

Literary Edition

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MAY 17, 1945

C. M. R.
to
A. F. T.

Exum Clement

Claude stepped from the taxi, looking skyward at the great, black clouds which hovered low over the towering buildings. The driver stretched out a stained hand to receive the fare and, to his great joy, received a larger tip than he had expected, for the man was old and his clothes evidenced much wear in years gone by. An old-world elegance still lingered despite the tiny network of wrinkles tracing its way lightly across his temples. The strongly moulded mouth and nose, and the haughty carriage of the ageing body furthered this impression.

Walking quickly between two parked cars and onto the sidewalk crowded with hurrying figures, Claude reached the door of a florist's shop. Steam clouded the window, so that the people inside were moving shadows. Thunder roared mightily as Claude opened the door and entered the small shop, snugly crowded between a jewelry shop and a furniture house. The rich perfume of sweet-smelling flowers served to heighten the joy that nestled in the heart of this tall man, Claude, who walked calmly from vase to vase to view the beauties that nature originated and man cultured.

Finally Claude's turn came to be asked by a smiling, gray-haired matron, "And what could I show you, sir?"

He smiled in turn and stated without hesitation his choice, "Talisman roses, a large corsage, sent right away to Mrs. Claude Rameau, Hotel Sandron." He laid a bill on the glass of the showcase.

"A carnation for yourself?" inquired the woman, as she wrote out the order.

Claude paused. "Yes, I think I'll have one."

The carnation tucked proudly in his lapel and his change in his pocket, Claude again reached the sidewalk, assumed a leisurely gait, and walked by the numerous shops displaying furniture, jewelry, clothing, shoes, books and the drug store, which presented arrays of articles, in tiers, in a gleaming window. A medicinal display reminded Claude of his wife. "Anna shouldn't come to-night, even though she has looked forward to this night for weeks. So damp out—and she hasn't been well lately."

His thoughts caused his forehead to crease, but the wrinkles disappeared as he instinctively paused before a small shop to regard a blue dress, highlighted by two rows of black sequins around the neck and a corresponding band around the waist. "Her color—blue. Anna would be beautiful in that dress."

He stood looking in the window at the dress for several minutes; passers-by smiled at this elegant gentleman whose face brightened as he looked at a blue dress. But Claude was thinking and did not notice them.

"She was wearing blue when I first
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First Love

Mrs. Charles Priebe

From her perch high on the ferris wheel, Mary Lou watched the little crowd gather in front of the side show tent. Beside her Gordie was rocking the seat violently back and forth. "Boy, oh boy, I like it up here," he said. "Wish they'd stop it every time we get to the top!"

The ferris wheel gave a groan and started around again. Gordie peered downward. "That was Kay Briggs and Tommie that just got on," he remarked. "Hi, Kay! Hi, Tom!"

Mary Lou kept her eyes fixed on the crowd. Yes, there he was—tall, dark, and—"I say," said Gordie, staring in the same direction, "isn't that Harry Smith? He must be home from college this week end."

Mary Lou flushed. "Yes, I guess it is Harry," she said, trying to sound surprised. "He's rather gawky looking, isn't he?"

Gordie looked hurt. "I don't think so. He's my idea of a real guy."

Mary Lou sniffed. "I prefer blonde men," she said coolly.

Gordie patted his mop of almost white hair complacently. "Well, we can't all be blondes," he joked.

Mary Lou's heart was beating wildly. "I knew he'd come to the Fair. I knew it! I knew it! When I woke up this morning, I felt sure he would be here. Funny how I always know," she thought. "I wonder if he'll notice my new permanent? Last time he was home

I was still in braids."

She had had to work on Dad a long time for the permanent. "Fourteen years old is too young for that stuff," Dad had said firmly.

"Aw gee, Mom, he thinks I'm still a baby," wailed Mary Lou, and Mom had taken her side. After that Dad was a 'dead duck'.

The ferris wheel creaked to a stop, and Gordie let out a yelp of joy. "How's that for luck! Here we are at the top again."

The crowd were moving into the tent. Most of them were old men or half-grown boys. She saw Harry saunter over to the peanut stand and breathed a sigh of relief. "I'm glad he didn't go in," she thought. "He's too noble for that sort of thing!"

The show tent had only a half roof. From the top of the ferris wheel they could almost see the improvised stage. Gordie leaned far out over the bar crossing the seat. "Wonder what they do in there," he said. "I think if I could just lean a bit farther out I could see." The ferris wheel started with a jerk, and Gordie sat down.

"I think it's a very cheap show," said Mary Lou piously. "I'm sure no gentleman would ever go in there."

Gordie agreed quickly. "Did you see those women who sang out in front?" he asked. "Gosh, they were painted up something awful, and when they'd wiggle, honest, I thought their skirts were

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To a Scarred Violin

Thou fond companion of the silenced hand,
Thou attic-hidden treasury of bliss;
Shed from thy varnished form a decade's dust,
And play again the songs of happiness.
From thy scarred face and broken string's discord,
Dismiss the bitterness of human woe.
In one reflected tune, let memory fly,
To reunite with thee, the hand and bow.

—Esther V. Pritchard

Gandy Dancers

H. Myron Bromley

Steely lines like reflections from the rails mark the face of the "gandy dancer". In magazines the railroads vaunt themselves as the lifeline of a nation, but for him they are merely monstrous undertakers, spiking dying spirits into coffins. He does not speak of the thrilling power of locomotives or marvel at white, jutting clouds of steam. His are the tracks—spikes, rails, ties, ballast. Bound by the fascination of despair, the courage of failure, he shapes life with lining bars and whiskey bottles. Out of Chicago, off West Madison Street, from Halstead station wagons, he and his fellows come to work or drink or loaf or wonder why they are here. Don't cringe as I introduce him, for Joe is life and men and railroads.

Sweating men are tamping ballast at milepost 452.25. The crunch of stone and clang of fork tines accompany their dance as "Extra Gang 72" smoothes a path for the Limited. Cursing at the water boy, Joe stops work to roll a cigarette while the straw boss is gone. Irish eyes of clear blue peer from his dust-covered face to light a broad smile. Perhaps a bit of ribaldry or a joke on the timekeeper slows the work of tired men, who laugh with Joe. His own rolling laugh, the old, dry chuckles of withered men, and boisterous guffaws join to form an interlude of coarse merriment. Then, back to the ceaseless raising of rails and tamping of stone under them, until ten August hours have finished the day's work. Tomorrow it will be the same rumbling, jumble of thirty-two tampers, each working at his own jarring rhythm. "Gandy dancers" they call these men, dancing gray slag into the spine of a railroad, dancing a travesty on their own lives.

To the police these men are transients; to the "D. & L." they are forty pay checks and a bursting file of resignations; to the boss they're jack men and tampers; but I shall call Joe and his thousand fellows, men. Despite blank faces or drunken brawls, these thousand swearing men have personalities, minds, souls. Joe's bronzed arms are big with muscular power, and the chest of a boxer fills his under shirt. Bigger than flabby Adam and wizened Mike, he is the natural leader in lunch hour arguments or camp car gambling. Smiling and jovial Joe is the friend of the boss and every man at the long dinner table except the spiker who stole his shoes last payday. Last payday, and the payday before that, and every payday for five years has brought Joe to the nearest bar. Drinking whiskey with the gang until the money is gone, then borrowing quarters to buy cheap wine, and finally groggily drowning in a smelly heap, he has become a "gandy". Three days of thick-tongued friendliness are enough to exhaust a check for forty dollars, and this is Joe's regular pay week schedule.

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Battle of the Books . . .

Which Do You Prefer?

The Ancients

Ray W. Hazlett

What is a classic? Probably one can't improve on the definition of the famous French critic, Sainte-Beuve: "A classic according to the usual definition is an old author canonized by admiration. . . . A true classic, as I should like to hear it defined, is an author who has enriched the human mind, increased its treasure, and caused it to advance a step; who has discovered some moral and not equivocal truth, or revealed some eternal passion in that heart where all seemed known and discovered; who has expressed his thought, observation, or invention, in no matter what form, only provided it be broad and great, refined and sensible, sane and beautiful in itself . . . in his own particular style, easily contemporary with all time."

"Easily contemporary with all time"—ah, there is the test. "Not for an age but for all time," said Ben Jonson of his neighbor from Stratford. In this sophisticated and commercialized age, how rarely do we run across a book or an author of this kind among literally thousands—a book that we can return to again and again for solace and stimulation, and that represents deep and distinguished thinking by a distinguished writer who regards living as a fine art.

But one must not ignore current trends, and turn up his nose (acquiline or otherwise), or lift his eyebrows (*supercilium!*) at the serious or experimental efforts of present-day writers, including freshmen! I maintain, of course, that the classics are fundamental to a liberal education. The discerning reader must cultivate a catholicity of taste and practice a wise eclecticism; fortunately he is not confronted by mutually exclusive choices and categorical alternatives. There is no real battle of books; the conflict is between the critics. If one is dogmatic or intolerant, that is a sure indication that he has never been really touched by the spirit of the classics. One should also remember that the classics were once contemporary. Although one must spend from 75 to 90% of his time upon the classics if he is to be impregnated by their feeling and message, quantitatively

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The Moderns

Mrs. Alton Cronk

To me reading seems as necessary a function as eating and sleeping. Reading, any reading, is likely to challenge our thinking, and mental refreshment and stimulation are essential to "man thinking". As a parent and teacher, I am interested in encouraging young people to read. Why it should be necessary to coax anyone to read widely puzzles me. However, the fact remains that many products of our educational system do not have the intellectual curiosity that hungers and thirsts for more and more ideas. I find that the Moderns make a good springboard for the study of literature.

To one who has that curiosity, almost any reading is agreeable and there is no boundary set by subject or date of authorship. He finds himself wandering from one type of written literature to another and from one field to another, ever in search of what satisfies the inner man. He begins to see that the Truth he reads in his Bible, Life as it is reflected in his newspaper, and Experience as he studies it in his history is an integrated whole—a great body of Truth.

Now, as to the matter of Ancients versus Moderns, what does it really matter whether the choice is poetry or novel or drama, whether it is dew-fresh or whiskered with age, if the written word reflects what men are thinking, feeling, and doing—sincerely, accurately, and artistically. . . . However, I am to build a case for the Moderns. At the outset I want to make it perfectly clear that I am not going to give the Sophomores any ammunition to go gunning for Soph Lit or any other course in the classics. Such courses are absolutely fundamental to any understanding of literature, and years of reflective study should preface any "preferences". Of course, I've often heard it said that it is easiest to speak with authority on subjects we know little about. Many dispense with the classics without going to all the tedious bother of investigating their possible usefulness and beauty. That's the quickest way, of course. I, with my limited background, am likewise open for criticism for my temerity

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THE ANCIENTS . . .

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however, he may find that he is easily able to read as much or more of current books of all kinds.

All of which suggests that there is much that is sporadic and superficial in the latter, much that is merely clever and smart and technically brilliant. With only one lifetime to live, and that all too short, one is continually confronted by the puzzling problem of separating the ephemeral from the enduring, and distinguishing between empty echoes and the eternal voices. I can almost hear the familiar accents of a very great teacher—one of the greatest and most gracious—the late Dr. Charles A. A. Wager of Oberlin, as I quote from one of his inimitable essays, entitled "The Need of the Classics": "No one, I suppose, will deny that the Latin language is the vehicle of great literature. No one can read Virgil for five minutes, or Tacitus, or Horace, or Lucretius, without coming upon something—a phrase, an epithet, an image, a cadence, an observation—that has the authentic ring of literature. No one with any literary sense whatever can fail to perceive that much that strikes him as admirable in modern literature is shallow and second-rate when set beside the divine tenderness of Virgil, the trenchant gravity of Tacitus, the passion and romance of Catullus, the grace, the sobriety, the urbane wisdom of Horace, the lofty speculations of Lucretius, extending 'beyond the flaming ramparts of the world'."

Recently I joined the Book-of-the-Month Club (and two other similar obliging organizations for the wholesale distribution of modern masterpieces). I must confess that I was tempted largely by the opportunity to get as a premium a beautiful boxed edition of *Jane Eyre* and *Wuthering Heights* with woodcuts by that modern master, Fritz Richtenberg. Several newspaper critics and book-reviewers pointed out that a recent selection, *The Ballad and the Source*, by Rosamond Lehmann, resembled *Wuthering Heights* in several respects. If I had time I would like to read Miss Leh-

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THE MODERNS . . .

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in taking the position I am trying to defend. After all, who am I to say I prefer the Moderns? My only justification for my position is that as I study and make certain comparisons. I find that the Moderns have a vital contribution to make to my thinking.

As Emerson points out, writers of the classics were themselves the Moderns of their day and their messages were probably more vital to their contemporaries than they are to us. I think that we sometimes forget that classics were once "contemporary literature" and the reason they have survived is not that they were meant for all ages but that they managed to grasp enough of eternal truth to make them valuable to all men in all ages who are interested in truth. Sometimes our minds are dazzled by the age and reputation of a piece of work and we select it in preference to an equally profound or expressive modern composition. It would seem that the earnest student would seek everywhere for grist for his mill, always comparing and contrasting ideas, judging present circumstances by the experience of the past. To do this, we need the classics for background, but we must not become so proud of our heritage that we snub the present-day creators.

I believe that reading has two "ends": information and enjoyment. I enjoy modern novels because they seem to portray the men and women who people my world. The Modern may not always entertain me with his picture of my contemporaries; he may even shock me; but if his analysis is authentic, I forgive him for not always tickling my funny-bone. My satire here is aimed at those who must ever and eternally "escape". I thank an author for being faithful in depicting the unpleasant things if they are present and need attention. I agree, of course, that the novelist doesn't necessarily have to have "a message" or be a social reformer. However, if he has "a message" so much the better. It is pleasant to get a double-feature, fun and facts, all for one price of admission.

There are some Moderns with whom

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Contest Winners

SHORT STORY

1. Exum Clement — *C. M. R. to A. F. T.*
2. Mildred Leitz — *Antin van Kleppin*
3. William Smalley — *Telegram*

ESSAY

1. H. Myron Bromley — *Gandy Dancers*
2. H. Merrill Jackson — *Why Do I Doubt?*
3. Elisabeth L. Ditchfield — *Letters of James Benjamin Franklin*

POETRY

1. Esther V. Pritchard — *Storm*
2. William Smalley — *Oriental*
3. Esther V. Pritchard — *To A Scarred Violin*

Why Do I Doubt?

H. Merrill Jackson

The day of rejoicing is here. Yes, the very hour is nigh! And yet, somehow, I am not thrilled as I should be. Buddha has spared my life these many days that I might see the coming of our new Saviour to the lamasery of Thamo. Life has been a burden—would have been unbearable if I hadn't had this hope ever before me. And now, as the time of expectation fast approaches, I know not why I was longing so much for this hour. The foreigner understood not why I have refused to take death and have hung on to life; neither did he understand why I shall be ready, yes, willing to leave the body, descend into hell, and then search for another body, when I shall have beheld the new lama. And now I do not know either. What is the matter with me? I know not. The foreigner is responsible for this—the devil.

The Yellow Head argued that the coming lama is but man, and that I had no good reason to be so excited over an ordinary Tibetan boy. It was truly sacrilegious for him to speak thus. However, in spite of myself I slowly have begun to understand his doubts of the Holy Religion. He said that there is but one Saviour. Could it be true that all the lamas of the Open Plain are not Saviours of mankind? When this one died, He came back to life after three days, the white man said. If he really believes that, why does he not think it possible for our lamas to be reincarnated in other bodies after their death? I do not know. But why cannot I put these thoughts from my mind? There are more pleasant thoughts. This is an important time for this lamasery. How long have I awaited this day? Three years...

My name is Dong La. I am the Older Monk in this lamasery and because of my old age. However, I would gladly relinquish life, for age is no longer a blessing to me. I have outlived two lamas. It is enough. Three years ago our lamasery lost its last lama.

What a very sad place this establishment is. Since the lama died, there is no more activity here. No longer do we have the big-chants when many come to be blessed; no longer do chiefs come to have their wars stopped and settled by arbitration; no longer do we see people with scarfs of blessing from the Enlightened One; no longer do good expeditions come to see the Eternal One. Ah! No longer do we hear a clang at the outer gate and then see the portal opened to a group of many important men—chiefs, monks, representatives from the General on the Chinese border, or messengers from the king of Ngawa.

But there will be happy times again, I hope, for the child lama is coming. I think of the Yellow Head again. He thinks that the young one will not be able to forgive sin. He also believes that our old Holy One could not do so either. The foreigner will not confess his transgressions to him, though he admits that he sins as other men do. He sees not the necessity of worshipping the Enlightened One either. Poor, unlearned devil. And yet sometimes I have to force myself to shut my eyes to the truth in his point of view. Why should we protect, honor, love, worship

our coming lama, as we know we will, when he is only man? If he is only man, how can he forgive sin? Oh, these are evil thoughts. Of course he can forgive our sins, and certainly we will love and worship our Saviour. The Yellow Head does not understand. That is all. As I said, there will be happy days again. Before I die the greatness of Lhamo will be reestablished. Many will come to worship the young Saviour, who is our old Holy One reincarnated. He is now three years of age.

Two months ago the Big Ombo, the Little Ombo, Psah Lu, who is the monk

who knows the long "Prayer for Wisdom" by heart, two other revered robes ones, and I, had a special conference in the Big Ombo's chamber. We decided that it was time to start searching for our reincarnated, Living Buddha. We felt that Lhamo should now come out of mourning and begin to hunt. So this monastery, which has for so long been seemingly dead, began to show signs of life again. I suggested that a big-chant be held in the chanting hall the next day, and the others found this plan agreeable.

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The Storm

Thor's mighty hammer pounds the Universal drum!
With flashing fire, the welkin shrieks and splits apart,
Announcing with tumultuous voice, "The storm has come."
The wrath of ocean-sky, poured out in fury loud,
Beats out the rolling rhythm of the torrent stream.
The angry god of thunder tramples on a cloud;
But when he has unreined his steeds of fire and foam,
Withdraws, and frees the sun from out his ruined cave,
To watch the dove fly with the olive leaf toward home.

—Esther V. Pritchard.

Antin Van Kleppin

Mildred Leitz

"Anna!"

"Pieter!"

And in a moment the two embraced, standing in the public square of Maasticht, in front of old Fritz's store. If anyone chanced to see, he only smiled in acquiescence or in secret longing for his own men who were far away. For in the summer of 1944, with the Nazi rule tightly binding, few men were allowed to return to their homes and loved ones.

Looking into the tired, sick eyes of her brother, Anna asked, with forced calmness, "How have you been? But wait, we mustn't lose precious time by needless talk; we'll go immediately to report your arrival before the lookout comes to demand your credentials."

With a knowing smile he added, "It is safer so."

Hurriedly she said, for any who might be listening. "The puppy you gave Jan has outgrown that classification. So after some time we voted to find an appropriate name for her and to await your approval. In spite of heavy opposition on the part of Clazina and myself, my ingenious children named the unfortunate animal, Pieter."

"Clazina? I don't remember her."

"Oh, of course not, she came after you left. She—"

Quietly he asked, "After the Germans came?"

Sensing rather than hearing the approach of someone, Anna turned and greeted the Nazi officer with, "Karl, this is Pieter."

"I presumed as much when I saw you meet in the Square. I took it for granted that Dirk DeVose wouldn't receive such a warm welcome, and of course we didn't send for Dirk, did we, Liebchen?"

"No, we didn't send for Dirk."

"You were asking about Clazina, were you not, as I came along, Pieter? I am the best qualified man on the continent to tell you about her. The files in my office contain the minutest details of her life."

"She lived her entire life in Rotterdam until she went to the University of Strassburg. There she met and married your brother Antin. Shortly after my arrival here, Frau van Kleppin obtained permission to come here to teach, as Antin had died from wounds."

"However, if I were in your position, I would consider her carefully. For any who have dealings with her are watched constantly by my men. But Anna, you had better take your brother home; he looks tired from his journey. I'll attend

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Letters of James Benjamin Franklin

Elisabeth L. Ditchfield

Hampden House,
Hampden Court,
London.

July 17, 1739.

Madame Martha Franklin,
Independence Square,
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

Most Esteemed Mother,

I take my pen in hand to write thee of the adventures of thy dutiful son. Good fortune and Providence hath smiled upon me and I have found myself on the shores of England after a calm and smooth voyage. It pained me to leave thee, but I know, honored Mother, thy God will watch over thee, and my coming hither will be a vast benefit to thee and me. May God above grant it will be to thee some profit since here in great London I hope to find ample resources for knowledge.

How it gratified me to think thee taught me all I know. Thee is truly a well-informed, gracious woman of whom thy son is exceedingly proud. Then, my Mother, how strange it doth seem that this self-same journey was made by Father twenty-two years ago, and he returned to thee with America's first printing press.

My journey was pleasant, yet a long one. In truth, our Mother Country has the finest Navy in the world. Withal, I should not like a sailor's life. There is a crowding of those sailors' quarters, low, narrow, dark, and evil smelling. Fie, even youths' adventures could never compensate for all that. Would'st also, Mother, they could obtain better victuals for passengers who can well afford to pay, than salt pork and so little of fruit and vegetables. But there, were I near thee now, thou should'st cuff my ear for my complaints, and, in truth, they've been long forgotten in the wonder of London.

What a big city! I felt alone on the docks till thy Reverend friend met me. He took me to a fine house. Mother, those fellow countrymen of thine are so refined, so proud, so noble! Their dress and air is ill-suited to our plain taste.

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Orientele

A boy, I traveled through the East and crossed
Through many countries, cities, fabled realms
Of Syrian lands and Palestine. I tossed
When Neptune toyed with fragile man-turned helms
Of Charybdis-daring ships. The muezzin called
The worshippers to prayer from odorous streets—
I heard the camel bells resound from walled
Cities great that echoed hero's feats.
Too blind was I to grasp the glories there
I saw. My youthful mind adventure sought,
Encounters fierce in desert nomad's lair,
And men black-burned and white who fought.
When now through books my fancy Eastward goes,
This poetry has changed to war's harsh prose.

—William Smalley

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mann's novel, which I am sure is most admirably done, but I would much rather spend my time rereading the original, and not even the clever Mr. Christopher Morley or the facile Mr. Fadiman can persuade me otherwise. I do not regret reading Wescott's *Apartment in Athens*, but I shall not too regretfully decline the June selection, *Commodore Hornblower*, by C. S. Forester, which I rather idly scanned in the serial form, and then I was largely attracted by the excellent illustrations which will not be a part of the publisher's edition. If I am still present on this planet five or ten years hence, I am quite sure that I shall not have turned to either of these books in the interim, but rather I shall have picked up many times the Heritage edition of that monumental work, *War and Peace*, if only for the purpose of idly turning the pages to look at Vasily Verestchagin's beautifully reproduced paintings and Fritz Richenberg's woodcuts.

Almost any second or third-rate novelist today knows more about technique than Dickens or Thackeray ever knew, but I still prefer what is generally admitted to be Dicken's worst novel, *Hard Times*, to Spring's *Hard Facts*, which inevitably suggests a parallel. Dante's single poignant line about those tragic lovers Francesca and Paolo—"That day—ah me,—we read no more thereafter"—is worth more than all the volumes of poems and plays on the same subject, including those by the American Boker and the Italian D'Annunzio. Only an admirer of the quaint, rich prose of John Donne can appreciate the tone as well as the title of Hemingway's *For Whom the Bell Tolls*, but probably even Mr. Hemingway is unaware of a similar line in one of Donne's poems and its strong likeness to Shakespeare's seventy-first sonnet. Carlyle and Ruskin furnished most of the ideas current in such writers as Stuart Chase and Walter Lippman—but for Carlyle and Ruskin's ideas we must go back to Plato's *Republic* and Aristophanes' *Plutus*.

In short, I suggest that we return to original sources and models. The whole so-called stream-of-consciousness method employed by such novelists as James Joyce and Virginia Woolf and such experimental devices as the News Reel and Camera Eye of Dos Passos do not seem nearly so novel or startlingly original when one remembers *Tristram Shandy*. Browning and Whitman were the real founders of *vers libre*, although the so-called "shaped verse" of the Elizabethans proves that there is nothing new under the sun—only endless cycles of recurrent motifs and subconscious plagiarism. Modern books, like modern music, are full of reminiscent overtones and associations.

In his essay, "What is a Classic?" Arnold Bennett has this pertinent observation to make of Charles Lamb: "Why is *Dream Children* a classic? It is a classic because it transmits to you, as to generations before you, distinguished emotion, because it makes you respond to the throb of life more intensely, more justly, and more nobly. And it is capable of doing this because Charles Lamb had a very distinguished, a very sensitive, and a very honest mind. His emotions were noble." Thus there is a reciprocal relationship between the author

and the reader, for both must be capable of noble emotions. One cannot expect a gum-chewing shop girl or stenographer to eschew Laura Jean Libby and Mary J. Holmes, or their modern equivalents, Faith Baldwin (who earns \$300,000 a year) or Kathleen Norris (who probably earns more). Truck drivers have a natural predilection for Tarzan, and over-worked executives seek escape in Zane Grey or Ellery Queen. Our modern Babbitt does not take kindly to the stern stoicism of a Greek slave named Epictetus, nor does his Nobel-prize-winning creator either, for that matter.

In his *Battle of Books*, which is now a minor classic, Swift presented his allegory or analogy of a spider and a bee. The former, being self-sufficient, represented the moderns; the latter, going from flower to flower and extracting the nectar without visibly impairing the fragrance or the function of the flower, was supposed to be a fit symbol of the classics. But apparently Swift overlooked the bee's stinger—the deadly effect of the classics in revealing mediocrity and discouraging imitators and competitors. Yet if the greatest geniuses of the Eighteenth Century—chief of which were Swift and Pope—had not employed Horace and Juvenal as models, that century would have been the most sterile in all literary history.

The classics represent an intellectual adventure, an exploration of spiritual values, a quest toward the ideal, an ameliorating and civilizing influence—if we choose wisely. Great novels, I am wont to tell my neophytes in Prose Fiction, are the only adequate substitute for experience; in them one can live valiantly and vicariously. We must develop a love of imperishable beauty before we shall find a peaceful, happy world, like that of a Horace on his Sabine farm, or Virgil in the role of gentleman farmer while writing his *Eclogues*. For of course Keats' apostrophe to the Grecian Urn is as applicable to literary classics as to ceramic art. It is addressed not only to us living in this dark and fateful historic hour, but also to all our descendants, who may enquire concerning us as did an anonymous lyric poet who lived about 1350, somewhere in England, "Ubi Sunt Qui Ante Nos Fuerunt?" Listen to the prophetic poignancy of Keats' immortal words:

"When old age shall this generation waste,

THE MODERNS . . .

(Continued from Page Two)

I have little patience—for instance, the James Joyce novel! I feel that that sort of book is basically selfish and experimental and therefore is not properly an expression of our age. I feel that such writers have violated their privileges as artists. They have exploited the sensational for publicity for themselves or the propagation of a pet hobby. An artist's duty is to portray life honestly—with that sensitiveness which is his particular qualification—and to avoid the distortions which are so seldom true or beautiful.

The techniques, particularly the novel technique, have improved. In a modern novel we have few of the windy digressions we find in earlier novels. Perhaps the modern writer has more of a sense of humor. Thackeray and the others of his period coyly inserted themselves in their narratives, going off into pompous digressions, clicking their tongues as though to say "Wouldn't you just like to know what is going to happen to our little heroine next? Well, I'll tell you when I get good and ready!" Our sense of humor says "Of course, I want to know what's coming. For goodness sake, stop simpering and go on with the story." Perhaps I'm irreverent, but I feel that some of these classics "happened" in spite of their authors.

Modern poetry has a particular appeal because it is timely. The emotional experiences it expresses are the feelings we are familiar with, written in our own language, given to us while we are in the throes of those emotions. Sonnets by our airmen help us to grasp the new concepts of space; verse from the fox-holes has a poignancy especially suited to our generation. Men haven't changed in any essential point, and yet there seems to be a subtle change in the atmosphere and the tempo of this age in which they live. The vibrations we feel are pitched to our particular generation. In times of stress men cling together, and

Thou shalt remain, in midst of other woe
Than ours, a friend to man, to whom
thou say'st,
'Beauty is truth, truth beauty'—that
is all
Ye know on earth, and all ye need
to know."

Song

There was a time I was too young to know
That there is sadness in the sighing pines,
Or that the humming locusts eat the vines,
And winds but sing the songs of human woe.

I thought the sky was blue, and all below
Could feel the constant sun that warmly shines
On every bank, and leaves her gay designs
To live, and hear the laughing waters flow.

I had not seen the mists that men call tears;
The clouds that come of worrying too long,
Or storms, those dull, dark threats of war, arise.
I spurn these metaphors of mocking years,
To seek that magic fountain where the song
Of my lost youth goes ringing to the skies.

—Esther V. Pritchard.

out of these war years have come many beautiful expressions of men's interdependence. Much recent poetry may not be great or lasting but it will have served its generation. If it does live to become classic, we can look down and congratulate ourselves for having been courageous enough to accept it without waiting for other generations to confirm our opinions.

As to the drama, it seems always to lie nearer the heart of things than other forms. It comes so close to life itself. It is such a clear mirror of our ideals and our ways of life. True, many become dismayed at what the dramatist portrays, but should they not rather become concerned over the actual conditions of which the play is but a reflection?

And now—do we have a case for the Moderns? Yes, we read the Moderns to know ourselves better. We are called to cope with staggering problems. We must take stock of ourselves to learn where our influence will count for most. As always, there are too few thinking men and women per thousand of population! Many good people are not good for much. How then can we be more effective as students and citizens? Would it not help to take the pulse of our generation and then give our lives to cure its ills? We must love and understand men to serve them. Let us try to sound the depths and study the currents. Let us read and think.

—H C—

LETTERS OF J. B. FRANKLIN .

(Continued from Page Three)

Aye, 'tis an age of refinement and foppery here and thou hast not brought me to such. I'll have to look me out for some of thy "friends" who are plain and simple like ourselves. As thy friend is a Bishop, he maketh ill company for my liking. "A Quaker to the Church of England?" Fie, I see thee smile at such absurdity. Small wonder our forefathers ('twould be my great uncle would it not?) was rudely dismissed from the Church for dissenting.

Thy friend escorted me to St. Paul's. How young I am to see such great wonders! It is a masterpiece. They say 'twas built by Sir Christopher Wren and opened in 1710. I could not attend the service. I felt ill-at-ease. I have met a few Bishops of the Church. They are generally men of piety and learning, but they are appointed as a rule because their votes are wanted for the government in the House of Lords rather than from any higher motive. Mother, 'tis a queer system to my mind. These same Bishops visit their diocese once a year! They have failed to help their own Church in our Colonies and they shy at giving support to religious movements here in England. Since they are appointed for political reasons a great gulf is fixed betwixt them and poorer clergy.

Such matters are far too great for my youth. Mine eyes can see that the Church, as the Establishment, is being dulled into utter stagnation. 'Twould better be a cesspool of iniquity than such a dullard—'twere more hope for it then! But ho; such talk is here of a group that are giving the sluggish Bishops much trouble. They have arisen, some suppose, from a "Holy Club" begun in Oxford by a dissenter, or one of such inclination, named John Wes-

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LETTERS OF J. B. FRANKLIN

(Continued from Page Four)

ley. Thou could'st not fancy me of mild manners and holy air but I should'st give a sovereign to meet this queer fellow. Any man who can wake such slugs as these worldly, indolent Church-fellows is worthy of praise.

But hold; I have heard stranger news than this. Uncle Benjamin has sent word to one or two of his friends here in London, of the arrival in Boston of one of these "Holy Clubbers," Whitefield by name. Boston, he claims has been stirred to its depths by the man's strange enthusiasm. He calculated the mad fellow preached to 3600 at one time on Boston Commons!

If I tarry at such a subject thou wilt hold I too have joined them. Let me give thee news for our Paper. Affairs here are quiet on the whole. Walpole, Mother, I'll warrant my patents, is ruling the land. I have never seen Walpole, but oh; can'st fancy thy son hath seen George II? Put the news as I shall account it in the front page of our "Courier", Father.

I long wanted to rid me of thy friend for I vowed he was too fat and blustering. I met some youths from Oxford. They were amused at my plain dress and Quaker speech, however I swallowed my pride and prejudice and soon we were friends. They escorted me around the town. On one particular day, while walking down Whitehall, my friends stopped me short at the sight of a most elaborate post chaise drawing smartly up to the court front. They gasped with delight and I turned me just in time to see His Highness escorted down. His dress was very ornate indeed. His coat was of rich satin, trimmed with black velvet and elaborately laced; a silver snuff box lay in his pocket which he seemed to use often. At his side was a slender, beauteous sword and under his arm he carried a clouded amber cane. His wig was tied at the nape of his neck and had very much the appearance of being overmuch powdered, perfumed and curled. (The long tunic and vest, our style, hath given way to a waisted coat, which is wide in the skirts and stiffened with whalebone to make it stand out). The waistcoat or vest of His Highness is long and straight and reaches to the top of his purple stockings, which are rolled over the breeches above the knee. The sleeves of his rich coat are smart and end in a wide cuff and show his full, white linen beneath.

Such long talk on dandyism, but thou knowest now why thy son calleth thy countrymen "dandys". 'Tis how they all dress, the beaux at least. But back to His Highness. Little I can say for the man himself and I fear thou would'st be grieved at my attitude for Quakers are loyalists, and cherish a deep reverence and affection for the Mother Country, do we not? 'Wert thou not a Quaker I trow thou would'st copy her manners and fashions as doth many women in New York and Georgia and Virginia. How I can hear thee say, "Fie on thee, lad. Thou dost need chastening." Forgive me, but George II is a nasty, naughty, comical little fellow who is ruled by Queen Carolina, a far better wife than he deserveth.

But Parliament, oh it does intrigue me. The aristocracy and great gentry seem to control Parliamentary elections.

This class is omnipotent. There is another class. The poor are poor and their struggle for existence is a wretched one. Life dealeth with them hard and bitterly. My friends took me to see a man they vow will someday attain fame, but ah, he showeth little prospect now! He is so big, ugly, and fat, and his manners are atrocious. We found him on Grubb Street. There many of these literary drudges live. Their lot is as hapless as the poorest. Grubb Street contains narrow, dirty, courts which are the children's only playgrounds. All day long women shout to one another across these courts or gossip over their washings. To these noises you must add the noise of typsy men and women and harsh cries of fish venders. Literary genius here?

One of these literary men owed money and could not pay; while we were there visiting the bailiff, escorted by an angry, bellowing, loud lady came to take him off to a debtor's prison. The day following I inquired into this queer place and found it on Fleet Street. Miserable place; it made me yearn for Pennsylvania, the only state in the world where men are treated equally and where no slavery is allowed. Prisons? They are wretched holes.

I regret, that my first letter to thee is so long and rambling. It is full of only those things that would satisfy youth. And so I'll close it, but oh, I must say for a youth but scarcely in his twenties I have observed much I have kept hidden. I shall return full of business news for Father, and news for thee. Thee knowest this will not be my last visit here. We oughtest to keep yet the more touch with Our Mother Land.

Ever Your Affectionate Son,
I am, James Benjamin

II

Bristol
August 22, 1766

I know not, loved Mother, why this letter chanced not to be sent thee, but perhaps, Providence—I went alone to Bristol to meet there a famous printer. I chanced not to see him. I met instead the man who has changed my life. When I wrote thee of him years ago I called him "the mad fellow". In these last twenty years he hath been turning England upside down.

I joined the throng gathered on Bristol Common to hear him. I longed to know the secret of his power over the rough mob, for the vilest knave seemed to become a humble child in his presence. I could hardly bear that mob as they jostled and shoved me, but I was soon unconscious of all but this man.

His words at first maddened me. We Quakers, without creeds, sacraments or ministers and our quiet, holy congregations, how could we take enthusiasm of hell-fire and damnation?

I shrank at his words and resented his appellations, calling us "vile sinners." I could not savor his teaching and was minded to take my leave when suddenly he seemed to fix his eyes upon me. How this was amidst a crowd of three thousand people I know not. I could not take my eyes from him and I listened with most careful attention. Thee hast never countenanced a show of emotion, Mother, but in those hours I felt something within I had never known before.

Think not the man was all fire. His reasoning was cool, calm, and confident, and I am sure he is one of the greatest minds of his day. Will it rejoice thee to know thy son is now a friend of England's greatest man, John Wesley?

Thou hast been a Godly woman and I know thou hast loved thy God, but I have accepted what thee hast taught me, never having had truth verified by personal experience. Now I, too, can say with thy assurance, "I know Whom I have believed." Think not this is an outburst of overwrought feelings. Ah no, I have never been surer or sounder. All praise to The Eternal.

Ah, honoured, gracious Mother, bear with me until I shall see thee face to face to explain. Wesley is not recruiting Methodists; he is rescuing the nation. Quakers and Churchmen alike will be forever indebted to this man of the ages. Here is the answer for the mountainous problems confronting the Mother Country.

I shall return to meet my own countrymen with this news for them in their dilemma. God alone can guide me now.

My visit to England hath changed life's rough course for me. By the time I return, this great awakening may have changed the course of national life. I pray God thee shalt meet him before thy death. Gracious Mother, as thou art nearing the end of life's way for thee be assured of thy son's prayers and heart's warmest love.

I am most truly,
James Benjamin.

ANTIN VAN KLEPPIN . . .

(Continued from Page Three)

to the routine matters pertaining to his coming." And with a smile, Karl left a bewildered Pieter and a very quiet Anna.

"Who is he, Anna—what does he have to do with you?"

"He is Captain Mueller, who was stationed here immediately after we were conquered in May, 1940."

"But Anna, why is he so interested in you?"

"He is my husband, and we have a son, Franz, who is two years old."

Pieter walked along beside Anna in silent condemnation. He wondered just what the complete situation was. After years of being imprisoned and tortured for his stand, it was unbelievable to find himself in such a predicament.

Turning, he looked into the face of his sister and said, "Anna Mueller, what do you intend to tell Dirk DeVose when he returns expecting you, his wife, to be waiting for him and caring for his children?"

"Dirk DeVose's children are the best cared for and only well-fed children in this town."

"Yes, they are fed on the very life blood of the other Dutch children." Laying aside his anger and suddenly taking a business attitude, Pieter asked her, "Are any of our old friends left with whom I might live?"

"I knew you wouldn't want to stay with the Mueller family. There isn't a house in town that wouldn't take you in gladly in return for your denouncing me. Clazina's seemed the most likely

place for you to go as Father and Mother are there. But Karl said it would give us prestige to have one member in the household who is Anti-Nazi."

"And of course Karl's word is final."

"You've been in a concentration camp long enough to know that any Nazi's word is final."

"And one must humor their whims by marrying them."

"It is usually for one's good to comply with their wishes."

"Even to selling your soul?"

"I will reclaim my soul in time!"

Upon entering the old Mayor's residence Pieter was surprised to find the place strangely quiet. A Nazi guard looked very much chagrined as Anna explained that he remained in the house to protect her sleeping Nazi offspring while she went shopping.

"Where are the DeVose children?" Pieter stiffly asked.

"The girls live at Clazina's. They are six and seven now, so go to school, and Clazina is the teacher; it is a very convenient arrangement."

"And is this Clazina another traitor who keeps the children out of the way for you?"

"Clazina is known as being the white sheep of the family. And now that the stupid guard has gone, you might as well know that she is an absolute idiot."

"Because she despises her country's enemies?"

"Because she lets them know that she despises them." She even goes so far as to teach Jan English with the other children."

"And why should Jan be an exception from this instruction?"

"Jan is the proud bearer of the title of being the only boy in this town who willingly carries Nazi messages. He is proud of being the stepson of Captain Mueller and having the honor of living in the German headquarters."

"Why doesn't he tell of his English classes?"

"I have told him not to!"

It was a month before Pieter got out of the soft feather bed where Anna had left him after soothing his aching body with oil. Three meals a day were enough to make him content, but the security from direct contact with Nazism awakened his mind from the stupor it had been in for so long.

The afternoon after his arrival, while musing over the complexity of his position, he looked up and saw Clazina standing watching him. He recognized her immediately although he hadn't heard a description of her.

She looked exactly the way Antin's wife ought to look. The resemblance between her and Anna, as they stood in the doorway with their golden halos of braided hair, was all too apparent.

"Welcome home, brother," she said cheerily, and he felt at home. The old Mayor's house seemed to have regained a certain composure now that someone who was worthy had entered it.

Anna slipped away, and Clazina, after readjusting his pillow, sat down by the bed; as though by intuition she be-

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ANTIN VAN KLEPPIN . . .

(Continued from Page Five)

gan to talk about the one in whom he was most interested.

"You look just as Antin described you to me. I would have known you anywhere. Yes," she said, looking into his face, "you have a twinkle in your blue eyes as he said."

"As all the van Kleppin's do, from the traitors to the angel who married the family hero," he said, returning the compliment.

Catching the note of sarcasm in his voice in reference to Anna, she said on her behalf. "We van Kleppins do not raise traitors. Frau Mueller does what she considers best for her country. Even if she is wrong, it isn't done maliciously."

"Done maliciously! Hasn't she seen their brutality as the rest of us have?" But catching a bit of sorrow deepening in Clazina's eye, he paused to say, "I'm sorry; you were speaking of Antin. When did you last see him? How did he happen to go to Strassburg?"

Her entire manner softened as she said, "I was in my last year at the University and was caught there when the war broke out. Antin had been transferred to the French front with some of the Dutch troops. I was thrilled to see someone from my own country, and we began to go out together."

"It was on his last leave that we were married. A more glorious weekend couldn't have been created, and then he left. In a month's time came June 16, 1940, and with it the fall of France."

"You didn't see Antin again?" asked Pieter.

"Yes," she continued, "He made his way back to me before the German troops could occupy France. But he was badly wounded and died within a week. I came here as soon as possible to find the van Kleppins, as my own people had been killed in the bombing of Rotterdam."

Pieter added significantly as he saw Anna near the door, "Instead of finding someone to comfort you, you found Frau Mueller and a family that needed taking care of."

"No, I found Frau DeVose taking excellent care of her household. It wasn't until a year later that she married Captain Mueller."

With this an ever growing friendship started, and when Pieter left the house a month later, he was often seen with Clazina and the two girls, even to sitting in church with them instead of with the Muellers and Jan.

Prior to the invasion by the Allies, Nazi troops poured through Maastricht on their way to the front. Karl became more arrogant as time went on. Oddly enough, even Anna Mueller seemed to become uneasy because of the steady flow of her Nazi friends.

Many nights her well-kept home was overflowing with hospitality to the Nazi officers who found it their lot to have to stay in another small, conquered town.

Watching Jan run about self-importantly made Pieter recall the afternoon that Clazina had found him eavesdropping on them and had promptly and soundly spanked her erring nephew. Jan's retort to this still seemed to ring defiantly, "I'd report you to my father,

but in time we will break you! And after this the nine-year-old stamped downstairs to the safer quarters of the Nazis.

But today they were none too safe for Jan. For many days the same troops marched wearily back, having their first taste of defeat at the hands of their enemies. The officers hadn't stopped to complain of the lack of good quarters but swept through to take up a new defensive position further back.

Today the last men had gone through, and the last retreating general had given orders for the army men in Maastricht to join his company.

They had all gone—all, that is except Captain Mueller. He had remained. Why, no one knew. Somehow it seemed that he needed special instructions to leave, and in spite of Jan's going almost hourly for that message, it had not come.

Now Pieter stood in the Square with young Franz Mueller in his arms. They had become good friends since the day when Clazina brought him upstairs for Pieter to watch.

Yes, Clazina stood to the right of Pieter, strangely quiet in this moment of victory. Between them stood the two little girls. Pieter's thoughts turned to Anna, and he looked and found her at the edge of the crowd with Jan standing staunchly beside her, excitedly trying to pull her away with him.

Immediately Pieter's attention was drawn to the center of the group, where the American officer had begun to speak. "Will Antin van Kleppin, allied informer of Maastricht, step forward."

The sudden hush following this was broken by the rigid voice of Captain Karl Mueller. "Antin van Kleppin is dead and a mere legend. I have stayed in this accursed town four years looking for signs of him. He has no contacts here."

The American captain smiled as he continued. "Will the person who has sent messages to us in the name of van Kleppin step forward." In response to the complete silence he turned to Captain Mueller and asked, "You are a Gestapo agent, Karl Mueller?"

"I am."

"Will your Gestapo aide please step forward for us?"

With this Pieter turned to seek out his sister, but she and Jan had disappeared. As he turned his gaze to the center of the group he found Clazina standing beside Captain Mueller.

And then into the circle stepped Anna and Jan DeVose triumphantly walking on either side of Antin van Kleppin, who walked in the sunlight for the first time since three long years before, when Anna hid him in the cellar of the old Mayor's house the day she became mistress of it, as Frau Mueller.

WHY DO I DOUBT? . . .

(Continued from Page Three)

monks, priests, acolytes, and servants in the lamasery for a general assembly. He then told them that the time had come for us to look for the new lama. What excitement! The long faces of the faithful ones changed immediately to become radiantly happy. These men, too, were longing to see our Saviour. The Ombo gave orders for additional

The Ombo called together all the

gongs to be got out as well as many butter lamps to be used the next day over at the chanting hall. The big-chant lasted all day and most of the night. All of us monks ate nothing from sunrise until the following sunrise, for we chanted continuously, that is, the others did. I could chant for only two hours, for after that I could stand up no longer. I am fast becoming feeble.

Soon the whole valley and the plain beyond knew that Lhamo had come out of mourning. Big-chants were held here often from that day on. The foreigner sees no use in these chants. He told me so. How does he expect we will find our lama without them? Yet it does seem odd that we pray to Buddha for help when the Great Teacher has reached Nirvana and therefore has attained to the state of nothingness. We are praying, then, to one who is not. We are praying to—nothing. Oh, for shame, Dong La, for shame. We are praying to Buddha, the Perfect One. . .

But to consider another thought of the Yellow Head, he does not believe that we should chant and pray, asking for better physical and material conditions in the life to come, for he doesn't believe in reincarnation after death. Man lives but one physical life, he says. One day when we talked about this subject, he asked me whether I remembered any of my previous lives or not, or the period of punishment and torture in hell between one death and the next birth, for the sins of the life just ended. I could not answer him. To reach my high position of Older Monk in the lamasery of Lhamo, I have had many previous lives, no doubt. Surely I should remember something about one of these at least. But I do not. I have been to hell several times, but I remember nothing of that, either. Oh well, what concern is that to me? I follow the teachings of the Perfect One anyway—but the foreigner does not. But why am I thinking about the Yellow Head and his skepticism today? How one's mind does wander when one becomes old.

What were my thoughts before the white man's doubts came to my mind? Oh yes, we had many big-chants here at Lhamo. Then, in due time, we decided to send Little Ombo at the head of a delegation to the great lama of Sampza. He, perhaps, could tell us where to look for our Saviour. Several times before, Buddha has given him great visions. Many gifts were taken on the monastery's best yaks. The trip was a success, for the great lama of Sampza received Little Ombo graciously and gave him an audience. He gave scarfs of blessing to Ombo and other men of the delegation and had a feast prepared for them in the guest room. The delegates said they had much Towchow tea with good butter and cheese in it, and also plenty of cubes of sheep fat were set before them. But what was I thinking about?—yes, the audience with the lama. He prayed for three hours while the men feasted, and then he asked to see Ombo once more. The result of his prayer was a clear vision, he said. Then followed these words:

"Follow the Dom Taher tributary of the Great River from where it reaches the Open Plain to where it flows into the Great River. Go on the south bank of the stream, and you will pass through the village where the Lhamo lama awaits discovery."

Great lama of Sampza! We are grateful to you. But did Buddha really give it to you?

The next delegation was to the Chief Black Hat Wizard of the Open Plain. He danced, struggled in prayer, and cut himself with sharp stones for many hours before he would give our Ombo a clue. He went through ugly contortions, spat blood, and mumbled to himself in agony, trying to see the vision clearly. Finally, exhausted but satisfied, he uttered these priceless words:

"You will find the great Lhamo lama in a family of great warriors."

With these two clues the searching expedition set out. When the party got to Curdu, almost to the Great River, they found our Holy One. Curdu is a village on the south side of the Dom Taher, and it is on the route indicated by the lama of Sampza. The famous house of Mahan Shi of Curdu has a son of three years. Ombo thought he might be our Holy One. That particular tribe had been in many wars, and Ombo knew that Mahan Shi had a reputation, and well founded, of having killed more enemy braves than any other man in the tribe. A mighty warrior, he! His brother is the chief's right hand man, a crack shot. Mahan's father faced six men alone one day when he was young, killed four of these, and got away with only two flesh wounds. The grandfather, too, had been a great warrior in his day. Does this not all fit into the vision as partly revealed by the Black Hat Wizard and the lama of Sampza? It seems to—and yet—why do I doubt? Is this little child of three of the house of Mahan Shi in the village of Curdu the one, the one for whom we have been searching? I guess he must be. Of course he is.

Ombo told the parents the news and said he would be back to take the child in fifteen days. Five days ago Ombo left Lhamo with a large caravan and many, many expensive gifts. The family now will be rich; they will continue to be a family of great warriors; and one of their sons is the Enlightened One, and on his way to the lamasery of Lhamo right now.

The Foreign Devil says the two visions could not be real visions at all. He argues that only chance has it that a three-year-old male child is in that particular family in that particular village. Why does he want to doubt the words of those two great men? Oh, he is a foreigner. Those men mean little to him. But I, I am a robbed one of Lhamo—why do I doubt? I must not; I cannot doubt. Oh, chance, chance—of course it is not chance. It cannot be. Everything is clear—the visions, the words of wisdom from great lips, the search, the location of the new lama. Buddha said it should be thus.

Buddha, however, said many things I do not understand. Why did I ever talk to the Foreign Devil? Why did I ever allow him to come to see me? I am confused about many truths taught by the Great Teacher—about reincarnation, about the power of the lama to forgive sin, about our chants, about . . .

Hark! I hear a clanging at the other gate. It is loud and clear, rung by an inexperienced hand—the Ombo's, I am sure. Oh, the great Lhamo lama has come to his home. I have lived to greet him—but, but—oh Great Buddha, why do I doubt he is a Saviour?

FIRST LOVE . . .

(Continued from Page One)

going to slide right off. They never did, though."

"Really," replied Mary Lou haughtily, "I didn't notice, but of course, I didn't stand and watch them like you did. I just heard somebody singing *The Lady in Red* and noticed a lot of men gather around."

"Huh, I thought you'd been watching them all this time," said Gordie. "Guess we get off here."

Mary Lou saw Harry leaning up against the high school booth talking to Sue Brown. "I think Sue is pretty, don't you?" she asked.

Gordie looked over toward the booth. "Bet she'll win the beauty contest tonight!" he replied enthusiastically. "I say, there's old Harry again. Let's go over there and chew the fat."

Mary Lou hung back. "Oh, all right, if you say so, but he gives me a pain."

They sauntered over eating popcorn from the big bag Gordie had just bought. "I'd swear that man on the Beano stand has a permanent," Mary Lou said, turning around.

Gordie looked over his shoulder. "You said that before," he remarked.

Sue Brown had all the womanly charm of a young lady of eighteen. Mary Lou wondered despairingly if she ever would have curves like that. "See how he smiles at her," she thought. "I wish he'd look at me that way."

"Hi, kids!" called Sue, smiling. "Can I sell you some holders?"

Harry looked straight at Mary Lou and winked. "How's my girl?" he asked.

Her heart almost stopped beating. She remembered the time after she'd had her tonsils out, when he had come to the house to see her. She was only ten then, and he was in high school. She remembered how ashamed she had been of having him see her sitting up in bed in her long-sleeved flannel nightie. He had brought her a rose from his mother and called her his "best girl".

She remembered the time she and Dad and Mom had taken dinner at his house, and she had choked on the oyster stew. She felt her face getting very warm. "I'm O. K." she stammered. "How are you?"

After that day at the fair, Mary Lou saw Harry occasionally, usually with his parents at church. Once he and his mother called and took her with them for a Sunday afternoon drive. She hardly said a word all afternoon; she was so conscious of Harry's dark eyes watching her. When she got home, she pretended to have a headache and went up to her room and cried, because she had forgotten all the clever things she had planned to say.

Gordie was her faithful shadow most of the time. He carried her books home from school and took her to high school plays. Sometimes she almost started to tell him about Harry, but she always stopped herself in time. He was a real pal, but there are some things pals don't have to know.

When Mary Lou was sixteen, Mom gave her a surprise party. All the old gang were there—Gordie, Tommie Rick, Kay Briggs, and the rest. They played "Spin the Bottle" and told fortunes and laughed a good deal.

A View

With cynical Stoicism

He viewed the Spring:

Living, sweet air

Snatching at dead emotions;

Rounded robins

Pouring forth liquid music;

Bursting buds breaking

the intellectual stillness

of previous frost-born days;

Rushing streams gurgling

at each obstructing rock

that molded its surface—

Succumbing to the drugged atmosphere,

Reason was lowered to sense.

— Ina Jackson

Just before supper, Mary Lou and Kay ran upstairs to powder their noses. Kay sat down at the dressing table and looked at her friend in the mirror.

"Mary Lou," she asked, "are you in love with Gordie?"

"Heavens no! Whatever gave you that idea?"

"Oh, I just wondered. He hangs around you a lot."

Mary Lou sat down on the bed. "Gordie is only a pal," she said impressively, "but Kay, I am in love."

"Honest?" Kay turned around, her eyes big with excitement. "Who?"

"You won't tell?"

"No, I promise."

"Harry Smith."

Kay looked puzzled. "Who? Gosh, isn't he pretty old?"

"Only six years older than I am. That's not much; besides, I think the man should be older than the woman."

"Does he love you?" Kay was always practical.

Mary Lou hesitated, "I think he does, but I don't know. He always acts like a big brother, but he might be just waiting for me to grow up."

Kay said thoughtfully, "I've always heard he was an awful mother's boy. Sure you won't have mother-in-law trouble?"

Mary Lou hugged her friend gayly. "I haven't married him yet." Her heart pounded hard against her ribs. Kay evidently thought she had a chance.

As they went downstairs, she solemnly promised that Kay should be her maid of honor when she was married.

One afternoon soon after the party Mary Lou came in from school and found her mother at the phone.

"Here she is now," said Mom and covered the mouthpiece with her hand, "Going to be home tonight, dear?"

"Yes, why?"

Mom turned back to the phone, "Yes, she'll be here. All right. Goodbye."

"Who was it?" Mary Lou was curious.

"Harry Smith. He's coming over to take you out for a ride this evening."

"Goodness, Mom, what shall I wear? I haven't a thing!"

"Your blue dress is very nice," Mom said and smiled.

Mary Lou got ready slowly, trying first one dress and then another. She bor-

rowed a little of Mom's perfume for behind each ear and coaxed Mom to let her wear a little lipstick. She had decided to meet Harry with a slow, seductive smile, and she practiced it a few minutes before the mirror.

She heard Gordie come bounding up the steps and ask, "Where's Mary Lou?"

"How can I get rid of him?" she wondered.

It suddenly occurred to her that she might try the effect of her newly acquired glamor on Gordie. She hurried downstairs, entered the living room slowly and said, "Hello, Gordon."

Gordie looked up and whistled. "Hello, yourself," he said. "Where are we going?"

Mary Lou smiled patronizingly, "Harry Smith is coming over with his car tonight."

"Say, that's all right. I haven't been for a ride in ages." His face clouded. "Did he ask us both?" "Well," said Mary Lou, "as a matter of fact, he didn't."

"I get it," said Gordie. "Run along, little boy. I am going out with a man who drives a car of his own! Someone should warn him about robbing the cradle!" He started toward the door, and Mary Lou followed.

Harry came up on the porch whistling. "Hi, Gordie, why don't you come along with us?" he asked.

Gordie looked out to the road where the car was parked. "Guess I will," he said.

Mary Lou was furious, until she looked out too. There in the front seat sat Sue Brown.

She had never been so glad for Gordie's presence before. Somehow she managed to keep back the tears as she got into the back seat. Gordie kept up a rapid fire of chatter and nonsense.

Harry finally stopped the car and halfway turned around; "Mary Lou, would you do me a favor?"

"Why, yes, I guess so," she stammered.

"Sue and I are being married later, tonight. I have a letter here I want you to take to mother. She's dead set against my getting married, so this is the only way we can do it. She likes you, and I think you can help her to understand our side of it. You're pretty young, but you have a lot more sense than most girls your age, so mother says."

GANDY DANCERS . . .

(Continued from Page One)

But let me still call Joe a man, for the grinding crunch of forks against rock ballast then is lost in heavy stupor and forgetting.

Once, in words pried loose by liquor, Joe told me about his life. Vivid memories of a Swedish Lutheran mother and a circle of kneeling children taunted his mind. He smiled as the picture of the prize he won for learning the catechism flashed into recollection. It was a small New Testament, and he had read it faithfully. A sneering Irish father was such a source of concern to him that he one day sent for the pastor to come to the home. Then, a dimness and an alcoholic yawn blotted out the years until he had been married and built a white house on the East Side. He was a foreman in the Pullman car shops then—but this was too bitter. Tears mixed with drunken drooling as Joe changed the subject to tell me how much he knew about religion and God and Christ. He believed, of course, and meant nothing by his swearing. Certainly the tracts which I had given him were true, but drinking and the crunch of ballast, the crunch of ballast and drinking had stolen his faith. For Joe, quarter rails and track shovels had taken the place of chapels and Bibles. The first time he had "shipped out" on the "Q" for two weeks, then a year back home, then a confused spree and ten days of spiking on the Erie—these were the foggy memories of six years. Three paydays in Ohio and a winter on the Milwaukee were splotches against a background of nights at the "Star" tavern on West Madison. In a whisper of garbled syllables, Joe told me about the little brown haired daughter as she looked the night before his wife left him to his drunken dreams. More tears and a desire to change life ended with despair of himself, despair of the future—despair. I left liking him, pitying him, wondering at him. Still I hear the cacophony of

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When Harry let them off at the house, he winked at Mary Lou and said, "Don't forget you'll always be my best girl, next to my wife." He put his arm around Sue, as he said it.

Gordie said, "Mary Lou will fix everything," and the car moved away. "Let's take a walk," said Gordie and started her down the path to the garden. When they were out of sight of the house, he took out a big handkerchief and said briskly, "Now cry!"

"Funny," said Mary Lou faintly, "I don't want to cry. I feel good."

"You do?" Gordie looked embarrassed. "You aren't mad because he's marrying Sue instead of you?"

"No. I guess I'm glad about it."

"Then you're still my girl?"

"If you want me to be." Mary Lou said it humbly.

Gordie put his handkerchief back in his pocket, and sighed, "Well, that's a relief! Say, do you think your mother might have something good in her ice-box?"

Mary Lou laughed. "Race you there, Gordie!" she said and started running up the path toward the house.

C. M. R. TO A. F. T. . . .

(Continued from Page One)

met her—a blue dress about the same shade as this one, only the style was much different. Seems like a modern story, for we met at a party—years ago—let's see—how many? Why it's—it has been 43 years. Paul played his violin at that party, but even beautiful music did not keep my mind or heart from Anna—I was lost in a dream—watching Anna. I had never seen anyone so beautiful; she stood out from all the people there. She laughed a great deal that night. Good old Paul. He saw the star-dust in my eyes and introduced me to her—it was spring then, too."

Suddenly the rain began to fall in torrents and Claude sought shelter in a store entrance that was deeper than that of the "Smart Dress Shop." For several moments he peered through the pouring rain at the scurrying figures, running everywhere to get out of the storm. Claude realized that there would be no letup in the driving rain for quite a while, so with characteristic patience he turned to see what the window of this merchant offered. Jewelry. His eyes passing rapidly from row to row, showed admiration for a certain diamond pin here and an opal ring there, by a lingering glance. Claude did not think of how these magnificent stones came from a mountain far away but rather of Anna, for he stood before the wedding rings. This jeweler offered for public view no ring simple enough for Anna's delicate hand. Her ring was a plain gold band with engraving on the inside: "C. M. R. to A. F. T. 1905."

"How proud I was on my wedding day! A beautiful bride taken on a beautiful day. Her brother was best man and my sister the bridesmaid. Our wedding. I wasn't so 'lucky' as my friends insisted; rather I was blessed."

"Was there something you were especially interested in, sir? I'd be very glad to take anything out of the window so that you may see the article closer up."

Claude turned slowly to the young clerk, noticing the small, dark man standing behind the glass door, rubbing his fleshy hands together.

"It was very kind of you to come out and offer. No, there isn't anything I'd like to see closer up. I was reminiscing—but thank you." Claude smiled.

The younger man bowed slightly. "Quite all right, sir." He too smiled and reentered the store.

Glancing once more at the diamonds, rubies, pearls, and other precious stones, Claude turned quietly to the rainy street. He paused beneath an awning to pull out a richly engraved, heavy gold watch. Another hour and a half.

The steady downpour had been replaced by a steady drizzle, and Claude wandered slowly by a toy-shop, ignoring the deep puddle in front of the wide glass window and also the many brightly painted toys. Even now, toys reminded him of little Robert, who had lived such a short time with Anna and him. Looking at the foam on the water of the puddle, Claude suddenly remembered small Robert's question, "Daddy, where do the soap-suds go?" Claude laughed now as he had when Robert had asked it.

"Paper, mister?" The small boy shook his wet hair as he held out a paper to

Claude.

Claude reached in his pocket for change, took the paper from the small boy, and left a happy heart behind him as he walked away.

Seeing a cruising cab reminded Claude that he had walked farther than he thought. On an impulse he hailed the cab and gratefully sank back on the lumpy sprung seat afforded by the car.

"Where to, sir?"

"Municipal Music Hall."

Dark, shining streets were passed quickly; red lights were encountered and dealt with in a manner customary to taxi drivers; corners were turned in

His roses were pinned to the blue dress she wore. Only Jenny was missing from the familiar scene; she was probably getting Anna a drink of water. Very faithful nurse, Jenny.

* * * * *

The concert was over. Claude sighed as the last newspaperman left his tiny dressing room; he was free at last to go to Anna, who always waited for him in her box. Claude smiled to think how happy Anna would be. She was right. He could still play concerts, despite his age and nerves.

With praise and congratulations still ringing in his ears, Claude mounted the wide, carpeted stairs and went down the

Shame

I sat in my room at the break of day —
Too busy was I to sing or pray;
The robins outside in the tall oak tree
Chirped praise to God but shame on me.

— Emma Kleppinger

much the same manner. The time seemed shorter than possible when Claude found himself before the hall.

"Around to the side, please, driver."

Headlights and horn cleared the driveway of people, and the cab-door swung open. Claude once more stood on concrete, paid the driver, and remained standing alone in the night after the cab left. Perhaps he meditated beneath the dark sky before visibly squaring his shoulders and entering the narrow door over which a single light shone.

"Rameau! Come." An agent took Claude by the arm, guiding him quickly through a maze of halls to a star-marked door. Both men entered.

"Your clothes are all ready, and the newspapermen are clamoring for an interview. This is a big night, Rameau! You're feeling well? Good! Been walking, I suppose. I remember your habits, see?"

Claude smiled. There was slight chance of answering any question Charles asked. "Don't expect too much, Charles. I haven't played a concert in three years. My last one was interrupted by bombs, you know, and I'm not too young."

"The house is sold out! What matter if you haven't played in three years—in six years! You're still magnificent!"

"No, Charles, I'm not magnificent. If there's any fame belonging to the name Rameau, then it is to Anna Rameau, not Claude. Without her I could do nothing. Tonight I prove to myself whether or not I can go on. Anna has insisted I do this; she wouldn't let me give up. She'll be up in her box, and the seats can be filled or not, for it is Anna for whom I play—always have played. A man called 'great', Charles, depends on a woman as much as less famous men."

Claude turned away, unbuttoned his coat, and began dressing for his concert.

* * * * *

The great crowd roared as Claude came onto the stage. His bow and extended hand included them all in his thanks, but his dark, glowing eyes sought a small woman, smiling slightly, who sat in a box, high above the great stage.

GANDY DANCERS . . .

(Continued from Page Seven)

ballast forks and smell breath drenched with alcohol.

A thousand transient men build the railroads of America. Not the Italian section hand nor the small town foreman, but Joe, the "gandy dancer" tamps new ballast and lays miles of shining rails. As a class, "gandy dancers" have changed from Chinese coolies to Irish immigrants to the wandering men of Chicago's West Side. Most of them, like Joe, have come from better jobs to tamping rock under a burning sun. Casey, the heat treater, Big Frank, the concrete workman, Marty, the hospital attendant, and Irish, the millionaire's butler, have all become "Joe", the "gandy". Living in twenty-five-cent "flop houses" on West Madison Street, a hundred men have the same address on their draft cards. The more initiated talk about railroads from California to New York State, describing pay, straw bosses, and camp car food. Within three months, a gang of forty men has had two hundred different "gandies", working and loafing and having payday sprees. Probably each of them has eight or ten jobs in a summer, perhaps even working through the winter on a western railroad. They line the shabby bars of railroad towns twice each month and spend or lose their wages. For Joe and a few old timers, drinking and gambling away five hundred dollars in a week is just a September vacation. Marty and Mike are "regulars" and leave the job every payday to spend their entire checks and move to "Chi" or another gang. Tamping, drinking, forgetting, they are a nation's derelicts.

Joe has left home, quit the job, and lost his roots in reality. For him, life is a past, a bleary present, an unthinking oblivion. A thousand "Joe's", liquor, and tracks have fused into a single tradition, the "gandy dancer". Somewhere they have left life to live one continual forgetting and refusal to think. Weeks of drunkenness only stamp the course of life more rigidly into Joe's personality, until a cold, bleary look of escape mirrors stone and steel and whiskey. What caused this dissociation of men and normal living, this maladjustment of capable persons? Was it home or church or school? Most "gandy dancers" themselves have only a vague idea of drunken brawls and trouble at home, ending in their present aimless life. What the basic cause was is a riddle as inscrutable as Joe himself. He and his fellows are psychological case studies in frustration and escape. Wanderlust, restlessness, alcoholism, and despair are merged into a baffling complex of personal eccentricities that have made "gandy dancers" of men. The products of their own choice and society's ills, these men are a stain on the record of a land of opportunity. What to do with men who have tried a dozen times to lift themselves and have failed is a serious problem. These lost men, with each attempt to change their lives, have built another wall of hopelessness isolating them from society. Scorning missions as profit-making religion factories, they refuse even to sleep there until every cent is gone. Gifts of money and chances for responsibility have failed to start Joe anew in life. The few are reformed, but the many return to West Madison and bravely feign pride in their dissolute lives. "Gandy dancer" do you call Joe?

long, straight corridor to where Jenny stood waiting to congratulate him.

"Oh, sir, this was the best performance you ever gave." Jenny's damp handkerchief was raised once more to her misty eyes.

Claude patted the faithful woman's arm. "Yes, Jenny, Anna helped me. She has helped me gain my confidence; I must tell her."

Jenny put her hand on his arm as the unheeded tears coursed down her lined cheeks. "Oh, sir, please—"

Claude frowned. "Yes, Jenny?"

"You know, sir, how sick she was—"

"She's worse!" Claude turned.

"No!" Jenny held his sleeve. "She's better, sir."

"Then out with it!" Claude was impatient. Jenny was very odd this night.

"I dressed her, sir. She planned long ago what she would wear, and then your flowers came," Jenny sobbed.

"Jenny, please!"

"I'll hurry, sir." Jenny held fast to his sleeve. "It was raining very hard, and I told her 'no' over and over, but she insisted, so after it was all over, I brought her in a taxi—she said to—before—and we came in—"

"Jenny, you aren't making sense. Let me ask Anna." Claude jerked away from the woman, who continued to sob brokenly.

Anna sat with her hands folded. Her very posture demanded respect. Claude walked close to her, placed his hand on her shoulder, and with his eyes on the vast auditorium before them, he said softly, "Those seats were all filled, Anna, but I played for you."

She did not turn. Her shoulder felt cold through the thin material of the blue dress, and Claude turned to get her cape.

"Anna!"

Anna fell slightly forward. She was dead.

I shall agree. Joe and a thousand other transient Americans are dancing in a sweaty monotony to the rumble of tamping forks. For them, life is like that rumble, a meaningless cacophony.