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The Others

By AGNES REGAN

THE SUN had been bright all day, melting down the other place and the other people she usually thought about and bringing her back into the same world with her mother and father and the girls on the block. After school she had played on the foothill at the end of the street with the girls and had heard what they said and what she answered, and had even laughed at the same time they did without making them turn around and stare. She had found a purple wind flower to put in her hair and had raced to the top of the hill with Helen and stood there, watching the shadows of the clouds moving fast across the sagebrush fields and across the roofs of the houses and the streets and then out over the fields on the other side of the town. And when she smiled, it had been at Helen and not at someone else that she saw there beside her that no one else saw. And she had smiled at Helen, seeing only her there and feeling happy and knowing that it was better to be with Helen and Jean and Margaret than with the Others that no one else saw.

For when she was with the Others she was alone, too. And there were long times when she was with them entirely, even when she was at home with her mother or when she was with Helen and the girls. And then she heard what Helen and Jean said only from a long way off, and answered them without listening to what she herself was saying, so that sometimes it wasn’t the right thing to say and they laughed and went off without her. But it didn’t matter because all the time the Others were talking with her and laughing and she was answering them without talking aloud. Only sometimes when she laughed with them she forgot about being quiet and her mother would stop what she was doing so busily and look at her frowning for a minute before she sighed and hurried on with her work.

The Others had been with her so long that she had forgotten just when they first came, but it had been sometime when Mother and Dad were talking to each other and she felt as if each of them was too busy to hear what the other one had to say, as if she were the only one listening. It had always been the way Mother and Dad talked, fast and nervously, covering up the way they weren’t listening. It had always made her uncomfortable, and lonely to listen to them talk until the Others came. After that she could slide away wherever she wanted to, sitting still where she was and looking at Mother and Dad, but never seeing them nor hearing what they said. It had gotten easier and easier to slip away, until she was with the Others
most of the time in school and with the girls and at home, and everyone was used to saying things twice before she answered. But they told her about it and scolded until she felt a little twinge of guilt every time she suddenly saw them looking at her and pulled herself back from the warm, comfortable place she had been to the place where she was really standing. They said, "What's the matter with you?" and "Why are you so funny?" They said, "You must learn to pay attention." So she tried to keep herself from drifting away, but it was hard to stay and so easy and comfortable and happy to be alone, but not alone, with the Others away from the noise and the voices of the real people around her.

But she had tried and sometimes on a bright day like today she could be with Helen and Jean and Margaret and not even wish to be with the Others. It was a beautiful day, warm and fresh with the snow just melted and the beginning of green showing under the matting of dead brown grass on the hill. They climbed down into the old quarry and yelled to hear the echoes. On the quarry floor they found empty rifle shells where people had been gopher hunting and shooting at tin cans. Then they wandered up into the trees, blowing on the shells for whistles and hunting for the first flowers under the matted last-season brush.

It was among the trees that she saw the rabbits. Helen and Jean and Margaret had gone ahead while she stopped to tie her shoe, and she was cutting through the trees to meet the girls on the path above. She nearly stepped on them before she noticed that they were there, a half dozen tiny brown balls of fur scurrying in all directions away from her feet. In a second they were all gone, disappeared in front of her eyes. She squatted down, straining to see, and slowly one of them showed a few inches from her, perfectly still against a piece of squaw wood.

She watched it a minute, then cautiously stretched out her arm and touched the soft fur with the end of her finger. The little ball squeaked and scurried off under the brush.

The girls were calling from the path above and she ran toward them. "Where were you?" they asked. "What's the matter?"

She wanted to tell them but suddenly she wanted more to keep it for herself, to save it without knowing what she was saving it for. Without knowing why, really, she said "Nothing," and smiled to herself when they looked at her and she walked on with them and with her secret, not saying anything more.

All day there had been little things like that, little things that she wanted to tell the girls because she was having fun with them, but at the same time she wanted to keep them safe and unsaid for later. But in spite of that the afternoon was bright and real and not the strange hazy thing that moved around her when she was with the Others, when the girls and Mother and Dad were close enough to touch, but far away, minutes away from the other place where she listened and laughed by herself.

It was not until dinner time that she knew she had to tell somebody about the day. She listened to Mother and Dad talking, both of them talking and neither of them
listening to what the other one said and she felt the brightness of the afternoon slipping away from her into the haziness that was always so close. And she knew she had to tell them to make it stay real and to keep herself with them as she had been with the girls all afternoon, hearing what they said and answering from where she was and not from far away.

They were talking about something they were doing tonight and Dad was saying, "It's at eight thirty in the Blue Room."

"Will you pass the butter, dear?" Mother said. "When is it?"

"In the Blue Room," Dad said. "The Blue Room at the Park."

"But I said, when is it?" Mother said. "What time?"

"At eight thirty," Dad said. "Did you want something? The butter? I already said it was at eight thirty."

"But I didn't hear you. Yes, the butter. I didn't hear you the first time you said it."

She passed the butter to her mother and sat up straight trying to think of some way to tell them about the afternoon.

"Yes, eight thirty," Dad said. "Eight thirty in the Blue Room."

She put down her knife and looked at her mother. "I saw some baby rabbits," she said. It sounded louder than she meant it. They both looked at her. "Up on the foothill this afternoon," she said.

"Did you, dear?" her mother said. "Finish your potatoes now so we can eat dessert. Daddy and I have to hurry to get dressed before we go."

"What's that?" Dad said. "I'll say, we have to hurry," Mother said. "If it's at eight thirty."

"Yes, it's at eight thirty," Dad said. "In the Blue Room."

She dug her fork into the potatoes and then tried again. "They were little rabbits. Small enough to hold in your hand."

"Do you want some berries, dear?" Mother said, spooning them into a dish.

"Rabbits?" Dad said. "Someone ought to shoot rabbits close to town. Hard on gardens."

"Will you have some berries for dessert?" Mother asked Dad. "What do you think I should wear?"

"That's more than I can eat," Dad said, without looking at the dish of berries.

"Oh, that's just a few," Mother said. "Do you think I should wear a light dress or my suit?"

"I don't know why you put them in the dish when I say I don't want them," Dad said. "How should I know what you want to wear?"

She put her fork down and pushed her plate away. "We played on the foothill after school," she said. "Helen and Jean and Margaret and I."

"Finish your berries, dear," Mother said to her. "They're nice little girls. Daddy and I like to have you playing with them. I think I'll wear my suit if it doesn't need pressing."

"You can't walk into a thing like this late," Dad said. "I'd rather stay at home than come in late."

She sat there listening to Mother and Dad talking and she knew that it wasn't for them she had been saving the things that had happened all day. It hadn't been
or Helen or Jean or Margaret, and it wasn’t for Mother or Dad. She smiled, feeling Mother and Dad slip slowly away and knowing that in a minute she would be with the Others, who would listen to her tell about the day, telling so that no one but they could hear. She knew that the realness of the afternoon was slipping further and further away and she no longer wanted to hold onto it.

She pushed back her chair. “May I be excused, please?” she said and got up quickly, without really hearing herself say it or feeling herself get up.

“Is there something the matter?” Mother said, looking at her and frowning for a second.

“What’s the matter?” Dad said.

“Nothing,” she said. She hurried out of the room and away from their voices behind her saying, “What’s the matter? she didn’t finish her berries! Is something the matter?”

She let the screen door slam behind her, and stood scuffing her toe against the step and listening to the noises on the block. Somewhere up the street a radio was playing twangy music, too far away to be harsh. Next door the man was burning leaves raked from his yard and the smoke drifted in from the alley, mixing with the haze of dusk and darkness under the tree. Someone was calling a dog to his food, over and over, patiently.

She stood on the step for a minute then moved out into the yard and pulled leaves from the tree, mechanically tearing them to pieces. She could still hear the voices of her Mother and Father from inside but they were far away and she didn’t listen to them or to the other noises from the block. She leaned against the tree and watched the street lights blink down the street and smiled to herself as she saw the Others coming with the dark in towards her, warm and comfortable and laughing.
What's Wrong With Our Liberals?

By ALFRED SIMON

There are dynamic, irresistible changes sweeping the world today. World War II and the defeat of fascism hastened the tempo of these changes. Empires are being dismembered, while the world's former cancer-spots are emerging for the first time in history as countries in which reaction, inequality, and downright feudalism have been given their death blow. Social revolutions are taking place in Poland, Hungary, Yugoslavia, Indonesia, Communist China, Great Britain, Bulgaria, Romania. The darkness of poverty and fear which had cloaked scores of millions of people is lifting, and those formerly oppressed millions are now giving vent to hopes and aspirations for the future. They are becoming aware that the future belongs to them; that the question of their destiny is for them to decide; that on embarking on a new era of social justice, it is essential that the riches of the earth be shared by all, instead of being owned by just a few. On reviewing the nature of these changes, one might simply say in summation that most of the world today is moving more and more to the left. There is an outstanding exception among nations, however. This exception is the United States of America, which might be doing better if it were only standing still, but which, unfortunately, is moving more and more to the right.

What and who is to blame? Is it the preponderance of power of the forces of reaction in our country? Or is it that these forces have very little opposition to contend with, that liberals not only fail to recognize the real issues confronting them, but have become so cowed by the tactics of their opponents that instead of fighting and counterattacking, they have become beset by a back-to-the-wall complex which makes them feel obliged to spend their time bleating protestations about being loyal, patriotic Americans and not a nasty bunch of reds.

Not very long ago, our big-business controlled, red-baiting newspapers tried to outdo one another in depicting the menace of radicals. A good standby technique was to picture them as drooling, bewhiskered, bomb-throwing ghousls, who, if given the chance, would plunge our fair and free United States into anarchy and chaos. Although this vicious lie had its effect in deluding and arousing the public, to the credit of the villains comprising this savage breed, a hostile public opinion did not shake their courage and determination to fight for their beliefs. Not that a hostile public opinion was all they had to worry about. It was
more than just that. Fighting social injustice close to the turn of the twentieth century meant fighting enemies whose power and influence controlled our courts, state legislatures and police; enemies who, with impunity, resorted to such extremes as murder in their attempts to claw at the hated agents of progress. It wasn’t easy, and there were many men who died waging that fight.

We see at the present time that in some respects conditions have changed. Although the same enemy is still very much in power, trying to thwart progress by every means at his disposal short of murder, he has undergone some rough handling, and his activities, theoretically at least, have been circumscribed. For today, despite the rising power of reaction, there is still more social legislation in the books than ever before; laws have been enacted restricting the many cutthroat practices that have characterized big business, and our two largest labor organizations alone claim a membership of fifteen million men and women. All this, unquestionably, is a change for the better. But on surveying the menacing prospect confronting liberalism today, that of reactionary elements girding their loins to strike at hard-won social gains, one can’t help but wonder: who is there to oppose them? Where is the militant, outspoken type of liberal of yesterday, who had the backbone to take it as well as dish it out? Where is the liberal who knows where he is going?

The crucial, underlying reason why our liberals of today present such a picture of hopeless inadequacy in their attempts to stem the swing to the right is their not knowing what they ought to be fighting for. It still has not been brought home to the vast majority of them that there is one supreme goal which they must take it upon themselves to strive for. This goal is the advent of socialism in America.

By now most liberals have become aware that their beliefs are consistent with any number of the basic aims and principles of socialism. But when it comes to admitting this parallel openly and fearlessly, they suddenly lose their nerve, and in beating a hasty retreat, resort to the old line which even fascists use, that of justifying their beliefs as being in complete accordance with our “one-hundred per cent American way of life”—whatever that is. How they quail at having to mention that fearful word—socialism! Why? Is it possible that our reactionary-owned and controlled press and radio and sources of information have been so successful in making their lies and distortions about socialism believable, that even liberals have become warped in their attitude toward it? Is it possible that this propaganda, though not shattering the faith of liberals who cherish socialism as an ultimate goal, has scared them into keeping their mouths shut and thereby obscuring the real issue as to the purpose and objectives of liberalism in America.

The weakness and hypocrisy of the stand taken by liberals on important issues is glaring. When liberal legislation is up for consideration in Congress, Senator Taft and Co. bare their fangs and hiss, “It’s socialism.” And then in an outburst of righteous wrath, the liberal proponents of the measure in Congress and throughout the nation wail in reply, “Damn it to hell! There you go again, calling everything that is intended to
benefit the welfare of the majority of the people, socialism." How wrong liberals are in using these tactics! For there must have been a time earlier in their lives, when, on hearing their ideas branded as socialistic, they were impelled to investigate and discover why such ideas were given this label by greedy, selfish interests. On doing this, they were bound to see that their concepts of a more just and happier society were so completely interwoven with, so characteristic of a system called socialism, that it would only be hypocritical of them to deny it. And yet on noting their reactions to accusations of socialism, it's difficult to understand or sympathize with the stand they take in regards to these accusations. When they attempt to deny that TVA, for example, is socialistic, whether they know it or not, they are wrong. For as a matter of fact, it IS socialistic. That's the whole point: TVA is a wonderful idea, and it also happens to be socialistic. The role assumed by the federal government of selling power cheaply to its citizens is just as much a part of socialism as the role taken by private utilities in squeezing the people for all these utilities can get, is a part of capitalism. With our liberals aware of this, why are they afraid to say so? Why don't they put the cards face-up on the table and admit, "Right you are, it IS socialism." Government ownership of all our public utilities is the same principle and is also socialism. Regulation of our economy by the government so that production will be geared to the needs of the people instead of being planned hit-or-miss by a few industrial magnates whose primary purpose is to make money and in the process bring about depressions every twenty years—is likewise socialism. All these and more are fine ideas, and they go to make up a healthier society than can ever be achieved under capitalism." No, there's no conceivable reason why that Word can't become respectable, once liberals stop reacting to being called socialists as they would to a slap in the face; once they come to realize that for once the reactionaries are right, and that it's time to substitute the word socialism for high sounding flowery slogans like "economic and social progress," "freedom from want," "economic justice," etc., etc.

In commenting on the rightist trend in our country, a British Member of Parliament said that the United States, in its economic and social outlook, is a generation behind the rest of Europe. The honorable MP was right. If one were to seek a reason for this, it would be more than that the United States as the world's leading capitalist nation, is in the grips of a powerful minority which has the power to crush liberal factions opposed to it, for the fault lies just as much in the nature of the liberal opposition.

Labor represents a majority of our people, and, although split in two, is now highly organized. Aside from this degree of organization, labor still hasn't begun the agitation which a united Labor Party began in Great Britain after World War I: that of socialism of utilities and heavy industry. After a generation, this agitation is beginning to bear fruit in England. Unfortunately, as in the case of other liberal-minded Americans, many of our labor leaders have deluded themselves into believing that all our needed social gains can be permanently achieved under our
present economic system. The goings-on at present in our Republican-dominated Congress still haven't convinced them of the impracticability of their thinking. As has been demonstrated in our past history, time is not necessarily on the side of enlightenment and progress. With our interests of monopoly-capitalism as firmly entrenched as ever, the passage of time only results in the swing of the political pendulum from left to right. In the middle of our last depression, our vested interests saw in the social legislation of the Roosevelt era only something to be fought, and in Roosevelt himself, although they actually owed him a debt of gratitude for saving their system, only someone to be hated. Now they are the ones who have the upper hand. This ascendancy is already resulting in the scrapping and emasculation of legislation pertaining to the rights of labor, a mere prelude to more reactionary things to come. Labor leaders and liberals must come to see that their hopes for social and economic progress can only be realized when the basis of our economic structure is such that progress becomes a natural outgrowth of this structure. For it is wishful thinking to suppose that progress can be lasting in an economic set-up in which progressivism is here today and gone tomorrow, depending on how soon after a depression the money-men are able to collect their forces and once again start running things their own way. This has happened in the past, is happening in the present, and no one but God knows any reason why it shouldn't happen in the future.

Goaded by the monstrous stigma which an overwhelmingly reactionary press has attached to communists and communism in America, an ever-increasing fringe of liberals is now taking pains to prove to all who may be interested, that not only do they refuse to have any truck with those loathsome people, but that they're just as eager to bury hatchets in the skulls of the "Commies" as anyone else is. A newly formed organization, Americans for Democratic Action, consisting of avowed liberals with Leon Henderson as chairman, repeatedly advertises the fact that the ADA insists on keeping its folds free from any red tint. A political group, the Liberal Party, with headquarters in New York, seems to concern itself as seriously as the reactionaries do with taking pot shots at political candidates who are supposedly guilty of following the "party line."

Once these and all other liberal groups come to accept socialism as the true goal of liberalism, and in so doing come to see that there's nothing insulting about being dubbed "red," that essentially there's nothing the matter with the "party line," divergence of opinion as to the right or wrong of the worth of political candidates and in the stands to be taken on national issues will be reduced to a minimum. From this point the ultimate that should and must be achieved is unity of action, in which all liberal thinking people, communists included, will adjust enough of their differences to merge into a coalition for the purpose of fighting a common enemy. Once this coalition has been formed, the necessity of reconciling completely the conflicting shades of belief and ideology among those comprising it need only be undertaken after the battle is fought and won. Prior to any decisions which a triumphant union of progressives can arrive at, decisions as to just
exactly what should supersede a system, long since outdated, these progressives, instead of burying the hatchets in each other, must get together and dump the opposition into the political garbage can by reserving the throats of reactionaries as targets for their aim.

Poem

By DICK DARLING

He came into the world alone and a stranger.
Men saw him and spoke to him but none knew him.
The father from whose loins he was sired and the mother in whose womb he was conceived knew him not.

He grew old and many respected and some loved him.
His children were many but they knew not who he was, whence he came, nor his destination.

He departed, returned to the unknown, still alone.

For man coming singly, knowing no one, lives lonely and departs unchanged. Alone.
BETWEEN casts with his fly rod, the doctor watched his son and was pleased with him. He thought with pride, "What a healthy young animal the boy is. He's acting strictly according to his environment now. Completely in the hands of Mother Nature, and he couldn't be in better hands." He regretted that the boy had been raised in a large city and that vacations came so seldom. But the doctor's conscience was eased by seeing the boy take so naturally to this country he had never seen before, the country in which the doctor had grown and lived his young life.

This vacation had been planned thirteen years ago, when the boy was born. He wished that his wife were alive to see her son now. During those thirteen years he had filled the boy with all sorts of tales about the Rockies and the west, and he was especially pleased now to see that the boy was not disappointed. He marveled at the boy's tireless body scampering over rocks and up little knolls, and he remembered the boy's eagerness during their early morning hike to the lake.

The boy had caught one fish, a small rainbow, and then put his fishing pole down. There were too many things to do in one day, and he wanted to do all of them. Nature was much more than fishing. The doctor had fished all day and his basket was nearly full. He didn't disturb his son except to call him for lunch. And as he watched the boy he saw reflections of his own boyhood.

The boy couldn't touch enough of nature. Each gigantic rock, every little pebble and twig, the countless number of trees, every pine needle, everything. Nor could he smell and taste and hear and see enough. The scent of pines was full of mischief, and the delicious odor would catch him by surprise. Then he would breathe even more deeply, and the scent would escape him. His attention followed his senses again and again, and each time he was cleverly trapped. He puzzled over the delicate taste of pine needles; his eyes could not see far enough into the very blue of the sky; and his ears heard hundreds of sounds but could not hear enough.

The shimmering lake was magic water and like nothing he had ever seen. Its faint odor of sweetness and freshness seemed as though it could be touched, but that touch was not in the water. It was close, but beyond him.

Nature seemed to keep calling him, teasing him, but he did not know how to follow. He heard the wind in the trees across the lake,
a rolling, rushing sound, and he wished that he were there with the wind. He saw a cloud cast its shadow on the snowy slopes of a distant mountain, and he wanted to be there, in that shadow. When the breeze whispered loudly in the trees near to him, he smiled and closed his eyes into the wind. When suddenly he found himself in the dark shadow of a cloud, he felt favored, but was sorry for nature whose brilliant smile turned to a frown in dull gray. Then the cloud was gone and the colors were more radiant than ever.

Toward the end of the afternoon the doctor put up his casting rod and called to the boy that it was time to go. The boy came like a fawn, sometimes gracefully bounding over rocks and deadfalls, then stumbling and falling to get up and run again. The doctor slapped his son on the back and roughed his hair, and he smiled at the boy’s blue eyes and noticed that the young face had captured much of the sun and the wind.

“Come on, tow head. Let’s hit the trail,” the father said.

The boy smiled and was pleased with his father’s rough affection, and he said, “Will we come back tomorrow?”

“What do you say we try another lake?”

“Then can we come back here again?”

“If you like.”

As they walked side by side down the trail, the sun sank lower behind them until the shadows filled all the folds of the mountains. Finally the shadow covered them too, and only the mountain peaks saw the sun. The doctor observed the boy’s change of expression as they descended into the sombre shadow, and he thought how like a mirror his son reflected the beautiful melancholy of the end of day.

“Mother Nature is pretty wonderful isn’t she? She is really the only perfect thing we know. Every animal and tree, every living thing lives exactly by the laws of nature.” The doctor gestured with his hands to indicate a broad expanse, and his son looked all about him.

“These plants and flowers live off the soil,” said the father as he pointed, “and animals in turn live off the plants. You remember the deer we saw grazing this morning . . . and some other animals live off other animals. Then when the animals die, the plants and trees live off them. It’s like a circle that keeps repeating itself.” The doctor illustrated his words with his hands in an attempt to make himself clear. But the boy listened only intermittently. “Too bad,” the doctor thought, “that I haven’t more time to give him, to become closer to him. But he has always respected me and taken my word.”

“People are apt to think it cruel when a coyote chases a rabbit, catches it, crushes it between his teeth, then eats it. But it’s not cruel. It’s the most natural thing for both the coyote and the rabbit. They are just living and dying as they’re supposed to.” The doctor noticed that his son was listening intently now.

“And look here . . . see these four tiny fir trees . . . just starting to grow. In a few years there will only be one, because there’s only room for one full-grown tree here. The one that gets the most sun and water will live, the others will die. But actually, there is no loss and none of them really die. You might call it a natural sacrifice . . . three give what they have
to one. So eventually these four trees will be one big, strong one."

The boy didn’t appear nearly as interested in the trees as he had been in the coyote and the rabbit, and they continued to walk down the trail.

After a moment’s silence the boy said, "Do you think we’ll see any coyotes?"

"I doubt it... not in this section of the country."

Then the father continued with his explanation of nature. "Take a look at this... see where the bark has been eaten from the base of this tree... a porcupine did that. But see how resin is growing over the bare spot, healing the wound? That’s how Nature takes care of herself.

"And see that little pine tree growing from a crack in that big rock?... that tree split the rock... shows you the great power in natural growth.

"And look at that burned-out section on the side of the mountain... do you see the little trees growing all over in the place? Some careless man, or maybe nature’s own lightning, caused that. But nature always comes back.

"Yes, nature takes care of all things... even us. She gave you and me life. We live because of the sun and the rain, and because of the plants and animals we eat. You see, we live for the same reason that plants or animals live. But to hear man tell it, you’d think he had reversed things and was taking care of nature."

As they continued to walk the father kept on talking, and he had almost forgotten that he was explaining natural science to his son and went on explaining it to himself.

"Man fails to realize that he is a part of nature. Instead he mistreats her... cuts down her forests before they have a chance to grow up again... exploits her resources... but some day he will realize that by destroying nature he has destroyed himself. Man is the only living thing who thinks he knows how to live, yet doesn’t have the vaguest notion... yes, my son, the best thing man can do for nature is to leave her alone."

His son wasn’t listening very closely, and the doctor went on talking to himself and wondering why he was so concerned with what he once had well settled in his mind. Or at least he thought it was well settled and didn’t worry about it. Like his son now, not worrying about it... just accepting it.

"I sometimes wonder though, if man hasn’t achieved something in his ability to save, or prolong, human life. I’m not so sure... the hard, fast law of survival of the fittest seems cruel when applied to man... but what is gained when science adds a few years beyond the natural span of man’s life? In the end it doesn’t seem to matter. Animals don’t make a big fuss about life. When an animal’s environment determines that it should die, it simply dies... and in so doing goes back into the womb of nature. They don’t have to think about how they live... they just live. And nature’s favorites are her animals who live closest to her. But man, my son, is a paradox..."

The doctor looked down at his son and realized that the boy couldn’t know what a paradox was, and yet in not knowing the boy knew as much about it as he did. So he smiled and took the boy’s hand, and the two walked hand in hand down the trail. The cabin was only a quarter mile away.

"Well, in a few minutes we’ll be
“Mountaineer

home and we’ll have a big dinner. Are you hungry?”

“I’ll say,” the boy replied.

After they had walked another two hundred yards the boy saw something ahead of them on the trail. He stopped and pointed, and in a hushed voice said, “Look.” His father stopped and looked at the wood-chuck lying as if dead. Together they advanced cautiously.

“Is he alive?” the boy whispered.

“I don’t know . . . just a minute,” his father said, and stepped quietly to where the animal lay. The wood-chuck had been clawed on the right shoulder, and its belly was torn open, showing red and bluish intestines.

“He looks unconscious, but he’s breathing,” the doctor said as he opened his first-aid kit. Then he paused and wondered why he should try to repair this animal. From a kneeling position the boy stared at the torn belly, and watched his father, working automatically, close the wound with a few metal clamps. The doctor wondered how, when he was young, he had no feeling one way or another for wood-chucks. He had no feeling for them now. He taped a bandage over the stomach and left the shoulder as it was, knowing that it would heal by itself.

“Well, that ought to do it. We’ll take him to the cabin. Whatever clawed him may be watching and waiting. Besides, he won’t heal unless he’s locked up. Then in a day or so we can turn him loose. Animals heal much faster than we do . . . here son, take my fishing basket and pole. I’ll carry this guy.”

The boy didn’t say anything but watched his father as he carried the animal to the cabin. The doctor put the wood-chuck in a wooden box and nailed a few strips of wood over the top.

“There, if it hadn’t been for us, he would have died.”

During supper the hungry pair ate in silence. When they finished the doctor said, “We’d better hit the hay early if we’re going to make that other lake tomorrow. You crawl in and I’ll take care of the dishes.”

When the doctor finished the dishes he looked at the wood-chuck and saw that his eyes were open but that he lay very still. And as he crawled into bed he saw that his son was sound asleep.

Later that night the boy awoke and sat up in his cot. He looked curiously around the room and wondered why everything seemed so strange and why he was awake. Then he remembered the wood-chuck, and after a moment he tip-toed from his cot and picked up the flashlight from the table. He looked through the wooden bars of the box and saw the beady eyes of the wood-chuck looking up at him. The animal’s side thumped with the beating of it’s heart. The boy looked toward his father’s cot and saw that he was asleep. He put the flashlight down, picked up the box and carried it outside. He looked around for a stick and then pried the bars from the box. The animal jerked a little and the boy tipped over the box. As the wood-chuck darted forward the boy clubbed it over the head. Then to make certain it was dead, the boy hit it twice more. He picked up the animal and carried it into the woods. On the way back to the cabin, he stopped for a few minutes and looked back toward the place where the dead animal lay.
MONTANA represents that hopeless condition in political science of a community whose industrial economy is based upon one commodity, and whose welfare, consequently, is determined by a handful of men. One may ponder the examples of other communities so-constructed, and, having done so, will conclude that a diversified commerce and industry will always guarantee a certain amount of personal and economic freedom, but woe to the community which is saddled with but one economy!

It is a moot point whether or not the strangle-hold that the copper interests have on the state has prevented the growth of other economies, but it certainly seems reasonable to assume that the powerful Anaconda Copper Mining Company has discouraged them by its reactionary attitude toward personal freedom and political expression.

One thing is obvious: whether in commerce, politics, or industry, in western Montana, at least, the ACM is supreme. It is impossible to talk to a native about any of these things without having the all-powerful name presented and speculated upon. The conclusion is always the same: without ACM support any movement is bound to fail.

The repression, or at least the control, of ideas by an institution in these enlightened times is absolutely impossible without the whole-hearted co-operation of the majority of the influential daily newspapers. This fact, completely misunderstood by the public, is realized by only two groups in any society, the true leaders and the gentlemen with the biggest money bags. So long as there are a few strong newspapers which refuse to bow down to the corporations the program for the control of a community faces failure. In almost every celebrated case in American journalism involving such a struggle complete ownership of all the important community papers and their resulting support either left the public indifferent or approving, and victory for the corporations was the usual result.

The support of Governor Landon by almost all of the influential papers in the 1936 Presidential campaign, and the astounding victory of President Roosevelt over this supposedly potent combine was presumed to have signalized the end of newspaper control over the electorate, but if this is true of the national scene it is far from true on the State front. Even on national issues the reactionary press is still a force to contend with. The rise in influence of the liberal columnist is partially offset by the
control exercised over this new class of newshawks by the papers in which the columns appear. Recently Thomas Stokes withdrew his column from papers of the Scripps-Howard chain because some of these papers deleted his column on the days when it conflicted with their own editorial policies. Other columnists resent this practice, but prefer to retain the large income made possible by the publishing of their columns in so many papers. The radio, with its own news staff, was supposed to rectify this condition, but the radio industry has grown very rich, and the men in charge of both small stations and chains are intellectual mimics of their big-brothers in the newspaper publishing business. In radio it has happened that the columnist found himself refused time when his script was considered too hot to handle.

If distorted ‘news’ is presented by the metropolitan dailies what is the situation with smaller papers dealing with state and country problems? It depends, of course, on the location. In California, where there are scores of wholly unrelated industries and businesses, many papers distort the news, but other papers print the truth—and fight for it. Even in the old days when the Southern Pacific Company ran the legislature and determined state policies, many papers could not be subsidized by this gigantic concern. This was not due to any particular virtue of the people of California, nor was it due to a highly moral press. It came about because, for one thing, agriculture had no love for the subsidized legislatures which forced high freight rates and tolls upon it, and so the farmer fought his enemies at the capitol with a free rural press.

And Montana? * The Copper Kings have always run this state. At the turn of the century three men, all of them mining speculators, F. Augustus Heinze, William A. Clark, and Marcus Daly, owned this state completely. California suffered from the same type of social disease. In this connection, of course, the spectre of the “Big Four” naturally comes to mind, but Stanford, Huntington, Hopkins, and Crocker never possessed absolute control over the state because there were always strong papers which would not sell out. As a matter of fact, it was one of the newspapers partially owned by the SP which finally tired of this kind of control and became instrumental in stirring up the public against the railroad, which in turn led to that organization’s eventual defeat at the polls. The direct result of that agitation was the election to the governorship of Hiram Johnson, the greatest reformer California has ever had, whose counterpart will be seen presiding over the state government at Helena—things being what they are—when the evergreens turn brown. California had corporations, and big ones, but they had enemies who fought and still fight them. What Montana newspaper, of any real significance, crusades against the copper interests?

Oswald Garrison Villard, the famous editor and critic of the press, found it difficult in 1930 to believe that anyone could seriously doubt the editorial force of the ACM. The company, he wrote, “has annexed a very considerable portion of the daily and weekly press of Montana. Why not? When you are really something bigger than the state itself why shouldn’t you control the organs of public opinion? The people
ought to get the truth; who could give it to them better than those whom chance and nature and good business enterprise have made controllers of the destiny of the Commonwealth?'\(^1\)

This reference to the weeklies is probably antedated by events, but if the weeklies are truly free they have not taken advantage of their position to fight copper, generally, nor have the independent dailies.

Villard is not known for his cheery optimism on matters of press freedom, but in ending this chapter on the Montana press he is even less hopeful than usual:

"Meanwhile the Company goes ahead. Its newspapers continue to boost all their friends and ignore their enemies, and they are silent about all the really vital issues."\(^2\)

Seventeen years have sped since these words were written, but the classical indictment of the company papers, then as now, is that they remain silent when they should speak. What worse crime can a newspaper commit?

The great mass of the weeklies are doubtless independent, but few of them have ever been caught in the act of printing stories or editorials that would result in broken windows in the Hennesey building.

Since no study of the relative editorial influence of the weekly and daily newspapers has been made in this state, it is anybody's guess as to just how potent the weeklies are, but if the reader will tune in to "Western Montana Weekly" on KGVO on Saturday, 5 p.m., he can measure the talent for himself. This roundup of weekly editorial opinion reveals the weekly editor to be something less than the William Allan White the grassroots journalists appear to admire so much. Generally, he appears to be doctrinaire and shallow, differing from his fellow oracles on the dailies on this point only in extent.

This lack of dynamic newspapers has resulted in a widespread intellectual stagnation, particularly noticeable in the fields of politics and economics. Even in the 'culture' (?) centers of the state, the state university, for example, the degree of political enlightenment is distressingly small.

It is shocking to students from other states to listen to the views of young men and women who grew up in the land of Burton Wheeler. The last campus congressional campaign was a farce. Of the student organizations I have seen, only the American Veterans Committee showed any ingenuity and vigor, as well as desire, in getting at the truth. Everywhere on the campus the issues were grossly misunderstood, but worse than that, indifference to the outcome was the common state of mind. This must be laid at the doors of the newspapers, which have so miserably failed to inform the electorate. Students took the view that the outcome was really immaterial since the ACM would remain in supreme control regardless of who was elected, and in that they were certainly justified.

The state is backward in so many phases of human activity. The schools are fairly well staffed and administered, but many of the rural institutions are little better than barns. The largest city, Butte, is a civic monstrosity. Graft


\(^2\)Ibid., pp. 85-86.
is King, and inefficiency the rule of government. The town has been shot through with tunnels and many of the buildings in town are sinking and cracking. The million dollar high school, newly built, is sinking along with the rest and will probably have to be abandoned some day. There is apparently little desire to raise the cultural level of the town, for to my knowledge no one has promoted the building of any place of public entertainment in order that the famous lecturers, entertainers, and musical organizations of the East might be commissioned to appear there. The resident of Butte who suggests raising a fund for an opera house will be famous for the rest of his days.

The second best known town, Missoula, is known as a homey place where stress is put on the rewards of sensible agriculture, and where a man may raise a family in peace and quiet, as contrasted with Butte, which has a reputation for toughness. The Missoula papers, though removed from the mining areas of Butte by 120 miles, follow the ACM line faithfully, but enjoy the position of being in an agricultural center somewhat divorced from the real area of interests of the company. But let us be fair. We should add that the Missoula papers do little positive harm; they are too dull to convince anyone of anything. Like Butte, Missoula isn’t what it could be. It is possible, I suppose, that the citizenry could be galvanized into a program of civic improvement, but somehow I can’t see the Missoulia beating the drum.

The state capitol, Helena, is the sounding board for ACM practices, and the residents know who is their master. The legislators have usually been paper-weight politicians with a horror of change; certainly a defensible attitude, for an ability to appreciate change implies the presence of what biologists refer to as intelligence.

The ACM is primarily responsible for this state of affairs, but it would never have come about had certain elements of the journalism profession refused to play that kind of game. And today? Modern editors may find some excuse for their lack of ethics since many Montana papers have always been prostituted journals, but 1947 is not 1900, and the same editors who prate so loudly about the bad conditions in national affairs, and who are as zealous as editors in the nation’s capitol to expose national frauds and evil practices would be more appealing to their posterity if they would admit their own moral bankruptcy.

George Seldes, a liberal who has fallen into the ways of communism, but who has hit the nail on the head more than once, examined the state of Montana journalism with a critical eye in 1935 and published his Freedom of the Press at that time. In it, he had this to say:

“One more illustration of the relations of big business and the press: the Montana copper companies, according to Mr. Villard, owned outright the following newspapers:

- Montana Standard of Butte
- Anaconda Standard
- Helena Independent
- Record-Herald of Helena
- Missoulian
- Sentinel of Missoula
- Billings Gazette
- Livingston Enterprise

The press of the state of Montana was heavily subsidized by the copper industry and many papers were run at a loss. The biggest and most powerful daily, the Tribune in Great Falls, was published by friends of the owners of
the Anaconda Copper Company. In 1920 W. A. Clark, Jr., son of the copper senator, established the fearless independent *Montana Free Press* at Butte. A whispering campaign and an advertiser's boycott caused the loss of $30,000 a month, and eventually the paper was sold to the Anaconda. Villard believes it would have succeeded if young Clark had held out a little longer. But even if it had paid for itself it is doubtful if it could have broken the monopoly of public information which the copper interests maintained. Of course the fact that Montana makes it a habit to elect enemies of copper to Congress is one of the many proofs that big business although controlling a large part of the press sometimes drives the electorate, grown suspicious of the newspapers, to defeat both the corporation and their political manikins.4

Seldes' use of the word 'monopoly' here is unfortunate, for ACM has never monopolized the press of Montana, nor will it ever, but the growing strength and numbers of the independent dailies will be significant only if these papers strike out boldly at the great enemy to press freedom in this state. So far they have not done this to any great extent. Then again we have cities such as Butte, a key city politically as the last election shows, where an independent paper will probably never find entry. Anyone who really doubts the power of ACM might well dwell on this unhappy fact for a while. Seldes supplies us with a case-in-point in his last chapter, which he titles 'The Honor Roll.' He mentions famous newspapers which have fought the good fight for press freedom in American history, and cites one Butte paper as an example:

There are additionally hundreds of smaller newspapers which are as free and independent and courageous and unbuyable as the large city papers. For many years the Butte *Daily Bulletin* which was published in an editorial room in which stood six loaded Winchester rifles and where revolvers lay alongside the typewriters of the reporters, carried on the fight in a state where the copper interests had corrupted the press. It was the sole support of Senator Wheeler. Businessmen did not like it, nor did the banks, and an advertising boycott broke it in 1930, just as it has broken free and independent papers in many cities.5

I do not see how Montanans can be proud of a state which allows such things as this.

5Seldes erred; the owner, Mr. O. S. Warden, operates an independent paper.
A Critic—and the Facts!

By EDWARD DOLAN and HERBERT JILLSON


Ostensibly Smurr’s article is a condemnation of a group of seven newspapers owned and operated in this state by the Anaconda Copper Mining Company. Less pretentiously it is a blanket indictment of the independent Montana press on the grounds that the independents are allowing themselves to be politically coerced. If not by word, the article does—by tonal inference—charge Montana’s independent newspapers with venality. Furthermore, in an effort to give his arguments a pseudo-literary smack, Smurr, intentionally or not, employs propaganda devices acceptable in light essays but unsuitable when applied to a supposed piece of factual research.

This is not an attempt to defend the Anaconda Copper Mining Company or its newspapers—notwithstanding what can be said for the personal integrity of the rank-and-file newsmen employed by the company press. Rather, it is a defense of the editors and publishers of Montana’s independent dailies and weeklies, and a challenge to the validity of Smurr’s statements.

Had Smurr contented himself with making a fair and unbiased evaluation of the strong influence exerted by the Anaconda Copper Mining Company newspapers, there would be little room for argument. But the article is not fair, not unbiased, and is based on preconception and unsound premise.

To give a ring of authenticity to his extreme and limited observations, Smurr quotes from only two sources: Oswald Garrison Villard and George Seldes.

In hedging on one point regarding the state’s press, Smurr discredits one of his sources when he states that Villard’s remarks are probably antedated. Smurr is only partially correct. Villard’s 1930 observations are completely out-of-date in 1947.

"The Montana Standard the Butte Daily Post, the Helena Independent-Record, the Missoulian, the Missoula Sentinel, the Billings Gazette, the Livingston Enterprise.

Montana’s independent newspapers consist of ten dailies and 101 weeklies. Source: Montana State Press Association and the 1947 Editor and Publisher Yearbook.

And George Seldes is not the man to quote on issues of distortion and dishonesty. As the editor of an undercover party-line publication, Seldes' opinion can only be taken for what it is: the word of a confessed distortionist.

The basic premise of Smurr's argument—that Montana's industrial economy is based on one commodity—is conjecture. Facts will not bear him out.

'Again from the Lyons article "Red Mouthpiece": "One enlightening episode is useful in estimating the value of Seldes's word on any subject. It is one inside story that never appeared in In Fact; In 1931 Seldes was entrusted with a number of articles in manuscript by Dr. Angelica Balabanoff, well-known Socialist writer. These dealt with aspects of the career of Mussolini, whom she had known before he turned Fascist. Seldes agreed to try and place these articles in American magazines. Years passed and Dr. Balabanoff did not hear from him. But in 1935, Seldes published a biography of Mussolini, See-dust Caesar. Included was one of the Balabanoff articles, without permission and without remuneration, but with a foot-note statement that she had written it for this book. Dr. Balabanoff was by that time an exile in America. She was horrified by the deceit but did not take legal action. Seldes, however, proceeded to add insult to the injury. He joined the staff of a new magazine, Ken, and soon an alleged Balabanoff article appeared in its pages, again without her knowledge or consent. Worse than that, he had rewritten and rearranged the manuscript, and revised the sense of many passages, to give it a strong pro-communist, pro-Stalin ring—this despite the fact that Dr. Balabanoff is violently anti-communist and anti-Stalin! This time the lady's patience cracked. She brought suit—Seldes confessed all in a letter dated May 3, 1939. He admitted changing the wording, rearranging ideas and paragraphs and 'misinterpreting' the supposed author's thought, then publishing the synthetic stuff without consulting Dr. Balabanoff.'

'From a chart "Weighted Index of Physical Production" covering the period 1930-1944 in Montana Production 1930-1946, by Dr. Roy J. W. Ely, Dept. of Economics, the Bureau of Business Research, Montana State University Bulletin No. 10.

Just where does the production of copper figure in Montana's economic life?

On the basis of physical production, the state's mining industry—taken as a whole—has ranked lower than either agriculture or lumbering since 1930, except for a three-year period, 1935-1938, when the physical production in the mining and lumbering industries exceeded that of agriculture.
Based on figures compiled by Dr. Roy J. W. Ely,7 the annual incomes from agriculture, mining, and lumbering for the representative years of 1940 and 1944 were as follows:

For the prewar year of 1940:
- Agriculture: $96,472,000
- Mining: 80,500,000
- Lumbering: 7,168,808

And for the year 1944:
- Agriculture: $226,156,000
- Mining: 89,479,000
- Lumbering: 14,297,000

In 1930, the income from Montana-produced copper was $25,504,378. In that year Montana's wheat production was valued at $20,128,000. In 1940 the income from copper was $28,564,366, while the income from wheat was $31,522,000. And Montana's combined wheat crop represents only a portion of Montana's annual agricultural income.

The following figures are based on the preliminary annual income releases for 1945:
- Copper: $23,969,520
- Livestock: 66,171,000
- Spring Wheat: 39,692,000
- Winter Wheat: 42,227,000
- Tame Hay: 22,344,000
- Sheep and Lambs: 19,047,000
- Wool: 10,542,000

On the basis of such figures it is not correct to state that Montana is a one-commodity state. To do so would mean giving the Anaconda Copper Mining Company more credit than it actually deserves. It also gives rise to the question: is Smurr, in conducting his skeleton-hunt, looking in the wrong closets?

Much of what Smurr has to say about Montana, its history, and its problems, is inaccurate, or, at best, put forward in vague generalization.

For Smurr to assert that in western Montana the Anaconda Company is supreme is to take too much for granted. In the light of Montana's production figures, it is questionable that the copper concern is the commercial and industrial tyrant her surface-critics would have us believe.

When Smurr states that "without ACM support any movement is bound to fail," he is disregarding the last primary election,10 the Hungry Horse project, the installation of which was made to stick with the National Administration in 1945, with the result that Hungry Horse dam is now authorized and has an appropriation for beginning construction."—from "Public Power in the Pacific Northwest" by Paul Raver, administrator of the Bonneville Power Administration, in Nation, Sept. 21, 1946.

The sources for Dr. Ely's figures are:
- Lumber—U. S. Forest Service, North Rocky Mountain Forest and Range Experiment Station, Missoula, Montana.

1Ely, loc. cit.
2In this election the whole nation was surprised when Erickson defeated Burton K. Wheeler. It was hailed as a "Montana miracle."
3"Western Montana, for many years, fought for approval of the Hungry Horse dam on the south fork of the Flathead river. As an isolated project, it was repeatedly termed financially infeasible. But three years ago it became apparent that if Hungry Horse Power were integrated with the Bonneville-Grand Coulee transmission system it could be made to pay out by providing much needed up-stream storage while assuring substantial down-stream power plant backing for broadening the transmission system into Western Montana and the Pacific Northwest as a whole. This story was made to stick with the National Administration in 1945, with the result that Hungry Horse dam is now authorized and has an appropriation for beginning construction."—from "Public Power in the Pacific Northwest" by Paul Raver, administrator of the Bonneville Power Administration, in Nation, Sept. 21, 1946.
lation of hydro-electric facilities at Fort Peck,11 Montana Study,12 or the company's inability to control elections in their Butte stronghold.13

When Smurr writes, "At the turn of the century three men, all of them mining speculators, F. Agustus Heinze, William A. Clark, and Marcus Daly, owned this state completely," he fails to add that these men were not aligned and that Heinze did not come into prominence until after Daly's death.14 Nor can informed opinion hold with his choice of words, "owned the state completely." The statement is too sweeping and does not take into account the railroad interests, stockraisers, farmers and a rapidly growing labor faction.

When Smurr baldly asserts that the state is backward in many phases of activity and directly associates this with Montana's schools, he is neither fair nor correct. At present, Montana annually expends $89 on every pupil in elementary and secondary schools—and on this expenditure ranks third in the nation. In 1940, 48 per cent of the nation's young people, 14 to 19, were enrolled in public or private secondary schools. In comparison to national average, Montana was over 56 per cent. Washington's 63 per cent was the highest in the nation. Montana's rank was ninth in the nation. In 1940 Montana ranked second in per capita circulation of 18 nationally advertised magazines. According to military tests, Montana's incidence of mental and educational deficiency per 100 registrants was 1.7. This was the sixth lowest rate in the nation. The national average was 4.6.15

Montana is not backward where education is concerned—nor is its school system. In common with the other inland western states, Montana's chief problem is one of sparsity. Montana is a big state.

When Smurr speaks of Montana's cities he cites Butte as a civic monstrosity, refers to Missoula as the second best known town, dismisses Helena as a sounding board for ACM practices, and ignores Billings and Great Falls. In doing this he gives an incomplete register of the state's urban

11 "The Utility (speaking of ACM's comrade-in-arms, Montana Power) opposed the Fort Peck power development on the ground that potential demand did not justify new facilities... with Great Falls labor and farmer group from eastern Montana represented the fight was won: installation of equipment to generate 105,000 kilowatts was authorized in May, 1938."—from Montana: High, Wide, and Handsome by Joseph Kinsey Howard, pp. 256-257.

12 "Up to now, however, the most effective regional program has been that of "The Montana Study," which is being carried on by the University of Montana under a grant from the Rockefeller Foundation—This movement has led to extensive self-analysis by the typical Montana community; and self-analysis has led in most cases to programs of self-improvement."—from "The Rise of Regionalism in the Mountain States" by Dr. Morris E. Garnsey, of the University of Colorado, in Nation, Sept. 21, 1946.

13 It is common knowledge that within the city of Butte the Company with its press almost never gets its candidates elected. It is almost a standing joke that the best way to get elected in Butte is to be opposed by the company.

14 A short account of the Clark-Daly-Heinze era can be found in Montana: High, Wide, and Handsome, by Joseph K. Howard, pp. 55-84.

15 These figures from Education—an Investment in People, by the committee on Education of the United States, Chamber of Commerce for 1945-46.
In matters pertaining to newspaper policy and the extent of newspaper influence, Smurr displays an accumulation of unsound and disassociated concepts. In his article, he devotes considerable space to "ifs," "buts," "ands," and "presumes" of the 1936 national election in relation to the newspapers' influence over the electorate. In reality, the issue over the "failing press" was clear. Frank Luther Mott, 1939 Pulitzer Prize historian, has written: "Thereupon ensued no little discussion upon the 'failing power' of the press. The history of American presidential elections, however, shows there never has been any considerable correlation, positive or negative, between majorities of papers bearing a given party's label editorially, and success at the polls."

When he decries the influence exerted over columnists by newspaper publishers and editors, Smurr overlooks completely the editors' responsibilities to their own policies and the fact that columns are bought and paid for pieces of merchandise. The columnist has no cause for a tantrum should the editor refuse to run it. He sold the column, and the strength of this transaction does not give him a free-rein over his subscriber's editorial policy. And this same relationship applies between radio commentators and network owners.

What is the extent of the Montana press that Smurr seeks to discredit? What makes up the group of newspapers — both company-owned and independently operated —that Smurr ties loosely in a bundle and charges with being sell-outs, prostituted journals, and controlled publications? And whose editors he accuses as morally bankrupt, doctrinaire, shallow, and who he infers are guilty of venal practices?

There is in Montana at this time a group of seven newspapers that can be called 'the company press.' They are the Montana Standard, the Butte Daily Post, the Helena Independent-Record, the Missoulian, the Sentinel, the Billings Gazette, and the Livingston Enterprise. They have a collective circulation of 75,278.

The circulation leader of this group of papers is the Billings Gazette: 20,765 daily. The largest combined figure is that of the Butte papers: 28,290 daily.

These papers are not "sell-outs." Nor are they "owned" or "controlled" in the Smurr-sense. Rather, they are the property of the Anaconda Copper Mining Company, and for profit or loss, better....
or worse, are operated by that company with full regard for taboos, sacred cows, and company policy. They must be taken for what they are. Certainly they will not subscribe to the views advanced by Smurr.

There are in this state ten independent daily newspapers. They are the Great Falls Tribune, the Great Falls Leader, the Bozeman Chronicle, the Miles City Star, the Havre Daily News, the Kalispell Inter-Lake, the Lewistown Democrat-News, the Dillon Tribune, the Carbon County News, and the Ravalli Republican. These newspapers have a collective circulation of 60,074. The circulation leader of the group is the Great Falls Tribune: 27,155. This is the largest single circulation in the state. The second largest circulation in this group is that of the Lewistown Democrat-News: 7,608 daily.

In addition, Montana has 101 weekly newspapers, including two liberal labor papers, with a collective circulation of 140,008. These independent newspapers—daily and weekly—advocate their own views, cater to their own communities, and take their own stand on matters of statewide importance when and where they see fit. There is no evidence that can be submitted that any of these papers have been guilty of venality or have advanced views other than their own.

Nor would it be correct to say that the independent dailies and weeklies are being whipped into the company-line by the use of advertising insertion orders. An examination of the state papers shows that the institutional or policy advertising being carried on by the Anaconda Copper Mining Company represents a 2-by-6 ad once a week—hardly enough to buy even a venal publisher’s soul.

The complexion of Montana’s newspaper publishing business is changing. There are three movements under way: (1) the development of an influential and liberal regional newspaper, (2) the coming of new publishers, and (3) the transition of weeklies into dailies.

The developing regional newspaper is the Great Falls Tribune. At present it has the largest and widest circulation. It is natural to assume that as newsprint becomes more plentiful the Tribune will increase the extent and scope of its influence.

The last two years have seen the influx of new blood into Montana’s newspaper structure. From Wyoming came Kenneth Byerly to buy the Lewistown Democrat-News, and Moses Jones to buy the Bozeman Chronicle. The weekly field saw the starting of the Hungry Horse News at Columbia Falls by Mel Ruter, the purchase of the Park County News by Fred Martin, the purchase of the Silver State Post at Deer Lodge by J. O. Gehrett, and the purchase of the Choteau Acantha by Jere Coffey.

Since the end of the war, three newspapers, the Ravalli Republican, the Kalispell Inter-Lake, and the Carbon County News have changed from weeklies to dailies. Smurr might find their modest outlay discouraging, but they denote the beginning of a new period in Montana’s publishing history.

But though the non-company press is independent, thriving, and growing in influence, few, if any, of them would rally to Smurr’s cause. Rather, they would question

*Circulation figures taken from Editor and Publisher and Montana State Press Association figures.
the accuracy of his thought.

The editor-publisher of the small daily or weekly has had experience with extremists. He is constantly being badgered by banner-wavers with axes to grind. He is a patient man. He has learned to count the good and bad things of life on his fingers. He stands for change—but he views rapid change with the alarm that can be only felt by a man who plans to eat three meals tomorrow and be solvent at the end of the month. He is a business man who thinks in the terms of what is best for his community—and he will not be distracted by those who would throw stardust in his eyes.23

And the experienced Montana newspaperman would raise an eyebrow when Smurr urges him to "crusade." A crusade, he has found, can be a two-edged sword. The responsible newsmen is distrustful of a crusade's emotional appeal. Many a circulation drive has hid behind the name of public morality, and many crusades have left the public more bemuddled and more ignorant of true conditions than before the campaign started. Reforms apparently accomplished have been "swept out with the first contrary political breeze." He accepts change—but he will not stampede. Reforms he initiates must be lasting.

And the weekly editor to whom Smurr says, "Establish your independence by printing stories that will result in broken windows in the Hennesey building," will be incredulous. He will not listen to a man who urges him to commit criminal libel.24

Smurr has every right to his own opinions (although we counsel research as a foundation for those opinions). But when Smurr undertakes to smear the entire press of Montana, in the face of facts which he either ignored or of which he is ignorant, we may seriously question his pretensions as observer or critic.


"No newspaper publisher will deny that he is in business to make money, but he will deny that his profit motive affects editorial policy to the detriment of the public interest. He is not socialistic or communistic because he sincerely believes that capitalism is the best economic system. If he opposes leftist ideas he does so in the interest of his readers as much as in his own, he declares. Insinuations of baseness of motive or cowardice in the face of pressure he bitterly resents."


"The fact that some campaigns undertaken in the name of public morality are actually drives for circulation and advertising revenues, that many campaigns leave the public more bemuddled and more ignorant of true conditions than before the campaign opened, and that reforms apparently accomplished are often swept out with the first contrary political breeze has not received the publicity in the newspaper columns that a complete exposition of affairs demands. In fact, it is difficult outside the newspaper office to distinguish between the crusades undertaken whole-heartedly for public benefit and those begun for personal gains alone."

25Arthur and Crosman, The Law of Newspapers, McGraw-Hill, 1940, p. 206. These authors define criminal libel by quoting Newell on Slander and Libel (fourth edition) p. 913: "Any publication which has a tendency to disturb the public peace or good order of society is a libel by the common law, and is indictable as such... the offense may consist in the tendency of the communication to weaken or dissolve religious or moral restraint, or to alienate men's minds from the established constitution of the state, or to engender hatred and contempt of the government, or the administration of public justice, or in general to produce some particular inconvenience or mischief, or to excite individuals to the commission of breaches of the public peace, or other illegal acts."
The Sixth Sense of
Joseph Finley

By WALLACE M. DAVIS

IT WAS exactly 7 and one-half
minutes past 3 o'clock on the
extremely sultry afternoon of Au­
gust 23rd that Joseph Finley dis­
covered what was causing his puz­
zling inability to concentrate on the
ledger sheets in front of him. He
had lately sensed a growing tension
in himself; at first he laid it to the
unusual heat, or to the persistence
of the headaches that were begin­
ning to nag him. Once or twice
he even wondered if perhaps 14
years at the same routine were not
too long.

(It did not occur to him, of
course, to blame his troubles on his
wife—as many husbands would
have—even though Ella Finley's
interminable hours of "vocalizing"
were enough to drive a man mad;
Joseph rarely thought of his wife
or her singing lessons during work­
ing hours, and then only absent­
mindedly, for his real thoughts
were always on his ledger sheets.)

He couldn't recall when he first
noticed that he was working by
fits and starts. His job—posting
accounts in the offices of Jerome
& Jerome, Exporters—was simple,
and he had always been one to be­
come engrossed in the routine,
repetitious task of transferring the
entries from the daily transaction
sheets to the ledgers. But he had
gradually grown restless and
edgy. He was beginning to notice
an odd jumpiness in his work. From
time to time, poised to in­
scribe an immaculate figure in its
precise column, he would abrupt­
ly hesitate, his right hand tensing
as it clutched the pen more tightly.
He would feel a barely im­
perceptible intake of breath, a
stiffening of the muscles of his
abdomen, a vague feeling of sus­
pension in space. For a long
moment he would thus be frozen
into immobility, until suddenly
the tension would snap and he
would proceed to make the entry
and continue with the smooth
rhythm of his work.

He might have gone on for
many more months, so absorbed
in his figures that he was no more
than vaguely conscious of the un­
easiness that was disturbing his
14th year of utter placidity, ex­
cept for the fact that a few min­
utes after 3 on this particularly
hot afternoon Joseph finished his
day's work. August 23rd was a
Monday, and with only Saturday's
half-day of business to record, he
would ordinarily have worked
slowly and deliberately, as he
hated the hour or two at the end
of the day which no conceivable
amount of men's-room visiting,
ink-well filling, or desk-tidying
could occupy.

But it had been an odd Mon­
day all the way around. All day
he had felt himself struggling against an impulse which made him rush frantically for a few minutes, and then suddenly halt in that strange state of suspension. He felt disorganized and hap­hazard, and in no condition to spread out his work methodically. It was with a good deal of irri­tation at himself and his strange frustration that he laid down his pen and raised his slightly stooped shoulders to glare at the electric clock on the wall opposite, the clock that had measured every hour of the 14 years that Joseph Finley had spent in the employ of Jerome & Jerome, Exporters.

It was 5 minutes after three, he noted, and 2 full hours remained of the stifling, humid afternoon. Now that the absorbing routine of his work had ceased, he was im­mediately overcome by the sultriness of the room. His body broke out in rivulets of perspiration all at once. He continued to glare at the big round face of the clock while his right hand fumbled in his hip pocket for a handkerchief to mop up the heavy beads of sweat on his face and the top of his baldish head.

Suddenly he felt the peculiar tension of the muscles of his right hand, the slight intake of breath, the stiffening of his abdomen. For the first time his conscious mind, free from figures, really focused on this involuntary suspension of his breathing apparatus. For sev­eral long seconds he sat on his high stool, poised with held breath, his right hand arrested as it reached for his handkerchief. The clock, as was its habit, went ker-LUNK!

Instantly Joseph’s breathing re­sumed, and his right hand con­tinued its probing into his hip pocket. Joseph took his handker­chief and mopped at his face, and realized that he knew what had been upsetting him.

The clock was an old one—it was not new when Joseph had come to work, fresh out of busi­ness college. It was an electric clock, but it was doubtless the original and pioneer model of electric clocks, and operated on a principle that had long since been outmoded by newer designs. Its hands did not travel in the steady imperturbable swing of the sleek modern models, but by some ob­solete principle of clockwork saved up their energy for exactly two and one-half minutes, where­upon they advanced that precise distance with a firm and resound­ing ker-LUNK.

All day, every working day for 14 years, Joseph had worked in the same room with a clock that impassively and ‘mutely awaited the passage of exactly two and one-half minutes and then ker­LUNKed itself to catch itself up with time. Its methodical ker­LUNK! had long since gone un­noticed by Joseph as the other sounds which his mind shut out as it pored over the endless strings of figures in his ledgers — the rattle of the trolleys outside the open window, or the intermittent clatter of the typewriter in the next room as the firm’s corre­spondence was typed out in three languages.

But the realization that he had somehow become attuned to the relentless rhythm of the clock seemed at first such a childish no­tion that Joseph was not immedi­ately prepared to accept it. He mopped away at the streams of perspiration and busied himself by straightening up the surface of his desk. Joseph was not a man of imagination or introspec­
tion, and it was natural for him to assume that the heat, or just plain "nerves," was making him jumpy. The clock had simply got on his nerves. But he was hardly well started on the evening chore of wiping his pens, when he felt a recurrence of the tension, the stiffened abdomen, the held breath. Again, exactly as before, he waited involuntarily, his right hand clenched, until the metallic ker-LUNK! broke the spell and he was released from the momentary bondage of the clock on the wall in front of him.

Impulsively, he jumped down from his stool and hastened into the men's room. He could not tolerate any such nonsensical affliction. He was disgusted with himself for imagining that a simple electrical device could start and stop him against his will. He slammed the men's-room door and slipped home the bolt, acutely aware of the closeness of the air in the small, badly-ventilated place. He waited, peering at his watch by the light that filtered in through the transom. Minutes went by; ten, fifteen. His clothing became drenched with perspiration. Finally, half convinced that he had imagined the whole thing, he emerged into the hall and returned to his small office.

As though it had been deliberately timed, his entrance into his office set off the weird sequence of reactions precisely as before. He stood paralyzed in the center of the room for the few seconds which he now recognized as the inevitable prelude to the ker-LUNK! which would release him, and when it finally came he suddenly felt limp, angry, helpless.

Joseph climbed up on his stool and cast about for some solution to the amazing condition he found himself in. The thought of working—or existing in the same room with that fiendish timepiece was unendurable. It had been bad enough before, when he had been unconscious of its effect on him. But now it was impossible—now that he knew that every two and one-half minutes he would have to go through that incredible suspension of activity.

He was seized with a sudden rage. He would smash the confounded thing. He glared wildly about the room for something to smash it with, but everything was either firmly attached to the floor or was too flimsy.

A better, craftier, idea occurred to him. Smashing the clock was after all too rash, for how could it be explained—what possible rational reason could the methodical, humdrum Joseph Finley give for such a violent act? No, he had to get rid of the clock in some other way. He knew what he would do: he would tamper with it, fiddle with its controls and make it lose and gain time so erratically that they would have to take it down and put up a modern kind. One that would hum, like the one in Ella's kitchen, not ker-LUNK! like this devilish contraption.

He glanced over his shoulder to see that he was not observed, and carried his stool over and placed it beneath the clock. He had thought of unhooking it from the wall, expecting to find the usual adjusting knobs on the back, but he was surprised to discover that the clock was firmly bolted to the wall. It was solid and substantial, and utterly immovable. Its smooth porcelain exterior and heavy glass dial were as impenetrable as a steel safe. He pound-
ed impotently on the sides of the clock with his fists, in the vain hope that he could dislocate its works somehow; but he might as well have banged on a bank vault.

The smug self-sufficiency of the clock maddened him. He felt a resurgence of his impulse to snatch up some heavy object and smash in its placid face. He clenched his fists in frustration, desperately trying to think of something handy that he could use. He was so pre-occupied that he did not notice Mr. Jerome, Sr., standing in the open door of the office, regarding him with some curiosity, not to say alarm.

"What in the world," Mr. Jerome, Sr., said in his formidable bass, "are you doing up there, Finley?"

Joseph realized that he must look extremely foolish standing on a bookkeeper's stool, with his fists clenched, under an electric clock. He scrambled down, conscious of his burning face but even more conscious of the awe which Mr. Jerome, Sr., had inspired in him ever since the business college had sent him over for a terrifying interview 14 years before.

"I—uh—I was just trying to set the clock. It's—uh—losing time again."

"Losing time?" Mr. Jerome, Sr., exclaimed incredulously. "That's nonsense! Never loses time. Never gains time. Finest clock we could buy—cost us plenty of money when we put it in."

"Well—," Joseph said, lamely, "It seemed like it was losing time."

"Let's see," said Mr. Jerome, Sr., reaching into his vest pocket to extract a heavy gold watch. "Set this by Jack Benny last night—naval observatory time." He compared the watch with the clock time. "Hmm," he said, shaking his head. "A little slow at that. Couple of minutes, anyway. Don't understand it. Never gave us any trouble before—had it for years."

Suddenly Joseph again felt the strange tugging sensation in his right hand, and in spite of his deliberate effort to resist it, he experienced the sharp, almost imperceptible intake of breath and the brief stiffening of his abdominal muscles.

The clock went ker-LUNK! and the minute-hand jumped two and one-half minutes.

"There!" said Mr. Jerome, happily. "Right on time. That's the way it works, you know. Jumps like that, and then it's right on the beam." He slipped his watch back into his vest-pocket. "Finest clock money could buy."

"I know," Joseph said miserably.

Mr. Jerome looked at him sharply. "Are you quite all right, Finley? You look a little peaked."

Joseph leaned dispiritedly against his desk, and mopped his face with his handkerchief. "Oh, I'm all right," he said weakly.

"Look, my boy," Mr. Jerome said, "It's the heat. Hottest day of the year. You'd better knock off for the day. No good letting the weather get you down."

"Yes sir," Joseph said, weakly. Overcome by the humiliation of his enslavement to the insufferable clock on the wall, he began to put things away for the night. Unaccountably, he felt the peculiar tugging of the muscles of his right hand.

Joseph was startled to hear himself say, "Yes, it does look like it might rain, at that."

Mr. Jerome, who had hesitated at the door on his way back to his own office, turned quickly and said, "What's that?"
"I said I guess it will rain, at that." Joseph frowned. "I—uh—I thought you said it looked like it was going to rain."

"I guess I was about to say it," Mr. Jerome said. "Probably be raining cats and dogs in an hour. That's what I was about to say."

He seemed slightly confused by Joseph's remark. "Funny thing—" he began, as though a vague paradox had occurred to him.

"Well, anyway," he said, shrugging, "better get home and take a good rest. Finest thing in the world for you:"

"Yes sir," Joseph said, and took down his seersucker coat. Something strange had just happened, and he wasn't at all sure what it was. With the feeling of escaping from some evil influence, he hurriedly shoveled his ledgers into their shelves, and made his way hastily out of the building.

Outside on the street he felt better. The first rain-drops of the late afternoon shower were beginning to spatter down, and the air was beginning to cool slightly. He was tremendously relieved to be out of the office and away from the strange atmosphere that the place had acquired. The fresh air seemed to revive him a bit, and he bought his evening paper with his customary feeling of pleasure, for he enjoyed the long streetcar ride out to Crescent Heights, during which he had ample time to study the sports page.

He took his usual position underneath the awning of the bank building on the corner to await his car. He flipped his paper open to the baseball news, after peering vainly up the street to try to make out if the next car would be marked "Crescent Heights," since the cars of six routes passed this corner. He shrugged, resignedly, for the next car was still too far away, and began to read the breathless discussion of tomorrow's double header, which might determine second place in the American League. More people gathered under the awning as the shower turned into a downpour, all of them—Joseph thought bitterly—probably waiting for the Crescent Height car.

He was halfway through the third paragraph, absorbed in the local club's problem of hitting knuckleball pitching, when he felt the strange tightening of the muscles of his right hand. Just a slight stiffening it was, barely perceptible, but it was unmistakable. In response to some hidden urge, he edged slowly through the crowd and walked dazedly through the rain out to the safety zone. A streetcar clattered down the street and ground to a stop directly in front of him; it was, miraculously, the Crescent Heights car, and he had the seldom-experienced joy of being the first of the crowd to push aboard. Moreover, he actually found a seat.

Joseph did not resume his reading of the sports page. He was more than a little unnerved by this new manifestation of the strange power that seemed to possess him. Somehow, he appeared to have acquired an implausible ability to know something was going to happen before it happened. He could explain about the clock, he thought: maybe after 14 years he had simply begun to jump in two and one-half minute intervals in cadence with it. But he felt positive he had known Mr. Jerome was about to say "It looks like rain," or at least something inside him made him hear him say it, before he actually did say it. Yes, that was it. He didn't really hear him say it,
come to think of it. He simply knew, by some mysterious power, what Mr. Jerome was going to say. And the same mysterious power had told him that the next car coming down the street would be the Crescent Heights streetcar.

Joseph Finley, as has been said, was not of an introspective or adventurous nature. His life had for 14 years been lived according to a pattern of almost machinelike regularity, and it revolved almost completely around Jerome & Jerome, Inc., the neighborhood movies, and the American League. He always ate the same breakfast, always took the same streetcar at the same time, always did the same routine work, and nothing out of the ordinary had ever happened to him in his entire lifetime. The events of this afternoon had made him distressed and unhappy, filled with a vague fear of an unknown, malignant force. As the streetcar rattled through the rain he felt his head throb more insistently, and he could not keep his attention focused on the sports page. He sat, staring with worried eyes, apprehensive lest he again feel another visitation of the weird symptoms, until finally the car arrived at his customary stop in Crescent Heights.

The "Heights" was not heights at all, but merely an "addition" which had long ago been engulfed by further "additions." Joseph ran the half-block from the carstop to his house, head down to keep the rain out of his face. The house was dark. This was most peculiar, for Ella, however much she might scorn his passion for punctuality, usually managed to have his supper on time. Then he remembered that he was home nearly a full hour early tonight. Where had Ella said she was going this afternoon? Shopping? A movie? Oh yes, her voice lesson! This was Monday. He winced; she would probably spend the evening at the piano, screaming at the top of her lungs, and he would have to see the double-feature again.

Joseph was carefully hanging his suit on the back porch to dry, when he heard Ella drive, the car into the garage. As he heard the garage door being slammed shut, he felt the twitching in his right hand, distinctly, urgently. Suddenly, he heard his wife's voice in his mind's ear, clear as a bell, and it said, "Well, what are you doing home this time of day?" It was unmistakable. He shook his head sharply, refusing to believe what he had heard, and went into the bedroom to find some dry clothes. He heard Ella's footsteps as she came onto the porch, into the kitchen, through the hall, and into the bedroom.

"Well," said Ella, "What are you doing home this time of day?"

Joseph dropped the trousers he had started to put on, and, white-faced, sat down heavily on the bed and stared unbelievingly at his wife.

"What's the matter—do I look funny?" Ella asked, and turned to the dressing-table mirror and dabbed critically at the lipstick on her lower lip. She said, "It's a funny time for you to be home!"

Joseph continued to sit, immobile and fascinated. Every single word that Ella had uttered he had heard a split-second before she spoke. It was insane to believe any such thing, but nevertheless it was true. He had heard it.

He said, "They sent everybody home. Too hot." He watched as Ella squirmed out of her best dress, nervously waiting for the next tensing of his right-arm muscles.
As Ella finished hanging up the brightly-flowered print and began to pull a housedress over her head, he suddenly said, "Well, go ahead and say it!"

Ella stopped abruptly, and poked her blonde head out from under the folds of her dress. "Say what?" she asked sharply. "You were going to say, 'Get some pants on.'"

It was Ella's turn to be startled. "I was not!" she said, but it was a lie, as both of them knew. She finished pulling the dress on, visibly shaken. "What's got into you?" she cried, staring at him. "You look — you look sort of crazy!"

Joseph reached down for his trousers and slipped them on. "I don't know," he finally said. I think I need a drink."

Joseph mixed himself a stiff highball and took it into the living-room, while Ella got dinner ready. Ella had said he looked crazy. Well, maybe he was. But—if he were crazy he would only imagine he heard voices. As it was, he not only imagined the voices, but immediately thereafter he actually heard the same voices. He downed half his drink at a gulp and tried to analyze the situation so that it would make sense. He got nowhere.

The whiskey was just beginning to relax him a little when he suddenly tossed off the last swallow and jumped up, saying "I'm coming!" He was halfway to the kitchen before he realized that his wife had not actually said, "Dinner's ready." As he took his seat at the table, Ella regarded him tensely, a worried expression knitting her round, slightly pouty face. There was no conversation at dinner.

This was, in a way, just as well, because lately Ella had been acting very strangely and it was easy to touch off a quarrel, especially about Ella's recent revival of interest in her "voice" and Joseph's utter lack of interest in it, a lack of interest which amounted to disinterest. Over and above the fact that all he really cared about was his job, baseball, and the movies, Joseph thought Ella's voice terrible, and could not see how this Maurice, Ella's new teacher, could possibly think any differently.

Joseph ate his dinner distractedly, avoiding Ella's sharp glances. When it was finally over, he escaped to the living room to listen to the evening sports broadcast, anxious to know whom the home team expected to pitch against the Senators tomorrow. He had hardly settled himself before the radio, when he became aware of Ella standing behind him. Instantly, his right hand began its—by now—familiar twitching.

Joseph heard himself say, "So you think I'm crazy?"

Ella stalked around to stand before him. "Joe Finley," she said, "I've stood just about all this nonsense I can! What in hell are you trying to put over on me?"

"I'm not trying to put anything over on you. I'm listening to the radio. Or trying to."

"You know what I mean," she cried, sharply. "Coming home in the middle of the day. Pretending to read my mind. Talking like a crazy man. You can't fool me. You're up to something!"

"I can't read your mind!" Joseph said, not sure whether he was telling the truth or not. "It's just that — that — that — well, I just seem to know what you're going to say, that's all."

"Phooey!" said Mrs. Finley. "It's all the same thing. Come
on, I dare you. Read my mind. What’s in my mind right this minute?”

Joseph said, “Frankly, I don’t give a damn.”

The remainder of the evening they spent in stony silence. Ella sulked in the bathroom, and Joseph, driven almost to distraction awaiting the next fateful twitching of his right hand, finally crawled into bed, to spend a restless, dream-haunted night. He awoke nervous and jittery and got up noiselessly lest he disturb Ella. He ate his customary breakfast hastily, shaved recklessly, and escaped from the house with the same feeling, he noticed, that he had had when he rushed out of the office the night before.

This thought slowed his steps. He had forgotten about the clock—that electrically-driven monster that jerked him around every two and one-half minutes. He couldn’t go to work! The thought appalled him. He had never missed a day’s work in 14 years, and the idea of not going to work had not once entered his mind.

Riding downtown on the streetcar, he pondered his difficulty. No matter how he tried to make up his mind to ignore the whole thing, whenever he thought about entering his office he grew shaky and tense. By the time the streetcar arrived downtown, his conviction was desperate, but final: he simply had to stay away from that confounded clock. He would take the day off, relax, divert himself. He would try not to think of hand-twitchings and tension in the abdomen.

He thought of going to the ballgame, but game time was hours away. The whole morning spread before him and he hadn’t the slightest notion how to spend the time. First, he went into a drugstore and called Mr. Jerome. He was astonished to discover that his terrifying new power worked just as strongly over the telephone, for Mr. Jerome’s booming voice in the receiver was merely an echo of what Joseph had heard in his mind’s ear an instant before. Distractedly he put down the receiver after twice hearing, so to speak, Mr. Jerome’s hearty assurance that a day off would do him a world of good.

Joseph emerged from the phone booth even more distraught than when he entered it. The strangely double-barrelled conversation still ringing in his ears, he climbed dazedly onto a stool at the lunch counter and dully ordered a cup of coffee. As the waitress set the coffee before him, he suddenly felt his hand twitch, and involuntarily he blurted out, “No—I never use sugar!”

He looked up into the startled eyes of the waitress, whose pleasant good-morning smile faded at the realization that her question had been answered before it was asked. Joseph glared at her wildly, as astonished as she was. He gulped a mouthful of hot coffee, fumbled in his pockets for a coin, and rushed blindly out of the drugstore, his cheeks blazing in a sudden agony of embarrassment and confusion.

He walked aimlessly up the street, desperate for a clue to the strange power that possessed him and for a method of throwing it off. But he found it was impossible, even in the broad daylight of a city street, to shake the dread twitchings and their instantaneous premonitions. At the curb, he found himself stepping ahead of the crowd a fraction of a second before the light went green; as for
the corners without traffic-lights, he could have crossed any of them blindfolded, for the infallible twitchings would warn him that a taxicab or a truck was bearing down on him.

Whatever he did, wherever he turned, his amazing foreknowledge stayed with him. His head began to ache intensely from the strain of attempting to outwit it, for it seemed to increase in adaptability as he experimented with new fields. He tried apartment stores, he had his hair cut, he listened to a soap-box orator in the Square. It made no difference what he did—it all seemed to have an accursed familiarity to which he had in some fantastic fashion become attuned, as he had to the clock. He even made the ghastly discovery that he could foretell the dialogue of the movie into which he had rushed in the hope of finding refuge.

He lunched on candy bars and peanuts from a vending machine, for he could not face the prospects of another repetition of the coffee incident. As he munched on the peanuts, he concentrated, despite his throbbing head, on what he had learned of this maddening state of affairs. He had a feeling that somehow he had got inextricably enmeshed in a terrible pattern of some kind—as though he were functioning helplessly as a cog in a huge machine whose every party had become microscopically intimate. The clock, Mr. Jerome, his wife, the streetcar, the movies—all these had become so utterly familiar in their every operation that he had finally acquired a sixth sense about them. He didn’t know. He couldn’t think. His whole life had been one of routine and repetition. Was this the price he was to pay?

With a dismal sense of foreboding, he made his way out to the ball park. Not once in 14 years, except for holidays, had Joseph seen a ball game on a Tuesday, and ordinarily he would have been filled with unrepressed elation. All morning he had tried to tell himself that, whatever else might fail, his extraordinary prescience could not function in a major-league ball game. Nobody knew what was going to happen in a ball game. He took his seat in the grandstand, just above first-base, and waited for the first pitch, his face gaunt, his fists clenched.

As the pitcher wound up to deliver the ball, Joseph felt the ominous, sinister twitch. He jumped to his feet as the pitcher threw, and burst out, “IT’S A HOMER!” in a high-pitched, piercing scream.

He did not wait to watch the leadoff hitter of the Washington Senators slam the ball for the longest homerun ever hit in that ballpark, for he was scrambling hysterically through the crowd and out of the roaring grandstand, down the ramps, and into the street.

Hardly bothering to notice what streetcars he was boarding, for he let his demoniac twitchings tell him when to transfer, Joseph was transported to Crescent Heights. All during the long trip to the suburbs he held his splitting head in his hands and tried to suppress the sobs that shook his frame. Everything, he now saw, literally everything in his world had become, to him, completely predictable. Year after year he had done the same things over and over, until at last, at 7 and one-half minutes after 3 on August 23rd, he had begun to beat in the cosmic rhythm that seemed to control all the occurrences of his daily life.

Listlessly he climbed off the streetcar in Crescent Heights and
walked, as if in his sleep, to his house. He did not know why he had come home; he certainly had no desire to see Ella or hear that voice of hers twice over every time she spoke. He felt impotent; he was an automaton. He had simply come home in response to some dim, uncontrollable homing urge.

Ella rushed out of the bedroom at the sound of the door latch. She was dressed in her best dress, had her new hat on, and carried her purse. By the piano were two new suitcases she had insisted on buying a few months before.

Joseph stood with his back to the door, his head throbbing, and stared dully at her. Suddenly his arm twitched, violently, and his haggard face twisted in a grimace of pain.

"Well," said Ella, grimly. "I had the right hunch, all right."

Joseph continued to stare at her unseeing, aware only of the new and piercing intensity of the shrill voice in his brain which spoke Ella's words the instant before she herself spoke them. Each syllable was like a dagger, filling his pulsating head with an unbearable, resonant shriek.

The mad sound, followed instantly by Ella's girlish soprano, continued.

"Sure—I'm walking out. God knows how you found that out, but I am. Maurice is taking me to New York. New York! Do you understand?"

Impulsively he clapped his hands over his ears to shut out the sound of her voice, as if by stopping Ella's thin tones he could blot out the horrible reverberations that preceded it.

"Shut up!" he cried. "Shut your damned silly mouth!"

Ella stepped back, clutching her purse, alarmed at the fanatic glare in his tormented eyes.

"Don't come near me!" she screamed.

"I said shut up!" Joseph shouted, moving toward her threateningly. "Get out—do anything—just don't say another damned word."

"Yes—yes!" Ella cried, frightened out of her wits. "You are crazy. Maurice said so, too. Maurice gave me——" She fumbled in her purse, frantically. "Maurice gave me this!" In her hand was a small pistol, which she shak ingly pointed at Joseph as she backed away.

His face knotted with the pain of the terrible impact of the sounds in his head. He would not be able to endure the monstrous convulsions of sound that would echo and re-echo, burst and roar in his brain if he could not make Ella stop her horrible talking. He shuddered, helplessly. He was trapped, doomed to suffer the unbearable torture of hearing everything everybody said—Mr. Jerome, his wife, movie actors, everybody—amplified thousands upon thousands of times, in that split second before they spoke. It wasn't just Ella. It was the whole routine, ordinary, familiar, terrible world. How in God's name could he escape?

Impulsively, he took another step toward Ella, who kept her eyes fixed hypnotically on his wildly intense, pain-racked face. She backed away until abruptly she felt her body against the piano in the corner.

"Keep away from me!" she screamed. "You're crazy! I'll—I'll shoot you!" She gestured hysterically with the pistol.

Closer and closer Joseph came, steadily, inexorably. A look of determination and purpose came into
his feverish eyes. Suddenly his face contored in a supreme agony of pain, while simultaneously he rushed toward her, his fists clenched, his sobbing breath bursting from his body.

Ella’s hysterical scream and the deafening explosion of the pistol in the little room were of no surprise whatever to Joseph Finley. For that matter, they were merely meaningless, inevitable echoes.

For he had heard them, of course, just a split second before.

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**Survival**

*By MARY B. CLAPP*

With ease I split the kindling fine or thick,
To splinters that will flame like candle-wick,
Or two-by-twos to make machine-gun racket,
Or four-by-fours, for wandering flames a magnet.
And I laugh to think how once the ways of axes
Had seemed as puzzling to me as parallaxes.

But now because of an arthritic hand
More ways than axes’ I can understand.
No doubt some force slips easily along my arm,
But in the trick of balance lies the charm.
So, making my grip a fulcrum, lax but true,
I merely direct what sharpened weight can do.
ONE of us girls at the office felt that we knew Peggy any too well. Certainly none of us disliked her. She was quiet and invariably pleasant. In a way she was easy to look at, tall and slim, with smooth blonde hair. And efficient! Heavens, she could accomplish more than any two of us, with half the effort. She never got in the boss’s hair the way one or another of us often did.

Agreeable as she was, she never really joined in our fun. We would have a silly joke now and then that would send all of us off into hysterics. Hearing us laughing, she would look up, smile in a pleased way, and then go right back to her work. Only rarely would she join us at lunch. As a rule, she brought a sandwich from home and ate it at her desk, making the excuse to us that she had a book she wanted to finish. We thought she really ought to get a little fresh air.

On one of those rare occasions when she did have lunch with us, Peggy seemed to want to tell us about her family. She had received a letter the day before from her brother Don, three years younger than she, who was in the Navy. He was really all the family she had, she told us. Their parents had died when both she and Don were little, and their grandmother had raised them.

“Grandmother died when Don was in college,” she said. “I was out of school and working then. So I helped him as much as I could. Then the war came along and he enlisted. He writes me all about his work in the Navy, and now that the war is over, about some of the places he has seen.” She didn’t tell us much more, but we gathered that Peggy’s life was actually quite full of nothing but Don, and that his letters were the most important events in her days.

After that, we often discussed Peggy and her colorless life. We had long serious talks about ways to start a subtle campaign to get her interested in something besides Don and her books. She ought, we decided, to make herself over, dramatize herself, as the magazines say. New clothes, a new hair style—not that anything was wrong with her present appearance—but something to brighten her outlook. Perhaps another man in her life, we thought. We were going to rescue her from this suspended state of existence that we believed she was in. But we found no opportunity to start our campaign, until one Tuesday in April.

Peggy was late to work on that particular Tuesday. That in itself was irregular enough to cause com-
ment. And when she flung open the door at five past nine and came into the office with a light of real excitement in her eyes and her hair actually rumpled, we knew something had happened. "I'm awfully sorry," we heard her explaining to Mr. Harrison. "I had a telegram from my brother this morning, and it made me so excited I missed my bus."

"That's all right, Miss Wells," said the boss. He was having important conferences that week and was not to be bothered with secretaries.

We all flocked around Peggy and demanded to hear what was up. "Don is coming home," she announced. "He's just been discharged, and he'll be home tomorrow. I suppose it's silly to get so excited," she said, trying to appear casual. "But I haven't seen Don for a year and a half, and I guess you know he means a good deal to me."

We did know. In fact we were delighted: a real event in our Peggy's life. We insisted that she have lunch with us, and we made her tell us more about Don. "He's tall," she said, "and not very good-looking; he likes fishing and canoe trips and skiing, and things like that." We interrupted to ask how long he would be staying. "Why," she said, "I hadn't thought about that. His home is really here with me now. But I suppose he'll want to get back to law school as soon as possible. And I do want him to finish school. I hope he'll stay here as long as he can, though," she added wistfully.

We had a sudden inspiration. Why couldn't she bring Don to lunch one day so that we could all meet him? "That's a wonderful idea!" she agreed. "I was thinking of asking for the morning off tomorrow to meet his train. Then I could bring him right here to lunch. You'll like him, I know."

We certainly would.

"Take the whole day off tomorrow," we told her. "Show Don around the town after lunch, and make him take you out to dinner and dancing or something. We'll fix it up with the boss. He won't be difficult. These conferences ———. In fact," we said on an impulse absolutely inspired, "Peggy, why don't you take this afternoon off, too, and go shopping for a really special new hat in honor of Don's arrival?"

Peggy considered this and then smiled. "Yes, I will," she said. "If you're sure Mr. Harrison won't mind." We were sure. Peggy walked part way back to the office with us. We instructed her to meet us next day, with Don, at the little coffee shop where we lunched on very special occasions. Then she left us and went gaily off to shop for the special hat. We had never seen her so happy. This was a new Peggy; probably, we told each other, the real Peggy. The rest of that afternoon we could talk of little else than Peggy and Don. If Mr. Harrison hadn't been so wrapped up in his conferences, he would have been quite cross with us.

On Wednesday we all wore our best suits and hats, to impress Don. At lunch time, we trooped off to our little coffee shop, found a table big enough for all of us, and waited. Peggy and Don were a little late; so we decided to order, because we did have to get back to the office. The orders came, but Don and Peggy didn't. Now we were getting worried. What could have happened? We ate our lunches and sat around a little longer, still hoping. At last, quite
depressed, we made our way back to the office. We were forty-five minutes late as it was. Mr. Harrison, on the way to a conference, reprimanded us briefly; but we were too low in spirit even to care.

We plodded through the afternoon. About three-thirty Peggy came in, quietly. She had on her best black suit; her hair was done a new way, and she was wearing the special hat. It really was a dream, too.

We started to demand an explanation, but Peggy's expression stopped us short. She took the hat off mechanically and went over to her desk, and just stood there with the hat in her hand and that shattered look on her face. We waited. Finally she began, "I'm sorry about lucheon, girls. Don came all right, but——" she looked around without seeing any of us. "Don is married," she said. We let out the breath we had been holding. "He was married day before yesterday in San Diego to a girl he met when he was stationed there two years ago. Her name is Barbara. He never wrote much about her. She seems very lovely, but I hadn't really counted on anything like——." She looked down at her new hat, which was still in her hand. "Here's my new hat, do you like it?" She held it up for us to see. Then she put it down on her desk, and sat down slowly in her chair. She sat looking at the hat for a moment more, then buried her head in her arms on the desk and began to cry quite dismally.

And we couldn't think of a single thing to say to her.

Rondelay

By BOB WYLDER

The beauty of spring is a glorious thing,
A pageant of orchards a-glow,
Till a petulant breeze rocks the apple trees
And the petals fall like snow.

The wonder of spring is a delicate thing
And the season itself is its foe,
For a jealous breeze smites the cherry trees
And the petals fall like snow.

The glory of spring is a transient thing,
For the riots of bloom soon go.
A demoniac breeze flays the apricot trees
And the petals fall like snow.

So all through the spring like a frenzied thing
I must hasten to view the show,
For I know the breeze hates the lovely trees
And the petals will fall like snow.
Interiors

By MARJORIE KARLIN

I.

You visited the shuttered rooms of my mind,
Bringing twigs to start a fire to the cold grate
And sunlight and air and talk that
Swooped into the high-ceilinged corners
Where now the echoes hang like cobwebs.
You admired the figurines on the mantel,
The thin sandwiches and tea:
You left the imprint of your head upon the pillow
Of the guest room bed
And ashes upon the Axminster rug.
I have not yet reached for duster and for mop....
I sit in my spindle-legged chair straining for
The last faint crunch of your footsteps
Upon the neatly-gravelled walk.

II.

Were there miles between,
Unfamiliar houses, hayricks, barns,
Streets of cities, seas of the world,
Only the fragile link of letters, three
Minutes voiced yearning by long-distance phone,
We would be closer than now.
Face to face with a foot of grey sidewalk between,
We are farther than diamonds behind a plate-glass
Window from the covetous passerby.
III.
I walk in the wind-blowing darkness
Unlaced from the girdle of daytime constraint,
With my Domesday book in hand.
"Failure to communicate" is scrawled hugely
Across the page.
The spectre that peers over my shoulder strides
Beside me now.
Softly it urges: "Say that you know what is
Meant you to know, untrapped by coy, expected
Generality, trivia of day's slow passage."
But I know only
That in tomorrow's bright impersonal day I will
Look away
From your warm-mouthed, guarded face to my
Struggling toes
And speak of those who live just around the corner.

IV.
Certainty is like a round yellow Dutch cheese,
Held firmly in the hand.
It's weight is a true weight,
Its shape unvarying, definitive.
The red wax covering speaks cheerfully
Of the delight that waits within. . .
It is long since I have eaten of it.
They do not export it nowadays, I am told.

V.
God had been absconded by the pious.
We erected new altars to mortals
And watched helplessly swift destruction
Or slow rot of the gilded wood.
We salvaged fragments on which to
Place our offerings to the strong voodoo
Of ambition
And witnessed a burning to ashes.
Numbly we scattered ashes on the wind,
We fled to libraries and there with the ripe
Voices of times further than last year
We won Him back again.
Scientists for Survival

By J. H. RUSH
Secretary-Treasurer, Federation of American Scientists

August 14, 1945. The war was over. The nation took time out to laugh, and cry, and perhaps to pray.

But not the atomic bomb workers in the great plants at Oak Ridge, Tennessee. Over the radio and in notices on the bulletin boards, the order had gone out: all personnel would report or work as usual in the event of a Japanese armistice. Within the week the army had posters up all over the reservation. OUR FIRST OBJECTIVE HAS BEEN ATTAINED, they told us. EVERY MAN MUST STAY ON THE JOB TO MAKE THE PEACE SECURE.

I do not mean to suggest here that the atomic scientists organized in protest at being denied a holiday, but that the order, and the posters that followed, brought to a sharp climax the worries that had been plaguing us during the war, and undoubtedly supplied some of the immediate irritation that is always necessary to catalyze action. We had naively assumed that we had one objective—to win a war. We had also done some thinking about the problems of security in the age of atomic weapons, and were not impressed by the suggestion that we could “make the peace secure” for any considerable period by turning out bombs. After nearly two years of further study, we are still of the same mind.

Even in those early discussions two facts of the highest importance always emerged, and an evident conclusion. The United States’ monopoly of atomic bombs will be brief. No effective military defense can be expected. Thus the only prospect of security must lie in effective world control of atomic weapons. Yet these facts, which would have to underlie any intelligent political policy—and which are now admitted by the armed services—were susceptible of easy misinterpretation and confusion. In the fall of 1945, a Gallup poll revealed that about 75% of people in the United States believed it impossible to keep the atomic bomb a secret, but that a similar number believed we ought to keep it a secret! It is important to recall such circumstances in appraising the work of the atomic scientists.

We recognized that, as almost the sole initiates in a portentous new development, we bore a special responsibility. The people of the United States, and the world, would have to be fully informed on the implications of atomic energy in order to act intelligently on the issues it would raise; and in the meantime, those who knew its meaning would have to be prepared to act directly on political
issues. What we did not realize was that we had also a peculiar opportunity: through no virtue of our own, we had become magicians. (I remember how we at Oak Ridge worried over how to pay for advertising space to reach the public with our ideas!) We recognized that we were utterly naive in political matters, and that the problem of peace lay in the field of social science and practical statesmanship; but informing others would take time, and events would not wait.

While we debated ways and means, action was crystallized by the introduction in the Congress of the May-Johnson bill. This measure, drafted in the War Department with the advice of a committee of prominent scientists, provided for the peacetime control of atomic energy development in the United States. Most scientists, on the bomb project and elsewhere, found it objectionable on many points; but the feature that sent them hastily to Washington was a provision allowing the proposed administrator and members of the control commission to be military officers. Part of their reaction sprang undeniably from their personal dissatisfactions with army administration during the war; but much deeper and more consistent was the determination that there should be no intrusion of the military into the functions of the civil government. It was this issue of civilian vs. military control of atomic policy which remained uppermost during the months of Congressional debate which preceded the enactment of the Atomic Energy Act of 1946, and which drew the bulk of the public support to the side of the scientists.

Much of the pressure for continuing military control derived from a misunderstanding of the nature and meaning of the atomic energy development. It is not a new weapon; it is a new, basic technology, of which the bomb is one by-product. Perhaps the best pre-existing approximation is the petroleum industry. Oil, like uranium, is a relatively rare mineral, occurring in quantity only under rather special geological circumstances. It is indispensable in war, and thus becomes a focus of international rivalry; yet it is also indispensable in peacetime technology, both as a fuel and as a source of chemical raw materials. Uranium is essential to war; but it also holds the immediate prospect of extensive use for power, and provides means for the quantity manufacture of radioactive forms of ordinary materials. These "radioisotopes" are of revolutionary value in endless research and other applications. Should the oil industry then be put under control of the War Department, because it is indispensable for war? And why not steel also, and the railroads . . . . and men?

It should never be forgotten that controlled production of atomic power was achieved in December, 1942. We needed two-and-a-half years more to learn how to make an atomic bomb.

On November 1, 1945, eight scientists representing associations at Oak Ridge, New York, Chicago, and Los Alamos met in a Washington hotel room and formed the Federation of Atomic Scientists. The Federation comprised a membership of about 1,200, or more than 90% of the research scientists on the Manhattan Project. Besides its direct political activities in connection with atomic control legislation, the Federation embarked on several other projects.
Recognizing that they had neither the means nor the experience to conduct a nationwide informational program, Federation scientists invited representatives of sixty national organizations—educational, labor, religious, racial, women's groups, and others—to undertake the task. They responded by forming the National Committee on Atomic Information (both the N.C.A.I. and the F.A.S. have offices at 1749 L St. NW, Washington 6, D. C.), which has carried on the work of collecting authoritative information on atomic energy and related political developments and disseminating it through its organizational channels. The work is currently being expanded through statewide series of community conferences with panels of scientists and other specialists.

Recognition of the necessity for an international control of atomic energy led directly to studies by Federation members of the technical possibilities of such control, through inspection and other means. Early in 1946 these studies were integrated in an official committee of the Manhattan District; and the resulting report contributed significantly to the work of the State Department Board of Consultants which drafted the Acheson-Lilienthal report, later incorporated into the U. S. proposals to the U. N. Atomic Energy Commission.

Meanwhile, associations of scientists interested in similar objectives had sprung up outside the atomic project. In January, 1946, these groups were formally merged with the atomic scientists in the nationwide Federation of American Scientists. The F.A.S. now has seventeen member associations located in the principal research centers of the country. It differs from the professional scientific associations in that its objectives are social and political, rather than professional; it is concerned not with science as such, but with the impact of science upon society. It is, in short, a body of scientists organized to act as citizens.

Their prime objective has been and remains the international control of atomic weapons. The reasoning behind this position is simple. No one believes that such control, alone and of itself, insures against war; and certainly in any war between great powers atomic bombs will be used. While efforts toward a stable peace proceed, however, the bomb holds a veto. Negotiations of a sort can be conducted while we alone have bombs; but what will happen a few years hence when we realize that our monopoly is ended? The knowledge in each of several countries that each may be attacked without warning by another will create an intolerable situation. Sooner or later, somebody will decide to hit first.

Thus, removal of the bomb from the field of diplomacy would avert the impossible situation which is imminent. Further, control along the lines proposed by the United States, through an Atomic Development Authority, would afford a vital, constructive project for international participation—a practical extension of the scientists' kind of internationalism into the technological field. Nations cease warring on each other, not by avoiding conflicts of interest, but by developing an overriding community of interest. Control of atomic weapons through an international agency committed to the industrial development of atomic energy in all countries could provide a dramatic rallying
point, a positive, functional contribution to that worldwide community of interest which alone can supplant war.

Belated though the scientists’ assumption of responsibility is, it shows signs of lasting. Scientists realize today as never before that their freedom rests on political sufferance, that their professional and personal fates are bound up with the course of world events, and — most acutely — that they have no future in a warring world. For science is international, not by intention, but by necessity. Science, like an economy, cannot flourish in small units. One need not assume that scientists are either altruistic or visionary in looking beyond national boundaries; their internationalism is real because it is functional, an essential trade practice. It is noteworthy that the only unanimous agreement yet achieved in the U. N. Atomic Energy Commission was that of the scientific subcommittee in reporting on the technical problems of international control.

And society, on the other hand, is acutely aware of science. It appears incredible, now, that men concerned with statesmanship and military power should so long have failed to attempt any systematic exploitation of scientists. New inventions and processes, as they emerged in industry, were investigated for military applications; but somehow the men of power missed the significance of the patient, persistent intellectual groping that underlies technological might. Only in our generation have they awakened to the advantages of short-circuiting the usual lag between discovery and application by going directly to the source.

Yet this recognition of physical science has popularized, ironically enough, a misconception of the very nature of science. The idea is current that if you have two billion dollars you can get anything. Scientists last year fought a proposal to appropriate 100 million dollars for cancer research, because of the reaction they foresaw when that outlay should fail to produce a cure. Two billion dollars bought an atomic bomb in 1945; the United States Treasury could not have bought one in 1935. Science is intellectual adventure. It cannot be anything else. Development, utilization — yes: these can be ordered, directed, paid for. But fundamental investigation cannot see beyond the next turn, and the road is always better than the inn.

The war-born adulation of physical science has had still another, and tragic, consequence. It has largely eclipsed the social sciences, at a time when public appreciation is imperative. We have even had before us the incredible spectacle of the United States Senate voting unanimously for a radical measure to control and develop atomic energy, and shortly thereafter voting to exclude benefits to social science from a National Science Foundation. Future historians and moralizers must find much grist in this phenomenon: in the spectacle of humanity, harassed beyond endurance, looking to its physicists and chemists as oracles and ignoring the specialists in those fields of human relations in which its fate must be determined.
Anything You Say, Baby

By MARY ELLEN FIFER

IT WAS almost dusk when the girl entered the small cafe. She glanced at her watch, then ordered coffee.

"Hello, baby. Been waiting long?"

"Hello, Denny."

"Gee, baby, you’re looking great. How are you?"

"I’m fine, Denny. How are you?"

"Well, how do I look?"

"Thin, Denny. You look thin."

"Been running around too much. What are you having? Oh, coffee. Hey, Gladys, slip me a cup of that mud, will you. Toss over the sugar, baby?"

"Oh, I’m sorry, Denny. I forgot."

"You sure forget a person easily, don’t you?"

"Who, me?"

"Yes, you. Why didn’t you answer my letter?"

"Denny, do you write to anyone at home?"

"What’s it to you? I get the news, all right."

"Well then, you must know I was going to be married, for one reason, and then, well, I was angry about your always being such a ‘good fellow’."

"It seems to me I really poured my heart out in that letter, baby. Here I was in good old California. This great, big, beautiful place. A lodge that would knock the fillings out of your eye teeth. And this swimming pool! Baby, you shoulda seen the swimming pool. Palm trees, too, baby. Anyway, I was sitting around and the hostess, boy had she taken a shine to me! Well, she says, ‘Denny, stick around. I’ll get you a date.’ But I said, ‘No, I believe I’ll go upstairs.’ So there I sat, with this great big moon shining over my shoulder and this romantic music coming through my window. Soft music, baby, and I was thinking of you."

"That’s a good story, Denny. Only remember I also read that letter. Let’s just say you were telling me that you were living a life of luxury and wasn’t it nice for you to take time out to let me know about it."

"Gosh, you’re snotty. But, baby, there’s something about it I like. Let’s get out of here."

"Buy my coffee, Denny?"

"Already have. Those your cigarettes?"

"Empty. Else I’d have offered you one."

"The car’s down the street! Listen, baby, you didn’t love that guy. I knew you both and I just couldn’t see it. Why, baby, when you look at me with those big blue eyes I could kiss you. You know,
baby, you get better looking every day."

"I never was very pretty, Denny."

"That's right. But as you get older... well, there's something about you, and you've got more of it now. It's what people turn to look at. And, baby, that's what I like to be seen with."

"Denny, why did you call me at Christmas time?"

"Well, I was sitting around home and I said to the folks, 'I guess I'll call up my 'Funnyface.' Gosh, you should have seen their faces. I thought they were going to die any minute. 'Not Mary Louise,' they said. 'You don't mean you'd do that after what happened when she was here. Gee, you sure got nerve,' they said. But I knew you'd talk to me. Surprised, huh?"

"No, not really. It was just unexpected."

"I got to thinking it had been a whole year since I'd seen you, baby. Say, you know the folks are always razzing me about my women. But they don't say much about you any more. They think I feel kind of bad about your going off. Baby, after you left they hardly spoke to me for weeks. Say, what brought on that fight, anyway? There it was New Year's Eve in Butte, the roaringest town in Montana. Everybody was drunk as lords, and you sitting there on a bar stool with confetti falling all over you, staring straight ahead, not saying a word."

"And you? You were over buying drinks for the four hundred."

"Gosh, you're a snob. Baby, that's one thing you gotta watch. That jealousy sticks out on you like a sore thumb. Gosh, when people stop to talk to me, I just can't ignore 'em."

"But do you have to join them? Treat them? Just because they say hello?"

"Well, you know how it was. They hadn't seen me for a long time, and hell, I just couldn't nod and let it go. Baby, we belong together. You know that, don't you?"

"Do we?"

"Look, baby, that's not like you. I can remember a time when..."

"Never mind, Denny. This is now."

"Hey, you aren't the same girl I knew a year and a half ago. What's the matter, baby? Scared of me?"

"Not scared, Denny. I just feel strange. We're farther apart that we were then."

"Hell yes, baby, but it's nothing that can't be remedied. Kiss me, baby. Baby, you can't kiss me like that and say you don't still love me. Gosh, that's pink skyrockets all tied up in a purple ribbon. Say, baby..."

"Denny, how do you like it here? This town, I mean. Your work."

"This year is the last, baby. Come spring I'm all finished. Like I was telling Mrs. Bell. She's the banker's wife. 'Well,' I said, 'next year this whole she-bang is yours.' You know we put on that civic center drive. She was chairman, and that was all right with me. Did kinda burn me, though, to give her all the credit. Well, like I was saying to her, 'I'm not going to do a thing. It's all yours.' You know, I worked like a dog. I really did work like a dog. The night before the opening we had a committee meeting up at Mrs. Bell's and not a thing
was done. Of course I wouldn’t let them down, so I just tore into it. Then the next day I had the flu. I just stayed to see that everything was in working order and then went home. Mrs. Stevens, that’s where I stay, said, ‘Now, Denny, you go right to bed.’ She kept bringing me in hot drinks and taking my temperature. Later Mrs. Bell came up to me and said everything went off just swell and she was so sorry that I couldn’t have been there after all the work I’d done. Then when I told her I wouldn’t be back she looked so disappointed. She said, ‘Denny, I just don’t see how I’ll get along without you.’ I got a very nice letter from the Chamber of Commerce, too. But, hell, baby, I’m ready to blow.”

“Denny, must it always be some place new and some place different?”

“You said it. Say, start this buggy, will you. There’s a certain house I want us to drive by. Margy will . . . No, baby, don’t get me wrong. I’ve been really a good lad this past year. No heavy dates. No real running around. Gosh, several times people have said to me, ‘Gee, Denny, we’d like to have you over for dinner sometime, but we hear you aren’t accepting invitations.’ And I say, ‘That’s right.’ I’m keeping out of things as much as I can. Say, you still got that picture I gave you?”

“Well, in a way.”

“In a way? You got mad and tore it up, didn’t you? That’s just like you, baby. You got mad and tore it up. But it doesn’t matter, baby. I know you. Oh boy, I know you like a book. You got mad and tore it up, but you came back. You’ll always come back to me ’cause you can’t for-
Denny, you just must stay at our house. We can’t think of your being any place else.’ Don was there to meet me, too. He was disappointed. Boy, was he disappointed. His old chin dropped a foot when I told him I’d just have to see him around. So I stayed at Evie’s. Drive in here, will you, and I’ll buy you a drink. What’ll you have? Bourbon and water, huh. ’Cause that’s my favorite drink?”

“I just happen to like it, Denny.”

“Say, you got a peeve on or something? Stick with me, baby, and I’ll take that all out of you. So, as I was telling you, I stayed at Evie’s . . .”

“Nuts to Evie.”

“Now, baby, that’s what I mean about you. So I couldn’t accept as many invitations as I wanted to. But I told them, ‘I’ve just got to go up to this one family’s for dinner.’ That was the McBrides. Gosh, did we have fun. Two quarts of Canadian Club we killed. You know, it sort of surprised me how glad everyone was to see me. When I walked into the Coffee Shop some of the fellows were going by. They just sorta stopped dead and ran right back. ‘Denny,’ they said, ‘you gonna stay?’ I said I wasn’t. Boy, did they take it hard. Then one night Evie said, ‘Denny, Mrs. Bower called and wants you to call right back.’ Well, I didn’t think of it until we were eating. So then I excused myself and gave her a ring. She just begged and begged me to make up with Scotty or at least call him. Finally I promised I would. And I did. Put him in his place, too. Nothing nasty, mind you. Just turned on the old cold. And, baby, you know how I can do that, don’t you? You know, baby.”

“Yes, Denny, I know.”

“You’re kind of doing a good job yourself. Let’s give you another drink. Saw your dad on the street. We sat down and had a big old talk. You know what the first thing was I said to him? Now don’t raise your eyebrows. I said, ‘Hello, you old bastard.’ He laughed like hell. Your dad’s a good guy. Too bad you aren’t more like him. Guess he thinks I’m a pretty fine fellow, huh?”

“Denny, I wouldn’t presume to say. How’s Lois?”

“Oh, she’s around, I guess. I seldom see her. She doesn’t run around with our gang. You know when we were first introduced, she said, ‘Why, yes, I have met Denny.’ I said, ‘Really? I can’t remember’.”

“That wasn’t especially nice of you, Denny.”

“I suppose she’d heard you speak of me, but after all, she did sorta put me on the spot. Gee, baby, look at me. Ever since I heard you were coming through this burg I’ve been on pins and needles. Yes sir, on pins and needles. Let’s get married . . . right now, huh?”

“Oh?”

“Think about it for a couple of hours, then. I told Mrs. Stevens my girl was coming by to see me and we’d probably get married. She said, ‘Oh, what’s this one like?’ I said, ‘She’s the beautiful one I’ve got the picture of.’ Keep your picture with me all the time, see. Say, how’s the little dog?”

“I, er. . . .”

“You still have him, don’t you?”

“Well, as a matter of fact, no. You know Luey married Dave
Howard, don’t you. Well, they have the cutest baby and...”

“You gave him away?”

“Yes, after all...”

“Well, I don’t like it. I don’t like it one bit. After all, I did give him to you. I at least expected you’d keep him around.”

“There’s not much to things like that, you know, Denny, unless there’s some sentiment involved. Anyway, I wasn’t home much.”

“You still going to college, baby? What do you wanta do that for? Look at Edison. Look at Ford. Did they go to college?”

“You finished, Denny.”

“Yeh, but that’s different. Well, on the other hand... it helped me a lot. You finish your college, baby, and then we’ll get married. Still love me, baby? Remember what you told me once. You said, ‘Denny, wherever you go and whatever you do, I will wonder where you are and what you are doing.’ Remember that?”

“Yes.”

“Well, baby, here’s your chance to find out. Look, baby, you got any nickles? Let’s have some music to pep up the place. You’re about as lively as a fence post. Golly, baby, you know you love me. Why worry about it? Managua, Nicaragua? Gee, the other night a bunch of us were down at the Vet’s Club just when this guy comes along and puts the record in the machine. I thought we’d wear it out. Margy kept saying, ‘Come on, Denny. Dance this with me again.’ I felt worn to the knees when we finally quit.”

“Margy?”

“Oh, she lives around here. You wouldn’t like her. You never like any of my friends.”

“Really? I thought I behaved admirably well when we went down to the Falls to meet Dick.”

“Yes, baby, I gotta hand it to you. I was really proud of you that night.”

“There was a reason, Denny. I felt that in some way Dick was a friend and was important to you. Someone as much your friend as you were his. Some of these people, Denny, aren’t your friends. Just people who let you do things for them. Denny, I don’t like them.”

“Gosh, baby, there you go again. Look, baby, I like people. And you gotta learn to like people. I don’t know where we’ll be next year, but wherever it is, I’ll start you out right. Dance, baby?”

“Love to.”

“This is the way it’s going to be, baby. You and me together. All the time. I love you, baby.”

“Denny, I want to tell you now...”

“Gosh, this is swell. Now look, baby, don’t say anything. This is just swell. You know, I always say that people shouldn’t ought to talk when they’re dancing. It kinda takes away something. Now me... I just like to glide along the floor when it’s real quiet. It’s out of this world. You’re getting mighty smooth on this stuff, baby. Who you been dancing with? You didn’t used to be this good. In fact sometimes I just couldn’t understand it. Plenty tricky on the other stuff, but always crossing yourself up on the rumba business. You never followed me. See that couple over there? They’re the Bells I was telling you about. ‘Hi, Dink, old fellow. And Laura. Been on any committees lately?’ They’re... Gosh, baby, is this piece over already? Gee, music’s stopped. You sit here, baby, and I’ll get you another drink.”
"Denny, I want to tell you. . . Oh, all right."
"Gee, I didn't mean to be so long, baby, but I got to talking to those people up at the bar. This sure reminds me of the old dive at home. Say, remember that night I wanted to stay and have some fun and you wanted to go home? Oh boy, what a fight. You know, Lucy shouldn't have married that guy. Lucy should have married George. We sure did have fun together, didn't we? That Howard I can't see. The four of us sure had a good time until he came along. Baby, I had some double shots up at the bar. And, baby, I think I'm going to get a little drunk. That O.K., baby?"

"Anything you do is O.K. by me, Denny."
"Say, that couldn't mean you don't care, could it? Of course not. I'm sorry, baby. Just the way you said it. For a moment I thought. . . . Guess I am getting drunk. Here's to you and me, baby."

"To you, Denny, a long and happy life. To me, the same."
"That's more like it, baby. Gee, but I feel great when we're together. You know, baby, there lots of people in this world, but you and me. . . . Say, baby, you cold or something? You're putting on your coat. You're not gonna leave, are you, baby? Baby. . . ."

Transitory

By MARJORIE BOESEN

So short a time
Since berries hung
From the mountain ash you loved to watch.
But we must have missed the raiding hour
Of the flight of birds who thought the small
Red drops an excellent repast.

So short an hour. . . .
When dying sun
Found a like repose upon your face
And I could not then believe you gone
To a place I could not always share
With you; you said goodbye so fast.
THE GIRL riding the bay horse looked over at her sister's face. She wished she could be as strong as her sister was, and wondered wistfully if she ever would be. It seemed always as though she must be near Jean to feel her shirt sleeve and touch her hand to feel even meagerly secure.

"Watch the prairie-dog holes," Jean called. "If your horse steps in one going this fast he's apt to break his leg."

Jan knew about the prairie-dog holes, but she nodded obediently. A rattlesnake rattled sharply on a prairie-dog mound under her horse's legs, and the child felt a chill wave of terror pass through her body, leaving a sickening weakness under her shoulder blades. She quieted her horse roughly and started to dismount, angry at having felt afraid because of a snake.

"Stay on. I'll get him," the older girl commanded, as she swung her tall body swiftly from the saddle. "You might get bitten."

Jan watched admiringly as her sister untied a rawhide rope from the saddle and, sure of her own superiority, beat the rattler into the dust. "You might get bitten."

Jan knew about the prairie-dog holes, but she nodded obediently. A rattlesnake rattled sharply on a prairie-dog mound under her horse's legs, and the child felt a chill wave of terror pass through her body, leaving a sickening weakness under her shoulder blades. She quieted her horse roughly and started to dismount, angry at having felt afraid because of a snake.

"Stay on. I'll get him," the older girl commanded, as she swung her tall body swiftly from the saddle. "You might get bitten."

Jan watched admiringly as her sister untied a rawhide rope from the saddle and, sure of her own superiority, beat the rattler into the dust. Jan knew that the hand on the whip was entirely heartless. The strong artistic fingers opening the jack-knife were unfaltering, and no shadow of distaste crossed the face of the older girl as her knife blade cut through the gristle to detach the string of rattles.

"Thirteen of them, Jan!" She held the rattles up triumphantly before buttoning them in her shirt pocket.

Snakes, rattles are a symbol of victory, Jan thought, remembering a collection of them in Jean's room at home. Jan knew that her sister had enjoyed killing the snake, but she felt no revulsion at the thought.

The clouds filled and blackened the whole sky now, and wind began to whip at the sagebrush along the trail. Jan glanced up apprehensively as thunder cracked along the horizon. She wondered if she would be frightened when the storm came.

"Never give in to anything," she could hear her father saying. "Always keep the upper hand and you're all right." She felt sure her father really believed that.

She remembered the strange sadness of one spring morning a long time ago, and felt it encompass her briefly as it had then. A warm rain had fallen during the night. The child was standing against the window watching the mist that hung from the trees and clung, warm and damp, to the black banks of the creek. Her father and Jean had come in then, arguing. At first it sounded like good-na-
tured banter, and the child turned away from the window to listen.

"Daddy, you weren’t afraid, I hope?" Jean was jeering.

"Afraid? Certainly not. Why should I be?" the man had replied, jovially.

"I don’t know.

Jan caught a curious inflection in her sister’s voice and wondered why it was significant.

The man’s tone changed abruptly. "That’ll be enough, Jean," he commanded. "When a man grows too big for his boots, it’s time to take them off."

"So?"

"Listen, Jean, the corral’s too sloppy this morning to be working green colts. You know that as well as I do."

Jean whirled to face her father, her voice low and insinuating. "I didn’t notice the colt having much trouble with his feet. The way you handled him, the saddle must have been slicker than the ground."

"Perhaps you could have done it better," he snapped, his voice suddenly angry.

"I might have."

Silently, but furiously, the father left the room.

The child had stood frozen, hearing her sister’s calm reply, and not understanding. She had turned back to the window and the hills were still damp and warm, but the vitality of spring was gone.

The prairie narrowed to a worn cow-trail as it wound down the steep cutbank ahead. Jean took the lead, urging her horse gently until he was running at full gallop when they reached the bottom. The burst of speed carried them halfway up the other side.

It wasn’t good to run a horse down or up a steep hill; it broke his wind. But as Jan trotted her horse across the coulee, swishing his hooves through the shallow stream of alkali water, she wished that she had done it as Jean had—wildly, as though she were a part of the clean-limbed horse she rode.

Then the smell impregnated her—a nauseating, decayed smell that made her curl up inside. A gurgling sound came from the bottom of the creek and huge bubbles were rising out of the yellow, alkali water.

"Jean—" she began.

The older girl had brought her black to an abrupt halt halfway up the bank. "What is that awful smell?" she exclaimed.

"I think the gas pipe’s broken."

Jan pointed to the heavy, black pipeline that ran down the bank and underneath the creek bed where big bubbles were breaking at the surface.

The older girl dismissed it. "It must have spring a leak. We’ll call the gas company tomorrow."

As they rode on up the bank, Jan asked, "What would happen if someone threw a match down from the cutbank?"

"Not a match—a lighted stick," said Jean. "A match would go out."

Suddenly she wheeled her horse around, calling back, "I’m going to try it, Jan. You watch from this side and I’ll throw it in."

"But Jean, should we?"

"It’ll be fun. You watch and see," she replied.

Jan watched as her sister rode up the opposite bank, dismounted and cut off a heavy twist of sagebrush. Mounting with the branch, she pulled a match from her hip pocket and scratched it on her belt buckle. The sagebrush flared up, but the wind blew it out. She sheltered it with her body as she lit it the second time, and the branch began to burn steadily.
Riding to the edge of the arched bank, the older girl flung the fire into the bottlenecked creek bed below. The air snapped and became still as the fire was sucked into the big pipe.

The sickening silence preceding the explosion, the flames that shot skyward, the girl and horse on the bank above before it crumbled—all merged into the thunder that clashed just as the bank exploded. Jan's horse reared back, nearly unseating her. She screamed. Shoving her boots deeper into the stirrups, she pivoted the horse around down the canyon to the east. Faster—faster she urged him, trying to escape from the place where she had been afraid.

The wind that tore out of the mountains increased in velocity as it roared through the canyon and swept across the plains eastward. It shrieked through the scrubby cedar trees at the mouth of the canyon, sweeping down on the ranch buildings that were bound together by the wide grey corrals. She gasped as a gust of rain belched out of the canyon and stung against her eyelids. The horse skidded suddenly on the slick gumbo, and the saddle horn jabbed cruelly into her stomach.

She felt neither the jolt nor the severe pain. The compelling urge to seek a strength that would calm the terror and still the loneliness became paramount in her mind. Instinctively she sought that strength in her father. In her longing for the strength of the man on the plain below, she dug her heels deeper into the horse's flank, urging him on.

Her fear grew more acute when she saw the darkened windows, and she wondered what she would do if her father were not at home.

She reined up in front of the door and slid swiftly from the saddle. A dim light was burning in the kitchen. She rushed inside and pushed the door shut behind her quickly.

"Daddy!" she began breathlessly. "Daddy—"

"Why are you back so soon?" he asked.

"Daddy, the gas line up Carol Creek exploded. I think—I think Jean's dead!" she choked out the words, searching his face for some reassurance.

"Jean—dead—" he mumbled stupidly.

"Oh, Daddy, please, please come—"

The man suddenly sprang forward, clutching at the child's wrist savagely.

"What? You don't know what you're saying, Jan!"

The child shrank back against the wall.

"I swear it's true, Daddy. She threw the burning branch in, and everything exploded. The whole cutbank caved in."

"What happened to Jean? Why didn't you bring her back?"

"I couldn't—I couldn't. She wasn't anywhere after it fell."

The child began to sob now—dry, terrified sobs that shook her whole body.

"Dammit, stop that sniveling! Go on out and get in the car."

The man pushed her roughly through the door ahead of him. Whipping his gloves from his back pocket, he plunged out, hatless. He ran across the yard to the long black car, his high riding boots pressing deep scars into the mud. The lashing rain pasted his thick, greying curls tight against his forehead.

He jerked the car door open, slipped under the wheel, and ground at the starter button.
"Daddy, wait!" Jan gasped, as she stumbled into the car beside him.

The man rammed the car into gear and pushed the accelerator to the floor board. The headlights outlined the grey corrals as the car swung down the lane, splashing mud and water into the darkness. The car veered wildly to avoid a post as the man brought it out onto the glistening highway. Gripping the steering wheel in both hands, he leaned forward tensely.

The child moaned as the car swerved suddenly to miss an embankment. The rain had stopped, but the man didn't notice and the windshield wiper kept on wiping. Jan reached up and turned it off.

She tried to remember how the sun had been bright over these dark hills that morning. She tried to recall the brown prairie dogs barking in that morning's sun. But warmth and morning sun and laughter were as vague as though she had never experienced them.

She recalled riding into the creek where the gas had been bubbling into the alkali water. She couldn't remember anything else—anything except the smell; she would never forget the smell.

The child turned to watch the man at the wheel as he swung the car recklessly around the hairpin turns. She gripped the edge of the seat tighter, recognizing the crumpled cutbank ahead.

"Here, Daddy! It's here." She pointed to the white highway bridge and the widened creek bed above it.

The man stopped the car, leaving the lights on.

"The crick's full. And the bridge, Daddy, part of the bridge is gone!"

She wondered what her father would do now. Uneasily she sat forward on the seat.

"Daddy, we better do something," she said impatiently.

The man fumbled in the glove compartment for a flashlight, and then got out of the car quickly.

"Was it over there?" he demanded.

"Yes. Against the bank."

"Take this flashlight and look below the bridge. I'll take the lantern and go up above."

The child felt terror waiting for her outside in the darkness. She wanted to stay close to her father, to touch his sleeve and to feel his strength.

She got out and crossed the wet highway without looking back. As she held the pale light rigidly in front of her, she felt her fear closing in, smothering her. The brown buffalo grass was plastered to the ground and the rain-swept sagebrush was left naked as the light stripped the darkness away.

Suddenly she saw the horse grazing on the opposite bank. The saddle was dimly outlined on his back and Jan knew he was dragging the reins because of the circular movements of his body when he moved.

"Black Boy! Black Boy!" she breathed in relief. "Black Boy, wait."

She switched off the light and scrambled down to the bank of the roaring water. In her haste she dropped the flashlight; it rolled into the water and disappeared.

She could see the white bridge railing downstream. It had broken off and was wedged into a narrow place several hundred feet down from the road. Small trees, brush, and debris from the bridge were lodged against the railing, forming an insecure dam across the swollen creek.
Wedging one foot into a crack, the girl leaped for the white post. Cautiously she edged her way along the railing, the black water churning beneath and all around her. The whole structure swayed as a big cottonwood hit it, knocking the railing loose from the bank. Frantically, she clutched at the cottonwood. The branch broke and the tree swung into the opposite bank, rolling her underneath. She gripped the tree desperately, throwing one leg over a lower branch, her boot heels slipping on the spongy bark. With a final lunge she clutched at a willow tree and crawled out on the bank. She stumbled blindly up the hill, calling to the horse.

"Black Boy, don't go. Here boy. Come on, boy," she coaxed, her voice growing desperate as the horse pricked his ears up in hostility.

The horse snorted and moved away, dragging the long reins sideways.

"Whoa, Boy. Whoa!"

Uncertainly, the black paused a moment. Jan slipped in close and snatched the reins.

She spoke to him reassuringly to calm his trembling; words that had no meaning; creamy words that spread like oil on troubled waters; quiet comforting words, the kind she herself would never be comforted by.

When the twitching along the horse's neck had stopped, the girl climbed on and headed him up toward what was left of the bridge. She could see her father's light swinging back and forth near the gas line.

"Daddy," she shouted. "Daddy, I found Black Boy!"

The light stopped moving. The man didn't answer, and Jan noticed that her father was bent over something on the ground. Jan pointed the horse upstream toward the light. The left arm of the bridge still clattered against the bank, the water surging over it in great gulps. On the other bank the man's bent body was outlined sharply in the lantern light.

Jan called again, "Daddy! Daddy!"

Receiving no answer, she swung from the saddle. As she approached the swaying bridge, a plank ripped loose under the impact of the water, and the horse shuddered violently. The child tried to shout to her father again, but the words died on her lips. She reached out to test the strength of the bridge. It was still attached to both banks, but it swayed and crunched every time another wave hit it.

She hooked the left stirrup over the saddle horn and pulled on the cinch buckle. The rawhide strap was wet and swollen. Frantically she pressed her whole weight against the strap. It jerked free, flinging her backwards. Getting quickly to her feet, Jan slid the saddle to the ground and pulled the bridle from the horse's head.

"Go on, Black Boy," she sobbed, hitting him on the rump. "Go far away and don't ever come back."

The horse ran off into the darkness, leaving the child standing alone beside the roaring water. She grabbed the bridge railing and started across. Too terrified to cry, she inched her way along the timbers, the water writhing at her feet like a live animal. Finally reaching the bank, she ran to her father's side.

"Oh," she said. "It's Jean. Daddy, is she—dead?"

"Jean, Jean, Jean," he moaned, caressing the dead girl's face.
"You’re so cold, darling—" He gathered her into his arms and began to sob.

Jan drew away from him slightly. "Daddy, don’t," she begged.

He didn’t notice her. She tugged at his sleeve, and he looked up wildly.

"Go away!" he sobbed. "Go away!"

Jan’s wet face wrinkled, and she fought to keep from crying as she turned back toward the roaring water. The bridge groaned again and pulled loose from the bank. Jan watched the white structure as it slid downstream and slipped out of sight into the darkness.

For a moment she stood at the edge of the stream, staring at the water. Then she turned and walked back to her father. She bent down beside him.

"Daddy," she said, softly, "Put her in the car and let’s go home."

He mumbled, "She’s dead, she’s dead. She won’t be able to live again."

Jan took her father’s arm and tried to make him get up.

"Daddy, let’s go home," she said again. "Everything will be better then. Put—" she looked at her sister’s body and shuddered. "Put her in the car."

He looked up at her.

"Come on, Daddy," she said firmly, pulling his arm.

Obediently, he stood up and carried Jean’s body to the car.

Jan got into the back seat. "I’ll sit back here with Jean," she said. "Don’t drive too fast, Daddy."

He swung the car around and they started back slowly toward the ranch. For a while Jan watched the road ahead, wet and glistening under the beams of the headlights. Then she settled back into the seat and closed her eyes, listening to the steady purr of the motor and the wind outside and the heavy, sobbing sound of her father’s breathing.

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The Station Walk

By BARBARA DOCKERY

A station walk beside a puffing train
Seems such an odd and cold, unsuited place
To say good-by, to wrap up memories,
To say farewell to such a loving face.

A moment snatched from just one living day
Seems scarce enough to find the strength to part.
One puff of steam divides the bond of years
And stills unspoken words torn from a heart.
Poems

By DAVID PERKINS

Spring Song

Nature turns the world beautiful again
In this new springtime; casually, her hands
Draw loveliness across the shattered lands,
And gently mock the purposes of men,

Who stare unseeing, ugly with their scars,
Burnt out by hate, subservient to fright.
Upon the bitter blackness of their night
She gives the benediction of her stars.

Here in This Flexible World

Here in this flexible world of peace and wars,
The past is not interpreted, nor is
Our blank futurity sealed up in small stars
That sail a circle-course beyond our kiss.
Nothing is certain, and a blessedness
Darkens the inventory of our wares,
But our turn-over is as doubtful as
Profits to gain from fields of cockleburs.
Between our thoughts and actions, floating fears
Move in a steady stream: they follow us
Into the furthest corners; our desires
Hang like a wreath of smoke, a wreath of ooze,
Over the shifting hours of troubled ease
That we spend swimming in a maze of sewers.
New Mountaineers

At MSU, as at many other campuses, Spring is attended by the poetic muse. MARJORIE BOESEN, sophomore English major from Livingston, makes her initial appearance in MOUNTAINEER in this medium.

BEVERLEY BRINK contributes in "Carol Creek" an interesting study in reversal in the father-daughter relationship. Beverley, who majors in Journalism, is a sophomore from Miles City.

The story of a "New Hat", that old answer to the problems of the harried female, is handled in effective fashion by EDNA CHRISTOPHER, Conrad, a senior in music.

DICK DARLING comes to the Poet’s Corner and MSU via three years in the Army, chiefly in the South Pacific. Dick, a sophomore in Humanities, is from Sweetgrass.

Well-known to the Campus for his photography work in the KAIMIN is WALLACE DAVIS, who presents the realistic fantasy, "The Sixth Sense of Joseph Finley".

BARBARA DOCKERY makes her debut in MOUNTAINEER in poetry. Her performance as Miss Preen was one of the highlights of the Masquer’s Fall quarter production, "The Man Who Came to Dinner."

The scientist’s position on the issue of Atom bomb control is presented by J. H. RUSH of the Administrative Committee of the Federation of American Scientists. In his own words, Mr. Rush is "a physicist, age thirty-six, native Texan, BA '40, MA '41 University of Texas, married, two small physicists. Taught in war training program, Denison University, Granville, Ohio, 1942-'44. On Manhattan Project at Clinton Laboratories, Oak Ridge, Tenn., 1944-'46 as experimental physicist. Since then with F. A. S. in Washington."

Spokesman for a large body of opinion on the state of some of the press is BILL SMURR. Bill, Jay-school freshman from Sacramento, California, has had newspaper experience on the police beat of a small California daily, and has spent 39 months in the Army.

Two Journalism seniors collaborate in writing the article "A Critic—and the Facts". EDWARD DOLAN, from Lloyd, Montana, spent three years in the Marines, serving in the South Pacific. HERBERT JILLSON, Deerlodge, is an Army veteran, with service in the European theater.

MARTIN HEERWALD, Jay-school junior from Red Lodge and KAIMIN managing editor, presents in "Returned" a thesis story on a fundamental problem in modern attitude.
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