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TOMORROW

FEBRUARY 1944 25¢

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La Haute Cuisine and Jumbo Gulch
by JAY McCORMICK

The Dove Brings Peace
by RICHARD HAGOPIAN

Snowboy by ELIZABETH PERDIX

The Trepid Explorer
by ROBERT M. COATES

The Birth of Adolf Hitler—II
by SHOLEM ASCH

Book Reviews by EDGAR ANSEL MOWRER,
CLARE LEIGHTON, CHRISTOPHER EMMET, Jr.,
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KATHERINE WOODS, and others



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TOMORROW,
February, 1944, Vol. III, No. 6

TOMORROW is published monthly by Creative Age Press, Inc., 11 East 44th St., New York 17, N. Y. Printed in the U. S. A. Editorial and Advertising offices, 11 East 44th Street, New York 17, N. Y. Subscription rate: 12 issues, \$2.50 in U. S. and possessions and countries of the Pan-American Union; \$3.00 Canada; elsewhere \$3.50; two years \$4.00 U. S., single copies in the U. S. 25 cents. Vol. III, No. 6, for February, 1944. The cover and entire contents are copyrighted by Creative Age Press, Inc., 1944, and cannot be reproduced without written permission. Copyright under International Copyright Convention. All rights reserved under Pan-American Copyright Convention. Registered in U. S. Patent Office. TOMORROW cannot be responsible for unsolicited manuscripts, nor can they be returned to sender unless accompanied by return postage. Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office at New York, New York, under the Act of March 3, 1879. All contents, Cover Design, and Title, Copyright 1944 by Tomorrow, New York 17, N. Y. All Rights Reserved.

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Two Poems

HARVARD
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JAN 27 1944

Bubble of Air

The bubbles in the blood sprang free,
crying from roots, from Darwin's beard.
The angel of the century
stood on the night and would be heard;
turned to my dream of tears and sang:
Woman, American, and Jew,
three guardians watch over you,
three lions of heritage
resist the evil of your age:
life, freedom, and memory.
And all the dreams cried from the camps
and all the steel of torture rang.
The angel of the century
stood on the night and cried the great
notes Give Create and Fight —
while war
runs through your veins, while life
a bubble of air stands in your throat,
answer the silence of the weak:
Speak!

Beast in View

Configurations of time and singing
Bring me to a dark harbor where
The chase is drawn to a beginning.
And all the myths are gathered there.

I know the trees as fountains and the stars'
Far fires fountains and your love
A vivid fountain, and the bars
Broken about me let me move

Among the fountains. At last seeing
I came here by obscure preparing,
In vigils and encounters being
Both running hunter and fierce prey waring.

I hunted and became the followed,
Through many lives fleeing the last me,
And changing fought down a far road
Through time to myself as I will be.

Chaos prepared me, and I find the track,
Through life and darkness seek my myth —
Move toward it, hunting grow more like,
Draw near, and know it through our path.
Know only that we run one path.

Muriel Rukeyser

The Little Things

THE WORLD ALREADY HERALDS vast changes, both spiritual and material, as the good and evil that underlie each individual continue to struggle together. Let no one make up his mind that he is outside the contest which is taking place, for the time is long past when we can complacently hope to build hurriedly a foundation upon our past mistakes.

Conditions of time, energy, and even space have already changed, and we are embarked upon a new adventure, the enduring quality of which will depend upon our own efforts. We are facing days of unsuspected potentialities and wonders, days of adventure into the deep mysteries of an already mysterious planet. It is in this period that we must prepare ourselves for a greater and a more responsible existence.

Life is a coöperative effort in which the fruits of kindness and integrity are more important than the temporary successes achieved at the expense of someone else. Within the complex atom of the self is a fund of energy and strength — dynamic and fierce — the potentialities of which, once released for use, can make life a melody of verification rather than a jangled tune. We are the crowning miracle of life by whose energies and activities the wonders of evolution stand revealed.

The universal degradation into which we have plunged the world will, moreover, transform itself into renewal, even though the agencies that have caused the catastrophe still operate. But this too is healthy, for the denudating of ignorance continues. Life will force us toward beauty and bounty until the graveyard of her despair flowers again with new form and substance.

Destiny reveals her secrets when, after much suffering, we pass to our nobler moments. But before we can reach such a state of nobility many apparent uglinesses will make themselves more obvious, and deep wounds will gape open before we recover from insecurity and fear. Growth does not come overnight, nor does it descend upon our shoulders from without. Greatness is not achieved by accident. There is no doubt that the enduring qualities of life are born from the little things. At the very moment that one takes time to observe the little courtesies of living, the greater ones will happen along as a matter of course. But there is no way of offering lip service to the needy and hungry; the heart's smile is unmistakable. Do not put off doing the little things. A helpful action will begin the task which will place one on the winning side. A kind action and a kindlier word, costing nothing, will make the day happier. Once we have recognized our own responsibilities, we will never again be alone in spirit.

Elizabeth J. Sanne

THE BIRTH OF ADOLF HITLER

By SHOLEM ASCH

Drawings by Ben-Zion

Part II

AFTER TEN YEARS, the frog breeder — the gypsy who was still referred to as "the Bohemian corporal" — showed up in Braunau. As always, he appeared unexpectedly, and rented a hut in the woods. Once more he began to peddle worms and frogs to the fishermen and the landowners who, having suffered many losses of late, had been waiting for him. They had wondered why he had failed to return and had decided that he must be dead, since he had never before stayed away so long, his usual habit having been to remain in a place a year or two, move off for a few seasons, and then come back.

The fish breeders who remembered him put little faith in the new-fangled methods the government — through its overseers — recommended for protecting their fish. Besides, the new methods were expensive. The older fish raisers preferred the frogs and other reptiles the frog man sold, so they welcomed him warmly when he appeared after so long, explaining that during his absence he had been in the steady employ of a nobleman.

One day, when little Adolf left the school building, he saw a man who seemed to be waiting for him. The man had gray hair, but his whiskers were still black. He smiled, beckoning to Adolf, who did not know him, had never heard of the frog man. At home, naturally, his name was never mentioned. Adolf was neither a fearful nor a bashful child. Curious about everything, he approached the stranger, who looked at him cordially, took his hand, and said: "You are little Adolf Hitler?"

"I am not little," the boy answered, half insulted. "I am Adolf Hitler."

"I like that. It shows nerve. You're not little, by any means. And this is what you get for your defiant answer."

The man took a crown out of his purse and gave it to the boy. Adolf held the silver coin in his hand and stared at the stranger.

"Don't you know me? Don't you know who I am?" the man asked.

The boy shook his head.

"Hasn't your mother told you about me?"

The boy shook his head.

"I'm a relative of yours. A very, very close relative."

"An uncle?"

"After a fashion. We are related. You'll find out about it one day. Would you like to come out into the woods to see my little animals?"

"Animals?"

"I'm the man who breeds a lot of little animals for the trout ponds. Haven't you ever heard about me? I sell things to kill snakes and worms. Haven't you ever heard about me?"

A vague sense of memory stirred in the child, as if it was a heritage from his embryonic state. The man's features seemed suddenly familiar and close to him. He looked at the stranger in amazement and said: "Do I know you?"

"You know me, my boy. And you will know me better. Will you come out to the woods with me? I've lots of little animals there. All kinds, all colors. I brought them from the Neu-Siedeler lake in Burgenland. There are some little crocodiles."

"Real crocodiles?"

"That's right. They come of the same stock."

Little Adolf knew that he had no right to go. He had arithmetic, geography, and grammar lessons to do — all subjects in which he was backward. But there was no such concept as "right" for him. From his infancy on he had not known the difference between what was permitted and what was forbidden. Children of great imagination sometimes display some such anomaly which may lead them into becoming explorers and pioneers. But in Adolf it was the lack of a moral concept that was inborn. He could not understand why certain things were permitted and certain others were not. To subject himself to any discipline was beyond him. An invitation from a stranger to spend the pleasant autumn afternoon in the woods was enough to make him forget the unpleasant consequences that his negligence would bring, both at school and at home. As far as

the stranger was concerned, Adolf was not afraid of him. On the contrary, the more adventurous the prospect seemed, the more he was lured by it.

"Certainly I'll go with you," the boy said. He was ready to discard his books and to accompany the stranger to the end of the earth.

"Keep your books. You'll need them," the man said. Taking the boy's hand, he started off toward the woods. On the way he stopped to buy sausage and bread, then at a chemist's for some dried herbs which excited the boy's desire for adventure still more. Finally he bought some cheese scum and scraps of old meat, bones, and fat.

"This is what I feed my worms," he explained.

The woods began at the edge of the town. Near a flowing stream lay an unforested stretch which the city authorities had divided into gypsy camps. A few shacks for storing hay stood in the clearing, and in one of these the frog man kept his tubs, barrels, and basins filled with the frogs and worms he bred.

Little Adolf felt the fetid air pressing against his lungs. But he soon became accustomed to the stench, and his eyes began to distinguish details in the murk. The frog man cut a slice of bread and a hunk of sausage for him, and the boy, like the man, ate it with gusto. After they had washed the food down with mugs of homemade beer, the frog breeder showed Adolf his collection. A mildewed tub, such as the peasants used for trampling grapes, was filled with a dark, glutinous substance. Only the bubbles that from time to time broke the surface of the protoplasmic stuff betrayed the flux below.

"Here they are. This is the world," the frog man said.

"The world?" asked the boy, wonderingly.

"That's right. The world. All its creatures are here, small and large, those who eat and those who are eaten." His eyes glowed green, and a smile came to his heavily-whiskered lips. "Shall I show it to you?"

"Please."

The man walked over to a corner and brought back a sack from which he poured a heap of earth. A damp odor rose from it, and the boy saw innumerable worms crawl out, some threadlike, some plump with blood, some as shiny as mucus, others inky black. Taking a handful of worms, the man flung them into the tub. At once the heads of frogs, lizards, and toads rose to the top. Some had stiff combs, like saws, on their backs; others had short,

pointed jaws; others wide, square mouths. All the mouths had opened to swallow the worms. There was struggle and fuming until the whole litter disappeared into the depths.

"Now you will see how the eaters are eaten," said the frog man.

Into another tub, filled with water, he threw a slab of rotten meat that he had brought from the market. A young milk-crocodile, as big as a hand, surged up and gulped the meat into its terrible mandibles. The man plunged his hand into the tub, dextrously caught hold of the crocodile, drew him out, and flung him into the other basin with the frogs and toads. At once a wild scene ensued. The frogs and toads rose to the surface, fighting to clamber up the sides. But they could not, because the tub was smeared with grease that made it slippery. The milk-crocodile lay motionless, but as soon as one of the small reptiles came within range, its jaws opened and the creature was gone.

"Ha-ha-ha!" the man laughed and withdrew the crocodile from the basin.

Adolf stood uncomprehending. He only grasped instinctively that something was transpiring before him which was very important and which he would have to remember.

"This is the big eater. But there are bigger ones who will eat him. Here he is king. Did you see, my boy, how he lay quietly in wait for his victim? He doesn't have to hurry. He knows the food will reach his mouth of its own accord. There is no escape for the toad that has to share a basin with him. He depends on his teeth. Shall I show you his teeth?" The frog man pressed the crocodile's throat and forced him to open his jaws. "Can you see them? Sharpen your teeth, my boy. Sharpen them. Those who have strong teeth can eat."

"But people don't eat one another," the boy said.

"Do you think not? All living things eat one another. Only the strongest are not eaten."

"The priest says that people must love one another, because Jesus told us to."

"That's another kind of eating. The church eats its believers. The Jews started it, so that they could rule over us."

"The Jews? How?"

"Wasn't Jesus a Jew, and one of them? The Jews invented the love for Jesus, in order to dominate us through the priests and through the church. It's a Jewish trick. Look, boy, when an animal

doesn't have the right kind of jaws, it finds other ways to eat. I'll show you." He pointed to a knot of snakes, to which he threw a small reptile. In a moment one of the snakes had wrapped itself around it. "You see, animals have a lot of ways at their command for devouring what they want. So have human beings."

The boy could not understand. He was still in the grasp of what he had just heard about Jesus; no one had ever before belittled Jesus to him.

"You don't love Jesus, do you?" he asked.

"Why should we love him? Because he let them beat him, torture him, kill him, like a Jew? If he hadn't been a Jew, but a German, like us, he wouldn't have let them beat him and crucify him. He would have beaten them. Isn't that so? Have

you ever seen a German let himself be beaten and tortured, without hitting back? Would you allow that? Wouldn't you be defiant, like a German?"

"I'd never let myself be beaten," cried the boy. "It's true that Jesus asks us only to forgive, to be good, and never to hit back. I never liked that. I was afraid to say so because everybody loves Jesus and thinks He is God."

"The Jews invented everything—they and the priests. They did it to weaken us, don't you understand? It was a typical trick of the weakling who doesn't have strong teeth. But you must have good teeth, then you will be able to eat. You must be a king over men as the crocodile is a king over the frogs and lizards. You must always remember that you've got to eat them or they will eat you."



"I must go home now. My father will soon be coming home from work."

"Are you afraid of your father?" asked the frog man, winking.

"I'm not afraid of anybody."

"That's right! Don't be afraid of anybody."

"Not even of my father and mother?"

"If you're afraid of anyone at all, you will be the eaten, not the eater. Big animals aren't afraid of anybody."

"Not of their fathers and mothers? Not of God?"

"As soon as you let yourself be afraid of anyone, you must obey him. You must do what the other wants and not what you want. But you are going to do what you want, aren't you?"

"I certainly am."

"Don't be afraid of anybody. Always do what you want. Then you will be a big animal, the biggest of all. You will be like the crocodile, the animal that eats others and is never eaten. Don't you want to be like that?"

The boy nodded.

"Remember everything I've told you. Will you come again soon?"

"Tomorrow."

"That's right. But don't tell your father that you were here. You must be clever, too, like the little snake I just showed you. Did you see how it wrapped its tail around the little animal and strangled him? It's all right if you give your mother my regards. But don't let your father hear you," the frog man said, winking again.

"All right," the boy answered, with a sly glance such as only prematurely developed children can display. "I like my mother better than my father, too. I don't like him at all," the boy said, and ran out of the hut.

He came home perspiring and dirty, but before his father had arrived.

His mother, who had been worried about his tardiness, said: "Where have you been? Look at yourself!"

"Oh, Mamma, I saw such interesting things. I saw animals eating one another, and the crocodile eating them all!"

"What did you see? Where have you been?" asked Plötzl, pale and frightened.

"I was in the woods, with a man who breeds the little animals. He says he knows you. He says we're related. He sent you his regards."

"For God's sake don't tell your father about it!"

"The man told me not to tell my father, either.

Only you. He doesn't like father."

"Be quiet, for God's sake! You mustn't see him any more! You mustn't go near the woods. You mustn't see him!"

"Why not, Mamma? I like him."

"Be quiet!" And she put her hand over his mouth. Then she dragged him to the wash basin and scrubbed his face with a damp cloth. "Be quiet! I don't want to hear another word from you. Start doing your homework so that your father won't notice anything."

"All right, Mamma," said the boy, with a wink, as if he had entered into a conspiracy with her. Then he sat himself at the table and opened his books.

So the tax collector found him, when he came home soon afterwards. Neither the mother nor the son said a word about the trip to the woods.

Later, when the tax collector had gone down to the tavern for his Spritz and pipe, the mother talked to her son again.

"Adolf, you must never see that man. You must never go out to the woods. Never! Never!" Her insistence shone in her eyes.

"Why, Mamma? I like him. He showed me such interesting animals, and he says such nice things, just as if I were a grown man."

"Don't ask me why, my child. Don't ask me why. But you must promise me never to see him again."

"I can't promise that, Mamma," the boy said, across the basin in which his mother was bathing him.

"I say you must!"

"The man told me never to take orders from anybody, but to do as I liked."

"Are you going to obey him?"

"I think he's very clever."

Plötzl held her breath for a moment. The flame in her eyes grew brighter and sharper.

"You won't go there again!"

"But why? I want to go!"

She pushed the child away before she had finished washing him and started energetically to do other work.

Neither threats nor pleas were of any avail. All the efforts Plötzl made—unknown to her husband

— to keep the boy from visiting the frog breeder had no effect. The man enchanted Adolf, who felt instinctively closer to him than to his father. Answering the call of blood affinity, the boy sought out the man. No sooner had he left the schoolroom than he was off to the woods. He learned the man's trade, helped him dig worms, sorted them — setting aside the thick, fat ones to sell to the fishermen, and throwing the others to the reptiles.

He watched the struggle between the lizards and the frogs. He began to understand the conflict, to enjoy it and to love it.

New traits, induced by his companionship with these creatures, immediately manifested themselves in the boy's character. They were noticed both at home and at school. In addition to neglecting his studies, the boy began to display inhuman cruelty to the domestic animals, and to derive Satanic pleasure from watching the agony of the creature he was torturing. He would trap a bird and — not killing it at once — would put it into a cage and set the cage before the cat. Then he would watch the cat pace around the cage, trying to poke its paws through the wires while the bird fluttered from corner to corner, swollen with fright, each tiny feather standing separate. The bird would close its eyes, waiting for death. And Adolf would urge the cat on, until the bird dropped in terror. At other times he would tie the cat by its paws, head downward, to the branch of a tree and call all the dogs in the courtyard to torment it. While the cat tossed and trembled, he stood by, mocking her pitiful miaows. Once a driver came to the scene, drove Adolf off with his whip, and freed the cat.

His cruelty was soon manifested at school as well. He brought lizards to class and showed the boys their sharp teeth. He caught insects, flies, spiders, and worms to feed the lizards. In the beginning, the other boys were fascinated by the strange game and even envied him his unusual treasure. But as soon as they noticed the vicious enjoyment with which he set the lizards on the worms, their childish instinct rebelled. They felt something unclean about the boy; they began to avoid him and to call him "frog man."

Isolated in school, estranged at home, little Adolf grew closer to the man in the woods and became almost one with him. Not only was the frog man the only person in the world with whom Adolf felt comfortable and happy, according to his own standards, but he was the one person who seemed inti-

mate and familiar to him. He had never felt close to his father, or been able to talk to him. The father, in his turn, paid little attention to the boy except to growl at him, order him about, or accuse him of misdemeanors. That was why the boy brought to the frog man the emotions a child ordinarily brings to his father. His thoughts and his sufferings were confided to the stranger, together with his complaints about the schoolmates who ostracized him.

"Don't worry, my boy. You must let them feel your teeth. Then they will respect you, if not out of love, then out of fear."

"But how?"

"You must have sharper teeth than they. And sharper nails. You must be able to dig your teeth and your nails into their flesh, like my little lizard."

"But how can I sharpen my teeth?"

"Through hate. Hate those who oppose you. Hate breeds strength, energy, fury. You know what happens to a cat when she is puffed up with the strength that hate gives her. That's why I tell you to hate. Hate everyone who is against you. Then you will be stronger than they. Do you understand?"

The boy nodded. "That's what the animals do. I've often noticed it."

"As long as your hate is greater than your enemy's, you will be stronger than he. The animals that hate best have the strongest teeth and claws. Hate with all your might! Never stop hating! Then you will be stronger than everybody else. You will dominate everyone else. You will be the eater and the others the eaten."

The boy began to laugh with pleasure. "Nobody else talks like that to me. My father never talks like that to me. I love you much more than him. You are closer to me," the boy said, warmly.

"I am closer to you, my boy. You'll find it out soon enough. And if you will listen to my advice, some day you will become the ruler of Germany!"

"What will I become?" the boy asked in laughing astonishment.

"Don't laugh, my son! This is a very serious matter I tell you." And he drew the boy nearer to his heart. "You are destined to be one day the ruler of the German Reich. More than that, the ruler of the whole world if you know how to grasp it. Have it always in mind that you were born to rule and conquer, to hate and kill. Do you get me?"

The boy, without answer, in frightened astonishment, nodded his head.

"Tell your mother that she might come out here one day to prepare some soup for me. But don't let your father hear you. Do you understand?"

"Yes," the boy answered, still thoughtful. "Du . . ." said the boy, looking straight at the frog man. Then suddenly he jumped up and ran out of the hut and homeward. Behind him he heard the frog man's laughter.

In keeping with the pattern of events preceding Adolf's birth, the tax collector was the last one in town to become aware of what was going on between the boy and the frog man. He was so completely lost in his plans for his pension days that he did not see what was happening around him. Perhaps he preferred not to see it. He believed that what cannot be overcome must be submitted to. He had little interest in the boy (actually he was interested in no one and in nothing except his little needs and pleasures). He didn't want his peace and his habits to be marred by concern over the boy, and he lived entirely in the petty joys that everyday existence brought — his meals, his Spritz, his pipe, his foot bath, wandering the whole time through his dreams of a cottage at the edge of a pond in the hills.

Plötzl bore the whole burden of worry for the boy, and it added to the heaviness of her spirit. Her sin was like a rope around her neck, drawing her and her child into an abyss. There was no escape from her sin. The sin demanded punishment, and the punishment had come to her through the fruit the sin had borne. She felt that the time for retribution was at hand, and that it was to be terrible. She saw it in the stern faces, the unfriendly glances directed at her in the kitchen of the inn, and in the tavern by her uncle and other respectable citizens. Everyone was talking about the boy's visits to the woods, of his altered, horrifying behavior, of his cruelty to animals. Everyone was furious at his arrogance and stubbornness — and blamed the mother more than the boy. Nor did they spare her the knowledge of how they felt, through warnings that "the apple does not fall far from the tree."

In her miserable need, she did not know to whom to turn. For a while she thought of confessing to the priest and asking him to absolve her child. But she was afraid to face the priest; it was too late to lay bare a sin she had hidden for so long. She did not even dare pray to God, against Whom she felt herself most guilty, for having borne a child to Satan. Now Satan was dragging her down to his

depths. Sometimes the thought rose in her that she could destroy Satan's fruit. But the fruit was no longer within her. It had its own independent life which grew stronger and more powerful day by day. Was she to sin against her own flesh and blood, and thus cry out to the world that it was Satan's child?

No, she could not bring this on herself. The consequence of such a deed did not restrain her; she was ready to do everything to blot out the sin. But she simply could not commit the deed. Again and again she resolved that there was no other way of freeing herself from the burden, but she could not carry out her plans. She would awaken screaming; her thoughts turned into nightmares while she slept. Despite the cruelty the child evinced, despite the humiliation he imposed on her, he was still dear to her; he was her child, though Satan's. The unhappiness he brought her seemed to root him more firmly in her heart. She could have killed herself, but not her child.

While she was in this mood, the boy brought her the frog man's message.

"Mamma, the man in the woods wants you to come out and cook some soup for him."

"What?"

"He told me to tell you to come out and cook some soup for him."

Plötzl turned pale, then she flushed, pale again.

"Adolf, I told you never to talk to me about him, and never to visit him. You must not! You must not!" She began to pommel the boy's head with her fists.

"But why, mamma? I like him and so do you. And you know mamma what the man told me? . . . No I will not tell you!"

"What did he say?" the mother grasped his hand.

He looked his mother straight in the face and said, "One day I will be the ruler of the German Reich."

"Be silent!" And she placed her hand over the boy's mouth.

The boy tore himself from her grasp and darted away. From the distance he called out to her, with a grin: "The man told me to ask you."

"Shut up, you devil!" Her eyes were sharp as swords.

Plötzl came slowly toward the corner where the boy was hiding. Her hair seemed to stand on end, her eyes sparkled, and her hands — with their long

fingers and pointed nails — were like claws. To the boy they were like the claws of a beast.

There were heavy footsteps on the stairs.

"Here comes papa!" the boy called.

"Devil!" the mother cried again, and started to move toward the kitchen.

The whole night through, Plötzl lay awake at her husband's side, thinking: "The devil has come to claim his own. The devil shall have it."

Again she wondered how to rid herself of the child. But once more she saw that, despite all the sorrow and bitterness he had brought her, she was weak against him. She could not do the deed. She knew that her hands would not carry out the commands of her brain. The boy held her in bondage. He was hers, just as he was the devil's or someone else's. He was her flesh and blood, and she was powerless against him. Her husband had said he might be transferred to another town. She would take the boy with her. No one would know them. She would save the child, keep him from the poison the devil was sowing in his spirit. She would send him to school, she would talk to the teacher, to the priest. She would do everything to save him.

But what if the devil should come to the other town to claim his own?

Then why . . . why not destroy the devil? What was it he asked her to do? "Tell your mother to come out here to cook some soup for me . . ."

There it was, the door to her salvation, which God had opened for her that she might rid herself of the devil. Hadn't they lived in peace all the years while the man was

away? The old man had been appeased, he had forgotten what had happened, he had even begun to interest himself in her child by concerning himself with his schooling and sometimes punishing him. She had been respected by everyone. No one had

ever mentioned the past, until . . . until the gypsy had returned and begun to claim his own.

Destroy the devil . . .

But how?

"He told me to come out and cook some soup for him. He has tins full of rat poison there. He showed them to me once. Just the same, I'll bring some poison along . . ."

So she fell asleep.

In the morning she was up earlier than usual, preparing the tax collector's morning coffee and baking his dumplings. Then she packed his lunch box.

When he was at the door, she asked:

"Schickelgruber, what about your being transferred? The boy is growing up. He should go to school."

"He will go to the frog man's school in the woods. Everyone is talking about it," said Schickelgruber, pinching Plötzl's bony thigh.

Plötzl suffered the pinch without grimace.

"The frog man will disappear."

"You said so once before, but he came back."

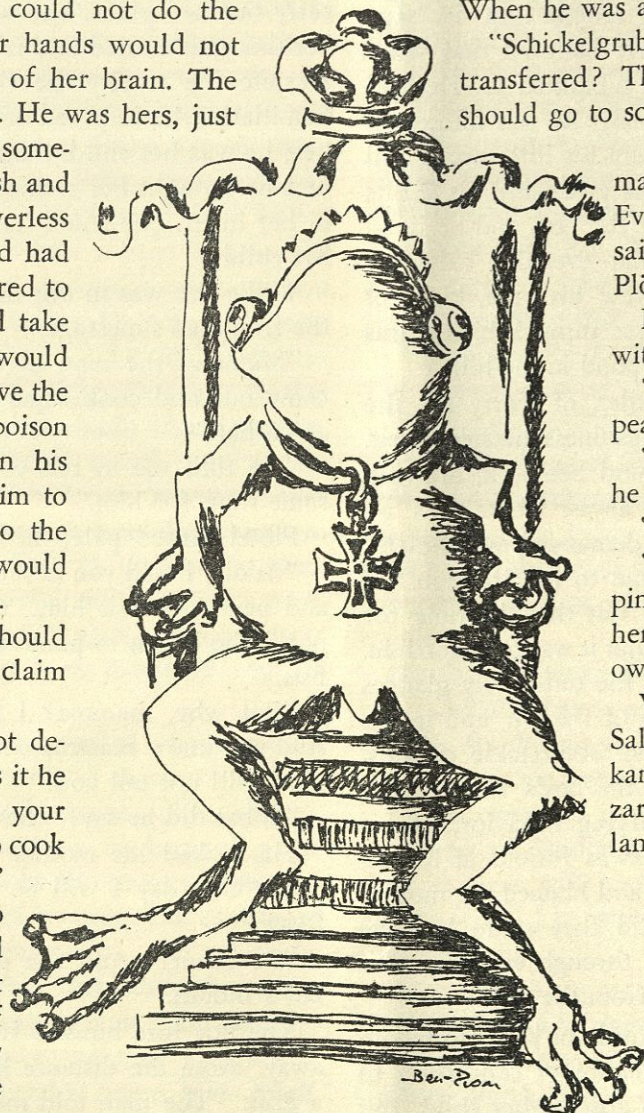
"Not this time."

"We shall see . . ." He pinched her again, not to hurt her now, but sadistically, for his own pleasure.

Winter comes early to the Salzburg valley and to Salzkammergut. By November, blizzards are billowing into the lowlands from the hills. For three

days a blizzard raged, until the town was buried under and all the roads blocked. On the fourth day, when the snow stopped falling, the sleighs barely managed to cut a path through the town,

and the inhabitants crawled out of their houses to begin their daily lives anew. Even the children, whom the blizzard had kept at home, made their way to school on sleds and sleighs. A week later the snow was sufficiently hardened by frost and traffic to en-



able Adolf, on a sunny afternoon, to head for the woods on his little sled. He had not seen his friend the frog man since before the blizzard. With great difficulty he hewed through the forest to the small hut where the frog man lived. He found the door buried under a mound of snow. No footsteps into or out of the hut were visible. Adolf called out loudly:

"Du . . . uncle . . . Du . . . uncle . . ."

No voice answered from within.

Adolf struggled to free the door and began to beat his hands on it.

"Du . . . du . . . please open the door!"

No answer.

He tried to force the door, but the snow lay too high around it. Again he called, again there was no answer. Terrified, he turned his sled around and ran homeward as fast as he could.

"Mamma, he isn't there any more!" he cried out to his mother, as soon as he had run into the house.

"How do you know?" asked Plötzl, laconically.

"I was out there. The door is blocked by snow. I banged and banged on the door, and no one answered."

"Then you must find out where he is," said the mother, still so indifferently and calmly that the boy could not understand it.

A few days later the town discovered what had happened to the frog man. The forest overseer, who had noticed him a day before the blizzard, saw that the door was blocked and eventually brought workmen to clear away the snow. They shoveled a path and opened the door on a scene so gruesome that in the tavern afterward it was discussed only in whispers. The frog man lay dead on the ground, while that which he had bred — frogs, toads, snakes, snails, lizards — had made their way out of the tubs, which had frozen over, to forage hungrily in the hut. No other food was available to them but the frog man's dead body, and they had attacked it. It was already mauled when found — gnawed and bitten by leeches, lizards, worms, and snakes; mice had nibbled at it. The dead man had lost his human semblance, his face and hands were unrecognizable.

The doctor was too disgusted to perform an autopsy, despite the fact that there was flagrant evidence of another person's presence in the room.

Some left-over soup in a plate looked suspiciously like poison.

For still another reason the police were unwilling to devote too much energy to the affair; the dead man — according to the documents found on him — belonged to no Christian creed, but was a gypsy pagan. Unwilling to probe further into the cause of his death, they declared it to have been a case of freezing. Actually, after a week in the frigid hut, the body was frozen stiff. The priest did not want to permit burial in consecrated ground, but the police were insistent. So the body, like a carcass, was thrown into a pit near the wall of the cemetery, in a section reserved for criminals and gypsies.

At the end of the year the tax collector was transferred to another post. But before the family left town, the boy set a pointed rock into the frog man's grave, as a marker. Then he called down into the earth:

"I will remember everything you told me. I will remember it all my life, Father."

The boy kept his word.

Years later the boy returned to that grave. The fate of eighty million human beings, in one of the largest and most civilized nation in the world, had fallen into his hands. Never before had a ruler been granted such power over the life and death of his people; never before had a ruler cast such a shadow over other nations as did the man Adolf. Now he came back, at night, dressed in formal clothing, wearing a silk hat, and accompanied by a staff of military officers.

Ministers and the generals of a great army had sworn allegiance to him. They surrounded him, ready to carry out his orders to march and to force the world to submit to his will. But the man on whom depends the life and death of a world stands before an unknown grave, near the wall of a tiny cemetery in an unimportant town. Neither monument nor name identify the grave, only a pointed rock that the man had put there as a child.

Humbly, piously, the ruler of the world lays a wreath of flowers — handed him by one of his generals — on the flat, modest grave, and calls into it hoarsely: "Father, the hate you taught me has brought me everything. Heil!"

"Heil!" answered the civilian entourage, silk hats in hand. The generals stood in military salute.

La Haute Cuisine and Jumbo Gulch

By JAY McCORMICK

JUMBO GULCH was the fattest man and the greatest eater on the chain of lakes. For this reason most of the crew of the *Clementine Hathaway II* had gathered on deck in the hot afternoon sun of a July day to stare down at Jumbo, who stood beside his duffel bag on the dock below.

Satan, doomed souls, and lake sailors know what a good hot day can be, tied up as the *Hathaway* was at the head of the C. & O. slip in Toledo. Such a crowd, on such a day, was an honor not usually bestowed on newly-hired coal passers.

At the head of the landing ladder, where it was lashed to the *Hathaway's* port rail, stood Captain Terence Shaw and his Chief Engineer, Mr. Jock Ferguson.

Yet Jumbo did not look proud, as a man should when such a tribute is paid him. He looked worried. He looked up at Captain Shaw, then at the ladder, then down at the dock's cinders.

Captain Shaw reached over to the head of the ladder and shook it to make sure it was fast. "Not use the ladder?" he shouted, "Why the hell not?"

"Yessir." Jumbo nodded and started up the ladder.

There were two places you couldn't trust Jumbo Gulch—on a ship's ladder, and in a ship's galley. He was only on the second rung when it broke, so he didn't have very far to fall. He landed square on his feet, still holding on to the ladder. Slowly he pulled his feet out from under the bottom rung, shifted the duffel bag on his shoulder, and with grim straining of muscles and trousers, began reaching one foot up to the next unbroken rung.

"No, no," Captain Shaw remarked quickly. He held the top of the ladder as if to protect it. "You go on back aft, Jumbo. We'll run the gangplank out."

Even in Lake Erie coal ports Pierre Blanchard, steward of the *Clementine Hathaway II*, wore a tall white chef's hat. This was a symbol. Also, Pierre wore a waxed blond moustache, an unmelttable moustache. Beneath that moustache his lips curled with scorn as he stood at the railing just outside the

galley door, silent above the objectionable *brouhaha* of getting Jumbo Gulch across the gangplank below.

Pierre spit into the narrow strip of water next to the dock. He did not think Jumbo Gulch weighed five hundred pounds as some said. He looked to be four hundred or maybe a little over. Yet Pierre was impressed. "*Mon Dieu, quel embonpoint*," he breathed softly.

But there are limits beyond which no artist can be driven. As he turned from the railing, the stern starch of battle hardened in Pierre's face. "Hah," he said, with a toss of the tall white hat. He went back into the galley, banging the screen door.

In a way, everything that happened after that was the fault of Darius Penobscot and Captain Terence Shaw. The two were friends and made their schemes together. One of them should have known better.

The *Clementine Hathaway II* was the oldest and the favorite of Darius Penobscot's boats. Terence Shaw was the youngest and the favorite of his captains. When, during the summer, Darius grew weary of his big office and his big house in Cleveland, he went for a trip on the *Hathaway* with Terence. He owned a score of boats, some with passenger quarters designed especially for his use, but he liked what he liked.

And when, during the winter, Terence Shaw grew weary of inaction—as a man does when his boat is laid up and he has fixed all the things around his house in Marine City and has been home long enough to make his wife nervous trying to help her with the dishes—he went to Cleveland to see Darius on business. And sometimes they went west and sometimes east and sometimes south, and when they got back a week or two later they were never so sure where they had been themselves.

They had brought Pierre back from one of these winter business trips. Pierre said they had lured him away from a high-minded but financially unstable restaurant. They had promised him more money, Pierre said, and Darius and Terence weren't so sure but what they had.

Darius, however, already had a cook, and besides he was fond of the *Clementine Hathaway II*. So the *Hathaway* got Pierre. This made her a popular boat, for Pierre was a very fine cook indeed.

At times, though, he brooded over the indignity of a kitchen that rolled about in a storm. The tall white hat Pierre wore in memory of a lost idealism.

To Captian Shaw it seemed fitting that a boat with a great cook should also have a great eater. Darius agreed. Having aided Shaw in hiring the immovable object, he then encouraged him to hire the irresistible force.

"Observe," Pierre had said to the porter on the day word of Jumbo's coming reached the galley, "an appetite, a hunger, is not enough. There must also be an appreciation. How can such a one, eating in such quantity, taste the refinements of cooking?"

And Pierre had announced his plans for Jumbo Gulch.

As soon as courtesy permitted, Jumbo Gulch made his excuses to the welcoming committee, waddled up the stairs from the engine room, and started to the galley to make friends with the cook. Outside the galley Jumbo dropped his duffel bag on deck and entered, smiling.

"Lo, cook," he said. "I'm new man. Name's Gulch, Jumbo Gulch." He held out his big hand.

With a look of encompassing criticism, Pierre extended a limp right hand. "Pierre," he said stiffly. "Pierre Blanchard."

Jumbo looked around the galley, rubbing his hands together happily. He walked over to the pantry door and leaned against the edge of it.

"Cheese," he said. "Man alive, Pyair, I wish I had a great big hunk of cheese. I could eat cheese from now till supper time. Or anything. Ham maybe, baloney, piece of pie. You got anything around like that?" Jumbo's eyes were large now, and liquid with love.

"No." Pierre's voice was cold. "Not until supper. The icebox is locked. It is always locked, except when I am preparing the meals or the midnight lunch."

"Locked?" Jumbo's smile wavered and his face showed a certain anxiety. "Aw come on, Pyair, open it up, won't you? I ain't ate since noon."

"No."

"All I want's a snack, just a snack." Jumbo tried another smile.

Pierre said nothing. Only one thing could make Jumbo Gulch mad.

"All right, you frog," he shouted and started for Pierre. "I'll pull them moustaches off you and eat them."

Pierre seized a cleaver from the knife rack and stood his ground. "Touch me and you die," he panted, and Jumbo stopped. Pierre brandished the cleaver as if it were a sword, and he, a general. He stood very straight. His lower lip stuck out like a schooner's prow.

"You do not eat here until six o'clock, Mister Gulch," he hissed. "I hear what a great eater you are, but not in my kitchen."

"Galley."

"Kitchen. You will eat when the rest of the crew eats, at six and twelve and six and midnight lunch. The rest of the time, you stay out. I lock the icebox, and I keep the key in my pocket. You eat like everyone else. *Voilà*."

"You can't do that," Jumbo bellowed, "I'll break you in two."

Pierre pointed to the door with the cleaver. "Out." Jumbo edged past him and stood indecisively at the door. "Out!" Pierre barked, and took a step toward him. Jumbo went out.

Next day the *Clementine Hathaway II* moved lazily through the sparkling blue of Lake Huron. The line of shore had faded away beyond the horizon; the sun was master of a cloudless sky. Two deckhands and a watchman were painting the deck, and several other men sat in the shade of the after cabin, talking quietly, dozing. Farther astern, stretched out on his bunk in the firemen's room, Jumbo Gulch slept but spoke soft sleeping words of food.

Mr. Jock Ferguson sat across a card table from Captain Terence Shaw in the latter's cabin below the pilot house. On the table were cards and a cribbage board. Mr. Ferguson's teeth clicked resolutely against the stem of his fast-puffing pipe.

"He is a member of the engine room crew, and I am responsible for him," Mr. Ferguson said. "The man has said nothing of all this to me. As master, Terence, you can order me to speak to the cook, or you can speak to him yourself, but I'd consider you very foolish if you did either."

Captain Shaw studied his cigar, rolling it between his fingers. Satisfied with its appearance, he placed the cigar carefully on the lip of a large ash tray, gathered the cards from the table, and began shuffling them.



"You're a penny-pinching old fool, Jock," Shaw said calmly. "Probably never been hungry in your life."

"Hungry!" Mr. Ferguson shouted. "Why, damn my soul, Terence, do you know what the man had for breakfast this morning? Three bowls of oatmeal, ten eggs, twenty-seven slices of bacon, four dishes of prunes, four cups of coffee! I'm a reasonable man, and just. You'd not find me standing by, watching a man starve, but I agree completely with the cook. A man who eats that much at mealtimes needs no more food between meals."

"Bunk," Shaw said. "Far as I hear, the cook's got some kind of principle behind all this. You haven't. All you like's the idea of saving a few nickels, even

if they're not yours. Never did know you to spend a cent you didn't have to, except for the quarters you pay me, trying to learn how to play cribbage."

Mr. Ferguson's pipe blew smoke through the air. "Ah, lad, you've said it now," he cried. "I'll not dispute with you my own principle of thrift. You're too old and too ignorant to understand it. But you've admitted the cook has a principle. Now would you interfere with a man's principles? Speak up now."

Captain Shaw studied for a moment, holding the cards ready to deal. "The cook's wrong," he said.

"It's you that says he wrong. Of course, you're master. . . ." Mr. Ferguson's voice grew sly, "and if you tell the cook he's wrong, he's wrong and there it is, but as to justice. . . ."

Shaw thumped the table, jiggling the cigar off the ashtray. "I'll show you who's just," he shouted. He pointed a finger at Mr. Ferguson. "I've got fifty dollars that says I'll get Jumbo Gulch all the food he wants, and make the cook enjoy giving it to him."

"Without speaking to the cook?"

"Not a word."

Mr. Jock Ferguson hesitated for the proper moment. He liked a bargain to be a bargain. "There should be a time limit," he said.

"Two weeks."

"Done," said Mr. Jock Ferguson.

During the next four nights, the men of the *Clementine Hathaway II* went without their midnight lunch. A midnight lunch, laid out shortly before nine o'clock at night, is not a sparse display. On galley cupboards and in the messroom are thick platters loaded with slices of sharp store cheese, big chunks of cake, great varieties of sausages, boxes of cookies and crackers, earthenware jars filled with bread, wedges of pie, dishes of mixed fruit, dishes of the beneficial rhubarb — enough for a thirty-man crew. Jumbo Gulch ate it all.

The men discussed this among themselves, but none of them mentioned it to Jumbo. They realized that it was not selfishness depriving them, but the demands of self-preservation.

He ate the midnight lunch. He ate a ten-man's breakfast, dinner, and supper. He went uptown when the boat docked at Marinette, and brought back boxes of things to eat, which he stowed away under his bunk in the firemen's room.

He did not speak to the cook, nor of him. His face was as drawn as a fat man's can be, and for four days there was determination in it.

But Pierre paid no attention to this determination.

On the morning of the fifth day, as the *Hathaway* moved placidly past the rich green shores of the St. Clair River on her way back down the lakes, Jumbo Gulch walked nervously to the galley and peered through the screen door at Pierre. He hitched at his too-large trousers.

"Need any coal for the stove, Pyair?"

"No," Pierre said.

"I better get some. You'll maybe need some, huh?"

Jumbo went into the galley cautiously to get the scuttle standing beside the stove. Pierre made no move toward the knife rack where the cleaver hung. Jumbo ventured a wan smile.

"Any time you want coal, just let me know," he said, and he swung the scuttle awkwardly back and forth. "We ought to be friends, you and me, Pyair. I like you."

Pierre did not look up from the cans of peaches he was opening.

"Well, I'll get your coal," Jumbo said, and went out and got it.

Later that day Jumbo mopped the galley and pantry floors, and when Pierre went for'ard to tend to the captain's room, Jumbo went along to carry things and do the heavy work.

So for several days Jumbo Gulch worked one watch in the firehold and another in the galley. He praised Pierre whenever he could, and he mopped floors and peeled potatoes and carried water pitchers, and at first this made Captain Shaw irritable, and then — as the end of the second week came closer — worried.

After supper one evening Shaw walked up the deck, chewing thoughtfully on a toothpick, already missing the fifty dollars he wasn't going to have in two days. Jumbo Gulch sat alone on a hatch, staring out over the calm sadness of Lake Erie.

Shaw paused, and he, too, looked out into the endless copper sheen of the lake and the setting sun. Without turning his head, he spoke:

"Things going all right?"

"Yessir."

They were silent again. After a while Jumbo sighed, "I don't know how much I've lost, Cap'n, not pounds anyhow, but it's seven inches around me — I measured by these pants." With a huge hand he hauled at the waist of his trousers, drawing many bunchy pleats into one thick fold of cloth — extra cloth.

"That's how much," he muttered, looking for-

lornly down at the dungaree evidence of a dwindling glory. He hauled at the other side of his waist to redistribute the fold into smaller, more comfortable overlaps about his entire girth. "I had to punch new holes in this belt here."

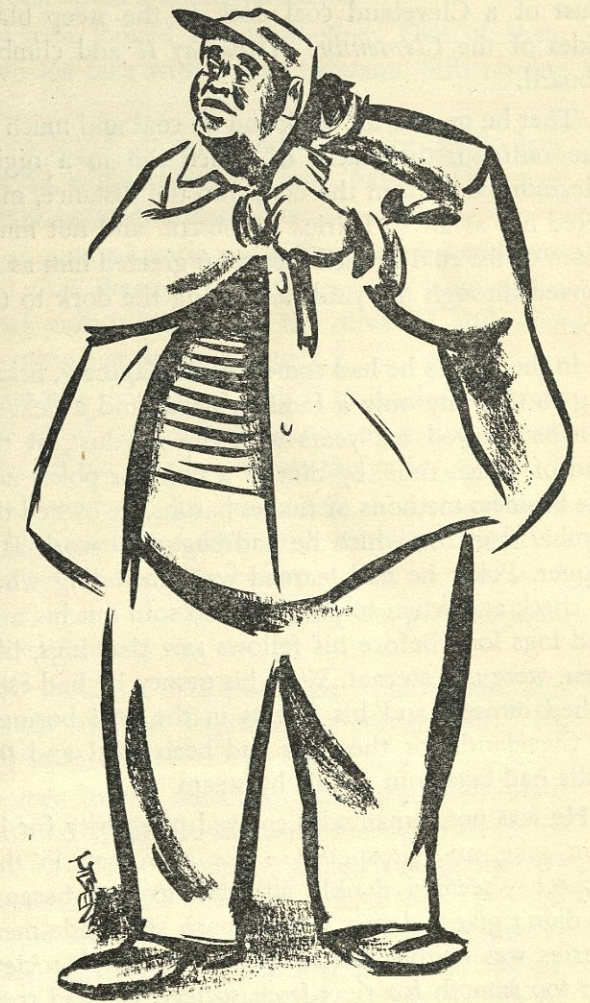
Shaw frowned at the deck, and his voice was resigned.

"Guess maybe I better ask Jock to speak to the cook."

Jumbo looked up quickly. "I — well, I'd just as soon you didn't, Captain. I wasn't meanin' to complain official-like. Anyhow, you got to be friends with a cook."

"Don't know what's got into Pierre," Shaw growled. He chewed the toothpick furiously for a moment, then flicked it away. "Isn't hardboiled with anybody else."

"It's because he was a restrunt cook," Jumbo grunted unhappily. "I never in my life had trouble with a steamboat cook, but Pyair, he's French, and he's a restrunt cook, and I guess he thinks I don't



appreciate him. Figures all I like is food — and not cooks."

"Well — outside of being hungry, you feel okay?"

"Yessir, I do. Only kind of lighter."

Terence Shaw walked slowly on up the deck, entered his cabin, sat down at his desk, and made as if to work on the payroll — before inspiration exploded in him like a powder charge. Thumping his fist on the desk, he shouted "Restaurant cook—steamboat cook!" at the surprised chronometer on the bulkhead before him. He went out on deck and climbed the stairs to the bridge and entered the wireless room just astern of the pilot house.

Half an hour later Sparks removed his headphones, which were still crackling and making erratic squealings.

"Says he'll meet us at the dock when he get in tomorrow morning, sir."

At three o'clock the next morning, a well-dressed but not-quite-sober gentleman carrying two suitcases, one of which clinked, scuffed carelessly through the dust of a Cleveland coal dock to the steep black sides of the *Clementine Hathaway II* and climbed aboard.

That he owned the dock and its coal and much of the railroad, the tracks of which ran in a night-gleaming web from the dock into the distance, mattered not at all to Darius Penobscot, and not much more to the coal-grimed men who greeted him as he moved through the yards and along the dock to the boat.

In the 1890's he had come west to Saginaw, bringing to that city only a familiar name and a peavey. He had stayed ten years with the sawdust, at the end of which time, by dint of a flair for poker and the business methods of timber barons, he owned the lumber firm for which he had begun to work as a logger. Poker he had learned well, including when to check and when to pass. He had sold out his mill and logs long before his fellows saw that logs, like men, were not eternal. With his money he had established himself and his talents in the coal business at Cleveland, for the saws had been steel and the mills had been run at last by steam.

He was not a man who enjoyed prosperity for its own sake, and prosperity — like a woman in this respect — seemed doubly attracted to him because he didn't give a damn. Unlike many self-made men, Darius was neither too rough for blue-book society nor too smooth for river-front society. He had trav-

eled considerably about the world, but because the business made more money when he was gone than when he was home, he had returned to interfere with the brisk men who ran things for him. Darius disliked efficiency experts.

He had been married eight times and was currently a bachelor.

On board the *Hathaway*, he grinned at Terence Shaw and marched silently in step with him forward to the passenger quarters which occupied the port side of Shaw's cabin. Terence carried one of the suitcases, but Darius himself held on to the one that clinked.

In the passenger room, Darius took two bottles from the bag, and handed one to Captain Shaw. In return, Captain Shaw gave Darius one of two thick tumblers which had stood near the water jug. The two men sat down and each poured himself a drink from his own bottle.

"Darius," Terence Shaw began, "what's the difference between a restaurant cook and a steamboat cook?"

"What?"

"I want to know about cooks. High class cooks, French ones. You've eaten in a lot of big-name beaneries. . . ."

"Riddles," Darius said, and sipped at his drink. "You're all twisted up, Terence. Cooks, cooks."

"No, it's a plan," Captain Shaw said. "I've got it all worked out, except for some information and maybe a little help from you."

The conversation continued for some time. At last Darius Penobscot nodded.

"All right, I'll do it," he said. "Now maybe we ought to go back aft and buy Jock Ferguson a drink. He is a good man about to be bilked. Not that there is anything dishonest about your idea. . . ."

"Of course not," said Terence Shaw. "A bet's a bet."

When he awoke shortly after ten o'clock that morning, Darius washed his face in cold water, poured one quick hair-of-the-dog, drank it down, and headed aft for the galley. He did not have to enter, for just as he approached the galley door, Jumbo stepped wearily out to empty a bucket of soapy water over the railing. Despite the effects of his diet, there could be no mistaking Jumbo Gulch.

"Psst," Darius said, and crooked one finger.

Jumbo stared at him, still holding the bucket out over the rail.

"Psst," Darius repeated, beckoning agitatedly.

"Be back in a minute, Pyair," Jumbo called through the screen door. "That is, if you can spare me, huh?"

He followed Darius up the deck, and they sat down on a hatch. Darius introduced himself, then began to relate something which interested Jumbo very much. After a while Jumbo Gulch spoke, slowly as if he were learning a lesson. At times Darius would shake his head impatiently, after which Jumbo would speak again, very carefully.

At high noon the second cook stepped out the galley door and began his tour of the *Hathaway*, ringing dinner call with his big brass handbell. The men of the crew walked quickly along the deck toward the messroom adjoining the galley, or farther astern to the officers' mess, which opened onto the fantail. To all of them it seemed like any other day, any other time for dinner.

Jumbo Gulch was not in the messroom eating when the other men arrived there. He was, in fact, the last man to come in. When he did get there, a great and mysterious change, born between breakfast and dinner, was apparent in his behavior.

Jumbo Gulch sauntered like a dandy, insolently and with manner. He stepped carelessly into the messroom and seated himself upon a groaning stool. He did not dive toward the food spread out on the linoleum tabletop.

This in itself was enough to make one coal passer put down his knife and fork and stare, forgetting to chew a mouthful of food.

It also upset Pierre Blanchard, who had been about to clang a pot into the galley sink, but instead placed the pot quietly and carefully on a cupboard shelf, and went to the door leading into the messroom.

"Same old thing," Jumbo said, in a bored and too-refined tone. He looked disinterestedly about the table at the great platters of food. Every man at the table had stopped eating now. Some held their knives and forks in mid-air, some lay them silently on the table.

Great beads of sweat were starting up on the back of Jumbo's neck, yet his voice did not falter, and to Pierre and the audience at the table, his face was aloof, urbane.

"I'm not very hungry today," Jumbo said calmly.

A deckhand choked and grew red in the face, waving his arms at two other men who were thump-

ing him on the back. There was a scramble of stools as the men helped the deckhand into the galley and out on deck to catch his breath. At the same time a porter, who had been carrying a platter full of pork chops to the messroom, dropped the platter with a crash and made a sound which was very close to a scream of hysteria. Someone knocked a pitcher of milk over, but the man on whose lap it spilled sat motionless, his mouth agape, his eyes glazed with amazement. Pierre lost his hold on the door frame, and clutched hastily to keep from falling to the gritty floor. His face was pale.

Jumbo knew he had them.

"Pyair," he commanded, with a grandiose gesture of one hand, "Pyair, all I want's a salad, just a nice, simple salad. You got that wooden salad bowl handy? I'll mix it myself."

Turning from Pierre, Jumbo remarked quietly to the table, "Good chef, Pyair, very good roast chef, not bad on pastry. But salads — well, it's the last thing they teach a chef, you know."

The men looked at one another. One of them mopped his face with a blue bandana. Still no one spoke.

Jumbo stood up then, and Pierre seemed to bow — just the slightest bit of a bow, from the waist — as Jumbo again addressed him.

"I can mix it here in the galley," Jumbo said, and walked past Pierre. "If you'll get the bowl and a clove of garlic, I'll dig up the olive oil and vinegar to make the dressing myself."

It was not that Pierre wished to disobey. He just had to stand still a few seconds more before setting out on his own legs across the galley.

"Un gourmet," he murmured softly, and suddenly his face was radiant with a smile no man on the *Hathaway* had seen before.

"Veet, veet," Jumbo said, and snapped his thick fingers impatiently.

"Oui, Jumbo, a salad, at once," Pierre said, and his hands rubbed together in contentment. He walked toward the pantry bent in a constant bow.

The men in the messroom looked at each other, and no one spoke. A fireman absently chewed his food, then got up from the table, leaving the rest of his meal on the plate, and departed. Then another man left, and then all the rest of the men at the table, their faces dazed, their meals unfinished, slowly stood up, as if they carried the weight of

many years on their shoulders, and half-groped their way out of the messroom.

Having finished their dinner in the officers' mess, Captain Terence Shaw and Mr. Jock Ferguson, together with Darius Penobscot, strolled amiably up the deck on their way to an afternoon cribbage game. Casually Captain Shaw halted his two friends just outside the galley window.

The three men on deck peered in at Jumbo and Pierre, who stood with heads close together over a wooden salad bowl.

"Careful," Jumbo was saying. "Just a drop-and-a-half more vinegar."

"*Oui*, a drop-and-a-half, Jumbo, *oui*," Pierre muttered nervously.

"What you doing, Jumbo?" Captain Shaw asked through the window screen.

"Oh, howdy Cap'n, Chief, 'n you, sir. . . ." Jumbo's gaze remained fixed for a moment of worship and thanks on the lined red face of Darius Penobscot. "Me, I'm just showing Pyair the way I like my salad fixed, sir."

Mr. Jock Ferguson's mouth dropped open, then shut with a snap not only visible but audible.

"I'll mix her myself now, Pyair," Jumbo said, and his voice was kindly. "Maybe while I'm busy, you'd hustle me up a steak or something, huh?"

"At once," Pierre bobbed, "I shall get two."

Jumbo stirred the leafy mixture in the salad bowl and did not look up for a moment until Pierre returned to the galley bearing two large, thick steaks of an admirable darkness.

Happily Jumbo Gulch smiled, and happily played his ace-in-the-hole.

"*Vive la France*, Pyair," he said.

For a moment Pierre's face was sober, then another and even warmer smile crossed his face, and with a grand fillip he tossed the steaks onto the grill.

"*Oui*, Jumbo," he said, and twisted the tips of the blond moustache, "*Vive la France!*"

Mr. Jock Ferguson turned away from the galley window and stared for a long time into Captain Terence Shaw's innocent face.

"Bah!" Mr. Ferguson snorted, and stuck his pipe viciously between his teeth. "To bet with an Irishman, bah!"

And he stalked up the deck, followed by Captain Shaw and Darius Penobscot, arm-in-arm.

The Man to See

By HOWARD MAIER



HE SHIFTS ON THE FIELD were just changing when the woman came into the Public Relations Office. As she hesitated in the doorway, Sergeant McNair jumped to his feet and got her a chair. He was a New Yorker and, like most New Yorkers in the South, punctilious in his relationship with Negroes. He made it a point to sit among them in the back of the buses, to talk to them on the streets, to hold open doors for the women. Although this was looked upon as strange behavior in Texas, and had gained him a reputation for eccentricity on the field, it in no way interfered with his many duties, and he was considered excellent officer material. He was ambitious and slated to go to Officers' Candidate School at the end of the month.

The woman was quite tall, carrying her height with prideful erectness, and she was dressed in simple good taste. Her complexion was light and her manner entirely composed. It was the head that commanded instant attention. The long, somewhat angular face was beautifully modeled, the lips full and sensitive. She was about forty-two or so.

"Sergeant McNair," she said as she seated herself, "they told me down at the shops that you were the man for me to see." She spoke in a gentle, cultured voice in which the harsh Texas accent was softened to a marked degree. "I've come on a matter of great importance," she continued, "that is, a matter of great importance to me."

Sergeant McNair gravely inclined his head. Despite his twenty-five years, the graveness of mien sat well upon him. With the slight inclination of his head, he managed to convey a wholehearted interest in his visitor.

"It's about my son," the woman said quietly and took some papers from her bag and put them on the desk.

The first was a letter from the Chief of Staff. It granted a Mrs. Grace Wilmont Hobson official permission to wear, at all times, the posthumous wings of Aviation Cadet John B. Hobson. The second was

a newspaper clipping from the local Negro paper. Aviation Cadet Hobson had crashed at the Tuskegee training field. His plane had hit a high-power line on the take-off. He had been two weeks short of getting his wings.

"It gives me full permission, doesn't it?" the woman asked.

McNair nodded. "I'm sorry about your son, Mrs. Hobson," he said. "It was a tough break."

The woman's hands were crossed on her bag; her body relaxed. She was entirely at ease, except for her eyes. They were very dark and had tiny pinpoints of light dancing deep down in their depths.

"I'd like very much to wear my son's wings," said the woman. "He's been dead four months now. The letter only came this morning."

"Well there's nothing to stop you," McNair said. He considered himself something of an expert on military correspondence. "This letter, you know, is from the highest authority in this branch of the service."

"I know," said Mrs. Hobson. "But just to get up in the morning and put on a dress and pin the wings on — there ought to be a little more to it than that. At least the first time." She sat up straight in her chair. "You know what I'd like, Sergeant? I'd like to have the commanding officer of the field pin them on me. And if you could possibly arrange for photographs, I'd like pictures and a story to go to all the newspapers in Texas."

She spoke as though she had memorized her request and had it letter perfect. "Not for my sake," she went on, "but for my son's. I think I'm the first colored mother in the United States to be granted official permission to wear wings." She leaned a little forward in her chair and looked anxiously at the man behind his desk. "It is an important enough story, don't you thing, Sergeant?"

The Sergeant hesitated. Back home in New York, he would have blown it up big, spread it all over page one, section two. But this was Texas. There were over twenty thousand civilian workers on the field, preponderantly white and preponderantly southern. He said, "Why go to all the fuss and bother, Mrs. Hobson? Why not just wear the wings and let it go at that?"

The woman weighed his words judiciously. The Sergeant's manner was grave and courteous, his entire attitude one of helpfulness. "No," she said at

last, and emphasized it with a shake of her head. "I think I'd like it better this other way."

McNair nodded and got to his feet. "Pardon me for a moment, please," he said, "and I'll see what can be done."

There was a telephone in the next office. The Sergeant knew from long experience that only the dialing could be heard from his desk, not the conversation. He called the Executive Officer.

"Colonel Wright, sir," he said, "Sergeant McNair speaking."

"Yes, McNair?"

"I have a little problem down here, sir. A Mrs. Hobson, who works in the engineering shops, has been granted permission by the Chief of Staff to wear the posthumous wings of her son. He was killed in a plane crash. She'd like to have the commanding officer of the field pin them on her."

"Well," said the Executive Officer, "perhaps we can arrange something."

"Mrs. Hobson is the first Negro mother to be officially honored in this way. She would like to have pictures and a story of the presentation sent to all the newspapers in the state."

There was a long silence on the other end of the wire through which the Sergeant waited patiently, then came Wright's voice: "Look, McNair," it said, "the Colonel's pretty busy today. There's an admiral and two senators on the field. He'll be tied up pretty much the whole day. Can't you handle this?"

McNair sat up a bit more erectly. "I think I can handle it, sir," he said, pride at the confidence placed in him apparent in his tone, "but I'll have to have your permission to make all necessary arrangements."

Another long wait, then: "You have my permission, McNair, but keep in touch with me."

McNair hung the phone up gently. For a long while he just sat there with his hands resting lightly on the desk. He wondered if Colonel Wright would request him after completing his course at Miami OCS. He would like to come back, with a gold bar on his collar, to the field where he had started as a private. The sunlight streamed through the window and, as he lifted his head, struck at the heavy bifocal lenses of his glasses. He blinked his eyes and stirred into action.

In quick succession he called the 318th, the 61st, and then Fifth Army headquarters. He began each conversation with the phrase, "Colonel Wright

wishes." It worked like a charm. It always did. He made two more calls to the city and then called Colonel Wright back and carefully explained the arrangements he had made. The Colonel heard him all the way through, then said, "Very good, McNair," and hung up.

When he returned to his desk, Mrs. Hobson said, "All that dialing, Sergeant" — and she smiled self-consciously — "you've made me feel quite important. I hope I haven't been too much trouble?"

"No trouble at all," he assured her. "Everything's arranged. We're going right up to the Colonel's office now."

Outside the roads were jammed with the last of the changing shift. They walked slowly in long columns; the sun struck at the polished lunch pails. A flight of B-24's roared overhead. McNair held open the back door of the staff car for Mrs. Hobson. Out of the corner of his eye, he saw a group of workers stop and stare. Their faces were cold and hostile.

"Sergeant," said the woman, "haven't you forgotten something?"

"What?" he asked, impatient to be gone.

"The camera." She was standing very straight and very tall, and she was smiling at him. He nodded and helped her into the car, then went back up the path to the darkroom.

"Come on, Joey," he said to the photographer, "get your stuff together. Take a lot of bulbs. We're going out."

Joey shook his dark Irish head. "Not with the one who was in your office," he said. "You know they won't use pictures of them in the downtown papers. Not even if they look like Mexicans." Joey had worked on the same paper as McNair. This was his favorite gripe. "In fact," he added, "they won't even use pictures of Mexicans."

Grumbling to himself, he filled the bulb bag and took his camera and followed McNair out to the car. The tail end of the shift was directly in their path. McNair sounded the horn. Sullenly they gave way. One of them spat at the ground as he caught a glimpse in passing of the occupant of the rear seat. McNair looked around.

Mrs. Hobson was sitting in the exact center of the staff car, her hands folded in her lap, her chin up, eyes straight ahead. She smiled at him.

She looks, he thought a bit uncomfortably, as if she'd been riding around like this all her life.

At headquarters McNair and Mrs. Hobson went directly into the main office. It was an enormous room on the second floor of the administration building, windowed on three sides. Stretching out from either side, like spokes from a hub, ran the shops and the hangars, with the hump of operations and its control tower silhouetted against the sky.

Colonel Neilson sat behind his desk, a bald wisp of a man, dwarfed by the size of the room and by the immensity of his responsibilities. When McNair thought of him, if he thought of him at all, it was with the same parental tolerance that he gave to his elderly Uncle John back in New York.

Standing at the left of the desk was Colonel Wright, a tall figure, tall and rangy like most Texans, and beautifully turned out in his uniform with its silver leaf on the collar. Completely at ease, he somehow managed to give the impression of standing perpetually at attention. Twenty-five years of army training had taught him the exact amounts of subservience and authority expected of an executive officer.

McNair saluted and said, "Mrs. Hobson—Colonel Neilson, Colonel Wright."

The woman graciously inclined her head in acknowledgment and accepted a chair.

Colonel Neilson cleared his throat. He was, McNair knew, a little out of his depth. He preferred everything on paper. "Mrs. Hobson," he began haltingly, "I'm sorry to hear about your son, but this is war and things like that are a part of war. Every day some of our boys are dying in some part of the world. You must think of your son just as if he had died in action, fighting to defend our country."

"I do, sir," said Mrs. Hobson simply.

"You work in our engineering shops?" asked the Colonel.

The woman nodded.

"Just what do you do, Mrs. Hobson?"

"I'm in charge of the colored girls' rest-room in Shop B."

"And your husband?"

"He works out here too. He's a porter at headquarters."

Colonel Neilson was petering out; he reached for something to say: "Are you getting your money from

the government? I mean your boy's money. His insurance and back pay?"

She said, "Yes, sir, I'm getting everything I'm entitled to."

She opened her bag and took out a pair of pilot's wings. Against the white silver of the wings, McNair saw for the first time how really dark her hands were. She leaned a little forward in her chair.

"Colonel, sir," she said, "would you do me the honor of pinning my son's wings on me?"

The Colonel seemed to edge back in his chair; he cleared his throat in an embarrassed way and threw an appealing look at his executive officer.

Colonel Wright stepped forward. "Sir," said the executive officer, "this is a very important story for the field. The very fact that Mrs. Hobson is the first of her race to lose an aviator son in this war is, if I may say so, big news. The added fact that both Mr. and Mrs. Hobson are war workers makes it doubly important. I think, with your permission, sir, that the presentation of the wings might possibly be dramatized to good effect. It would have a tremendous morale value. I think it should be done in style, sir."

Colonel Neilson leaned forward. "You'd like that, Mrs. Hobson, wouldn't you?" he asked eagerly.

The woman said nothing; she wasn't looking at the man behind the desk. From the moment that Wright had started to talk her eyes never left his face. McNair looked at him. He was standing there, completely at ease, with a grave smile on his face. Admiration welled in McNair. He saw himself, not too far in the future, with a gold bar on his collar, standing beside Wright's desk, handling the intricate details of some knotty problem, earning the approving smile of the spare, soldier-like figure.

"If it meets with your approval, sir," Colonel Wright continued, "I've made tentative arrangements for Mrs. Hobson to be the guest of honor at a luncheon given by the 318th Aviation Squadron. I've already called Captain Wainwright, and he is very enthusiastic about the whole idea. He thinks it will be of tremendous value to his Negro squadron to have the mother of the first Negro hero as their guest of honor. I've also invited Major Drew, he's the Negro Chaplain for the Fifth Army, and the Reverend Jonathan Campbell of the Twelve Baptist Church downtown — you know him, Mrs. Hobson?" The woman gave him a slow nod; her eyes never

leaving his face. "And after the luncheon in her honor," Wright went on, "Mrs. Hobson will be presented with her wings by Major Drew in front of the massed squadron. I've also arranged for the 61st's band to be on hand."

Colonel Neilson said, "Does that sound all right to you, Mrs. Hobson?"

The woman made no answer. Her eyes were still on Wright's face. McNair noticed that the little dancing pin-points of light were gone from them. Slowly she turned from the executive to the colonel.

"What did you say, sir?" she asked.

Colonel Neilson was embarrassed. "I said does that sound all right to you? You'll be helping us a great deal in the building up of soldier morale. The 318th is our crack outfit, you know."

For a long minute she was silent. She seemed smaller in her chair; some of the erectness had gone from her shoulders. Then slowly, as if spurning words, she nodded her acquiescence and opened her bag and put the wings back in. She closed the bag with a snap and got to her feet.

Both colonels shook hands with her. Colonel Wright courteously ushered them to the door. "McNair," he said, "you're to take Mrs. Hobson down there at twelve sharp. Everything is arranged for. Get a lot of pictures because I want this sent out all over the country. You have my permission to drive Mrs. Hobson into town after the ceremony."

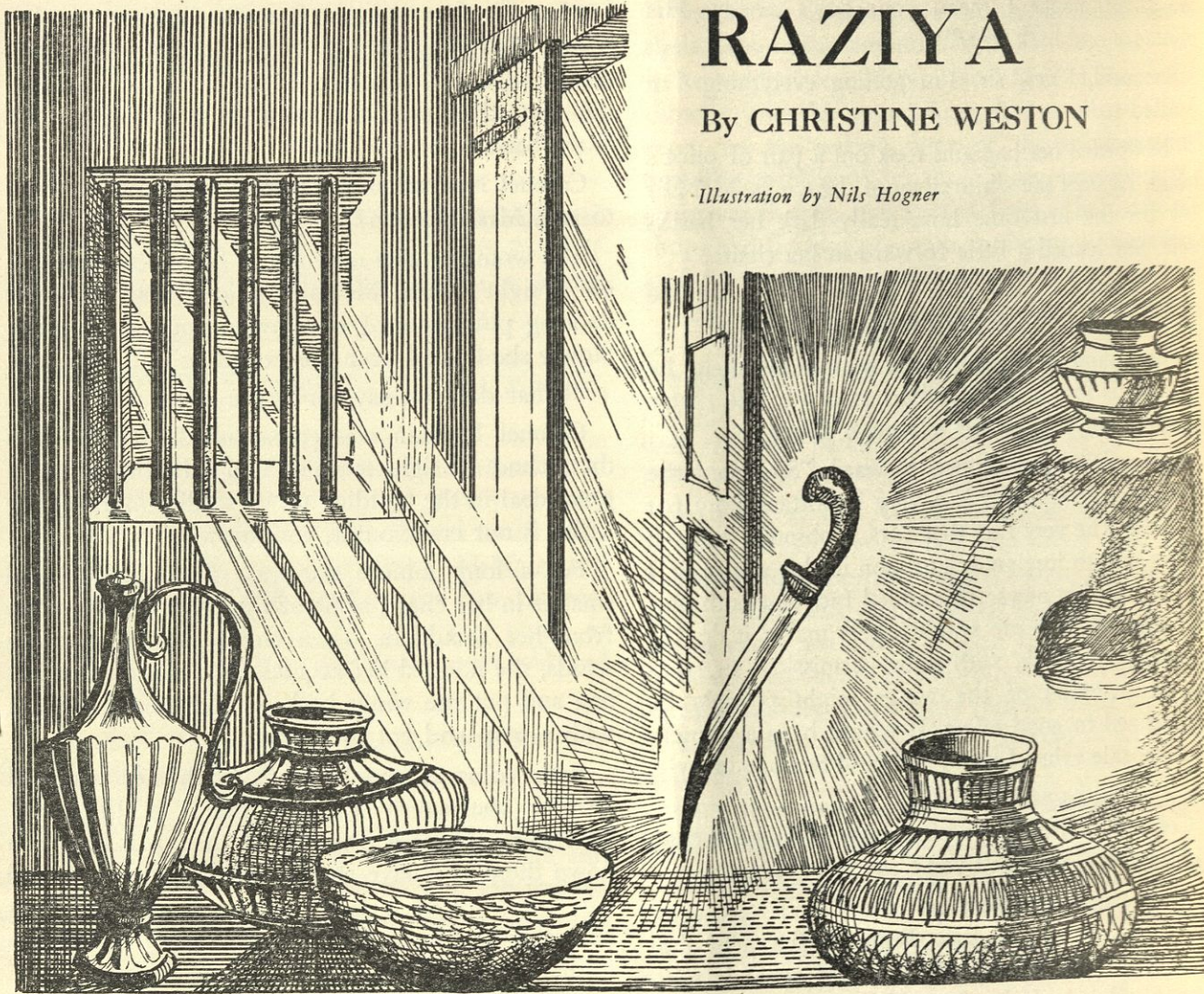
Going downstairs, and along the walk, and all the way to the car Mrs. Hobson was silent. McNair stole a glance at her. The spring was gone from her walk. Her brows were knitting and unknitting, as if she were engaged in some form of mental arithmetic. He could almost see her going back over the events of the morning, putting each happening in its proper sequence. Each time she got a correct answer she would nod to herself. Silent himself, and embarrassed, McNair held the door of the car open for her.

This time he sat in the back with Mrs. Hobson. Joey drove. The field flowed by with its unceasing activity. The sun beat down on the dun-colored car with the white combat star on the roof. The woman sat in one corner, McNair in the other. A good two feet of khaki upholstery separated them. As the car went slowly down the drive before the hangars, the roar of the planes warming up on the line beat against its sides. Inside the car, all was silence.

RAZIYA

By CHRISTINE WESTON

Illustration by Nils Hogner



RAZIYA CAME FROM THE FOOTHILLS below the cold, invisible peaks of Nanda Devi; perhaps that was why she walked with the stride of a mountain woman and with the flush of mountain air on her smooth, oval cheeks. She was an orphan, without relatives, and still unmarried at the age of twenty-five. The last fact added to her unusual appearance, made her an object of curiosity in the hot, dusty little village to which, in the end, her husband Ahmed brought her to live.

Ahmed was a *chuprassie*, or runner, in the service of the assistant magistrate. He was not an especially good *chuprassie*, for he was inclined to be lazy, a liar, and something of a thief. But the magistrate was humanitarian, and when Ahmed showed signs of developing trouble in his lungs, the master sent the servant up to the hills to recuperate. So Ahmed, a minuscule speck with leathery hide, buck teeth, and beady eyes, climbed into a third class compart-

ment and watched the level plain stretch and snap and give way to the green hills which rose and rose and became, at last, enormous ghosts.

It was when the train stopped to water at a small station in the lower hills that Ahmed got lost and Raziya found him. He had left his compartment and wandered away to relieve himself beside the tracks, when the train gave a sudden malignant hoot, and, without further warning, gathered itself together and departed, leaving Ahmed squatting forlornly among the bushes. In despair, he came back to the platform, deserted now except for a woman who stood there with a little brown goat under each arm. Looking at her because there was no one else for him to look at, Ahmed observed that she was tall, with a straight back and full brown throat. She wore a brick-colored bodice stretched tight across her bosom, silver beads round her neck, and a silver stud in the left lobe of her nose. Her

arms were bare, round, smooth, tapering to fine wrists and hands. She was quite different from any woman he had ever seen, and Ahmed—small, frightened, sickly—looked at her and began to weep. He made a noise exactly like a goat, and the sound set the little brown kids to crying in the woman's arms. As the three voices rose bleatingly into the silence, the woman flung back her head and began to laugh. This was another sound, a sound like a boy's laughter or a temple gong.

Ahmed stopped his snivelling, and blew his nose in his fingers. Then he adjusted his red turban with its gilt insignia, picked the stones out of his shoes, and looked at her again. "The train went away and left me."

"So I saw." She laughed again, and Ahmed felt a stir go all through him, but he was too sickly to sustain the feeling. And then everything turned black before his eyes, and he reeled. The woman saw it coming. Swiftly, with incomparable grace, she set the kids on the ground and took Ahmed in her arms. He lay there like a child, his eyes shut. She lifted him and carried him down the station stairway into the dusty road, and a mile more to her village, the kids trotting and bleating at her heels. She was used to carrying weights, and now she walked with a swing and a lift, her head high, and not once did she pause or put him down. When the villagers saw her, they crowded around in amazement.

"Who is that?" asked one, pointing to Ahmed.

Raziya answered: "My husband."

A young man who had courted her for years stared incredulously. "That insect?"

Raziya set Ahmed gently on his feet, and he opened his eyes to find himself in a charming village of well-made houses. There was even a spring from which the water gushed and was carried away in bamboo pipes to feed fields and gardens. He stared at the strangers who surrounded him, stared beyond them toward their gardens and the undulating stretch of trees and flowering shrubs which flowed away to beat against the nearest hills. It was like a dream, and fearful lest he wake up again, Ahmed shut his eyes and felt Raziya's ready arms enclose him. He heard her say to the young man who had called him an insect: "Go fetch water in a drinking vessel."

Used to obeying her all these years in hope of a

reward, the young man now went away and obeyed her without any further hope at all. For six weeks Ahmed lived in Raziya's house, and she nursed him, as the story books say, slowly back to health. Her house consisted of two rooms with thick mud walls and a floor so immaculate that a man might safely eat his food off it. In one corner of the main chamber was Raziya's *chula* or oven of unbaked brick; beside it stood brass and iron cooking pots and a neat pile of fagots. In the next room, Raziya slept on a string cot under bright patchwork quilts. These she now gave to Ahmed and slept, herself, on the bare ground wrapped in a single sheet. She fed him on boiled milk and rice, on broth made from one of the little goats which she killed without hesitation, slitting its throat with her hard bright knife, watching gravely as it kicked out its tiny life at her feet. She fed Ahmed herself, washed him, massaged his skinny limbs, oiled his unattractive hair, sat beside him until he fell asleep, and was usually there when he awoke. She talked to him, sang to him, played for him on her little drum.

No one will ever know what her neighbors thought of all this, and it really doesn't matter since the story does not concern them. What they thought of Ahmed was not difficult to guess, but they were too fond of Raziya—and perhaps too much afraid of her—to express anything but polite interest in her lover's progress. The young man who had long courted her went away because he could not trust himself to look at Ahmed without wanting to slit his little black throat just as Raziya had slit the kid's.

As for Ahmed, he prospered, and what he thought of it all is not particularly important either. Perhaps he didn't think very much anyway, since he was not intelligent but merely insignificant, mean, calculating, and—as he grew stronger—lecherous. Lying under Raziya's quilt and watching her prepare his food, he wondered about her and came to the conclusion that she was not only beautiful but rich.

She answered all his questions quite simply: "I was my parents' only child. They loved me and gave me everything. They used to tell me that I was the vessel into which they had poured their lives. When they died—first my father and then my mother—they left me this house, that garden, those fields. I could have married, but I never saw one who touched my heart."

She sat on her heels beside the cot, looking at Ahmed. "I knew that I must love as I had been

loved, that I must pour myself and my parents into another vessel. So that day when I saw you, it was as I had known it must be."

"What were you doing at the railway station?"

"I was waiting for you."

This, then, had happened to him — to Ahmed of all people! He had no great opinion of himself, and there was no earthly reason why he should have. At home some of his neighbors used to kick him, and the assistant magistrate, though essentially a patient man, had once or twice given him a beating for such misdemeanors as forgetting to post important letters and for neglecting to keep the official sanctum properly in order. Except for these attentions — and the free trip to the hills when he became ill — nothing much had ever happened to Ahmed. And now look at him!

Raziya looked and saw him lying there in her bed, watching her with his beady eyes, a possessive smile on his face. Her strange, perverse heart filled with adoration, and she turned humbly away to kill the other little goat and make him a *kawab*.

When Ahmed was quite recovered from his sickness, he told Raziya that they must return to his own village on the plains, for it was only fitting that he take his wife back to live in his home among his people. It sounded grand — he had neither home nor people, merely a dirty hut on the edge of the village and his job as the assistant magistrate's *chuprassie* — and not a very good *chuprassie* at that.

"But why can't we stay here?" asked Raziya, looking round her at the charming village where she was born, at the gardens full of pumpkin and melons and marrow and spice trees, at the flowering *dhak* and the distant peaks of the mountains.

"Why?" echoed Ahmed, contemptuously. "Because I am needed at home. I have duties, responsibilities." He produced his scarlet turban and the insignia and put them on.

Raziya protested: "We have been happy here, and it is here that you regained your strength."

By now Ahmed knew her, body and soul. He had tasted a generosity of which he'd never dreamed, a devotion he had never imagined. He knew that he could turn her round his little finger, but to make sure he now assumed an attitude of marital righteousness and struck her sharply on the cheek. Raziya could, with a single slap of her hand, have broken his neck. Instead she gazed at him with eyes like the eyes of the little goats which she had slain

for his sake. Then she crumbled at his feet, and her meek whisper reached his intoxicated ears: "Let it be as you say."

When Ahmed appeared in his native village with Raziya walking modestly behind him, his friends and neighbors were, to put it mildly, thunderstruck. He basked in their amazement, and assuming the pose of a lion tamer, ordered Raziya to tidy up the hut which was henceforth to be their home. Whatever Raziya thought of this filthy hole she kept to herself, but when Ahmed had gone to pay his respects to his master, she set to work and patched walls and ceiling, scrubbed the floor, repaired the oven, swept out the courtyard, and managed somehow to achieve the impossible. When Ahmed returned hours later, the place was almost unrecognizable.

"All is well," said he, preening. "The master is pleased at my recovery. When I told him that I was married, he gave me half a month's pay."

Raziya beamed. Any fortune which came the way of her beloved was, for her, doubled in value. Ahmed gazed complacently at the transformed hut. She had leaped the floor with clay and cow-dung, her own pots and pans glittered in an oblong of sun which came through the open door, their bed with its gay quilts was set against a clean wall, her little drum hung from a nail above it.

Those of Ahmed's neighbors who had not despised him had been indifferent; but now they took stock of their old opinions and wondered. The men eyed Raziya speculatively, noticing her grace and her strength, the way she walked to and from the well with her big, earthen water pot balanced on her head. And when, in the evening, she sometimes played her little drum and sang, they all sat on their doorsteps, listening in delight, aware that something unusual had come into their lives. But what, they asked each other, could his woman possibly see in her little black spider of a husband? To this question there could be a thousand answers — or none at all.

Raziya missed her fields and gardens, she missed the solid comfort of great hills which cut the sky in halves, but she said nothing. Intent upon recreating a suitable heaven for her beloved, she dug up the baked soil and planted a few seeds, carrying the water herself, building a shelter of straw to temper the plants from the noon's blistering heat. For shade she planted castor oil bushes which grow quickly and spread. And presently the green pigeons dis-

covered this heaven and came to perch, whistling, in the nearest trees. But the proximity of heaven brought other intruders, and one day Ahmed came home from work to find the village in a ferment of amusement, amazement, and terror. Raziya alone seemed unperturbed as she sat beside the step grinding spices for the evening meal. A noise from among the branches of a nearby tree made Ahmed look up, and he saw a man sitting like a frightened monkey.

Raziya explained calmly: "Madhu came while you were gone, and he made advances to me, so I took my knife and chased him, and he went up that tree. He has been there ever since."

Ahmed spat in a lordly fashion, and observed: "It is well that I was not here, else he never would have reached that tree."

"Have I your permission, now, to come down?" wailed the wretch from his perch above their heads. "I have been here three hours. My legs are asleep."

Raziya looked inquiringly at her husband. "It is for you to say. I think he is sufficiently punished."

Ahmed basked in all this publicity; he was accumulating laurels so fast that he felt he could now afford to be magnanimous.

"Come down," he called to Madhu in a stern but forgiving voice. "But bear in mind that if I let this occasion pass, it is only because I have more charity and less fear than a woman."

Madhu crept down from his tree and retreated amidst loud murmurs of derision, while Ahmed, with that air of a lion tamer absolutely at home in the lion's cage, turned and went into his house.

In a voice for all to hear he said: "My feet are tired. Fetch water and wash them." And Raziya took her earthen jar and went out to the well.

For several months she was happy enough, working — no, slaving — for her husband's health and happiness. All day and part of the night she worked, and the results were shinningly evident for the world to see: new thatch on the roof, freshly painted walls, a yard where the fuel-cakes dried in neat rows, each cake bearing the imprint of Raziya's hand. Hers was the best kept, and Ahmed was acknowledged by every one to be the luckiest man among them.

When her neighbors' goats had kids, Raziya watched them: the little ones, their tails going like mad, butting and nuzzling their mothers; the older ones nibbling the *nim* leaves pulled down for them by boys armed with long sickles. Raziya remembered the little goats which she had killed to make Ahmed

strong, and this remembrance brought another — a reminder that although she had been several months married there were, as yet, no signs of a child. The knowledge grew within her, but it was the only thing that did grow, and gradually it began to cloud her contentment. She thought of Ahmed, wondering how long he would put up with a barren wife, for naturally she took all the blame on herself. Fear drove her to increased exertions. She made him new clothes, sewing every seam with microscopic stitches, fraying out the ends of a muslin turban for greater elegance. And she polished, with sand and ashes, the assistant magistrate's gilt monogram and crest which Ahmed always wore during his hours of service. She made a bolster to put under his head when he slept, and she invented new dishes to please him.

Ahmed accepted all these things as his due, and with a growing air of boredom. He was not really bored, but he had discovered that when he affected boredom it drove Raziya to extremes of passion and duty, and of these he could never have enough, for he was really a thoroughly nasty little man. Presently, as his self-esteem soared, he began to eye other women, and some of them, intrigued by his hold on Raziya, eyed him back. There was one, a youngish widow who lived on the other side of the village, and who now took to using the same well as Raziya and Ahmed. Since she was a widow and therefore outcaste, it made no difference whether she drank from a well used by Mohammedans. Conceit and complacence had played havoc with Ahmed's wits, or he would have known better than to make the offer which he did one evening to Raziya as she was preparing to go to the well for water. Rising from the step where he sat smoking his evening *chelum*, Ahmed said in uncharacteristically gentle accents: "Let me fetch the water for you."

Dazed by this consideration, Raziya surrendered her vessel and watched him saunter forth to the well. There were several others drawing water, among them the widow Lila. Raziya possessed an unerring eye for truth: she saw that the woman was young, slender, pretty. And she saw how Ahmed, filling his own vessel first, poured its contents into the woman's jar; then he lingered, brazenly talking to her. When he returned he walked with a strut, and that night his attentions were distinguished by a fervor which Raziya had missed lately.

She remained silent, nothing of what she felt or thought showing in her smooth oval face or in her

eyes which could, on occasion, look so much like the eyes of a new-born kid. But she had an animal's ability to put a single suspicion, a single lesson, into the service of self-preservation. Before three days had elapsed from the moment when first she saw them together, she knew that Ahmed and the widow had betrayed her. Then one evening she heard them whispering behind the castor oil bushes near the courtyard wall. They were planning to go away together to Lucknow where they would find work in an Englishman's family. Raziya listened while they discussed the details for taking her jewelry while she slept.

Perhaps she could have confronted them then and there, perhaps she should have made a scene, and being Raziya, should have killed her rival with as little compunction as she killed the baby goats and as she had attempted to kill Madhu, who insulted her. But being Raziya, she did none of these things. Quietly, on her strong bare feet, she withdrew into her house and set about preparing the evening meal.

When Ahmed came in, singing under his breath, he saw that she had dressed herself in her best clothes — a blue skirt bordered with red, a brocaded bodice, a head cloth like one which she used to wear at home in her own village among her own people — a blue cloth tied like a turban, one end hanging down her back. She wore all her silver ornaments, and Ahmed had never seen her look so beautiful. But she was forever doing something to please him, so after the first stare of surprise, he shrugged and went and sat down to smoke and wait for his supper. Neither spoke; it was a long time since she had conversed with him and laughed her gong-like laughter or played for him on her little drum.

Presently Ahmed noticed a knife lying on a wooden block near the door. The knife was spotted with blood, and he recognized it as one which she always used for cutting meat. Beside it, neatly folded, was the soft brown hide of a young goat surmounted by its severed head. The eyes, wide open, their lustre still unfaded, seemed fixed on Ahmed. A delicious smell rose from the stove — the pungent spicy smell of kid stew, and Ahmed twisted round to stare at his wife. "Where did you get the meat?"

"I bought a young kid. I thought you might like *bhujji* for supper."

"*Bhujji* for supper! Who are we to have *bhujji* for supper every other night?" This was an exaggeration, they had not eaten *bhujji* for weeks. But Ahmed

went on. "You spend money like a kept woman!"

He was thinking that the money which she had spent on the kid might have gone toward his own and the widow's expenses in Lucknow. Raziya said nothing. When the stew was ready, she went into the yard and picked up the knife. Ahmed watched her as she sluiced off the chopping block and wiped the knife clean on a piece of cloth. She did everything with grace, effortlessly. When she drew the knife through the cloth to dry it, the cloth fell in two pieces, for she kept her possessions as she kept herself — keen. But all this was wasted on Ahmed whom she'd sated with her beauty, her duty, her devotion. He was angry with her.

Raziya waited on him while he gorged on the stew which he'd berated her for making. She would not, of course, eat until he was done. He ate hugely, plunging his fingers into the brass pot, tearing the warm *chapatti* into rags and stuffing them into his mouth. Finished at last, he got up and went to the bed where he lay half naked, the hard bolster under his neck, his belly full, his mind full, too.

Raziya finished what he had left. She finished every scrap of meat and bread, licking her fingers clean of grease. Then she scoured the pots and pans and put them away, sprinkled ashes over the fire, and spread a piece of muslin over the goat skin and the head from whose little triangular face the eyes now stared with fading lustre, like opals. Then she swept the courtyard and paused for a moment to listen to the *nim* leaves and to the harsher, drier rustle of the breeze in the castor oil bushes near by. Everywhere women were doing the same thing, but in the houses of most of her neighbors there was a whimpering of children or the sound of their laughter like the voices of birds going to bed. And Raziya thought of the widow and Ahmed, thought of them having a child together, of her life and her parents' lives poured into an unclean vessel, spilled and lost for ever.

She went back into the hut and saw Ahmed lying there asleep and snoring, his hands clasped on his breast. Raziya picked up the knife which she had just cleaned, and walked quietly over to the bed. Graceful as a dream, she bent over her husband and cut his throat from ear to ear. Then, standing with her back to the wall so she could feel its support along the whole length of her body, she slid the point of the knife under her breast and drove it in hard and strong, searching, searching, searching for her heart until she found it.

Lay Down, Isaiah!

By Alberta Pierson Hannum

AS THE DAY WORE ON and Isaiah did not get up from the best bed in the front room, there came over the Brundage place an air or release that was not quite decent, for the first day.

Those coming to mourn, as church folk and neighbor people should, felt it, broke short their condolences, started in again, looked askance at Clara and at Matt, and let their tongues loose afterward.

From Clara's eyes, strained a little as if making sure that the tyranny was over, no tears fell. Someone who came to shed large ones and did, explained afterward, "Pore Clary, pore dried up old maid." And someone else finished it out. "Hit's a wonder old Isaiah don't raise up and tell her and Matt both, how to bury him."

Matt Brinker, the hired man, stood aside. The few who noticed him wondered what he would do now. He had been with Isaiah ever since he was a green boy.

By the time dark fell a goodly number had been and gone, for all that the weathered old mountain house stood far from the road, over a field of fern and across a creek. Isaiah Brundage had been a prominent man in his community. He was not impressive looking — he was small. But he was small like a gnat, or a hair in the mouth.

Sometimes folks had laughed about him, and sometimes they had sworn. But once outside the range of his prying eyes, and out of earshot of his petty officialism, they had gone on about their own affairs. But his home folks scarcely had been able to draw breath of their own.

Clara kept on her best dress while she washed up the supper things. That in itself owned to something uncommon. It was unbelted, and hung from her shoulders in a starched line. In her everyday she was a plain woman, but in this she was worse. She knew it, and seemed to take a certain harsh pleasure in the knowledge.

A slab-figured woman came out from the front room, wiping her nose. She was Fenton Meiters' wife, and was leading two little girls whose scared eyes probably would not close all that night.

"I know how you'll miss him, Clary. He was such

a home body. And sharp — he never missed a thing."

"Nothin'," conceded Clara. "A hen never set but what he ferreted out her nest, and he always seemed to know when a sow aimed to farrow. Seemed like he knowed what went on in a body's mind, too."

A silence fell. And that was strange in a house of mourning. Sobs should not have stopped yet. Then Clara, who had not cried at all, laughed oddly. The woman darted an inquiring eye at her.

"As shore as Monday would come around," she was remembering, "Pa'd hustle in to say, 'Better you wash today, Clary' — when I'd got up at dawn a purpose to wash!"

The other cleared her throat and went back to the determined piety of her first remark.

"We'll all miss him," she said severely. "I can't think how it'll be, a-comin' over hyere and not havin' Isaiah set and talk."

Clara nodded. "Pa always did the talkin' when company come. Set down and eat you some supper. Thar's plenty yet."

"We've been—" briefly.

"Then stay all night." She droned the invariable invitation. There was no encouragement in her voice, nor the least desire for company.

Mrs. Meiters said doubtfully, "No, I guess not. But Fenton, he'll be back, to set up with Matt."

Clara gave a faint nod, followed her to the door, and stood looking after her; looked beyond her, out at the overalled man talking to Matt, down by the gate. She had not seen Fenton Meiters on the place since he used to come courting her with a flower pot in his hand. It was strange to think there ever had been a time when she was not harsh.

But a dry rot had gotten into those memories, and they crumbled as soon as she touched them. For an instant, rigid calico made a bitter cut against the last blur of day. Yet a little later, when she called to the hired man, a peculiar lassitude had crept into her voice — perhaps because the day was letting go its firm grip on things.

"Matt, you may as well come in and eat now."

Clara stood watching him. It had been a strange day, with no time in it yet to sort out and label her feelings about it. And now night was taking it away. No differ. She felt a blankness like deadness, and let the night go on off with the day, and everything that had been before it.

"Matt," she said, surprised that it was just now occurring to her, "you've been hyere for years."

"Yes, mam." Ever since old Brundage had taken him in, an orphan, to help on the place—just a shirt-tail boy hardly big enough to lug a bushel of corn, and while Clara was just little yet, herself.

"I don't know why. I don't know why you stayed," said Clara. "You didn't have to. You could have gone to another farm and leastwise done things yore own way . . ." Not stayed here and had the life sucked out, tapped hour by hour in little ways.

Matt made an abrupt movement, as though he were going to dive off the high plank porch into the dark and hide. But this was the moment for which he had waited old Brundage out.

"Why, Clary—" It came as though he were having to fetch what he had to say from a long way within him. He made a hoarse start at it, cleared his throat, and tried again, and this time he got it told. "Why, Clary, I wouldn't want to be nowhar that you warn't. Even a room don't mean a thing, till you walk into it. But when you come in, thar' the room is."

If the gatepost out front, after having let her go by since before she could remember, had made a sudden and complete avowal, Clara could not have been more flabbergasted. A sharp and fitting retort grazed through her mind. But she did not make it. It failed before the grandeur of the man's patience.

The deadness inside her grew wide. "Why, Matt—"

It grew late. Except for Fenton Meiters, who was staying the night, the other mourners had gone.

Fenton sat with Matt and Clara in the kitchen. After so long of silence, he gave a sudden snicker. Happen it was a nervous laugh, for Clara was sitting and looking at him.

Her gaze left Fenton, and crossed to Matt. Matt was looking at her. Somehow she had not expected that. Either the quality of the look, or the unexpectedness of it, started up a throbbing in her. It was a slow unaccustomed throbbing, slow and lovely and going down in deep, down through that wide lay of quiet—down into an aliveness she had forgotten about, or perhaps never knew was there.

She got up abruptly, shaken and suddenly shy in the bright lamplight. "If you all will excuse me, I think I'll go to bed."

"I reckon yo're fagged," agreed Fenton.

"Yes," said Clara, without any weariness at all in her voice. Suddenly, it had a strange lift to it. Matt reddened, and after she had gone upstairs,

he built up the fire to a hot heat. But although the door was open between the kitchen and the front room where Isaiah lay, the latter stayed cold. The two men put off entering it—Fenton with evident distaste for the wake, and the hired man as though he had forgotten about it.

"And I asked him," Fenton was jabbering nervously, scatterly, "if he wanted a swig of good lick, and he says, says he, 'I hain't never in my life that I know of turned down good lick.'"

He was hunting for something to say next, but Matt felt no call to help him. Pretty soon Fenton said, desperately, "Well—" and they both went into the cold front room.

The lamp had been lit at dusk, so with all that time to choose and no air in the room, its light had settled definitely on a few things of interest: the carved acorns of the old-fashioned walnut chair by the bed, and the strange bulkiness of Isaiah's shoulders. Now as Matt came through the door, it included the way he did. He walked like a man who was feeling good.

Fenton stepped over to the bed and looked. Just for a minute. Then he sat down on a splint-bottom chair by the fireless hearth. He never had liked the old man. At one time he had wanted to marry Clara. There had appeared to be no objection to it. He did know, though, vaguely, that because of it something had been left out of his life; some spring, some purpose—he could not call it exactly. But whatever it was, he faulted the old man for it. However, he was dead now. So Fenton recited with a sanctimonious clacking of his false teeth:

"Ah yes, Matt, the black wings of the Angel of Death has come fluteerin' over pore old Isaiah," he quavered.

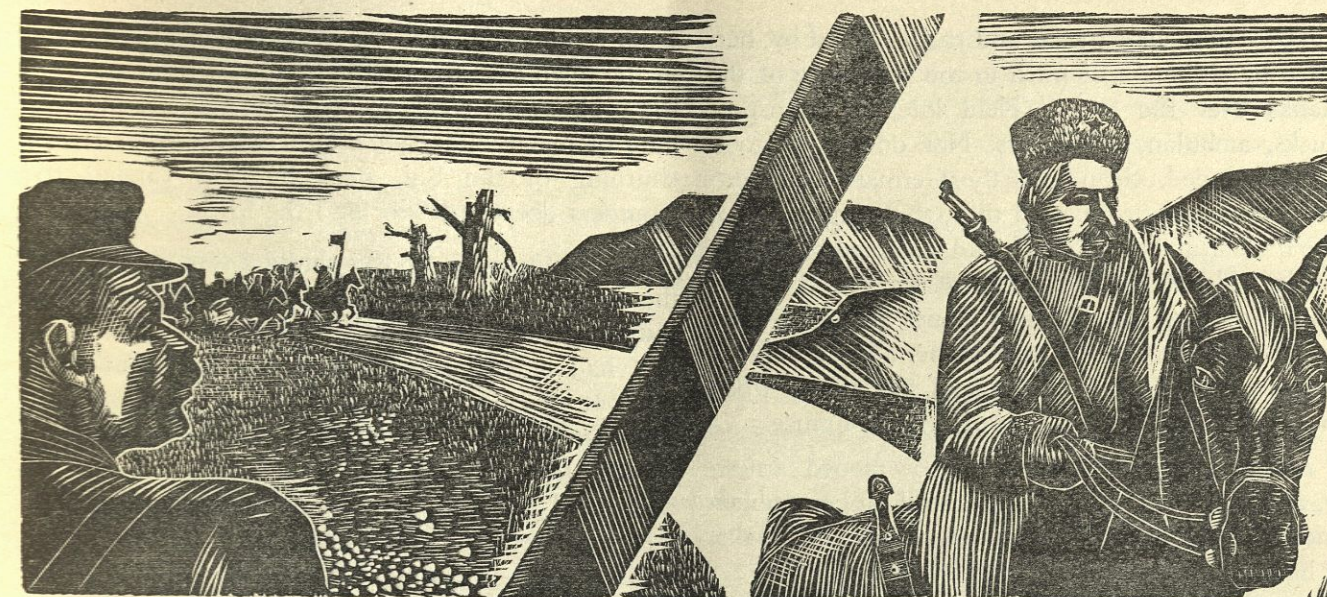
"That's right," said Matt flatly, with no quaver.

Then they sat. Fenton smoothed over his bald spot nervously and fidgeted in his chair, at the slow passing of the night. But Matt sat deep in his, letting all time be that moment when his look had accosted Clara's, and he had seen her start, and give.

Fenton sat still as long as he could stand it, and then all at once he jumped up and got himself out, knocking against the bed in his haste. The weights slipped, and up sat Isaiah, straight!

Matt leaped to his feet. And then suddenly he laughed. It was ridiculous, but he was feeling so good he couldn't resist it. He fetched Isaiah a shove.

"Lay down, Isaiah!"



Unconditional Surrender

By Ferdinand Reyher

Woodcut illustration by Jack Decker

AT TEN THIRTY-FIVE in the morning the first Russians rode through under the striped frontier barrier into East Prussia, and without a glance at the old German who stood stone-still at his post there, proceeded to the little town half a mile away, across the brook. The overly-heavy planks that spanned the brook—heavy enough to have supported five mechanized divisions rumbling with the importance of destiny eastward to the conquest of Russia—broke into resonant clamor under the Cossacks' horses.

They came on unhurriedly, deliberately, through the clear August sunlight, throwing up little dust on the good hard road that leaped from the Polish morass on the other side. A road built to go out by, not to retreat by. They came on, in this queer yet logical reversal of destiny, on toward the little town where not a building was burned, nor a street mined, nor a machine removed or destroyed, for only a Russian can lay the torch to what he cherishes.

They came on, unhurriedly. Not singing, not joking, not smoking. Silent. The sun glinted on their metal, and now, over the resonance of the planks, the hoofs could be heard on the hard road, and above them the muttering of leather and metal.

The town lay mainly to the right of the highway. To the south stretched fields, soft, level, still cared for. The town lay there inert, not a chimney smoking, a tiny detached gear of a gigantic machine that had ceased to function. Where its principal street came out to meet the highway, a third of the populace had gathered, and stood mutely waiting. Mostly women and the very old; some children, a one-legged veteran; otherwise not a young man. Sodden with fear, unmoving, waiting, watching the Russians advance without song.

A woman's arm, habituated to waving at troops, stopped half-raised, caught in a gesture repressed just in time, as the leading Cossacks rode by, ignoring the Germans. Eyes ahead, incurious, riding with the ominous steady oneness of man and horse, they continued on to the city a dozen miles west. This incurious passing deepened the Germans' dread, as though their fate were the more certain for being deferred. As the column moved unhurriedly, purposefully by them, penetrating their land, they could feel the black shame settling on it, the shame made by itself for itself, the shameful wasteful shame. Their faces, except a few children's, wore an expression stamped with the shame of secret relief.

Now tanks, half-tracks, and trucks rolled by, heralded by a change of pitch in the resonance of the planks over the brook. Field kitchens, transport trucks, ambulances, sidecars. Not one man afoot. Well-equipped, clean — as the Germans had been when they had first passed through going east, not like the untidy hordes which had streamed back. The one-legged veteran looked up at the sky that was empty for him; two Russian planes swung by at a casual altitude. No German plane. Sky as void of German planes as it had been of the others' when the *Wehrmacht* drove into Poland and France.

A rooster crowed querulously, a cow mooed earnestly, and the Germans stared at an oil tanker emblazoned with the Russian star, and recognized its make. It had once been a German tanker.

Now the Germans were struck by the many girls and women among the Russians. Uniformed veterans, self-respect and decency firming their somberly serene faces with the same implacable discipline that marked their men's faces. Discipline tempered in the barbaric fires this land, this German nation, had sent blazing against them. An army of men that marched with women, but had no place for whores or provision for disease. Men whose women marched and rode with them. Men content with their women, who wasted no look on stranger women. As though no woman here were worth the wasting of Russian seed upon. There was this, too, that struck shame into the shrunken, parched, drained German women.

The silent, powerful column took on purpose from the Russian faces, as though it were moving to a larger task than victory.

Unexpectedly, without spoken command, a company of horsemen detached itself and turned off into the town street. The column closed the gap quietly. From a Red Cross truck a one-armed girl with neat dark hair and Mongolian features waved intimately to a trooper who waved securely in reply as he swung with the group toward the town. Fear-choked, but magnetized, the Germans followed the Cossacks riding into the town. The steady hoof fall of their progress into Germany struck off the clean small cobblestones and echoed from the old houses leaning over the street.

There was nowhere, but nowhere, visible a single swastika. Every insigne and emblem and flag had been removed. Nowhere a picture of him. They had suddenly stopped wanting to be Germans. Doors opened slitwise as the troop passed, and eyes stared

from shadows behind windows. Not a sound lived in the town save the rhythmic clop of the horses on the cobbles, the creaking of saddle leather, the rubbing of metals, like syllables of silence. The steady churning of the big, sleek buttocks carried the strangers deeper, deeper into the town.

Behind them the houses emptied soundlessly, and the people followed. Those who had stampeded came back, frightened by other columns of Russians that had crossed the border north and south and sent out tendrils through fields and side roads as the silent army seeped into the land. Mainly they returned drawn beyond fear by the patches of scraped fields and the arrangement of timbers and stones they were used to calling home, with hapless belief in its security, having lost all other belief. The district party boss, Pfluger, who had moved three times, always to a larger and richer house, emerged sniffing the state of things warily. From the last and best house in town he had found it impossible to flee.

When the troop had swung into the town, singling it out, it had particularized the occupation for these Germans. Their hour had come. These particular horses and riders became personalized, and their minds fastened on inconsequential wonders and explanations for their state. There was a wonder in the plain good uniforms of the troopers, their shoes so good. More disturbing were the wonderful horses which looked as if they had never missed an oat. Beloved beasts, polished as sweethearts. There was another wonder in the solid mature woman, the political officer, who rode with the troop. But the most terrible wonder of all was that the commanding officer was a Jew.

The troop came to a halt, easily as though in a familiar place, in the broadening of the Altstadt before the little ancient *Rathaus*, and formed in double line. The populace crept after, collecting unbidden, as though the centuries had drilled them in the correct procedure, and in a sense nothing of all this logic was strange to them. Except only this woman rider, an officer who dwelt in quiet authority with the troop, and the Jew, also an officer, who was part of the troop. Its commander, its head. And these matters oppressed the Germans with strangeness and dull terror of a new idea, and a dull understanding that they were at the mercy of a different order. Because the Jew, the first they had seen in many years, was, like the woman, also a rider and not just a passenger on a horse. There was also an

unnatural serenity about him, larger even than the calmness of the woman. And the attitude of all the troopers, Cossacks, showed that Jew and woman belonged with them.

The commander and the woman drew aside and conversed in low tones. The Germans pressed in, filling the space before the troop, each seeking a place. When one found a place he or she stopped and stood as though pinned. There was no dignity in their fear. Tired, drained, raveled, lost in hollow-bellied waiting for the decision on their disposal, they found their places docilely, and waited. So had Poles waited. Czechs, Norse, Dutch, French, Belgians, Serbians, Greeks had so waited. So had waited the eternal Jews. Now so waited the Germans.

The place was pleasant in the sunshine, with narrow old houses and shops on two sides and one side opening to a meadow and the brook with its washing green. Beyond the brook a stooped man was working in a field, as though there were sanctuary in work. Unrationed bees, swift as tracer bullets. Unheeding swallows. Ripening summer smells closed in the old houses; summer warmed the old houses' bones. In the distance a locomotive hooted, startlingly, like a forgotten voice. The Germans turned their faces toward the sound. It came once more, going slowly west. The old houses softly repeated it. Oldness. Oldness that bred, nurtured, sheltered, did everything but learn. Yet it was mellow and home, in the August sunshine, in the warm unrationed August sun, where this logical thing was happening.

Incongruous, far away, a large gun spoke. Jolted, the Germans listened worriedly for the cannon to speak again. The Russians paid no attention to it, and the silence went deeper, stirred only by the chafing of leather and metal, the swishing of the horses' tails, the munching of their bits. Then singly the wonderful horses raised their heads, turned, gazed. A cart pulled by a gaunt German horse creaked up to the rear of the crowd, stopped. The Russian horses turned away again, stood tranquilly swishing their tails and munching their bits.

Time crawled, tensing the Germans intolerably. The commander and the woman went on talking. He referred to a small green notebook. He made a note. The Germans caught their breath whenever he moved. He looked at his watch. Their eyes stayed glued on his watch. They knew he was waiting. They waited, abased by the Russians' indifference.

They waited, posed like a frieze about to crumble.

Their bones were drawn, as though if they were touched they would collapse. Resistance was not even a desire. There was in all this world no thought more remote than resistance. Anything worth fighting for was an illusion beyond conception. Only one thing held them up: a docility impossible of attainment even by a cow. The final triumph of the docility they had dreamed of imposing on the rest of the world.

Pfluger's throat pained him. With vast effort he shifted. The movement cleared his head, and the sly man began to think his way out of the trap. He shoved boldly to the front of the crowd. He walked boldly past the line of horsemen. The Germans looked at him uncomprehendingly. The Cossacks looked into their own distance. The commander continued to converse with the woman as the short fat *Gauleiter*, walking faster and faster, like one spurred by an inspiration, rounded the corner. His footsteps came back, running, and then a door slammed.

The sun grew warmer, hung overhead. Flies hummed about the horses. The footsteps returned, and Pfluger lurched around the corner hauling a huge wash basket covered with a sheet. He set the basket on the *Rathaus* pavement, and spread the sheet carefully beside it. He took article after article from the basket, held it up, turning, so that the officer and all the Russians could see, laid it delicately on the sheet. Embroidered Tartar slippers, ikons, watches engraved with Russian characters, inlaid boxes, brilliant shawls, two oil paintings, bric-a-brac, and knick-knacks sent back from Russia by his brothers and sundry loyal or smart followers. He disgorged. As he bent over and produced item after item, he seemed to take it from his fat belly.

He lifted the basket, inverted it to show that it was empty, looked at the commander with a small gesture, half-appealing, half-deprecating, as one who has done the correct thing and trusts it will speak for him. The commander gazed at him expressionlessly. The troopers gazed with narrowed eyes at the loot on the pavement. The Germans gaped in astonishment at their resourceful man, and suddenly broke, scurried away in a fever to restore, to do something, to fill the time until they learned what they were waiting for.

The streets rang with the wheels of hand-carts, like diminutive haywagons, rattling over the old cobbles to the *Rathaus*, stuffed with gifts sent with love by the flesh of their flesh, the offspring and

mates of their groins, from the great coveted steppes. The pile on the pavement grew. Brass lamps, books, laces, samovars, ikons, bowls, shoes, blouses, clothes, jewelry, gewgaws, things. It spread like a pool of blood, in their fever to restore the unrestorable. Thin glass that had survived Napoleon. Fragile trinkets older than Peter the Great. The litter, the detritus, the dainties and extravagances tougher than bone and sinew, or life and time.

Each dropped his little dropping, and stood aside, watching the pile grow, waiting. Watching the heap of trash grow — this treasure for which they had loosed fire, famine, murder, hell. It wasn't worth it.

A child approached the pile, clutching a Russian child's fur cap. He couldn't let go of it. He looked at the officer. The officer looked at the boy a moment, and said in good German, tonelessly, "*Behalt es.*" Keep it. The Germans passed his words around. "Did you hear, he spoke kindly to the boy?" They hugged an infinitesimal hope that died when he looked at his watch again. They worked harder, feeling their time run out. Now bringing their weapons, they laid them on the pavement near the Russian goods. Serviceable German tools: rifles, revolvers, grenades, truncheons, three machine guns, poignards inscribed, "Blood and Iron," or "Blood and Honor," or "*Deutschland über Alles.*"

An army power truck raced into the town, blaring the little wagons out of its way, and backed up close to the two piles on the pavement. A sergeant sprang out, reported to the officer, and equipment was taken into the *Rathaus*. Heavy cables were snaked in — the town's electrical plant had been shut down since May. The Germans pretended not to notice the enigmatic activity of the Russians, stopping their ears to the dynamo that began humming in the truck, and doggedly continued to fetch and deposit their weapons neatly, desperate to be rid of anything that could wound, kill, or defend, frantic to clutch the last straw of helplessness.

The last old woman tottered belatedly to the Russian pile, dropped the enameled cross her grandson had sent from Kiev, and stepped back. The woman officer stared at her. Her neighbors stared at her. She grew nervous. She gave an inaudible gasp as her hands faltered to her head, became rigid as her fingers touched the now accustomed kerchief her grandson had sent from Kharkov. Her fingers twitched helplessly. A young woman removed the kerchief, dropped it on the pile, as the sergeant came

out of the *Rathaus* and nodded to the commander.

The Jewish officer urged his horse on the pavement, and skirting the pile of souvenirs and the pile of sovereignty, confronted the crowd, suddenly stiller than summer heat. He looked them over with sharp unblinking eyes. Lifelessly they stared back at him.

"Attention!" He hardly raised his voice, paused. "The entire population," he said slowly, "above the age of ten years, will now go into the *Rathaus*."

For moments none moved. The high sun went black. It was here — their high destiny. Mouth parched, hands sweating, Pfluger looked behind him, saw for the first time a disquieting change in the disposition of the Cossacks. They were now stationed in back of the crowd, blocking the open side and all the streets. The sinister drone of the dynamo filled the summer noon.

A crutch struck the stones. The veteran moved forward. Like sheep, the masters of the world pressed to the door of the *Rathaus*, tripping over the thick cables that led the way in.

In the main hall the first Germans stopped in amazement. The hangings were drawn on the tall windows, and the large work bulb in a wire basket dimly illumined the cavernous medieval chamber from which every picture and decoration had been removed. But the hall was filled with rows of chairs and benches.

The sergeant growled in German, clanging the consonants, "Take places!" The Germans pushed in, filled the hall, packed it, standing six deep in the rear, the way the Germans had packed Russians into buildings before setting them on fire.

Without warning the light went out. At once a title leaped onto a screen hung over the platform, and a German voice sang from the sound track. The Germans gasped, dreaming this:

*Today we hold the Fatherland,
Tomorrow the whole wide world!*

Now unreeled the picture they knew by heart: the nightmare epic of German might overrunning Poland, Norway, France, all but all of Europe. Shots they had all seen. That had brought them to their feet with exultant bellows of pride. Power triumphant, organization triumphant, terror triumphant. Invincible German youth, invincible German machinery, invincible German will. Tomorrow the world!

So big in the little countries. They, these Germans cramped together here in the *Rathaus* viewing their dream of *Lebensraum*, couldn't grasp it. Noth-

ing in the world had ever been so unfamiliar. Confused, stockstill they sat. The familiar shots, which once had puffed them up with the sense of power and pride, and for this reason were now so overwhelmingly strange, having neither left — struck terror in their souls and sickened them with weakness and shame. Struck the terror into their souls which the picture had been designed to strike into the hearts of hesitant neutrals and inferior nationalities. They were beyond being touched by irony. They saw it, felt it, as the livid record that would last longer than his thousand years, of their spell-bound folly and degradation. Toy supermen carved in Nuremberg, debauched into beastliness by a plump-hipped changeling, a limping evil dwarf, and a bedizened pig, waving a crooked cross.

Just when it became impossible to bear another dozen feet of it, and the jubilant commentary blating at them in sardonic mockery, the picture changed, without transition. And suddenly it was all different. The shots, the actors, the tempo, and above all else the country had changed.

The Germans floundered in snow. And the slaves, maddened by their first doubts, slashed out with demoniacal savagery. Molestation, misery, and massacre, spliced together from German and Russian film taken on the spot, unstaged, uncensored, unspeakable. Worst of all, lashing it home, were the trifles: shoes ripped off old men, blouses torn off mothers, kerchiefs snatched off old heads, until the memory of shoes cramped toes in an iron vise, the feel of a thin blouse crushed the breasts in an iron clamp, the folds of a kerchief seared the head with a white-hot iron ring.

For eight thousand feet, for eighty bloated minutes, these Germans looked at the infamy of Germans. They looked at what Germans had done to human beings.

The curtain rings rattled on the iron rod as the hangings were pulled aside on one of the high windows. They dared not look at the Russian as he pulled the second and third windows clear, and clumped out, leaving the Germans alone with themselves and their dry burning eyes no tears would cool. They drifted slowly back to despair, and none had the courage or power to look at his neighbor. Helpless to move they sat, ashamed to go out into the sunlight. Finally a woman squirmed erratically. Pfluger got to his feet, stood uncertain, sat down again. They just abided, past hope or fear. They knew now

there was no reprieve, they wanted none; they sat.

The Russian commander appeared on the platform. They looked down, at the floor, at the bent backs of neighbors in front, at their own work-gnarled and knotted hands, at nothing. The officer said crisply, "Is Anna Flachmann here?"

A gruff cry like the snapping of a dry stick came from the middle of the hall. A woman in a mended blue blouse rose, gripping the back of the seat in front of her. She was forty, haggard, grayed, and shocked at having been singled out, but she managed to say distinctly, "Here. I am Anna Flachmann."

"Come forward."

She tugged her hands free from the chair, and worked her way to the aisle. She came forward unsteadily, her neighbors' eyes following her blankly. The officer motioned to the steps at the side. She pressed her hand against the wall and forced her feet up the steps and pushed herself toward him, making an effort to keep her head up. She stopped six strides away, unable to take another stride, unable to meet his eyes.

He said, in his precise excellent German, "Once, at the beginning, you protested, and defied the local *Gauleiter*. You were thrown in jail and beaten severely. Is that correct?"

She bowed her head, whispered, "Yes."

"When you were released you worked with the regime, it is true, but once you spoke up like a human being."

She echoed, dully, "A human being. . . ."

"You are now appointed to take civil command here. Pick six trustworthy workers to help you. At nine o'clock tomorrow morning you will meet with the regional committee of your compatriots, in the mayor's office in the city. You will be responsible for the execution of the committee's orders in this district. Do you understand?"

She said, "You mean me?"

"Yes."

This woman, Anna Flachmann, shut her eyes tightly, and straightened her shoulders. She opened her eyes, met his, and looked like a human being.

"I understand," she said.

He turned and spoke to the massed Germans who didn't understand. His voice rose, but remained as impersonal as a warning to keep off the grass:

"You are in full charge of your own affairs. You will attend properly to your own needs, particularly to all crops and to such livestock as you have. You

will maintain your own order and administer your own justice."

He waited out the incredulous tremor that rustled across the hall. "All who have made as much as a single mark," he said slowly, with icy clarity, "at the moral or physical expense or misery of one of their fellow citizens, any betrayers or informers or benefitters of the vanished regime, will report or be reported to Citizen Flachmann, in command here, to be fittingly disposed of by yourselves."

Pfluger stumbled to his feet, knocking his chair over. Arms outflung he rushed to the platform.

"Herr Offizier — Citizen Flachmann!" he screamed "Herr Offizier, permit me!" He dived to his knees, pulled himself up to a painful slant by the edge of the platform, and pawing at the officer's boots, alternately bawled at him and Anna Flachmann:

"It was only in the way of duty, you understand, Herr Offizier. A man's nation comes first, isn't that so? . . . I had nothing against you, Anna, please realize. You remember, Anna, how I sent the potatoes to your mother. . . . Herr Offizier, permit me. Everybody knows she was the mistress of the telegrapher. . . . Dear God, Anna, we went to school together! . . . Darling Herr Offizier, only I can tell you where any little pound of flour is hoarded. . . ."

Anna Flachmann stepped forward, impassively pointed to a man in the third row: "You, Holz, and you, Kraus, lock up the *gauleiter*." She peered deeper into the hall, and chose four other men and women workers. Then, as rapidly as though she were reading off a list burned into her mind, she named the betrayers and benefitters, such as the police chief; the *Gestapo* agent, Aalberg; the manufacturer, Koenig; and they followed Pfluger.

She turned to the officer and said, "The rest of us are ordinary people, no better or worse than human."

He said, "I see you understand," and put out his hand. She hesitated in surprise, then shook hands, and he walked off the platform and out of the hall.

For more than a minute the woman stood on the platform alone, endeavoring to speak to her neighbors. At last tears came. She stood, facing her neighbors, the tears running down her face, her fists clenched, her body resisting the sobs that clawed at her. Her townspeople wept with her, not so much over a weight that had been lifted as over a load that had been laid upon them — readmission into mankind.

When they came out only the woman officer was

there, waiting for Anna Flachmann. The beat of the Cossack horses' hoofs sounded fadingly as they turned into the narrow street at the watch-maker's corner, leading to the lane along the cherry trees. It was a short cut to the city; they knew this region. When they reached the open they began to sing. The strong free voices, always giving that sense of motion, came back to the listening Germans, dazed but beginning to come to life, and able to look at themselves again, if not with enthusiasm, at least with understanding.

The pile of loot was covered with canvas, but the weapons had been removed. Kraus appeared at the corner, a revolver openly strapped on. He turned, stared back at the police station, as if listening for an event. They listened tensely with him. The next moment they swayed apprehensively in the other direction, at the wheezy sound of an old engine approaching. A small German civilian truck, scarred and dented, rattled into the *Rathaus* Square, trembled and coughed to a stop. A skeleton stepped out. It was the electrical worker Haberfeld.

He gasped at the specter, dumbfounded anew. They recognized him — but he had been erased. In an incredibly remote time he had organized here. He had gone underground, been caught, escaped, been caught again — and vanished, a lusty powerful man of thirty. He wore an ancient decent suit, through which his bones made a pattern, like the welts that had torn his flesh away. His temples were sockets as deep as those of his eyes. His milk-dewed cap fell to his ears. A scar reached from the corner of his broken mouth to his blinded eye. But the other eye gleamed with a rage of ecstasy.

He hobbled forward, shaking with an eagerness to overtake time. He drew himself up before the woman officer and Anna Flachmann, and reported, as from a mission thought lost: "Haberfeld. Electrical worker. Released from Concentration Camp."

The woman officer's face went warm. She clasped his hand hard. They all saw how she clasped his hand. He turned quickly, fiercely scanned the people around him as though there wasn't a minute to lose.

He said, "I want three or four good men or women to help me, and as many more to fetch fuel. I've come to fix the power plant. The first thing is to restore the electrification." Angrily, hurriedly he said, "It is first of all necessary to have light. Yes," he nodded his skull at all the Germans, "that is the first thing we need. Light."

The Dove Brings Peace

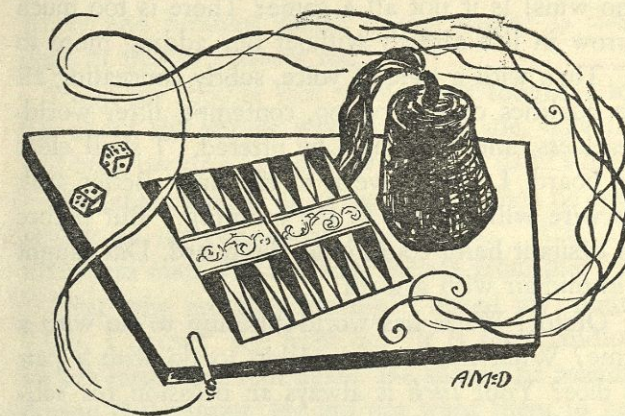
By RICHARD HAGOPIAN

DAI WAS THE MAN who incurred the deep wrath and maledictions of my father by presenting him with a dead dove. It wasn't so much the dove, as such, which caused my father to suck deeply upon his Turkish cigarettes and exhale smoky pronouncements upon old Dai, the friend of his childhood and his bosom companion through numberless cigarettes, black coffee, and backgammon, which spelled Armenian male old age; it was the circumstances under which it was given.

Since I was old enough to pronounce my first guttural, I can remember the two men: my father small, clever, and quick, and Dai, broad and heavy-headed with white hair, clicking the dice along the backgammon board, their eyes dull and smoke-accustomed, anticipating the proper turn of the black dots. I can remember their voices, my father's crisp and witty, Dai's, slow and ponderous, arguing, philosophizing, admonishing, ceremoniously insulting one another, with a delicate economy of words, making up again. Backgammon was their favorite game. It was the third party that sat in on all of their conversations, awaiting the moment when it would intrude to patch up a quarrel, to seal further a unanimity of opinion, or offer solace with its meaningless clicking of dice when the sorrow of old country memories made their hearts heavy.

But backgammon was a sly source of trouble too. My father had a phenomenal way of sustaining his luck at this game. It was the kind of luck that seemed too good to be true. It always turned up at the right time; it was always there, it seemed, when wind needed to be taken out of the opponent's sails, or when the pitch of battle was rising and my father wished to resolve the music in his favor.

Oh, yes, and my father lost no opportunity to make the most of such occasions. The *coup* was always punctuated with a happy, bland command: "Yeksapert," — that was my mother — "isn't it time for some more coffee? Ach, it is going to be a cold winter this year. Coal will be high." Or to me: "Take your hands out of your pockets; are you cold?"



Dai pondered hard over the board. He glowered at my father, then at me, then at the dice. At this point my mother called, her voice too well modulated to seem from a distinctly other world: "Levon, go to the store," or, "Levon, why don't you bring school books home no more? Levon, the smoky room is not healthy for young lungs."

I left reluctantly, watching the board to see what was happening. No sooner had I left, than, as though timed by the closing of the portiere, Dai sighed a profound sigh and commenced to utter things in smoldering Armenian — heavy things. When the words finally came out, they were something like:

"We are not children, you know? We are not playing like barbarian Turks, where we have to fight and draw blood at every move!"

"What have I done to deserve this? What words come out of your mouth, my dearest friend?"

This was my father; I was proud of him. He was confused by Dai's words, he was innocent, he was tormented by the words of his best friend. He was being sorry for his partner. Ach, my merciful father!

But old Dai usually had more to say. He started slow, but when he finished he had covered worlds.

"When we play, we play. We do not flaunt our advantage in the other's face."

"I . . . ?" How incredulous was my father's voice!

"What need had we for coffee, didn't we just finish? 'It will be a cold winter, coal will be high!' What were you trying to do, impress the boy?"

"Enough, enough." My father's voice was colored with more than a tinge of righteous indignation at this point. "We are being children now; we are losing our perspective on things. We have come too far in this world, we have experienced too many of the same tortures at the hands of our mutual enemy to be torn apart now by a mere game. Who cares

who wins! Is it not all a game? There is too much sorrow in life already without our adding more to it." Then with a tone of voice, subtly concealing all the qualities of resignation, contempt, utter world-weariness, and challenge, he uttered, "I shall clear the board. Let us leave it to the dust. Better still, my wife will burn it in the morning." But before his hesitant hand could clear the board, Dai caught it in mid-air with a word:

"Orator! What has world-suffering to do with a game? What has our friendship to do with a pair of dice? Your *luck* is always an occasion for self-flattery."

"Luck! Ach, Dai, haven't you learned yet that there is a little matter of skill involved. . . .?"

"Skill! Yes, I know the kind of skill you possess. That is why at the club they don't trust the dice in your hands and make you throw them from a coffee cup. Because of your skill!"

I did not have to see in order to know that the game was over. Dai would be near the window now, looking over the backyard. My father, crestfallen and insulted, uttering semi-final words.

"*Cheat, liar*, so that is what they say about me. All right, Dai, you win. It is enough that the world should have deprived me of family and country that now you must take from me my good name. Take it, I give it to you." Then near tears: "You have what the Turks could not carve out of us with the knife. You have it, it is in your keeping now, my dearest friend. Take it; take it to the club, put it in a coffee cup, paint my name on it, place it on the *tavli* table. Let all the friends of my boyhood and suffering point to it. Let them laugh and cry, '*Skill!* His skill has robbed him of what the Turks couldn't get.'" After a dramatic pause my father rose and commenced to clear the board. Dai made the first conversational move:

"I wish for my coat. I don't know where it is. I wish for my coat, then I can go home."

My father (as though talking to the wall), "He knows my wife put it away when he came in. He can ask her for it."

"Is it proper that an outsider should command another's wife? Is she my servant? No. If you would please supply my coat I would depart. It is late. My wife and family will be expecting me. I would go without it, but I am young no more. It is cold outside. It is going to be a hard winter."

"*A cold and hard winter!*" My father had not let

slip his chance to make the thrust. "Ha, ha, who is trying to impress the boy now? Pretty soon he will be asking for fresh coffee, wait and see."

At this point my mother bustled by me, bringing in fresh coffee and sugar cakes. Seeing me she scolded:

"What are you doing here? Didn't I tell you to take the dog out for a walk?"

We both had been guilty of the same crime—eavesdropping—but we were happy and contented to go about our jobs, when friendly voices behind the portieres suggested that the crisis had been passed.

Araxy, Dai's little daughter with the deep-colored eyes, knocked on our door about dusk. It was no news to her that her father was at our house, but it gave me something to say when I opened the door.

"Your father's here, Raxy. Do you want to play until they finish the game?"

My mother loved Araxy. She loved to kiss her deep-colored eyes and say, "Someday you will be my daughter."

I loved this time of day best of all. Raxy always came a half hour early so we could play. Best of all we loved to play bakeshop. She was the dough-maker and I was the cook. My mother gave us a slice of soft bread from the pantry. With a little water Raxy moulded it into a soft ball. Her clean little hands busily rolled out the dough. Then, after anxiously watching her, my turn came. I cut the dough into squares or circles with the tin covers of can tops; then, leaving the dough in the covers, we tucked raisins in the middle or along the edges. After this we put our handiwork on the stove to toast. When the day's cooking was done we played store—I sold and she bought, or she sold and I bought. When we had spent our make-believe money, we ate our wares together, cleaned up the store and waited for my mother to call old Dai.

Everyone was happy at parting time, and again on the next night, the next, and the next.

One day, when Raxy and I had planned to play together after school, she did not come. She told me the next day that her mother had made her stay home to help with the packing.

"What packing," I asked.

"We are moving," she replied sorrowfully.

"Where, Rax, why?"

"We must go. We are taking the pigeons and everything in boxes. We are going to go away in a truck to where my sister Vartui lives."

Her deep-colored eyes seemed darker and sadder. "Then we can't play baker any more!"

But before I could say anything more she commenced to sob and ran away.

Dai did not come to our house for the next three days, so Araxy did not come over after him at dusk. My father acted crosser than ever, and my mother, who loved to sing from time to time, was silent and made an effort not to talk with my father.

I nursed my own feelings by keeping still and out of the way.

My father never left the house, not even to go into the garden. My mother stayed at home most of the time, too.

"Dikran," she occasionally scolded, "why don't you go to the club and play *tavli* with your friends? I will give you the carfare."

But my father merely sat hunched on the sofa and drew smoke deep into his lungs.

It was late in the evening of the fourth day since Dai's last visit when someone knocked timidly on our door. My father looked up excitedly.

"Levon, answer the door," called my mother. When I opened it, it was just whom I had expected—Raxy. But this time I did not say, 'Your father's here, Rax,' nor did she ask after him, nor did she enter, even after my mother asked her to. In her hand she held a little bundle. She stood on the threshold and offered it to my mother. She spoke haltingly, her deep-colored eyes darker and sadder.

"Papa sends it to Baron Dikran. Good-bye." She turned and fled down the stairs. My mother called after her, but she did not answer or come back. My father didn't even look up.

"What has happened?" my mother asked. "Have you children fought? Levon, answer me."

I told my mother we hadn't fought.

"Then what is wrong with the poor child?" "This bundle is for you, Dikran. Dai sent it. I'll open it. Do you think they are having trouble at their house?"

By this time my mother had opened the newspaper bundle. In her hands she held a dead dove.

"Look Dikran, look what Dai has sent you. Is it a joke?"

No one spoke. Then my mother turned to me. "Ach, Levon, you are too quiet to be innocent. When you act like the cat has eaten your tongue I know something is wrong. Have you fought with little

Araxy and brought shame to our name? Is this a dove of peace? Answer me."

I told my mother that we had not fought. I told her about the things Raxy had told me, how they had been packing to move away to her sister's house.

My father looked up at my words. Then he spoke slowly as he swallowed blue smoke. "Ach, Dai, shameless man. He has kept secrets from me."

"But why are they moving?" asked my mother. "Ach, I know," she went on, "it is their landlord, he has raised the rent again. He should be ashamed during these times. He did not want them to keep pigeons on the back porch either. They are going to a strange city to live with a daughter who has married a stranger. Ach, Dikran, we must feel sad for them."

But my father answered with contempt, "No good-bye. Shame upon your white hairs, Dai, who wants a dove brought by a child! It is an insult to me. We have been friends all our lives. He is going to move away—maybe he has gone. No good-bye!"

"Maybe he was too sad to say good-bye. . . . That is why he sent the dove with the child. He is an old man, maybe he was ashamed he would cry if he came and said good-bye."

"Poof—old man! Nothing could make him ashamed. He is stubborn. He likes to make me suffer. You are a woman, you cannot understand." Then he muttered a few words in Turkish, the forbidden language, so I wouldn't understand, which my mother checked with a few of her own. Then both looked at me selfconsciously and all talking stopped.

For many days a calm of mourning descended upon our house. My father ate a bite with us—that was all—and settled in his habitual posture on the *sadir*, the low homemade couch, legs crossed beneath him, his shoulders hunched and his head drooped; in his mouth a cigarette. The evenings for me became lonesome, too. Disappointment came every day at dusk. I no longer played games. I felt more grown-up now and a little embarrassed at the thought of baking bread and playing store.

After supper I sat in the kitchen and watched my mother put the supper things away. I noticed that she had commenced to sing at her work again. Each night her voice seemed to grow louder and louder. One night when she was singing full force, my father called out in anger:

"What is the cause of all this joy, woman? One would think there was a wedding around here. You have sung enough. Hush!"

My mother resented this sudden explosion from my father. He obviously had missed the point of her singing. She answered back angrily:

"If I don't make some happy sounds, who will? I am sick of looking at you sulk. Like a death's head you sit all day and night. And cigarettes! Pretty soon smoke is going to come out of your ears. Ach, it was not like this in my father's house. Always singing, always dancing, always laughter, always. . . ."

"Fight! I will be patient. For a little happiness he insults. Why was I singing? Because my heart was happy, because I feel young again after seeing my white hairs in the looking glass? For you, for you, dumb man; for our home, for our boy." Then pointing to me she lamented, "Look at him. For days nothing has come out of his mouth but *yes* and *no*. He is beginning to look like you. My God! For shame, his shoulders are bending. All he does is sit and look dead. Give him a cigarette, you are his father. That is all he needs. He has looked at you so long he is an old man before his time."

Now my mother was crying. Poor woman, we had misunderstood her singing. Both my father and I had been so deeply concerned with our own unhappiness we had forgotten my mother's. Now we had broken her song. Now she was crying. Instinctively I straightened my shoulders and tried to caress her.

Early the next morning my father ventured away from the *sadir* and silently commenced to putter about the kitchen. My mother, long-faced with yesterday's grief, made an effort to remain silent; but after my father had succeeded in knocking down a few pans, she could not refrain from talking.

"He has regained his appetite by breaking my heart. There are stuffed grape leaves in the ice box if you are hungry. Don't put your awkward hands where they don't belong."

My father continued to search, oblivious to her remarks.

My mother's curiosity was piqued now. Finally she called, "The dead has come to life. What is it looking for?"

Without raising his head, my father mumbled, "The dove."

"Dove? What dove? Is this a poultry house?"

"Dai's dove," said my father tersely. "He sent it to me with little Araxy."

"Aha, so that is it? I threw it away."

For a moment longer my father continued to search, my mother's words not having registered. But when he realized what she had said, he was angry. He looked up and made a terrible face.

"You threw it away? What business was it of yours to tamper with my gift!"

"You did not seem to want it. You said it had been sent to make you suffer."

"Enough! Never mind what I said. You are a woman, you should have kept your place. Dai made a special gift to me. There must have been a reason for it."

"A reason! To make you suffer more?"

"Don't torture me. I will beat you." My father was very angry now. He had taken off his slipper and was brandishing it about in the air, his eyes moist and his lips trembling. My mother, sensing danger, withdrew into her shell and remained silent.

The fury of this sudden outbreak subsided as suddenly as it had come; then shame-faced and his shoulders drooping lower than ever, my father retired once more to his *sadir*.

"I have had bad dreams. No one can understand."

There he remained. He spoke no word, nor did he eat, nor did he move, except mechanically, to put a cigarette in his smoke-weary mouth.

My sorrow for the loss of Araxy was forgotten for the time being. I was frightened by this new behavior of my father. Even my mother looked hopeless now. She had failed to bring sunshine to our home with her singing. Her peeve toward my father for his sudden reaction toward her singing, and his threat to beat her, melted with the morning and from time to time she neared the portieres and cautiously peeked in to see if the old man had varied his position any. I believe she sensed the same kind of fear I did.

"We must mind our own affairs. Men become like this from time to time," she cautioned to me in whispers. "We must leave him alone. He was like this once when news came that his sister had been massacred in the old country." Then kissing me, she bade me run off to school and not to worry too much so that I might stay young and not become an old man before my time.

I did not come home for lunch that day, sensing a kind of sad danger at home. When I did return,

it was dusk. As I neared our house I noticed that no lights were burning inside. I wondered if my people were away. Then, remembering how my father was, I became frightened and ran madly to the front door. I clambered up the stairs, two at a time, to our floor. But before I could reach out and turn the door knob I was checked by a curious sound coming from within. It sounded like a little boy weeping. Above this I could hear my mother's comforting voice reassuring someone in soft Armenian. Slowly I opened the door and looked in. The room was dark. I tiptoed over to the portieres and looked in. The street lamps outside offered enough light for me to see the figures of my father and mother. My father was huddled on the *sadir*, his head in his hands. By him sat my mother, her arm around him.

"No, Dikran," she was saying, "it is not healthy that you should break your heart this way. Come, you have eaten nothing all day. I will make some soup for you, the kind you love, *madzoun abour*."

But the old man did not look up. He merely responded with hoarse lamentations.

"Ach, Dai, why was I so blind? It is too late, too late. I should have come to you and kissed your hands. I should have wept for you in your loneliness. See, Dai, my eyes are raining tears for you."

My mother's efforts to comfort him were futile. He went on, his voice old and broken.

"A dove brought to me by a little girl. What more could you have done, what else did you have to offer? Like Noah you sent it to a place of safety — your Ararat — your refuge. Ach, Dai, I dreamed the truth, but I dreamed too, too late."

Gradually his voice died off and only his heavy breathing remained to pulsate faintly in the dark.

My father was crying and I felt ashamed for having seen him. I turned away and sat down in a far corner of the kitchen.

About an hour later my mother came out.

"Levon, Levon," she called in a voice not expecting an answer, but calling to reassure itself in its own aloneness. "Levon, why have I forgotten you?"

"I am here," I whispered. I dared not talk too loud, my throat hurt so.

"Oh, my sweetest," she cried and drew me to her bosom. I clung to her while she stroked my hair.

"Dai is dead," she uttered. "We heard it this afternoon from Garabed." I clung closer and thought of Araxy.

"Your father's heart is broken," she went on. "I

have failed to break his sorrow. It is bad for an old man to cry. I don't know what to do, where to go. I must make food for you."

Once when she looked up at me in the light she saw me trying to hide my tears and, coming to me, she kissed me and told me not to cry.

"We will go and see their family soon. You must not cry. It is different with your father. You must not cry, you will become old before your time."

With the passing of Dai passed my remaining hope of ever seeing Raxy again. Although my mother tried to comfort me from time to time by telling me we would visit Dai's family, I knew she didn't really mean it. I know we couldn't, because their new home was so distant, and because seeing Dai's family — the little girl who brought the dove — would only further break my father's heart.

So the winter months went on. In our house the note of sadness lingered. Occasionally it let up a bit when my mother tried to sing a few strains from the heroic *Vartan* ballad, or *Alexan Vorti*, the deer boy. But her singing fell on deaf ears. The thrilling account of Vartan's glory, the heart-rending pathos of the Alexan legend, no longer thrilled me. They were completely lost to my father. Gradually sorrow robbed my mother's throat of the last remnants of sound and she became quiet too — quiet like a death's head.

Things went on this way for a long time. In the mornings I went off to school, leaving my father hunched on the *sadir*, my mother before the sink, or on her knees cleaning the floor. At dusk I would return and find them very much the same as when I had left, my father on the *sadir*, my mother occupied with some menial task.

One Sunday afternoon after church my mother and I were eating in the kitchen. My father was in the other room smoking. He said he wasn't hungry. In the midst of our meal my mother leaned towards me and with a half-happy smile she whispered, "Your father looks brighter today. When you were in Sunday School he took a little walk. A little later, after you have eaten, go in and talk to him; it will cheer him up more." Then she sighed, "Perhaps there is hope for our house yet." She made the sign of the cross on her features and breast, and returned to her meal. I hurried through the rest of my food, then, taking courage from my mother's new smile, I passed through the portieres into my father's room.

He was dusting something when I came in. It was the backgammon board. This was the first I had seen of it since. . . . When he finally was aware of my presence he looked up quickly, thrusting the board behind him.

"Ah, it is you," he ventured.

"Hello, papa, are you better?" I asked.

"Ach, little Levon, no man is better. As long as the world is what it is we are all getting worse. Come here, my boy, come let me hold you." Then drawing me to him, he placed his arms around me and kissed my eyes. "What a long time it has been since I have loved you, my little boy. But you are a big boy now."

"Is everything all right now," I asked. "Maman . . . we have worried about you. Shall I call Maman?"

"No, no, Levon, light of my eyes, not yet. I want to talk to you a little while. Sit here." He motioned for me to sit with him on the *sadir*. I crossed my legs and felt comfortably at home near my father.

"No sorrow can last forever," he went on. "Like our forefathers we must suffer and be chained; but we must be strong and free again. You are a boy . . . it is different. You were born here. But you have our blood in you, so you must learn to suffer too. Someday you will have friends, and these friends will be your worlds. You will fight in them, find suffering in them; you will laugh and be happy in them; you will be for once contented, your heart and soul at rest in them. You will see your childhood in their eyes when they laugh. You will see the beautiful mountains and lakes of your country in their sad smiles. And when they are angry you will see your old age. You will learn to delight in argument, in wit, cigarettes . . . *tavli* . . . in being sad, in remembering old things.

"Sometimes these worlds crack, they vanish. They become memories, they die. Then a man needs courage. Sometimes we are weak; we become petty, we do not understand. In our distress we fail to remember the comfort of that God our fathers knew." Then looking at me long and with deep sadness, he uttered a sigh, "It is getting toward the close of winter for me. You are the spring. You must learn to be wise and faithful to the friends you will love."

I understood my father. I placed my arms around his

wrinkled neck and comforted him with the love and understanding which had sprung up in my heart through the wisdom of his words. At this point my mother bustled into the room, bearing a tray filled with sugar cakes and small cups of Armenian coffee. Her mouth was twisted into a comical curve by the alternate emotions of her present happiness and the residue of past sorrow. Placing the tray before my father, she burst into tears of exaltation.

"Our happy home is preserved," she wept. "Maybe my song will come back again."

When quietness had come again and our emotions were near normal once more, we sipped heavy, black coffee and ate the little cakes baked by my mother. My father smoked almost with abandon. Even my mother blew on one. And we talked of many things: people, the price of food, our garden, and my mother's relatives. When this had gone on for some time my mother rose, saying, "It is time for me to put on the soup." Then with a prodding look in my direction, "Levon, play a game of *tavli* with your father while I am making dinner."

An awkward moment ensued after she had left. Then, as though obliged by my mother's suggestion, my father reluctantly produced the backgammon board. Then, looking up, he sighed and asked, "Do you know how?"

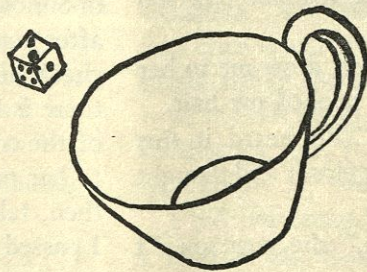
"Yes," I answered eagerly, "but not very well. But I used to watch all the time when you and . . . I'll learn to play better, then we can play together every night, ha, Papa?"

"All right, my child. You are a good boy, an innocent little boy." For a moment he fingered the dice. "Shall I throw first?" he asked.

"Yes, yes," I answered, thrilled.

But he held the dice; he did not throw them. Then he shook them thoughtfully, his eyes lighted up for a moment. "I will beat you," he said. But still he did not throw. Then thoughtfully he placed the dice upon the board, and lighting a cigarette, he drew upon it deeply and examined his fingers. Then he called to my mother.

"Yeksapert, an empty coffee cup, please." He fingered the dice again, waiting for my mother to bring in the cup so he could throw from it. He looked at me and smiled. "Maybe you will have a little more chance that way."



SNOWBOY

By ELIZABETH PERDIX

In my father's house are many mansions.

John, XIV:2

THE FRONT DOOR was directly below Toby's room. Whenever the doorbell sounded, as it was doing now, he could hear it ringing with one ear and buzzing, because of the vibration it made in his wall, with the other. It was exactly as if an echo were racing a noise. This time he had expected it: he had heard it in his mind a hundred times, its buzz and its ring, before it had come.

It was Hallowe'en, but Toby wasn't afraid of witches or of ghosts. Why should he be? He thought they were comical. He didn't even trouble to light the light. He crouched on the lid of his toy chest, the bridge of his nose wedged between his updrawn knees and watched the first snow of the year twisting unhurriedly downward, catercorner, in shadow, against the yellow windowblind, between it and the arc light on the curb. There was a small mirror across the room, over his dresser. He had seen his face in it, glimmering in the golden light like a silver triangle resting on its point. Laughter was inside of him, hard and sharp as a rock. It tugged the corners of his mouth outward towards his ears. It forced tears from his eyes, crushing them flat between his tightly closed eyelids. From time to time the laughter shook him like a riveting machine, as if it were going to shatter his insides. But he held it in. He didn't dare let go his knees long enough to pick off the shred of cotton lint that was sticking to his lips. He didn't even dare push out his tongue to loosen it, for fear the laughter would come out too.

His room was crowded, as everyone's room is crowded, with a great number of rewards and punishments that had no relation to his feelings of achievement or misdoing. There, for instance, was Robert Browning, half in pale, tan leather and half in coffee-colored marble paper, inscribed on the fly-leaf *To Toby, Grade VI*, "for the excellence of his verse" — Toby's verse — signed with the principal's name in letters at least a quarter of an inch larger

than those forming Robert Browning's and bearing, above all three names, in the upper right-hand corner, the price of the book — three dollars and ninety-four cents — which had been set down with a lead so sharp that erasure had merely made it an engraving of itself. And there was the top chest on which Toby sat in the dappled, yellow-lighted dark, crouched, hugging his laughter into him like the fellow who had held the fox: it was biting at him like that. A loop of the satin, shaken loose by the laughing, kept bouncing lightly on his forehead, over his left eye. It tickled, but it would have to stay.

Toby sat on the chest quite a lot, although he hadn't opened it in pretty nearly three years now. Perhaps, more than three years. He hadn't opened it, that is, except just wide enough to stuff anything inside that may have become tiresome but with which he hadn't altogether finished. And whatever went in, *stayed* in! That was the rule he had made. It stayed in, he meant to say, unless on reconsidering, he could still, with the heel of his hand resting on the ledge of the chest, touch it with his middle finger, which is your longest finger. Occasionally, he would put a thing into the chest without thinking, or, like when a thing broke, because he was angry that it had broken. And every so often he would thrust something that he wanted very, very much far back, under the lid, out of reach, deliberately. To tease himself! And it had to stay; that was the rule he had made.

The way it happened was: at first, about three years ago, he had meant to go through the chest and arrange things. Some of them — regular baby things — he'd throw away. And what was left, he'd straighten up. But he had kept putting it off and putting it off until, in the end, he had decided not to. Not ever. He'd leave it closed until it was as full as it could get. By that time he would be a grown man, and grown men do not have any special feelings about the things they throw away. Toby was certain of this because that was the way he'd come to use the chest so carefully in the first place. His father

had thrown away every single thing of Toby's that he had found about the house anywhere except where it should have been put by Toby when Toby had finished playing with it. He had had to: in order to teach Toby.

That, his father had said, is what a toy chest is for.

You could see that. You couldn't possibly say that a toy chest wasn't for toys. Could you?

Only, it would have been nice to have left one toy downstairs in the living room, with your parents, nights. After you were upstairs, it would have gone on being you downstairs.

Well, his father was dead now: but if there were one thing that Toby remembered clearly about his father, it was his father bending over a toy on a dull, red rug in front of the fireplace, on the living room floor, picking it up with a hurt face and breaking it into long splinters across his knee. The rug was still there.

Toby's beautiful mother had been sitting, a great box of candies that his father had just brought her, open on her lap, in a dull, red chair on the other side of the hearth. She had moved her hand suddenly, upward, once, when she had seen the thing that his father was going to do. Then she had let the hand fall back onto her lap, and she had looked at him, at Toby, as if her heart had been going to break for him. It had probably, Toby had thought, been a little dog dressed like a clown and suspended between two, v-shaped, painted sticks. It may have been a little cat, dressed like a clown. Whichever it was, it had certainly been dressed like a clown. It had made his father terribly sad to have had to do. But he had, of course, had to.

His father had handed him the broken pieces of the little cat or the little dog and he had made

Toby put them into the scrap basket right away.

Too late, his father had said, for the toy chest.

It was a terrible thing to have the things that belong to you cause so much suffering to others. Those things were so much like parts of yourself that it was exactly as if your being alive caused pain. The dull, red chair in which his mother had been sitting was still there too. He, Toby, had tried to show that he hadn't minded about the little cat or the little dog, whichever it had been, in order to spare his parents what suffering he could. He had managed very well, too: because later that night he had heard his father talking sternly about it to his mother.

Nonsense, Grace, his father had said to his mother, whose name was Grace, sternly. Nonsense. I'm very much afraid that that child is a hardened little sinner. He didn't give a damn.

Still later that night Toby had gone downstairs again. He had found the scrap basket in the dark. He had picked out all the broken pieces of the little cat or the little dog and he had carried them up to his room. He had put them into the toy chest. He had felt that his father wouldn't need them any more.

He had found too, in the scrap basket, one half of an Italian cream from the box of candy that his father had brought his mother. He had also found the strip of cotton batting that had been in the lid, quite stiff on one side but

soft on the other, and the shining rosette that had been on top. He had put the cotton and the rosette into the toy chest too: a good ways back, well beyond reach of his middle finger. He had eaten the half of the Italian cream. He had felt that it had been all right for him to have taken these things because nothing that anyone could possibly want would have



been in a scrap basket. That, he had told himself, was what a scrap basket was for. Wasn't it?

Then he had gone to bed. It had been the next morning that he had decided never to open the chest again until he was a grown man.

Toby remembered his beautiful mother, too. Just as clearly! He remembered her from one evening in his nursery when he couldn't have been more than five or six years old. Nurse had just given him his bath, and the nursery was still steamy from it through the bathroom door. He, Toby, and his mother had been standing at the window, looking out through two clear places that they had made in the steam on the windowpane with his mother's handkerchief. A high one for mother and a low one for Toby. The first snow that Toby could remember had been falling, and it had been that that they had been watching through the two holes. It was, of course, the very same window that he was seeing the snow through now: only then it had been the nursery window, not the window of his room, and the windowblind had been up, not down. It was difficult to believe that it was the same window, because you remember with your mind: so that it was more as if it had been a window in his mind, in a house in his mind, rather than a real window.

But then, it was funny too, his saying that he remembered his mother. Because his mother wasn't dead. She was in the house, downstairs, now, alive. She would be on her way this very minute from the livingroom, through the hall, smiling to herself, to answer the doorbell. Only, it seemed to Toby as if the mother that he remembered with his mind before the first time that the thing had happened, had been a different mother. He felt like a different boy, too.

They, Toby and his mother, had been looking out through the two holes that they had cleared onto the windowpane, when it had come to Toby suddenly that no one had said anything for a long time. So he had said at once: But, Mother.

And his beautiful mother had not answered him.

She had kept right on facing the window, her head up very high, as if she had been looking through the little hole with the point of her chin instead of her eyes. He had pulled at her dress and then the thing had happened. He'd never forget it.

His mother had turned around in one piece, so that the back of her head had been toward the clear place on the window, and without answering Toby,

her chin still up in the air, she had hurried from the room in quite a lot of little jerks. As if she had kept tripping and catching herself.

Toby had said: Whoopsadaisy. Because that was what his mother had always said to him whenever he had been about to tumble.

But his mother hadn't looked back at all. And Nurse had said:

You mustn't talk to your mother when she looks like that. Oh, the pity of it!

Toby had not been certain whether it was his mother looking like that, or that he mustn't talk to her when she did that was the pity of it. He still wasn't. Anyhow, for years and years, he'd felt the pity of it whenever it had happened to his mother. And sometimes the pity of it would come to him between times and make him feel so sad! After that it made him cross.

Then, finally, his father had explained to him what it was that made his mother look like that when she did. It must have been late in the fall, when his father had told him, Toby thought, because the first snow of the year had been falling that evening too. They had all three of them, Toby, his mother, and his father, been in the livingroom, but only Toby had been standing at the window. That was how he had happened to see the first snow coming down. He had looked up and there it was, new and cold as if it had been falling on his face, even though the window had been closed. He had practically felt it on his face. Same as now.

He had said:

Look, snow!

That was all he had said, and after a moment or so his mother had gone jerking out of the room again, bumpity-bump, as if she had been tripping and catching herself. But in the moment or so before his mother had started from the room, she had looked at his father and then at him, at Toby, and then back at his father again, her lips getting loose and tight, loose and tight, as if she had been trying to say something. Toby had known that she had meant that his father was to tell him. The thing that his father had told him had surprised him very, very much. He couldn't, for the life of him, think why they had been ready to tell him now. Nor why they hadn't told him long ago.

His father had told him that he had had a little sister.

Well, really, it had seemed strange to say the

least, that his father had called it a sister. Because it seemed that she had been living before ever Toby had been born, and in order to have had a sister, you would have had to have been a brother. He hadn't, of course, been a brother, because he hadn't been born. By the time he had been, the sister was already dead. Toby didn't know just what you would call her to him: not a half sister; not a foster sister; no kind of a sister: just another child. That was all. When he had seen how terribly, terribly sad speaking about her made his father, he had certainly not wanted her for a sister, nor for anything else. He had guessed right away that she was the pity of it.

His mother, his father had said, had taken the little sister out one day, on the afternoon of the little sister's birthday, on the little sister's new, little birthday sled. It had been a late fall day then too, and the first snow of *that* year had been falling.

Toby had seen that his father had expected him to look very sad when he had explained all this. And he had tried to. But inside, he had felt himself becoming very, very angry. His father had acted as if he had been giving him, Toby, a tremendously valuable present. Toby hadn't felt as if he had been getting a present at all. He hadn't seen why, all of a sudden, this other child should have been taken out by his mother: nor why she should have had a new sled, or a birthday, or snow. Oh, she was the pity of it, all right.

His father had said that his mother had taken the little sister out on the sled, dressed in a new, little snowsuit and all bundled up in a warm rug that had been pinned about her so snugly that she, the little sister, could hardly move. Not even one, little, mitten hand. They had gone to the park and they had spent the whole afternoon there! Toby's mother, his father had told him, had found a little, tiny hill and she had pulled the little sister on the sled up the hill again and again. And each time they had got to the top, she, Toby's mother, would let go the rope and give the sled a little push with her foot so that it would slide down the incline some six or seven yards, and stop. It was a wonder his mother hadn't taken her death of cold, Toby thought.

The little sister had loved that. Naturally! Toby's father had seemed to think that the little sister's loving it would make Toby very happy. Toby had not felt happy.

Then, at last, toward the end of the afternoon,

his mother had said that they had had enough. Well, Toby should have thought so. It seems that a wind had come up and his mother had thought that they had best start home. But the little sister had begged so hard for another slide down the little hill that Toby's mother had agreed to just one more. As Toby understood it, there had been a band of white, bunny-fur around the edge of the snow-suit hood and the little sister's face had looked out of it just like a lovely, little flower. There had been a soft, blue hair-bow, too, that had peeked out from the bunny-fur hood. So his mother had pulled the sled to the top of the hill once more and she had dropped the rope and she had started it off with the tip of her toe and down it had gone with the little sister laughing and laughing.

But the sled hadn't stopped at the bottom of the hill. The wind had caught it somehow and it had raced along faster and faster with the little sister — with a face like a lovely, little flower in a bunny hood and a soft, blue hair-bow — pinned to it, so that she couldn't have gotten off even if she'd had the sense to, down the hill and across the flat ground beyond it, and onto the road beyond that, and under an automobile. And all that time, with his mother worrying so, it seemed that the dear, little sister had kept on loving it and laughing and hollering at the top of her damn, rotten, stupid, little lungs:

Watch me, Mother, here I go! Watch me, Mother, here I go!

And that had been the end of the little sister. Well.

His father had said that it had been a very terrible thing for Toby's mother. Every so often, it seemed, she would see the whole thing, just as if it were happening all over again. That was the thing that had happened to her. To Toby's mother.

Then, one day, after his father had died, Toby had found that he could see the whole thing too! Exactly as if he had been there. He could see the little sister, all smashed to pieces on the road, under the wheels of an automobile: especially the face, like a lovely, little flower: the hair-bow and the bunny-fur glistening with blood. Bright, red. In fact, seeing it happen had gotten to be one of Toby's favorite things in the whole, wide world to do, when he sat in his room, on the lid of his toy chest, without troubling to light the light. It had been an enormous, black limousine. Twelve cylinder. Sometimes it was even a fire engine. He could hear her

too. He had got so that he knew exactly what her voice had sounded like, coming out of her flower face, when she had gone down that hill, with the wind pushing her faster and faster, crying: Watch me, Mother, here I go! Watch me, Mother, here I go! Sometimes the sled went so fast that it quite took Toby's breath away.

But after his father had died, his mother had, in a way, let the little sister all the way out. She hadn't just closed her lips and gone jerking from the room when she had thought of the little sister: she had talked about her and talked about her. Especially when anything had come along that he, Toby, had wished to do.

There's just the two of us now, Toby, his mother would say. We can't risk anything happening to either of us, can we? We're all we've got.

Well, nobody wanted to risk anything. Like tonight: Hallowe'en. All of the kids had been planning tonight for a long time. They were all going to meet after their suppers, when it began to get dark, and they were going around together, from house to house, playing all kinds of Hallowe'en tricks on the people who lived in them. They had been going to ring their doorbells and run away: so that the people would think it had been ghosts that had rung the bells. And they had been going to tap at windows with long switches that they had cut on purpose to make people think that there were spirits about. And meow like witches' cats. And almost every one of the ideas had been Toby's idea. Even the bed sheets that they were all going to put on over their own, regular, everyday, outdoor clothes.

It had been this very evening, after supper, while Toby had been getting his sheet from the linen closet, that his mother

had said that she wouldn't consider it for a moment. When she had said that, Toby had become so deeply angry that he had felt exactly as if someone had been blowing up a great, red balloon inside of him. Bigger and bigger. It had even been as if he had been looking out through the thin, red rubber.

Not for one moment, his mother had said. Hadn't she, she had asked Toby, been through enough? In Heaven's name?

Then the balloon had exploded. Toby had taken one, long breath and the balloon had exploded. For a minute or so he hadn't felt anything. Then, all of a sudden, he was glad, glad, glad that it had burst. He was glad, glad, glad that it was all over. All he knew was: he never wanted to feel like that again as long as he lived. Never.

The thing that his mother had been saying had been that, if Toby had really set his heart on this Hallowe'en thing, she would tell him what she would do: she would ask all the other little boys and girls in for cookies and apples. That, she had said, was *really* Hallowe'en. Cookies and apples.

Toby hadn't answered because he had been pretty busy with the balloon having just exploded. He had been watching the sheet that was folded over his arm go from red to pink to white and then, because of the electric light, a little yellow.

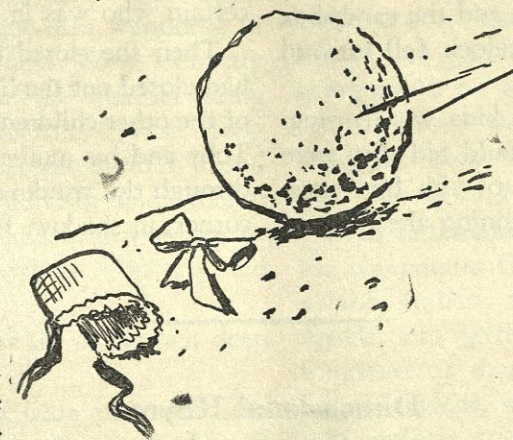
After a bit, his mother had said: And hot cocoa!

Then she had said, as if the hot cocoa had solved everything, that she would telephone all of his little friends herself. She would, too. She had kissed him warmly, her face and her lips full of love, as if he had thanked her and she had been telling him you're welcome, and she had started brightly down the stairs for the telephone, her fingers playing piano all the way down the banister. Toby couldn't remember when he had seen her so gay! He had thought

what a terrible thing it would be if she were to trip. Why, she might fall straight down the whole flight of stairs, and across the hall, and — supposing the front door just happened to open of itself at that very instant — out the door, and under the wheels of a fire-engine. My! She certainly had been through enough. If Toby were to sit perfectly still, on a chair, without moving, the whole rest of his

life, his mother would already have been through enough for both of them.

But presently he had heard her dialing the telephone downstairs, so he had gone into his own room with the bed sheet still over his arm. It had been then, through the window, that he had noticed that it was beginning to snow. The first snow this year! At the same moment, for no reason at all, it had come to him that his hand would by now



have grown so much bigger that he would probably be able to reach the strip of cotton batting and the old candy-box ribbon in his toy chest. He'd been able to, too. Easy. He'd made a kind of pincher of his first finger and his middle finger, and out they'd come. He hadn't even had to feel around: his fingers seemed to remember exactly where they had put the things, under the lid. And, all tangled up in them, out had come the toy that his father had had to break across his knee! It hadn't been a little cat or a little dog. It had been a little monkey, dressed like a clown! Toby had started laughing then. That had been more than an hour ago.

To begin with, he had just laughed to himself, very soft and creamy. It had been very agreeable. Then his laughter had become more like egg-shells — quite a lot of egg-shells — being crushed together. After that, it got like rocks inside. Now, all of a sudden, he found he wasn't laughing any more.

It was the kids who were laughing, downstairs, at the front door, where his mother had just let them in. Toby could hear her voice, laughing too.

In? his mother was saying. Of course, Toby's in! He's been in all evening.

But the kids were telling her different.

Oh, no, they were saying. You can't fool us! Toby's been out with us. Oh, he was wonderful!

Toby held his breath now, to hear. He leaned forward, so that the cotton batting that he'd wrapped around his face, just like a hood, and the candy-box hair-bow, that he'd tied to his forelock, fell forward too.

"Oh, he was spooky!" the kids were saying. They were laughing, but Toby could tell they were scared too. "We never caught up with him once. Wherever we went, Toby kept running ahead of us.

Dimensional Rhyme

Space is a box whose walls are time.
How long it takes a thought to climb
bottom to cover, side to side,
measures how high it is and wide.

We could see his sheet gleaming, though. Just like a ghost!"

His mother said:

"Not Toby. Toby's been up in his room all evening."

"Yes, Toby," said the kids. "He kept calling back at us. He changed his voice to make it sound like a girl's, but we knew it was Toby! He kept calling and calling, 'Watch me, here I go. Watch me, here I go!' Oh, it was wonderful!"

Now Toby could hear his mother's feet running up the stairs. She'd be in his room in a moment. He arranged the cotton batting around his face just so, and he patted the candy-box hair-bow into place against his cheek. The ribbon, even after all that time in the toy chest, was prettier than he had remembered. It was a shade lighter than the color of his eyes. He'd like, say, a necktie of that blue. Just touching it was nice.

His mother had run all the way up the stairs, and she had run down the hall to his room. But she had stopped at his door. Toby could hear everything. She was opening the door very, very slowly. At first, she couldn't see anything and neither could he, Toby. She couldn't see anything because it was so dark in his room after the light in the hall: and he couldn't see anything because it was so bright after the dark.

"Toby?" his mother asked, almost as if she wasn't certain who was in the room. "Toby?"

Then she closed the door softly behind her. She had closed out the light from the hall and the voices of the other children. They could see each other now, Toby and his mother, in the yellow light that came through the window-blind. Across them both, cater-corner, in shadow, fell the slowly twisting snow.

Dilys Bennett Laing

The Trepid Explorer

By Robert M. Coates

I DON'T know whether you know the Historians' Bar & Grill or not. I do. I go there quite a lot. It's a pleasant little place, just off Eleventh Avenue in the Fifties, with a bar down one side and a row of tables down the other; almost any night that you'd care to go there you are likely to run into such cheerful and capable drinkers as Professor Conwary of Columbia, Doctor Pickerton-Bramble of the Maskett Foundation for Historical Research, Doctor Bentzen of N. Y. U., or Professor Capworthy of C. C. N. Y.

They're not always all there at once, you understand. Scholars have duties as well as us ordinary mortals. What I say is that whenever they're free of an evening, they go there; and if only one or two of the crowd is on hand, the conversation you'll hear is a treat to listen to. Doctor Bentzen and Pickerton-Bramble discussing the relative intoxicating powers of *akvavit* and the Greek brandy called *ephenos*, or old Conwary descanting on the virtues of Irish whisky (he always insists on that spelling). —I tell you, you'd have to go far indeed to hear livelier talk or see deeper drinkers.

Odd things happen at the Historians'. I recall one night late last May when just Conwary, Bentzen, and I were on hand, and a frail little man wandered in from the street. He ordered a beer. Well, Conwary was standing next to him, and the weather being mild and Conwary's temper agreeable, it wasn't long before Conwary had struck up a conversation. "Good evening," he said, and the little chap said, "Good evening." They talked for a while, and it wasn't so long before the other looked over at Conwary and asked, "What's your trade?"

"A historian," rumbled Conwary in his rich deep voice. "What's yours?"

"I'm a truck-driver," said the little man, and Conwary put down his whisky and soda on the bar. It was his eighth that evening, and he set the glass down a little unsteadily. "A truck driver!" he roared.

"That's right," said the other, surprised.

"But you can't be!"

"Why not?"

"Because—why, man, just look at you. You, as thin as a length of string and no stronger! When the one thing we know about all truck drivers is

that they're burly—in print, speech, or radio.

"Is that so then, begob?" yelled the little man, revealing at one and the same time an Irish brogue and an unexpected amount of erudition. "Let you tell me one time that a historian has been mentioned, in speech or in print, without the word 'sober' being put before it. And you there, standing drunk as Paddy O'Malley's old pig, telling me you're a historian! God save us!" says he, and he walked out.

Well, I always thought that he got a little the best of that argument, particularly since he got out of the place before Conwary or Bentzen could get their hands on him. Let that pass, though. Let me tell you about Big Tim Quinn, the politician, who comes into the bar now and then. Shrewd? A shrewd politician? Why, he hasn't picked a winner in a horse race in his life, and a child could beat him at poker dice. But I see that by now you're all winking slyly at one another, convinced that there's no such place as the Historians' Bar & Grill at all.

What I'm getting at, though, is this practice of branding each trade or profession with an adjective. Must the cowhand always be lanky, the deck hand always profane? Are all scientists coldly unemotional? I know one that isn't. I won't mention his name, but just speak of Rosalind Russell in his presence and he quivers all over. Are all blacksmiths brawny, all mariners grizzled, all gamblers soft-voiced, and all sailors carefree? I know that all Yankees don't speak with a nasal whine, because I live in that part of the country. But some day I'm going south on a journey of exploration, and I'm sure that somewhere, probably on the sidewalks of Peachtree Street in Atlanta, I'll come across a Georgian who doesn't drawl.

Even nationalities have been ticketed. You have the phlegmatic Dutchman, the stolid Britisher, the voluble Italian, and the excitable Frenchman. For myself, I'm getting tired of it all. It reminds me somehow of that night, not long after the truck-driver incident, when Professor Capworthy brought that explorer friend of his into the Historians' and old Pickerton-Bramble — well-gone in his liquor, — advanced on him with an empty beer mug in his hand.

"An explorer," he cried. "Tell me, then, are you trepid or are you intrepid?"

"I'm trepid," the poor fellow quavered, retreating into a telephone booth. But I forgot that you don't believe the Historians' Bar & Grill exists.

BOOKS

In an all-fiction number, it may seem strange, or inconsistent, that a magazine should open its Book Section with a discussion of a factual war book: a discussion, moreover, which focuses on news value. But of course it is precisely because Behind the Steel Wall is news, of a unique nature, that we are making it the subject of our leading review. The record of a Swedish correspondent who was in Germany from the spring of 1941 to the spring of 1943, the book was published in Stockholm in September, and was quickly translated and rushed for January publication here. Mr. Mowrer, who knows Germany so well, gives authoritative consideration to this first report from Germany under the impact of the United Nations' force in war.

In the field of fiction, we are glad to present reviews of novels which speak to us both of other countries and of our own.—KATHERINE WOODS

BEHIND THE STEEL WALL

By Arvid Fredborg

Reviewed by Edgar Ansel Mowrer

BECAUSE ARVID FREDBORG is a rather conventional middle-class Swede who still considers the Germans "in the forefront of the civilized nations of the world," and sees the hope of Europe in the general restoration of monarchies, his account of events within the Third Reich right up to last summer has greater weight than it might have coming from people who think that the Germans have proved themselves inferiors.

Mr. Fredborg trots out a little of the old stuff about the Versailles Treaty, and half excuses the Germans' support of the Nazis. He makes the common mistake of referring to a "nation of eighty millions," when there are really no more than sixty-five or seventy million Germans on the planet and may be considerably fewer when the United Nations get through with them. His attitude is at times annoyingly "objective" and "neutral," although he obviously despises the Nazis and was invited out of Germany on May 31, 1943. All the more reason for listening to his story, apparently based upon a day-to-day diary covering the two years after June, 1941.

Here is the old familiar Berlin atmosphere in which I lived for nearly ten years, and which not even the Nazis have been able totally to eliminate: the same biting ironical wit, the same passionate admiration for success, the same inability to see the rights of other peoples, the same passivity in the face of violence, and the same willingness to desert any sinking ship for a new one. The situa-

tion of the Germans between the two German Wars was never really any more tragic than that of several other peoples, and for a beaten aggressor they got off remarkably well. But their ability to dramatize and romanticize and pity themselves (with a quick glance to see if others were being properly impressed) has remained unchanged. Unchanged too is that hospitable friendliness that made life in Berlin often pleasant despite the Nazis' worst.

A book of this sort is primarily a source of information, and one can hope that the Allied General Staffs and political-warfare leaders have long since found this volume and are immersed in gleaning whatever they can use.

Britain, the author believes, is Germany's most hated enemy. (If that was true last summer one can imagine what the last beautiful bombings of Berlin have done to inflame this feeling.)

Now America is the Nazi nightmare. Nonetheless, by 1942 the Nazis were already threatening if defeated to "let the Russians in"; and Mr. Fredborg insists that the Nazi leaders would prefer to surrender to Stalin than to Roosevelt and Churchill.

His account of the Allied air raids is significant. Up to the destruction of the great dams in May of this year, only about 10 per cent of Germany's productive power had been destroyed. Industrial damage to Rostock and Lübeck (spring, 1942) had been slight, though most of the populations of the two towns had to be evacuated. The Berliners reacted without heroism but without excessive panic. The raid of March, 1943, shocked them—and they hadn't seen anything then!

Although merchandise had become so rare that the people merely asked what was being offered for sale rather than expressing any desires they might have, the obligatory closing of luxury shops in January, 1943, was a shock.

On the subject of the invasion of Russia Mr. Fredborg confirms much of what we knew. In ordering the fatal attack before he conquered the Middle East, Hitler, accustomed to "realizing the impossible," overrode his generals. The first bad winter was an awful trial. The second winter was borne no better, with the bottom falling out at Stalingrad. The Germans were, however, aided, he claims, by the fact that the "overwhelming majority of Lithuanians and Letts and Estonians regarded the Germans as liberators." The Lithuanians revolted against the Russians in Vilno and Kaunas the very day the German assault began. But the Germans, here as everywhere, rode their allies harshly and gradually lost their support. The same was true in the Ukraine.

About other countries we learn, among other things:

That the Austrians have come to hate the Prussians far more than the Czechs, Croats, or Hungarians, and that all hopes of Germany's "preserving a great united empire" have thereby gone glimmering.

That Rumania went into the war enthusiastically, the Hungarians purely to recover lost territories;

That Pavelitch, the abominable Croat Quisling, lost out when he failed to come to terms with Dr. Matchek, "who had the greater part of the Croat nation behind him";

That the Japs failed to inform the Germans of their plans for Pearl Harbor until the last moment (I seriously question this);

That in February, 1943, the Allies made a second "categorical attempt" to get a separate peace for Italy (the third succeeded—if you call it peace);

That no Slovak wants to return to government by Prague (this is downright silly);

That the butcher Heydrich was murdered by his own associates, not by Czechs;

That as late as 1942 the Germans still clung to the idea of having France as an ally (and doubtless were astonished that persecution failed to make them loved), and will try to hold France at all costs.

Finally, that an attack on Sweden was planned for February, 1942, and Spain was almost invaded in November of the same year, when France was entirely occupied.

From Mr. Fredborg's report, the Germans have entered the expected spiritual crisis. On the Russian front the soldiers first began to lose heart. No wonder: any number of German families received the curt notice, "Unfortunately we have found it necessary to shoot your son because of cowardice in the face of the enemy." In Tunisia the officers wanted to continue fighting and the men refused. "The end may come sooner than we think."

As a Swede, the author is suspicious of the Russians who "desire a weak Europe and many small states that can be dominated by Moscow." To oppose this he yearns for a peace that will leave Germany conservative—under a Heinrich Brüning perhaps, for the churches are crowded—and not too weak.

This Swedish newspaperman shows no particular political wisdom, and his book is both jumpily written and prolix. But it deserves wide reading for the sheer bulk of information it contains: information hitherto unavailable on our side of the "steel wall."

The Viking Press, \$3

TAPS FOR PRIVATE TUSSIE

By Jesse Stuart

Reviewed by Clare Leighton

SEVERAL YEARS AGO we had the good fortune to spend a day upon Jesse Stuart's farm in Kentucky. It was in the same July heat that he describes in the first chapter of this book, where the Tussie clan sings its processional way up the mountain for the burial of Kim, the soldier Tussie whose body has been sent home from the war. As we walked with Jesse Stuart among the hills, we feared lest the cities should hold power to swerve him; for he was becoming the fashion in New York. Reading this book against a background of memory, we could shout with relief and joy that he keeps himself inviolate.

Taps for Private Tussie has the elemental quality of that great book, *The Time of Man*, by Jesse Stuart's fellow-Kentuckian, Elizabeth Madox Roberts. Although we happen to read of the people of Kentucky, they are yet kin to the Irish folk of Sean O'Casey, or the heroes of old Border ballads. And this kinship lies partly in the forcefulness of their feelings—for this is no dilute existence, though it be lived entirely within a few miles of Kentucky land—and in the hurting beauty of their language. It is the same beauty of simple words that makes you cry as you put down *The Playboy of the Western World*, or read verses from the Bible.

But there is subtlety in this book, woven into these lusty characters and this rich simplicity of language. Beauty vanishes as the indolent Tussie clan squanders the \$10,000 of insurance money that comes to them from Kim's death; and among the luxuries of their newly acquired mansion and its furniture their only real joy is found in the release of dancing to Uncle George's fiddle, till there isn't a speck of varnish left on the hardwood floors. These earth-sodden creatures are ill-adapted to possessions, and Grandpa Tussie seems happiest when he can tear more planks from the porch to make a fire in the fireplace. The money melts like snow before the sun, and the Tussies return to a ramshackle existence.

This book is the picture of a people living entirely at the dictates of feeling. The smug citizen would call them scamps, and point to their amazing meanness toward each other. But whatever their characteristics, they are entirely real, and very lovable. The book is written, moreover, by a poet, who puts similes of lilting beauty into the words of Sid, the sensitive fourteen-year-old boy who tells the story.

Perhaps it is Uncle George with his fiddle that moves us, however, as much as anything. "It's that fiddle that's opened up the hearts of women to 'im," says Uncle Mott, the rival for Aunt Vittie's love. And surely this fiddle plays the tune of the book, till we understand the love-makings and drinkings, the shootings and funerals, and become ourselves members of the Tussie clan.

Taps for Private Tussie is a lasting contribution to the literature of America.

E. P. Dutton & Company, \$2.50

THE PROBLEM OF INDIA

A review by Christopher T. Emmet, Jr.

IT IS NOT only a literary but a political event when three informative and readable books about India are published simultaneously in America.

Captain Muir and his wife went to India with open minds and took in an enormous amount of territory, covering 15,000 miles in fifteen months which included the period of military crisis and the Cripps Mission. Captain Muir represented the Red Cross Field Service, and Mrs. Muir the Columbia Broadcasting System. *This Is India* is written in a light travelogue sort of style which is occasionally irritating but often effective. It is both informative and entertaining, and although it makes no pretension to the authoritative importance of the books by Raman and Brailsford, it does make interesting revelations, especially about the high-powered publicity machine of the Congress Party.

T. A. Raman, who hails from the Province of Madras, has worked as a correspondent or editor in India, England, and America. He was an assistant of Gandhi's at the London Round Table Conference. Mr. Raman is at once a scholar and a journalist, a patriot and a citizen of the world, and this combination of qualities has produced an immensely valuable book, *Report on India*.

It is as crammed with facts as an almanac, selected not to make out a case but to reveal a balanced picture of a vast and complex subject. The summary of Indian history and religion is deeply sympathetic, and while evils like the caste system are not glossed over, their former usefulness is explained.

Raman demonstrates that once the fog of emotionalism is lifted the British problem in India becomes a thing of the past. They are on their way out, and as far as economic control goes *they have already left*.

He shows that instead of Britain's owning a large part of India it is rather India which now owns a piece of Britain, for India has become a creditor nation since the war. The book is full of such little-realized facts. Clare Boothe, for example, recently proposed that America should compensate Britain for the enormous financial sacrifice which independence to India would entail, a well-meant suggestion that typifies the ignorance which otherwise well-informed Americans still exhibit about India. For not only has the British investment in India been largely taken over by Indians as a result of the war, but even before the war British exports to India, with her 400,000,000 people, were less than British exports to either Australia or South Africa, with about 7,000,000 people each!

Hence the economic value of India to Britain in the future depends largely on an increased Indian standard of living which would permit a larger market for British goods. Such an increased standard of living depends on a united, progressive, stable and independent India. And, finally, Britain's share of such a new market will depend very largely on the *good will* which Britain can earn or retain in India. That is why Governors of the

Bank of England, like Sir George Schuster, are so insistent on hastening the progress of Indian independence.

This also explains why Churchill could sincerely support the Cripps offer of post-war independence to India, and why it has been repeatedly reaffirmed since the failure of the Cripps Mission. "We made the offer," said Deputy Prime Minister Atlee, "when our fortunes were at the lowest ebb, and therefore Indian leaders interpreted it as a distress signal; but we repeat the offer now." The principles of the Cripps declaration, says Mr. Churchill, stand in their full scope and integrity. "They must be taken as representing the settled policy of the British Crown and Parliament."

But why was the offer rejected? Apparently there were three main factors—defeatism, division, and pacifism.

Gandhi called the Cripps offer of post-war independence "a post-dated check on a tottering bank." The bank is tottering no longer, but Raman shows that it was this belief in the probability of a Japanese victory which largely explained the refusal of the Cripps offer, which was only voted down by a narrow margin.

Raman recalls Gandhi's praise of Pétain's surrender, his appeal to Britain to stop fighting during the blitz, his refusal to condemn the attack on Pearl Harbor, his exploring of America's entrance into the war, his appeal to the Government to forbid American and Chinese troops to enter India, his opposition to the scorched-earth policy, and his perpetual demands for the demobilization of the Indian Army. And Raman well says: "The tragedy is not that Gandhi is a pacifist, for one would think very little of the apostle of non-violence if he abandoned his creed in this testing time. The tragedy is that he uses his immense political influence to enforce his doctrine on a country that by and large is no more pacifist than the United States." A verdict which is sustained by the fact that India has raised the largest volunteer army in world history.

H. N. Brailsford's book, *Subject: India*, is also an important contribution in the economic sphere, although its political judgments are less convincing. In a sense it is complementary to Raman's work, for where Raman as an Indian patriot stresses the present and potential assets of India as a national unit, Brailsford as a sociologist dwells more on its tragic backwardness and the maldistribution of the wealth there is.

Where the books do cover the same ground, there is a great deal of agreement, in substance if not in tone.

It is especially significant that Brailsford, an anti-Churchill socialist, records his disagreement with the two points on which Louis Fischer based his attack on British policy in connection with the Cripps Mission. First, Brailsford denies that the British Cabinet interfered with Cripps and forced him to withdraw any alleged promise; and, second, Brailsford disposes of Fischer's contention that Gandhi was ready to retract his extreme stand just before his arrest. As Brailsford says, "On this basis no useful negotiations could have taken place." Elsewhere Brailsford aptly refers to Gandhi as "a less flexible conservative than Winston Churchill."

Raman and Brailsford are largely in agreement about the Moslem problem, but they differ on the question of the Princes. Brailsford suspects that British conservatives still hope to use the Indian Princes to thwart independence, but Raman points out that Cripps was empowered to threaten the Princes with abrogation of their treaties in order to force them to a coöperative attitude. He shows, moreover, that the princely states are cut off from the sea, and that their economies are completely dependent on the rest of India. So when Brailsford fears that even under the Cripps proposal the British might still be tempted to use the Princes to "divide and rule," Raman demonstrates that, at the worst, the British might divide but could not rule, for they are pledged to set the Princes' states adrift, where they would be subject to this economic pressure from the rest of India.

THIS IS INDIA, by Peter Muir
Doubleday, Doran & Company, \$2.50

REPORT ON INDIA, by T. A. Raman
Oxford University Press, \$2.50

SUBJECT: INDIA, by H. N. Brailsford
The John Day Company, \$2.50

HOME IS THE HUNTER

By Gontran de Poncins

Reviewed by Katherine Woods

FROM TIME IMMEMORIAL the French homestead, whether ancient château, simple farm, or town dwelling, has been sheltered beside its old garden, behind its wall; and within that enclosure the household has lived as a unit—no mere nucleus but a self-sufficient entity, cherishing its rooted virtues, inevitably fostering time-fixed faults as well. That is tradition. And in that tradition, too, French novelists have found much of their most favored and most dramatic subject-material in the family circle, the segregated unit of domestic life. It is no irrelevancy, or accident, that the French author who won the Nobel Prize for literature a few years ago received that award for a family chronicle, or that one of the most popular series of excellent French novels in the interwar period carried the members of a family through book after book. Beside Roger Martin du Gard and his great novel, *Les Thibaults*, beside Georges Duhamel and his engaging Pasquier family, we set too the grim searching of family drama in the work of François Mauriac—*Thérèse Desqueyroux*, *Les Chemins de la Mer*, and the rest—the strange melancholy dreaminess of Robert Francis's *La Grange aux Trois Belles*, the beauty and insight of Geneviève Fauconnier's *Claude*, and many others. As much of the best American fiction relates the individual outward to society, so with a like gravitation does much of the best French fiction—like French life—focus inward on the individual as part of the household. Even the book we know best among contemporary French classics, Giono's *Harvest*, is essentially the story of the deep-soiled planting of a family.

All tradition is broken in the material and spiritual devastation of conquered France today. We may be the more acutely thankful that a French writer in this country carries on, with profound sensitiveness and beauty, and with the originality of great gifts, a tradition which literature could ill afford to lose. In *Home Is the Hunter*, the author of *Kabloona* has turned back from the Great North to his own land. He has shown us an aspect of French life which is almost as unknown as the North itself to most Americans. And in celebrating in exquisite prose and deep-freighted simplicity the virtues of loyalty and selfless service he has—unconsciously, perhaps—expanded the reach of his novel until the story of Jean Ménadiou's brief return to the household of his lifelong devotion not only carries on a tradition in French fiction but takes on the value of social history, and points to enduring French characteristics.

For the family of Ombres in the Loire country had lived their frugal, puritanical life unchanged for countless generations, in pride too deep for arrogance, individualism undismayed by charges of eccentricity, integrity and friendliness toward their tenants and workers fused into one quality with aristocratic responsibility and the shared love of the soil; and in the early years of the twentieth century change came. Old Jean moved through the ancient manor-house, with his broom, his dusters, his polishing rags, reliving in every room the long annals of the family life which made up the substance of his own existence and with which he, as trusted servitor, had been always intimately concerned. And although the novel reaches its highest point of drama in the tragic story of "Monsieur Georges" and the breakdown of the family's puritanism, the dramatic quality of contrast is followed everywhere. The old had gone, with what was good and what was bad in it; the new had built up nothing to take its place. In its poignant beauty and pathos, its unfaltering personal insight, this is Jean Ménadiou's story. But beyond Jean—with his passionate concentration of love and faith, his burning simplicity, his closeness to nature—it is the story of the passing of a social and domestic philosophy, the disappearance of a way of life, while Jean, man and symbol, remains. Thus the book sounds its overtones of French permanence.

And it is literature. Its clarity is at once minute and suggestive, its poetic evocation of mood, scene, character has the effortless and echoing completeness that only an artist can achieve. The present reviewer, who had the privilege of reading the original French manuscript, can pay a special tribute, also, to the excellence of Haakon Chevalier's translation: in page after page where the book's exquisite lyric quality must have been very difficult to transpose into another language, its nuances of strength and beauty are there.

Vicomte Gontran de Montaigne de Poncins, explorer and author, is a Captain in the French Army, at present in service with the American fighting forces. In *Home Is the Hunter* he has done an unforgettable and inestimable service to the literature of his country, keeping it alive and itself in its dark hour.

Reynal & Hitchcock, \$2.50

ARRIVAL AND DEPARTURE

By Arthur Koestler

Reviewed by Joseph Freeman

THIS FLUID, HIGHLY READABLE NOVEL touches on the major themes of our times as they affect the civilized liberal thrown by a world in collapse into the No-Man's-Land between two eras. The hero is a Central European who escapes from the Nazis to a neutral country. He falls in love, has a severe neurotic breakdown, and is treated by a psychoanalyst. This elicits his past, some weird dreams, and some reflections on history and civilization. There is a recurring geometric figure symbolizing the contemporary world, and the hero writes parables about history, one of them a vision of the Last Judgment. Irreconcilable viewpoints clash and almost approach each other in a provocative dialogue between the hero and a Nazi who has also been psychoanalyzed, as a matter of fact by the same doctor. The figures of Robespierre and Napoleon are invoked. And, through it all, the soul of middle-class Europe — profoundly sick, torn by doubt, haunted by a transfigured past, uncertain of the future — gropes for an ambiguous resolution of all conflicts.

Peter, the refugee, is twenty-two, but seems much older. Odette, whom he loves with split feelings, goes to America. He cannot make up his mind whether to follow her or return to his own country to fight the Nazis. He falls ill, cannot move his leg. The woman in whose house he lives, Dr. Sonia Bolgar, analyses him. The lure and repulsion of psychoanalysis is distinctly ambivalent. A genuine analyst does not maintain personal relations with a patient, does not discuss one patient's secrets with another, does not form a priori conclusions about a case on the basis of hearsay, and does not have lesbian affairs. For reasons never made clear, Sonia Bolgar does all these things. Psychoanalysis is described as a modern branch of confessional psychology and dream surgery which makes the secret obvious and surrounds the obvious with a halo of secrecy. Sonia Bolgar is presented as an opulent amazon marked by an odious intimacy with forbidden regions where archaic monsters dwell wallowing in twilight and primeval mud.

In spite of this, psychoanalysis plays a vital role for Peter. All his life he has suffered from an acute sense of guilt. He has felt guilty for not being at home in the Party, for not belonging to the working class, for betraying the revolution in his heart, for never really believing in it, for wanting to give his comrades away to the enemy, for contributing to his mother's death. Now, through the "bedside talks" with Dr. Bolgar, he discovers the reasons for his guilt-feelings and his persistent craving for atonement: in childhood he hated his father, and harbored death-wishes against his brother.

Peter somehow derives the meaning of life from this, but never resolves the aggression which is the source of his guilt sense. The transition from self-discovery to historical clarity is obscure. The conflict continues after Dr. Bolgar leaves; it remains true of Peter that he suffers from a sense of betraying others yet blames others for betray-

ing him. This is so acute that he develops a sense of guilt about his sense of guilt, and — through the well-known process of projection — consoles himself with the assumption that in our time everyone has a sense of guilt.

The Party haunts Peter's conscience to the end. In a way the memory of it determines his decision to return to his native land to fight fascism in a world which he sees as a triangle: utopia betrayed, tradition decayed, destruction arrayed. The gory past of Europe clings to him; perhaps that is why he cannot follow Odette to America. The guilt of the accumulated centuries is too strong; love and martyrdom remain a bloodlust, still uncleansed and unpurified. And though he speaks of history in terms which are alternately rational and mystical, its problems swirl across his hypersensitized brain without resolution. Europe's agony is clearly etched; its future is a question-mark vibrating against dark skies. The story begins where the hero leaps from a ship to neutral soil; it ends where he parachutes into his native land for an unknown destiny. The sign of death is still there, though hope glows faintly on the undefined horizon.

The Macmillan Company, \$2

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

By James Daugherty

With lithographs by the author

IN THIS MONTH of Lincoln's birthday we review his epic story seen in a book which gives it epic treatment through the medium of words and again of graphic art. In the many two-color lithographs with which he illustrates the course of Abraham Lincoln's life, James Daugherty has wrought interesting effects both of portraiture and of symbolism; and the record of that life is followed, and vivified, in rhythmic prose.

"The average all-inclusive type of tolerant democratic man," Mr. Daugherty calls the great American, in the free-verse poem which is the book's introduction — only this was one man "who happened to be a little more than another." The first part of the book has an especially poetic quality, as the author writes about Lincoln's pioneering forebears, about the untamed country of his childhood, and about his youth: "He was growing up to be one of a hard, lean, frost-bitten, sun-scorched race of men and women who lived under a high bleak sky, with a clean wind blowing from the four corners of a bright new land."

Through the years in Springfield we move on with him, so, to the Presidency, the war; and we come to the Gettysburg Address: "Old Abe had sifted a handful of words to the November wind. They were as plain and grey and beautiful as the weathered siding of old barns."

Long before we reach the end — and are glad that Mr. Daugherty has chosen "When Lilacs Last in the Dooryard Bloom'd" to close his volume — we realize that the author-artist has made his book a memorial.

K. W.

The Viking Press, \$3.50

COMMON CAUSE

By G. A. Borgese

Reviewed by Mario Rossi

THIS NEW WORK BY G. A. BORGESE, well-known author of *Goliath, the March of Fascism*, is a very good book, although a rather confused and confusing one. The volume contains a series of articles written between July, 1942, and Easter Sunday, 1943, and it therefore lacks continuity. Nevertheless the ideas expounded are vividly and characteristically typical of a purely Latin mentality prone to write in the most solemn classical English. The idea of Universality, which inspires every line of *Common Cause*, is more proper to the Catholic tradition of Dante and St. Thomas than to that of Protestant England or America. Naturally, I speak of Catholic tradition insofar as Catholicism means Universalism.

Borgese is for a universal republic of the Common Man. His is not Utopia, because the author shows, together with his exceptional literary abilities, an excellent knowledge of history and of the forces, good and bad, which are behind it. This book is sure to be disliked by all those who believe in expediency, in dealing with no-matter-whom in the vain hope of saving American lives; and by those who believe in cartels and in making Europe a kind of colony where America may expand her over-productivity. The author has clean intentions and believes they can be carried out through honest means. In *Common Cause*, a book which advances a philosophical explanation of the history of our time, Borgese does nothing to dissimulate his bitter feelings against any kind of deal with those who are responsible for fascism, whether they be called Darlan or Victor Emmanuel. They are all enemies of the Common Man and of the Common Cause; they would never make it possible for the Common Man to unite around the Common Cause and build the Universal Republic. They would again play politics, fiddle with the balance of power, with the selfish idea of imperialism, all of which would result in a third war with its wanton destruction of life and property. It is quite true that the world has by now come to understand the need of unity; but is this unity in the name of the Common Cause? Borgese doubts it, and this reviewer believes he is quite right.

As Dante believed in the Sacred Roman Empire to realize the City of God on earth, so this author believes that leadership for the realization of the same age-old dream can be found in a true entente between Russia, the United States, and Britain. "Surely enough," he writes, "the will and destiny of the common man must be expressed first by uncommon men. The highest universality is revealed in the highest personality. . . . What must be done . . . will be done by one act of the mind and the will. The house of man is, first of all, an abode of the spirit. It is started from the universal principles, not from fragmentary applications. . . . If those who think and feel like Willkie could think their thought — feel their feeling — through! If Wallace from the zeal of his prayer could step to the action it implies! If Roosevelt, reminiscent of his road, chose to walk it to the end!"

This book could have been written only by a son of universally-minded Italy. Though different in style, it speaks the language of Mazzini. Whether the world is ripe enough to receive this message, we do not know. To make this less uncertain, the author should have defined more clearly the principles which inspire the common cause and the ideals the common man is fighting for. Wallace was more successful, and his message to humanity will most certainly remain. Let us hope that Borgese's message will not be that of the misunderstood prophet.

Duell, Sloan & Pearce, \$3.50

MRS. HEATON'S DAUGHTER

By Dorsha Hayes

THIS FIRST NOVEL by the author of *The American Primer* is an absorbing story of mother love which finally turns to insane hate, and which thus almost destroys the daughter, Diana, who is the object of its possessiveness. The story of the wayward mother and her upbringing of her unfortunate child is a penetrating study of sadomasochism, set against a realistically moving picture of the girl's effort to make a career. The novel moves with almost repellent energy, as the frustrated mother, whose own career as a singer was blocked by her Puritan father and by an unhappy marriage, seeks her own fulfillment through her daughter's talent as a dancer. The immediate primordial design in the child's life is skillfully fashioned by the mother who is in every way her nearest and most powerful influence, encounter, contact. It is a contact, moreover, which wholly sustains the girl through the impressionable period of her life, as her ego merges with that of the ever suggesting and commanding mother; and thus a powerful archetypal experience is built into the all-absorbing mind of the warm-hearted child until the mother fixation is complete.

It is so that the reader feels moments of repulsion as the story's pattern is developed, and mother and daughter "adjust" their lives through the effects of maladjustment. Nor does the mother, for all her energy and persistence as a destructive force, do anything to save Diana from an unfortunate relationship with an older man, which she hopes will launch the girl's career. The violence of this relationship, and its immediate disastrous result as Mrs. Heaton's daughter struggles for normal maturity, forms the basis for this unconventional and arresting story.

The action of the novel takes place between two wars, but the book's subject-matter is timeless, and will remain so as long as parents regard their children as their possessions. The book throws light on this aggressive parent-instinct, and also deals skillfully with the extraordinary intensity of mother-and-child relationship which impels the child's instinctive clinging to its mother.

EILEEN J. GARRETT

The Ziff-Davis Company, \$2.75

O. HENRY MEMORIAL AWARD
PRIZE STORIES, 1943

Selected and edited by Herschel Brickell

THERE IS A KIND OF ADVENTITIOUS PLEASURE of check and comparison which comes in looking over the several collections of "best" short stories as the advancing season annually produces them. Admittedly this has little to do with the art of short-story writing: it is rather like going to an unaccustomed round of parties during a short holiday season and having the fun of saying, What! you here again, as you recognize the familiar faces of last evening or yesterday afternoon. So, for what interest you may take in the fact, you will find seven "O. Henry authors" chosen by Herschel Brickell and Company (numerous, distinguished) who were also represented in Martha Foley's recent selections. Of these seven doubly tapped, Laidlaw, Hale, Saroyan, and Alison Stuart are all in on the same ticket; while Welty, Boyle, and Thurber are included for stories other than those of Miss Foley's choice.

There is a good deal of pro-ing and con-ing among the reviewing gentry as to who got in on what merit and was the party worth giving in the first place — most of which is, in my opinion, quite unnecessary. We may, I think, safely make two assumptions: one is that if being in prize collections helps authors sell stories (it does), they like it; the other is that if getting a first, second, or third prize means getting prize money (with the O. Henry Award it does), they like that, too. Such being the case, it is a little mean-spirited to look around the assembled company, as one reviewer has recently done, and phrase a critical equivalent to Oh-my-lord-the-same-old-faces! For my part, I found the company good and quite enjoyed myself, and I was fascinated by Editor Brickell's Introduction, which forms a kind of running and gossipy account of how and why they all got there, with a curious addendum concerning a cat (now dead) in Bogotá, which, I have decided on reflection, must have been intended only for the ears of those whom Mr. Brickell knows more personally than he does me. I did learn in the Introduction, however, that the judges were Esther Forbes, Wilbur Daniel Steele, and Carl Van Doren, with Mr. Brickell exercising a unifying function over this selective trinity. Miss Muriel Fuller's position as assistant in this chain of command — if one may borrow an army phrase and call it so — is pointed up by another sentence in the well-packed Introduction; and this allowed me to add a device to a collection of helpful tests, which I started long ago, for detecting the presence of creative activity. It was in a book of Herman Melville's that I read, "Did you *tingle* when that tune was composing, Yoomy . . . *Tingling* is the test." (Italics mine.) I haven't the book by me now, but such, substantially, was the way of it. And now to tingling I have this to add, from Miss Fuller: "I think this is one of the finest stories to come out of the war. I sat still for quite a time after I had read it."

But by whatever number of combings and however arrived at, the best have been chosen, the awards have been given, and the first prize has fallen to Eudora Welty for

her "Livvie is Back." And, in this reviewer's opinion, very rightly so. It is a story, clear in line, of a colored girl who marries a Negro much too old for her and goes to live with him in a seclusion too complete to be called loneliness in the deep country up on the Old Natchez Trace. There they lived for nine years, until the old man died just as his young wife came to life. Simple enough and none too remarkable as material for a story; yet so great is the artistry of Miss Welty's telling that one reviewer took time in *Time's* pages to set down the author's description of the zoot-suited colored boy, who is one of the story's four characters, and call it Elizabethan. I bated my breath a bit, too, and find myself becoming uncomfortably fancy when I try to intimate Miss Welty's quality as an artist. I can only tell you that the story has the clear, detailed intensity of a painting by Rousseau, plus the superhuman finish of an Ingres. It is a beautiful example of what Esther Forbes calls, with great point and neatness (in the Introduction again), a *perceptive story*, one which "stands and falls by the illumination it throws."

One may dispute the second and third place ratings, which went to Dorothy Canfield and William Fifield, as I did in my mind, but they are good stories. Dorothy Canfield's story may owe less than I believe it does to the war, but I feel rather certain that "The Fishermen of Patzcuaro," by William Fifield, tells the *wrong* story. It is the Indian girl, and not the Syrian, that one is essentially interested in, beautifully written as the story is; and it is to this frustration of interest rather than to "that sharp and significant cleavage along sexual lines" that Mr. Brickell might look for the disagreement among his judges over their rating of the story.

There is one point of interest, though, which one may legitimately bring up, which is this: of the twenty-two stories in the volume, thirteen — and they the best — were written by women; and some such ratio obtained in Martha Foley's collection. Do women write the best short stories today? It would seem that they do. And if it be objected that with the exception of the Welty story (and, I think, Bessie Breuer's "Pigeons en Casserole") there is no story here that is so fine as any number of stories by Hemingway, Irwin Shaw, Anderson, Fitzgerald, or Lardner, then it must be remembered also that, with the same exceptions again, there is nothing in the volume so fine as any number of stories by Katherine Mansfield, Katherine Anne Porter, Djuna Barnes, Kay Boyle (at her best, which she is not here), Dorothy Parker, and Isak Dinesen. No, the women are doing the best short stories, and that they are not doing better ones is the fault of the times, or of the writers themselves, or of the eye of Mr. Brickell, who culls his stories "from reasonably popular magazines" wherein "the so-called artistic short story has its market." The case is arguable, I realize, but I believe one might logically decide it to be the first and last reasons rather than the second. You will, however, find good, serious work in the *O. Henry Memorial Prize Stories*, and much that is agreeable and satisfying to read.

H. D. VURSELL

Doubleday, Doran & Company, \$2.50

GIVE US THIS DAY

Written and illustrated by Clare Leighton

Reviewed by Katherine Woods

TO THE BREAKFAST TABLE of the clerk in the Bronx, hurrying to take the subway to the office, come the fruits of a far-flung harvest, we know; and Clare Leighton has merely to remind us of the broad provenance of ham-on-whole-wheat-with-butter-and-lettuce-and-a-slice-of-tomato at the drug-store lunch counter. *Give Us This Day* is a remarkable book about food and where it comes from and how. But its remarkable, indeed its unique, quality goes far beyond reminder and information about the nurturing of the food the cities eat: what is extraordinary here is the poignancy and soundness with which the author has related the finished product, and behind it seedtime and harvest, toil and fruition, to daily human life. I think that I can never look again at a can of beans without seeing once more with my inner eye the bright picture of the truck-farm country of the Eastern Shore of Maryland, where "the whole land is an enormous plain, flat to the horizon where field meets sky," and where the far-spread human ballets of planting and harvesting have their sequel in the "macabre" dance of the machinery within the nearby cannery. Fixed in my mind in the same way are the Amish folk whose farms lie out about their great barns in Pennsylvania, and who always brighten their markets with some beauty of color or design; like them, the men and women of the Illinois corn town, delighting in the movies' makebelieve after a week of stark labor in the huge mechanically harvested fields; and the farmer going solitary to milk his cows in the dark winter morning. Wherever we go, even amid the highest triumphs of machinery, men and women toil and laugh, rest, sing, plan, are enriched or disappointed by the unconquerable whims of the elements, as they prepare the nation's store of food. *Give Us This Day* is splendidly apposite reading just now, when we must take our food provision so seriously; but it is no less a splendid book to have with us through other years.

For Clare Leighton, as readers of this magazine know, is an artist not only with her pencil and wood-engraving block; she is a distinguished and sensitive artist in words also. Beauty, in her writing, is not a matter of graceful phrase or surface emotion, but of profound perceptiveness. And because she is thus an artist she can feel and seize and express the reality of man's ties with his earth and its products. The reality: not the "romance" or the pretty concomitants. There is nothing here about the "romance of food"; if such a thing exists, it does not clutter up these clear-thought pages: as the farmer pauses for a moment of serene contemplation on a May evening he knows that no such ease has brought his acres to their yield; the stockman who loves his herds sends them without hesitation to the killing-pens; whether the crop be corn or fruit or vegetables, the product milk or butter or eggs, it is plagued by uncertainties, and only the hardest kind of work can reap its harvest. Reality, so, is implicit all through this book. And the reality of detailed information is here:

modern hand pollination of corn; winter feeding of stock from the mysterious-looking silo; a backward look toward history in terms of wheat, the use of new mechanisms and the survival of ancient usages. Precisely in being an artist, thus firmly grounded, Miss Leighton can bring such facts to us, clothed with life and color, in the rounded reality whose sum is the satisfaction of the earth.

The book as a whole is strung on the thread of food transportation, and that in itself is interesting. So the trains and trucks take us backward and forward across America, as we meet the farmers, see the growth of corn and wheat, note the modern ways that are joined to old urgencies on the stock farms, visit broad bright acres of vegetables and fruit trees, learn something of milk and of eggs. The last chapter in the main body of the text is really a strong and beautiful essay on farms. And in prologue and epilogue the author has reminded us of the power of the seed and the eternal worth of the soil in pages which read like prose poems.

Clare Leighton has made ten chalk drawings for this book. And it need scarcely be pointed out that they are notable work, from the significant introductory design of the dandelion seed triumphant over the steel of skyscraper and shipyard to the lovely picture of cows drinking in a meadow pool. As author, she has reached out here to her broadest field; without loss of a jot of the beauty of her singing prose, she has written an important and practical book.

Reynal & Hitchcock, \$2.50

PARADOX ISLE

By Carol Bache

THERE IS NO SUBSTITUTE for sensitive observation and its clear, chiselled recording. This didacticism seems called for in an appraisal of this slender book by a woman who served for fourteen years as an agent of the Military Intelligence Division of the United States government.

During the two years since Pearl Harbor we have watched an avalanche of books on Japan slide indiscriminately from the presses — some serious, almost encyclopaedic, like Tolischus' *Tokyo Record*, some puerile and superficial.

It remained to a perspicacious woman — who early in her Japanese residence was astute enough to decide that the only way to understand the land and its people lay in collecting their extravagant paradoxes as others might collect their exquisite Satsuma — to write a book which neatly and wittily provides sound clues to a rudimentary understanding of the Japanese enigma.

Miss Bache, in brief, is that rare anomaly, a natural raconteur with much to say. Her collection of tales might easily be damned as precious, however, were not her pen so trenchant and her selectivity so acute.

C. P. CHADSEY

Alfred A. Knopf, \$2.50

THE AMERICAN SOCIAL NOVEL

A Review by Stanley Edgar Hyman

The People From Heaven, by John Sanford; *The Outside Leaf*, by Ben Field; *The Dark Stain*, by Benjamin Appel: these are three of the better new novels. They are serious—that is, they deal with people who actually exist and situations which really occur, at a time when most fiction is either flippant or irrelevant. All three are what is generally called “social” novels, written by young men who have something to say about society and see the novel as the place to say it.

The weakest of the three—as well as the most ambitious—is Benjamin Appel's *The Dark Stain*. It is a thriller, a fast-paced account of the efforts made by a network of white American fascists to organize a race riot in Harlem. The pattern is that of *Othello* (and, realistically, John Roy Carlson): the fascists use the Negroes themselves to dig their own graves. The book's faults are many, and about as hard to miss as the side of a barn. Appel is a bad writer, in the best Farrell-Halper tradition, with no ear for the way people talk (incredible in a man who collects folk speech and writes gangster books) and only the shoddiest sense of character. His hero, the white cop who shoots a Negro lunatic and precipitates the book's action, is an empty can into which all the characters pour ideas so patently you can hear them splash. *The Dark Stain* is not the book about American fascism that it could have been, but it is exciting, frightening, and honest, and it will do until a better one comes along.

Ben Field's *The Outside Leaf* is another thing. Superficially, it is a quiet, almost charming, idyl, about a big tough Jewish farmer in Connecticut, and how he takes a wife. The social issues are rarely obtrusive, and never spoken: a synagogue is defaced, a young Jewish Casanova is caught in the fields with a Negro girl and both are killed, a rich tobacco buyer and a man who wants to organize the farmers come into conflict. None of these issues is brought to the fore: the vandalism and the killing are never solved and not even posed as questions, the buyer and the organizer never meet. But suddenly, on finishing the novel, you realize that these are menacing acts on the outskirts of something warm and good; that the little Connecticut community is democracy in action, without prejudice or hatred; that the hard work for the good crop, the love transcending “racial” barriers, are almost a symbolic foretaste of the future.

It is hard to describe how skillful this book is. The people, are wonderful, living and breathing human beings; the talk is exactly right; the lush minute detail of tobacco farming is exciting and exact; Moe Miller, the tough young Yankeeized Jewish farmer who is the core of the novel, is a major character as well as a hope for America. *The Outer Leaf* is a great distance from its author's first book—a collection of short stories called *The Cock's Funeral* which dealt almost exclusively with militant collective action—but that distance marks tremendous progress. Field has become vastly subtler, much more skillful: he is now as promising a young writer as you may find.

The People From Heaven is John Sanford's fourth novel, and the third in a trilogy about a little upstate New York town named Warrensburg. The structure of the book is peculiar; chapters that tell the Warrensburg story are alternated with fragments of American history from Columbus to the Civil War, in a kind of prosy blank verse with four rough beats to the line. All these historical fragments deal with the relation of America to the Indians and Negroes, with America coming off pretty badly; and reviewers have vulgarized them to mean that America has been Jim-Crow from the start, as the main story shows it to be Jim-Crow now. Actually, this interpretation is far too simple. The historical fragments are almost entirely affirmative, not negative; and they affirm our subject people's vital strength, dignity, and contribution to America.

The book's story is as affirmative. After an introductory section which defines the town in a somewhat smoother Spoon River fashion, a nameless Negro woman is introduced. Warrensburg slowly solidifies for and against her; and although the issues are always about something else—an Indian boy, an attack on the preacher—the real war is slowly preparing. At the end, when both sides have become concrete, the leader of the villains emerges as a naked fascist, is almost triumphant, is destroyed by the nameless Negro woman. As this synopsis clearly shows, the book makes little sense on a realistic level: it is frankly allegorical, and, as allegory, exact and cogent. The internal struggle is externalized, the fight for the soul of man is converted into shooting on the church lawn, and the “people from heaven” turns out to be no more reasonable a concept than the “people from hell.”

What a synopsis fails to show is the book's strength and beauty. As in folklore this novel is almost unmatched.

The three books have many points of comparison. One is about the city, one the small town, one the country. Appel's book deals centrally with the Negro question, peripherally with the Jews; Field's almost exclusively with the Jews. Sanford's spreads out from a Negro girl to deal with prejudice in general. All three authors have honesty and a concern with the face of America; Field and Sanford have real talent in addition. All three books are far from the narrow “proletarian” strike novel of the Thirties as well as from the tradition of American goo. In a sense, Appel's book is the past (a narrow sense; realistically it is today and tomorrow), Sanford's the present, Field's the future. Together, they perhaps herald a new birth for the social novel, a postwar period when narrow realism will draw on the best resources of symbolism and modern technique, when prose will school itself at the knee of poetry, when honest and moving cardboard will be succeeded by honest and moving flesh and blood, your own face peering at you out of the dark.

THE PEOPLE FROM HEAVEN, by John Sanford
Harcourt, Brace & Company, \$2.50

THE OUTSIDE LEAF, by Ben Field
Reynal & Hitchcock, \$2.50

THE DARK STAIN, by Benjamin Appel
The Dial Press, \$2.75

TO ALL HANDS

By Lieutenant John Mason Brown

ANY COMMENT on *To All Hands* demands praise, first of all, to an authority who illustrated true and imaginative consideration for his men—Rear Admiral Alan G. Kirk. On any modern fighting ship, only one out of ten men in the line of duty can see what is going on. Attached to a battleship destined to take part in the Sicilian invasion, Lieutenant John Mason Brown was ordered by Rear Admiral Kirk to do the seeing, by means of an amplifying system, for all those other nines. And this book is the proof that he obeyed the command with a sensibility and an understanding which more than fulfilled the duty assigned him.

But, in a sense, this is not a book. Indeed, it was not conceived as such. Rather, it is a *written transcription* from the scene of action, and thus it follows that this is not a “war book,” but the very stuff of war itself. Thanks to the phenomenon of the printed word, the reader undergoes (and, if one may say so, has the honor to undergo), to a degree, the experiences these men met on their victorious expedition. Such a, literally, direct approach has an impact that is, literally, terrific.

Brown, an author, critic, and lecturer of accomplishment, took to his job certain obvious advantages. But these advantages did not necessarily promise the perfect balance of sympathy and intelligence which he managed to instill into these conversations with the men. As he said, you do not talk down to people you respect. There can be little doubt that they found the talks entertaining, informative, and uplifting. He was not a football coach exhorting and instructing them from the sidelines. Instead, he was one of them, giving expression for them not only to the “news” but to the thoughts and emotions they were sharing.

The hazardous trip across, Gibraltar, the North African port where the ship continued to be “sealed”—all this provided subject for commentary and dissertation. All of it, however, was leading up to “D” day and “H” hour. When these finally arrive, Brown is on the bridge, reporting directly and vividly a blow-by-blow account of the action to the men below. The blood races, the breath is held. At six in the morning on the tenth of July, two-and-a-quarter hours after “H” hour, his announcement ends, “The unloading shuttle service has started.” Those are the words of success. It is good news to sleep on. “And the Chief of Staff urges that you do sleep, your duties permitting, and sleep as long as possible. You deserve that sleep and may need it tonight. It should be a happy sleep.”

From this climax, the written transcription (still not the book) closes with a splendid farewell chat (not one of them was ever a “speech”), and with the few talks Brown gave, transferred to a homeward-bound ship. The storming of the beaches of Scoglitti performed, the mission is successfully concluded. *To All Hands*, although essentially vicarious, is truly a direct experience.

COLBY WALWORTH

Whittlesey House, \$2.75

A Strong,
Refreshing NovelThe
SignpostBy the author of
Four Frightened People

E. Arnot Robertson

This is the stirring love story of Tom Fairburn, a convalescent RAF pilot on leave, and Denyse, a young Frenchwoman whom he meets on a journey to Ireland. The vivid beauty of the writing brings sharply to life the Donegal village of Kildooey and its fiercely vital people, in whose affairs Tom and Denyse become deeply involved.

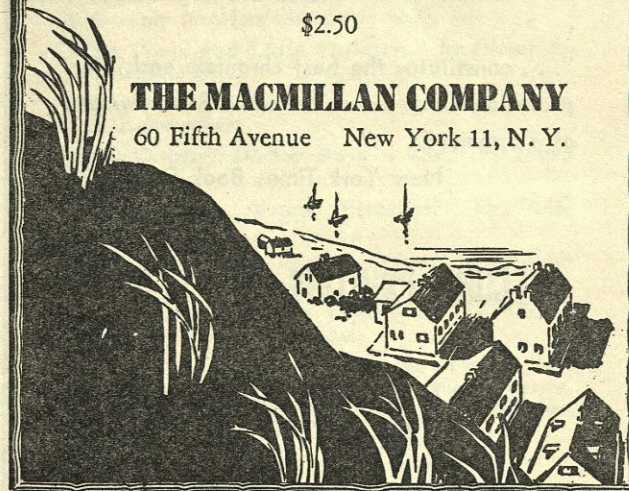
Henry Seidel Canby says of this absorbing novel: “The scenes in which the plot develops are so fresh, so unexpected, so full of wit and charm that they could be played almost verbatim on any stage.”

A Book-of-the-Month Club
selection for January.

\$2.50

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY

60 Fifth Avenue New York 11, N. Y.





SPAIN

by
Salvador de
Madariaga

The former Spanish Ambassador to the United States interprets for the American reader Franco's Spain, political danger spot for the Allied nations. Here, the Spanish people, their history, and problematic future are thoroughly analyzed by the man best qualified by sympathy, experience, and international outlook.

GEORGE BERNARD SHAW says: "... compare Macaulay's pre-Marxian history of the 1688 revolution with the post-Marxian history of Spain by Madariaga! One is a trumpery budget of Reform Club gossip; the other is world history."

"... probably one of the ablest and most temperate studies of contemporary Spain published this century..."

Boston Evening Globe.

"... constitutes the best chronicle and interpretation which has so far come from the pen of a Spaniard..."

New York Times Book Review.

SECOND PRINTING NOW READY

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JOHNNY TREMAIN

By Esther Forbes

IT IS SIGNIFICANT of the attitude toward youth in the world today that books for children are no longer sharply divided from books for adults. Certain books have always been shared by young and old: Lewis Carroll's *Alice*, beloved by children, is equally dear to grown-ups; and eager young book-lovers have always been ready to explore their elders' bookshelves. It has been left for the present day, however, to develop the borderline book—the "young-old" book—which satisfies a wide range in age and proves once more that the best books for children are those which adults can enjoy.

Esther Forbes, author of *Paul Revere and the World He Lived In*, and of several novels dealing with colonial times in Puritan New England, furnishes in *Johnny Tremain* a brilliantly successful example of a book that appeals to readers both old and young. Johnny is fourteen when the story opens, apprenticed to a silversmith in the Boston of Paul Revere, Josiah Quincy, John Adams, Samuel Adams, and John Hancock; and Miss Forbes's book describes two dramatic years in Johnny's life which are also two stirring years in the history of this country. With exceptional ability and strong ambition, with pride in his craft and a genuine love for it, Johnny seems bound for success, and fame. Then comes a crippling accident, when a crucible of molten silver breaks and burns the boy's right hand. Forced by Fate into other activities, Johnny's indomitable will-power sees him through; and his own intelligence, aided by the kindly wisdom of the friends he makes, tempers his pride and rubs a few sharp corners off his disposition.

It is difficult to say in which achievement Miss Forbes is the more successful, in her portrait of a boy growing rapidly into maturity, or her picture of Boston at the end of the century, seething with the ideas which were so soon to be practically demonstrated at the Boston Tea Party and during the stirring April days that preceded the Battle of Lexington.

Actual characters of history are apt to become lay figures in fiction; Miss Forbes has kept her Boston patriots living, breathing men. And she has created characters that are absorbingly real, in Johnny himself, in the Tory relations he refused to claim and the other family with whom he lived, in charming Cilla—sedate yet spirited—and empty-headed little Isannah with her fair-haired angel beauty, in the dark-eyed quiet boy Rab whose friendly silences and right word briefly said when needed helped Johnny to find inner security and his place in the world. Their deeds carry conviction, and the lively give-and-take of their conversation pricks the reader with the sensation of eavesdropping.

Beautifully written, warm and human, Miss Forbes's book as it shows us great events through the eyes of a sensitive and high-spirited boy presents, at the same time, an important period in fine historical perspective.

ANNE T. EATON

Houghton Mifflin Company, \$2.50

WILD RIVER

By Anna Louise Strong

RUSSIA IS ONE OF THE GREATEST STORIES of all time. For that very reason it is hard to write good fiction about it, at least for foreigners. The theme is too vast in scope, and too near in time, for the intimate art which comes from emotion recollected in tranquillity, and the age is only beginning to experiment with modern epic forms. But every authentic, unpretentious record is welcome, whatever its limitations as fiction: we want to know all we can about the new life the Russians have created.

It is as an authentic record rather than creative fiction that *Wild River* will make its appeal. Character, story, and feeling are rather too pat; but what this novel lacks in imagination and insight it makes up in grasp of scene.

Anna Louise Strong is no casual visitor to the Soviet Union. She is one of those American women about whom a book is long overdue—those whose democratic heritage at home was so strong that they threw themselves into the struggles of other countries for liberty. Margaret Fuller of Massachusetts aided Mazzini's fight for the liberation of Italy and married one of his lieutenants; Alma Reed of California went through the Mexican Revolution as the bride of Felipe Carillo; Agnes Smedley of Colorado first married an Indian, then spent years helping China's Red Army; Anna Louise Strong of Nebraska went to the Soviet Union regularly for twenty years, and long before she married a Russian felt herself part of the country's conquest of the twentieth century.

She describes *Wild River* as the "distilled essence" of those two decades. Her novel is part fiction, part history, part eyewitness account. It is best when it tells of how the great Dnieper Dam was built, of a collective farm's fight against kulaks, of the competition of the workers on the river's right and left banks, the January elections, the Red Army's trench-digging for the Kharkov Tractor Works. Miss Strong is an able journalist; she knows these things at first hand, and presents them vividly. But the development of a collective farm can be told, a character must be realized—especially when a writer has the sound instinct to base a story on a character like Stepan Bogdanov.

Dostoyevsky once drafted a long novel called *The Great Sinner*. Its hero broke every law of God and man, but was finally redeemed by religion. The idea is basically right: virtue is best dramatized in the Prodigal Son. Miss Strong has written a novel about a Little Sinner redeemed by Russia's new life. Stepan begins as a *bezprizorni*—a "wild boy," or "homeless waif," of the Revolution. He ends first as a builder of the Dnieper Dam then as superintendent of the dismantling which saved it from the Nazis. The theme of "sin and redemption" never comes off. Stepan is good from the beginning, and there is no genuine conflict to resolve; but as the story moves from the days when he steals, learns, and loves, to his emergence as a hero in the War of Liberation, we get flashes of Russia's dramatic growth which are real and well worth reading.

JOSEPH FREEMAN

Little, Brown & Company, \$2.50

THE SPANISH TEACHERS' JOURNAL HISPANIA

Established 1917

AURELIO M. ESPINOSA, Editor 1917-1926;

ALFRED COESTER, Editor 1927-1941

Published by the American Association of Teachers of Spanish

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The George Washington University,
Washington, D. C.

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HISPANIA appears four times a year, in February, May, October, and December. Subscription (including membership in the Association) \$2.00 a year; foreign countries, 40 cents additional for postage. Each number contains practical and scholarly articles for teachers of Spanish and Portuguese, including helpful hints for teachers new to the field. A sample copy will be sent on request to the Secretary-Treasurer of the Association. Address subscriptions and inquiries about membership to:

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From the Table of Contents of TOMORROW for MARCH

"Soldier from the Wars Returning," an anonymous article by a wounded lieutenant, deploring the American soldier's political naiveté overseas—the desire only for Mom's blueberry pie

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For Varied Reading . . .

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RISE TO FOLLOW

By Albert Spalding

ALBERT SPALDING'S ENCHANTING STORY of his early vivid years goes far toward proving that Genius doesn't always insist upon being born amid rafters and poverty. For our great American violinist had "comfortable, well-to-do beginnings." Being an intransigent with an unlimited capacity for hard work, and knowing also that there were "many roads to failure but only one to success," he kept faith with his ideals and music, and was never satisfied with cheap, easy victories. This unconscious avowal is the almost invisible thread that runs through his gay, delightful autobiography which begins with his youthful "fiddle-scrappings" when the first shy apprehension of beauty stirred in him, at the age of six.

Great proficiency in one art does not mean proficiency in others, but Mr. Spalding is one of the elect: his gaiety of expression, his impish sense of humor, and his repaying habit of keeping notes have brought about, for our complete delectation, a book full of life and good living, of melody and friendships, that will delight not only the musical-minded but the general reading public as well. If it contained nothing more than the amusing guide-manual for an English week-end, the tale of the strange priest who memorized time-tables as a hobby, the pen-picture of the supposedly abstemious swami whose plump figure refuted his diet of wild flowers, and the story of Wapole's habit of inscribing to himself his first editions: "From Hugh to Hugh," it would be well worth while. But there is much more, for *Rise To Follow* is a gay story of problems met, of faith kept, of talents realized.

His "family album" has repaying vignettes, and the portraits of his mother and her visiting relatives show the soft appreciation of the deft, chuckling student of human nature. At fourteen he competed for the graduating diploma at Bologna, and even though the requirements were prodigious, he passed — Mozart was his only predecessor of the same age. From then on his concerts led him through many countries to meet and know a parade of glittering personalities, the "great of talent and understanding," who march the pages of his book in full color through his incomparable ease in the difficult art of casual story-telling; Gabrilowitsch, Sibelius, Saint-Saëns, Ysaye, Pugno, Hans Richter, Muck, and many others.

His gastronomic adventures ranged as far as his friendships, and his Gargantuan delight in food confounds the calorie-conscious. From oysters in Germany, "substantial meals" in Holland, hors d'œuvres and glacéed game in Russia, partridge-quail in Norway, spicy apples in Hungary, and smoked fish on the Baltic, we get a partial glimpse of menus for the discriminating American genius.

As he is a true composer, Mr. Spalding's valid reason for writing his autobiography was a compulsion — an irresistible, generous impulse to pin the past to paper, to share the joys of his "musical meanderings." And we are the happier and merrier for his confidences.

FRANCES TINKER

Henry Holt & Company, \$3.50

WHICH KIND OF REVOLUTION?

By W. D. Herridge

MR. HERRIDGE is against fascism and communism, and he believes that democracy has failed. He proposes that the common people and their leaders in the English-speaking nations make haste to create an economic democracy by peaceful revolution, before their governments go fascist in order to save the world from communism.

A great many people will agree with Mr. Herridge's argument, but he does little to clarify, or lend substance to, their thinking. In fact, he may be doing the cause of economic democracy considerable harm, because his presentation is so hortatory and strewn with slipshod political analyses as to churn up the ground without other result than confusion. As an eminent Canadian statesman, and former Minister to the United States, the author's word carries weight, and it is strange that he does not make out a convincing case for his passionate convictions.

Is it true that we can defeat the Axis and at the same time strengthen fascism? Reactionaries in this country as well as elsewhere are staying up nights to save conservatism in the Axis and neutral nations, but to say that our victory can be used to fix fascism on ourselves and the whole world ignores the dynamics of prestige which are already working to discredit fascism and all its ways, and to glorify democracy. The movement is from support of Vichy towards support of De Gaulle, not vice versa. Why else are reactionaries, not to say fascists, less than enthusiastic about the United Nations' cause?

Communism in Russia the author condemns as a slave state, yet he says it is the proof, unchallenged, of what the common man can do when he sets out to help himself. He describes the New Deal as a mere tinkering with scarcity capitalism, but the bitter anti-New Deal sentiments of business he ignores while he assures us that a peaceful revolution to install an economy of abundance, of "total use of resources" with secondary consideration for profits, will win the support of businessmen by the magic of its reasonableness.

In the course of his rhetorical lunges, Mr. Herridge does hit a few bull's-eyes. He sees that American isolationism and imperialism are intimately related, and one wishes he had explored further the meaning of last summer's conversions among our isolationists to a policy of alliance with Britain. The solution of Anglo-American relations with Russia he correctly considers to be the key to postwar international relations. And he is of course right that scarcity-consumption in the midst of production-abundance is the very heart of democracy's problem.

A not unjust summary of this book may be that it treats the most complex economic problems of our time without reference to a single concrete measurement, and the most sensitive political relationships without reference to a single specific component of political forces. It reads as if Mr. Herridge in a belated discovery of Fabian Socialism had made notes for a few sermons on his new religion.

BASIL RAUCH

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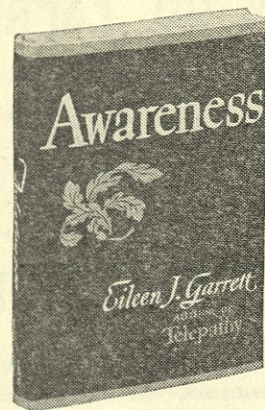
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THE WAKE OF THE PRAIRIE SCHOONER

By Irene D. Paden

HERE IS HISTORY OF, by, and for the people. The epic of the great migration to Oregon and California has been presented in scores of books, culminating in Bernard De Voto's *Year of Decision: 1846*. But it turns out that our favorite and most familiar story was by no means exhausted, or even recovered in meticulous and fascinating detail. That task has now been superbly done by a California doctor and his wife, plain citizens pursuing a hobby with such gusto and perseverance that they have succeeded in taking history away from the historians. As literature Mrs. Paden's book lacks distinction and discipline; as research it is a compendium of the techniques and the lore of America trekking west.

Dr. Paden's avocation is geography. In nine long summers of field work the Padens and their son Bill went over every foot of the overland routes from Independence and St. Jo to the Pacific. Dr. Paden has retraced and mapped the Oregon-California routes, including every alternate road and cutoff, every ford and ferry.

The book is brimming over with documentation. Some of it was gathered on the spot, from local records and the memories of old settlers. Most of it Mrs. Paden unearthed in the libraries of the West during many years of hard work. The real story of the emigrants was waiting in hundreds of old journals and bundles of letters they wrote themselves; now it is in Mrs. Paden's book. She has woven all this fresh, engrossing material into the overland trails as they wind westward. At each section of road, each crossing or camping ground or landmark, she opens up a cache of history, anecdote, and succinct information that belongs to that particular spot. This method has its drawbacks; the narrative must move constantly westward with the trains, but it also moves through time, spilling out details from the days of the mountain men, through the great trek, the Mormons, Indian wars, the gold rush, the pony express and staging days, down to the Padens' own adventures in rediscovering the trails.

Withal, one must revise cherished notions. The emigrants were very young, averaging under twenty-five, and the vast majority of them were men. Often a wagon-train of men went a thousand miles without seeing one of those covered-wagon women who are in every mile of our mental picture. Each stage of the journey had its own peculiar problems, every year was different from the last. For instance, in 1849 the grass was exceptionally good, the Asiatic cholera at its worst—and this meant that the Sioux kept their distance. The cholera had traveled up the Missouri from New Orleans, and usually pounced on the trains along the muddy Platte. (The Platte was so thick with debris that the pioneers insisted it flowed upside down). We learn what a stampede means to the close-packed schooners, stampedes by buffalo or by oxen gone suddenly atavistic. We discover the role of the forts—twenty-two of them come into the story. And we find that "one more river to cross" is a constant dread and a prayer, for every ferry and ford took its toll of men and beasts and goods.

Goods which escaped drowning often had to be scuttled to lighten loads. Cracker barrels, cookstoves, libraries of books, trunks, were sprinkled over two thousand miles of country. The Sioux braves pranced in silly bonnets or crinoline hoops, they cut the seat from homespun trousers for comfort, and sported umbrellas which they tenderly sheltered under their blankets when it rained. But not all the perils of fords or massacres, or the scorching deaths of Humboldt Sink, could make Florinda Washburn relinquish one wisp of gauze, one feather. She got her milliner's stock through to California and proceeded to grow rich. These are people to know, Florinda and all the rest; and Mrs. Paden deserves the thanks of her fellow-citizens for bringing them back to the long trails.

HELEN AUGUR.

The Macmillan Company, \$3

TWO NOVELS OF CHINESE YOUTH

WHEN LIN YUTANG took his family back to their country at war, a few years ago, his young daughters wrote a little book, *Dawn Over Chungking*, which recorded their experiences and reflections on that pilgrimage. It was, naturally, a very interesting journal of event and observation; but, far more than that, the intellectual and spiritual reactions of seventeen-year-old Adet Lin and her fourteen-year-old sister Anor constituted a testament of youth, in this time of dreadful travail, which this reviewer for one found too inspiring to forget. And now that Adet Lin at twenty and her sister at seventeen have each written a novel of warring China, we find the same valorous spirit.

Both books are, of course, interesting stories. *Flame from the Rock*, which Adet Lin signs with the pen name of Tan Yün, follows the tragic wartime romance of the gently nurtured daughter of conservative scholars and a rough-mannered but profoundly meditative young Manchurian who had known nothing but soldiering in all his adult life. *War Tide*, under the signature of Lin Taiyi, is Anor Lin's narrative of the migration of a family, and its integration through the hardships and horrors of that war-driven wandering. There is maturity as well as sensitiveness in Adet Lin's treatment of her book's soldier hero and the all-encompassing love between him and the fragile, lovely Kuanpo. And there is power in the merciless outpouring of detail in the younger writer's war chronicle, as well as candor and humor in her character delineation. But what is outstanding and memorable, through all this, in both novels, is their clarity of thoughtful observation in setting down what the young authors themselves have lived through, and their intrepid expression of youth's answer to the tocsin of today. These novels are to be read as arresting narratives, as promising and unusual work; but above all as lucid summations of today's finest spirit of youth.

K. W.

FLAME FROM THE ROCK, by Tan Yün
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AUTHORS

SHOLEM ASCH here concludes the two-part story of the birth and childhood of Adolf Hitler, which was carried last month to the point where the problem child of mysterious parentage was ostracized by his schoolmates after he had beaten and robbed a Jewish boy. In the January *Tomorrow* Mr. Asch also told of his personal investigation of this strange story's factual base.

ROBERT M. COATES writes art criticism for *The New Yorker*, and most of his short stories have been published in that magazine, although they appear also in *Esquire*, *The New Masses*, *Vanity Fair*, and elsewhere. He is the author of three books, *The Eater of Darkness*, *The Outlaw Years*, and *Yesterday's Burdens*; and another collection of short stories, *All the Year Round*, is to be published soon.

RICHARD HAGOPIAN, who was born in Massachusetts in 1914, of Armenian parents, has only recently become a writer, having carried on most of his artistic activity in the musical field. As a boy he won the MacDowell voice scholarship in Boston, and he worked at the New England Conservatory of Music before going west to complete his education at Pomona College; during the past five years he has been singing in concert and on the radio. It was Robert P. Tristram Coffin, together with Professor Charles Micaud of Bowdoin College, who persuaded him to continue with the prose sketches he was writing in 1942; and the resultant book of short stories, of which *Tomorrow* now publishes the title piece, is to be brought out by Farrar and Rinehart this spring.

ALBERTA HANNUM is the author of three novels, *Thursday April*, *The Hills Step Lightly*, and *The Gods and One*, and of several short stories, most of them laid, like the one here published and her earlier story in this magazine, in the southern hill-country.

JAY McCORMICK is twenty-four years old, and his first novel, *November Storm*, won the Avery Hopwood award at the University of Michigan in 1942 and was published by Doubleday, Doran and Company the following year. His short stories and essays also won Hopwood prizes in 1938, 1940, and 1941, and his stories were published in *Perspectives*, the University's literary review. "La Haute Cuisine and Jumbo Gulch" is his first short story to appear in a general magazine.

HOWARD MAIER's short stories have been published in *The New Yorker*, *Collier's*, and other magazines. He has been in service in the army, but is now working in the Radio Division of the OWI.

ELIZABETH PERDIX, whose analytical novel, *A Shield Lies Over*, was published by Creative Age Press last year, is at present collaborating with Dr. David Harold Fink, author of *Release from Nervous Tension*, in a series of psychological studies. Readers of *Tomorrow* will be glad to welcome another of her short stories, in this all-fiction number of the magazine.

FERDINAND REYHER has been a newspaper correspondent in Europe both in war and peacetime, and is the author of several novels, motion-picture scripts, and plays, as well as short stories. These last have appeared in *Atlantic*, *Harper's*, *Ladies' Home Journal*, *Saturday Evening Post*, and other magazines.

MURIEL RUKEYSER is a poet who is equally well-known as a biographer. Her *Willard Gibbs*, *American Genius*, was one of the outstanding books of 1942. Of her poetry, she herself has written (in *Twentieth Century Authors*), "I wish to make my poems exist in the quick images that arrive crowding on us now, in the lives of Americans who are unpraised and vivid and indicative." Among her best-known books of verse are *U. S. 1* and *A Turning Wind*. One of the poems published this month in *Tomorrow*, *Beast in View*, is the title-piece in her new volume, to be published by Doubleday, Doran and Company in the spring.

CHRISTINE WESTON, author of the brilliant and penetrating novel, *Indigo* (Literary Guild book choice for November) was born in India, of British and French parentage, and lived there until her marriage. In the story here published she continues within the field of her intimate knowledge and outstanding success.

REVIEWERS

HELEN AUGUR's career as a journalist has taken her to many parts of the world, but the details of her own country's history have always loomed large in her interests and her work. Her first book, published in 1930, was a biography of Anne Hutchinson, and she has a volume forthcoming which will be a triple biography of Roger Williams, Benjamin Franklin, and Thomas Jefferson, under the title of *They Gave Us America*. She is also the author of a history of international trade, for young people, published by Harcourt, Brace and Company in 1939, with the picturesque, and literally descriptive, title of *The Book of Fairs*.

ANNE T. EATON, Librarian of the Horace Mann-Lincoln School of Teachers' College at Columbia University, is a widely-known authority on reading for young people, and for some years has been co-editor of the Children's Book Page of the *New York Times* Book Review. Her latest book is *Reading with Children* (1940), and she is also co-author with Lucy E. Say of *Instruction in the Use of Books in Libraries*. With Helen Fern Daringer, she edited *The Poet's Craft*, an anthology of poetry for boys and girls.

CHRISTOPHER T. EMMET, JR., is a writer, lecturer, and radio commentator who traveled and studied abroad for many years, and has been active in organizing various Liberal movements in this country. He was one of the founders of Freedom House, and conducts a weekly radio program called "Freedom House Topics" over Station WEVD. He also has charge of the WEVD Foreign Affairs Round Table.

JOSEPH FREEMAN, whose publications include poetry, literary criticism, and fiction, has been a correspondent in France, Italy, Germany, England, Russia, and Mexico. He has also been a close student of psycho-analysis for many years. He is the author of a book on American foreign affairs, two books on Russia, an autobiography, and the distinguished novel, *Never Call Retreat*. Mr. Freeman's "narrative of our times in autobiographical form," *An American Testament*, which was published in 1938, was chosen by the Writers' Congress as the best autobiography of the year.

STANLEY EDGAR HYMAN is on the editorial staff of *The New Yorker*. He also does a great deal of book reviewing, and his criticisms appear in *The New Republic*, *The Chicago Sun*, and other periodicals, as well as in *Tomorrow*.

CLARE LEIGHTON has lived in the South during most of her five years' residence in this country, and one of the chapters of her *Southern Harvest* (1942) was devoted, in text and wood engraving, to the mountain folk. Her latest book, *Give Us This Day*, is reviewed in this number of *Tomorrow*. Miss Leighton is of course well known for her studies of rural life, and the rural scene, in her native England: *The Farmer's Year*, *Four Hedges*, and *Country Matters*.

EDGAR ANSEL MOWRER, writer, lecturer, and one of the best-known of American foreign correspondents, won the 1933 Pulitzer Prize in the last-named field, with the report from Germany published in book form as *Germany Puts the Clock Back*. He is also author of *The Dragon Awakes* (1938). Mr. Mowrer was for a number of years chief of the Berlin bureau of *The Chicago Daily News*, and held the same position in Paris. He is now National Director of the Non-Partisan Council to Win the Peace, and he also conducts a column on public affairs in *The New York Post*.

Lieutenant (j. g.) BASIL RAUCH, U. S. N. R., is teaching Naval History at the United States Naval Academy at Annapolis, to which faculty he has been transferred for war service from the Department of History at Barnard College.

MARIO ROSSI is an Italian historical scholar, pupil and friend of Professor Guglielmo Ferrero. For several years he has been living and working in this country, and was engaged for two years in broadcasting to his native country, over station WRUL. He is now in New York, in government service.

FRANCES TINKER, co-author with her husband, Edward La-rocque Tinker, of the group of novelettes published under the title of *Old New Orleans*, is welcomed for the second time among *Tomorrow's* reviewers. Her book reviews have also appeared in the *New York Times* and other periodicals.



YOU ARE FRANCE, LISETTE

by Jean Lyttle

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