seat, the corporal relaxed and marveled at the mountain landscape of Arizona as the bus moved down the highway. “It’s sure funny,” he mused, “a couple of months ago I figured I was done for, and here I am, going home. It’s a long way from D-day, and I guess I couldn’t get much farther from France than I am right now. He listened to the bobby socks across the aisle talking about going to college and turned around to look at the people who filled the seats. “It’s good to get out of that hospital,” he said to himself.

The bus came down out of the mountains and stopped at a town on the prairie. There was a cluster of people waiting to get on the bus. The people were arrayed in the colorful costumes of plains Indians. “What goes here?” asked the corporal, puzzled, and a man sitting across the aisle offered, “Ther’s some big Indian doin’s up in Cheyenne, and these people are going to represent their tribe at the celebration.”

“Is that so?” said the corporal with interest.

He looked at a tall, strong man standing on a little platform. The
man was wearing a revolver, and on his chest glinted a small bronze badge, and he was talking to the grouped Indians. "I want every son of a bitch to get on this bus and keep quiet. I don't want to hear of any trouble from you, and I want every damned one of you to get to Cheyenne. And for Chris' sake, I don't give a good goddamn if you stay there. Now, get loading."

"Just who the hell is that slob?" asked the corporal of no one in particular.

"That's the local Indian agent," answered the man across the aisle.

"He's pretty high and mighty, isn't he? Talking to people like that."

The Indians filed onto the bus, and looked at the occupied seats. The women followed with their papooses, and looked at the full bus. Getting up from his seat, the corporal told the woman nearest him to sit down, explaining he wasn't going too far.

"Hey you, soldier," called the agent, "hold onto your seat; first thing you know these damned squaws will be expecting to be treated like white people."

"Look, mate," the corporal said slowly, "I don't like your looks, see. And shut up. This is a free country, ain't it? That's what I've been fightin' for. That lady sits down, see." The two men stared at each other, and the corporal added, "Besides, I ain't going as far as Cheyenne."

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**Smartest Gifts...**

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AFTER dinner we all went to Grandma’s in Aunt Emily’s new car that she drove up from California in. When Judy tried to stand on the seat in back I pulled her down and she hit her head and started to cry.

“I don’t think you’ll have any better luck than I had, Emmy,” Mamma said, hushing us at the same time. “Betty, aren’t you ashamed, making your little sister cry.” She turned around to frown at me.

“Of course we can’t force her, but we must simply be firm,” Aunt Emily said. The car bumped over the road and she shook her head and clicked her tongue when we hit a deep rut. “Just for the winter I think she might agree to come with me.”

“Do you think it’s quite fair?” Mamma said. “Hush, Judy, you’ll make your aunt nervous driving. What will you tell her in the spring, Emmy?”

“By next spring she won’t care so much,” Aunt Emily said. “You know how her mind wanders already.” She slowed down for a dog that barked at the car, and then speeded up again.

“I don’t know,” Mamma said. “It’s so hard to know what’s best.” We drove along a while and then she said, “Even with all winter to work I don’t see how I’ll ever get that house cleared out. I’ll bet she’s saved everything since she was married.”

Aunt Emily sort of laughed. “You’ll have a terrible time getting rid of all those clocks.”

“I will hate to get rid of everything and think she might get better and want to come back,” Mamma said.

Aunt Emily pulled out the ash tray and smashed her cigarette in it. “Don’t you think it’s being a bit optimistic to talk of mother and next spring?” she said.

“What’s optimistic?” I said. I stood on the seat and leaned across onto the back of the front seat.

“But if her heart is really that bad, I wonder if it wouldn’t be better to let her stay here where she’ll be happy?” Mamma said.

“What’s optimistic?” Judy said.

“Why, you can’t take care of her when she’s way out here,” Aunt Emily said. “Please don’t lean over my shoulder that way, Betty. At least I can make her comfortable. And soon that will be what really matters to her.”

“Betty, sit back on the seat with Judy,” Mamma said to me. “I suppose you’re right, Emmy.
but I wish we could think of something else.

Aunt Emily turned off the road and stopped in front of Grandmother’s house. “You have no idea how changed I found her when I came,” she said. “You’ve seen her every day, but it was a shock to me. She’s so irritable and helpless. It hurts to see her. She’s so much older—nearly senile.”

“What’s senile?” I said.

“Hush, Betty,” Mamma said. She and Aunt Emily got out and I hurried up and got out before Judy did.

“Aunt Emily is Grandma going away with Aunt Emily?” I said.

Mamma was waiting to close the door after Judy got out. “Is she, Mamma?” I said.

Aunt Emily turned around. “Yes, Betty, if she will go, but just until spring,” she said.

Judy and I ran around to the back door and I tried to open it. “Let me,” Judy said. “Let me!”

“No,” I said. “It’s locked.” We pounded on it and pretty soon we heard some noise inside and Grandmother’s heavy steps and she opened the door holding a dish towel in one hand.

“Grandma!” Judy and I yelled. Grandma held out her arms and hugged us both up close to her. “I declare, you’ve both grown an inch every time I see you,” she said.

I looked to see if she was any different, but she was just the same, wrinkled and slow and heavy, but just the same as always. “Why’d you lock the back door, Grandma?” I said. “You don’t usually lock the back door.”

Grandma tried the door and then shut it and put the dishtowel down on the table. “Run through and let your mother in, children.”

Judy and I ran into the front door. “Let me open it,” Judy yelled. “Let me.”

“No,” I said, “you don’t know how. You do it this way.” I turned the lock and opened the door for Mamma and Aunt Emily.

Grandma came in from the kitchen, walking slow and heavy and helping herself along by hanging onto the doorways. We all went in the living room where Grandma has the tall pink vases with cows on them and the seat built into the wall by the window. Judy climbed up on the seat and pulled on the window curtain.

“Judy!” Mamma said. “Betty, get Judy down from there.”

“Betty,” Grandma called me over to her. Judy climbed down and came over too.

“There are cookies in the bread box,” Grandma whispered.

“You spoil them, mother,” Mamma said.

Judy and I ran out and climbed up on the table so we could reach the bread box shelf. I got two cookies and gave Judy one and we sat on the table and ate them. “Let’s take two,” Judy said. “Not Grandma’s cookies?” I said. Judy didn’t say anything for a while and then she looked at me and said, “Grandma wouldn’t mind.”

“Well,” I said. So I got down two more and we ate them and then went in to the living room again.

“But just for the winter,” Aunt Emily was saying. “This house is so hard to heat when it’s very cold, Mother.”

“But this house is where I want to be,” Grandma said, cross and sort of whiny. “I’m getting too old to be happy moving about, Emily.”
Judy found the place where the sun came through the colored window and hit the floor. "Look at me," she said. "I'm poisoned blue."

I stood beside her and let the red part hit my legs. "I'm poisoned red," I said.

"I'm poisoned blue and green," Judy said. "Look at me, Mamma."

"Don't you think you might enjoy California, just for this winter, Mother?" Mamma said.

"Oh, dear, we've gone over this so often before," Grandmother said. Then no one said anything for a while and Aunt Emily got up and walked over to the window. "What is that blooming in your garden, Mother?" she said.

"It's the Michaelmas daisy," Grandmother said. "It's early for it to bloom but it's lovely already."

"You haven't seen Mother's garden, Emmy," Mamma said. "It's been beautiful this summer," Grandma said. "You should have seen the iris and the gladiolas. And the peonies! The peonies were huge, Emily."

"Yes, the peonies were huge," Mamma said. Then everybody waited for someone to say something and finally Aunt Emily said to Mamma, "Why don't we go cut some daisies? You'd like to have some in the house, wouldn't you, Mother?"

"I meant to cut some today," Grandma said. "I thought of it, but I couldn't find the cut-glass vase. I always put them in my cut-glass vase and I couldn't find it."

Mamma and Aunt Emily looked at each other and then Mamma said slowly, "You broke your cut-glass vase, just the other day, Mother. Don't you remember?"

When you were bringing it home from the church luncheon."

"Why, so I did!" Grandma said. "I don't know why I didn't remember that. Well, we can put the flowers in something else."

So Mamma and Aunt Emily got a knife in the kitchen and went out to cut the flowers, and Judy went with them, but I stayed because it was almost time for the clocks to strike. I stood in front of the clock that has the little moving man with the hammer on it, and Grandma came and stood behind me for a minute. Then the clock ticked and the little man raised his hammer over his head and let it fall on the bell, and the clocks began to strike all over the house, the loud bong of the big clock in the hall, and the funny tinkle of the little clock on the china closet and all the others, the one upstairs and in the next room and even the clock in the kitchen. And Grandma listened and smiled at me. All the chimes died away and then the gold colored clock on the piano started, clear and sort of echoing, as if it were hollow.

"Oh, dear," Grandma said. "That clock is slow."

I laughed because the gold clock is always slow, no matter how much she sets it. "Grandma, why will it be hard to get rid of all your clocks?" I said. "Will you give the one with the little man to me?"

Grandma was winding up the gold clock and setting it. "Why, whoever said I was getting rid of my clocks?" Grandma asked.

"Aunt Emily did," I said. "She said Mamma would have a hard time getting rid of them."

Grandma looked at me for a minute, then put the clock back
on the piano top. “You shouldn’t listen to things that aren’t meant for you dear,” she said.

“I don’t,” I said, “But they never tell me anything. Grandma, what’s senile?”

Grandma sighed and walked over to the window, even more slow and heavy than she usually walks. “They said that too?” she said.

“Yes,” I said. “What is it, Grandma?”

Grandma ran her hand over my hair, but she was looking out the window, not at me. “It’s being suddenly too weak to fight anymore,” she said.

Judy came running in from the garden with her arms full of the purple daisies. “Put them in the kitchen, dear,” Grandma said, and I went out to the kitchen with Judy to watch Mamma fix them.

Mamma cut the long stems even and then she said to me, “Run get a vase, Betty. Ask Grandma for one.”

I went back to the living room and Aunt Emily was saying, “I wish you’d reconsider, Mother. I’m going Saturday and I’ll hate to leave without you.”

“What’s reconsider?” I said. “Please be sensible about it, Mother,” Aunt Emily said.

Grandma sat down in the big chair and looked tired. “Maybe you’re right, Emily,” she said.

“Then you’ll come with me?” Aunt Emily sat down across from her and leaned forward.

Grandma was looking at the things on he table, her books and the pictures of all of us and the little silver elephant she had when she was a little girl.

“You will, won’t you?” Aunt Emily said again. “Just until spring?”

“Yes, I will,” Grandma said.

Mamma had come in from the kitchen and was standing in the doorway. “Oh, I’m so glad you’ve decided,” she said. “We’ll miss you terribly, Mother, but you’ll be more comfortable through the winter. And Emily will drive you back in the spring, if you like.”

“Yes, I’ll drive up again in the spring,” Aunt Emily said.

Nobody said anything for a little while, then Aunt Emily said, “I’ll come out and help you pack tomorrow, Mother.”

“Yes,” Grandma said.

“And I can close up the house after you’ve left,” Mamma said. “We’ll take care of everything, dear.” She went over to the china closet. “You have some tall vases for these daisies, don’t you Mother?”

Grandmother sighed and pulled herself up and went over to the china closet and looked in. “I haven’t been able to find my cut-glass vase,” she said. “I’ve looked everywhere, but I can’t find it.”

Nobody said anything, and then Mamma said, “Isn’t that the vase you broke, dear? After the church luncheon?”

“Why, that’s true,” Grandma said. “Of course I did. I wonder why that slipped my mind.” She bent down and poked around in the cupboard and finally found a vase.

Mamma took it and came back in a minute with the flowers in it. “I’ll put them here on the table, Mother,” she said.

“They look lovely,” Aunt Emily said. “Well, we really must be going, Mother. I’ll be out tomorrow to help you pack.”

“Why don’t you let Betty spend the night with me?” Grandma asked Mamma. She smiled at
me. "You'd like to, wouldn't you Betty?"

"Me too," Judy yelled. "Let me too."

"Hush, Judy," Mamma said. "Oh, Betty would be too much trouble, Mother."

"I won't be any trouble, Mamma," I said.

"Well," Mamma said. "Emily could bring her back in the morning." She frowned at me. "You'll be very good?"

So Grandma and I stood on the porch and watched them drive away, and then we sat down on the porch swing and watched the sunset. First it was bright yellow all over the sky, and then the clouds on the top turned pink, then bright red, then pink again, and then the yellow part next to the mountains got smaller and sank down out of sight, and the whole sky was light pink.

Grandma put her arm around me and watched the pink clouds begin to fade. "You won't forget to watch the sunsets, next summer, will you dear?"

The way she said it scared me and I started to say something else, but then I saw the way she wasn't looking at me and I just pressed up close to her and tried to keep from crying.

Then Grandma turned and smiled at me, and all her face wrinkled up the way it does. "Hush, Emmy, don't think about it now. Look at the trees on the edge of the hill. See, the first bunch is a horse and wagon. And can you see the people walking along behind? First the big fat woman, and then a tall man with three little boys? Can you see?"

I didn't tell her that she'd called me Emmy instead of Betty. I just sat there and looked at the trees on the edge of the hill, and after a while the clouds behind weren't pink anymore, and the wagon and the people all slid together into the grey sky.
I stuffed his toes inside.
The box was made with great utility:
Just long enough for average height,
Just wide enough for shoulders,
And narrow at the head.
The other end was thinner yet,
The thinnest part of all.
His feet were meant to lie there,
Dirty creases on the soles
And pulpy, whitish callouses
Flaking off in rigid bits of skin.

The toes were pale, diseased, and stiff.
I didn't notice them at first.
His nakedness, his uncombed, filthy hair,
His open mouth, the lines of dirt around his neck,
His shoulder blades, his bloated belly:
The impotent, unprotected organs of his body
Squeezed between the cramping lines of wood
Drew my eyes, and I didn't notice them, the toes,
Until the upper section of the box
Was fitted on the bottom.
The edges met, with pushing,
Except that narrow end;
And there the toes were pinched between the two.
I put my hand inside the box and
Bent them upward so they'd fit against the splinters.
The box was pressed and nailed shut.
I — oh, God! — I retched upon the top of it.
Ballade of the Sea

By DAVID PERKINS

I
So like a beach our life is, that the waves
Recall to us the long, unending rush
Of terror into our minds. The wind raves
A shrill, hysterical cry that will not hush,
But drives the surf onto the sand to crush
All mounds and marks upon it—to erase,
As terror does, delight from a human face.
Fear is a sea—it rises everywhere;
There is no land where it has never been.
Its waters drown us in our safest lair:
The tide is out, but it will soon come in.

II
We have run madly out of the ocean’s way
Into the deserts, where the blinding heat
Blots out of memory the bitter spray.
We found our brief oblivion was sweet,
But it was costly. In the long retreat
Our cities all were left behind to rot.
We realize, too late, we should have fought,
But now our lands are prizes for the foe.
The nights are cold, our clothing is too thin;
The spell is broken—we recall our woe.
The tide is out, but it will soon come in.

III
In these dry valleys there are scars on rocks
Left there by water that no man recalls,
No wolf remembers, nor the searching hawks
But these grey lichens know the intervals
Between the ocean’s risings and its falls.
They wait the kiss of water patiently,
And they shall be rewarded by the sea
With its full bosom, by its savage hands
With much caressing, with the stormy din
Of water breaking on our desert lands.
The tide is out, but it will soon come in.
Envoi
How can we turn aside this enemy
Who rises, now, against us, silently,
Strangles our hopes, and will not leave us free
One moment’s courage, lest we should begin
To build against him a firm boundary?
The tide is out, but it will soon come in.

Autobiography

By WALTER KING

They criticize my skeptic face,
my calculated speech,
as if those were the I that is
and they (clear souls) must teach
me all the error of my ways
in seried one, two, three,
revamp my face, revise my speech
to speak as they to me.

God grant them rest. They mean so well
corrections they would give
to one who has already lost
both absolute and relative.
It was sticky hot all over the city. It had been worse before the lemon-colored sun had given up and disappeared behind the thick clouds that seemed to hang lower and lower as five-thirty approached—but clothes still sucked perspiring backs. It was hell in the subways. Armpits reeked into wet, faintly-grimed faces. The riders made a gelatinous mass, so cohesive that even when it had to pull apart at the stations it yielded with visible effort.

To be poor at any time is unpleasant, but particularly in the summertime. If one were rich and still could not escape the city in the summertime, one could at least ride in taxis or stay in air-cooled bars most of the time. Discontented people in every office building think like this, in proportion to their salaries and the distance they have to travel home.

For an hour Marion had been thinking of the horror of the subway ride home. Hardly anyone had been in the office all afternoon to interrupt her gloom. All the buyers had made a point of going on the market today, even those whose markets were slack at this time of the season. They had probably spent the afternoon gossiping with any resource who had an air-cooled showroom, or at Schrafft’s over a soda, or had gone home if they were well-established enough to risk it. All the assistants with well-established or very good-natured buyers had walked out, too. As Miss Wilson was not well-established—this was her first job as full buyer and she was trying hard to make a good impression—Marion was putting the finishing touches to a week’s filing.

At two, she had been ready to go out. She had planned the afternoon carefully. She would make calls at the coolest, nearest resources, take in a newsreel, and come back just in time to go home. At two, Miss Wilson had arisen briskly, grabbed her gloves with one hand, shoved some papers into her briefcase with the other, and tossed over her shoulder, “Dear, I’ve simply got to go to Brooklyn. I may not be able to get back on time and I’m expecting several important calls. Stick around, will you? There’s that filing to do, anyway——” and she was gone.

Marion had glared after her furiously. “Brooklyn, my eye!” she had snorted to Franny, the department secretary. “Jones Beach, here she comes.”

She slammed the drawers of the filing cabinet into place viciously,
walked back to her desk, sat down and took her shoes off. There was a ridge where they had cut in and her leg makeup was smeared and dirty. She wished irritably that she could be transported to a bathtub filled with icecubes, a John Collins at each elbow, that she could sleep all night on a verandah overlooking an ocean, instead of in the hot little apartment on 100th Street, trying to dodge Vera's legs which always managed to slide over to her side of the Murphy bed.

The phone on her desk pealed into the quiet office. She reached for the receiver languidly, but she stiffened after she had listened for a few moments. It was Vera. She was speaking much more rapidly than she usually did, slurring her words so that Marion had to strain to catch them. Vera, she decided grimly, must be well on her way to the showers.

"Marion? Listen, Marion you've got to come. I know you must be dead, but you've just got to come. Barney's taking us all out to dinner tonight and—"

"Us?" Marion broke in.

"Certainly—Barney and two of his friends and you and me and Alice."

"For God's sake, wait a minute," Marion shouted at her. "Who is Alice? How many have you had anyway?"

Vera giggled. "Well, it's hot out. I'm just drinking to cool off." Her voice became coaxing. "Please don't be mad, Marion. I know you don't think much of Barney, but honestly you underestimate him. Look at what he does for people. Like Alice. She used to work for Barney, too. She wanted to start a shop down South and he lent her the money, did everything for her. He trained her, showed her the right people to buy from just as he's training me."

"For nothing?" Marion purred. "Oh, Marion!" Vera whimpered. There was silence, broken finally by a tinkle that sounded like ice against the side of a glass. Then she began to chatter again.

"Anyway, she came into town this morning to buy her fall line. She'll only be in for a few days, and Barney wants her to have a nice time. I've been out with her all day. She only saw a few lines today because it's been so hot. We've been shopping most of the afternoon. I mean, she was. She bought four dresses and a suit in Bergdorf and two Sophie originals in Saks Fifth. It makes me sick, honestly it does. She's a real inspiration to me. Please come. I'll let you wear my new black satin dress if you do."

Marion speculated for a moment. Vera was prouder of that dress than anything she had ever owned. It meant a lot to her to let anyone wear it. Vera must want to sell her on Barney very much. This was beginning to look bad.

"What will you wear then?" she asked.

There was another silence at the other end of the line. Then, with an odd, almost defiant note in her voice, Vera answered. "Oh, Barney came with us. He insisted that I buy a dress, too. He says it can go on the expense account—entertaining, you know."

"No, I didn't know," Marion said. "Well, I'll meet you, but you can tell Barney his expense account will include cab fare, round trip, from 100th Street. It'll take me about an hour to get home and dressed and out again. Where are we having dinner?"
"We'll be at Charles'. You're swell, Marion. I know it will be fun. See you later." The receiver clicked. Marion hung up shaking her head slowly.

She glanced at her watch. Only a half-hour to go, she noted with relief. She picked up a pencil and began to draw aimless designs on the desk pad. She didn't like the whole idea of Barney. It wasn't exactly personal, it was just that Vera, for once, couldn't seem to see a wholesaler for what he was. After all, Vera had been around the Garment Center long enough to have learned something. After all, she had modeled and sold sportswear for a number of other men. Vera was almost beautiful, even if she wasn't photogenic enough to be a successful photographer's model. What was more to the point, she had a great deal of whatever it was that made men want to get her into a hotel room in a hurry. She was a shrewd saleswoman too and knew her buyers. All this had made it easy for her to get jobs. So far, she had been doing very well. Vera's big trouble, Marion decided, was that she wanted money and expensive clothes, a lot of both, in too much of a hurry. Up to the time she went to work for Barney, her system had worked splendidly. She would go out with her employers, get as much from them as she possibly could without giving a thing but a little time and ingenuity. When the situation threatened to become too difficult to handle gracefully, she changed jobs. Barney, Marion was beginning to realize, was smart enough to delay the action. Well, at least it must be a refreshing change for Vera—except that it was such a change she seemed to be falling for it—and that would never do.

Marion struggled into her shoes again, locked her desk and Wilson's, picked up her bag and walked through the empty office to the elevator. A car was just about to leave the floor and she had to run to catch it. Little hammers began to pound at her head. She squeezed into the moist crowd. By the time she had reached the ground floor, she felt as though she were leaving half of herself behind, dissolved upon the floor.

After that, it was almost pleasant to stand on the crowded corner of 40th and Broadway, even if an empty cab did not come along for fifteen minutes. At least she did not have to brave the subway. She watched the people pour into the BMT entrance. Men had taken off their coats and loosened their ties. They mopped at their shiny red faces with limp handkerchiefs as they pushed their way down. The girls who had been so fresh and trim riding to work that morning were wilted and straggly-haired now. Their makeup was caked so that their faces looked like reflections in a cheap mirror. They stared after her enviously as she finally climbed into her cab.

She tried to relax on the long ride up, but her thoughts kept running back to Vera. She wished unhappily that she could get angry at Vera and permit her to make a damned fool of herself, but somehow she felt she would be unfair. After all, Barney was a good deal slimmer than most of Vera's employers had been. He had much more hair and many more pretensions to areas outside of sex and business. He even read, occasionally, and his humor could climb out of the Leon and Eddie variety if he wanted it to.
ever, he, like the others, had a wife and child, even though he seemed less hampered by the fact than they had. Men like Barney did not divorce their wives for a girl with no money, no matter how pretty or amusing she was. Maybe they would keep her for a time, but there were too many other pretty girls out for what they could get who were infinitely less squeamish and expensive than Vera. Marion, who had been around wholesalers much longer than Vera, had moralized often on this. Vera had always agreed until recently. Now she looked uncomfortable and defensive when the topic came up. Smooth operator, Barney. Smart boy. He knew what he was doing. Marion was beginning to feel defeated.

The feeling stayed with her through the shower that only cooled her off for a little while, and while she dressed and made up. It did not lift even when she saw how smart she looked in the black satin.

She was a half-hour late when her cab drew up before the quietly expensive front of Charles'. They were waiting for her in the bar. Vera ran toward her. Her face was flushed and her eyes bloodshot. She was wearing a black and white print with matching gloves. On her, it seemed as expensive as it actually was. She revolved slowly so that Marion could see all of the dress' glory.

"Isn't it lovely?" she breathed. "Hello, Marion, glad you could come," Barney had come up behind Vera and put his arm around her. "Our baby looks pretty good, doesn't she?" He smiled down at her possessively. Marion gritted her teeth and tried to smile.

They took her over to meet the others and to have a drink before dinner. Alice turned out to be a beautifully dressed, haggard blonde. She was the worse for too many Planter's Punches and was busily engaged in entertaining both her escort and Marion's at the same time. She seemed to be making a good job of it. Ed and Joe were what one might expect Barney's friends to be, except that they had less hair, more stomach and a bluer look around the jaw. Their tailors had done a lot for them.

Marion had two drinks before they went in to eat. It helped her keep up a steady flow of shop-talk, but it was difficult. She had to make it quite clear to her date, who was Joe, that she was going to be unapproachable, after the third time he had squeezed her forearm. With a shrug, he turned back to Alice.

The dinner was excellent, but Marion could hardly touch it. The food seemed to help Vera for, as the meal progressed, she didn't slur quite as much. She and Barney spent the time between courses on the dancefloor, rhumbaing at each other. A few times, Marion and Joe danced, too. Alice and Ed sat and continued to drink. Occasionally, he lifted his hand from her thigh to light a cigarette. She kept staring at him through half-closed eyes, reaching up at her hairdo to tuck in a nonexistent wisp. Marion stood it until dessert. She escaped to the ladies' room, and stayed for a while, smoking one cigarette after another. This, she decided, as she ground out her last one, was the last time she would play nursemaid.

When she got back, Joe was sitting alone at the table, finishing his coffee. Vera and Barney were
making their way back through
the crowded room.

"Where are Alice and Ed?" she asked as she sat down.

"Yes, where did they go, Joe?" Barney echoed, pulling out Vera's chair for her.

"Oh, I think they were in a hurry," Joe's smile made his meaning clear.

Barney raised an eyebrow. "God, it gets worse every year. Maybe it's old age. She never used to be that much of a pushover."

"She invited me along too," Joe grinned.

"I guess we bad boys must have put her on the wrong road. And how she took to it! Tsk, tsk," Barney said. He lit a cigarette and signaled for the waiter to order another round of drinks.

Marion felt a sharp kick under the table. She was about to tell Joe off angrily when suddenly she looked at Vera. What Barney had said had obviously brought about some change in her. Her face was devoid of any expression, but she stared straight at Marion. There was complete, dramatic silence, and then Vera said flatly, looking all the time at Marion, "I don't feel well. I suppose it's the drinking and the heat and everything. I think Marion had better take me home. I hate to break up the party this way, Barney, but----" She began to slide on her gloves.

In a few minutes, over Barney's protestation and insistence that he could take her home, Vera pushed Marion into a cab and slammed the door in his furious face. There was complete silence for several blocks broken finally by a sigh from Vera.

"Marion," she said dreamily. "Did you notice any openings in this morning's Woman's Wear? I think I'll start looking tomorrow if it isn't too hot."
I was busily washing my socks in the park’s duck pond and humming a merry tune, as is the custom every Thursday, when a small ferret-like man in a black cape stopped by my side and winked at me slyly.

He bent low and whispered into my ear, “Looking for a place to live, my son?”

“Well, yes!” I gasped, astounded by the man’s keen perceptiveness.

He smiled at me inwardly, slipped me a small card, and disappeared into a garbage can.

With shaking hands I held the card before my tear-filled eyes. “Culverts to let,” it read, “Mrs. Hilda Ferret, 220 Kingston Road.”

My mad scream of laughter rent the air as I wildly dashed toward a large clump of rose bushes to inform my wife and four sets of triplets of the happy news, leaving my socks to float quietly among the startled ducks.

My wife, clutching to her bosom a faded snapshot of a vine-covered cottage in San Diego, stared at me numbly.

“It’s no use,” she mumbled. “I have been everywhere. There are no culverts to be had, I tell you.”

The four sets of triplets put their tiny heads together and chorused plaintively, “Culverts, culverts, there are no culverts.”

My proud spirit, however, refused to be daunted by such petty defeatism. Had I not the very card which belied their words? Emerging from the rose bushes, I sprang into the air and clicked my heels, for it was spring.

At Mrs. Ferret’s palatial residence, I rang the doorbell and waited. Strange, I thought, that she should be named Ferret where there are so many other names. The door opened and out came a large, middle-aged woman with four ears.

“Well?” she said in a surly tone.

I decided to ignore the hard bitterness which flickered from her eyes and to get to the business at hand.

“I understand you have a culvert—” I began.

“Bah!” she spat. “You are just like everyone else. People are always staring at my four ears.”

“Nonsense,” I said soothingly, staring at her four ears. “You just imagine it.”

This immediately made us fast friends.

“Come in,” she said happily, “while I tell you my life story.”
She had recently retired from the presidency of Acme Rat Eradicators Incorporated, where she had made a fortune detecting mice as they ran between the walls.

Although her four ears had helped her in business, they had made her a social outcast. Bitterness had filled her soul. When she has sensed the coming housing shortage, she had bought all the culverts within fifty miles.

"And now," she continued, "I rent them at exorbitant prices to people—all of whom I hate."

During her story, I had looked intensely interested and had applauded her every word.

"Fascinating!" I said. "Now, about these culverts—"

"Oh yes, since you are such a pleasing young man, I am going to let you have my last culvert for merely a token rental—seventy-five dollars a week. It's the third one past the little gas station on the highway south of town."

I kissed her four shell-like ears and hurried back to the park.

Upon hearing the good news, my wife threw the faded snapshot into the air and staggered backward.

"You mean—," she faltered. "You mean we have a culvert all our own?"

"Yes, and I did it," I said, beaming in a husband-like manner.

"At last," she sighed, "we have a culvert!"

My four sets of triplets put their tiny heads together and chorused joyously, "Culvert, culvert, we have a culvert."

The sun was a red ball of fire sinking into the west as, with a twinge of nostalgia, we bid goodbye to our clump of rosebushes, and stringing out along the highway, we migrated to our new home.
The rolling plains of eastern Montana passed in a parade of ranches and small towns as the freight train pushed through the early morning light. It was a fast freight, bringing empties from the western shipyards, and it wasted no time on this run. The rising sun saw it in Glendive, and later it would be in Dickinson, North Dakota.

As the freight was pulling into the Glendive yards, a kid of fifteen or sixteen years stuck his head from one of the box cars near the caboose. He was very dirty with ragged clothes, and his face wore an expression between fear and hardness. He remembered the last freight he had ridden into Glendive and the trouble he had had with the yard bulls, that special form of Ges-tapo hired by the railroad as policemen, and he was determined not to encounter them again if he could help it. This time he was going to try to get off outside the yard and not take the chance of spending the night in the cooler. He finally saw his chance and motioned to his companion.

"Come on, Joe," he said. "If we ride her on in the bulls are gonna nab us for sure."

Joe looked at this kid for a minute wondering about him. Where did he come from? What was his real name? How did he get started in this business anyway? Probably never find out, and what the hell was the difference anyway? You always met strange guys on these freights, and it was a good idea not to ask too many questions or have any close friends either. Maybe an acquaintance here and there but nothing deep.

"Okay, kid, les go!" he answered.

They jumped near a block signal, tumbling over and over in the cinders that bordered the tracks. On their feet again, they snatched their packs of belongings and hurried for cover. The train crew might not say anything, but they couldn't take chances, and so they waited until the caboose passed them before moving.

"Les find the jungle, kid," Joe said. "You oughta know where it is, you ben here before."

"Ya, it's right over here a ways," the kid answered. "But keep low, we don't wanna get caught by the bulls."

They started toward the jungle, a place scattered with tin-can cooking utensils and old car seat springs used for seats. Here and
there were spots where small fires had been built, and scattered in two or three places were the remains of car bodies used for shelter in case of rain. It was worn by years of use and had been the Plaza or Biltmore for many hoboes who had camped there for the night. As they arrived, they saw that there were other hoboes there, and the kid called Joe aside before they joined the others.

"Don’t tell them I got this four-bit piece on me, will you, Joe?" the kid asked. "They’ll wanna roll me an’ go buy bay rum tonic."

"Okay, kid," Joe answered. "But they’ll know by your face you got some dough even if you say no, an’ they’re sure t’ ask if you got any. Better let me take care of it for you, kid, I can bluff these guys."

"Okay," the kid answered. "But you gotta promise t’ gimme it back as soon as we hook a freight and blow outa this place."

"Sure, kid, you can have it back," Joe said listlessly.

They exchanged the fifty cents before they joined the others, and as they joined them one of the men addressed them.

"Didja jes jump that rattler that pulled in? You look like you been crawling around in the cinders."

"Got any dough on ya?" another who had been eyeing the kid closely asked. "Ya, I’m talkin’ to you, kid, got any dough?"

"Huh-uh, not me mister," the kid stuttered. "I been broke for some time now. You got any, I could sure use a drink?"

"Don’t get smart, ya got dough—I can tell by your face. Now fork it over or we’ll take it away from ya."

"Naw, not me, mister. I got no dough, honest," the kid said as he moved toward the protector of Joe. "Really, mister, I ain’t got any dough."

"Come on, les get his jack," one suggested. He moved toward the kid. "Les strip him an’ get it."

They grabbed the kid and began to tear off his clothing searching each piece as they took it. The kid struggled but there were too many of them and he soon stood naked in their midst his eyes pleading to Joe for assistance. Several of the men had taken his bundle of belongings apart but had not found the money they were looking for.

"Come on, kid, where’s your dough? We know ya got it," they chorused. "Fork it over!"

"Oh, hell," Joe said, "you can see he ain’t got no dough. Why doncha let him alone? He did have some but some bo on that freight got it."

The men looked at Joe for a minute and then seemed to be convinced, for they had found no money. They let the kid go. The kid moved to where Joe had gone, near one of the small fire places, and finished dressing.

"Geez, Joe, why didja let ‘em do it to me?" he whined when they were out of earshot. "You coulda helped me fight ‘em off anyway."

"An’ have them jump me too?" Joe answered. "If I’d helped you, they’d have rolled me too, an’ then your dough would be in their pockets now for sure. Way it is we still got it. It’s jes one lesson you gotta learn, kid—don’t depend on anybody, not even me. Now come on, we gotta go over town an’ bum a feed."

"Okay, Joe," the kid answered after the shock had worn off a little. "Those guys sure did scare
They walked toward the residential district of the town, keeping out of sight as they passed the depot.

"Them bulls didn’t see us get off the rattler but they’ll know us by our looks, an’ they won’t waste any questions, so les hurry."

They began their house to house campaign for food, avoiding homes with dogs and turning down work in favor of straight handouts. Joe took one side of the street and the kid took the other, keeping always in sight of each other. After an hour or so they had what they wanted and began to wander back toward the jungle comparing their booty.

As they walked along, Joe said, "I been thinkin’ an’ I think we better spend that four-bit piece of yours. We don’t need dough an’ it’ll jes get you stripped everytime we stop at a jungle. Les buy some fags and maybe a can o’ sardines, huh?"

"Geez, Joe, I jes found that dough yesterday. I hate to spend it. This is the first dough I ever got an’ it seems good to feel it in my pocket once in a while. Geez, think of the stuff I can buy now I got dough."

"You don’t wanna get rolled again either, do you?" Joe said. "You sure as hell will if you keep that dough, an’ I ain’t gonna help you the nex’ time either. I’m tellin’ you, you’re gonna get rolled. Now come on, les get some sardines and some fags, huh?"

"If you say so," the kid answered with hurt in his voice. "I sure hate ta part with it though."

They went to a small store near the depot and purchased some cigarettes and a can of sardines. As they started back toward the jungle they were met by the other hoboes who were starting toward town to forage for themselves, so they hid their purchases in their clothes and hurried by, avoiding possible attack.

"Les scram outa this place on that midnight rattler tonight," Joe said as they arrived at the jungle. "I seen enough o’ this jungle. I’m itchin’ to get on the move again. If they find out we got fags, we won’t have them long. It’s noon now, so les fix up a feed and then get some sleep an’ grab the midnight. It should get us in Dickinson by morning an’ we can spend the day there bum-min’ a real feed. Whatcha’ say, kid?"

"Anything you say, Joe," the kid answered quietly. "Yeah, anything you say."

"Okay then, hide the fags under a rock cause they’ll be back before long," Joe said. "Better hide them sardines too while you’re at it."

The kid hid the cigarettes under a rock and then sat down to wait for Joe to prepare a meal. The noon sun was warm on his back and he lay down and closed his eyes. He thought about Joe, about food, about freight trains, and about money. Most of all he thought about money. Yes, it had been fine to have that fifty cents. It made him feel as though he was somebody instead of a tramp with nothing. Importance was the word he searched for, important was what money made you; yes, important. With money a guy could have anything he wanted, even bodyguards to keep anyone from taking his dough. Lots of cigarettes and good food — yeah, that’s what dough did for a guy.
If a guy had a lotta dough he could put it in a bank and then no one could get it. Fine soft bed instead of a cold damp box car, good clothes instead of these rags, good food instead of stuff others wouldn’t eat, plenty of cigarettes instead of butts sniped from the gutter. These thoughts ran through his mind, slowly, quickly, varying maybe, but always fundamentally the same. If you had money, you had these things; if not, you went without them. Here, if you had money, somebody always took it away from you. Slowly he drifted into the unconsciousness of sleep, the sun warming his whole being.

"Come on, kid," Joe said shaking him. "Let’s eat."

The kid sat up and rubbed his eyes for a minute, wondering where he was. "I’m awake, Joe," he said, as he stretched. He moved to the fire and sat down. Joe ate hungrily but the kid thought about the fifty cents he had had and he didn’t eat much.

"What’s eatin’ you, kid, you act like yard bulls about had you by the neck," Joe said looking closely at the kid. "You been actin’ this way ever since we bought them fags. What’s the matter, ain’t you learned to smoke yet? They make you sick?"

"Ain’t nothing," the kid answered trying to brighten up. "Ain’t nothing, I guess."

"Well, come off it then an’ les eat an’ get some shut-eye," Joe retorted. "We’ll be up all night on the midnight rattler."

They finished their meal and packed their gear, leaving nothing to do except sleep until the midnight freight. Using his pack as a pillow, Joe rolled over on his back in the warm afternoon sun and went to sleep.

After the kid had slowly packed his gear, he lay down on his back and tried to sleep but he was too excited to sleep. He was thinking. For the first time in his life he began making plans for his future, planning how he could acquire some money, and wondering what would happen to him when he got it. The instinct of betterment stirred in his breast as he lay there in the sun, the goal of which was always money. He began to eliminate the various ways of getting money until he had it down to one—work. He weighed stealing it against the chances with the law; he knew that it couldn’t be found everyday; and the final result of his reasoning was work. Of course Joe said that only fools worked and only suckers wanted money and he might be right for he sure had more time ridin’ freights than he, the kid, had. Hell, I’ll be different, he thought. Geez, I’m no real hobo, I’ll be different; I’ll get me a job as soon as we get to Dickinson; I’ll quit the rods. Sleepily he turned on his side and thought no more for a while.

Hours later the kid awoke in the dark and looked across the yard at a clock visible on a building down town. Eleven-thirty, time to wake Joe and get ready to catch the midnight.

"Hey, Joe, wake up," he said. "The midnight’s due in ‘bout twenty minutes." Joe rolled over sleepily and got to his feet.

"Okay, kid, any jo on the fire?"

"Yeah, here’s some. Want a fag?"

"Sure."

"Les get goin’, I’m gettin’ jumpy sittin’ here," the kid said.

"What in hell’s the matter with you anyway, kid?"
"Oh, nothin', I jes wanna get goin'."

The kid decided to tell Joe he was leaving the rods after they got on the train. He wondered how he would take it. Would he laugh? Would he be sore? Or would he just say okay and then forget it? Subconsciously he hoped Joe would try to talk him out of it. He hoped that he and Joe were pals, though he knew in his heart that Joe was no one's pal.

The headlight of the midnight freight began to show on the horizon as the man and boy picked up their belongings and started for the railroad tracks. They had decided to board the freight at the same place so that they could be in an empty gondola car and out of sight of the yard bulls before the train pulled through the freight yards. As they walked along, they had the cover of darkness and neither said much, Joe rubbing sleep from his eyes and the kid still planning his new life tomorrow.

"Here she comes, kid, get ready to grab her," Joe said. "If you miss, try again. I'm tryin' for the flat 'bout three cars behind the tender. You grab the next flat an' I'll start workin' back toward you. Les' go."

The headlight loomed as the freight approached, and as it slowed down to make the turn into the freight yard, Joe and the kid climbed aboard. They met in a gondola and sat down on the floor to be out of sight of the bulls as the freight, taking her orders on the fly and wasting no time, gained speed for the run to Dickinson.

"Joe, I'm quitting the rods tomorrow," the kid blurted out as the lights of Glendive receded in the distance. "I'm goin' to work in Dickinson an' get me some dough. I'm tired as hell of gettin' shagged everytime I get a dime. I ain't big enough to fight back and these boes are gonna shed me every time. Some day I'll have enough dough to lock 'em all up. And bulls too. I'll get them someday so's they won't be havin' me a bad time. . . . You see, Joe—"

The wheels of the freight sang a melancholy song as the kid waited for Joe to answer. There, he had said it. Now what would Joe say? He looked with apprehension at Joe, who appeared to be thinking. After a long pause, Joe answered.

"Ya can't do it kid," Joe said. "You jes can't do it. I know, I tried when I was your age, and you see I'm still at it, doncha? It gets you after a while, this forever bein' on the move, and the harder you try to quit, the less you are able. If you stop, the moan of a rattler's whistle gets you 'til you jes get drawn to it like it was a magnet. You go nuts if you can't hop the first rattler that pulls into the yard. And besides, people in towns won't have anything to do with the likes of us. So you see, kid, you jes can't do it."

The kid didn't answer but instead he thought about what Joe had said. It was true that most of the old boes like Joe had been on the road for years. But hell, those guys were hoboes from the day they were born and would probably never change. He suddenly felt superior to them. Hell, he thought, those guys never tried to work and be respectable. Even Joe, and that made him as bad as the rest of them. Gradually he began to feel that he didn't care
any more what Joe thought. To hell with Joe, he thought, I'm quitting now for sure.

The towns passed in a blur of light as the freight pushed on toward Dickinson. Joe rolled over on his back and looked at the stars. What the hell got into that kid, he thought. Must be that four-bits of his we spent yesterday. He ought to know money won't do him no good. He'll change his mind when we get to Dickinson. He soon forgot about the kid as the clackity-clack of the wheels lullabied him to sleep.

With the dawn came Dickinson, and as the freight approached the city the two again jumped from the train before it reached the freight yards.

This is it, the kid thought. “I guess this is where I leave you,” he said to Joe as they walked toward the jungle. “I’m headin’ toward town now.”

“See you tonight on the five-fifteen, kid; you’ll be back by then,” Joe answered. “Bet you your half a pack of fags against mine you’ll be there on that rattler?”

“Okay, it’s a bet. I’ll probably never see you again.”

With these words the kid struck out for town, but as he walked along he had a strange feeling of fear in his heart. What if they didn’t want him here? What if he couldn’t even get a job? Would they put him in the jail like the yard bulls always tried to do? Geez, this ain’t goin’ to be easy, he thought. This ain’t goin’ to be easy.

As he approached town he hid his belongings near the tracks. No use gettin’ off to a bad start at the beginnin’ by havin’ every body know I’m a bo, he thought. He began to whistle to bolster hi confidence and after shakily assuming a fixed determined look he strode down the main street of Dickinson.

The sun was warm on his back and for a change, he didn’t feel hungry. Although his clothes were more ragged than those of the citizens on the street, he noticed that they paid little attention to him, and after a while his false feeling of confidence became real. He began to mingle more freely with the people on the street, but he still felt like a stranger and couldn’t help giving way to every one he met. He had walked only a few blocks when he came to a stop in front of some men working with shovels and picks on the pavement. He stood and watched them for a while and then moved on. Dam, then guys is really workin’ for their dough, he thought. Must be hell to have to do that all day long. He wandered on, looking in shop windows, and watching people. Every one seemed to be hurrying here and there. There were men with dark suits and some in working clothes, all going some place in a hurry. There were young women and young men on the streets and many people his own age, too. Bet they don’t know enough to blow their own noses, he thought. They all look like a bunch o’ lilies. Bet they’re scared to smoke too. Probably ‘fraid of gettin’ a lickin’ from their old man or ole lady, he thought. Without really knowing where he was going he had wandered down to the railroad depot, and as he stood there, a freight began to get up steam for the run to Mandan. Two or three boes stuck their heads from a box car and waved to him as they passed.
Sucker, they seemed to say, sucker, you gotta stay while we go. The kid’s heart beat wildly as he watched the caboose disappear down the tracks. Hey, wait for me, his heart seemed to say for one wild instant, wait for me, wait for me. Back to reality a moment later, he instinctively looked over his shoulder for the yard bulls, and turning on his heel, he walked back toward the main street. 

"Jeez, it’s like Joe said, he thought. Damned if I didn’t want to run and catch that rattler a minute ago. I can’t be lettin’ that happen again. Guess I better get right up town and get me a job and stay away from the racks.

The noon lunch hour filled the street with people, and as the kid wandered along, he began to feel hungry.

“Hey, mister, how about a dime or a hot dog, huh?” he asked a stranger on the street. The man produced a dime and the kid began to look for a lunch room. "Risk business, he thought, buming dough like that. Better look out or the cops’ll have me in the cooler. The kid found a greasy little lunch room down at the far end of the street and got a hot dog and two glasses of water. He ate and then went back out on the street.

Lemme see now, where’m I gonna find a job? He passed the men with the picks and hovels who had gone back to work again as he wandered down the street. Hell with that stuff, he thought; that’s not for me. Suppose I could try to get me a job in one of them stores, but geez, o be penned up all day would make me squirrelly. Guess I better try something else. Wonder bout selling papers; that might be good, but not much dough in that. Guess I’ll try to be a fireman. That ain’t too hard a life, I don’t guess. A guy’d get to ride them big red engines, but then hell, I don’t know anything about fighting fires. Guess I’ll go down to the railroad park and get under a tree and take a nap. With these thoughts he walked toward the park, looking for an out of the way place to sleep where he wouldn’t be bothered by the yard bulls. I’ll hunt me a job as soon as I get me a little shut-eye, he thought.

The late afternoon sun cast long shadows over the park as the afternoon passed. The switch engines in the freight yards moved back and forth making up the five-fifteen freight. The ringing of their bells and the escaping steam were carried about on the afternoon breezes. The kid slept soundly until late afternoon, and when he at last woke up, it was almost time for the five-fifteen to pull out. He sat up and looked over at the switch engines making up the train in the freight yard. He got up and wandered toward the tracks, watching the engines and counting the cars of the freight. Sure’ll be a long one, he thought. Lotta empties too. Now lemme see, if I was gonna catch that one I’d grab on them two empty flats there about five cars back of the tender. Two flats in a row too; that’d make it easy.

The big six-wheeler from the round house idled down the track and the switchman signaled the engineer to couple up. The engine backed slowly to the train and then rested like a huge giant waiting to be unleashed. The kid watched the whole process with the keen interest of an expert, making silent suggestions here,
and quietly swearing at a mistake there. Bet Joe’ll be on that rattler, the kid thought. Bet he’s watchin’ her right now gettin’ ready to board. Geez, I better be gettin’ outa here or I’ll be boardin’ her too.

The kid turned and started back through the park, walking slowly and looking back over his shoulder at the freight. Suddenly the whistle blew her two long blasts that meant she was pulling for Mandan. The kid stopped as though frozen to the spot. Slowly he turned around to watch as the train began to move. At last he could stand it no longer and he broke into a run for the freight. As the whistle blew again and the freight moved a little faster, he increased his speed until he was running hard. Suddenly he remembered why he had stopped at Dickinson and he stopped suddenly. No, by hell, I won’t do it, he said to himself; I won’t go! The freight slowed down to go through the switch on to the main track. Again she whistled the two long blasts and the kid broke into a run again, toward the freight.

The kid climbed over the end of the gondola that followed the two flats as the freight began to pick up speed on the main track. His pack? He’d forgotten it to hell with it, he’d made the rattler and that’s all that count. As he climbed over the end of the car he noticed two men at the other end of the car with backs turned. As he approached them, he pulled a pack of cigarettes from his pocket.

“Have a fag,” the kid offered and then he stopped short, there was Joe.

“Better gimme all of ’em to off your bet,” Joe answered. “Remember, I said you’d be this rattler?”

“Yeah, I guess you’re right the kid answered sheepish. “Guess you knew all that time I’d back, huh?”

The kid noticed that the other hobo was a lad about his own age but somewhat smaller. The kid walked to the other end of the car out of earshot and then called to Joe to join him.

“Who’s that other bo wi you?” he asked Joe.

“Oh, just a guy that picked with me when you left,” Joe answered.

“He looks like he’s got four-b or so on him,” the kid said. “I roll him.”
Readjustment Over There

By RICHARD WRIGHT

I WAVED my last farewell to the small group on the station platform and settled down to investigate the gaily beribboned box that rested on the seat beside me. As the train picked up speed, I saw Darby riding on his bicycle across my coach, waving one hand and trying to steer with the other. The train swerved across the rolling country then and Darby was lost from view.

It was Darby Rowe, whom I met at first night in Wanganui, New Zealand. The regiment had given us twelve-day leaves after Adalcanal to rest and relax. I d heard that Wanganui was barn of Marines since it offered little in gay night life, so I chose it as my furlough destination.

The hotel where I registered at evening upon arrival in Wanganui was typical of English customs and traditions. The big front doors were spotless; even the large brass handles gleamed from the polishings they received. On subsequent mornings of my stay, the owner always went through the procedure of meticulously beautifying the gateway to the inner rooms of the Imperial Hotel. The lobby where I dropped my luggage was dimly lighted but immaculately varnished and painted.

After a quick once-over of the lady behind the desk I saw that my stay in the hotel would be a pleasant one. The small woman, the wife of the hotel proprietor, graciously entered my name on the huge book used for hotel guests and handed me the key to my room.

Not wanting to spend my first night on furlough in the depressive silence of the hotel, I prepared to see the town by dark. I had gone only a couple blocks down the main street of town when I saw the lights of the Victoria Opera House blazing from a side street. The warmth and friendliness of the lights attracted me toward the front of the theater. The box office, an elaborate marble affair, housed a ruddy middle aged man in a black shiny suit.

Purchasing my ticket, I attempted to push past several small boys gathered about the door, blocking entrance to the theater. It was then that I saw Darby. He was among the boys, holding out an autograph book with a pencil in the open place.

"Could I have your autograph, Marine?" Darby said.

The rest of the boys howled with various British accents for rifle medals and chewing gum.
Fuller
Paints
THEY LAST
Paint
Varnishes
Wall Paper
Mirrors

A HEAPING
DISH OF GOODNESS
Super Cream

One even asked for an America cigarette. I ignored the seeke of more valuable gifts and took Darby's extended autograph book. The irony of being made a celebrity by a New Zealand adolescent gave me a feeling of worldliness and prestige. The book was filled with sincere hopes and wishes for Darby's future existence. The signatures of two other Marines preceded the page on which my greeting was written.

With great care not to offend the other boys of the group, I whispered to Darby, asking him if he would like to see the movie. He replied with flashing eyes that that would be "corker." I bought a seat for Darby and ushered him past his envious companions. The custom, he told me, in British cinemas was to politely stand for the National Anthem of Britain and the picture of King George that flashed upon the screen. Well supplied with the tradition of British movie-goers and a sizeable amount of ice cream, Darby and I spent the few minutes before show time discussing things we had in common.

After the show we walked toward my hotel until Darby indicated he had to go in the opposite direction to get home. Ceremoniously he asked me if I wouldn't come to tea the next day. With a fitting ceremony I accepted his invitation.

The next day, under daylight conditions, I inspected the town and found it to be very much like Main Street, U.S.A. Shops were full of good things to eat. Ice cream booths flavored the air with their wholesome concoctions. There was a blacksmith shop, a ferry that went up the river on Sunday excursions, and a tower where one could see the whole
Valley below dotted with sheep and grazing cattle.

That afternoon I cautiously rang the bell at the Rowe residence and was welcomed by Darby. I found that my presence was prepared for and the whole family was on hand to welcome the "celebrity."

Mary Ann, Darby's older sister, showed me to a comfortable chair near the table which was loaded with cups of hot tea and English pastry. I later learned that she was fifteen, but had had to withdraw from school because of heart trouble. I was impressed with her charm and intelligence for one so young. It seemed characteristic of her race. Mr. Rowe, dressed in the uniform of the New Zealand Home Force, hurried through tea and prepared to leave the house with a tin hat in his hand. Before leaving he said he hoped I would be over when we could "chat" for a bit. After tea Darby, Mary Ann and I inspected the stables. I was told the history of each horse and his good or bad points.

The rest of my furlough was spent in the hospitable home of the Rowes. I had forgotten how wonderful the atmosphere of a real home was. During the day we rode horses through the paddocks and along the river. In the evening the whole family would join in simple songs and parlor entertainment. Mr. Rowe would bring out the trophies his horses had won in years past.

Now as I sat on the rumbling rain which was carrying me back to camp, events of the past two weeks flashed through my mind. The complacency and simple routines which I had fallen into during my furlough had blotted out certain mental barriers that were...
foreboding to me. I knew that service life would not be as humdrum as it had before furlough. The mental emphasis that I had brought to bear—nostalgia and fear of not getting home—were merely the drama of wanderings every service man probably goes through. The warmth and regard that this New Zealand family had bestowed upon me made the high-sounding phrases, psycho-neurosis, wounds, nerves, or battle fatigue, sort of distant and unreal now.

Though Spring is here, you’ve got to study

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Associated Student Store
I ATT WAS still smiling as the jeep he was riding on veered into another crowded street of cheering Frenchmen. What a reception, thought Matt. He wondered what it would be like when his battalion actually reached Paris.

As soon as the bustling Frenchmen forced the lead tank to halt they swarmed over the Americans and their vehicles. Matt took the offers of three charming misses eagerly. But when he saw the oncoming onslaught of jolly oldsters with their babies, he bailed off the jeep. He squirmed through the crowd and headed for the shady haven of a small grove near the road.

Once he had propped himself comfortably against the trunk of the tree he felt uneasy. He was almost a guilty feeling. As he watched his buddies happily ring their rations and exchange souvenirs with the delighted French, a realization flitted about his mind. These people were risking themselves out to show their appreciation. Their gifts of fruits weren’t much. But still, only a heel would spurn them. It wouldn’t hurt to exchange something personal for a souvenir. Besides, he had a hunch that he’d like one himself.

Matt suddenly forgot his random thinking. He was aware of the shy sounds behind him. He looked over his shoulder at a cluster of admiring kids. Uttering a French greeting he smiled feebly at them, but they only looked back at Matt with bashful expressions. A little fellow with a mariner’s cap, stretching out his hand to display a small tri-color flag, queried, “Souvenir?” Matt took the tri-color ribbon. His face twitched self-consciously as he fumbled through his pockets in search of a suitable souvenir to offer in return. All he had was a handful of colored pencils. Since Matt liked to cartoon in his letters, he had carried the pencils along to color his amateurish sketches. He gazed at the pencils in his hand and then at the little fellow.

After some necessary sign language, Matt persuaded the youngster with the mariner’s cap to pose. He sketched hurriedly. When he finished he was grateful that there was some likeness. Thanking God silently that he had found a way to return the gratitude of these French children, he motioned to the pert little girl in front of him. She was next. Matt started sketching rap-
idly, but he halted after pen- ing a large oval. A group grownups had just come ov. Looking up warily, Matt sen- another feeling — somewhat li- guilt. The notion struck him th the people considered him an an- teur conceited over his abilit. Their intent, yet calm, faces un- nerved Matt. He knew that an average Frenchman could wield pencil or brush more skillful than he. He wasn’t bent on ma- ing such an impression, but could blame only himself for embarrasment.

The people looked on with pa- tient smiles—waiting. Resign- ly, Matt began to sketch. F spent a long time on her eye. Quickly his pencil shaded the arc that indicated little girl’s tin- nose. When he reached the mouth of the people, Matt prayed that he could cap- ture the firm but kind line of his smile. With only some shad- left to do, Matt crouched intensel- over the sketch trying to shield it from the critical eyes of the French. . . . Even if it wasn’t per- fect, they would have to admi- that there was some resemblance. Matt thought hopefully.

Realizing that that he couldn’t stall any longer, Matt sheepishly handed the sketch to the little girl. He pok- the ground nervously with his pencil while wait- ing for the people to leave him.

A smack on his cheek caused Matt to drop his jaw. He stared open-mouthed, first at the little girl who had kissed him, then at the older folk. They were nudg- ing the children to give them room so that they might sit down.

Feeling the sudden relief, Matt smiled broadly and picked up his pencil eagerly.
Afternoon In Cannes

By VIC REINEMER

'T WAS October '44, when I had a week's leave in Cannes on the French Riviera. As we were among the first Americans to spend any time in the city since the German occupation, and as we hadn't worn out our welcome yet, we received the ovation deserved by the footsloggers then sweating it out over on the Italian border.

I met a neat number at the Martinez cafe one night and the next afternoon we went strolling through town enjoying the warm Mediterranean sun. She wasn't the type one usually meets when on leave, but she spoke pretty good English, was cute and good company. Ray was along, trying to enjoy himself, but obviously forced by the prospect of a placid afternoon. We saw a large queue entering a theater and Jeannette suggested we go see the movie. About that time a flashy runnette gave Ray the eye as she sat down at one of the tables in front of a cafe. His ears pricked up right away, but I reminded him of his girl back on the farm in Kansas and the benefits to be derived from a few hours resting at a cool theatre, and finally cabled him into tagging along with us.

Naturally we didn't understand the show, but we got the gist of the plot by the vivid gesticulations of the actors and occasional interpretations by Jeannette. We patiently waited 'til the end, then Ray and I started for the door. But Jeannette bade us sit down again, and indicated that there was more to come. Ray started a harangue about double features, then we saw that the extra event wasn't to be another picture. A smooth-looking fellow with a bad limp climbed onto the stage and jabbered away, there were cheers and claps from the audience, then more fast-flowing French. A few bottles of champagne, some furniture, clothes and knickknacks were placed on the platform. The champagne caught Ray's eye and interested him, and Jeannette explained that a sale was about to take place.

I've seen quite a few auctions, but never a sale quite like that one. The first bid, for a bottle of 1917 Reims champagne, was one thousand francs—twenty bucks. Before long the price hit a hundred and the bottle finally sold for the local equivalent of two hundred and twenty American smackaroos. An old lace tablecloth was offered—it went for twenty thousand francs and was quickly followed by a small table, three bars...
of Palmolive soap (I wondered what the American who originally had them got in return), and a dingy-looking old tweed suit. An elated old lady grabbed two bottles of mousseau and tossed one grand into the overflowing hat.

Then I noticed the unique part of this auction. One chap had bid five hundred dollars for the two bottles and put the money in the hat, but the bidding had continued. Another fellow bid six hundred dollars and tossed in a bunch of bills. Two excited girls threw in eight hundred dollars, then the old lady collected with her one thousand dollar offer.

I turned to Jeannette.

“What gives?” I queried.

“Why do those people who lose put their money in the hat?”

Jeannette looked puzzled, then she patiently explained.

“Oh, you have to put in the money every time you bid,” she said. “You see, we raise money for the Maquis.”

Ray and I gulped and slumped down in our seats. We stared goggle-eyed as old men vied for a bottle of Chanel which could be bought next door for four hundred francs or a few cigarettes, and stately dowagers tried to outdo each other by throwing their francs into a second fast-filling hat for a pair of men’s shoes.

I looked at Jeannette quizically.

“These folks must be the original black market,” I said. “Are they all millionaires?”

“No,” she replied. “They are just common folks. You see the lady who eez smileeng and just put in her money? She eez not reech, but she put een all she had. Her husband was keeled by the Boche, and her boy he eez now weeth the Maquis.”
Ray and I looked at each other without saying a word. The sale finally ended and we all stood up and sang “La Marseillaise.” As Jeannette sang, her face all aglow, she looked at me with those big brown eyes and smiled. I looked down at the floor and quit singing.

We took Jeannette home, shook hands with her like good Frenchmen, and went back to the hotel. A bunch of the boys were starting the rounds and asked us to join them, but we declined. Instead, we sat down on the veranda overlooking the beach, drank weak wine, and watched the painted girls strolling back and forth along the walk. And Ray told me all about his girl back on the farm in Kansas.

MOUNTAINEERS

This issue of the Mountaineer sports nine new names from all parts of the campus, mostly of veterans returning to the University or starting as freshmen. JOE PAVELICH and C. E. NAUGLE, who lead off with their companion Stoyovich pieces, both started as journalism majors this fall. Pavelich is from Butte, Naugle from Philadelphia. ROY JUNE, whose hobo tale appears as his first published story, is from Missoula, a sophomore, ex-army fighter pilot. JOHN BRUNETT, representative of the married veteran group, applies his Max Cehulmann style of the Kaimin prominence to the housing problem. FRED HENNINGSEN of Butte, lately from Antioch, is a junior business ad major. He has written this year for Cub Tracks. Two new poets write for this issue, JAMES THOMPSON and IRENE TURLI.
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