STADI YAZHO AND THE VOICE, PAVELICH; GRAMMAR LESSON, PERKINS; LEAGUES OF FRIGHTENED MEN, MEADOWS; POETIC TRANSCRIPTIONS FROM MELVILLE'S MOBY DICK, ROONEY; CAVE-IN, GADBOW; EVICTED, CLAPP; A MEASURE OF SAND, KARLIN; THE MOTIVES OF THE WOLF, SLAGER; BELEN- SYNONYM FOR HELL, CHAPIN; ORGANIZED RECREATION, DELANEY; HARD TO SEE THINGS, PATTISON.
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WINTER 1947

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NOW TO the east of the village of Staroj Grad, over the dark lonely mountains heavy with wood and filled with the strange monsters of the old women's tales, are the Romany-like people and their flat land. To the south, hidden away in tiny valleys, are the children of no race in particular—the Slavs that have white skin and wear the same clothes as do the rest of the nation but who bow in the morning and in the evening to a tall brick and clay tower. These are the bastard children of the land of the South Slavs—Moslem in heart and Slav in soul.

The villagers of Staroj Grad, the Romanys of the plains and the followers of the Koran, however far apart, are still Slavs with the same loves, the same hates and the same fears.

They have known fear from the earliest beginnings of their existence until the days of now. Their fear is a strange thing. It is inspired by the tales of the old women who speak in hushed voices of the things that live in the mountains, things that all good Slavs must avoid through faith. They have fear of the world outside of the mountains that surround them. They have fear of strange alien tongues and beliefs and creeds. They have fear of leaving this life apart from their cradle land. That fear inspired the battle of the Plains and the Blackbirds. That fear, rooted in their hearts, came to blossom in the songs that they sing; heavy songs that speak of loneliness, of death and strangeness. In their hearts the fear is manifest in sadness and love of tiny villages of whitewashed cottages from where their souls spring.

Now this is the story of one Stadi Yazho who had the fear in his heart. This is the story of one who came home to die.

"Zdravo Srbi!" Greetings Serbians. The voice was weak and uncertain at first.

"Zdravo Srbi!" and the ghost of Kraljavich Marko was felt as he rode away to Kossovo.

"Zdravo Srbi!" and the old men in the village, the ones that had followed Kralja Petar, growled back their greeting.

This was the boy king Peter and he was like the child awakened from a sound sleep. Five days ago, Regent Paul and his Cabinet had fled Jugoslavia. Five days ago, proud Serbian students filled the squares of Belgrade and Sarajevo, chanting "Borba! Borba!" and now the boy king, a Kara-georgivich, spoke to his people of invasion.

It had happened this morning. The villagers of Staroj Grad had heard it when they ran out in their
yard to see twelve silver dots, very high up and heading south.

The old Mamma Radovitch who sat on a shiny wooden bench outside her cottage with shiny worn hands folded in her lap, and her keen that went out into the world already heavy with misery. And the two old men, drunk and safe from war who danced in the square and made obscene gestures toward the north. That was the village this morning.

The old man that sat on the stone step of his house and smoked his pipe is our man. The old man who went by the name of Stadi Yazho sat and smoked and listened to his king.

The voice continued, sending its echoes out of the loudspeaker over the heads of the people in the square in thick, shaggy echoes. The first echoes jumped and shook and searched the rocks in the hills and when they came back to settle on the crowd, new echoes, this time strong and feeling, went out in their place.

"... and they come from the north and the east. To the south their dogs, the Italians, are lapping at the blood that they dared not spill alone. We are at war and our enemy is strong. They have guns, they have men and they have the smell of blood in their noses. They are ruthless and they want to destroy us..."

The old man Yazho sat and listened to his king and he thought. He thought of another spring, almost like this one when he had swum the river Strumica to escape the constabulary. Yazho was afraid then as is every young man who fears an unknown death. They called it conscription but the old man in the village, long dead, had named it right. 'Fodder for the Hapsburg' he had called it. From the river through Europe went the then young man Yazho and the fear was with him, a tiny thread of fear that wound its way from this tiny village through the obscure cities that hid in Europe. Staro Grad, Trieste, Dresden and Bremen, all of them cities with dark streets and little known faces—cities where a conscription-dodging young man hid. From Bremen onto a huge smelly ship at mid night with sweating, fearing human cattle escaping, always escaping. To America with its huge grimy shops and deep mines. That was the road that the man Yazho took and always with him was the fear—the fear of not seeing or feeling his last breath in his cradle land.

The boy king continued and his voice became stronger and stronger, and the paper he read from rustled with the words that older men had written, men who knew the souls of the villagers and the fear in their hearts.

"... We are no longer Serbs, Croats or Slovene. We are Slavs, we are the people to whom all of the suffering of man has fallen. The skulls that the Muslimani left at Nish, the empty villages and the fat ravens that feasted from us at Kossovo are our heritage. We have given nothing physically to the world. Our gift has been blood. It was Slav blood that dulled the edges of the swords of the followers of Mohammed. It was Slav blood that built a wall between the land to the north of us and the Turks. We have given of our blood, and we will do it again..."

The old man Yazho smoked his pipe and thought, and as he thought it was the fear that came to him again. He saw the fear in the face of the old man who swept...
out the bunkhouse at Jardine. Fear and the dull ache in the chest and the coughing. Slav blood, the old man Yazho saw that too. In tiny flecks on dirty handkerchiefs, on open running sores of those men whose medicine was whiskey and the strong curses of their ancestors. He saw it in the hearts of his friends and on their faces when they were lowered into the ground at Park City and Bingham. He saw it in the faces of those whose souls were flagellated by the songs of emptiness. Slav blood.

The voice of the young Kara-georgivich went on and the old people in the square, children of simpleness and work, swayed to his words.

"... Our land is a pawn. On the maps of the military our land is two rivers with wide and level sweeps of land that go north and south. It is a map that shows how armies may travel easily, it is a map that shows only the roads between empires. Our land is nothing to the military other than a battle ground but to you and me, it is the land of birth, of life and our ancestors. Shumadia, the green fields, greener than anything else in the world, and the blue waters that caress the smooth worn rocks of Dalmatia is ours, and no one will take it from us..."

Only the old man Yazho, the one that sat on the stone step, dared to disbelieve these words. For the old man Yazho had worked in those huge grimy shops of Pittsburg and Philadelphia, and he knew the relentlessness of machines. Machines will do anything. Machines will move mountains and uproot villages. Machines will undo courage and flesh. Machines will sweep land and dig deep into the ground. The combines that moved like slugs across the hot dry wheat fields of North Dakota, the huge stamping mills in Utah that pounded like monsters in the night, and the whining drills that tore into the hearts of stone told Yazho that, and now the fear was on him again. The old man who had listened to the monotonous and huge songs of them knew that soon their strangeness would invade the land.

And still the voice that came from Belgrade through the cheap Italian radio out through the loudspeaker in front of the constabulary office spoke.

"... The Nemci are a cancer that has spread throughout Europe, spread from sea to sea and only our land is left for them. Adolpho (laughter from the crowd) thinks that he will pick at us like you would pluck a ripe plum. But you and I know that the Slavic plum is covered with thorns that are sharp. (Again laughter.)"

Peter has a good cabinet and a strong Slavic voice now. "We are men and we shall fight as men do..."

And this time the old man Yazho agreed with his king. The Slavs were men. Jackhammer men, men in sweaty long underwear, and men in appetites and lust. They were men, but nameless men who worked and had fear, eternal fear born of hushed nights when the wolves howled down out of the hills and when shadows lengthened out over the silent dark valleys.

And on spoke the king whose ancestors had lived and died in violence.

"We are one people and one nation, and now this nation is threatened, but I say that we shall win because we are Slavs...

The old man Yazho thought of the Catholics and the Orthodox in
Butte. He thought of the big hairy men with cheap black-rimmed Woolworth glasses reading pamphlets with crude wood cuts showing the clergy, a monstrous clergy, with blood-soaked cassocks. He saw and heard the men whose blood was one and the same walking on opposite sides of the street because of Karl Marx. One people and yet strong hatred and fear kept them apart. One people and yet with roots severed. The boy king was young and in need of age.

"... We shall be in the eyes of all the world now, the great countries of the world shall look toward the land of the South Slavs, and we must show them courage in the face of the enemy. We must show them how all good Slavs will repulse and drive the enemy from our homeland. We have been put into the light of war and now we must resist—resist—resist..."

The old man thought of the word "resist". The Slavs would do that. Blind, stubborn, fearing men who resisted anything and everything, even their own destinies. Born to live, procreate and die in a small village that smelled of sheep and resin wine, they were buried in alien lands with alien deaths. The resistance of futility and lost hope. Stadi Yazho remembered the big Rade Ninkovich who bellowed like a bull and pounded his hand into a bloody pulp against the bar when he was told he had the "con". Rade resisted, but to no end. Yazho was smart, Yazho had lived in America.

"... we will win, but if we fail we must leave nothing for the Nemci. We must kill our cattle and our sheep, and burn our orchards and fields. The enemy must not have anything to help him..."

The blue strong smoke of Hungarian Duhane bit into the lungs of the old man and he coughed. "Burn everything." That would hurt. The old man looked up into the dark shadowy entrance of his house and smelled the goodness that came from within. Garlie, long dry strings that hung from the beams, sweet smelling coffee and the coffee grinder with the worn handle and shiny steel blades, the huge soft blankets made in America, the big red mackinaws, so soft and warm—five thousand dollars worth of whitewashed cottage, J. C. Penney underwear, copper pots and scrubbed oaken barrels of first wine. Twenty years of hard work, of four foot seams of coal, of wooden cages that dropped 1500-2000-3000 feet with agonizing speed—piercing minutes before a cracked mirror watching with terrible anticipation the phlegm that came from his throat, and a thousand years of sadness and longing for this and now it was to disappear. The old man picked up a stick and started to scratch his name in the swept dirt in front of him.

"Nick Yazich" and the payrolls and the money that brought him here.

"Nick Yazich" and the dark, small room he had.

"Nick Yazich" in a powerful, crude, angular scrawl.

The king talked on and spoke of many things and the people in the square listened faithfully. He talked and then suddenly he stopped and the song of the Serbs came floating out over the square in all of its sadness.

"Spremit&a, Chet nit so, Spreffr itsa." Prepare, Chetniks, Prepare. And as the song sent out its simple chords, a small airplane waited on the outskirts of Belgrade with its propellor turning over
slowly, waiting for a huge black car and a young bewildered boy who was about to leave his homeland. And as the mournful song sent its last echoes over the tops of the plum trees, an old man sat on the stone step of his house and looked down the road that led to the north. He looked long and his old eyes started to water for the fear in him. He stopped and bent his head down toward the name scrawled in the dirt and then, with a slow, plodding foot, he rubbed it out.

He looked up again and watched the people in the square.

"Soon, soon, soon," he said.

Grammar Lesson

By DAVID PERKINS

Sometimes he pauses, wonders what he is,
And wonders why his slender body bends
From morning into evening every day,
While strapped upon his wrist the moving hands
Measure the time his own hands move and play.

He pauses, wonders, but no answer comes;
His teacher speaks; the lesson-hour goes on;
His school lets out; the lonely night arrives,
And human hearts, like clocks, are running down,
And all he has for answer is: I live, he lives. . . .
Leagues of Frightened Men

By DR. PAUL MEADOWS

I.

Jitters Among the High-Brows

EARLY in 1946 Nobel prize-man, Harold C. Urey, wrote in Collier's that he was a frightened man. This curious confession is significant. It is the considered judgment of one of the country's foremost atomic scientists. The atom bomb has him scared.

Urey is not the only upset atomic scientist. Apparently they all are. In fact, it looks as though every physicist and chemist who had any relationship with the Manhattan District is quaking in his boots. These frightened men have, moreover, banded together to communicate their fear to the American people and to the world: leagues of frightened men.

There is the National Committee on Atomic Information. There is the Federation of Atomic Scientists. In the lists are the Federation of American Scientists and the University Federation for Democracy and Intellectual Freedom. There are likewise several local groups: the Association of Oak Ridge Scientists, the Association of Manhattan Project Scientists, the Atomic Scientists of Chicago, the Association of Los Alamos Scientists.

It is a formidable array. Frightened as they are, they are organized to impress. The Federation of American Scientists, for example, describe their organization as one whose constitution recognizes "the responsibility of scientists in promoting the welfare of mankind and the achievement of a stable world peace." The destructiveness of the bomb is their message, their evangel.

These leagues of frightened men are not the least remarkable aspect of the whole atomic development. In fact, they are almost as phenomenal as the bomb itself. For the natural scientists have hardly been known for their social concern. Indeed, they have prided themselves—perhaps preened is the word—on their lack of responsibility for the social aspects of their work. Their disinterestedness in the social consequences of science manifests itself even the very words of alarm which they utter. Thus, speaking from the platform of the Student Union auditorium at Montana State University, Professor Urey paused in his peroration on the bomb to say: "At the present time there is a great tendency to justify science on the basis of its practical utility—a tendency which I wish to protest." One wonders, if only in passing, whether the atomic scientists have any prospects of being more than merely frightened. If Urey's words of caution are symptomatic, America's atomic scientists show little evidence of being genuinely converted.
These leagues represent a case of jitters among the high-brows. The fright ill becomes them. For they seem to have, to mention only one matter, an extremely vague historical perspective on their problem. Typical is the following naive statement by three atomic specialists, writing in *Life* magazine: "Never before have they been so clearly responsible for new forces of destruction unleashed upon the world." Clearly this newly developed social sensitivity has no time dimension! For what is the story of industrialized warfare during the last two centuries but the tragic account of a scientific technology being mobilized for the pursuit of arms, deadlier and more devastating arms? The words of the frightened men have a hollow sound.

Nevertheless, their words are uncomfortable. "There are men living," according to Dr. Edward U. Condon in an interview reported in the *United States News*, "who know how to make a single bomb whose destructiveness is equal to a million ten-ton blockbusters." Nagasaki, Hiroshima, Bikini offer abundant grounds for the fears of the atomic scientists, their fears for our industrial, urban civilization, if an atomic arms race gets under way. With menacing overtones, they point out that the further use of the A-bomb means the initiation of a process which has no end, save annihilation. To them we are indebted for the demonstration that the real problem is, as Urey said, not one of A-bombs, but of peace.

II

The Myth of a Science International

Yet the strategic importance of peace in an atomic age is only one of the values which these leagues of frightened men are urging. An equally urgent fact is that the bomb signalizes, if it is not safely and irrevocably internationalized, the end of a beautiful illusion. Hiroshima spells, it seems, the termination of one of the most effective "internationals" the industrial West has ever known, the "international" of science.

Science is perhaps the most democratic fact of modern life. Certainly there is no tradition more democratic than the scientific tradition. Scientific knowledge belongs to all men. "Share and share alike" has been the ideal and the goal of the community of scientists. Science knows neither race nor creed, neither party nor nation. Characteristic of science internationalism is professor Urey's testimony, as reported in *Collier's*. "I have had the privilege of knowing scientists from many countries. I know we all speak the same language."

International meetings of scientists and technicians were a common sight in the period between the two world wars. Recently Harvard astronomer, Harlow Shapley, testifying before a Senate hearing, estimated that between 1930 and 1942 there were more than 500 international scientific and technical conferences held. Said Dr. Shapley: "I make a plea for a very active international or supernational collaboration among scientists and technical men." His is the theme song of the science international.

It is an old plea. Indeed, one of the most distinctive features of that relatively peaceful period, 1870 - 1914, was the International Workingmen's Association, popularly known as the Second International. Imbued with the spirit of that famous document which
exhorted: "Workingmen of the World, Unite!", this great international sought to break down national barriers and create an atmosphere of peace. Workingmen everywhere, it was thought, have no fatherland; their loyalties transcend national boundaries; they must have devotion only to the welfare of working people, regardless of national culture or of color. And to what end they resolved to oppose militarism and international war. But the sad fact is that their resolute internationalism was written on water. When the governments of Europe asked for war credits, socialist deputies in Germany and France and England voted them.

So ended the myth of working-class internationalism. Though resurrected by the Russians and subjected to a zig-zagging Kremlin policy during the 'twenties and 'thirties, it was firmly put to rest again with the dissolution of the Third International during the Second World war. Proletarian internationalism has suffered an unhappy fate at the hands of a resurgent nationalism.

It is just such a fate which seems to be waiting in the wings of this new dramatic enactment of internationalism. The "international" of science likewise seems doomed. At least this is the spectre which appears to be haunting these leagues of frightened men. They can point to a number of disquieting facts. Thus, with the Army in actual or potential control of atomic energy research, international scientific research and communication seem virtually throttled. Says Dr. Condon: "Prominent scientists are denied the privilege of traveling abroad. Physicists are not allowed to discuss certain areas of the science with each other, even as between individuals working on closely related phases of the same subject. They can only communicate through official channels, involving censorship of their communications by Army officers without knowledge and so without competence."

This prospect seems to have excited the atomic scientists quite as much as the lethal character of the bomb itself. There is hardly a scientist left at work with the Manhattan District; perhaps about one in ten remains. They have left for many reasons, but it is true that they fear charges of treason. Some have reportedly been given lie-detector tests. Not long ago the Army prohibited a paper before a scientific society meeting on the effects of radio-activity on the body.

The Boyer case in Canada has raised some startling issues. This McGill University assistant professor of chemistry justified his forwarding of important atomic "secrets" to Russia on the ground that no nation has the right to monopolize and restrain scientific information. He is on familiar scientific terrain. Nonetheless, it appears to be treasonable for a person to be "scientific" in the conventional and historical sense of that word. Internationalism in science is hazardous, so much so that a universal turning away from atomic energy research has been predicted. Certainly the usual courtesies accorded visiting scientists from other countries seem out of the question for a quite indefinite duration. It is not exactly in keeping with the suspicious mood of the present to welcome Russian scientists and technicians to American laboratories.

Indeed, a departure from science internationalism was noticeable before the war. Dr. Shapley told the Senate committee that it was true
"to an extent" that scientists of certain nations were more politically conscious than the scientists of some other nations. He added: "The scientists are human, as you know, and many are politically minded on their own accounts."

The corrosive influence of nationalism was already eating away at the structure of the science international before World War II. The A-bomb threatens to blow it into nothingness. How quaint already—and how wistful—is professor Urey's statement: "Scientists will have no trouble understanding one another. When they meet I think their recommendations will be almost unanimous."

Such was the language of the partisans of the proletarian Second International, which nationalism killed and made a memory.

III

The Case of the Frightened Fissionists

It is by now customary to talk about this post-war world as "the atomic age." One group of young atom scientists have called ours "the world of nucleonics," the successor to "the old world" of electronics. But how really new is this age?

The situation is very confusing. The old contradictions and inconsistencies are still here, and the old failures. The fundamental secrets of the atomic bomb simply do not exist, we are told; that is, there are really no secrets left. Yet the world is advised that it is impossible to release atomic information in an uncontrolled manner. To compound confusion, the nuclear physicists announce that the only hope for "the atomic age" is control. But almost in the same breath they ask for "a free exchange of scientific information."

Some scientists do not want to see government clamp down a tight monopoly of atomic energy research. Yet professor H. A. Meyerhoff, writing in the pages of Science, points out that "so powerful a weapon as atomic energy calls for restriction of use, and restriction of use in turn demands certain restrictions upon freedom of research and freedom of publication."

Albert Einstein in his widely read Atlantic Monthly article argued that the American government "must keep the control of atomic energy . . . because atomic energy was developed by the government and it would be unthinkable to turn over this property of the people to any individual or group of individuals."

Testifying before Senate hearings, atom experts demand "some sort of international control," but they carefully refrain from the necessary and important details, pleading that such matters do not come within their specialty. Some atom scientists ask for a World Government, but they are not hopeful about its chances. Some are abashed at the thought of government monopoly of atomic energy, but they seem to have given no thought to patent monopolies by private industries or to those of international cartels.

For all their technical know-how, the nuclear physicists are revealing themselves, often quite candidly, not only as frightened men but as confused ones, too. And in the last year they have been in their confusion turning to the church in order to enlist the aid of churchmen. The latter regard the plight of the physicists as a "sign of the times." The churchmen are perhaps more right than they know. These leagues of frightened men are indeed signs of the times. But signs of what?
Poetic Transcriptions From Melville's Moby Dick

By LAWRENCE ROONEY

Sunset

I leave a white and turbid wake;
pale waters, paler cheeks,
where'er I sail.

The envious billows sidelong swell
to whelm my track; let them;
but first I pass.

Yonder by the ever-brimming goblet's rim,
the warm waves blush like wine.
The gold brow plumbs the blue.

The diver sun—slow dived from noon,—
goes down; my soul mounts up;
she wearies with her endless hill.

Is then the crown too heavy that I wear?
this Iron Crown of Lombardy. Yet is it
bright with many a gem;

I, the wearer, see not its far flashings;
but darkly feel that I wear that,
that dazzlingly confounds.

'Tis iron—that I know—not gold.
'Tis split, too—that I feel;
the jagged edge galls me so,

my brain seems to beat against the solid metal;
aye, steel skull, mine; the sort that needs
no helmet in the most brain-battering fight!

Dry heat upon my brow? Oh! time was,
when as the sunrise nobly spurred me,
so the sunset soothed. No more.

This lovely light, it lights not me:
all loveliness is anguish to me,
since I can ne'er enjoy.

Gifted with the high perception,
I lack the low, enjoying power:
damned, most subtly and most malignantly!

damned in the midst of Paradise! Good night—good night!
Domine!

O, thou clear spirit of clear fire,
whom on these seas I as a Persian once did worship,
till in the sacramental act
so burned by thee, that to this hour
I bear the scar;
I now know thee, thou clear spirit, and I now know that
thy right worship is defiance.
To neither love nor reverence wilt thou be kind; and even
for hate thou canst but kill;
and all are killed.
No fearless fool now fronts thee.
I own thy speechless, placeless power;
but to the last gasp of my earthquake life
will dispute its unconditional, unintegral
mastery in me.
In the midst
of the personified impersonal,
a personality stands here. Though but
a point at best;
whencesoe’er I came; wheresoe’er I go;
yet while I earthly live, the queenly personality
lives in me, and feels her royal rights.

But war is pain,

Come in thy lowest form of love,

and hate is woe.

and I will kneel and kiss thee;

but at thy highest, come as mere supernal power;

and though thou launchest navies

of full-freighted worlds,

there’s that in here that still remains indifferent.

Oh, thou clear spirit,

of thy fire thou madest me,

I breathe it back to thee.

nor do I now drop these links.

but then I can grope.

but I can then be ashes.

Take the homage
of these poor eyes, and shutter-hands,

I would not take it.
The lightning flashes through my skull;
mine eye-balls ache and ache;
my whole beaten brain seems as beheaded,
and rolling on some stunning ground.
Oh, oh! Yet blindfold,

Light though thou be,
thou leapest out of darkness;

The javelins cease;

There burn the flames; Oh thou magnanimous!
now do I glory in my genealogy.
But thou art but my fiery father;
Oh, cruel! what hast thou done with her?
There lies my puzzle;

Thou knowest not how came ye,
certainly knowest not thy beginning,
I know that of me,

oh thou omnipotent.
There is some unsuffusing thing
beyond thee, thou clear spirit, to whom
all thy eternity is but time,
all thy creativeness mechanical.
Through thee, thy flaming self, my scorched eyes
do dimly see it.
Oh, thou foundling fire, thou hermit immemorial,
thou too hast thy incommunicable riddle,
thy unparticipated grief.
Here again
with haughty agony, I read my sire.

Leap! leap up, and lick the sky!
I leap with thee;
I burn with thee;
would fain be welded with thee;
defyingly
I worship thee!
Behind the Curtain

What is it,
what nameless, inscrutable, unearthly thing is it;
what cozening, hidden lord and master,
and cruel remorseless emperor commands me;
that I so keep up-pushing, and crowding, and jamming
myself on all the time: recklessly making me do
what in my own proper, natural heart,
I durst not so much as dare?

Is Ahab, Ahab?
Is it I, God, or who, that lifts this arm?
But if the great sun move not of himself; but is
as an errand boy in heaven;
nor one single star can revolve, but by some
invisible power; how then
can this one small heart beat;
this one small brain think thoughts; unless God
does that beating, does that thinking, does that living,
and not I.

By heaven, man,
we are turned round and round
in this world, like yonder windlass,
and fate is the handspike.
And all the time,
lo! that smiling sky, and this unsounded sea!
Look! see yon Albicore!
who put it into him to chase and fang that flying fish?
Where do murderers go, man?
Who's to doom, when the judge himself
is dragged to the bar? But it is
a mild, mild wind, and a mild looking sky;
and the air smells now,
as if it blew from a far-away meadow;
they have been making hay somewhere
under the slopes of the Andes, and the mowers are sleeping
among the new-mown hay.

Sleeping?
Aye, toil we how we may, we all sleep
at last on the field.
Sleep?
Aye, and rust amid greenness;
as last year's scythes flung down, and left
in half-cut swathes.
The Listener and the Loom

It was a wondrous sight.
The wood was green
as mosses of the Icy Glen;
the trees stood high and haughty,
feeling their living sap;
the industrious earth beneath
was as a weaver’s loom, with a gorgeous carpet on it,
whereof the ground-vine tendrils formed
the warp and woof,
and the living flowers the figures.
All the trees,
with all their laden branches;
all the shrubs, and ferns, and grasses;
the lacings of the leaves,
the great sun seemed a flying shuttle
weaving the unwearied verdure.
Oh, busy weaver! unseen weaver!
—pause—one word!—
whither flows the fabric?
what palace may it deck?
wherefore all these ceaseless toilings?
Speak, weaver! stay thy hand!—
but one single word with thee!
Nay—the shuttle flies—
the figures float
from forth the loom;
the freshet-rushing carpet
for ever slides away.
The weaver-god, he weaves;
and by that weaving is he deafened,
that he hears no mortal voice;
and by that humming,
we, too, who look on the loom
are deafened; and only when we escape it
shall we hear the thousand voices
that speak through it.
For even
so it is in all material victories.
The spoken words that are inaudible
among the flying spindles;
those same words
are plainly heard
without the walls,
bursting from the opened casements.
Thereby have villainies been detected.
Ah, mortal! then be heedful; for so,
in all this din of the world’s great loom,
the subtlest thoughts may be overheard
afar.
Relationship

O Nature,
and O soul of man!
how far beyond
all utterance
are your linked analogies!
not the smallest atom
stirs or lives
on matter,
but has its cunning duplicate
in mind.

Pythagoras

Oh! the metempsychosis!
Oh, Pythagoras, that in bright Greece,
two thousand years ago,
did die,
so good, so wise, so mild;
I sailed with thee
along the Peruvian coast
last voyage—
and, foolish as I am,
taught thee,
a green simple boy,
how to splice a rope.

The Still Drop

Amid the tornadoed Atlantic
of my being,
do I myself
still for ever
centrally disport in mute calm;
and while ponderous planets
of unwaning woe
revolve round me,
deep down
and deep inland
there I still bathe me
in eternal mildness
of joy.
JULIUS walked mechanically away from the dressing shack, adjusting his safety helmet. With a group of others, he stepped into line to await his turn for an electric lamp, and as it was handed to him, he immediately began the unconscious process of placing the light on his head, and the batteries in his belt. Each man that followed repeated the process with the same methodical precision as though they were puppets operated by the efficiency of a single mind. This machine-like mind that had dominated Julius for twenty years did not hesitate today, but moved him with the others toward the main shaft down which he was to go, to scratch and rip at the earth for the copper that it might yield. Copper that would web the country in a gigantic network of wires which would, to some, bear material testimony to the greatness and ingenuity of man, while to others, men like Julius, it would stand for the daily threat that was the source of their livelihood. On sunny afternoons, Julius watched those wires waving in the wind, and thought of dimly lighted holes gouged in the rocky earth, of slimy, acid muck, and of timbers shaped like crosses that held massive boulders above his head.

Today as he stood in the unnatural bright light of the sun, his mind turned away from the alien surface world and was filled with thoughts of these materials which were his life, the muck, the boulders, and timber, the materials which were parts of the mine just as he was. With his feet firmly planted upon the iron sheets before the cage, Julius felt a kinship with the mine that made him as much an element of the huge machine as were the pulleys and wires that lowered the cage into the earth.

He would go down to his stope, muck, drill, and blast, and then when the eight hours were over, he would come up, put on his street clothes, and attempt to be one of those who lived and worked on the earth’s surface. Even then, although he never thought about it, the feeling he got from being with people on the street would not free him from the machine time had fused him to. Julius wouldn’t know how to feel free from the work he did, and his father, who mined the black pits of Belgium for so many years, could have told him, had he been alive, of the old miner’s legend that spoke of death as the only escape from the mines. Julius did not hear these tales in America; there was little time for anything but work when one was on the job, and outside, miners talked about strikes, wages, and women, not about romantic superstitions.
or old-country tales. It wasn’t necessary to know why there was no freedom, or where it would come from; all that was necessary was to do as he was doing now, to mechanically step into the cramped cage and prepare for the plummeting drop that would take him a half-mile into the gutted earth.

At the bottom, when his ears had stopped pounding, he and his partner moved silently toward the drift that would take them to their stope. The roar of the air tube went unheard as they plodded in the wake of their lamps’ beams; on the side of the drift, the supporting timbers could be dimly discerned in the half-light of the lamps, and the green sulphurous slime, dripping with copper water, could be vaguely seen winding around them in filthy, rotten masses. The two men stepped cautiously over the weakened flooring, through pools of thick, yellow water, and lowered their heads at regular intervals so as to pass freely under the sagging ceiling timbers.

They turned down another passage which was as evil looking as the first. Here, however, the ceiling timbers were loose and broken, and occasionally a bit of sand, or a rock, dislodged by the dripping water, would break from its place with a sucking noise and fall to the floor of the passage. Without apparent concern the men stepped through the debris until they came to a small opening in the side of the drift through which they half-crawled into a large cave-like room on the other side. A pile of splintered wood, broken shovels and picks, a rusty wheel-barrow lying atop a huge mound of rocks and dirt silently told the story of a recent cave-in.

The ceiling, supported only by a single cross-like beam which had somehow survived the rock-slide, stretched away from the mass of earth and disappeared in the blackness beyond. The two men gazed for a while at the wooden beam, and then sat down on the rocky pile. As Julius put a cigarette into his mouth, his partner indifferently commented, “Gonna take another week to get this mucked out.”

“Yeah, and when we get it mucked out, the goddam thing will cave again,” answered Julius.

“What the hell, we ain’t getting paid by the piece, all we gotta do is keep mucking it out. It’s their tough luck if it caves.”

Julius didn’t respond to this and the two men sat quietly smoking their cigarettes. The sound of their labored breathing came out strongly above the dripping, trickling sound of the water falling from the ceiling. The plop of a rock in the muck echoed through the cave as it worked loose from the sides and fell. At times the dull thud of a blast from another part of the mine shook sand from the ceiling. Julius’ eyes wandered to the timber above them and followed it until its greyness was blotted out by the lamp-black at the end of the cave. He wriggled his back into a more comfortable position against the pile of waste and turned his head toward his half dozing partner.

“Somebody must have worked hard to get that timber up there,” he said.

“Yeah. Did a good job too. It’s the only thing that held when the place caved. Funny looking deal, ain’t it?”

Julius gazed at the beam again, and then said, “It’s a funny deal around here every day. If the
outfit had another one of those beams they'd ask us to carry that in here as well as muck the place out. 'Get it in, or get out,' they'd say.'

"And I guess we'd do it too. But it would be a helluva job to carry that cross in here and put it up."

Julius leaned back so that he could see the crossed timber above his head.

"Not much more of a job than a mucking shift in this hell-hole," he said.

"You said it," returned the other as he reached into his pocket for another cigarette. Julius brought his butt up to his mouth once more before he sent it in a tiny bright arc toward the cross on the ceiling. It landed sizzling in a pool of green water.

"Hell," he said rising, "let's get going before that shift boss comes in and cans us."

He picked up one of the rusty shovels and pushed the blade into the pile of rock and dirt. His partner sat for a few minutes longer watching Julius throw the muck down the chute, and then he too arose and began shoveling. Like two well synchronized machines, they alternately threw shovelfuls of muck into the chute. The smooth motion of their bodies sent flickering shapes to the walls of the cave where they seemed to dance across the damp, foul surfaces, but this went unnoticed as the men continued their shoveling. The roaring air tube, which sent a cool breeze across their sweat-soaked bodies, accentuated the silence which was broken only by the sound of steel against rock as the shovels bit into the pile. The two men worked methodically with time-developed efficiency.

The shovels were forced under the dirt, they were lifted in a smooth arc and the load was dumped, and the circle was completed as the shovels returned to the mass of earth to repeat the motion. Push, lift and dump; push, lift and dump; the words ran through the minds of the workers to emphasize each movement until their minds became a part of the process. Time was forgotten as each shovelful became an objective in itself.

Suddenly both men stopped working and looked questioningly at the rocks overhead. A faint, ripping sound came to their ears through the ceiling. Julius' partner dropped his shovel and started toward the opening, shouting as he went, "Jesus Christ! She's gonna cave—let's get the hell out!"

His shout was echoed by a reverberating blast of sound from the ceiling which was dropping upon them in a deluge of rocks and earth. Julius jumped after the disappearing legs of his partner, but he was too late. The cross-like timber from the ceiling caught him across the chest and smashed him to the floor of the cave. Dirt and the slimy muck from the falling rocks oozed about his head. With an agonized gasp, Julius threw an arm over the wooden cross in an effort to wrench free, but as he grasped the heavy timber, it settled slowly upon him until it had crushed him completely. The dust drifted hazily above the mass of rocks as the air tube hissed and stopped. A single beam of light from Julius' lamp shone unwaveringly upon the twisted wooden cross around which an arm was tightly wound. Another rock fell, and the lamp flickered and went out.
Evicted

By MARY B. CLAPP

We shall not live again in the old house.
Time has condemned it.
Time has taken the key,
And the door self-locks.

Say farewell.
With one last look, carry out on the road
The sharp dream of what it sheltered.

Farewell, farewell,
To echo in nights under taunting stars,
In peeper dawns that squint through mountain passes,
In blazing noons that photosynthesize our anguish
Till we are homesick for a lesser grief.

Whom shall we call to for shelter?
Who comforts a world evicted?
Neighbors? Brothers?
Call Brother along the road.
What is brother, to be a word again,
Suddenly reviving under tears,
Swelling into sound,
Choking with meaning?

Call Brother along the road.
We must be with someone,
Traveling so light, no baggage but intangibles:
Memory—ground by the circling years
Bi-focal for the shifts of Time;
Heartbreak—the balance of accounts;
And hope—that, buried in ice will hibernate,
Circled with fire will dig deep
Into the dust and wheedle sustenance from Time.

Call brother, brother, brother!
Beat the air with the lost word,
Till the mountains echo it above farewell.
Call brother through the ruins round.
A voice is crying there,
Over the scorched plains and the murdered cities,
The blasted mountains, and the ravaged skies,
Over the bloody seas and the stabbed waters under.
A voice is crying, a young voice, multiple-calling,
The voice of brothers, too late, in death.

Stay not to weep, in answer,
Nor stoically rest
At the gate of any false paradise
To listen for diminishing echoes.

We must be going; round the earth, mingling,
To learn what all need and what all must not endure.
For now is to be life or the end.
There is no more redemption
If any would forgive us, saying
We know not what we do.
The structure of our mistakes is falling.
Time points to what was unworthy,
To what was good in the stuff and the ways.
Time says we must build together, brothers.
Time says we have built everywhere in every way but this.

We must build a house of peace,
Of the needs of all nations
Gathered from the ends of the earth for all.
A builder must say to another,
"You are better in this part than I. Take over,"
So that he may reply, "Tell me your dream
To measure with mine."

And the dreams of all must fuse in the meaning
Of the house of many,
Where all will believe for new life’s sake.
Over the wide doorway they will cut in granite
"Revive your hope, all ye who enter here,"
And love, born of hate and penultimate despair,
Will be cherished here because it was wanted.

It is for this that Time—
Assessor of substance,
Examiner of equilibrium,
Appraiser of salvage,—
It is for this new life
That Time has evicted us.
A Measure of Sand

By MARJORIE KARLIN

IT WAS a fine May morning. The sun was hot enough even at nine to assure anyone who was interested—and all the real estate agents follow the weather in this season as avidly as they do the racing form all year round—that the season could begin on Decoration Day. However, a breeze slid idly along the winter-smoothed planks of the boardwalk and fluttered the torn scraps of last summer’s movie ads on the shuttered fronts of the ice cream stands and the Bingo and Kentucky Derby halls and the merry-go-round. It was a breeze that denied in part the promise of the sun just as the sea-water rolling in and out on the greyish, drift-littered beach denied it. The sun had not touched it. But further out it was a silver-shot blue run into hills and valleys by the breeze.

Even at this hour there were people on the walk. There were, on their usual benches in front of the Hotel Suffolk, the old people, their faces lifted to the sun, sweaters around their shoulders. They wrapped their veined, freckle-splotted hands firmly around cane-knobs and squinted knowingly at the gulls. The gulls banked and dove and rose again. The eyes of the old people followed them intently. The eyes of the women wheeling baby carriages were intent upon nothing at all. Sleep was still heavy upon them. Their feet were thrust carelessly into old, high-heeled pumps and the wide legs of their slacks whipped in the breeze as they wheeled past the benches of the old people. They would continue to whip like this until the women decided to wheel the carriages down the stone ramp to the boulevard that led to the center of town. It was nine o’clock and the women had not left the walk yet. The old people never left until lunchtime in nice weather. Besides, the noise of the early morning high-tide would have drowned the slight sharp sound of the pistol-shot, even if it had been closer, even if anyone had been listening intent enough to hear it. They would have looked at each other, perhaps, the old people at the wheelers, or the wheelers at the old people: “Did you hear anything just now? Hear what? Well, it sounded like a car backfiring—or something. No, I didn’t hear a thing. Well, it sounded like that.” And they would relapse into a dreaming silence again. But no one on the Boardwalk heard it.

No one in the town heard it either. The sound occurred only two short blocks from the center of town, from the railroad station where the last prosperous com-
muter was hurling himself aboard the prosperous commuters' train just as the last warning whistle sounded, from the butcher shops already in full swing, from the real estate office of Nat Hyman, just opening now, from City Hall, an ugly yellow imitation Moorish building also coming alive, slowly and reluctantly. There were a few men waiting already outside the Mayor's office. The Mayor wasn't there yet—but he would be, just after nine. He lived only two blocks away and he was so punctual you could set your watch by him. He always left the house a little before nine, and was in the office by at least five after.

That's why Nat Hyman could have heard the sound, if he'd been close enough. Nat was a punctual man, too. Nat almost always turned the key in the lock at nine. A few minutes later, he was staring out of the office window at the sky, and up and down the street. And when he saw the pigeon-breasted figure of the Mayor turn into the City Hall, he greeted it with a polite wave of the arm and a muttered "Son-of-a-bitch."

Mike Donovan was a punctual man, too. He was close enough to hear the sound—and he heard it. Mike had really joined the force ten years ago as a detective—but his heart was bad and frequently they let him take care of the traffic shack that stood in the middle of the mall of the main boulevard in town. The Mayor's house was on the corner of the boulevard, catty-corner from the traffic shack. That's how Mike saw it all. As he said later, "A hell of a place for a guy with a bad heart. I'd rather stay on the regular routine—none of this sensational stuff on that."

Mike was on duty at eight that day. He left the door to the shack open to let in some early summer... that's probably how he noticed the way Dooley acted as he walked up the boulevard to the Mayor's house. Mike said afterward that it gave him a funny feeling to see the way Dooley looked, the old copper feeling that something was going to happen—but really, Mike's no copper—none of the force is, unless you call pulling in summer people for traffic violations copping. The county force did all the copping necessary—like raiding the bookie joint that quartered itself in the second nicest house along the bay, where all the best houses were, or finding a second-story man in a day when it had taken the town boys two months and still not a nibble. Mike had just been seeing too many G-man movies. Any way, there was Dooley, still in uniform although his shift ended at one A.M. and he wasn't due back on until five P.M. The uniform looked unpressed, baggy, and Dooley was weaving a little. Mike said it made him realize all of a sudden that Dooley was going to the dogs, and it was no wonder.

"Look," he appealed, "I know he shouldn't have done it, but look at it this way. You know, in a lot of ways, Dooley was an awful solemn bastard. I mean, he didn't want a lot. He just got a kick out of running the Patrolmen's Benevolent Association. He'd work his guts out raising money for baseball equipment and giving out stuff at Christmas and making speeches and all that. He took it serious. He felt like a bigshot, getting his name in the paper, giving a cup to the kid that won the handball tournament.
Dooley wanted to be a bigshot, the Mayor wanted to be a bigshot, only all Dooley wanted to run was the P.B.A. See what I mean?"

Well, some people didn't. People weren't upset because they had liked the Mayor, because nobody could, but the men he gave jobs to. Even some of them didn't like him. It was just another black eye for a town that had too many of them. When the high-school kids went to watch the basketball team play in another town, there were always two or three fights a night. The out-of-town kids would start to mention a few of the juicier happenings of the last few years and then the fists would fly. And the worst of it was that it was all true. It was like New York under Tammany, only on a smaller scale, and the politicians were tenth-raters. But they did pretty well, even if they didn't do anything but complain about it. They didn't like Mayor Hall, especially. He hadn't been dishonest yet — since he'd come into office with money of his own—but he wanted to run everything.

That's why Dooley and he were on the outs. That's why Nat Hyman and he were on the outs. It wasn't that the Mayor wanted to make things better, he just wanted his own men in—and women. Within a month after he had gotten into City Hall, all his daughter's friends were making the place just a little more inefficient than usual. Well, it's one of those up-from-the-East-Side things. It does different things to different people. Mike always said he should have gotten much further from New York than twenty-five miles. "I fell for the sea air line," he used to say wryly. "I forgot that the summer crowd and some of the immigrants from Brooklyn that stayed would make the place smell just as bad as the City." In some ways, Mike was a pretty smart cop, smarter than most of our protectors—but that wouldn't take much, really. However, most people knew it and they were disposed by that as well as anything else to nod in agreement when he said he didn't think Dooley had planned to do it. And Mike had seen all of it happen.

Dooley was walking up the street, trying to hold himself as straight as he could. Just as he reached the corner and turned up the pavement to the Mayor's house, the Mayor himself, right on time, came out of the door and down the porch steps, looking as natty as a man with his build could—flower in his button hole and everything. He liked being Mayor, just as Dooley liked being President of the P.B.A. They both liked being bigshots and of course they didn't like each other. Dooley hadn't supported the Mayor, but he did keep out of his way—which is more than you could say for the Mayor—for he had been trying to push Dooley out since his first month of playing God in City Hall.

They both stopped and stared at each other, Dooley with his bloodshot eyes and the Mayor with his nearsighted eyes behind the thick, rimless glasses. Mike says you couldn't hear the Mayor at first, but after a few minutes
both of them were shouting at each other.

“What do I want?” Dooley yelled. “You know what I want. I want you to keep your nose out of what doesn’t concern you. I want you to stop telling everybody I’m a drunken bum that’s getting drunk on P.B.A. money. I’ll call your bluff—right now.” Dooley waved a large fist under the Mayor’s nose.

The Mayor glanced a little uneasily at the fist and then at the traffic shack, and then up at Dooley, towering over him. “I just want things run properly, Dooley. I’m not at all sure that they are in the P.B.A.,” he snapped.

“You mean you don’t like it because I won’t let you run it, don’t you?” Dooley came back at him. “That’s why you want your stooge, Egan, in, don’t you? You think you’re an important little bastard, don’t you?” He waved his fist again at the Mayor.

“Don’t you call me names, you thick shanty Mick.” The Mayor had lost any dignity he had by this time, and was screaming at Dooley.

Mike said something must have happened to Dooley when he heard that, because he kept making choking sounds for a minute, and then suddenly Dooley had grabbed his gun out of the holster and the Mayor had slumped to the sidewalk. Mike came running across the street just as the Mayor’s wife tore out of the house, but the Mayor was dead when they got there. Just like that. There was blood running from the Mayor’s face as well as his chest, because his glasses had broken in the fall. Dooley was just standing there with a funny, blank expression on his face. Mike took the gun out of his hand, and Dooley said, without changing expression, “Is he dead?” Mike said yes, he thought so. Then Dooley stared hard at a piece of broken lens from the Mayor’s glasses, and he poked at it with his foot, and said slowly, “Oh Jesus,” and sat down on the sidewalk and put his head in his hands. “The poor dope,” Mike said.

There was sunlight on his face when Dooley woke up that morning. It felt as through there was a thick layer of gum binding the lids together. His tongue was thick and swollen in his mouth. Finally he pulled open his eyes cautiously and stared around him. The first thing he saw was the shining mahogany surface of a bar. He half-lifted himself on his elbow, and stared at the bar in foggy bewilderment. He looked down at himself. He was lying, he saw, fully clothed in his uniform, except for his hat and gunholster, on a couch, covered with an old torn blanket. Slowly, it began to come back to him. It was the Veterans of Foreign Wars clubroom, that’s where he was. He generally came in here after he got off duty to have a drink with the boys. But he was still here. What had happened? He tried to raise himself to a sitting position, but hammers began to pound in his head and a whirling mist floated in front of his eyes. He let himself down again, gently, feeling dizzy and nauseated, he held himself rigid until the knot dissolved from his throat, and his stomach stopped turning around and around and was right side up again.

I must have pulled a good one this time, he thought. I must have passed out cold. I must have been too much of a mess to take
home. I hope they told Kath, he worried. I hope Bob had enough sense to tell somebody to tell her I had to do an extra shift or something.

He closed his eyes and tried to think about the night before. Why had he gotten so drunk, he wondered. There was something unpleasant, what was it? Suddenly it came to him, and the anger of the night before brought him upright on the couch. That was it. He had come in for a nightcap—just one—he'd been on the wagon ever since he'd got wise to the fact that the Mayor was trying to get him out of the P. B. A. presidency—and he'd had one and he was just leaving to go home when in came Egan with half a dozen of the P. B. A. boys. Egan was setting them up for the whole crowd of men, talking away, cracking jokes at them until suddenly he became aware of Dooley, seated at a corner table, glaring at him over a newspaper. He stopped talking for a moment, then he smiled nervously in Dooley’s direction.

"Have a drink, Dooley?" he offered.

“No, thanks,” Dooley answered him curtly. "I’m on my way home now."

"Must be a welcome change for the Missus, eh, Dooley?" Egan ran his tongue around his lips, but he kept on smiling, even after Dooley came around from behind the table, walking stiff-legged until he had reached Egan’s stool at the bar.

"If you weren’t such a little rat, Egan, I’d take a poke at you. I may yet, if you don’t shut up," Dooley told him. He swung around to the uneasy group at the bar.

"Pretty smart boys," he said elaborately, "pretty smart. P. B. A. elections two whole months away, and you’re making the candidates set ‘em up already. Well, I’ll run on my record."

"Now, Dooley," soothed Fitzpatrick, the only orator in the group, his little terrier eyes darting nervously from one man to the other. "Don’t be that way. Can’t the boys have a little drink without accusations being thrown around?"

"No. Not these boys and not Egan. Nice a bunch of rats as ever deserted a sinking ship, I’m thinking. If the Mayor wants to get rid of you boys, he’ll do it whether I’m President or not. Your friend Egan here won’t help you. If you’d stop trying to make so much money off the traffic violators, he wouldn’t have a leg to stand on if he wanted to throw you out. Then you could act like men," he concluded, dramatically waving his forefinger at them.

The men looked down at their drinks uncomfortably, except for Egan. "That’s not as bad as being drunk on duty," he murmured gently. Dooley swung at him, but Bob the bartender caught his arm just in time. "Don’t be so quick with a fist all the time, Dooley," he scolded, backing him away from the bar.

"You heard what he said, didn’t you?" Dooley demanded, struggling to free himself from Bob’s grip. But Bob’s two hundred and twenty pounds were more than even Dooley, tall and agile as he was, could break away from. As Bob set him down gently but firmly with one hand, he motioned the rest of them out with the other.

Finally the place was empty. Bob released him.

"Why didn’t you let me give it to him, Bob?" Dooley muttered.

"You know you have a wife
And kids, Dooley.’’ Bob was cleaning up the empty glasses on the bar. ‘‘It’s bad enough the Mayor knows you don’t like his guts, but you don’t have to throw it in his face, do you?’’

‘I don’t care what that son-of-a-bitch thinks,’’ Dooley said hotly, but as he said it he knew that he was lying, and that he was scared. The grey fear came down upon him. He had been scared when he saw Egan walk in with the boys. Why do I care so much, he thought wearily. If they don’t want me, they don’t. If they’re yellow enough to throw away everything I did, let them.

‘I don’t care,’’ he mused. ‘‘I’ll resign. I’ll get out of the force, too. The hell with it.’’

‘‘Where are you going to get another job at your age?’’ Bob scoffed. ‘‘Besides with all the smart young kids they’ve got taking examinations today, where would you be? You got through the eighth grade, remember? And what else could you do? And throw away all the years you got towards a pension? Forget it. Have a drink and forget it. Why don’t you have a talk with the Mayor and straighten it out, or something?’’

‘‘Yeah, that’s an idea. Maybe I’ll do that,’’ Dooley answered him dispiritedly. He took the shot of rye Bob was holding out to him and threw it down.

He had kept on drinking, Dooley remembered, now, that he and Bob had finished a quart between them, and that Bob had gone to sleep with his head on the table, but that he had kept on drinking all by himself. He must have passed out then, and Bob must have awakened, put him on the couch and gone home.

He struggled to his feet and shuffled behind the bar to the sink. He removed the few glasses that were in it with a shaking hand. He dropped one of them, but it did not break, it merely rolled under the bar, still whole. He filled the sink with cold water, took off his blouse, and plunged his head in. The shock of the cold water felt good to his throbbing temples and hot, dry face. He kept his head under for a few seconds. He dried himself off with the towel Bob used for the glasses, put his blouse on again, and lit a cigarette as he walked back to the couch to get his holster and his cap.

He looked at himself in the bar mirror and winced. He placed a hand over the stubble on his face, but it didn’t help. His eyes were bloodshot and there were deep, sagging pouches under them, and the wrinkles were more noticeable than ever around his mouth. The fear came on him again in a sickening wave. I’d better see him, I thought in panic, right now. I’d better see him like Bob said, and get this thing settled. He looked at his watch—eight-forty, it said. There would be just enough time to catch the Mayor before he went to the office, before Egan got to him. The Mayor always left the house just a few minutes or so before nine. The Mayor, he remembered, was a punctual man.

As he got up from the couch, his eye fell upon the two bottles, still at the table where he and Bob had been sitting last night. There was still about a fourth left in one of them. He hesitated for a moment, then he crossed to the table, tilted the bottle, and finished the contents in two long gulps. He gagged, but the glow that spread through him made him feel more
calm, more sure of himself. He put the empty bottle back on the table, jammed his cap on his head and strode to the door, unlocked it and walked out into the bright morning, shutting the door firmly behind him.

The breeze was fresh, smelling faintly of salt and sun. He lengthened his stride, holding his head up and taking deep gulps of air. He was feeling much better now, except for his legs. He felt a little unsteady, and his head was light and the outlines of the familiar buildings that he was approaching—the high-school, the group of grocery-stores and dairies, the bicycle-shop across from them—had an out-of-focus line somehow. I shouldn’t have had a drink on an empty stomach, he told himself guiltily. He was approaching the corner of the boulevard that led to the Mayor’s house. He looked up at the clock on the City Hall tower. Just ten of—he’d make it in plenty of time.

What was he going to say, he thought. That maybe he and the Mayor could be buddies if the Mayor called off Egan? It occurred to him that the idea was not pleasing, somehow. And if the Mayor didn’t want to call off Egan, what then? His mind hurried away from the thought. He was beginning to act like a frightened kid, he reflected as he turned the corner and began walking down the boulevard. Like a damned rookie, not dry behind the ears yet. The glow was beginning to leave him. I shouldn’t have come, he thought.

The Mayor was coming down the steps toward him. As soon as Dooley saw his jowled, peevish face, he felt the anger curl slowly up in him. It gave him a sensation of almost savage delight. As he and the Mayor flung their bitter words back and forth, he let the anger rise higher and higher. Somehow he knew he shouldn’t but he did, because it covered over the hopeless feeling that was curling up beside it. It came to him then that he could not, would not make a deal. He was through. The anger was in every part of him now. He knew suddenly that what he wanted to do was blot out that face. He reached around for his gun and then the face was gone. And then the anger was gone and the hopeless feeling had taken its place. From far away, he heard Mike Donovan say the Mayor was dead and “It’ll be twenty years, with luck,” but right now he didn’t care. He sank back almost gratefully into the quiet cloud of hopelessness that drifted inside him, and lowered his tired head into his hands.

This morning proved beyond a doubt that its promise of the previous day had been made in good faith. The sun filled the street with premature summer, now that the breeze of yesterday had gone. Mike Donovan’s chair had progressed from the doorway of the traffic shack to just outside it. He sat motionless in the chair, trying hard to keep his eyes fixed upon the boulevard. But they kept closing in spite of him. Even at nine in the morning the day was languorous and anyway Mike was tired. There was good reason for Mike to feel tired. The grass of the Mall, trampled and dotted with empty, crumpled cigarette packs and gum wrappers in front of the Traffic shack, was mute evidence. There had been little knots of curious, hushed people forming and dissolving and reforming in front of the shack, and
on the corner within a few minutes of the accident until five o'clock in the afternoon, when Mike's shift ended. He had told the story over and over again, adding a few new touches, highlighting and interpreting as the day wore on. He had posed for the local paper, and for a metropolitan daily, while the crowd had stood back respectfully, or had wandered over to watch the Hall maid trying to scrub the bloodstains from the sidewalk. They watched the house of the Mayor, too, but not for very long, because there was nothing to watch. All the blinds had been drawn immediately after Mrs. Hall had been led into the house, screaming hysterically. She had screamed until the doctor arrived, and finally there was quiet, after she had succumbed to a hypo. The younger Hall daughter received close friends only, her eyes frightened and large and black, as she passed before the front door occasionally. The older Hall daughter was flying home from college in Illinois, it was rumored about noon.

They didn't leave Mike alone after he came off duty. The telephone had rung continually all during dinner, and for three hours after it. Mike had wanted to go down to the West End of town to offer Mrs. Dooley his assistance, if it was necessary, but he was too tired to make it. He telephoned, in a lull. Her sister, Ellen MacMahon, the wife of one of the detectives, answered wearily that Kath spent all day at the county jail with Dooley, came home, looked at the supper that she, Ellen, had fixed for Kath and the kids, and went into the bathroom and vomited. Then she cried, went all to pieces, and the doctor had to come and give her a sedative. She wasn't to be disturbed until morning. She, Ellen, was now going to take the 'phone off the hook, and bed down on the couch for the night.

"You'd better can start praying right now, Mike, if you want to, and preparing a fine speech for the trial," she finished grimly.

The chimes of the City Hall clock tower were ringing nine now. With a determined effort, Mike fixed his eyes upon the boulevard. It stretched emptily before him. He realized with a curious sense of shock that almost exactly twenty-four hours before Dooley and the Mayor had been standing there right across the street from him, alive—and kicking. Now one of them is dead, he thought, and the other's in the county jail. But here I am and there's the boulevard and the town and nothing's happened, if you didn't know it had. He yawned and stretched and settled into the chair again. Yes, sir, a man murdered, and the man who did it behind bars, and all that crowd yesterday and today it looks the same as it always does, and here I am like usual. What the hell is it all about? he reflected. His eyes began to close again.

Nat Hyman dropped the office keys back into his pockets, and looked out of the office window. He slid his gaze vacantly over the early morning shoppers and then up at the sky. It would be a good early season, he was sure of it now. The weekend would see them pouring off the train to look for summer places. Of course, this publicity might not do the place any good. He chewed the idea briefly. No, it might turn out pretty well, at that. Look at those crowds yesterday. And
they forget. They always forget, he thought comfortably. If they could forget what’s already happened in this town, they can forget this too. He opened the office door wide, stepped out into the sun and watched the baby carriages come in from the Boardwalk.

Today the old people talked with each other more than usual. Some of them read to each other the metropolitan daily’s account of the murder. They murmured to each other: “And we were only two blocks away from the whole thing. Think of it. What is this place coming to, anyway? I said to my son, I said to him when he got off the train last night, what is this place coming to, anyway? God knows what’ll come next. Mattie, when is your grand-daughter getting married? That’s nice. The whole family’s coming? . . .”

The tide left piles of driftwood on the beach as it rolled in and out. The driftwood piles marked its path. Each time the tide swirled higher on the beach, it pushed up the wood. Once during a hurricane, the tide roared up as far as the center of town. When it finally receded, it left behind it in the main street, piles of driftwood as a reminder, perhaps, that it had long ago covered all the town-site and could again, just as it had done this time.

Today, however, the waves were not very high. The sound of their breaking upon the beach was soothing to the old people on the Boardwalk. They closed their old eyes and dozed in the mid-morning sun.
The Motives of the Wolf

Translated from the Spanish of Ruben Dario

By WILLIAM SLAGER

The man with the heart of lily, celestial tongue, soul of a cherub, the sweet and humble Francis of Assisi, stood before the violent and ferocious animal, the dreadful beast of blood and plunder, the jaws of fury, eyes of evil—the wolf of Gubbio, the terrible wolf, he who madly ravaged the countryside, cruelly destroyed all the flocks, devouring lambs, devouring shepherds (the deaths he caused are uncountable). The mighty hunters armed with steel were destroyed; his hard fangs tore down the bravest of dogs as if they were lambs new-born.

And Francis went forth and sought the wolf in his den, who, seeing the Saint, lunged toward him. Francis, raising his hand, spoke thus to the raging beast, his voice sweet:

"Peace, Brother Wolf!"

And the animal gazed on the man in the coarse tunic, his hostile eyes lowered, his aggressive jaws closed. And he said:

"It is well, Brother Francis!"

"How then," exclaimed the Saint. "Is it the law that thou shouldst live from horror and from death? The blood which thy diabolic jaws spill, the suffering and the terror that thou scatterest, the tears of the peasants, the screams, the pain of such creatures of Our Lord—must not they contain your infernal wrath? Dost thou come from Hell? Have not Lucifer or Belial infused in thee their eternal rancor?"

And the great wolf replied, humbled:

"The winter is hard and the hunger horrible. In the frozen forest I found nothing; and I looked on the cattle and at times I ate both cattle and shepherds. Blood? And I have seen more than one hunter upon his horse, his hawk carried in his hand, running the boar, the bear or the deer. And more than once I have seen them self-stained with blood, wounding, maiming the animals of Our Lord, boasting to the low blare of the pitiless trumpets. It was not for hunger that they came to hunt."

And Francis responded:

"In man there exists an evil ferment; he is born with sin and sad it is. But the simple soul of the beast is pure. And now thou art to have food from this day forth, and from this day forth leave in peace the flocks and the people of this land. And may God sweeten thy wild nature!"

"It is well, Brother Francis of Assisi."

"Before God who binds and unbinds all, let us seal our bargain."

And the wolf raised his forepaw and the Brother took it. And they
went down to the village where the people saw them and scarce believed what they saw, the wolf following, his head lowered and the fieriness gone from him, tame now as a house dog, as a lamb, new-born. And the Brother Francis walked ahead and called the people to the plaza and there preached to them:

"Behold here a gentle animal—
the Brother Wolf himself is with me. He has bargained to be our friend, never to repeat his bloody ravagings. And thou in return shall provide nourishment for this poor beast of God."

And the people of village answered:

"So be it."

And the good animal, the tamed wolf, wagged his tail and entered the convent with St. Francis of Assisi.

Now the good animal, the tamed wolf, remained some time in the saintly refuge. His shaggy ears sharpened to the sound of the psalms and his clear eyes moistened. He learned a thousand tricks and played a thousand games with the lay brothers in the kitchen. And when the good Brother St. Francis prayed, the wolf licked his poor sandals. And he walked, betimes, the streets of the village and through the hills and into the low valleys and entered the houses and was fed. He was to the people a tame animal, a tamed greyhound.

And one day St. Francis journeyed and the good animal, the tamed and just wolf, disappeared into the mountains. And the howling and the rage began once more. And among the people came fear and alarm, fear in the shepherds. And valor and weapons mattered not now, for the wild beast held to his passion and inside him burned the fires of Moloch and Satan.

So that when the good Saint returned the people of the village sought him with tears and grieving and laid before him their thousand complainings and the testimonials of the suffering and the loss brought to them by the wild beast of the devil.

And St. Francis of Assisi grew grave; he went to the mountains seeking the false wolf, the wild beast. And near his cave he found him, and spoke:

"In the name of the Father of the sacred universe, I conjure thee, o perverse wolf, that thou answer me! Why hast thou returned to evil? Answer me for I listen!"

And the wild animal, the great wolf raised his hateful eyes and spoke as one carrying great anger in him:

"Brother Francis, approach not nearer, but listen. I was tranquil there in the convent and when I ventured into the village and the people gave me to eat I was content and ate tamely. But I began to see in all the houses Envy, Wrath, Ire; and in all the faces the low fires of Hate, Lust, Infamy, and Lies. Brother made war against brother and the weak lost and the men of evil gained. And men and women were as dog and bitch. And one day they beat me, all of them, those who had seen me humble, licking their hands and feet. Yes, I followed thy sacred laws: all the creatures were my brothers—Brother Men, Brother Oxen, Brother Stars and Brother Worms. And therefore they beat me and cast me away and their laughter was boiling water and deep within me the anger
was born again, the wildness of the wolf deep within me. But better yet than those people who beat me. Thus I returned and here I live, defending myself, as the bear does, as the boar, who must kill that he may live. Leave me in my hills, in my cliffs; leave me in my freedom and return to the convent, Brother Francis, and follow thy work and thy sanctity.”

And the Saint of Assisi did not reply. He looked on the wolf with sad eyes and turned away with the burden of tears. And he spoke then to the eternal God with his heart and the wind of the woods carried the words: “Our Father, who art in heaven...”

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"THE MEMORY of what we saw and heard at Buchenwald will haunt us ineffaceably for many years." These words by a member of the British parliament on his return from an inspection of Buchenwald express to a degree the feelings of those who saw any one of the many concentration camps. I helped evacuate Belsen. Few human beings have ever been subjected to such an existence as were the inmates of this camp.

Early in May, 1945 my section, five ambulances, received instructions to help evacuate a concentration camp just liberated by men of the British Second Army, near the town of Belsen, Germany.

Since arriving in the enemy homeland from Holland, I had seen thousands of political prisoners of the Nazis from nearly every country in Europe heading west out of Germany from the camps in territories recently taken by the Allies. The more fortunate were crowded into American trucks, driven in convoy by British and American soldiers; others were riding in horsedrawn wagons taken from the German civilians whenever found. But most of them were on foot, some pushing or pulling carts, even baby carriages, anything with wheels in which they might carry the loot taken by them after their liberation.

The story told itself and it is one never to be forgotten. They were the people of Europe who either dared oppose National Socialism, or were politically innocent but victims of its theories. The sight of those pathetic creatures, their fierce patriotism so long suppressed, and their gratitude bursting forth with an enthusiasm which we as soldiers had long forgotten, created a feeling of great pride within us. For those of us who had forgotten or perhaps had never known, it seemed clear then why we individually should fight in this war.

I did not realize at the time that those people with blanched faces and emaciated bodies riding and walking out of Germany were the healthy and strong of the concentration camps. Before our departure and during the drive to Belsen, my imagination speculated widely as to the condition and environment that produced these effects. However, in no way was I prepared for Belsen.

To give a better understanding of the circumstances surrounding the British entrance into the camp, I shall explain what I know about the Belsen Truce. Actually no one person seemed to know the complete story; nevertheless I was able to piece together a fairly comprehensive picture.

Although the camp was in a bypassed area, completely surrounded
by the British Second Army, General Dempsey, an American from the Twenty-first Army Group headquarters, was forced to sign a truce with the Germans, under threat that if we did not accept their conditions the inmates of Belsen would be freed—to spread typhus and other contagious diseases throughout Europe. Part of the agreement was that the two hundred SS Elite Camp Guards and four hundred Wehrmacht regulars caught in the area were to be given safe conduct escort through our lines back to their own. There were also some two hundred Hungarian soldiers, who had been disarmed by the Germans after their country capitulated. Their status was difficult to determine. However, we considered them neutrals and gave them the freedom of the camp; and they proved to be of great value by their willingness to work. After the British arrived some of the SS fired upon a number of the inmates who were taking potatoes from a storehouse. The British, already infuriated by the evidence of the inhumane treatment the prisoners had received, thereupon disarmed the Jerries and put them to work burying the five thousand dead of the camp. Working double time, the SS men were made to carry a corpse apiece, and the SS women a corpse between two of them until they dropped from exhaustion. If this action by the British broke the truce, it was of little consequence, for several days later the Jerries sent over two planes which strafed a medical unit, killing two soldiers and wounding several others.

However, even after the strafing incident, Dempsey still felt obliged to carry out the conditions of the truce; perhaps the truth is that he wanted another opportunity to kill a few more Germans, the SS in particular. In any event, he wanted to return them to their own lines. A British Brigadier is reported to have asked the Jerries if they wanted to go back to the lines. The SS wanted to, undoubtedly, because they realized that they would be charged individually and regulars preferred the comparative safety and comfort of an Allied Prisoner of War camp. At any rate, in the final outcome, they were all held as prisoners of war.

The Camp Commandant, Josef Kramer, the “Beast of Belsen,” and Irma Grese, the leader of the Women’s Waffen SS, and several others of this SS gang were later sentenced to death by a British Military Court.

Belsen was situated in the heart of a large wild area, well concealed from the German public by more than ten square miles of restricted woodland. It seemed to have been built originally for some type of detention camp, possibly for slave labor, but not for a concentration camp. Although it was too poorly laid out and constructed to suggest that it was built for German inhabitants, I saw in the camp an outdoor court which had been built and was used at some time or other for basketball. It would thus appear that when the camp was built it had some recreation facilities. There has never been a case known where the Nazis allowed their political prisoners recreational activity.

The concentration camp proper was an area of perhaps three square miles, surrounded by two separate barbed-wire fences. The buildings were single-story wood barracks, some of which had lavatory facilities. But since much of the
ground was flooded with sewage, it was apparent that the system, such as it was, had not been operating for a long time. Plumbers were flown in from England, and a probable typhoid epidemic was averted.

Even though the British were prepared to some extent with medical supplies and equipment, their preparations were grossly inadequate, for no one had any conception of the true conditions of the camp until we arrived. It was thought probable that the total population of the camp was seven thousand. Instead, although an exact figure is not known, it has been estimated to have been between thirty-five and fifty thousand. Of this number, perhaps ten per cent of the people were able to leave camp upon its liberation—that is, they did not have typhus, and were strong enough to walk. The rest were quarantined because of typhus, malnutrition, dysentery, and in many cases, all three.

The camp was divided by barbed wire into sections, the women in one and the men in the other. It was startling to realize that there were more women than men. However, the separation was hardly necessary by the time we got there, for in their weakened conditions, their mental as well as normal physical functions had ceased to operate. This was evidenced by the fact that many of them could not talk for weeks; some did not know who we were, nor what was happening. A number of the inmates even thought they were going to be killed when we took them to the old SS barracks which had been converted to hospitals, several miles away from the camp.

The evacuation procedure was to enter one hut at a time, make the inmates take off their lice-infected clothes, wrap them individually in blankets, and drive them in ambulances to what was called the "human laundry." There they were washed by German Army nurses who had been attached as a medical unit to the SS camp guards. The nurses' duty had been to maintain the health of the SS. They had not been allowed to go into the concentration camp; and they claimed that they had no idea of what went on in the camp itself. Regardless of the truth of this, they did a commendable job in the human laundry.

The huts were approximately thirty by one hundred feet. There might have been from six hundred to one thousand people in each one. A few of the huts had wooden double-decker beds, but most of them had no furniture at all. Because of the crowded conditions the inhabitants were forced to stand or sit or lie on the floor, or on each other. The floors were a maze of filthy, matted clothing and human excrement. It was difficult to tell the dead from the living.

In some barracks we found a dozen or more dead, and half that many who were dying. These we left with the dead where they lay, for they would not have lived through the trip to the laundry. The policy was to take the healthiest, strongest and youngest first. This evacuation procedure went on until the hospitals were full. We then picked out the best of the huts which had been emptied and turned them into hospitals, after the Hungarians had scrubbed and disinfected them with creosote.

When the magnitude of the job of cleaning out Belsen became apparent, one hundred student doctors, various other technicians, and
volunteer British relief workers were flown in from England.

The difficulties involved in feeding the inmates were almost insurmountable. They had had nothing to eat for more than two weeks (cases of cannibalism were reported but never authenticated) and as a result they were in a condition wherein ordinary food could not be digested. The human being can exist on an extremely small quantity of food for a long time, but in doing so his condition grows weaker. And when, in this weakened condition, he is forced to go completely without food, the point is reached where normal digestion ceases. This is the last stage of starvation. In perhaps fifty per cent of the Belsen cases glucose served in water was the only remedy. Many of the inmates were so far gone that even intra-venous injections of glucose failed to revive them.

Undoubtedly the lack of food and the absence of any organization in the camp was partly due to overpopulation, which resulted from the addition of thousands of prisoners who were forced to walk practically without food from Oswiecim, Buchenwald, and other camps in the path of the advancing Allies. However, starvation did not account for all the deaths. The Belsen authorities had other methods of mass murder, which were revealed by the mute appeals of the tortured dead and the testimony of the living: naked women had been hung by their legs, dangling helplessly while artificial insemination experiments were conducted. When the sperm was introduced the women twisted in great pain and often soon died. Hundreds of people were killed by injections of gasoline and disinfectants, after being told the injections were glucose (they usually died in a matter of minutes.) Six girls were ordered hanged for stealing. Men were flogged until they were covered with blood to provide sport for the SS. Young girls arriving in the camp were sometimes tied to male corpses for the first night in the camp by the SS women.

The Belsen Pits, perhaps thirty of them, were great holes in the ground filled with a mass of naked twisted, contracted, emaciated flesh and bones. Each excavation contained from eight hundred to twelve hundred bodies, grim evidence of the unknown number who had perished before we arrived in the camp. We covered them with lime and dirt, and put a sign over each mound:

Approximately One Thousand People from Belsen Concentration Camp .......... to 1945

They were the dead. Our task was among the living.

It would seem that each concentration camp was run completely by the people who were in immediate authority. There was no evidence of an over-all policy from Nazi headquarters. However, had a plan been formulated and carried out, it could not have been more diabolical in its results. In their very lack of organization the Nazis were able to achieve more fully their maniacal intent.

If we are ever to have a world free from fear, it is imperative that we realize the human mind is capable of the horrors of Belsen and when this quality of mind becomes apparent, it must be suppressed before it achieves its purpose—and produces a hell on earth.
CAPTAIN Jack Williams rocked back in his swivel chair and stared sullenly at the iron bulkhead behind his desk. This office was a regular sardine can, he told himself. How could anyone expect him to administer the recreation of 5000 men on a troopship when he had a staff of only one, and to do the job the way he wanted would take twenty-five? There could be floor shows on the fantail all day long if some of the men would just volunteer.

He turned to his assistant, Corporal Donohue, who was nervously opening boxes of jigsaw puzzles. "Would you mind playing with your puzzles some other time?" he said politely. "You might try doing a little work around here for a change."

"There are several pieces missing from some of the boxes, sir, and some of the pieces are in with other puzzles. They're all mixed up."

Captain Williams shut his eyes at his assistant and, groaning, turned toward the porthole. "Doesn't anyone ever do anything right around here? The whole bunch of them are as good as ruined. Don't you see that? You might as well throw the works overboard. Don't do it now! Wait until it gets dark. What I have to put up with in this war!"

"Now Donohue, this is the kind of thing that can be avoided by planning things. You probably opened four or five boxes on a table, and every time the ship heeled over, the parts all fell together. I don't suppose that ever occurred to you, did it? From now on, Donohue, don't do a thing until I tell you. Don't even think."

One of the troop passengers put his head in at the doorway. "Howdy, Sack!" the captain shouted affably, for he always wanted the men to know that he was the Special Service officer and so one of the boys. "The 'head' is one deck below this, if that's what you want." The GI chuckled and said he had recovered from his seasickness and only wanted to know when the library would open.

"Haven't you read the bulletin board? You're responsible for everything on it, soldier. Wait a minute while I look it up for you."

The captain peered through the plexiglass on the desk surface to a paper underneath. "Yes, here we are. 'Library open to ship's passengers 0800 to 1200 Monday, Wednesday and Saturday. Tuesday, Thursday, and Sunday open to troops. Now from 1300 to 1700 it's the other way around. Officers only in the evening, and closed all day Friday, except in the evening.' We're going to change that closing day next week some time, so be sure to listen for the an-
By this time the GI had wandered away to borrow a magazine, leaving the captain in need of someone with whom to talk. "Well, Donohue," he asked with a wry smile, "What did you do yesterday?"

"I played phonograph records over the loudspeaker most of the day, sir."

"Played phonograph records," echoed the captain slowly raising his eyes to the ceiling. "Don't tell me that was all you did all day? Yesterday if the colonel or anyone else had seen the men sprawled out on all the hatches they would have thought there was no Special Service facilities at all on this ship."

Captain Williams removed his feet from the desk top and leaned forward, resting his elbows on his knees. "Donohue, watch the way I plan the activities for this afternoon, will you? Special Service will jack up the morale on this ship or I'll know why not."

"Now the first thing we do," he began in a slow voice, "is to open all those packing boxes in front of the desk. We're going to take out all the games and put them in the rec hall. They take up too much space around here anyway. And we're not just going to leave them lying on the tables the way you do. We're going to organize games around them. Now follow me through on this thing."

The ship's chronometer read 0900, and on every deck troop passengers who had finished the third breakfast shift wandered aimlessly in search of some diversion to mitigate the boredom of another day at sea. Those who could find space at the rail lounged there listlessly, some carving their initials in the expensive wood. On the fantail two men were throwing C ration biscuits to the seagulls, which the birds caught and swallowed in mid-air. Captain Williams watched this, laughed, and sailed out a couple of crackers on his own.

Throughout the galley the harsh shouts of the sea cooks rose above the clatter of smashing wood as KP's knocked down another hundred cases of Spam. Hearing this, Captain Williams decided to pay a visit there to cheer up the sweating kitchen help. "Hi, Mack! Hello, Sport! Howdy, Red! Don't cut yourself with that knife, Joe," he boomed to the listless group that dawdled at the chore of peeling potatoes. The men all said "hello," surmising that he must be the ship's Special Service officer.

Shouting a cheery "good morning" to all who met his eye, Captain Williams next climbed into the recreation hall. This was in the ship's ballroom, once the scene of many a gala social function, but now stripped bare and refurnished with long rows of pine tables and benches. This morning as on all others the seats had been grabbed by eight o'clock poker players; and in the aisles the kibitzers stood shoulder to shoulder in silent fascination. There were penny-ante games and others where the pot piled as high as $3000. Black Jack and Red Dog had not raged in such popularity since the Klondike gold rush. Intently studying their respective hands, the players held down their seats as long as their money lasted; and when they threw in their cards, their places were quickly taken by other players who also thought they were sharks. One game of draw poker lasted a week, the participants eating by turns so that the pot might never die. Band concerts, radio programs, lectures and newscasts blew themselves out unremembered by the
frantically concentrating hundreds in the smoke-laden recreation hall. Wild shouts of glee and anguished curses of disappointment shot out to the deck whenever the portholes were opened to allow a fresh supply of air to blow through the tepid atmosphere.

Suddenly the intense concentration was shattered by a hoarse shout of, "Quiet everybody! Quiet!" It was Captain Williams standing on a chair and flailing the air with his arms in an effort to get the attention of all in the room. "We're going to have a recreation hour here. Everybody must put away his cards and leave so that we can get the place ready. Now, we've got a bang-up program planned for you. You'll all be allowed back inside later." He turned to an MP. "Sergeant, clear this room." The MP made the rounds of the tables, urging those who continued their games to knock off for a rest. "There's still plenty of room in the brig," the captain announced to those who shouted that they preferred their own games to quoits and parchesi. "There are two boys down there now, and we can put more in any time."

A half hour of bitter exchanges and anonymous insults followed, but at length the last belligerent chose the icy winds on deck in preference to the sweatbox in the hold. Captain Williams, after detailing an armed guard to each door, surveyed the empty hall. "Now," he announced to the echoing walls, "we can go to work getting things organized."

His arms loaded with brightly colored game boxes until he could not see ahead, Corporal Donohue staggered in. "Put them on the floor," the captain enunciated, trying to make his orders as simple as possible so that there would be minimum chance of their being misunderstood. "Now, if you can keep off your dead end long enough to watch what goes on here, you may be able to understand what kind of recreation I want on this ship. This old baloney of shooting craps and playing poker day in and day out is going to come to a halt as of now."

He sat down on a table and pointed toward the uppermost box. "Put that on the first table. Don't open it! Nothing will begin until I give the signal. Now, number one is the clay-modeling table. Carry the jig-saw puzzles over to the second table; everyone there will enjoy fitting jig-saw puzzles together. Bring those coping saws over to the third table. One Monopoly game on this, the weaving set over there, and so on around the room. You see what I'm getting at? If there are any tables without games, you can seat people there as a kind of reserve; then when someone withdraws from a game, a reserve can fill the empty place. Are you following me? You simply stand in the middle of the room and direct people to the empty seats. We can run things this way for the rest of the trip."

The last game having been laid carefully so as to line up with all the other games down the row. Captain Williams gave the dramatic order to throw open the doors. With a mischievous shout of school-boy gladness the waiting hundreds burst into the room, tripping over the benches and pushing each other against the tables.

"Domino games this way. Basket-weaving over in the corner." The officer's shrill voice rose above the gruff babble around him. "No one will open any games until I give the word. If you want to carve wood, come over here to my
right. We lost the knives that came with the set, so you'll have to use your own or borrow from a buddy."

A table by one of the doors filled; but, taking no notice of the bead-stringing kit before them, the soldiers passed their cards around again, resuming the same game which had been interrupted by the captain's orders an hour before. Seeing this, Captain Williams elbowed his way toward the revelers and swept their cards to the floor. When someone at the other end of the hall commented on his temper he swung around, rushing blindly into the mob in search of his assailant. Two of the men were playing catch with their modeling clay. Screaming for order, Captain Williams seized the clay and dashed it to the floor. "Oh, you make me so mad," said a sergeant who threw his Old Maid deck on the floor in imitation of the captain. Others started impromptu fights, accidentally upsetting their own assigned games. "Oh, captain," someone shouted, "the dice have disappeared from the Monopoly game."

But Captain Williams had already rushed out onto the port deck, jabbering about a riot in the rec hall and bread and water for everyone. It was at that time that so many gaily colored boxes sailed out of the starboard portholes. A million or so pieces of jigsaw puzzles littered the floor when the military police arrived. The last reveler to be apprehended had spent his recreation hour sawing handles off paint brushes.

That evening after mess Captain Williams sat in his office, belching and thoughtfully filing his nails. "Well, what did you think of the little party we had this afternoon?" he asked of his assistant.

"Sure was too bad."

"Yes, wasn't it too bad though? You probably started the whole thing. It was likely you who gave them the idea of using General MacArthur's picture for the dart game. By the way, what were you doing all the time I was struggling with the mob single handed?"

"You sent me out to get water for the water colors. Don't you remember?"

The captain let out a long blast of air and turned in anguish toward the porthole. "This is my thanks for making you a corporal. You fouled up again."

Warming to his subject, Captain Williams stood up and leaned against the wall. "These men want recreation. So I give them recreation. I give them dominos Chinese checkers and wire puzzles. And what is my thanks for all my labor? Mutiny!"

He ran a finger along a large chart beside him which had been ruled off to represent the days of the month. "Tomorrow is Tuesday, and I see by the schedule that it's Community Singing Day."

"How many men are in the hall now?"

"About three hundred, sir, playing cards again."

"Never mind what they're doing now. Tomorrow at this time they'll be singing 'The Old Oaken Bucket' and 'Carry Me Back to Old Virginy.' Only tomorrow we'll let only fifty in at a time. And I'll have ten MP's to bet that they sing or else. Now get out fifty Happy Time Song Books, and we'll get things organized."
I was reading the local gossip in the hometown paper when I heard a mess-kit rattling in the hall. I looked at my watch. Five minutes after twelve. Chow time. I grabbed my mess-kit off the hook on the wall and went downstairs to the second floor.

I opened the door to Hank’s room and called out, “C’mon. Let’s go see what kind of slum they’ve got.”

Hank was sitting in front of a big table, writing a letter. He said, “O.K., just a minute.” He wrote a couple more lines, stood up, and stretched.

“’When are we going home, Alex?’ he asked. ‘The folks ask every letter. You realize the war’s been over two months already, and here we are planked smack down in the middle of Germany just like we’re gonna squat here for twenty years?’

‘Beats me, Hank,’ I answered, ‘God, what I wouldn’t give to be back home again. I’ve sure had enough of this E. T. O.’”

Then I started to kid him: “But what you got to kick about? You never had it so good. Livin’ in a nice German apartment house, just gotta walk fifty yards for chow that don’t cost you nothin’. And living right here in the suburbs of a big city.”

“Yes, quite a thriving city, isn’t it?” he returned my sarcasm. ‘Look at it. Everything so neat and tidy.’

We both looked out the window. It was a clear day and you could get a good view of the main part of Kassel, down in the valley about three miles away.

Bust up a bunch of bricks real fine, toss ’em in a pile, cover ’em with dirt and mud, and you’ll have a miniature of what we saw.

“Yuh know,” Hank said, “I’ve seen a lot of beat up towns over here, but I believe this tops them all, except St. Lo, maybe. I feel down in the dumps every time I see it.”

His thin face seemed to lengthen out as he talked: “We were going down the main drag yesterday, when we saw some old women putting wreaths of flowers on top of a big pile of junk. Yuh know, one of those cases where their kids were buried underneath and they couldn’t dig ’em out. Something like that kinda gets you. Know what I mean?”

“Forget it,” I said. “They’re Krauts, aren’t they? They asked for it, didn’t they?”

He shook his head: “I dunno, Alex. I can’t figure it all out.”

“C’mon, snap out of it,” I urged. “Let’s go down and eat.”

We walked over to the pre-fab building that the outfit was using.
for a mess-hall, and dipped our kits in the GI can full of hot water that was sitting outside along with the garbage and wash cans. Some of the guys were already through eating and were coming out to wash their things.

As I pulled my cup out of the boiling water, I noticed the bunch of Kraut kids scrambling around, picking off what was left on the guys’ meat-cans as they came out the door. Nothing new, but there were more of them than usual today. I looked 'em over. I saw one of 'em about eleven years old slug another little fellow about seven, grab his arm and twist it until he dropped a slice of Spam that some GI had given him. The big fellow picked it up off the ground, brushed a little sand from it and stuffed it in his mouth. The little one was crying to beat hell.

"Look at those little rats," I said to Hank. "Doesn't it make you sick? A guy comes here feelin fine, and he sees 'em scraping around in the garbage, and rubbin' up against him, and then he can't eat a thing. I'd like to chase 'em all away."

We turned and went in the front door of the mess hall. Hank looked at me. "Remember, they're hungry," he said. "It keeps them from starving, anyhow."

"I don't give a damn if the whole works of them starve," I shot back at him. "It isn't my fault, so what's it to me? I just want to go back where I belong."

"We've got this same meal a hundred times before. On top of that we gotta put up with those kids. Whatta deal."

The cooks were used to that sort of thing. "If you don't like it, one of them said, "why don't you drive down to the corner drug store and get yourself the blue plate special?"

"God, wouldn't I like to," thought. "Sit up to a nice clean counter, with a lot of shiny glass wear and stuff, and the smell of real good food."

I thought about this as Hank and I walked to the back of the room to a table. "Sure gets old eating these GI meals," I complained. "We've had this same meal a hundred times before. On top of that we gotta put up with those kids. Whatta deal."

Hank didn't say anything, could see he was taking the despoiler seriously. He'd been clear through the war and hadn't found out that you gotta close your eyes to a lotta things if you're going to get by OK. I, for one, had damn well learned to take care of myself and let the rest of the world go to hell.

A couple of our buddies, Palmer and Joey, came up, mess-kits in hand, and sat down beside us. "Look at those chow-hounds stovin it away," Palmer wisecracked.
"Yeah," I came back, "We can't resist these delicacies. By the way, did you guys see all those dirty little Krauts outside? Doesn't it give you a pain?"

Joey appeared thoughtful. "I don't reckon they hurt you too damn much," he said. "Just one of those things. Next war we'll be doing it back in the States."

"That's all right," I said, "I'll wait 'til that day comes. But as for now, I just want to see one of those little rats try to lift something off my kit today when I walk out of here. I'll slap the little bastard down."

Nobody had anything to say to this. Hank looked kinda funny. But I didn't care. I'd been fed up with things lately.

I picked up my apple. Didn't get good ones like that very often in the ETO. I started polishing it with my sleeve, and thinking of the days—God, that seemed a long time ago—when I'd peddled just that kind. Got a big truckload one summer out in Washington and worked my way back to Minneapolis.

"Nice apples," Palmer said, tossing his in the air and catching it.

"Yeah," I replied, "I usta sell that kind. Made out pretty good with them, too. Would've done even better, but gangs of kids were always crawling up on the truck and snitching some. Kids sure go for apples. I usta get a kick out of winding up and throwing a couple at them like I was mad. I never hit one; that's just part of the game."

Hank didn't feel like shooting the bull about apples. "Let's go," he said, "Let's wash these slumbuckets and get back. I gotta finish a letter."

There was a dead silence as we stuffed our apples in our pockets, and walked out the back door around the corner to the wash cans. Hank walked ahead of me. About a dozen Kraut kids were still waiting around. Hank held his kit down so they could pick off what was left of his meat, and poured about half a canteen cup of cold coffee into a tin pail one of them was carrying. As they started to rush me I held my mess-kit up high and said, "Get outa here." I couldn't back out on this deal now.

The bigger ones tried to jump up and reach the kit. I held it higher. "G'wan, beat it," I said after a minute, "I didn't come over here to feed you beggars." I walked over to the garbage can with them jumping around me. Another kid, a clean little blond fellow about nine years old, was standing by the can.

"Hello, Yank," he said, giving me a big smile, "have you some meat for me today, huh?"

That kinda stopped me for a minute, him speaking good English like that, just a little fellow. But Hank and the other guys were right there. I brushed his hand aside, and pounded my mess-kit against the inside of the can.

"Beat it," I repeated.

All of a sudden that nice, smiling little boy didn't look so nice any more. "God damn mean Yank," he said, and hauled off and kicked me on the shins real hard. Then he took off like a P-47.

Well, you know what it feels like when you get a good kick in the shins. And me in a bad humor anyway. It made me blind mad. I pulled that apple out of my pocket quick like and threw it at him hard as I could.

It hit him on the shoulder, and spun him around. He staggered a couple steps and fell on his face. He got up, dirt all over, and looked at me.
Well, I felt kinda funny just then. I could still see that kid, a-running like he was just before I hit him. Pink ears and little neck. Blond hair sticking out and flapping in the breeze. Just like those other kids.

But I’d never knocked one of them in the dirt. Guess I must have changed quite a bit—more than I’d thought. After you’ve been tangled up in a war, it’s kinda hard to see things like you usta.

I felt like a heel. The kid was still standing there watching me. I turned and went back into the chow hall.

I saw Hank standing there as I went in. “Wait a minute,” I called to him, “I’ll be right with you.” Hank’s got sense. He didn’t say a word.

“I want a sandwich,” I said to one of the cooks. “Big slice of meat in it. And, hey, how about one of those apples?”
New Mountaineers

A deft handling of the eyewitness technique by WALLACE CHAPIN makes his "Belsen" a moving and thought-provoking reading experience. Wally is enrolled in Social Science as a freshman. He is a native Missoulian.

Although this marks her debut in MOUNTAINEER, Mrs. MARY B. CLAPP, instructor in the Department of English, has contributed her verse for some years to various national magazines, among them "Frontier." She has published a collection of poems—"And Then Remodeled"—and appears in the current "Montana Margins."

JACK DELANEY, Law major from Great Falls, draws freely from Army experience his satiric portrait of martinet vs. morale. Jack spent three years in Public Relations, chiefly on Tinian.

Associate Professor of Sociology PAUL MEADOWS cuts through several layers of hysteria and confusion in his timely analysis of the "Leagues of Frightened Men."

Three years with Army Public Relations in the ETO gives "PAT" PATTISON background for his story.

LARRY ROONEY points up the essentially poetic quality of "Moby Dick" by casting some of the most melodic passages into hat form. Larry, a junior from Whitefish, spent his first two college years in the City College of Los Angeles and in ASTP at Washington.

VINCENT GADBOW, junior from Butte, comes to MSU by way of Colorado College and three and a half years with the Marines in China.

WILLIAM SLAGER, graduate student in English, contributes to the Winter MOUNTAINEER his first translation, from Ruben Dario, Spanish poet. Bill, who hails from Butte, attended MSU for two quarters during 1943-44 before going into the Navy.
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