Dreaming at the Well

– Poems, Stories, and Essays –

William Powell Jones

edited by Nicholas Root Jones

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Berkeley, California
2022

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Library of Congress Control Number: 2022910385

Available to order at Blurb.com

A boy dawdles at the well when he should be drawing a bucket of cool water for dinner. The sun directly overhead makes queer shadows in the patchwork of water fifty feet below. He lowers the bucket until it hits the water, then draws it a little away to watch the waves ripple out to the pine curbing of the well, breaking the shadows into a thousand bits. His mother does not scold him, for she knows he is dependable if slow. She does not know that he is dreaming at the well, that he is trying to get at the tangible realness of the strange world around him by watching ripple shadows at the bottom of a well.

–W. Powell Jones, "Mally"

Dreaming at the Well

Introduction

My father loved teaching and learning about words. One of his favorite quotations was Chaucer's description of the Clerk ("scholar") of Oxford: "and gladly wolde he lerne, and gladly teche." Dad gladly taught his students to write and speak in full mastery of their own English language, in part to advance their success in whatever career they chose, but also because language enriches the life of the imagination.

Dad published many scholarly books and articles—not because they were the rungs on the academic ladder, but because he loved reading literature, researching the lives and works of writers (famous or forgotten), and shaping invitations for other readers to join him in studying poems and novels. I knew about those scholarly books—he made sure I got signed copies of them, which I treasure today (I've added brief descriptions of them at the end of this volume). But I did not know that he was also writing poetry and fiction.

Sorting things after my parents died, I found a six-inch stack of manuscripts in a drawer of Dad's desk—thirteen stories, two of them quite long, and most in multiple versions, accompanied by some fifty poems. Most were typed (a manual typewriter stood on a typing stand next to his desk) with corrections and revisions in pencil. Some were in longhand, even written in blank "bluebooks"—college exam booklets that have probably gone out of style now. This stack moved with me from Ohio now to California, where in the winter of 2021–22 I finally read these stories and poems.

Reading them, I felt I was meeting my father again—but younger, more passionate, more observant, at times more ironic than the person I had known. They are the work of a committed philosopher and observer. They examine the pressing issues of modern life, such as racism and war. They are also highly personal, revealing and reworking aspects of my father himself, aspects of adventure and passion I had not known. He has re-written himself in a military investigator grappling with revelations in the aftermath of the war, and as a writer-turned-sailor clinging to a life-raft in the shark-infested seas of the South Pacific. He shares a romantic sensibility—a tendency to daydream, we might say—with a young boy at the Gulf coast and a pair of young women at a dance or at the piano. In "Mally," he imagines his own father's boyhood — and in doing so, comes, I think, to understand his own love and vocation.

It is from that long story about his father that I have taken the title for this volume. That boy "dreaming at the well" was surely as much *my* father as

it was his. And now, since I have at last opened the drawer of my father's own imagination, that dreaming boy is me as well.

Many of my father's poems are about love—erotic love, romantic love, married love. Love is central in the five poems he wrote for my mother on their anniversaries—which were, as I recall, too explicitly passionate for my reserved mother's taste. Another love poem, "You are my music," is dated from 1932, before they were married. I can only guess from the date that it was written for my mother; I hope so, for I love the poem, and I hope she loved it too. An earlier poem, "Moon Fancies," was kept for decades by a friend who heard Dad recite it one misty moonlit evening in Korea. In other poems, there are faint vestiges of love affairs gone wrong—about which I don't know any details.

Dad as a daydreaming poet contrasts with what I had known him as, a dedicated teacher and scholar. Many of the poems bring out his great love for the Georgia landscapes of his youth. Equally apparent is his feeling for his adopted Ohio home. Home was important to his poetic imagination, but so was being away from home: there are many poems from his travels in Asia and Europe.

The essays I found in the desk drawer show Dad thinking about current events in his own persona. The most telling portion of these, for me, is the section in "Those Unfathomable Americans" where Dad speaks about his own students and their hopes.

There seemed no real point in trying to reproduce his published scholarship, for his books can be easily found in used book stores. The articles, too, were published, in journals that one can still access at university libraries. But I have included descriptions and responses to my reading of his books, in order to remind family and friends of the range and depth of his scholarly life. You can see Dad at his scholarly best in his 1937 book *Thomas Sc* : he writes literary scholarship as he wrote fiction, trying to inhabit the inner life of that smart, quirky, and troubled poet.

I urge you to listen, too, to Dad's actual voice in one of the recordings I found in that drawer (now digitized and online); more than any writing, his voice brings back to me the gentle, caring man with a backbone of steel that was my father.

Born in 1901, my father grew up in the plains of southwest Georgia. He was the descendant of Welsh immigrants—primarily Powells and Joneses—who adapted their own heritage of storytelling and preaching to their new life as farmers in the South. Dad was the third of five children; his parents saved their money from the meager stipend of a preacher and the hard-won proceeds of a pecan nursery, and managed to send all their children to college, girls included. Dad went for a year to Meridian College (1917–18) and then finished at Emory in 1921. In his family and college years, he was known as "Powell"; when he moved north, he became "Pete," for some reason unknown to me. On the stories and poems, he usually signed himself "Powell Jones" or "W. Powell Jones"; he used his full name for his professional literary writing.

After college, Dad wanted to travel but had no money. He signed on with the Southern Methodist Missionary Board to teach English at a school in Himeji, Japan, for two years (1921–23). During that time he also traveled with American friends through the Far East. He returned to the States to begin graduate study in English, first at the University of Chicago and then at Harvard. He got his PhD in 1927, after which he set off on a year in Europe on a fellowship—bicycling around England, living and studying in Paris through the winter of 1927–28, and traveling through Germany and Italy. The next two years he taught at Harvard, living in an apartment with his younger sister Lucretia. He says of those years, "I was sowing my wild oats."

He came to Cleveland in 1930 to begin a teaching position at Western Reserve University. Dad shared an apartment there with some young lawyers who were working at a firm called Tolles, Hodgsett, and Ginn; through them, he was invited to Frank Hadley Ginn's home in Gates Mills (called Moxahela) and met his daughter Marian. My parents married in 1933. Two boys were born before my grandmother Ginn died in 1937 and grandfather the next year. A few years later, my parents and two oldest brothers moved into Moxahela, where two more boys were born in 1941 and (me) in 1946.

After Pearl Harbor, Dad enlisted in Army Intelligence and was sent to Camp Savage in Minnesota to bring his Japanese up to a higher standard. From there, he was assigned to the Pentagon for three years, living in an apartment in Washington, while my mother stayed home with three boys. He worked on manpower assessment, using prisoner reports to estimate Japanese forces expected on target islands in the South Pacific. He came home

in late 1945 and resumed teaching the next year. He became Dean of Adelbert College (the men's branch of the university) and then head of the English Department, retiring in 1968.

Growing up working in his father's pecan nursery, Dad had a love of orchards and fruits. At Moxahela, he had plenty to work with: apple trees, pear trees, grapevines, blueberries and raspberries. On late winter weekends, in sleet or sun, he would climb the ladders to prune his trees. He grew to love horse-back riding on thoroughbred hunter-jumpers—a skill which all of us boys also learned, some more enthusiastically than others (I am in the latter category). He became an active fox-hunter—a far cry from hunting squirrels in rural Georgia. Moxahela had a tennis court and Dad loved playing (he had a wicked spin and a formidable net game). He must have grown up playing baseball, for he had a strong arm for hitting fly balls to us on the big lawn. He became an Episcopalian to join my mother's church; he sang in the choir and got all of us boys to join (it was a men-and-boys choir in those days). He would often be recruited to read the lessons on Sundays. His southern accent became much more prominent at the lectern; I can still hear him intoning, "In the beginning was the wuuhd...."

Mom looked after us on the day-to-day. But on Sunday evenings, Dad always reviewed our weekly high school English essay, due on Monday morning. Dad would be in "his chair," a high-back red leather chair by the fireplace, and would expect to see our draft essay right after dinner. He always had suggestions for improvement, but he could be harsh, too: "Nicky, you can do better than this" still rings in my ears. I think my brothers got the worst; I am the lucky youngest son.

Dad jumped into the community that he had married into. He was elected president of the local school board for many terms, and was active in the boards of the library, the historical society, the church vestry, and the Improvement Society. He and my mother organized a picnic at our home every spring for Dad's colleagues and his graduate students. Dad loved his bibliophile group, Cleveland's Rowfant Club—which his father-in-law had belonged to—and every Friday evening he went to their suppers and talks. When I started teaching at Oberlin College, near Cleveland, Dad couldn't understand why I would not join this men-only club. And yet he was an egalitarian in many ways: I still remember his anger when the Hunt Club black-balled his Jewish riding companion.

After retirement, Mom and Dad traveled—a semester teaching in Cairo, Egypt and trips to India and the Far East. During one of these, in the heat of Cambodia, he had a stroke. He lost a lot of verbal ability and had a terrible time writing after that, even with speech therapy; it depressed and angered him that he could not do what he loved so much. I worked with him during that time as he finished putting together his autobiography (*From Georgia to Cleveland*), drawing largely on his notebooks. He was also writing another book of literary research (I can't remember the topic now) but had to put it aside unfinished. He died in 1989.

If you are reading this, you are probably family, or close enough to know that I've followed in my dad's footsteps, moving away from my undergraduate study of chemistry to become a college teacher of English literature. Like Dad, I have my share of unpublished manuscripts, only for me they include unfinished scholarly work that he would have never allowed himself to put away in a desk drawer.

But that is what he did with his fiction and poems. I think he tried to market them, but apparently with little success. Perhaps they are just a little too learned even for the taste of literary reviews. But for me they are precious, like artifacts from an excavation—sometimes fragmentary, sometimes a little ragged, and yet the means to know, at a deeper and more personal level, that young man who eventually became my loving and beloved father.

Nicholas Jones
Berkeley, California

Contents

FICTION

My father loved reading—not just the classic literature that he taught in his career as a professor of English at Cleveland's Western Reserve University (1930–68), but modern fiction as well. I remember him reading "serious" novels in the evenings, in his red leather chair by the fire—Hemingway, Steinbeck, Faulkner. When he put together a course on "Great Books" for the post-war undergraduates at Western Reserve, the course included not just Homer and Shakespeare, but also James Joyce—which led eventually to his publication of a book to help people read Joyce's fiction. We always had The New Yorker and *The Atlantic Monthly* in the house—magazines that featured contemporary poetry and short stories in every issue.

And he loved writing as well, even when his work didn't see print. I don't think any were ever published (Dad was good at keeping offprints of his scholarly articles and surely would have done so for his stories; moreover, his name does not show up in my bibliographical searches of the periodicals of the era). Most of them have several drafts, many with penciled changes in his handwriting. I have made minor edits in the punctuation and occasional corrections of the kind I think he would have made.

The stories may have been written in the late 1930s and then after the war in the late 40s and early 50s. At some point, he sought advice from a friend, whose penciled comments are on some of the typescripts. I think this was the novelist Dan Levin, whose World War II novel *Mask of Glory* was in our library with an inscription to Dad. I don't know if he sent them to publishers. I did not find rejection letters from magazines in that drawer, or perhaps I threw them out cleaning up. Many of the typescripts are headed "Atlantic First," so perhaps he sent them there.

About 1935 my father showed his parents a short story he had written, perhaps one containing some sexually explicit passages. I am not sure which one it is, if any of these included here. The writing did not please his parents, and they told him so. But then his mother gave the matter a second thought, and wrote him: "Powell, I feel like we are due you an apology for our criticism on your story. I am reading 'Lamb in his Bosom,' the new 1000 prize story [I'm not sure what this is] and it is full of expressions of things about girls like he [a character in my father's story] used which I objected to, but I find I am behind the times and you are up to date as it were, for I did not know they wrote in such strains, but judging from the popularity of this

book, and I have never in my life heard such expressions as she uses, it must be what the people like to read. I haven't had time to read much of late years, and so I did not know the change in literature."

Reading the story he had sent, his mother must have seen aspects of her son that she hadn't known about. For me, too, these stories open a window on my father. The old ways of the South are very much with him: the evangelical Methodist preaching of his own father, the fried chicken and familial love of his mother, the heat and the clannishness of small-town southern Georgia. But he had changed, and it shows in the stories. He had lived in Japan for two years, had gone to college in Atlanta and graduate school at Harvard, had traveled Europe on a fellowship, had married into a well-to-do Northern lawyer's family and had moved into the big estate that my mother was born into. He had learned about riding horses, playing tennis, listening to classical music, driving nice cars. He had served in the wartime Army, and had begun a career in college teaching and literary scholarship (interestingly, one area that does not seem to enter these stories).

Dad's family was devout, and so was he in later life, but with a difference. Theirs was the Sabbatarian and evangelical salvationist faith that we know as "born again" Christianity. By the time he was writing these stories, his was a mild Episcopalian practice, prayer books rather than inspiration, Bach's organ music rather than shape-note singing.

These stories use what we now call the "n___ word," as well as the common derogative for Japanese and Japanese Americans. For the most part, the stories do not use these words casually. But they are not restricted to explicitly racist ("bad") characters. I do not remember my father ever speaking the word himself. And yet I remember him always an tolerant and sometimes passionate advocate of civil rights—as is manifest in these stories.

MALLY

This story (untitled in the typescript) is a fictionalized account of my grandfather Walter Colquitt Jones (1855-1948). In the story he is called "Mally" (that is, Malachi) Hardee. Grandfather was the youngest of eleven children and, as in the story, the older sons died in the war. Like Mally, my grandfather quit school at 10 to work on the family farm. Grandfather went back to school at 22, as Mally does, then worked in a store in Quitman. Brought up in the Primitive Baptist Church, Grandfather joined the Methodist Church and became a Methodist minister in 1887. Four years later he married my grandmother, Martha Melvina Powell of Cairo, Georgia. Mally's restless imagination and sensitivity is consistent with what I know about my grandfather Jones as a powerful preacher and compassionate minister.

I

Years later he could remember nothing of the beginning of the War. He was old enough, six years, but Fort Sumter was a million miles to the north, Bull Run and Hampton Roads, even Shiloh and Antietam. To him Manassas and Bull Run were separate encounters, two great victories against the Yankees.

His most vivid memory of those early days was when Brother Tom and Brother Nathan, Sister Julia's husband, marched off with a group of South Georgia bloods to join the Army of Virginia. He could hear their shouts of exulting confidence, "The Yanks are on the run. We'll be back in time for spring planting." Brother Tom took him and threw him into the air. Laughter was in the air, and glorious strength that knows no defeat. Blood brother of mine, you were of another world, of another generation. I loved you like a father, not knowing you were of the same seed and the same womb as myself.

Tintypes stretched in a row, artificial tags of memory, unyielding faces, symbols of what was young and laughing and confident of victory. Brother Nathan and Sister Julia in their stiff wedding clothes gave off no joyous smell of barbecued pork, showed no sign of a red-faced bride running with her tall and dark-bearded husband across the woodlot to a new log cabin under the pines. Still less did it show this strong dark youth in a gray uniform going off to beat the Yankees, between plantings. It could not show him in a common

grave at Antietam, nor the broken sobbing of Sister Julia, nor the peacock in her new quilt wet with sticky tears.

Surely this frozen face and ramrod back was not Brother Tom. The boy could see him only as he curved to the motions of a light plow, clearing the small weeds from the cotton rows, or as the two of them went toward the creek Saturday noons, fishing poles in hand, joyous, beautiful. Sorrow passed over him lightly in those days, quick pain of a peach switch in his mother's hand, sullen anguish at seeing two perch he had caught on Sunday thrown to the hogs.

His first sense of loss came when they brought Brother Tom back in a coffin, dead of a fever, far from a battlefield, ignorant of victory and defeat. They didn't let him see the body, but he felt the heaviness of the event in the look of pain from his mother's eyes as they took the coffin to the little family burying ground on the oak knoll. When they lowered the pine box into the red clay, he saw his mother cry for the first time, her body shaken with heavy moaning that seemed to come from down in her hips. Then he suddenly knew death, the strong, the only conqueror of young strength. Again he saw the beautiful furrows and the clean rows of cotton, again he caught perch in Piscola Creek, again he heard the baying of coon dogs far away in the woods, but he realized that something was missing. The war took on reality when his mother's face told him Brother Tom would never do the spring planting again.

Tintypes in a row, harsh and unyielding, soften into faces of love and death. The war went on and a terrible pall that is the silence of death settled over the South. Even for an eight year old boy like Malachi Hardee the battles that were fought far away in the North came to mean death and suffering and hunger. Five brothers, all old enough to be his father, took the long road toward the north, each one less jubilant than the one before. Tom died of a fever that burned in him until it consumed his strength and his eagerness and his confidence of victory. Sister Julia's Nathan fell at Antietam and Cary died from loss of blood after his arm had been torn to pieces in the Wilderness. The rest came back but the light had gone out of their young eyes. Billy was the first to come home, not long after Gettysburg, where a leg had been sawed off in the flickering light of a makeshift field hospital. He was no use on the farm, so he moved to town and opened a little store.

Toward the end of the War Mally had to start plowing. He still went to school once in a while, but only when crops were laid by in August. His fa-

ther, too old to go to war, had more and more trouble getting the crops planted, cultivated and harvested. The younger boys had to help him as soon as they could reach the plow handles. They still had old Dan, who with his wife Mirandy that helped in the kitchen and his young boy Isaac represented the entire wealth of this three-horse farm in the form of slaves. It never seemed ironical at the time that five grown men should fight and bleed and maybe die or be crippled for life just to keep two grown n___s and a boy. Old Dan's family belonged there. They didn't know anything else.

The War drew on and came closer to south Georgia. That incarnation of the devil himself, William Tecumseh Sherman, was burning houses and destroying crops. Shiloh and Gettysburg and Chancellorsville and Vicksburg were far off, made real only by the death of young men who had plowed and fished in south Georgia. But here was destruction brought upon their very heads. Cousin Walter Hardee's fine home in Bulloch County was burned and everything pillaged that the soldiers wanted to carry off. Sherman (one would spit when he heard the name) was now in Savannah, where some of his troops were quartered at Cousin Jim Groover's. That made war real, for you never could tell when Sherman would turn around and start their way in order to take the capital of Florida at Tallahassee not far to the south.

They felt the strain of war in the hunger. They still had plenty of corn and potatoes and occasionally they could butcher a shoat or a heifer and divide with the neighbors. But salt was rare and prohibitive in price. They got what salt they could out of the dirt in the smokehouses where every winter they had salted away the pork before curing. Then that gave out and in desperation they took cotton in their wagons and went over boggy swamp roads to Newport where the St. Marks River flows into the Gulf. Gladly they swapped much cotton for little salt, for if the potlikker hath lost its savor, wherewith shall it be salted? They had no coffee, but learned to make a substitute by parching potato peelings. They had no sugar, nor ever had had, for cane syrup is cheap and rightly named long sweetening.

Malachi was no longer a boy. Ten years old by the end of the war, he plowed a clean furrow without disturbing the delicate corn roots. Four of them were working now, counting two older brothers Jack and Frank, who were too young to go to war. Even the three-horse farm was too much for them. They had to let the sand field down by the creek grow up in weeds. Already young saplings two feet high were all over it. Just after Sherman got to Savannah and everything looked hopeless, Jack turned sixteen and joined

the militia, leaving them almost strapped for labor. The big fighting was over by that time but Jack helped to turn back a skirmishing party of Yankees and n___s that were headed up the St. Mark's River for Tallahassee.

Then it was all over. Jack came back first, still swaggering and boasting to his younger brothers how he had shot a n___ trooper in blue uniform from the top of a big sweetgum tree at Natural Bridge and watched his body fall into the sucking whirling water below. A month or so later came the others who had survived more than three years of siege and campaign and forced march.

Seaborn and Groover had come through without a scratch except for the mark of defeat that would never leave them. They would not talk of the battles nor of their suffering. They joked about the way the n___s were carrying on up country since they were freed. They laughed but there was a hardness in their eyes as they talked.

Malachi watched the return of his brothers anxiously for he had heard much about rifles and cannon and charging of horsemen. But all he heard of the war was Jack's account of a militia skirmish in the Florida woods. When Seaborn had been home for two weeks and Groover finally reached Hickory Head, the tribe celebrated by killing a sow that had survived and inviting all the relatives for miles around. Peace had been declared, but still there was restlessness in the air. The feasting was hardly over before Seaborn said he was heading south for the Indian River where rich land and golden opportunity were waiting for him. A few days later Groover, fidgety and nervous, had taken his few belongings and headed for Lake Okechobee.

Old Isaac Hardee never protested. They could do what they wanted. He had done the same thing when he was a boy, heading from the built up regions of Bulloch County south to the rich rolling country near the Florida border. Still further back he remembered the migrations of his fathers, ever southward, coastal Virginia to North Carolina to northern Georgia to southern Georgia, and now on to Florida, older than all American settlements but new and fresh with the possibilities of settling. His sons would raise up new tribes as he had here at Hickory Head. Thirteen children he had, not to mention two who died unnamed, and the youngest of them big enough to plow. God had seen fit to bring on this terrible war, killing two of his stalwart sons and Nathan, Julia's man, making Billy a cripple for life, and leaving them all so poor they would have to work mighty hard to keep things going. He never

doubted the outcome for a moment. He had too much faith in God for that. Hard work and God's blessings would make any place prosper.

The day after Groover left for Lake Okechobee Malachi and Jack took two mules and started breaking up the sand field down by the creek.

II

Mally could not remember the beginning of the War but he never forgot the rest of it. He had no part in its making or its fighting but he felt it more than most. He felt it in the hard times that kept him bound to an endless routine of work and took away from him the schooling he wanted more than anything else. His folks could not understand why he wanted to do more than learn to read a little and write his name. But Cousin Fanny, who taught him those three precious years before the war ended, understood the hunger in the boy's eyes. She gave him more time than the others in the one-room schoolhouse. She saw him go through the fifth reader and wade easily through columns of figures. He could still see her damp eyes and feel the trembling of her hand as she patted his head that last day in school. Years afterwards her words burned in his mind. "My precious boy, I would be a happy woman if you could get the education you would take." The memory of Cousin Fanny prodded him in the routine of eleven years of work.

Breaking ground, planting, cultivating, gathering, breaking ground, planting. . . . The years faded into one another, eating up desire and ambition and gorgeous youth. In the mild climate of south Georgia even the seasons flowed together and the years were divided only by the brief punctuation marks of frosts in December and January. Mally didn't hate work. Everybody on the whole place had to work to keep things going on a three-horse farm. If only one of his grown brothers had stayed on, he might have gone to school a few more years. But Tom and Cary were dead, Billy was a cripple, and Seaborn and Groover had gone to Florida. So Mally worked until he was twenty-one.

Many times in those eleven years Mally felt like rebelling. Once when he was seventeen he made up his mind to run away. Ben Hagen from across the creek was working in the railroad yards up in North Georgia at a new town called Atlanta. It was a junction town and things were booming. If his father had been mean to him, he would have gone in a minute. But he knew he

never would. He didn't know why until one day he saw the beaten look in Zeke Hagen's face.

He went over to the Hagen plantation to fetch some pigs they had bought. He took along a small sack of corn to toll the animals around by the road, luring them on by scattering a few grains at a time. He cut across through the fields toward the creek. The corn, plowed for the last time and laid by until gathering time, was higher than his head with beautiful ears spreading dainty white silks to catch the pollen from fruitful tassels. Peanut vines spread out in dark green lines between the corn rows. He felt the beauty of the clean furrows. The prophecy of wagons loaded with corn and hogs grown fat from rooting pinders made music inside him. He whistled recklessly as he jumped from one pinder vine to another to keep his bare feet from the scorching dirt. He plunged into the coolness of the creek swamp.

He probably would not have noticed the Hagen place much if he had not been thinking already of Ben making money in Atlanta. Other places had run down since the war, since the n___s were freed. But the Hagen place struck him that August morning with a definite sense of loss. The fields near the creek had grown up in pine saplings, some of them nearly big enough to cut. Around the house they had plowed the ground and planted some corn and cotton but left it then to do the best it could. The weeds were nearly as high as the corn and the cotton was about a foot high with the bolls already bursting prematurely. He wished he had come around by the road but he finally worked his way through the jungle of Jerusalem weed and dog-fennel. The house, much bigger and finer than his home, looked terribly ragged with its rotten roof and its sagging porch. But the worst wreck of all was old Zeke himself, still trying to keep up appearances with his rich land growing nothing but weeds. Mally felt sorry for the old man, for he remembered when these fields were kept clean by twenty slaves and yielded rich harvest. But he was glad that the Hardees knew how to work and could do without slaves. He saw that old man Hagen was beaten, that he could never survive, that the war had done more than just kill off young men. He was proud of his father who could overcome war and defeat. He got his pigs as quickly as he could and went home, glad that he was a Hardee and not a Hagen.

After that Mally never thought of leaving the farm. He knew that when he was twenty-one his father would give him his freedom to choose what he wanted to do. He would give him a part of the farm and help him build a house if he wanted to stay. If he wanted to leave home he knew old Isaac

would help him all he could. Already things were getting easier. Jack had taken over the fifty acres of red pebble land toward Quitman. Frank was nearly twenty-one and already had planned to stay on the farm, running the rest of the place with his father on shares.

The seasons flowed into one another as they had done before, the routine of them merging into a gray succession of work. Spring was still full of freshness and promise, summer was choked with the full bodied growth of things, fall was a time of pause to count the harvest or to bewail the emptiness of barns. But in all of them growing kept on and the fall vegetables were often green at Christmas. Winter's brief interlude was really a prelude to the triumphant and luscious growing of March. Even then the oats were green, waiting for the first warm winds to bring them to fruitfulness. The seasons flowed on and were fruitful. Mally learned the pride of good work and the power of possession that comes from making things grow. Work had a meaning.

Farm life was not all work to Mally. Saturday afternoons he fished for warmouth perch and pike and jack. Sundays he rested, for that was the Lord's Day, whether they had preaching at the Hickory Head Primitive Baptist Church or not. And there was cane-grinding time in the fall, when folks came from all around to drink the juice or taste the syrup or just to smell the sweet vapor that poured from the boiling juice in the kettle. At one of these something happened to him that almost changed the whole course of his life. He was eighteen and he fell in love for the first time, not just playing up to girls or having them for partners at frolics but love. The girl was Amanda Powell. She was sixteen, not terribly pretty but very lively and well built. Mally had seen her several times before but he seemed to see her now for the first time. She came over with some other girls one afternoon in November. Mally had fed the cane stalks to the rollers so fast there was plenty of juice in the vat. He was helping to skim off the impurities in the syrup kettle. He tried to look very busy as he saw Amanda smiling at him whenever the steam cleared. He grew weak with desire, thinking of forbidden subjects, of breasts and soft passionate thighs. Such thoughts had often tormented him in dreams but he had never allowed himself to think of them as connected with anybody in particular. Amanda obsessed him until he got up nerve to take her walking and then to sociables. She liked him and encouraged him. He thought of asking his father for a share of the farm and marrying Amanda. He went so far as to flaunt the idea boldly one night at the supper table.

"Paw, you never had a son to marry before he was twenty-one yet but you gonna have one this time."

He grew bold from his sudden speech, then blushed with confusion because everybody around the table was so quiet. The children were afraid, waiting for their father's anger to fall on Mally's head. But Isaac said nothing then nor did he ever mention the matter to Mally. Before June meeting came around that year Amanda was engaged to Joe Dougherty. She told it around that Mally was too slow for her, that she went with him for six months and he didn't even kiss her.

She was right. Mally hadn't kissed her nor did he kiss any girl until years later. He believed a man shouldn't kiss a girl until he was about to marry her. He wanted to marry Amanda, to live with her, to beget with her strong menchildren. All this he desired and the symbol of it was to have been the kiss of betrothal. But Amanda beat him to it, breaking the impatience of his youth and teaching him to wait for a girl more worthy of him.

III

Nothing ever seemed to happen to Mally in those years of work. His brief love episode with Amanda was dramatic compared to the drabness of plowing and planting and gathering. As he looked back upon those years the work faded into a gray monotone, out of which a few colorful moments rose boldly.

Once when he was twelve he went with his father and two of the boys to the coast. They put a cover on the two-horse wagon, piled blankets and a crude tent inside, and tied skillets and cooking pots in a gunny sack behind. It took them three days to get to St. Mark's on the Gulf coast, and each day opened up thirty miles of new and unexplored land to the boy's eyes. They stayed two weeks camped in a grove of live oaks near the mouth of the Wakulla River. They fished in the river and out in St. Mark's Bay, caught bream, seatrout, redfish, and sheephead. Mally loved the newness of it and the beauty, the long ropes of Spanish moss hanging from the live oaks, the clean sweep of the water beyond the farthest point of land, the white sails on the fishing boats. He loved to catch the little fiddler crabs on the sandy beaches at low tide, they looked so ridiculous scurrying to their holes waving claws as big as their bodies. Once he saw a large steamboat, all of fifty feet long, put in at St. Mark's and load up with cotton for New Orleans. He

shook with excitement when it pulled out one day at high tide and finally vanished over the horizon leaving a long trail of black smoke. Out there somewhere were other lands, beautiful with green hills and white palaces and mysterious women, places with strange mysterious names he had seen in his geography, Popocatepetl, Ecuador, Martinique. He turned with a sigh of resignation, knowing that he would never see those places.

He never forgot two narrow escapes from death in those early years. The first was when he was fourteen on a rabbit hunt with Jack. They heard a terrific baying from the two dogs and found they had treed a ferocious looking wild cat. The cat was crouched on the lower limbs of a big hickory, snarling at the hounds. Mally was scared, for the cat was a big one, nearly as big as the dogs, but he didn't want to let on to Jack that he was scared. Jack was to fire first and Mally was to finish the animal off. Jack must have been more excited than he pretended, for his shot hit the cat in the shoulder. The beast took one mighty spring right at the boys. Jack dodged behind a pine but Mally stood frozen in his tracks, his gun raised for his shot. He saw the ball of fury hurling toward him, and he couldn't move. The woods started whirling around him. The last thing he remembered was pulling the trigger of his cocked gun as the wild cat landed three feet in front of him and hearing the cry of rage as the two hounds leaped toward him. When he came to, the cat was nearly dead with a whole load of buckshot in his neck and the dogs, their long ears torn, were finishing the job.

His second escape happened several years later. Much more prosaic than killing a fierce beast, it happened at the regular farm hog-killing the December he was nineteen. They were scalding the hogs to take off the hair, dipping them into the huge sugar kettle where the water was kept at boiling temperature. He was pulling a very large dead sow toward the kettle when his foot slipped on the wet platform. Losing his balance, he rashly tried to save himself from stepping into the edge of the fire by taking a backward leap across the edge of the kettle. Even that would have been easy with his agility except for the fact that the water sloshing over the edge of the kettle for several hours had made the ground muddy. Both feet went into the boiling water. Terrific pain hit his feet. He squirmed quickly, grabbed a clump of wiregrass, and pulled himself out. Only his feet were burned from the instant they had stayed in the kettle. He could not walk for two months afterwards. He felt sure he had been spared miraculously for a purpose.

Dramatic highlights of joy and pain parade their purple and flaming orange tones across a gray monotone of work. Startling episodes in a history take no account of the thousand little experiences. These are not startling, some of them are even unconscious. They are not purple, they are the color of everyday, of ripe corn in the ear and of cotton open in the boll. But they are more the stuff of life in a sensitive mind than we reckon them to be.

A boy dawdles at the well when he should be drawing a bucket of cool water for dinner. The sun directly overhead makes queer shadows in the patchwork of water fifty feet below. He lowers the bucket until it hits the water, then draws it a little away to watch the waves ripple out to the pine curbing of the well, breaking the shadows into a thousand bits. His mother does not scold him, for she knows he is dependable if slow. She does not know that he is dreaming at the well, that he is trying to get at the tangible realness of the strange world around him by watching ripple shadows at the bottom of a well.

The same boy glories in his strength when he goes to the pine woods to split rails on a winter morning. He sees the top rails of the horse lot covered with white prickles of frost. He feels the tang of the cold air exciting the warmth of his own glorious youth. He swings his axe over his shoulder and wishes to sing loudly of the strength of youth that knows no defeat, but he knows no words that will fit the exaltation of his mood. He starts a covey of quail in the lower field and marks them for Saturday afternoon's hunting.

Mally sees the promise of spring in pink peach buds and in the climbing honeysuckle. He sees it in cavorting animals and in the dark desire that stirs in his subconscious self. He watches the dead grass come to life again and the trees cover themselves with soft green leaves. He hears the mockingbirds sing more madly than usual, mocking the lordly cardinal and the little joree and the nasty catbird. He knows that a grain of corn put into sandy loam and fed by the rains will sprout into a stalk and blades, that the stalk will grow if he keeps it free of grass and weeds, and that in a few months' growing time the grain will have brought forth two, maybe three large ears of corn with many hundreds of grains. If the rains fell too much the bottom land would not yield and if the rains failed and the sun beat down too hard the hilly ground would be baked. That came by God's will. His part was to plant it well, not upon stony ground, not among thorns, but on good ground where he could plow it well and make it bring forth even more than the hundredfold Christ talked about.

But Mally does not always see beauty and goodness. He forgets the miracle of growth and feels despair at the never-ending monotony of work. He sees the cruelty of things in a young rabbit swallowed by a rattlesnake, in a kitten dying with maggots in his eyes. A turkey hen stole away to make her nest too far from the house and was torn to pieces and eaten by a wildcat. He remembered a big brood sow trying frantically to protect her litter of newborn pigs from turkey buzzards. He got to her in time to save five of them as the loathsome creatures flapped lazily away and waited at a safe distance to finish their feast. He could not understand why God should permit such things to be. Yet he never questioned the will of God, only His mysterious ways.

Mally saw and felt these things and grew to manhood without showing them to others. His father knew he was a hard worker and was proud of him. Only his mother saw and understood the other side of him, the sensitive boy afraid of the dark things around him and jealous of the beauty he found. She felt closer to him than to the others who had grown out of her reach before she could know them. He was her last born, her baby, the man child of her old age. She had borne twelve before him. She was already weary with childbearing but knew she must keep on. When she saw this puny three-pound baby brought to her on a pillow, she knew he would be the last. She loved him the more for his weakness, never expecting him to live. Why man alive, she said, you could put him in a coffeepot.

But he lived and grew like any child. She felt the wonder of it and knew he was marked for greater things. Perhaps he would be a Lutheran preacher, strong in the faith of her own Salzburger people who had fled from the beautiful Austrian mountains and founded a new colony at Savannah that would be free from Catholic oppression. Prophetically she had named him Malachi for her own grandfather who had preached in German at old Ebenezer church where General Oglethorpe had given refuge to her people. Perhaps he would be a great preacher, or a teacher, or a doctor . . .

When he had to give up school at ten she was sad but said nothing. Life was very hard at times, but if you trusted in God everything would turn out for good in the end. She saw Mally's restlessness, his quick way of picking up learning, and she knew he would not stay on the farm.

She was the only one on the place who was not surprised when Mally left the farm and at the age of twenty-one went back to school. She saw him pick up quickly the work he had left eleven years before, running through

one reader after another, learning Latin and helping the teacher by taking over the small class that laboriously followed Caesar's account of his exploits in Gaul. She was happy when he had finished in a year all they could give him in the little Hickory Head school and looked around for more. She knew everything was for the best when he decided that college was too fond a dream for him and got a job as a clerk in John Gandy's big trading store in Quitman.

IV

Mally had plenty of time to think over his whole life before he got to Brunswick to take over his first regular appointment as a full-fledged preacher in the South Georgia Conference. It was the longest trip of his whole life, practically across the whole state of Georgia. He took the train from Quitman to Waycross, where he bought a horse and buggy and drove across the pine flats to the coast. Getting on a train still excited him. He loved to watch the n___ fireman throwing long sticks of fat pine into the huge red furnace, and the engineer in his overalls squirting oil on the big iron wheels. Black smoke bellowed in great clouds from the squatty fat smokestack and sparks flew all over the tracks. Instinctively he shuddered and put his arm to his face, remembering that day when his folks had taken him to see the new railroad through Quitman and he had run frantically from the sight of the black smoke to hide among the bales of cotton in the warehouse. Black Dan had told him the smoke would kill him if he breathed it. He ran from the black smoke and the roaring beast, more fearful than rattlesnake and alligator and painter all put together. He smiled as he remembered how they made him stay in the wagon that day until his pants had dried in the sun.

The train pulled slowly out, showering sparks as it belched and slipped and belched until it got under way. Familiar fields and crossings slipped by. Time picked itself up and folded neatly into a lunch basket. Thirty-five years became a package you could hold in your hand. Mally saw Quitman fade, and he knew it was good. He was going forth into the world to serve God. A thousand years to Him were but as a watch in the night, thirty-five years of work and desire no more than the time it takes a train to cross Piscola creek trestle.

The train stopped for a minute at Blue Springs before it crossed the long trestle over the Withlacoochee River. From here on was foreign country, new

counties stretching away to the Atlantic Ocean. Many times Mally had been to Blue Springs since that first time ten years before when he met Virginia Denmark at a Sunday School picnic. John Gandy had talked her up as such a fine girl that Mally drew in his breath in surprise to see her clear-skinned and firm-breasted. She was making lemonade in a barrel and he jumped to help her, squeezing the lemons, pouring in a bucket of sugar, bringing ice-cold water from the blue clear spring. He felt the strength of youth, the bubbling of inexpressible confidence, he would wrestle a wildcat or throw a yearling bull by his horns. He stirred the lemonade in the barrel with a vicious rhythm, singing to show Virginia the rich tones of his baritone voice: "Lemonade, made in the shade, stirred with a spade, lemonade!"

Three years he went with her regularly. He learned to love the Sunday School that his Hardshell forefathers did not believe in. He joined the Methodist church and gloried in the intellectual stimulus of its advanced ideas. All this he might have done anyways but he thought of it in terms of Virginia. He built a house from what he made at the store and they talked of getting married. Then she asked him to release her, she wanted to marry a childhood sweetheart. She cried when she told him how she and Jim Ramsay had loved each other, how Jim had gone to Texas expecting to make his fortune. She thought he was dead or had forgotten, but he had come back, a broken man, and he needed her terribly. "Mally," she said, "I want you to be happy, so much I can't say. But I can't let Jim down." That was two years before he got a call to preach.

He was best man at Virginia's wedding. He still wondered how he was so calm then, for later he got so restless he could hardly stay in the store. He sold the house he had built for Virginia and made plans to go to Florida to raise oranges. He got options on some good property near Lake Okeechobee but John Gandy begged him to stay on a while longer in the store, promising him a partnership within a year. Before that year was up his whole life changed.

Life was like that, it changed quickly like the scenes from the train window. An hour from now they would be twenty-five miles away, as far as a pair of good mules could pull a wagon in a winter's day. A year from now, who could tell where he would be? He felt the daring speed, the hurtling power of it all, rattling over trestles and through the thick creek swamps, pulling up at little stations or at a turpentine still in a pine wood. They stopped a half hour for dinner at Valdosta, a big trading town with several

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would line up to be waited on by him, until he frequently went all day without eating or going out for air. When he got typhoid he almost died. For three months he was in bed, twice the doctor had given him up. But he pulled through, helped by that strength of youth which can overturn worlds. Again he felt that his life had been spared as if by a miracle for some purpose. He did a great deal of thinking in those days of convalescence. Before he was allowed to get up, he found out the purpose for which God had spared him. He had a call to preach.

John Gandy could not understand Mally's call to preach. He was a good man, he never sold whisky in his store, he was a leader in the church. But his idea was that Mally was a natural born business man and that God needed him there in Quitman. Mally had tried to explain to John Gandy, for he loved the merchant as his own brother. But he [had] never been able to tell him what it really was. No doubt it had something to do with Virginia, almost certainly he would have been blind to this new light but for the burning fever that had brought close to things eternal. It was enough for him that God had called him and he must obey. He had no spectacular summons, as did Jonah to rescue the wicked city of Nineveh, that great city on whose very walls four chariots could race abreast. He had asked for no brilliant sign from heaven, as when the fire came down to Elijah and consumed the sacrifice of Baal, even to the water surrounding the altar. He could not even lay claim to the appearance of the still, small voice that came in the night to the boy Samuel. But he knew his call as surely as did Elijah or Moses. The burning bush of God was in his own heart. He would not run away like the cowardly Jonah. He was ready to go and preach the gospel wherever God might call him, even to the cannibal heathen in the New Hebrides or in darkest Africa.

An alternative ending for "Mally"

Broad Street was the biggest street in Quitman and John Gandy's was the biggest store on it. You could see it from the Court-House square, with its big white sign on the front: "John Gandy's. General Merchandise. We Sell Everything Except Whisky." You knew it was an important place, because it was nearly always doing a good business and on Saturdays it was jammed.

Mally was proud of working for John Gandy. He had to keep going at the killing pace the store often demanded. Sometimes he looked back to the

work on the farm with longing as if he had rested there in the shade of great sycamore trees. At least they knocked off work on the farm Saturday at twelve o'clock and you could go fishing. Mally couldn't remember when he had been fishing last, it had been so long ago. Must have been nearly two years now, when he got sick and John sent him home for two weeks to get better.

Working in a store was getting him down. This eating snatches of cold lunches between customers, never moving out of the store for hours on end during the rush hours, which on Saturdays lasted from ten in the morning to ten or even twelve at night. Sometimes his stomach bothered him, and he knew something was wrong, for on the farm he could eat five good-sized bream and top it off with half a watermelon and never feel the worse for it.

But Mally was proud of working for John, because he knew he was getting somewhere. Five years ago he was a plow hand, not used to town ways, couldn't do much more around a store than sweep out first thing in the morning or maybe weigh up smoked meat. Now he was in charge of the dry goods and John didn't even want him to touch anything else. All the women came to him, waiting their turn if he was busy. He knew what they wanted and wasn't afraid to unroll every bolt of goods in the whole place to satisfy them. He learned the texture of woolens and ginghams and calicoes, but more than anything else he learned the texture of his customers. He knew the psychology of salesmanship before such a thing was heard of.

But Saturday was such a hard day. Six o'clock in the evening and he hadn't been off his feet since five in the morning. Three country women sat on the high stools in front of the counter waiting their turn. He rolled up the cloth he had been showing the last customer, so tired he could almost drop on his feet. He envied the sullen ease of the mules tied to the feed racks that ran down the middle of Broad Street. All week they had pulled the plows or hauled wagons full of hay to the barns. Now they could rest and eat. He turned to the next customer.

"Well, Miss Emily, what can I show you today? It's been near on a month since you was in."

"That's so, Mally. Wouldn't a come in now cep'n I want my least gal to have a new frock for June meetin."

"Well, here's a nice piece of red gingham just come in. I reckon it'll take about four yards for Netty, won't it?"

"Four and a half, she's growin so fast. My, Mally, I don't see how you remember everything."

Not every time did Mally manage to remember so well, but he did it often enough to create a feeling of good will among his customers and make them want to come back. They came back, and they kept coming until his eyes blurred with the endless succession of many-colored patterns and his feet ached with the accumulated pain of sixteen hours standing. The crowds thinned out at the store, the racks in the street were empty; the last wagon had started with swinging lantern back to the country.

John Gandy came up from the hardware section, smiling. "We've done a big business today, Mally. Let's close up. I got something I want to talk over with you on the way home."

As they walked together in the warm June night Mally realized why he had been proud of working for John Gandy. John knew he was a good worker, told him so, and in a few words offered to take him in as partner.

"Don't answer now. Think it over and let me know Monday." With that he turned in at his gate and went into the house, leaving Mally stunned by the sudden offer. Gandy and Hardee, that would look fine on the big store front. Everybody in town would look up to him. Some day he would be Quitman's leading merchant. He would soon make enough to build a house on the lot he had bought. He would have to go see Virginia and tell her about it. She might be in bed, but this was too important to keep. He forgot he was tired and almost ran the two blocks to the Denmark house. A light was still on, so he knocked. General Denmark himself answered, looking slightly stooped as if tired of being always expected to hold himself with soldierly erectness.

"Oh, it's you Mally. Virginia!"

A very pretty girl came down the stairs much faster than decorum allowed. Seeing that her father was back in the parlor she ran up to Mally and, with an anxious look in her eyes, kissed him.

"Darling, whatever is the matter? You never come around Saturday nights."

"I had to tell you, Jenny. Mr. John wants to take me into the business."

"How simply wonderful, Mally. What did you do, turn him down?"

"I said to him, quiet like, seeing as how I have a chance to be manager of General Denmark's wool business, I'll have to think it over."

"You goose!" Jenny's eyes were glowing. "Anyway you oughtn't to make fun of Daddy's factory when you know he is losing money."

"We won't need any of his money now, Jenny, we can get married right away."

"Oh, darling, that will be heavenly. And can I have lots of chickens and cows?"

"You can have anything, so long as I don't have to milk the cow."

And so they talked in the moonlight on the Denmark front porch, and Mally forgot he was tired. What a marvelous girl Virginia was, he thought, beautiful as the Rose of Sharon, comely as the cedars of Lebanon. She was not practical like the country girls he had known, she wouldn't make a good farmer's wife, but she was smart as a whip and had a lot of book learning. He loved her, he loved the slight tilt of her nose and the reddish tinge of her hair, he loved her voice when she said darling and her eyes when he said my sweet. He loved the way she taught Sunday School and still talked daringly about Lord Byron. He could have stood there and talked and listened to her talk for hours, if the General had not interposed his discipline and suggested that it was getting very late.

Mally walked on to his boarding-house very slowly through the deserted streets of the sleeping town, turning over in his mind the startling changes of the last five years since he left the farm. He could hardly believe he was going to be a partner of John Gandy's and marry General Denmark's daughter. The two things really went together, with railroads and Sunday School picnics thrown, for you see John Gandy had introduced them at his first trip to Blue Springs on his first big picnic after his first ride on a train. That was really quite a day in his life.

He remembered it took him a year or so to get used to the idea of Sunday School at all, for his folks were Primitive Baptists and they didn't believe in such things. But he got to like it because John Gandy was a steward in the Methodist Church and he liked John. Every year all the churches in town got together for a big picnic, and the first time he went on one of them was that memorable day when the whole bunch of them piled on flat cars, sitting on the rough benches to be pulled to Blue Springs, six miles away on the Withlacoochee River.

He remembered the festive excitement of that morning as he helped pile the baskets and trunks of food and then saw the children running about giggling and squealing. He tried to appear calm himself yet he trembled when

he walked up by the snorting engine. The negro fireman was throwing long sticks of fat pine into a huge furnace that roared with the flames, sorta like the furnace under a sugar kettle but ten times as big. The engineer climbed down from the cab and squirted oil on the bearings of the heavy iron wheels. Great clouds of black smoke bellowed from the squatty fat smokestack that looked for all the world like a giant cabbage, sparks flew all over the tracks, the engine grunted and puffed, letting off the steam of its hidden power. Mally shivered at the sight of the black smoke, dipping back in his memory to another time when as a boy he ran frantically from the black monster and hid behind ten bales of cotton in the warehouse to escape its evil eye. Black Dan had told him the smoke would kill him if he breathed it. He pictured the catastrophe enveloping them all, his father, Dan, the mules, he tugged at his father's arm to save him at least, and finally saved only himself by pulling mountains of cotton over him. That day they made him stay in the wagon while his pants dried in the sun.

Mally got the excitement of the picnic and of the locomotive and of Virginia all in one day and almost within the hour. She was late getting there, almost missed the train, but John Gandy expected her and saved a seat for her. So she was the one they wanted him to know, a fine girl, a wonderful Sunday School teacher. Mally had not been too anxious to meet her, realizing that usually wholesome girls and pretty ones did not coincide. He got a shock when he saw Virginia, firm-breasted and clear-skinned, beautiful to look upon.

Mally was stunned for a while but recovered enough to talk before they got to the creek trestle. They were speeding now, up to 25 miles an hour, rattling over the trestle, clickety-clack through the creek swamp. They dodged the flying sparks and watched the familiar scenes take on a mysterious haziness. Mally was delighted to find that Virginia shared his enthusiasm for the ride, even though she had been on a train many times, even as far as Savannah which took all day. When they neared a crossing she pulled an imaginary cord to guide the engineer's warning whistle. Whooooo, whooooooo, whoo, whoo! Two longs and two shorts but they screamed out their sustained notes to the whole world. They proclaimed the coming of the great war horse of Job, with Leviathan and twenty mules thrown in for good measure. His black iron neck is clothed with thunder, he shouts along the trumpets, Ha, ha!, he kicks up his heels and roars for the crossroads, he snorts in his pride, he eats up lightered knots and spits out stumps.

The speed slackened, the roaring died to a murmur, and hundreds of children ran through the woods to the cold blue springs that bubbled into a pond and then to the river. Mally went on a wave of excitement, showing off his strength and his skill before Virginia. He helped her make a barrel of lemonade, filling the huge container with cold water from the blue-clear spring. He felt within him that day the bubbling of inexpressible confidence. He could have wrestled a wildcat or thrown a yearling bull by the horns. Instead he stirred the lemonade with a vicious rhythm of the long paddle and sang to show Virginia the richness of his baritone voice, "Lemonade, made in the shade, stirred with a spade."

Memories tumbled from his tired brain as he walked slowly in the warm night. Good times and bad joined hands and danced. Hot Saturdays in the store grinned at him, then ran off turning somersaults on the way. Virginia darted in and out of the confused picture, like a girl in the party game we used to play, when everybody sang "Go in and out your windows," and the girl skipped weaving in and out of the ring looking for the one to be chosen. "Stand forth and face your lover," the lusty song went on. What a funny thing for children to be saying. Don't you hear, Jenny, stand forth and face your lover, for we have gained today, and soon we'll be marching round the level again, and somebody else will have to choose a lover. Hurry up, choose me, Jenny darling, please choose me.

When October came round that year to relieve the heat of summer, Mally had nearly finished building his house. It was not a pretentious thing, not a two-story house with white pillars like the Denmarks', not as large as the rambling log structure he was born in at Hickory Head. It had a parlor that Mally was proud of, for his family had never had room for such luxuries. It had a porch all around the south and east sides, where they could sit in the summer afternoons and keep cool.

Where they could sit. He and Virginia would sit there and nod to folks as they walked by. He could hardly believe yet that he would have a home of his own with Jenny sitting by him in a rocking chair. But she was just as proud of this house as he, she went with him to see it every day after he quit work at the store. She called it our house, and bossed the carpenters.

"Mally, you've got the slowest set of mortals working here I ever did see. I don't believe they'll finish much before cane-grinding time."

"I'm beginning to think so myself, Jenny. T'other day I got to thinking and I don't see why we have to wait till the house is finished to get married."

"Well, what do you aim to do, sleep at our house or have us move down to the boarding house?"

"Naw, darling, I mean we can take a trip. We can go to Atlanta to the Exposition, and by the time we set back the house'll be done."

"Sounds just like a book, taking a honeymoon trip like that. Will Mr John let you off that long?"

"Will he? He's the one suggested it in the first place. You forget I'm a partner now."

"How soon do you want to make it?"

"Soon as you can get ready. Two weeks?"

"Aw, honey, that's mighty soon for me to get everything together. But I'll try."

Two weeks it was, and the wedding was to be a small one in the Denmark home. Mally got a good piece of black broadcloth and had his wedding suit made. He was so busy at the store he didn't have much chance to get nervous. Virginia was hurrying around the whole time, trying to get the dressmakers to hurry. She was afraid once they would have to put off the wedding, but Mally persuaded her to let a few of the dresses go until they came back home. After all they couldn't take a big trunk with them.

Two weeks passed quickly as a summer shower. Before he knew it Mally was dressed in his broadcloth suit and waiting for Jenny in the Denmark dining room. Then she took his arm and they walked together and stood in front of the big marble fireplace in the drawing-room. Brother Ledbetter, the Methodist preacher, was saying something very solemnly. "For better for worse . . . as long as you both shall live." Of course they would love and cherish till the end of time, they would live together" in sickness in health till they were both very very old and had grandchildren and maybe great-grandchildren. I do, I do, I do promise, O my loved one, my darling.

Then came the big wedding breakfast with fifty people seated around the long table. Mally must have dreamed through it for he remembered nothing but Jenny beside him with her long white wedding gown and across the way his mother in her stiff black silk dress and his father looking very uncomfortable in a store-bought suit and a stiff collar. They told him afterwards that there was more food than a body could imagine, for it was noted that nobody went home hungry from Eliza Denmark's table, and even so it was getting on toward twelve o'clock by the time they sat down to eat. But Mally didn't eat much and Jenny was in a nervous twitter the whole time. Pretty

soon Jenny went upstairs and changed from the long white gown to her going-away outfit, and then they went in a hack from the livery stable to the depot, and everybody showered rice on them. It was all so hectic and so beautiful. Mally made sure he had his tickets safe; that much was real, the rest drifted in a dream.

The train pulled away from the depot and gathered momentum until by the time it got to the Piscola creek trestle it was making the top speed of twenty-five miles an hour. They were going to Valdosta to catch the train for Atlanta. Mally suddenly remembered, he had met Virginia on a train speeding along these same tracks. These were the same fields and the same creek swamps that saw love. This was the same railroad that took then to Blue Springs, and Jenny had shared his enthusiasm for the power of the iron beast. A strange bond for their first love, but they still shared it, and now they were to see the great rails spreading northward, proclaiming the greatness of Georgia. They passed Blue Springs and stopped for a moment before crossing the Withlacoochee. Jenny helped the engineer by pulling her imaginary whistle cord, then with a tired smile leaned against Mally's arm and went sound asleep.

Mally awoke in Atlanta to the chugging of locomotives. He couldn't imagine at first why there were so many of them, then he remembered that Atlanta was a railroad center, where all the big lines came together. He looked over at Jenny asleep in the big bed, then crept softly to the window where he could look out over this growing city. Down below he could see the Union Station where they had come in the night before. Out from it spread steel rails as far as he could see down the tracks, and on them engines were weaving in and out collecting freight cars or pulling out with a long line of cars behind.

In the other direction Mally saw the city spread out. From this dizzy height he could see everything. He was glad he had taken a room on the sixth floor of this magnificent new Kimball House that dominated all the other buildings around. He could see big drays drawn by huge horses and mules, carriages with prancing steeds and fancy harness, and people walking fast, almost running. At first he thought there must surely be a fire, until he saw there were just about as many going in the opposite direction and at the same speed.

Mally was thrilled by this sense of movement, by the spirit of Atlanta, chock-full of life. It was a new city typical of a new era. It had no past, only

future. Twenty years before it was in ashes and now it had fifty thousand people. Why? Because it didn't look back. It took what it could get from the scalawags and the carpetbaggers and got rid of them as quickly as it could. It forgot to question too much how Hannibal I. Kimball made his money; it welcomed his new hotel and made him head of the new Exposition. Railroads did it, trains to take the cotton and the lumber, trains to bring in new settlers and to take back the carpetbaggers, trains to bring the whole world to Atlanta's International Cotton Exposition and show them what Georgia could do in twenty years after Sherman.

Mally was dressed before Jenny woke up, so he went down to the lobby while she dressed. He was impressed by the splendor of the Kimball House, like Solomon's court arrayed for the Queen of Sheba. Here were columns as big as those that Samson pulled down when he was blind in Gaza. Mally picked up the Atlanta Constitution, glad to see a daily paper on the day it came out. He turned to see what Henry Grady had so say. There was a real man, looking to the new south of industrialism and progress. No wonder old fogeys like Jenny's father called him an upstart puppy.

Jenny came down, stiff with whalebone and prim with bustle, but smiling and fresh for a day at the fair. They had breakfast in the big dining-room, six courses including hot cornbread and battercakes. Mally had an open phaeton already ordered to take them to the exposition grounds, so it was waiting for them after breakfast. Jenny opened her parasol as she stepped into the phaeton. Mally was proud of her, dressed as fashionably as any of the city girls. They drove off in style.

Before they got to the gates of the exposition they had to get out and walk on account of the crowds. The huge building in front of them stretched away so far they could barely see that it was shaped like a gigantic cross. Flags were flying on all sides, from a great distance came the sound of band music, and all around was a great hullabaloo of peddlers trying to sell their wares.

"I hope you got good shoes on, honey," said Mally. "I hear there's eleven miles of exhibits here."

"You don't expect me to keep up with a country boy like you, do you? Say, Mally, look at the cotton growing out here. Cotton was all picked two months ago at home."

"Yeah, Jenny, but look, some of it's just coming up and some of it's nearly ready to pick."

But that was only the beginning of cotton for them. They went from the cotton stalks outside to the cotton spinning and weaving inside. It was all done right there before your eyes.

"Jenny, that's what your papa ought to have instead of that wool mill. Wool grows too slow in south Georgia, but you got cotton all round you."

Then they got to the cloth exhibits. Jenny couldn't get Mally away. He talked to all the men, looked at their lines, felt the goods, took away samples, and got printed matter from every manufacturer. He blurted apologies.

"I declare, Jenny, I plum forgot about the time. They've got some wonderful patterns here, that'll be just the thing for the store. I'm sorry, honey. Let's knock off for today and get a good fried chicken dinner."

SPANIARDS IN SHINING ARMOR

The young protagonist of "Spaniards" is clearly my father, from his curly dark hair to his love of romantic stories. His memory of this childhood trip to the coast is recounted in the first chapter of his autobiography. In the story, "Danny" is twelve, but Dad was actually only eight when he made the 60-mile trip by wagon from Cairo south through Tallahassee to Shell Point and Spr al i -

I

Danny ran ahead of the mules, as fast as the sand would let him. For miles the heavy iron rims of the wagon wheels had lifted slowly out of the deep sand ruts, and each time Danny looked the loose sand poured back so slowly, so very slowly that he ran ahead where he couldn't see it. He had waited years for this, at least the seven years since he was old enough to know about going to the coast. Every fall as November came round he had begged to go with his father to the Gulf of Mexico to get fish. And now they were actually on the way to Florida, and the mules crawled like inchworms on a plank fence.

Danny was so happy he would have skipped ahead of the mules, but the heavy sand flowed between his toes and tripped him. He ran his fingers through his curly black hair just like any grown man might do. He vaulted into the back of the covered wagon just to show he was tall like a man, though he was really only twelve. "I am going to the coast," he kept singing to himself to remind him he was not just pretending.

Many times in the top of their big magnolia tree he had pretended he was traveling to faraway places. He would sit among the heavy leaves and look out at his imaginary kingdom, chanting the magic lines from his copybook, "I am monarch of all I survey." That was fun because no one knew the tune to this chant but himself. And no one else knew that his kingdom covered the whole United States stretching west to the Mississippi and the Rocky Mountains. But after all it was only pretending.

Going to the coast was something else. He knew all about the Gulf of Mexico from the maps in the big blue geography book that showed New Orleans and Vera Cruz. And he knew from his history book that De Soto and

Ponce de Leon had once ridden on the old Spanish Trail, lots of Spaniards in shining armor riding right near where the road to the coast crossed the Florida line. Better still he knew from his father about the fishing in St. Mark's Bay. The salt mullet and the fish roe he had seen every year when they brought them back, and the other wonderful things he had heard about so much that he could see them now, the oyster bars, the deep boiling springs that made Spring Creek, the cranes that flapped in the salt marshes, the great runs of mullet fish, and Mullet Sam, the fat Negro in charge of the mullet nets.

Mr. Pearson looked down from his driving seat at the sandy road.

"Better save your strength, son," he said. "We ain't been ten mile yet."

"How far is it still to the Florida line, Papa?"

"About another two hours or so."

"How big is the line, Papa?"

"You can't see no line, son. But you'll know when you're there. You can't miss it on account of Beecher's Store is in a live oak grove plunk on the state line."

Danny walked a few more steps, then he let the wagon pull ahead and climbed up over the tail piece to the pile of quilts that stretched almost to the top of the canvas wagon cover. Arthur was lying there sound asleep, just as you might expect him to when important things were happening. Arthur was all right for catching pike or shooting rabbits, but he didn't understand anything that came out of books. That was why Danny never told Arthur about the magnolia tree and his kingdom.

Danny went to sleep on the soft quilts and woke up only when the wagon jerked to a stop. Looking out he saw gray moss hanging in ropy blobs from a hundred limbs. At first he thought he was in fairyland, but when he saw old man Beecher coming out of his store he knew it was Florida. The old man talked so fast the tobacco juice kept running out of the side of his mouth and streaking his dirt-white beard.

"So you're headin' for Shellp'int? Well, you can have it, the God-forsakenest spot I ever see. I hear they're even using St. Mark's for smuggling, cause it's so quiet. Give me a lively place like Tallahassee every time. I was down there tother day, an' I seen a buggy that had a gasoline engine to pull it stid of a horse. An' what do you think. . ."

Danny turned away in disgust. Ugly old snot-nose, I bet he wouldn't know a smuggler if he saw one. I bet he don't even know the Spaniards rode

right by his old store once upon a time, looking for a golden city and a fountain of youth.

That way lies Florida, Danny chanted to himself, strange and mysterious land, beautiful with trailing Spanish moss. Not far round the bend of the road there once rode horsemen in shining armor with plumed helmets. Just a few miles from this old store was Lake Iamonia that was ten miles across except when it dried up and disappeared into a sinkhole where the fish got so thick you could dip them up in buckets. And what about Wakulla Springs that was so big it made a whole river and still you could see the bottom of it bluer than the sky? Florida was a land where anything might happen. You might even come across some of those smugglers with their silks and their gold and their precious stones.

The sharp smell of frying ham broke into Danny's dream, and the gently scolding voice of his father, "Won't you never grow up, son, and do your share of the work. I vow, you're still a kid."

II

Finally, after two days, they came to Shellpoint. The live oaks trailing Spanish moss gave way to scrub oaks not much higher than a man, and the pines got thinner and spindlier. The wagon wheels sank deeper into the sand, following the ruts that twisted like a snake. The mules strained desperately, and the sand poured in streams from the wheels. The country became so bleak that they could see at last only solitary cabbage palmettos and a few sickly pines.

Then there was the first sight of open water, and Danny shouted joyously. Forgetting to help unhitch the mules and pitch camp, he ran across the beach to the water. He dabbled his toes in the foam and kicked the tops of the waves that came slowly in. He dipped his fingers in the water and touched them to his mouth. The books were right: the water was salty. It must have been a long while before he noticed Arthur beside him.

"Lazybones," Arthur said in a disgusted tone as he skimmed oyster shells across the waves. "I reckon your pa is right."

Danny felt a tremor of shame at having forgotten to help, but it passed as quickly as frost in the January sun.

"Look, Arthur," he shouted. "Right straight across that water you come to Pensacola and Mobile and New Orleans. Down that way is Tampa, and over yonder is Mexico."

"Aw, come on help me catch some fiddlers," said Arthur, chasing the little crab-like creatures that scurried over the sand and disappeared into their holes. "You got to have fiddlers to catch sheephead."

But Danny kept on looking across the water. It was salty, so it must be the sea even though it was gray instead of the deep blue of his maps. It was part of the great ocean touching all lands. A fellow could get on a ship, he thought, and go from right here to foreign lands where tall cocoanut palms rose from a white beach or where jagged mountains stood against the sky with snow on their tops. If he had a mind to, he could go to Africa where there were lions bigger than any in a circus, or to some place with a pretty name like Mozambique or Pago Pago or Alexandria. Danny could think of dozens of such places from his blue geography books. He could chant them in a song, over and over, all mixed up or the way you would come to them in a boat: Yokohama, Kobe, Shanghai, Hongkong, Singapore, Penang, Colombo, Aden, Port Said, right on around the world until you came back where you started from. Kashmir, Rajputana, Punjab. . . .

"Aw, come on!" Arthur shouted from way down the beach. "You can't go fishin' lessen you got bait. Come on now! "

Danny tried hard to catch some fiddlers but every time he made a grab at the awkward-looking little creatures carrying their claws like fiddles over their heads, he missed. Finally he stood over a hole in the sand and watched the fiddler stick his claw out and then dart back.

"You ain't never gonna catch no fiddler that way."

Danny jumped at the sound of the deep voice behind him. He looked up to see bending over him the biggest black face with the whitest teeth he ever saw.

"I show you how in the mornin'. Ain't no use catchin' 'em anyhow till you's ready to go fishin'."

The Negro's smile was contagious. Danny beamed at him.

"I like you," he said. "What do you do?"

"Me? I is de chief ob-server of Shellp'int."

"Ob-server?"

"Yeah, chief ob-server."

"Oh."

"You know what a chief ob-server do?"

Danny thought a moment. "Well —"

"I tells you what a chief ob-server do. See dat scaffling over yonder? I sets on top o' hit and ob-serves de fish. Do I see a school o' mullet comin' in slow, I gives de sign, and den roun' come de boat wid de nets. And dat's all for Mister Mullet."

"I bet you're Mullet Sam," Danny said eagerly.

The Negro laughed till his fat black jowls shook, then started to sing:

"My name is Mullet Sam
And I's a fishin' man.
I fishes high an' I fishes low
An' I fishes in the Gulf of Mexico.
If I can't get 'em nobody can
Cause I is Sam de Mullet Man."

III

This was the beginning of a new life for Danny. Mullet Sam was somebody he could look up to, and besides he was friendly. When Danny asked if he and Arthur could go grappling oysters with Sam, Mr. Pearson said sure, they could go anywhere with Mullet Sam. When Papa turned to a friend then and said, "Sam's the best fisherman I ever knew, but he's got two weaknesses, and one of them is kids," Danny wondered what the other weakness was. And he kept on wondering until that day in St. Mark's.

For two weeks Sam was good to the boys. He showed them where to get the best oysters and how to catch the black-and-white-striped sheephead in the deep holes near the flats. He took them in a boat round to Spring Creek to get some red cedar for firewood, and while they were there they rowed over to the five huge springs and caught redfish in the fresh water at the edge of the springs. Sam showed them how to catch all sorts of fish with hook and line, all except mullet.

"Ol' man mullet he too smart," said Sam. "You don't catch him foolin' wid no hook. Takes somebody like Sam to be smarter'n Mister Mullet."

And when Sam wasn't taking them somewhere Danny followed Sam around, not being a nuisance but admiring him like a hero. And the best time every day was watching him getting the best of Old Man Mullet. Every day when the tide was right Mullet Sam would mount the rickety scaffolding

and sit in his chair up there waiting to see the schools of mullet show up against the white of the sandy shoals.

And Danny waited, watching every movement of his hero. Sometimes it seemed hours before the tide was right and the nets were tied to the rowboat. Four men waded out to get in the boat and everybody looked up at Sam on the tower. There was a false alarm and every fisherman got set to go but Sam settled back. Sam was so still Danny thought he was asleep, when suddenly his fat arm went up and he hollered, real firm and loud, Ho! Ho! The boat raced round with the net, hurrying to head off the school of mullet before they could get to open water. Sam gave another signal and a dozen men on shore began pulling the boat toward the beach. The clumsy rowboat flew over the water like a didapper duck. All hands turned to the nets to keep them from breaking with their heavy load.

There was victory in the air. Up in the tower Sam was singing away, singing his mullet song of triumph, and the silver sides of the mullet were flopping in the sunlight, and the fishermen were shouting. And Danny shouted. If old man Beecher could see this, he never could say that nothing ever happened at Shellpoint, the ugly old snot-nose.

On the long table the sharp knives flashed and the mullet heads and guts filled the waiting barrels. The clean sweet fish piled up to be salted away. And when the tide changed Mullet Sam came down from his tower, laughing, victorious, with a joyous word of welcome for the boys.

IV

It was the second Saturday before the great expedition to St. Mark's could be made, and all that morning Danny could hardly wait until the mullet run had ended and Sam came down from the tower. The little boat with its tiny sail was ready at the fish pier, but before they could go Mr. Pearson took Sam aside and talked to him. It all seemed so serious, like Papa was afraid of something but Danny could see Sam nodding his head. "Shore, shore," Sam said as he turned to the boat, "we aims to be back befo' dark."

They sailed across the bay and up the wide mouth of St. Mark's River, past the shining lighthouse and the ruins of the old Spanish fort. There was an air of romantic adventure about it all. You could never tell what each new bend in the river might bring with the salt creeks reaching out into the marsh

grass and the long-legged cranes flapping away. Maybe there were smugglers using the old fort for a hideaway.

Sam drew their boat up under the fish-house by the rotting wharves. As they tied up Sam looked suspiciously at a new boat, a big one with Key West written on it.

"Now you boys watch out what you're doing," said Sam in a real stern voice. "I won't be gone more'n a hour or so, and you can play down here all you want to. But mind you keep away from dat Greek boat. Dey claims dey is spongers, but ain't no sponges roun' here."

Sam went off toward the store with a jug under his arm, and as soon as he was out of sight Danny went closer to the Greek boat. He thought it might be full of strange things ready to be smuggled up to the big stores in Tallahassee, but all he could see was two foreigners sitting on a coil of rope smoking. They stopped talking and looked suspiciously at the boy. Danny felt suddenly afraid and backed away. He ran down the riverbank to where Arthur was skimming oyster shells in the direction of some turtles sunning on a log.

After watching Arthur for a while, Danny tried his luck but his aim wasn't very good. He walked up and down the bank, not knowing what to do. He watched the current swirl down toward the bay and counted the fish he saw jump in the river. He started to count the fishing boats tied up at the pier but he never finished. He wished he could go out to the point and see the old fort. He wished Sam would come back. He went back to find Arthur.

"Where do you suppose Sam went?" he asked, casual like.

"He said he had to ten' to some business, didn't he? I speck he's in that joint back of Glen's store. I bet he'll be drunk soon."

"You shut up," said Danny. "Sam wouldn't get drunk."

"All right, smarty. Wait and see," Arthur said in a stuck-up sort of voice as he pulled a battered pack of cigarettes from the waist of his blouse. "Look what I found. Real Piedmonts. Want one?"

"Not me," said Danny, drawing away disgusted. "Think I want a beatin'? An' anyway I don't like 'em, an' anyway they'll make you sick."

"Aw, stuff," said Arthur as he lit a cigarette, trying to cup his hands like a man. "Just watch me."

Denny turned toward the store, disappointed and lonely. Everybody was deserting him, and the trip to St. Mark's was turning out to be no spree at all. He walked aimlessly down the river, past the fish-house and the store. He

kicked shells and walked on the bottom of a rowboat drawn up on shore. Finally he sat down by the water and went sound asleep.

Danny woke up with a jerk. He must have been asleep for a long time The sun was getting low down the river, and Sam ought to be back. Arthur was no use, lying there asleep after getting sick from smoking. Maybe he would just go looking for Sam by himself.

He went down the path past some fish nets drying on their large spools. He stopped to talk to a fisherman mending his nets. He asked him lots of questions about fishing and then turned suddenly and said, "Have you ever heard of Mullet Sam at Shellpoint?"

"Mullet Sam? Why, boy, everybody knows about Mullet Sam. He's got a way about him that fish an' women just can't resist."

The fisherman went on mending his net without noticing the hurt look on the boy's face.

"Have you seen him today?" Denny asked cautiously.

"Shore did, not more'n a hour ago. He come right along here a bit lickered up. Sam's a real lady's man all right. Why, boy, one day I see him step up to a high yellow standi' with her man, and bless my soul, I wouldn't a believed it could a happened. . . ."

Danny walked away fast without waiting to hear the rest of the story. Now he had to find Sam before he got drunk. It would be getting dark soon, and they had a long way to go to Shellpoint. When he had gone down the path about a hundred yards he heard singing, "My name is Mullet Sam, and I's a fishin' man. . ."

Sam sure must be lickered up right, Danny knew from the sound of the voice. He plunged into the bushes in the direction of the song.

In the woods just off the path was an old house, and sitting at the front door was a foreigner that looked like one of the Greeks from the sponging boat. As Danny ran toward the door, the Greek stopped him.

"

The rough voice of the Greek at the door scared Danny but it didn't stop him from trying to get in to see about Sam. He yelled as loud as he could for Sam and tried to get around the Greek. The Greek kicked him real hard and shoved him across the path, and there he was all sprawled out flat on the ground when the door opened and Sam's big face appeared. Sam was swaying some when he stepped toward the Greek but his big fist didn't miss. The Greek went down into the bushes.

"I'll learn you how to pick on kids," Sam roared. Two more Greeks came out of the house and jumped him from behind, but he shook them off like they were a couple of fice dogs worrying a cow.

Danny tried to get up as Sam ran over to him.

"Dey better not hurt my boy," Sam blurted out as he pulled Danny off the ground and brushed off his pants.

By this time the first Greek had got up and one of the others came to the door of the house with a rifle in his hand.

"We don't want trouble," he said to Sam. "You go on home."

"You can't hurt my boy and get away with it," roared Sam and kept right on toward the Greek, who kept moving back with the rifle pointed at Sam.

"Come back, Sam. He'll shoot you." Danny was real scared but when Sam pulled out a razor and kept lunging at the Greek in the door, he was paralyzed with horror.

"Stop or I shoot," the Greek yelled but Sam kept on. When the rifle went off, Sam dropped the razor and grabbed his knee. The three Greeks jumped him all at once and pinned him down.

"Get him out of here," the Greek leader said to Danny. "We leaving fast. We don't want trouble."

Danny felt sick at his stomach. There was nothing to do but try to get Sam back to the store.

The Greeks would have their ship down the river before anyone could stop them. He didn't want to stop them. He just wanted to get Sam back to the boat and all of them back to Shellpoint where Papa was waiting for them and worrying about them. It was getting dark but he could still see enough to cut Sam's pants leg and rip off enough of his blouse to stop the bleeding.

"Sam, do you hear me?" Danny was pleading desperately. "Sam, listen now. Try to get up and lean on me. We got to get back to the store."

"Danny, I'm sorry I had to go get drunk," Sam was sobbing now. "And I'm real sorry about this mess, but I couldn't stand there and let 'em treat you that way. You're my friend, you know that."

"Sure, I know, and we're goin' to get out of this all right."

Sam got up slowly off the ground and hobbled on one leg as he leaned on the thin shoulders of the boy. The big frame bore down on the small body and Danny felt like the weight would break him in two. He wanted to give up but they hobbled, one step at a time down the path. At every step Denny

sagged and his knees wobbled weekly. “Papa, Papa,” he mumbled. but he knew Papa was way off in Shellpoint.

Finally the lights of the store showed far in the distance. As he came to the edge of the river, he fell over a rowboat and sprawled flat, skinning his shins and almost knocking his breath out. Sam went over on his side groaning but he kept talking to Danny to keep his courage up. In a half daze they stumbled around the boat as he saw the store door open and a broad path of light shine on them. Danny thought no light was ever more welcome, and no sound more lovely than the shouts of the fishermen in the dark.

The men from the store carried Sam to their sailboat but they were still a long way from home. Danny found Arthur where he was still asleep. He felt very tired and sleepy, too, but he knew they must get the boat home. Sam’s knee was bleeding again, and he ripped another piece of blouse to bandage the wound better. He and Arthur rowed down the river till they could get up enough to catch the wind. It was pitch dark but Sam was cold sober by now and told them just what to do.

The waves lapped the boat as they beat around the point, and the lazy sound almost put Danny to sleep. He must stay awake just a little more, and then he would sleep forever. He kept awake by thinking what old man Beecher, ugly old snot-nose, would say when he heard about this. When they camped at his store on the way back, Danny would build the fire and put on the big frying-pan. He knew there would be no Spaniards in shining armor waiting around the bend of the road, but there was more than just dreams and pretending.

When the boat grated gently on the sand at Shellpoint Denny was too tired to get out. When he felt Papa’s arms lifting him out of the boat, he cried until his whole body shook convulsively.

Yessir, Yessir, Three Bags Full

With its department store and mill (probably a lumber mill for the pines), "Opalachee" seems like a Georgia county seat, probably Cairo, where Dad grew up. Besides, Cairo has a "Broad Street" like "Opalachee." Because Uncle Barty knows stats for Ty Cobb (played 1905-28) and Christy Mathewson (played 1900-16) this is probably taking place in the first decade of the 20th century. I never knew my father to be interested in boxing, but there are many things I do not know about him. Awareness of race and Jim Crow was certainly part of his upbringing. I'm sure there were actual or aborted lynchings in Cairo when he was growing up. Appropriately for a story about a black athlete who leaves "Opalachee" to make a career for himself, the real-life Cairo was the birthplace of Jackie Robinson.

Nearly every large Southern family has its black sheep, or lone wolf, or restless gipsy, call him what you want to. Usually no one cares, but when the family is prominent the blackness stands out. The Jenkinses were still firsts in Opalachee, even though the town had grown to five thousand, and so it was natural that Uncle Barty, as most people called him, should be the biggest failure in Opalachee. That is, he used to be.

Uncle Barty lived with his brother Carl, the one who owned the Jenkins Department Store on Broad Street, and that made things worse because his brother's success was always being thrown in his face. Uncle Barty was a continual mortification to Mrs. Carl Jenkins. She felt that he was a bad example to her sons. "Boys," she would say, "whatever you do, don't be like your uncle Bartholomew. When you grow up I want you to settle down and marry a nice girl and have a family. Now take your father, he's got a fine business and he's an influence in the community. Or your uncle Matthew, he stuck to his job and now look where he is, judge of the district court."

Uncle Barty learned to pay no mind to his sister-in-law. He went his own way, taking care of the Jenkins vegetable garden and spending the rest of his time down by Davis Pharmacy or Mike's pool parlor, wherever the sporting element happened to be hanging out. For Uncle Barty was an authority in the world of sports. He could tell you Ty Cobb's batting average or Christy Mathewson's pitching record for any year you named. He could describe round for round every match of any heavyweight championship ever held in America. It was rumored that Uncle Barty himself had once been flyweight champion of Savannah, but no one could find out much about it. It wasn't in

the records, at least not in his own name, and Uncle Barty didn't talk about his past.

One day Uncle Barty did not join the sporting element, and when that happened a second morning they began to ask if he was sick or had gone to the coast on a fishing trip. They started a search and in about an hour they found him down at the old Nichols livery stable, building a sort of platform out of scrap lumber.

"What you building, Uncle Barty?"

"A trap to catch meddlers."

"Looks mighty like a preaching stand to me. You ain't fixing to start a revival meeting?"

"Maybe I am and maybe I ain't."

All they could do was to wait and see, and so they did, standing around, wise-cracking, offering suggestions. But when Uncle Barty started tying ropes to the two-by-fours he had nailed at each corner for posts, they knew that prize fighting was on its way to Opalachee.

"It was easy enough," Uncle Barty explained. "I was talking to Pete Nichols and I happened to say that Jack Day had the makings of a heavyweight, and how it was too bad he was going to waste, working along with the n___s on his old man's section gang. Then Pete said—he's a good egg, you know, Pete is—he said, Barty, why don't you try him out down at my stable, it ain't used for much now. There won't nothing bother you down there, he said, except maybe a few mules once in a while. So I said, Thanks, Pete old man, and went and got some scrap lumber I had been saving up."

Uncle Barty found it hard work training Jack, for the boy had to keep on working. You wouldn't catch old Gus Day letting Jack off just to box. That was all right for play, not for making a living. Jack didn't know much about boxing but he had the love of fighting and he had the build for a real heavyweight, standing six-foot-one in his socks and weighing nearly two hundred pounds. He had shoulders like a mule and a punch that would floor an ox. That was just the trouble. Uncle Barty couldn't find anybody to stand up to Jack, so how could he tell whether he was really good or not? He wanted to get a match for him with an old-timer in Jacksonville but he couldn't know whether Jack was ready or not. What he needed was a first-class sparring partner.

Uncle Barty got down to the ring one morning to find Jack already in the ring boxing with a tall negro. Jack let out with a terrific right and the black

boy, stepping quickly aside, came in with his left on Jack's unguarded jaw. Uncle Barty was so excited he just stood there gaping, until Jack saw him and stopped.

"Uncle Barty, I've got him."

"I'll say you've got him. Boy, oh boy. Who is he?"

"Joe Jones. Fighting Joe the section hands call him. Come on over here, Joe, and shake hands with the best trainer in Georgia."

Uncle Barty shook hands with Joe and patted him on the back, though he had to reach up to do it.

"Boy," said Uncle Barty enthusiastically, "you're a natural. So they call you Fighting Joe?"

"Yassir, Mister Barty." Joe's face was so black the light seemed to sink into it, but he smiled at Uncle Barty and the light came back.

"Well, all I can say is they named you right. You help us out and behave yourself, and we'll treat you right."

"Yassir, Mister Barty. I knows you will."

Uncle Barty was proud of having Joe for Jack's sparring partner but he realized at the same time it was ticklish business training a negro along with the white boys. The sports wouldn't mind, because they liked to see a good boxer, no matter what color he was, but most people wouldn't like it. They still saw red when anybody mentioned Jack Johnson and him marrying a white wife. Joe could go places up north or even in a city, but he could never get anywhere around Opalachee. He might even get in trouble if he did anything wrong at all.

The training went on, and everybody got to like Joe. Jack was rounding out into form and the sparring bouts became good exhibitions. The crowd around the ring increased from a dozen to forty or fifty, and, although Uncle Barty refused to charge admission, the men themselves passed the hat often enough to pay running expenses. The bouts were usually pretty even. Joe was eager and would come in fast with blows that would nearly knock Jack down when they connected. It was easy to see that the negro just loved to fight. But Jack was faster on his feet and knew more about boxing.

One morning Uncle Barty came out of the old harness room that he called his office, waving a letter. He was very excited and kept shouting, "I've got it, boys! I've got it!"

Finally somebody had sense enough to ask what he had got.

"The match with Jim Reddick, you fool. All signed up right here. And what's more, we're going to put it on right here in Opalachee."

"You can't do that, Barty," said one, "the W.C.T.U. will run you right out of town."

"And there won't nobody come," said another, "outside of us."

"Just you wait," said Uncle Barty, stretching himself to all of his five-foot-three, "I'll get the tobacco warehouse, and boys, I'm telling you, we'll jam that place so full of folks she'll pop out at the rafters."

After that there was no fooling around. The match was scheduled for just a month later, and everybody knew Reddick was an old-timer, a little too old to have much spark but still plenty wise and plenty tough. Jack was training, keeping good hours and working out about five rounds a day with Joe. His father let him off working on the railroad until after the match, and so he had time to do a lot of limbering exercises.

Jack was getting so much publicity that most of the crowd forgot about Fighting Joe. But Uncle Barty got to like Joe more and more as he saw him work out. He saw in Joe an unspoiled country negro boy with all the natural stuff in him to go places, if he only had a chance. He didn't tell Joe, but he had already written to a promoter in New York asking him to give Joe a chance. It was the only thing to do, he couldn't keep him on down in this little town just as a sparring partner. And if he made a slip, got the least bit uppity to white folks or something like that, there was no telling what might happen. There was that letter he had just got, warning him about letting Joe box with the white boys. He was too busy to pay attention to that now. But he must watch out. Nobody was going to bother Joe if he could help it.

The day of the big fight Uncle Barty went by the tobacco warehouse to see if everything was ready. The ring was there and the rows of seats were built as high as possible under the low roof. They could seat about a thousand people, and most of the tickets were already sold. People were coming from fifty miles away, and reporters from Macon and Jacksonville. That would give Jack a nice send-off, even if Reddick did beat him. Uncle Barty felt triumphant and eager. The tattoo of the carpenters' hammer beat a joyous rhythm that swept through his body. The banners over the doors rippled, but not enough to hide their message: "To-night at 8:30 sharp. Jack Day, the Opalachee Bomber, and Jim Reddick, the Jacksonville Slugger." Uncle Barty glanced at them proudly as he hurried down to the stable.

Jack was out in front waiting for him, an anxious look on his face. "Joe's not here," he said. "I'm afraid he's in trouble. Sam here just told me—."

"What is it, Sam?" Uncle Barty turned furiously to a negro boy who stood there with wild fear in his eyes. "For God's sake, boy, can't you talk?"

"Mister Barty, we didn't do nothing. Honest we didn't."

"Well, what happened? Where's Joe?

"I dunno. Honest to God, I don't. He hiding somers."

Uncle Barty broke in. "Jack, you tell me."

"They was at that n___ fish joint out in Babylon, and Joe was winning, so he had to stay on. The game didn't break up till day, and the boys was pretty high on moonshine."

"But Joe didn't drink, Mister Barty, he wouldn't touch it."

"They had to come back by where the sawmill hands live. Polly Pyles was coming along the road with some rations in her hand. One of them young bucks got smart and said something fresh to her. She got scared and started running, screaming as loud as she could."

"But I know Joe wouldn't do a thing like that. How come they're after Joe?" Uncle Barty was almost frantic.

"We all run when we heard her holler," said Sam. "Polly's paw come running out of his *y*ard, and Joe was the onliest one he seen. I reckon so, cause I was laying low at home when Joe's maw come running over and said a passel of white men come to her house with shotguns. She seen 'em coming, and Joe streaked out the back door."

Uncle Barty told Sam to go home and stay there, and tell all the other negroes to do the same. If he could get word to Joe, tell him to come to the stable, that he would be there and wouldn't let a thing happen to him.

Sam ran out of the back door, looked around, and headed down by the branch that flowed back of the stable. "What a day to have this happen," said Jack, and then, looking out of the window of the harness room, drew in his breath sharply. "Look what's coming now!"

Dick Pyles and ten other mill hands, shotguns in hand, were headed straight for the stable. Uncle Barty took a pistol out of a drawer and gave it to Jack. "I don't think you'll need it," he said, "but just in case."

Pyles marched right up and said, "You might's well give him up, Bart Jenkins."

But Uncle Barty didn't move a step. He said, as calm as anything, "I don't know what you're talking about, Dick Pyles. What do you mean busting into my camp? Don't you know we got a big show on our hands to-day?"

"They won't be no show lessen you give up your n___, Joe. They ain't no n___ can insult my gal and get away with it. Come on, bring him out."

"I don't know what Joe's done," Uncle Bart said, still trying to appear calm, "but I know he's a good n___ and I know he's the gamest boxer this side Jacksonville, and I don't aim to let him get killed. And anyhow, he ain't here."

"Well, we'll have a look around." They poked around all over the place, until they had to admit he was not there. As they filed out of the stable, Pyles turned and said, "Don't try to run your show to-night. I'm warning you, you n___- lover. We'll git you or him, one or the t'other."

Uncle Barty gave a sigh of relief. "Well, that's that. I got to have a little word with the marshal. Jack, you stay here, and if Joe turns up, keep him out of sight till I get back."

Night came and no sign of Joe. Pyles and his crowd were still in town, and as long as they stayed there, Joe was safe enough. Negroes had disappeared from Broad Street.

Uncle Barty was down at the stable all day. He knew Joe would come back there if he got a chance. He couldn't let the boy get killed, match or no match. About eight o'clock his lookout told him Pyles and about twenty men had jumped into cars and headed towards the river swamp. If only Sam had been able to get word to Joe. At any rate he must wait for him. He had said he would.

Jack was sitting there, dressed for the fight, worried about Joe but knowing that a thousand people were waiting to see him in his first big fight. At a quarter past eight Uncle Barty sent Jack to the warehouse in a car with the marshal.

"You see how it is, Jack. I got to wait for Joe. You know what to do. When Joe comes we'll get there. It'll be the safest place for him."

When Jack stepped into the ring a roar of applause greeted him. He was the underdog and at the same time a hometown boy. The crowd was with him.

The first two rounds were tame. Jack seemed bewildered, striking out at random and neglecting to cover up, and drove several short jabs to the face.

Reddick took advantage of this. Jack was quick enough on his feet to get out of the way of the bad ones, but he failed to hit when he had the openings.

In the third round Reddick came in with a hard left to the jaw that staggered Jack. Jack felt the ropes at his back and the bright lights in his eye. Would Uncle Barty never come? What were they doing to Joe? He couldn't let them down this way. He tore in and lunged at Reddick, but Reddick stepped back and then came in with a vicious uppercut on the chin. Jack went down on one knee as the gong sounded.

The fourth round opened with an attack by Reddick. The old timer saw his chance, and gave Jack one after another on the face. All Jack could do was to clinch and try to stall off the knock-out as long as he could. Then he heard a familiar voice behind him, "Get in there and box, Jack. You can do it, boy!"

Sure I can, Uncle Barty, Jack said to himself, I won't let you down. The lights no longer blinded him, the lead was out of his feet, his arms were longer and stronger. He knew he could reach Reddick's chin, and he did. The crowd noticed the change in him and shouted encouragement.

When the gong sounded for the end of the fourth Uncle Barty started to get in the ring and talk to Jack. He wasn't more than three feet from Jack's corner, but when he got up the black boy by his side held on to him. He looked scared and his lips were trembling.

"Don't leave me, Mister Barty," he gasped. "Please don't leave me."

Uncle Barty leaned over Joe and patted him on the back. "You're all right now, Joe. Ain't nobody gonna hurt you. Why, look, here's my brother Carl right here to look after you."

Joe slumped down in meek submission and pulled his coat collar up to keep anybody from seeing him. Jack turned around and smiled at him as if to say, "We know you're okay, Joe, old boy. We're all for you." Joe tried to smile back but he couldn't make it. Anyway, he thought, I got friends here among the white folks.

The fifth round was all Jack's. Reddick was defending himself nicely but Jack's powerful lefts were getting in more often. In the sixth Jack started an attack that carried Reddick to the ropes. Right and left his jabs were beginning to tell on the older man. Then at the side entrance Uncle Barty heard what he had been expecting. He knew Pyles and his crowd were trying to get in, but he pretended to hear nothing. The gong rang just as the aisle towards the ring began to fill with men.

Uncle Barty went into quick action. He put Joe in charge of his brother Carl and climbed into the ring. As he looked towards the door he saw about thirty men with shotguns. Pyles has been busy, he thought, it's easy to convince folks that a n___ is wrong. He thought he could count on the town folks to be on his side but he wasn't sure. After all, they might say, you can't let n___s get too uppity. All this flashed through Uncle Barty's mind as he stood there. He was spitting mad about it all but he knew he had to do something quick. He whipped out his pistol and pointed it at Dick Pyles coming down the aisle. Expecting no opposition with such a force behind him, Pyles stopped, hesitating for just a minute. That was long enough. Uncle Barty gave the pistol to Jack and stood up on the stool in Jack's corner of the ring.

Things were tense. The men back of Pyles were slowly moving forward inch by inch. A woman screamed but after that the crowd was so quiet you could hear a switch engine puffing more than a block away.

Then Uncle Barty said, loud enough for everybody to hear him, "Jack, shoot the first man that comes up that aisle. Folks, if you'll just be quiet, I think we can handle this situation all right. I ain't never made a speech before in my life but this is one time I'm going to, and every blasted soul of you is going to listen."

Uncle Barty was holding off that whole mob with his nerve. Any one of them could have shot him but they knew they couldn't do it without getting shot themselves, because Jack would do what Uncle Barty told him. Besides, Jack would be quicker with a pistol than any of them with shotguns. Uncle Barty went on, pleading for fair play and working on the emotions of the spectators. All the time Joe sat there by Mr. Jenkins, slouched down, trembling.

"Folks," Uncle Barty started, "this Joe is a good n___. I been watching him ever since he started boxing for me, and not once have I seen him act up or get smart. It ain't like him. Why, folks, I used to know his mammy, she used to work for us when I was a boy, and there never was a better n___ than old Susanna. She helped to nurse me and many's the time she put my head on her knees and made me say my prayers. I know it ain't done much good, but she meant well anyhow."

Uncle Barty was playing for a laugh and he got it. There's nothing like a laugh, he thought, to make folks forget killing.

"What's more, folks, Joe is a first-class boxer, he's a natural, I tell you. You ask Jack where he'd be to-day if he hadn't a had Joe for a sparring partner.

Now let me ask you a question, folks. Do you call it justice to let a bunch of lunatics come here with shotguns and shoot up a boy when he ain't done nothing bad? Dick Pyles says Joe insulted his daughter. Who saw it? Who says Joe even said a word to her?"

Uncle Barty paused. One of the mill hands moved up beside Pyles. "I saw it," he said. "I saw these n___s coming along the road raising Cain and a minute later I heard Polly scream."

"Did you see anybody touch Polly?"

"Naw, I was in the back yard when they passed her."

"Did you hear Joe say anything to Polly."

"Naw, but he was there all right. I know him when I see him."

"Yes, everybody in town knows Joe," Uncle Barty went on, "that's why they pick on him. Now folks, I put it up to you, that's pretty slim evidence. Nobody says Polly was attacked, and even if one of them boys did get fresh with her, it wasn't Joe. I want to see justice done, but this ain't justice. Do you all out there want to see the good name of the greatest little town in the South dragged in the mud? Everybody that's with me, say so. Are you with me?"

A great roar went up. "Go to it, Barty!" somebody shouted. The men behind Pyles had already begun to fade away as if they were ashamed to be seen there, and by the time the speech was over only the mill hands were left in the aisle. Carl Jenkins got up on his seat so everybody could see he was with his brother Barty, and then he turned to the millhands and said quietly, "You can't do a thing like this in Opalachee. Come on now and give up your guns. We're a hundred to one against you. Take their guns, Chief."

The marshal took the guns and handed them down the aisle. Pyles, seeing things were going against him, wheeled and turned on Uncle Barty.

"You can't get away with a thing like this, Bart Jenkins, you n___ lover, you *bum*!"

He raised his shotgun halfway and cocked it, but before he could aim it at Uncle Barty the marshal knocked the barrel up. The gun went off and the shot rattled around the tin roof. That made Uncle Barty so mad he ran down the aisle and landed an uppercut on Pyles's chin that knocked him down. It looked so funny to see Uncle Barty reaching up to hit Pyles that everybody laughed. Somebody shouted, "Let Barty get in the ring," and the whole crowd was in a good humor. They had forgotten about Joe crouched down on the ringside bench.

After that, boxing seemed a tame show, but Uncle Barty insisted that the match go on. Jack fought like a wildcat, thinking of Joe and what they had tried to do to him. He imagined Reddick was Pyles, and a man like Pyles ought to be knocked down flat on the ground. Reddick was the nervous one now, his eyes shifting away from the ring to the door by Jack's corner to see if more men with guns were coming. By the end of the eighth he was breathing heavily. In the tenth he got a gash over one eye and the blood kept running into his eye. He stalled and clinched. He wanted to make it go the fifteen rounds. Let the boy win on points. He hated to think of that knockout blow that would leave him groggy for days. But Jack was tasting victory in his first big match, and in the middle of the twelfth he got through with a terrific left on the jaw that sent Reddick down to the mat for the count.

The referee held up Jack's hand in sign of victory, and the crowd roared. They knew he was on the way up. Opalachee was proud of him. Jack tried to get Uncle Barty to come up in the ring with him, but Uncle Barty didn't notice his gestures. He was busy talking to Fighting Joe, telling him there was nothing to be scared of now, that he was going to take him to Waycross and put him on the midnight train for New York, and that he was to take this letter to Bill Kieran at the Garden as soon as he got there, and here was fifty dollars, his share of tonight's gate, to keep him going, and he was to let him know how he came out. There was so much excitement over Jack that nobody except Mr. Carl Jenkins noticed the big black boy putting his arm around the little white man and whispering fervently, "Mister Barty, you sho is a white man. Efn anybody ever calls you a bum again, and you tells me I can, I'll knock him crazy." And Uncle Barty knew he would, too.

All Day Sing and Dinner on the Ground

Dad left three or four versions of this story. The manuscripts are not dated, and I couldn't figure out which was his final version, if any. The story is surely based on my father's memories of his father preaching.

Heat waves were already dancing from the red clay cut, over the tasseled corn in the bottom, over the thin green spikes of sugar cane, over the broad leaves of tobacco. The August sun, still not halfway up the sky, spread over south Georgia, eating up the cool shadows one by one. A rotting fig fell with a juicy splash and two June-bugs zooned lazily away. No one worked in the fields. Occasionally a wagon full of people creaked noisily by the Bartow house. Anybody could tell it was Sunday.

In the kitchen at the back of the house old Ellen Bartow was frying chicken, a whole basket full of it. The three spring fryers she had left would not be enough for a Sacred Harp sing, she knew, so she fried the old dominecker rooster along with them. She smiled as she put the old fellow's drumstick in the sizzling pan. Whoever gets that piece will need a good set of teeth, no fooling. She would see to it that Jim didn't get it. Her boy Jim would need a juicy pulley-bone when he got through leading the morning sing.

Old Ellen was almost as excited as the day she married Ezra Bartow thirty-five years ago, come December. The smell of frying chicken always put her in a festive mood, reminding her of weddings and June-meetings and all-day sings. She wanted to dance a jig but she knew she couldn't. Anyhow it was getting on toward time to go, better get the kids ready. With a flourish she shook the flour from her apron and stepped out on the back porch.

"You Joee! Come fetch me a turn of wood quick. Viny, you go right this minute and get ready."

"Aw, Granma, I don't know what to wear."

"You know good and well you ain't got but one Sunday-go-to-meeting dress, the blue check gingham. Now go wash your face and put it on fore I get a switch to you!"

Other folks ought to see how important today was to her. An all-day-sing was enough but this was Jim's sing, the show-off jubilee of his singing school. For three weeks now he had been to Long Branch church every day. Her boy Jim would show them all what a good boy he was. This was her day of triumph.

Ellen Bartow had never had many things to celebrate in her life. She had worked hard to make something out of her children ever since her man had died of the colic and left her, a young widow with three little kids to bring up. Millie, her oldest, had married that no-count good-for-nothing Brant Jones and then died of typhoid, leaving her with the two kids to raise. Ellen was glad when Brant went West somewhere and left her with the two kids to raise. Joe, her oldest boy, was good-hearted but couldn't stand country life. He was up in Macon now jerking soda at a drug store, hadn't been home in ten years.

But Jim made up for the others. He was her pride and joy, different from the rest of them all along. He learned to play the fiddle before he was ten and pretty soon he was taking prizes at the county fair in the fiddlers convention. He used to go around with old Mose Gandy who played the guitar. They would beat all the shindigs and barn dances, playing "Turkey in the Straw," "Arkansaw Traveler," and lots of the good old pieces. Some gal would ask for "Redwing," and Jim would sing it. Old Ellen knew Jim would amount to something, so she was terrible glad when he told her he wanted to go to Jeffersonville and learn to read music. She scraped up enough money to send him to the college for a year. She would show them what her boy could do.

Ellen packed the last of the fried chicken into a large basket, put in a baked ham, a jar of peach pickles, and some fried sweet potatoes, then carefully tucked it all in with a large clean napkin. She scrubbed her face and hands until they hurt, put on the heavy black silk dress she hadn't worn since Millie's funeral, and got out her best fray cloth bonnet. She went out to where Jim was sitting in a rocker on the front porch. She felt important, she was on parade.

"Ain't you afeard you'll be late, Jim? Sun's done passed the pig pen, nigh five hours high." She spoke soothingly, as if she were patting his head.

"Right you are, maw. Gee, but you're dressed up fit to kill. Must think you're going som'ers." Jim knew what she was thinking and he wanted her to keep on thinking he was a big shot and a real musician. What would she think if she knew the truth about her fine big boy?

"Aw come on now, Jim. You don't want to be late and make all those folks wait fer you. I jes seed ole man Hagen's wagon from down on the creek pass, filled to the gills."

"Okay, maw. Here we go. The buggy's already hitched up. The kids can hang on behind." That's the way for a man to talk, thought the old lady. She

would ride to the meeting-house in the buggy with him and everybody would say, There comes ole Miz Bartow with her boy Jim, and him the singing school teacher.

They hardly spoke as they rode along toward Long Branch meeting-house. They crossed Long Branch where the water ran clearly over the pebbled bed. The horse pulled upstream a few steps to drink the cool water, and the children jumped off behind to cross the shallow ford with bare feet. The splashing added to the gay mood in the old woman's heart.

"I reckon Sophrony'll be there. Cousin Susie said they was goin to spread their baskets together with the Walkers."

"I reckon," was all Jim said. The sing must have him worried, she thought, and said no more.

The sing was about the only thing that wasn't worrying Jim. If she only knew the real truth, thought Jim at that moment, she wouldn't be so proud of him, she might even run him out of her house. All morning while he was trying to pick out the best songs from the Sacred Harp book, an old tune kept running through his head,

> Sittin in the jail-house, my feet against the wall,
> An a red-headed woman was the cause of it all.

Sally Nicholson was a red-head all right, and a hot one at that. She wouldn't send him to jail, she had no proof that he was the father of her child. In fact he doubted himself if he was, seeing how she was going with two or three others at the same time. Just the same she could make it hot for him with his people and she knew it. His ma and Sophrony Walker both were the kind who believed that if a man got a gal in trouble he ought to marry her. Most country people agreed with them, too, even the ones who did the fornicating themselves. In a city like Jeffersonville you could get by with such things, but folks around here would take delight in a shotgun wedding or in running you out of the country.

Jim couldn't see that he had done anything terrible. He never was in love with Sally, but she was easy and she came along when he was hot-headed and ready to try anything. For three months he had a good time, then he left Jeffersonville and he thought that was the end of it. Somebody must have put her up to this game of getting money from him to support their child. He wasn't even sure she had a child. After the sing he could go up and see and

maybe straighten everything up so he could live in peace and marry Sophrony. But she might not wait. Somehow she had found out about the sing and threatened to come down. Good Lord, she might be on her way right now. All he wanted was to give up the past and settle down with his own people. Sophrony was just his kind of gal to marry.

Still wondering what he would do if she came, Jim drove the buggy into the pines near the church, unhitched the horse, loosened his hame-string and belly-band, and tied him by a halter to a tree. He saw the roads full of wagons and buggies and a few cars. Nearly every tree held a horse or mule, the harness and gear still on its back. Jim felt relieved. At least he would have to put his attention now to the sing and let Sally take care of herself. He and his mother walked toward the little one room building that served as community church, school, and auditorium. Groups on all sides greeted them, the women nursing babies or looking after heavy baskets of food, the young folks sitting on the rough benches in the woods as far away from the others as seemed advisable so early in the day, and finally around the door of the church a large group of men. These were the arbiters of taste, the final judges of community morals, whittling, chewing tobacco, twisting mustaches. Jim heard a roar of deep laughter and knew they were telling a bawdy story of a peddler and a beautiful red-head named Baby. Whatever they were doing, they all stopped to greet Jim and his mother.

"Hey, Jim! How about lettin me in your choir? I kin sing high treble like a jo-ree!'

"Mornin, Miz Bartow. You must be moughty proud of that young un of yours growin up to be a perfessor."

"Clem, git off'n them steps and let the best fiddler in the county by."

"Jim, you ain't forgot how to do Casey Jones, is you? I'd ruther hear that than all your gospel songs."

The banter of the men flowed easily like the spontaneous greetings of friends; the cackling merriment flowed into the festive mood of Ellen Bartow. Yes, sir, boys, she wanted to say, I feel jes like I could sprout wings an fly, that's how I feel. She wanted to shake hands with every man jack of them, but she lifted the hem of her black silk skirt and went on in with Jim.

The morning session went smoothly and loudly, Jim leading most of the time. From time to time he gave way to a few of the old-timers who gloried in their amateur standings. Jim forgot about everything except the music. His picked choir, the ones he had been training for three weeks, caught his en-

thusiasm and went through the difficult harmony pieces in the Sacred Harp songbook. Jim was careful to bring in enough of the old favorites to keep the rest of the crowd in a singing mood.

Old Ellen joined in the choruses of hymns she had sung since she was a girl. These old songs filled her with memories and a longing for things long past, they buoyed her with hope of days to come when cares would end and everybody would rest in green pastures beside the still waters. On Jordan's stormy banks I stand, And cast a wistful eye. Peace, peace, wonderful peace. There is a fountain filled with blood, Drawn from Emanuel's veins, And sinners plunged beneath that flood, Lose all their guilty stain. Praise the Lord, the blood of the precious Lamb would cleanse them all of their sins and wash them white as snow. A band of angels, beautiful with wings whiter than the sands along the Ochlochnee River, beckoned to her from the other side of a deep black stream, and Jim was leading them in their hallelujah songs.

In the sweet bye and bye We shall meet on that beautiful shore. The tears gathered in her eyes. We shall meet in Beulah land, hallelujah! Will there be any stars, any stars in my crown, When at evening the sun goeth down? Of course there will be stars, and all the saints will be there by the throne of God, and Jim and Sophrony will be there, walking hand in hand. She looked over at Sophronia who sat with here eyes glued on Jim. Easy to see where her promised land was.

It would be fine to have Jim and Sophronia settle down in the old house with her. They could have the big room. She would give them the four-poster bed old Grandfather Tucker had brought with him from Virginny when he settled in Georgia. She would make them a spread with a big green peacock on it, and embroider pillow cases with God Bless Our Home.

She would—oh, what wouldn't she do for them?

Old Ellen's heart grew bigger and bigger as she thought of Jim and Sophronia. White puffy clouds of warmth spread around her and grew until they became huge thundercaps charged with the power of sudden storms. She thought of the green fields of Eden and herself walking in them with a golden cup, more beautiful than anything on earth, running over with her blessings. The Lamb of God himself walked with her to a great white fountain filled with blood the color of poppies. Beside the fountain sat all the people she knew around Long Branch, and near old man Walker sat a stranger, a red headed girl dressed in city clothes.

Jim was nearly through when he saw Sally Nicholson come in with Sophronia's father. He knew old man Walker was going to be late because he had to go to town, but he never expected him to come back with Sally. Everything was up now, just when he had been doing so well. Sophronia would not marry him now. He would have to go somewhere else and start over. It would kill his mother.

The crowd started out, eager to get at a hundred baskets of food, mouths watering for fried chicken and cake. Jim ate, too, helped along by his mother who scarcely ate for waiting on him. He ate but he couldn't keep his eyes off Sally, who seemed to be getting along beautifully with the Walkers. Sally looked terribly out of place among the country people. She had managed to fix the rouge on her face that had been streaked with sweat and to brush away most of the dust and sand that had settled on her white shoes. Her light green parasol was tucked out of sight. She herself was eating heartily and chatting away with Sophronia. What could they have to talk about, two girls so different? Maybe they were talking about him, telling him where he could go, damning him to the lowest depths of hell. He must find out, get it over with.

Old man Walker saw him coming and met him heartily.

"Howdy Jim boy! Sorry I couldn't get here early but you seemed to be doing tol'able good without me." Why does he fool with me this way? Knock me down, old man, tell me to get the hell out of these woods. "Oh, and Jim, here's somebody else thinks you're kinda good. On her way to visit her ma's folks down by Lake Jackson. I brung her this fur and asked her to eat with us."

Jim drew a sigh of relief. He still wondered what her game might be but at least she hadn't given him away yet. He knew he had to talk to her. After waiting until he thought it would not seem suspicious, he offered to show Sally the way to the spring.

"Well, Jimmy, things seem to be pretty good with you. Not a bad looking sweetie you got. I gather you ain't told her nothing about me and you."

"Aw, Sally, I ast you not to come down here. Couldn't you wait till I could get to town?"

"Oh, I thought you'd like to have me here for your first big sing with the home folks. I'm tellin you though, I wish I'd never come. It's no fun gettin dumped off in a hick town on a Sunday mornin an ridin in the blazing gun in an open wagon. I was lucky to get a ride at that. When I think of walking

down these country roads with the hot sand pouring in my shoes every step I take, oh, boy, give me the paved streets every time."

"You seem to be having a good time all right."

"Well, the Walkers are swell people. But, God, I feel out of place in the sticks here, like a snowball in hell. Back to the town for me and the quicker the sooner."

"What's your game then, Sally?"

"Oh, I just thought I'd like to hear what you had to say about helping me out of the mess you got me in. Well?"

"I said I'd marry you, Sally, and I will but I don't want to. You're not my kind and I'm not yours."

"Who said anything about marrying, big boy? You're gettin ahead of yourself a little. I wouldn't live in these God-forsaken pine flats if you gave me the place."

Jim could hardly believe his ears but he felt there was a n___ in the woodpile somewhere.

"Then what do you want? Why did you come down here?"

"Oh, I started out to get you, but I changed my mind when I hit the open country. Besides old man Walker told me you didn't have nothing but a one-horse farm and that belongs to your ma."

He let her talk on, her words soothing to his ears, sweet like cane syrup on hot biscuits. She wanted to marry her steady who worked at the garage in Jeffersonville. Wouldn't he like to contribute, say a hundred dollars, to the support of his child? My child nothing, but I'd pay lots more than that to get out of this mess. What if I have to work like a dog to do it?

Mrs. Bartow was glad when Jim came back to lie down for a nap before the afternoon singing. She stroked his hair gently, very gently, until he fell asleep. He was her baby and her grown man. She saw to it that no one bothered him. She woke him up in time to lead the first group of songs. Her eyes were wet with joy as she watched him leading his choir fervently through the strains of "Blessed Assurance! Jesus is mine!"

Holy Dynamite

Ev *at*
Spr *s* *Indian Springs is now a Georgia State Park located in the middle of the state and still hosts an annual "holiness meeting." Grandfather and Grandmother worked at Indian Springs, cooking the big chicken dinners. But this story is probably not one that they would have liked, with its charlatan preacher and its cosmopolitan tone.*

Two days before the camp meeting was to open this year I had the old hotel ready. I was feeling pretty good about it, what with my coops full of two hundred frying-size chickens and the farmers promising to bring in vegetables every day. I know nobody could eat more than a preacher who has been to a camp meeting revival service, even when he didn't do any preaching or praying or exhorting himself. But I was ready for them, and I felt satisfied about it.

That's where I was wrong. When I went into the office that day, Millie handed me a letter, and said in a disgusted tone of voice, "Jim Eliot's coming."

"Yeah, the old cowboy himself," I said, looking at the letter. "He still can't spell but he can preach more than ever. Does Flo know?"

"I haven't told her yet," Millie said. "She's in the kitchen breaking in the new cook. I hate to tell her."

"I know," I said, "I know. But it'll be better than having her run on him suddenly here in the hotel."

White Springs Camp Meeting is like that. You never know who is going to turn up or what will happen. There is usually plenty of excitement around, just with the religious meetings in the tabernacle. When they begin to get happy and start shouting, you can hear them all the way up to our hotel. I tell you, religion is pretty exciting, the way these folks take it. I've seen it make them so hungry I thought I never could fill them up.

And when you add love to all that carrying-on, well, it's holy dynamite. And that's what I was afraid of when Jim saw Flo. You can't take a cowboy right off the plains and tame him, not even if he does get religion and renounce sin. Not when he's high-strung like Jim.

Jim had met Flo two years before at our house in Birmingham. He was holding revival services in a big tent and the people flocked in like bees to a

cane grinding. Flo was visiting Millie then and went to the revival regularly. "I like to see him strut up and down behind the pulpit," she said, "and get all those people so worked up they'd do any thing he wanted them to." That was all right till Jim started working on her, but he couldn't make her hit the glory trail. Not Flo.

After the meetings were over Jim came to the house one night to dinner. He told me then he was in love with Flo, but that he couldn't tell her until she was converted and confessed her sins. He wanted to have a session of prayer with her alone. So we left the two of them in the parlor after dinner while we washed the dishes. I never knew just what happened, but after a while Flo came out to the kitchen white as a sheet.

"He's gone, the little squirt," she said.

"Without even saying good-bye?" asked Millie.

"I ran him out," said Flo, "and I hope I never see him again."

Well, as far as I know, she hadn't seen him since then, and now they would be thrown together in the same hotel for two weeks. You can imagine how I felt about that, because we couldn't run that dining room without Flo to help us.

The day before preaching was to begin the crowds began to dribble in until the little frame cottages on the camp ground all came to life. The people drove in cars mostly, but some rode up on the little narrow gauge railroad that runs from the main line at Carrsville, and a few from nearby came in buggies.

And with them came Jim, driving up to the hotel in a brand new V-8. I never saw him in such good spirits before. Flo was with us at the front desk when he came in.

"Well, well, well! How's everybody?" he said.

We shook hands, all except Flo, and she started off toward the kitchen. Jim took her hand like they were the best of friends.

"How Flo, don't do that," he said. "Let's be friends."

"I don't mind," said Flo, "only be sure you stay away from me."

"That's pretty hard to do," said Jim with a big laugh, "seeing as how you turn out the best fried chicken around here."

"Come on, Jim," I said, just to change the subject, "I'll show you your room."

When I went to our bedroom there was Flo in Millie's arms crying as hard as she could, and Millie was saying, "There, there now. It'll be all right.

We don't mind who you run around with, do we, Rod?" "Of course not," I said, not knowing what in blazes she was talking about.

It seems Flo was in love with a bartender over at the Springs five miles away where the ritzy folks go in the summer. It's always a sore enough point with the evangelists that the Springs, where people dance and drink cocktails, is so close; they call it a den of iniquity and Babylon, though I must say I never saw anything bad going on over there. But a bartender, that was like being a saloon keeper in the old days. A bartender was a servant of the devil, leading men down the path to ruin.

"He's really all right," Flo kept insisting. "Dave never takes a drink himself. But if Jim finds out I'm in love with a bartender, I just know he'll kill him. Jim's crazy, I tell you. You don't know him. He's crazy."

I thought then that Flo was the one who was crazy but before the next two weeks passed I saw she was right.

Just to show you what I mean, Jim hadn't been with us more than two days when the girl that makes up the beds ran out of his rooms one morning screaming and carrying on something awful.

"What on earth's the matter?" I said.

"There's a snake in there," she shouted. "I pulled back the bedclothes and there he was, a moccasin."

I went to the room and found Jim putting a cottonmouth back into a bag.

"I'm sorry he got out," he said. "It won't happen again. But he can't hurt you anyway."

That's all he would say about the snake. I didn't trust him, and I told him he would have to got rid of it if he wanted to stay in the hotel.

Then there was the time he started out to convert the ritzy folks over at the Springs. I went along because I didn't want him to get into trouble. He parked his car at the Casino and we went into the big card room. There were mostly men in there, playing bridge and listening to a ball game over the radio.

Jim walked right across the room and turned off the radio, and then he got up on a table. I never saw such surprised people in my life as was around that room. They just sat and gaped at Jim.

"You can't do this, Jim," I said. "This is a private club."

"Don't you try to stop me," he said. "This is the abode of iniquity. The devil is here, and I'm going after him."

I saw he meant business, so I decided to let him alone unless he went too far. Jim raised his voice like he was in a pulpit preaching.

"Listen to me, you dwellers in sin," he said, "I am here to bring you back to righteousness. Repent you of your evil ways before it is too late. Leave your drinking and card-playing, and come to Jesus."

He went on that way for about five minutes. All the bridge games stopped, and the people in the far corners crowded around. This was something new and they were enjoying it. Pretty soon they began to clap their hands and cheer him on. This worried Jim because he was used to having people cry instead of laugh, when he preached. I could see he was getting mad but he went on anyway and he put out his best exhorting for them. He was telling them about the torments of hell and the suffering of the damned souls, when all of a sudden a drunk, who had been gradually edging nearer the front, hollered out, "Hooray for hell!"

Well, that was too much for Jim. He jumped off that table and landed right on that drink's shoulder, a full five feet away. They were down before I could get to them, and Jim was mauling the heck out of him. The crowd stood around hardly knowing what to do, but a big fellow came from behind the bar at the other end of the room and pulled them apart.

"You stay out of this," Jim shouted at him.

The bartender held Jim off and led him toward the door. "Go on home, squirt," he said, "and preach to them as wants it."

Jim was touchy about his size and hated to be called a squirt. He tore loose and took a sock at the bartender. The bartender just picked Jim up like he was a little baby and set him down on the ground outside.

Well, who should turn up then but Flo. She didn't say a word to Jim or me, but turned to the bartender, and said, "Dave, you oughtn't to have done it. He's crazy and don't know no better."

"I wasn't going to hurt him, honey," the bartender said to Flo. "Honest I wasn't."

Then Flo introduced Dave to me, and I knew he was her steady, the one she told Millie about.

Jim got up off the ground and walked off without saying a word. When we got back in the car, he said grim-like, "He can throw me out of all the hell-holes on earth, but I ain't going to let him drag Flo down into sin with him." I know then I'd have to keep an eye on Jim, or there would be trouble.

I saw a lot of Dave after that, and I got to like the boy. He was so clean and honest, and the way he loved Flo was pathetic.

"I just don't feel right," he said, "when I'm not with Flo. She seems to steady me."

After his run-in with Jim, Dave started coming over to our hotel regularly when he wasn't working at the Springs. He said he was scared Jim might hurt Flo.

I didn't think there was any danger of Jim hurting Flo, but he surely was pursuing her. He was after her every day to go to sunrise prayer meeting, and finally she went once just to keep him from pestering her. She said he prayed with her and begged her to leave her sinful life. He prayed for her until all his praying became a continual repeating of one idea, "O Lord, touch the heart of this woman. Let her see the evil of her ways."

At first Flo didn't pay any attention, but after about a week of this it began to get on her nerves. She got to thinking that maybe she was a sinner, maybe she ought to be converted. Dave tried to talk her out of it.

"Flo honey," he said one night when she wanted to go to the tabernacle, "you said yourself this Jim's crazy. You ain't done nothing bad. You ain't a sinner."

"You don't understand, Dave," she said, and her face was so tense I hardly knew it was Flo. "It's not what you do that makes you a sinner, it's the dark thoughts you have."

"I reckon you'd better take her to meeting." I said. "Jim's preaching tonight, and he made her promise to come. She won't be satisfied lessen she goes."

So we all decided to go, Dave and Flo, and Millie and me. They were still having song service when we got there, but we found seats pretty close to the front. That tabernacle is so big anyway, it would hold half of Birmingham, I think.

After a while somebody introduced Jim as the visiting preacher for the evening. From the very beginning I could see Jim was at his best, and pretty soon I knew it was all directed right at Flo. It wasn't that he looked right at her much, but you could tell he was putting everything on that one sermon and he didn't expect to lose. Dave being there just made him all the more determined.

I don't remember what Jim started out preaching about. It didn't matter much what he said anyhow, but the way he said it. His voice would go up

and down, and back and forth. One minute he'd have you scared to death about the little things you do every day that you never think of as sins. The next minute maybe he'd have you crying, because your mother had died and you might not join her in heaven if you kept on living in sin.

But it was so easy, he said, to be saved—all you had to do was to surrender, to give your heart to God, and trust in Him to wash your sins white as snow, even though they were of scarlet. Long before Jim was through preaching, people all over the house, one by one, stood up and came down the straw-covered aisles to the mourner's bench. Every once in a while somebody down front would shout "Hallelujah!" and an answer would come "Praise God." "Amen" and "Glory" came after every sentence Jim spoke.

But Flo was not moved, at least I couldn't tell it if she was. I've seen this sort of thing so often it didn't bother me. I always stand up when they ask for a show of the folks that are saved. I find it is lots easier that way. I could see Flo was listening to every word Jim said. She sat with her face following Jim's big steps up and down the platform, back and forth, now left, now right.

Somehow Jim worked his preaching into the idea of faith—you know, the faith that can remove mountains. There weren't any mountains in that section of the country but faith would do wonderful things, Jim said. "By faith the lame can walk and the blind see. If you have faith, nothing can touch you, not even the lightning bolt from the sky, or the poisonous snake under your feet. I see in this audience some whose hearts are hardened because they have no faith. Like the heathen they ask for a sign. Well, I am fixing to give them a sign, one they will never forget."

A stir went through the crowded tabernacle like the wind over an oats patch. Out of a bag Jim pulled a long snake and held him up with both hands as high as he could reach. Even where we were we could see the forked tongue darting in and out, and the flat angular head swaying back and forth.

Flo was swaying her head, too, in the same rhythm with the snake, from one side to the other, slowly. Dave tried to take her hand but she pulled it away and kept looking at the snake. She leaned slightly forward.

Jim put the snake into the bag for a moment, took off his coat and rolled up his left shirt sleeve. He was talking all the time. "The hard hearted have asked for a sign," he said, "and this is it. I have here in my hand one of the deadliest of snakes, a cottonmouth moccasin from the swamps. But I have faith that he will not hurt me, and I'm fixing to prove it to you."

Again he took the moccasin out of the bag and hold its head close to his bared left arm. He waited until the crowd held its breath. He brought the flat head closer and closer to his arm. I wondered if he really would do it.

"Watch closely," he said in a whisper that we could hear plainly. "See what miracles God can perform."

The ugly head struck. Flo screamed and started scrambling for the aisle, pushing over everybody. Dave tried to stop her.

"Let me out!" she shouted. "Let me out before it's too late."

Jim saw her coming down the aisle, and he stood still like he was welcoming her, his face shining in the overhead lights.

"God bless you, sister," he said, and you could hear the shake in his voice. "She has seen the sign and believed. Who else will come and open up t
altar."

And they came, until they packed the front seats and the aisles. I never saw such a demonstration before in all the years I've been around camp meeting. The regular workers were inside the altar rail, leaning over the seekers kneeling there. Occasionally one of them would rise and start shouting, "Praise the Lord! You have come through. Get up and tell everybody how happy you are."

There was so much excitement you expected anything to happen.

That's why I didn't think much of it when I saw a woman hurrying up our aisle knock a lighted lantern off a bench. But when I saw some flames licking up out of the oat straw I got busy. I tried to stamp it out before it could get started, and a dozen others were trying to do it, too, but the flames were too quick where the oil had spilled from the lantern.

"Fire! Fire!"

It seemed like everybody was shouting, and the fire was spreading rapidly. Then Dave went into action. He stood up on a bench where they could all see him.

"Get those benches away," he shouted. "Pile them up back there."

All the man started moving the seats back. They were glad to do something.

"Now rake that straw toward the fire," Dave commanded, like a section foreman, "keep it from spreading."

Dave was cutting off the fire. Everybody obeyed his orders instantly. It was all that saved the place, for the wooden pillars and roof would have gone

like kindling. The fire by now was blazing away like mad, but it wasn't spreading. The long flames licked up through the half darkness but they couldn't reach the roof. The straw burned down to the ground and went out. Only the benches that had already caught were still burning.

But the trouble had just started. The fear of fire spread quickly among the crowded seekers down front. Panic struck them, and you could see them rise like one body from their knees. They tried to get out but all they did was to trample on the next person. They surged back and forth, and as the wave went forward the thin altar rail went down like it was a match box. A woman screamed, and the pushing got worse.

Jim was trying to calm them, but the voice that had stirred them up so powerfully couldn't do much. Me and Dave went around the sides and got back of the altar. It was the only way to get the burnt people out. Dave was looking frantically all around the jostling crowd.

"Where's Flo?" he asked Jim.

"I don't know," said Jim. It was the last I saw of Jim. He was white as a sheet. He knew he had brought all this on, and now he couldn't stop it. "I left her at the rail there in front of the pulpit."

The only way we could get to the middle part of the rail was to get rid of the people between. So we herded them and led them out at the back of the tabernacle. When we finally worked our way through, we saw Flo, still kneeling, with a look of horror on her face.

"I can't move," she shouted, "my ankle's caught in the railing."

She seemed to be in agony, and we started to lift the railing so she would be free.

"Don't bother with that," she screamed. "Get that snake away from me first."

I froze in my tracks at the horrible sight. Slithering along the floor was a snake. It was Jim's moccasin. Its ugly flat head wasn't more than three feet from Flo's face.

Dave took one jump and grabbed that cottonmouth right back of the head. Then before you could tell about it he took the snake by the tail, whirled it around his head, and snapped it once the way you would a whip. The moccasin's head snapped off and hit the bottom of the pulpit.

By that time the fire was all out and the people had stopped pushing. We got Flo out of there with nothing worse than a twisted ankle. There were

plenty to look after the others that were burnt, so we started back to the hotel.

While Dave was getting some water for Flo from the pitcher on the pulpit, I picked up the moccasin's head.

"Holy Jehoshaphat! Look at this," I said.

Dave took the ugly head in his hand.

"Just as I thought," he said. "No fangs. He couldn't even hurt a rat."

Dave calmly put the head in his pocket. "Somebody else might find it if we left it lying here," he said, "and think your preacher friend was a fake."

When we got back to the hotel I saw a V-8 driving off and I thought I saw Jim in it, but I didn't say anything. We put Flo to bed, and Millie and me went to get some hot water and bandages. But I guess Flo wasn't hurt too bad, because when I got back she had her arms around Dave.

"Darling," she was saying, "you're so good. I'm sorry I ever thought you were bad."

"Aw, honey," Dave said, and kissed her. And then he said, "Honey" five times, and every time he said "Honey" he kissed her.

Flo saw me standing there.

"What do you think, Rod?" she said, with the most peaceful look on her face. "I'm going to marry a bartender."

"You old backslider," I said. "You'll never get religion that way."

"We like our religion in quiet doses," Flo said. "Don't we, Dave?"

"I'll take it or leave it, any way you say, honey," said Dave.

Plain Jane, Fancy Nancy

Nancy and Jane's family is well off, with a piano, a car, horses, and tennis court. Perhaps they live in the resort town of Thomasville, some 20 miles from Cairo, where rich Northerners wintered. But their home also bears some resemblance to my mother's family estate in Ohio. From the reference to Hitler and Chamberlain, the story seems to take place in 1939. I found three typescripts of this story in various stages of revision. In one, the ending is quite different: Howard and Jane reconnect at the end; Howard tells her she is beautiful, and she goes to the piano and plays "Two Hearts in Three Quarter Time."

Jane felt miserable. And when she felt miserable she had to play all the pieces of furious music she knew. One after the other she played them, carelessly and madly. When she reached the crashing end of Bach's D Minor fugue she was missing half the notes in her frantic desire to hide her misery over "Plain Jane, fancy Nancy."

Those were Howard's very words—to her, of all people. Plain Jane indeed. She knew she was plain, that her younger sister Nancy was the prettiest girl in Bluffton, yes, and that Nancy was bright and had caught up with her in school. She knew it and she knew everybody else in Bluffton knew it, but they didn't have to say it. Especially not Howard. Of course he said it in fun, and he wouldn't have said it even in fun if he hadn't been going with her so long. He felt he could say anything to her. Well, he couldn't.

Howard sat beside the piano, awkwardly silent, and wondered what Jane was annoyed at. He could not understand these moods of Jane's. Here he had been joking with her and suddenly she turns redder than usual in the face and starts playing the piano. Ordinarily, he loved to hear her play. In the music she became like a new person. The eyes behind her glasses lost their weakness and became radiant. The mouth, slightly drawn at the left comer, became as if ready to be kissed. Howard only saw her radiant when she was playing and when he kissed her. At other times she was terribly plain, just the opposite of her sister Nancy. Plain Jane, fancy Nancy. That's why Jane was mad. The old saying had struck him as funny, but Jane didn't think so. He must be more careful.

Jane suddenly stopped playing. Howard looked up. Nancy was standing in the doorway, dressed in a spotless white sharkskin tennis dress.

"Who wants to play tennis?" she asked, looking straight at Howard.

"I'm game," said Howard. "I'd like a little workout. How about you, Jane?"

"You know I can't play," said Jane wearily. "But don't let me stop you. I'm going upstairs and rest."

Jane flung herself across the bed sobbing. This is the way it will always happen, she thought. I should never have asked Howard to visit me. Nancy has taken every fellow I ever had from kindergarten on up. Her pretty face and her sweet ways attract them, until I feel I could scratch her pretty face and make it bleed. The year I had to stay out of high school on account of my eyes she caught up with me. She tried to be so sweet about it and when she got first honors in our graduating class, she said she wouldn't take it, but she did. And she took Donald away from me that year, too. I am glad we went to different colleges. I wouldn't have met Howard. . . . The ping of tennis balls and the joyful voices of Nancy and Howard came in through the open windows.

This is the end. I can't stand it much longer. I can hear them whispering, look at Nancy Tarrington. Isn't she beautiful tonight? Too bad about Jane. Nancy's ahead of her in everything already. Nancy will get married first. Nancy will marry the man who came to visit Jane.

The excited whispering drove through Jane's head like swarming bumblebees. She turned toward the window and the white light rolled painfully across her eyes, turning red and orange. Eagerly she sought the cool darkness of the pillow. As soon as she was calm again she went to her mother's room. "Momsy," she said, "please comb my hair. It always makes me feel so good."

Next day Jane played for Howard again. This time she was happy. Howard had said to her, "Jane, when you play I forget where I am. I could sit and listen to you forever." And she played soft dreamy music for him. Debussy's *Reflets dans l'eau* was just meant for her and Howard.

The two of them were walking arm in arm under the trees by a broad river. The sun had set behind a fluffy white cloud, and the sky was yellow and then pale green like a summer apple. Out of the pale green sky Venus the evening star shone more and more brilliantly until it threw a long shiny streamer across the black river. Howard drew her closer to him and whispered softly, "You are my evening star, my love. You are more beautiful than a star reflected in a black river. Your eyes are like the sparkles made by the ripples of the water over the path of the star."

The blast of Nancy's new motor horn broke in on the most beautiful love scene of all Jane's reveries. Jane stopped playing in the midst of a phrase.

"Go on please, Jane. Nancy doesn't mean any harm by it."

"I can't, dear. It's all gone now."

Nancy burst into the room. She had on a bathing suit made to show off her charms and cover as little as possible. Her white beach robe billowed off her arms behind her as she ran.

"Come on, you love birds. Didn't you hear me toot for you? We're going over to the Tatum's new pool."

"But we haven't been invited," said Jane.

"Aw nuts, Jane. They're christening it, or what do you do to a pool, warm it! Everybody's going."

"Well, I'm not going where I'm not asked. Besides I've got to practice for the Community Fund Concert."

"Well, come on, Howard," said Nancy, taking him by the arm.

"If you really have to practice, Jane . . . ."

Jane watched the yellow sport car spurt gravel from the driveway as it leaped away. Howard did not look back. He seemed to be easily persuaded when Nancy came around. He made no objections. Jane felt desolate in her loneliness, the more desolate because she wished she could do things with Nancy's finesse. Howard was easily led one way or the other, but Nancy was doing most of the leading. She sat down at the piano and let her fingers run wildly up and down the keyboard in a bewildering series of chords.

But no hot words came until Nancy and Howard went riding and got lost. Jane had never learned to ride, so she asked Nancy if Howard could go with her. Nancy was usually back in an hour or little more. When they were not back after two hours Jane got worried. When one o'clock lunch time arrived she was definitely annoyed.

About one-thirty the two riders came jauntily in, laughing about getting lost in the woods beyond Mulberry Corners. When Jane heard that she was mad sure enough. Mulberry Corners was a good five miles from the stables. They had never intended to get back much earlier, and they were not the least bit apologetic.

"Well, you seem to enjoy getting lost and having me worried about you and letting lunch get cold."

The sarcastic coldness of Jane's voice showed Nancy that she was really hurt and that the tears were not far away.

"Jane darling," Nancy said. "We didn't realize you would be worrying. We didn't have a watch and we really just lost count of the time."

"I know. You were having such a good time together you really just lost count of the time."

"Now listen, Jane. Don't twist my words around. The horses were feeling good and we got farther away than we thought."

"Well, it isn't the first time." Jane's voice was rising and her face was getting very red. "Ever since Howard came here he's been off with you somewhere or other all the time. Well, you can just go to the dance together, too. I'm not going."

Jane ran out of the room. In her hurry she almost hit the doorpost. She was crying before she reached her room.

Howard stood without saying a word, looking rather sheepish like a small boy caught in a prank.

"I guess I better leave," he said.

"Please don't, not right now," said Nancy. "She'll get over it pretty soon. She gets these spells occasionally."

But Jane meant it this time. She wouldn't even come out of her room to say good-bye to them. With bitter thoughts she peered under the lowered shades of her bedroom to watch them drive off.

All evening she was nervous, fidgeting around from one thing to another. She tried to read a frothy love story that maddened her until she threw it across the room. Then she picked up a book on European affairs, but Hitler and Chamberlain suddenly seemed so trivial and far away from her that she gave up in disgust. Even the detective story failed to interest her because of its unreality. People don't just sit down and deliberately plan to murder other people, she mused. "At least nice people don't."

After midnight Jane went downstairs. She would play until she heard the car drive in, then slip upstairs again. She started fingering the keys. Perhaps Nancy and Howard were sitting out a dance by the pool just beyond the glow of the lights from the country club porch. He had his arm around her. His face was close to hers. He was whispering to Nancy the words she herself had been waiting for. Nancy was smiling up at him, radiant, beautiful, fancy Nancy.

Jane got out all her music, hoping to light upon some thing that would make her forget the lovers—yes, that's what they were, lovers. She started a Bach fugue but gave it up. Bach was too mathematical for tonight, needed a

cool brain and precise accuracy. She might as well try to play Bach at a country club dance as play him now. Perhaps Schubert would do, impatient unfortunate lover lost in Vienna woods, dying upon the midnight with no pain, feverishly working to finish the little things, leaving the big one unfinished. Or Brahms, exquisitely calm after writing the most passionate music, fat old man smoking a cigar as he played, his fingers barely reaching the keyboard for the paunch that stuck out. Brahms understood her, knew that music transfigures the body and makes the plain ones fancy.

The telephone rang. It tore the music apart and left it jangled into shreds. Jane started quickly to answer it, to stop the wild fear of the gangling bells long after midnight. Nancy's voice, startled and a little apologetic, came over the telephone.

"Jane, darling. I'm sorry I woke you up. Be a good girl and tell Mason to come out to the gas station at Miner's Corners and pick us up. The car's gone dead. I'll explain later."

"I'll come myself," said Jane and hung up.

Jane loved driving at night, the one time she felt she could let herself out. It was even better than music, for the high-powered car responded more quickly to a push on the accelerator. She shot out on the green signal of the last traffic light and soon she was making sixty. Down the slope to White Creek she got up to seventy and tore up the other side like a foxhound on a hot scent. She knew the curves on Ridge Road were gradual. No need to slow up for them. The tires screamed. A front wheel hit the gravel at the edge of the road and the car careened dangerously. Jane pulled it back on the pavement with an effort. It would be easy to go off on one of these curves. Never see you again if you did. Just keep on rolling over till you stopped. Good-bye, old cruel world, hello eternity. Jane laughed and stepped on the gas.

At Miner's Corners she found two tired and disgusted young people. She swung her car around and picked them up.

"At your service, my fine folk," Jane said. "Call Main 1000, day or night."

"You were sweet to come," Nancy said, "but don't rub it in."

Howard was being noticeably silent. Jane sensed a feeling of coldness, almost of unfriendliness between him and Nancy. She wondered what could have happened. Miner's Corners was far from the direct route home from the country club. And the dance was over at one. Beautiful night, night for love. For Nancy's benefit she hummed the tune, "O belle nuit ! O nuit

d'amour!" Beautiful night for loving Nancy. Beautiful night for killing Nancy. Don't be absurd, Jane. Nice people don't deliberately plan to kill other people. Nice people just kill with their tongues and their charm and their fancy manners. Plain Jane fancy Nancy, plain Jane fancy Nancy, plain Jane . . .

"Look out, Jane, " Nancy screamed.

Suddenly Jane saw it there in the road ahead of her, an old car parked without lights. She was going too fast to stop, but in that hurtling split second she saw she mustn't hit the car because a man was standing beside it. She pulled the car to the left with a vicious jerk of the wheel and stepped on the brakes. There was a hideous screeching of rubber on concrete but the car went on. The wheels struck the gravel on the other side of the road. Jane pulled desperately to the right but the car did not respond. She felt the car lurch sickeningly and she knew they were going over. She knew exactly what was happening and could do nothing about it. She thought plainly, this is the same curve where I almost went off on my way out. We will all be killed and I don't much care. But I am sorry for Nancy.

For a minute, or was it five minutes, after the crash, Jane was in a daze. The first thing she remembered was hearing Howard tell a man to telephone for an ambulance. He must be the man I nearly killed, she thought, the one who made us turn over. What a miracle we aren't all dead.

She looked for Nancy and for a moment she couldn't find her. Then she saw her lying on the ground by a light pole. Nancy was lying deathly still and her face was bleeding. Jane ran to her and daubed her face ecstatically with a handkerchief.

"Nancy! Nancy! Darling, please!" Jane shouted wildly as she took Nancy's head in her lap.

"Steady there, Jane," Howard said calmly. "We mustn't move her till the ambulance comes."

"I killed her, Howard, I tell you, I killed her," Jane was crying hysterically. "I wanted to scratch her pretty face but I didn't mean to kill her."

"Nancy's going to be all right, Jane." Howard stroked Jane's hair. "There now. You couldn't have helped it. Nobody could have done any better."

Nancy regained consciousness on the way to the hospital and looked up at the anxious faces of Jane and Howard.

"Why Jane," she said smiling, "you've lost your glasses. You know, you look beautiful."

For thirty-six hours Jane got no sleep. She waited outside the operating room while Nancy was being bandaged. Howard tried to get her to rest but she refused to leave her chair in the hospital corridor.

"I killed her," she kept muttering. "I killed my own sister."

When Nancy was wheeled back to her room, her face a mountain of bandages, Jane followed, afraid to ask. She watched them take Nancy to the X-ray room. Again she waited what seemed hours, wishing she could do something to help Nancy, to heal the scratches, to stop the blood, to mend the bones. She would have to make it up to Nancy somehow. Only the most degraded and filthy people deliberately killed their own sisters. But she hadn't meant to do that. She only wanted to make her pretty face ugly, to keep her from taking all her boy friends.

Then the doctor came and said Nancy would surely live, would even be able to walk on crutches in six months or so. After that Jane slept but still she could not be comforted. She reasoned to herself that the accident was really not her fault. But she had wished it, had grown reckless in her anger at Nancy and Howard. Thinking of Nancy made her careless, and being careless crippled Nancy.

Remorse settled on Jane. For weeks Jane was in and out of the hospital twenty times a day. Every morning she personally brought Nancy the largest gardenia she could find and pinned it on Nancy's bed jacket. After Nancy's hip was put in a cast and she had to lie still in bed, Jane sat close by the bed and read to her until she noticed the eyes close. She could not do enough for Nancy. She rubbed her tired back with alcohol as often as Nancy wanted it. She persuaded the nurses to let her do some of the most menial jobs.

When Howard came back to see them, she deliberately left him and Nancy alone. She would never let Howard explain what he and Nancy had been doing that evening of the accident. She threw them at each other, and when they told her one day that they were going to be married as soon as Nancy got well, Jane burst into tears and kissed them both.

That night Jane went back to the piano for the first time since the accident. Again she had lost out in love, but this time she had desired it. She had literally thrown Howard at Nancy, and what else could he do but marry her? He would feel sorry for her because she had got hurt on his account.

Jane ran her fingers up and down the keyboard, and the sound seemed new to her. For weeks she had not wanted to play, and now she wanted to do nothing else. She fingered the beginning of a Bach chorale, "Jesu, Joy of

Man's Desiring," and suddenly stopped. This was not the same music she had played only a few weeks before. It was something transfigured, a part of herself, a part of her new love for Nancy. The words of ancient comforting blended so completely with the simple melodic line of the music. For the first time she understood Bach. Childlike faith for sorrow. Joyous ever-flowing love born of pain. The patterns flowed, and white was their color, for white was all colors of unbroken sunlight, not red of ecstasy, not yellow of love, not blue of suffering, but all of them together in liquid white rhythms. Bach understood life, and now Jane understood this fuller life, the joy revealed to those who suffer.

This melodic line of pure white music was flowing out to all the world. The vibrations were caught up by the microphones of a hundred concert halls. They were magnified into waves of bounding energy that crackled and split into a thousand waves and yet were always the same. From the great towers it would flow into the sympathetic receiving sets in a million hospitals where ten million children lay crippled, waiting to hear the comforting music that she would send out to them. If only she were good enough to reach them, if only her hands were strong enough to send these dancing waves of exquisite joy to them all.

Jane rose from the piano and went to the telephone.

"Is that you, Jerry? I said I wouldn't play for you at the Community Fund Concert, but I will if you still want me. You do? Well, that's swell. I still have three weeks. Put me down for Beethoven's Sonata, Opus 111. Yes, I know I'm sticking my neck out, but McCoskey from the Post will be there, and a good word from him will set me up. Sure I'm aiming high. I just this minute decided I'd like to go in for radio work, and I've got to show them I can do it."

Jane was laughing now. Her spirits soared in anticipation of the shock the town would get when the ugly duckling appeared as a swan. Glee ran through her veins in smothering haste.

"And Jerry, you must promise me two more things. My share of the proceeds must go to the hospital for crippled children but nobody must know about it. And you must let Nancy sit in the wings in a wheel chair. Is that all? Isn't that enough?"

Jane hung up the receiver and ran up to her mother's room to tell her the good news.

"Why Jane darling," her mother said, "what is the matter? I never saw you look so beautiful."

A Time to Dance

This story is set in the South, not in Georgia but in North Carolina's tobacco country (in Durham, perhaps) and in New Orleans. The two places define the poles of Martha Jane's life: home–efficient, cautious, confining–and carnival–romantic and hallucinatory. The two poles come together in the ironic ending.

Martha Jane felt her troubles vanish the minute she set her foot on the train steps and followed the porter into the green depths of the Pullman. She put her packages and magazines on the seat and got back to the platform just in time to lean out and kiss Bobby as he beamed in his grandmother's arms.

"Bye-bye, you sweet thing! Mommy'll be back real soon." She playfully bit Bobby's neck and tried hard to imagine why she had thought he was bad. As the train started pulling out, she hastily turned to her mother-in-law.

"Take good care of my family, Mother Cummings. And tell Bob he's an old meanie for not coming down to see me off."

"But you know he couldn't, Martha Jane. He had an important shipment to get off."

"Well, tell him other shipments are important, too," she shouted, but by that time the train was too far away and the words were lost.

Martha Jane went to her seat, took off her hat and coat, and settled down to her first free moment of reverie for weeks. She almost imagined she was on her way to school again. By tomorrow this time she would be talking over old times with Isabel, remembering the carefree days at school. Tomorrow night she would be dancing again for the first time since she married. And not at any ordinary dance but at the great Mardi Gras ball in New Orleans.

The train was out of the yards now and passing the factory district. Martha Jane peered anxiously out of the window. Soon they would be passing Bob's factory–yes, there it was, "Cummings and Moody, the Home of Dixie Maid Cigarettes." She thought she might see Bob on the shipping platform, but there was no sign of him. He would be too busy; he was always too busy, ever since they had added cigarettes to their line. They were making enough money from the steady business in snuff and chewing tobacco that Bob's grandfather had built up. But Bob wasn't content with having Dixie Girl snuff and Red Horse Cut Plug known in every country store. He wanted

to have a cut at the national trade. Well, he was having it, having a cut at everything except his home.

She wondered if the man in the seat across from her was efficient like Bob, and stayed at the office nights to work. No, no one could be so efficient as Bob, who even made love efficiently. She remembered that she was twenty and Bob was thirty when they started going together. She had wanted romantic love, some indefinite sort of charming man who would sweep her off her feet. But Bob never let up when he had once made up his mind to marry her. He gave her things she had always wanted, a pearl necklace, a diamond wristwatch. He got up parties for her, quail hunts, horseback rides, and deep-sea fishing expeditions. They had done so many things together that she had never done before—or since, for that matter. They never did things now—they were too busy putting Dixie Maids on the commercial map.

But all that was over now, all the nerves that had piled up for months, all the irritableness from living in luxury with Bob's parents in the Cummings mansion, all packed into a bag with her pretty dresses and tucked away under a Pullman seat. She no longer wanted to scream at Bobby pulling a Dresden doll off her table; she no longer felt that damnable nervous itching around the elbow. For she was going off, going to a big party in a place far away from cigarette factories and North Carolina, going where nobody knew anything about her except Isabel. And Isabel wouldn't tell.

Martha Jane lay that night in her berth and held her Nile green silk Pierrette costume against her body. It gave her a tingly feeling as if she were being naughty. Well, it's high time I enjoyed life, she argued to herself. It's high time I got some fun out of living. I'm not asking too much, just to have a little romance. There's a time to dance and a time to be sober—and this is my time to dance. I wonder how far I can go—well, I won't worry about that now. I'll take things as they come. Maybe I'll go quite a way—maybe I will. This is my time to dance and have romance.

The Nile green Pierrette swayed on its hanger as the train swayed Martha Jane to sleep.

Isabel was waiting for her at the station. Seven years have changed her very little, thought Martha Jane.

"Darling," said Isabel. "You don't look a day older."

"Same old liar," said Martha Jane, elated over hearing flattery again. Even if she wasn't beautiful and had aged terribly, she still loved compliments.

They swept down the platform, through the station, and into the waiting roadster, arm in arm, chattering away like schoolgirls. Martha Jane was walking on air. This was different from falling asleep over a magazine waiting for Bob.

"Darling, we'll have to hurry," said Isabel as they drew up to the Prevost home. "You can get your bath before dinner, and then we can dress for the masquerade later."

"You lamb," was all that Martha Jane could say. The thought of the great Mardi Gras ball so near was too much for her—gay rhythms of multitudinous dance bands, gay colors of a thousand different costumes, blaring trumpets, confetti and streamers.

The warmth of a bath after the long train ride enveloped her. The warmth of the huge towel excited her. But the tingle of suppressed delight that swept over her had nothing to do with the bath, and little with the clinging green of the silk Pierrette costume that lay across the bed. The spirit of carnival was hers. Mardi Gras was bringing her a new and shining world.

And finally, they were there, at the Mardi Gras ball. They sat in the Prevost box at the big auditorium watching the festivities below them. On the stage of the great hall sat the king and his retinue, gaily decked out in royal purple and cloth-of-gold. All around flowed the worshiping crowds, greens and yellows weaving in and out of blues and reds in a glorious and ever-changing pattern. Thousands of people were in the hall, and all their costumes were fantastically beautiful.

Martha Jane's heart pounded. She looked and saw what seemed like a million colors. It was out of this world, as if some dabbler in modernistic tones had gone mad and slashed the whole place with a joyous rhythm of biting reds and laughing blues and soft greens from spring sunsets. The excitement flowed into her and the million colors melted into a haze before her eyes. She caught her breath and with moist eyes turned speechless to Isabel.

"Do you like it, darling?" said Isabel.

"It's—it's wonderful. I never dreamed anything could be so beautiful." Martha Jane's tongue was loosed and she babbled on in jerky enthusiasm. "It's like—well, like the setting for an opera."

"You would think of that, silly," said Isabel, "You couldn't get dance music like Don Alonzo's and Duke Soperton's at an opera."

Of course it was better than an opera, thought Martha Jane, you could see an opera anywhere but there was only one Mardi Gras ball. A page

dressed in pink satin entered the Prevost box, bowed very low to Isabel, and handed her a silver corsage. This *is* something, Martha Jane said to herself. You would think this was the banqueting hall of a great medieval castle, and Isabel was Eleanor of Aquitaine.

"You'll have to get along without me, I'm afraid. This is a bid from the king's retinue. It's practically a command. But don't worry, darling. A beautiful lady like you will not lack for suitors. Prince Charming will find you."

And with that Isabel was gone, leaving a frightened Martha Jane, sitting alone in her green Pierrette costume, and in her embarrassment pulling at the stiff ruffles of her white collar. She couldn't for the world think what to do, so she just sat there looking out over the crowds.

Down below, the dancers swayed to the music, and the fountains played. Every man had his lady, and they swayed together. It would be nice when she had her man. Isabel had said he would come. Would he be handsome and a good dancer? Would they dance all night? And where would they go after the ball was over?

The colors and the music swayed, and the rhythms seemed to hypnotize Martha Jane. She found her thoughts wandering strangely back home. This would never do. Here she was wondering whether Mother Cummings would think to put zinc oxide on Bobby's face where he had cut himself falling off his tricycle. He would be in bed now, unless they disobeyed her orders and let him play after supper . . . . But even if he was in bed, would they think to put the screen up by the window to keep the draft off his neck? Oh, dear she had forgotten to tell Masie to be sure to put on his heavy pajamas if it turned colder. Bobby would surely catch cold, and she wouldn't be there to keep him in bed and wrapped up and . . .

"Oh, hello, I thought you'd never notice I was here."

Martha Jane turned to see a tall Pierrot standing in the door of the box. His hair was plastered neatly to his head by a black cap, but a dark and wavy lock strayed out at one side. He was indeed Prince Charming, even to the low bow from the waist as he kissed her hand.

"Lovely lady!" he began, and Martha Jane listened, eagerly, almost believing. "You are cruel to hide your beauty in this high tower. I have climbed beyond the stars to beg you to come down and join the rout that struggles to unholy jazz tunes below. But soft, lest you feel faint, I have provided refreshment. In short, the champagne is on the way up. Here, lackey!"

Pierrot clapped his hands and a waiter appeared with champagne embedded in ice, produced two thin tapering glasses, and poured into them the amber wine in which tiny bubbles worked their way slowly to the top.

Martha Jane dared not speak for fear of breaking the dream, yet she managed to take her glass. Pierrot lifted his glass, looked deeply into her eyes, drank slowly, lifted his glass again, and slowly put it back on the table. Martha Jane tried to follow, knowing that she was clumsy but enthralled by the little drama. It was a play all their own, and she saw no reason why they should not act it out. A sudden wave of animation came over her and she lost her awkwardness in the play-acting. She knew that Isabel had managed this, but it was so much like what she had wanted these many years that she entered fully into the spirit of the play.

"The dance is on, my Pierrot," she said gaily. "Let us descend from this ivory tower and trip the light fantastic."

Pierrot bowed very low and drew her arm in his. "Right you are, baby," he murmured, and led her down to the floor of the great hall.

They were soon lost in the whirling mass, two green figures clinging to each other in a sea of glittering colors. They said very little as they danced, for, like all good dancers, they felt that there is a language of rhythm and bodily touch that is better than that of words. They abandoned themselves to the music, until gay fox-trot, languorous waltz, and dramatic tango mingled in a mood of suppressed excitement. To Martha Jane it was ecstasy wrapped in a delicate cobweb, and she slid lightly along the floor for fear the cobweb might break. For ecstasy must not fail—it must go on and on. The music became joy and beauty and desire, wrought to the light touch of flesh under satin.

Martha Jane felt herself young, supremely young like the green earth in that far-off springtime of the world when the morning-stars had sung together for joy. And she knew now that she was beautiful, graceful and light, following the strong lead of Pierrot through intricate steps. They were like one body, weaving in and out among stars on a summer night. Pierrot was very strong to be able to guide her so smoothly that they never touched any of those bright stars that were always floating by so dangerously close.

The waltz ended when they were near the south bandstand. She swam back to reality for a moment and looked at the man in the band. It was strange how familiar the drummer looked. That's it, his head is just like Bob's, the same set expression around the eyes. Wouldn't Bob look funny beating a

tattoo on the snare drum? She almost laughed. He would probably hit down with the same vicious swing he took with a golf club. But Bob's drive was good for two hundred yards, and her perfect form couldn't get a hundred.

It must be getting late, if I am thinking about Bob. He never got home this late. Say, that would be a good joke if I turned the tables on him, and let him wait up for me for a change. I'll try it as soon as I get home. "I thought you would never get home, dear," he would say, and she would yawn and say, "I had an important shipment to get off. . . ."

From somewhere far off came the soft drawl of Pierrot. "Lovely lady," it began and she heard no more, wondering what effect his soft voice would have at the cigarette factory, where the men jumped to obey Bob's quick staccato orders. Pierrot saw she was not listening, but by now the waltz had begun again. Without thinking, Martha Jane fell into the dance. Again she felt the magic of the dance, and as they turned in a great sweep she felt the rippling of his thighs. As they turned again she felt him touch the tip of her ear with his lips. It was a playful thing to do, but it almost made her cry, remembering that Bob had once done that very thing, long ago when he had known how to be playful. The only times now that he was ever playful was when he lay abed Sunday mornings and played with Bobby by the hour. Bob could do such nice things when he thought of them or when he had time. If she could only make him see how important it was for him to take time, to spend time at home, and at their own little home instead of the big Cummings house. If she could only make him see. . . .

"As I was about to say, lovely lady. . . ." The voice of Pierrot brought her back to earth with a startled laugh. "If we aren't planning to shut up this joint, I think we'd better get going. One band folded up already."

They dragged themselves back up to the Prevost box, where Isabel sat with her wraps on, quite plainly yawning. Pierrot found enough champagne left for a toast, and lifted his glass to Martha Jane. "To a swell actress and a good sport," he said, and left without more words.

Martha Jane and Isabel drove home in the gray morning light, scarcely speaking for weariness. Martha Jane thought she would like nothing better than to fall into bed and snuggle up beside Bob. He would grunt a little but he wouldn't keep her from putting her cold toes on his warm feet. Before she got into the big four-poster bed, however, she would have to take a peek at Bobby just to see if he was covered up.

As they passed a church they heard bells and saw people going to mass, Isabel turned sleepily and said, "It's Ash Wednesday already. Carnival is over."

"Yes," said Martha Jane, "Carnival is over. Lent is here."

Carnival passes into Lent. How appropriate it was in the gray light around them, the taste of ashes in her mouth, weariness after gaiety.

Isabel paused to say good-night at the door of Martha Jane's room and, as if to make conversation to prove herself the perfect hostess, said, "Frank is an awfully good sport, isn't he? You two surely hit it off like soul mates. I'll take you over tomorrow to see his wife and the boys. She's almost well but didn't think she ought to go out tonight. Oh, Frank's quite a family man."

Story of Mac

This story is recognizably set in Gates Mills, Ohio, in the stables of the Chagrin Valley Hunt Club.

If ever I saw a derelict from the racetracks, Mac was one. Nobody seemed to know where he came from. He just turned up at the Hunt Club stables one day when we were short of help. He knew horses and he was willing to shovel manure, so we didn't ask many questions. I could tell he didn't know much about hunters, the way he'd ride them with his stirrups drawn up short like a jockey. We never knew any name for him except Mac—and any Scotchman might be named Mac. Every Saturday he took his pay in cash and went to town. He wouldn't show up again till just time to feed the horses the next morning.

Mac was a sight, I'm telling you, exercising the hunters with his bony knees most up to his elbows and his dirty white cap pulled down to his pointed red nose. He wore the same dirty jersey till I thought it would rot off him. He tied his trousers with a string when he rode, for he wouldn't touch the boots we gave him.

And Mac was never satisfied with the weather. It was always too hot or too cold. If it was the least bit cold he would sit up there in the tack room by the stove with his old sweater wrapped round his neck. And if it turned warmer than usual in June he would mop himself with his blue bandanna and let out a long whistling "whee-ew." Many's the time I have been riding along thinking how nice it was to be out on the trail with the breezes playing round, when all of a sudden from behind me would come this "whee-ew" and I would look back to see Mac mopping himself.

"What's the matter, Mac," I said, "you're never satisfied."

"It's me skin," he said, "when I get hot it sets in to itch, and when I get cold it burns."

"Well, why don't you go out to California," I said just to see what he would say. "There's plenty of race tracks out there and this Eastern weather'll never get any better."

Well, you should have seen the scared look that came over that man's face when I mentioned California. Just for a minute, you know, then he said, "I've worked out there. Ain't no better."

After that I got interested in finding out what Mac had been doing in California, but he would never mention it again. He told me lots of stories about other places. He was three years in Reno with a rodeo. "That's a place for gambling," he said. "I seen a man win two hundred grand there in one night." He was at the World's Fair in Chicago; that's what he called the last one, for he'd never heard of the first one.

I was determined to find out Mac's story but I didn't know I was to get it by pure chance.

I was on my way to a dance one night about ten o'clock and seeing a light on in the stables I stopped to see what was going at that time of the night. A card game was on in the tack room and from the sound of the voices I guessed there was some drinking, too. I didn't like that, knowing how easy it is for a fire to get started. I was just opening the door to bawl them out when I heard Mac shout, "Blast you, mon! I killed two guys once for less than that." All the grooms sitting there let out a big laugh at that, and it did sound funny, because Mac looked so frail he couldn't hurt a flea. But I remembered Mac's silence about California, and I believed him.

I faced him with it next morning. He was plenty scared.

"Honest to God," he said, "I had to do it. They'd a done me if I hadn't."

"You don't have to tell me, " I said, "but maybe I could help you."

"Ain't nobody can help me," Mac's breath came short and he was almost hysterical. "But I don't mind telling you. You been white to me."

We walked out to the jumping corral where nobody could hear. Mac was nervous. He kept moving one of the rails in and out.

"I was just a lad about twenty when I first come over from Scotland, back before the war. I picked up a job in New York for a time. There was still plenty of trucking stables in them days. But I was used to running horses and I didn't fancy them big Percherons and Clydesdales that pulled the beer wagons. I worked me way out to the coast and got a good job as swipe at one of the biggest racetracks in southern California. I won't say where it was, but it was a real fine track, had stables that was pretty near a mile long. I was crazy about it for I always fancied fast horses. Then I had to run into Emie and Jack. . . ."

Now Ernie and Jack were a smooth pair, just looking for kids like Mac that didn't know much about crooks. They had a neat little game of cleaning up from a crooked deal and getting somebody like Mac in to cover up for them. I don't know what it was because Mac wouldn't tell me much, and

anyway I don't understand too much about racetracks, and I still like to think that anything to do with horses is clean even when I know it isn't. Anyway here they were after the race with a thousand bucks to divide up among the three of them.

They agreed to meet at an abandoned fisherman's shanty out of town near a lonely part of the seashore. When Mac got there Ernie and Jack were already pretty high. Mac wanted to get his share of the money and get out. Ernie pulled out a roll of bills and showed it to him.

"We gotta celebrate first. Here take a drink," said Ernie, handing Mac an empty whisky bottle.

"Ain't a drop in it," said Jack. "Be a good boy, and go to town and get us some more whisky and some grub."

"Yeah, get a big fat bottle of good old booze," said Ernie, recklessly peeling a five-dollar bill off the roll in his hand. The sight of so much money tantalized Mac and he instinctively made a grab for it. Ernie pulled it back greedily and put it in his pocket.

"Well, it's part mine," said Mac.

"Oh, sure," said Jack. "That's right. It's part hisn, ain't it, Ernie? But you see, kid, we gotta celebrate first."

Mac was good and mad by that time, but he saw there was nothing to do about it with two of them against the one of him. They had him and he couldn't do a thing about it. He put the money in his pocket and started up the beach toward town. The farther he walked in the loose sand the madder he got, to think of those two crooks keeping back what was rightfully his. He'd like to give them some of their own medicine.

He said to himself, "I'd like to kill them two crooks, I would for a fact." He said it the way anybody would say it when they were mad, not meaning it. Then he caught himself thinking how easy it would be to really kill them, with them already drunk. And the world would be a lot better off with no Ernie and Jack in it. And besides they wouldn't have to divide the thousand bucks then. It would be all his. A thousand bucks! That was more than all his father's farm in Scotland was worth. He could go across the border to Juarez and live like a king on a thousand bucks. And nobody would touch him.

Mac was so mad he kicked the sand desperately as he strode along. Ow! His toe hit something solid and he caught the gleam of a bottle. He dug it out and held it close to see what kind of bottle it was before he would throw it far out into the surf. It was a whisky bottle with the label practically intact.

He had an idea. It would be easy to fill the bottle with wood alcohol. They would be too drunk to tell the difference. They would drink it and go to sleep and never wake up. And meanwhile he would be in Juarez living like a king. He washed out the bottle and went on into town.

The storekeeper filled the bottle, corked it and gave it back to Mac.

"Be careful you don't mistake this for whisky and drink it," he cautioned Mac. "There's enough there to kill five men."

"Don't worry," Mac replied smiling. "I won't."

Mac went back a lot faster than he had come into town. He had a hunch he ought to see what was going on back at the shack. He sneaked up to the only window. Ernie and Jack were drunk as lords and boasting in loud voices about how smart they were. They were laughing about how easy it was to get rid of the boy. They were already joyfully spending the money they had made. They could kill him without the least bit of trouble. They could dispose of the body by weighting it and dropping it into the sea off the point. They had done it before and not been caught. And what if they were suspected? They could beat it across the border and hide out for a while. Already they were spending the money they would save this way. They would live like kings in Juarez.

"This is a good game," said Ernie jubilantly, slapping Jack on the back. "The kid does the dirty work, I collect the money, you knock him off, the kid disappears, no trace of him left, nobody to blame for the dirty work. It's so easy, I sometimes wonder why I don't do it all by myself."

"Just try double-crossing me," laughed Jack, and you'll wake up some night in fifty feet of water, and not able to swim."

"Aw, can't you take a little joke, Jack? You know I wouldn't hurt my pal Jack. Not for the world I wouldn't."

"Oh no, Ernie, not for five cents you wouldn't. I wish to God that boy would come on. My throat's dry as cotton."

"Now, don't get impatient. You've got work to do. Be sure you don't miss the spot, under the left shoulder blade."

Mac went around to the door and into the hut, carrying his neatly wrapped bottle in one hand and a bag of food in the other.

"Here's your stuff," he said impatiently. "Now let me have my money."

"Bring it over here," said Ernie. "We gotta celebrate first. Got plenty time to divvy later. Pour yourself a drink."

"I ain't drinking. I want my money."

"Well, come and get it," said Ernie holding out the roll.

Mac reached out greedily at the sight of the money, forgetting for the moment that it was his anyway if he only waited. As he reached out he felt a sharp pain under his left shoulder blade. The whole room started to go around and round. He fell forward.

"Drag him over in the corner," Ernie growled. "Good thing we got him. He's the smartest kid we ever tackled."

Mac saw Jack wash the blood from his knife, wipe it on his shirt and stick it back in his pocket. He heard Ernie laugh as he said, "Now we can drink in comfort. There'll be plenty of time later on to get rid of him."

Mac thought to himself, "now I am done for." Then he lost consciousness. When he came to it was dark in the hut. The lantern had burned all its oil long before. Mac tried to get up and fell back in a faint. When he came to again it was getting light outside. He could make out the two bodies by the table. "The dirty crooks, they tried to kill me," he muttered to himself. He went over and shook Jack, then Ernie. Not a stir. They must be dead. He didn't want to wait and see. Hastily he removed the roll of bills from Ernie's pocket, ran out the door and down the beach. He wanted to get away from those dead bodies. He ran until he fell from exhaustion.

"They was dirty crooks, both of them," Mac said. "They got what was coming to 'em all right. But I was that scared I hid out till that cut in my back was healed. I stayed down in Mexico for a year and nothing happened, so I changed my name and come back up into Texas. I ain't never been back to California, and I ain't never fixed any horses since then. I don't yet see how I done it. And I'm still scared. For God's sake don't tell the police. It's been nigh thirty year now, and I've paid for it a thousand time. I have to keep moving around. I dassent hold a job long."

"Well, you can stay here as long as you want to, Mac," I said.

"Thank you, sir," said Mac, wiping the sweat under his dirty white cap as we started back to the stable. "You're very kind, sir."

Mac brought the mare out and brushed her. As he led her to her stall, I heard him say, "Whee-ew, it's damnably hot."

The next morning Mac was gone. Nobody at the stable knew where he went.

Colonel Sugimoto

My father taught in Japan in the early 1920s. Much later, as an officer in Intelligence, he interpreted reports from Japanese prisoners taken in the islands of the South Sea campaign. I see this story as a step in his coming to terms with being part of the American armed forces that defeated militaristic Japan. The fictitious Colonel Sugimoto seems to be based on one of Dad's Japanese students.

It was not until I talked to Professor Suzuki that I realized that the notorious Colonel Sugimoto, believed to have ordered the execution of twelve American fliers at Batavia, was the same person as the small mouselike student I taught at Tatsuno Middle School nearly twenty-five years ago. I walked slowly back from Suzuki's house through the narrow bomb-torn streets of Himeji to the American occupation quarters in the old barracks of Japan's crack 10th Division.

Himeji had grown to be one of Japan's important cities, twice the size it was when I lived in it those two years I was teaching in Japan, but now it was a wreck from the plastering our bombers had given it during the last year of the war. I had expected changes, and certainly it was with mixed emotions of nostalgia and resentment that I had come back to Himeji after twenty-five years. Because of my knowledge of the situation, I had been given the special assignment of investigating the Japanese patriotic societies that had gone underground. Incidentally, I was asked to get evidence on Colonel Sugimoto so he could be brought to trial. But I never thought it would turn out like this.

When I first knew Sugimoto he was a quiet lad of eighteen, a fifth-year student in the middle school at Tatsuno, a little village near Himeji. He never learned English very well but he was always coming to my room in the dormitory Thursday nights when I stayed overnight at Tatsuno rather than make the long trek back to Himeji. I had barely finished my supper of rice and *sukiyaki*, the only Japanese food I liked, and taken my uncomfortable position cross legged on the straw mat in front of the brazier of charcoal, when regularly every Thursday night Sugimoto would come in, bow low on the mat and ask politely if he might come in. He wanted to know many things but particularly about America and the customs of the Western world. I got a little bored with Sugimoto because I could never get anything done Thursday nights, what with his curiosity and his everlasting questions. But he was ex-

tremely grateful, as most Japanese are, and tried to repay me with all sorts of favors. He took me on walking trips to the monasteries and Buddhist temples in the hills. He introduced me to his *ju-jitsu* teacher and I learned a good deal about the art; even so little Sugimoto, weighing barely a hundred pounds, could easily throw me over his head.

Finally Sugimoto did me the greatest of honors and took me to his home for a week during the spring holidays. For the first time in years I recalled an incident that should have told me what he was like. We were visiting a small Shinto shrine surrounded by stone lanterns and gnarled pines.

"This shrine is dedicated to my ancestor," Sugimoto spoke in a whisper. " og
justice, and all of them committed *har* without a murmur."

"Yes, I know the story," I said, and shuddered to think that Japan's best known samurai hero story was founded on fact, and that the doctrine of *bushido* would glorify the wholesale disembowelling these men had done upon themselves because through loyalty they had disobeyed the law of the time in avenging the death of their lord.

Sugimoto turned to me, his boyish features plainly excited. "Japan has need of such men today," he said. "They were loyal to their *daimyo*, and yet they were willing to die because they had disobeyed the law."

When Professor Suzuki told me about Sugimoto, he didn't dream of course that part of my job in Himeji was to get enough evidence to bring Sugimoto to trial. I had visited Suzuki because he was one of the few good friends I remembered from the old days. He had just retired as principal of the middle school, later than usual because of the war. I found him puttering around in his little garden, which had miraculously escaped the bombings. He didn't seem to resent my being a recent enemy. He regretted the destruction but looked forward hopefully to peace and Japan's recovery. Eight years was a long time to be at war, and his only son Taro had been killed in the Shanghai incident at the very beginning. He told me about the boys in my fifth-year class the year I went back to the States. He named five of them who had been killed in China and four in the south Pacific. The ones who survived the early campaigns of the China Incident became leaders, he said, in the Greater East Asia War against England and America. The only one of them who had achieved any distinction, he went on, was the Sugimoto boy from Tatsuno I used to bring around the year he was doing his compulsory training at Himeji.

I picked up interest but said nothing. Suzuki seemed quite proud of having known Sugimoto. After the fighting at Nanking he had risen rapidly to become a colonel and had been decorated with the Imperial Order of the Rising Sun, Third Class, for distinguished services while commanding officer of a prison camp in Java.

This is hard to take, I argued to myself as I strode rapidly across the parade grounds to the barracks, but there's only one thing to do, get all I can on him without letting him suspect. I looked up at the great white castle rising ahead of me on Himeyama, the only hill in this wide Harima Plain, and I thought of the good times Sugimoto and I had had that year he was in Himeji. Every time he could get a pass he came to see me and we went walking to the top of the castle, to the old Buddhist temple in the hills, to the Inland Sea fishing villages nearby. I remembered now he used to come to the church to my English bible classes, and how he even talked about being baptized and becoming a Christian. I can never forget the farewell party at the church when I was leaving Japan. Sugimoto made a speech and gave me a handsome samurai sword as a farewell gift. He got special permission to see me off on the train and brought fifty boys from Tatsuno to the Himeji station to make it a gala occasion. I felt touched by their *banzais*. Sugimoto bowed low in his baggy private's uniform and took off his Army cap with the red band around it.

As soon as I got to headquarters my mind was made up. I ordered a jeep and started for the villa on the edge of town where Sugimoto was living. He received me in a very correct gray kimono, but he preferred to have us sit in chairs in the Western-style room that marked the house as belonging to a person of affluent means. He did not recognize me, nor would I have recognized him with the wrinkles on his brow and the almost swaggering air of self-confidence he betrayed. It was hard to believe that this was the mouse-like boy I had known. His air of correct politeness disappeared as soon as I told him who I was and assured him my visit was not official. He tried to be affable and recalled many pleasant times we had had together, but even when he was smiling I seemed to detect a cold gleam in his eye as if he were trying to size me up. He must have guessed that our intelligence knew about him and were just waiting to arrest him. He knew that many former Japanese Army officers were now in jail. But if he suspected what I was after, he didn't show it. Now that Japan was defeated, he said, Japanese and Americans

should forget they were ever enemies. He promised his cooperation to the Americans in every respect. He bowed very low as I left the room.

Weeks went by without my seeing Sugimoto though I knew what he was doing. He spent most of the time at home with his books or in his garden, but there were several suspicious visits at night to the hills north of town beyond the old silk mill that had been an airplane factory during the war. I was busy with routine investigations, and I couldn't find out any more about Sugimoto as long as he was minding his own business. If I hadn't been so busy I could have enjoyed my stay in Himeji, for it was April and the cherry trees around the old castle shone white in the spring sun.

My dossier on secret meetings of patriotic societies began to pile up. My Japanese-American sergeant did a beautiful job of translating the papers that came in. Most of them were written in the cursive *sosho* handwriting that none of the regular language men could have handled. Sugimoto's name appeared often in connection with the most jingoistic of all the military societies, the Reservists Association. It seemed they had a very active local organization that made its headquarters in the very Buddhist temple where I used to go in my walks in the old days. I decided to raid the place and see what I could find.

It was a dark night, particularly dark under the pine trees at the foot of the hill where my picked group of twelve men, including Sergeant Matsuda, met for the raid. We were trying to make a surprise raid by going up a path I knew that was seldom used. We got to the little house where the priest lived just in time to see some figures scurrying out of the light into the dark shadows. I called out in Japanese for them to halt, and when I got no answer I ordered my men to fire on them, but they escaped. I rushed into the room they had just left. The priest was standing there by a table, frightened and bewildered, trying to gather up some papers. I grabbed the papers and handed them to Sergeant Matsuda. He studied them for a while, then handed me one of the sheets of thin rice paper.

"Colonel Sugimoto's the ringleader all right," he said smiling, "but I never expected to find anything like this."

He read it to me hurriedly there in the candlelight. It was a copy of a military order marked "Very Secret" and signed by Sugimoto, an order to shoot twelve American aviators at Batavia, Java, "for the willful murder of helpless women and children during numerous bombing attacks on defenseless cities."

We hurried back down the hill to headquarters. It was already about ten o'clock, but I got the commandant to issue an order for Sugimoto's arrest. When we got out to his villa the gate was locked. We knocked loudly and soon a light appeared in the window of the Western-style room overlooking the front garden. The window opened and Sugimoto himself leaned out.

"It is late for visit, Major Williams," he said in English slowly and calmly. "Can you not wait until tomorrow?"

"This is not a visit, Colonel," I said. "I have an order for your arrest. You will go with us to await trial for the execution of American prisoners of war."

"But I did duty for my country, Major Williams."

"The court will have to decide that," I said. I was getting a little impatient. "Please open the gate or I shall have to use force."

"I cannot open until I put on suitable clothing," Sugimoto insisted.

"I'll give you ten minutes," I said. "After that we will break the gate."

Sugimoto's face disappeared from the window. There was no sound from the house and no light except for an occasional gleam through the heavy wooden shutters in the Japanese part of the house. After ten minutes we forced the gate and went to the front entrance. As I passed the pile of shoes and *geta*, instinctively I reached down to take off my shoes, then shrugged my shoulders and stepped onto the clean *tatami* that covered the floor. Rudely I pulled back the sliding paper screen leading to the main room of the house.

The only light in the room came from two small candles placed ceremoniously in the *tokonoma*, that little recess in the main room of every Japanese house where the art treasures of the house are displayed. The flickering light outlined the form of a small man seated on the floor in front of this place of honor. The shoulders, thin and muscular, were bare, and a beautiful ceremonial kimono, still tied around the hips, spread its brocade patterns on the straw matting. I stood frozen in my tracks as I saw the thin, muscular shoulders fall forward and a short ceremonial samurai sword fall from the nerveless fingers. There was no sound except the soft dropping of blood on the straw matting and the flicker of the candles as the breeze came in where I had pushed open the sliding paper screen.

Sergeant Matsuda was standing silent beside me. He pointed to the scroll hanging in the *tokonoma*, its beautiful cursive characters like a soft brush painting.

"It is a Japanese poem," he said, slowly translating it for me. "What a glorious day it will be, the poem says, when the foot of the white man no longer presses the soil of Asia."

Poor Little Grandma

Dad lived in Paris for some months as a student in the 1920s. This story reflects that stay as well as his work in Army Intelligence during the war.

I

When I drove into Paris with Patton's army that spring morning in 1945, I was surprised at first to see so little change. The city didn't look very different from the Paris I had known as a student ten years before. It was not until I saw my old landlady, Madame Recambier, and the little old woman, her mother, whom we all called *Gran'mère*, that I knew Paris had changed.

And when I began looking into the records of Madame's son, Emile, the ballet dancer, I realized how times could change a cowardly good-for-nothing into a leading Nazi collaborator, although maybe that isn't so much of a change after all. In any case, I think his end would have been the same.

It was my mission as intelligence officer to round up Frenchmen who had actively supported Hitler during the occupation, but I never thought of Emile as one. He was too weak to be a leader in anything; yet, there was his name among the suspects. I went back to the little entresol apartment on the Left Bank where I had boarded in order to learn French in those pre-war days.

I think I went back as much to see if "poor little Grandma" was still alive as to check up on Emile. There she sat by the stove, *pauvre petite Gran'mère*, almost as I had left her ten years before, a shawl around her thin shoulders and a quilt neatly folded across her knees. Her thin lips were drawn over her toothless gums, and her sparse gray hair was combed tight over her small head.

As soon as I saw *Gran'mère*, I was back in the old student days, penny-pinching days when I was trying to make my meager fellowship last through the winter. Many a day when I had come back from the Sorbonne, just a short walk away up the hill, I had sat with her by the stove and talked. She was patient and corrected my blunders. For hours she would listen to me read to her from *L'Illustration*, stopping me only once in a while when my pronunciation got too bad.

The old lady was the only reason I had stayed in Madame Recambier's dark little apartment, that and the fact that it was so cheap.

There was no bath, and I couldn't afford to pay for the only good bedroom, the one made over from the drawing room, and anyway it wasn't available after Emile came back to live off his mother. I loved *Gran'mère*, and so I put up with the steady flow of ingratiating talk from Madame, her daughter, that eamed her the title of Madame Oilcan from her American boarders.

I had expected *Gran'mère* to be much worse from what Madame told me when she met me at the outer door on that first visit. She held out her arms to me. The professional smile seemed a little thinner, and the old confidence was gone.

"How well you look, Ronnie! Or should I say *Mon Capitain*? To me you will always be *mon pe* ."

"Well, I still like to eat. You must come over to eat with me at the hotel soon—you and *Gr* and Emile."

I looked carefully at Madame, but she barely changed expression when I mentioned Emile.

"Oh, Monsieur Ronnie, I wanted to tell you before we go in. Poor little *Gr* is now so feeble she can barely go to the next room." The smooth line of talk had changed to the querulous monotone I remembered from her unguarded moments. "If *Gr* could have traveled, I would have gone to America before the war. Life is so hard."

"Oh, well," I said, "Emile can bring you over."

"Emile is out of town on business," she replied calmly. Then her old smile came back as she added, "But Emile was wonderful during the hard days while the Germans were here. He took care of us both. I didn't know what we would have done without him."

Madame led me into the little sitting-room where *Gr* sat by the stove. Soon we were deep in reminiscences of old days, and when Madame saw her chance she excused herself to go on an errand. As soon as she had left, I turned to *Gr* .

"Where is he?" I said. "Where is Emile?"

A scowl swept across her face, and she pulled her quilt a little tighter across her knees.

"He is in Paris—hiding out," she answered deliberately. "I don't know where, but I'll find out, the dirty—"

"Take it easy," I said. "Remember, this time the stakes are big."

"You mean you are out to get collaborators, and Emile—"

"Is one of the ringleaders."

"You don't have to tell me. They used to meet here night after night. Some of them went away with the Germans when they left, but Emile is still around. My daughter still gets food to him."

"I gather she still thinks he is a wonderful *artiste*, too. Ah, Monsieur, she used to say to me, Emile is famous in Warsaw and Belgrade. He could dance in the Paris Opera if he wanted to, but instead he tours all Europe under the name of Sadka."

"Yes, I remember how surprised you were when he came here broke with his English dancing partner." *Gran'mère* was laughing now.

"Jenny wasn't such a bad sort. She was just homesick for Lancashire."

"Jenny was all right, but you can see dancers like Emile and Jenny in every cabaret in Paris. And when Emile came home to *Maman*, he always got lazy and forgot to work. I don't blame Jenny for leaving him."

I remembered well that night when Jenny left him, for it was the first time I realized that he was rotten and that his mother knew it. Emile and Jenny had quarreled, and Madame was pleading with Emile in low tones that got louder as she became more insistent. But Emile was stubborn and brutally frank. Finally, he slammed the door and went out to a cafe as Madame fell across her bed weeping. Jenny went on packing as if nothing had happened. Soon she came out into the halls with her two bags, her hennaed hair now neatly combed.

I helped Jenny downstairs and into a taxi.

That was the last we saw of her.

I remembered it all too well, that night when Emile showed his real self and Madame knew she could not pretend to me any longer—that night, and the days and weeks that followed, with Emile doing no work and getting more and more demanding. Ever since I had seen Emile's picture among the collaborationist suspects, I had been trying to piece it all together—how Emile could get in with the big shots and what would be the best way to get him and the others at the same time.

It was a chance expression of *Gran'mère* that gave me the clue.

"What I don't see," I said, trying to find out how much *Gran'mère* really knew, "is how the Germans would trust such a weakling—"

"Not a weakling," she interrupted, "just a coward. His father was, too—left us when Emile was a baby. For all I know, he's still living off the earnings of a barmaid somewhere in Paris."

Just a coward.

These were the very words she had used when I asked her ten years ago why Emile was fooling around with the Royalists. The young hotbloods who dreamed of bringing the monarchy back to France, she had said, were using him as a goat. Sure enough, there was a clash with the police, and Emile was wounded, ignominiously shot in the buttocks. Madame was radiant, called her son a hero who was struck down fighting for France against the communist menace. But *Gran'mère* always suspected that it was no accident.

"I think you have the answer there, *Gran'mère*," I said, excited.

"Answer to what?"

"Emile. He is just a front for the real leaders, as he was for the Royalists. Remember?"

"Yes, and I think I know who they are this time."

There was a rattle from the outer door, and Madame's steps were heard in the kitchen. I was anxious to get back to headquarters, so I took my leave.

"My daughter must not know," the old lady said as I left.

II

As soon as I got back to headquarters, I assigned a Frenchman I could trust to watch the Recambier apartment. I looked over all the papers on Emile, but I could find nothing on him since the Germans left Paris.

I had Madame watched but I could find nothing suspicious. She went regularly to the church of St. Germain-des-Pres where she had a secretarial job. If we were to find Emile, we must wait for him to come out of hiding.

I began to visit *Gran'mère* when I knew Madame would be out. *Gran'mère* was eager to help. It was not only that she despised Emile but also because she hated the Germans and all the Frenchmen who had helped them. When I took her some pictures of well-known collaborationists, she looked through them eagerly.

"This one I know," she said, pointing to the picture of Michel Mouquin, who had caused the murder of ten American flyers shot down over France. "And these two were here only a few weeks ago," she added when she saw the pictures of Jean Pocel and Raoul Denis.

"I think we'd better change our plans," I said. "These are desperate men. I have enough on them to hang them."

"You do not need to be afraid for me, Ronnie," Grant mere answered. "I am not afraid. Besides who would harm a helpless old woman like me?"

"Well, I don't like it anyway." I said. "I'm going to quit coming over here, but I have guards in the next apartment. I'll install a buzzer system, and you can have them here in a few seconds."

"Oh, Ronnie. They are not that bad. Besides, my daughter always leaves me her pistol when she goes out."

After that day I stayed away from the apartment, but I kept in close touch with what was going on. Weeks passed, and nothing happened.

Meanwhile Patton's tanks had gone slashing on into Germany, and Paris had become comparatively quiet. Nazi sympathizers had changed to patriots overnight, but we were still uncovering active collaborators with the help of the Frenchmen we knew had carried on in the Underground.

One day I got an urgent call to go see *Gran'mère*. The little old lady was quite excited when I reached her.

"Emile was here last night. He looked scared. This time he wants money, to make a break for Switzerland."

"Did he get any?"

"All my daughter had, which wasn't much. I've got some hidden away, and I think he knows it."

"What makes you think so?"

"He said he'd be back, and if we didn't have the money he knew where some was."

By this time even Madame was frightened. When she came in I persuaded her to let me stay in the apartment for a few days.

I had been wearing civilian clothes, and I arranged things so I wouldn't have to go outside the apartment for anything.

Several days passed, and we began to wonder if Emile had forgotten his threat or had thought better of it. One morning Madame had gone to work, and *Gran'mère* and I were sitting by the stove, when suddenly the door opened and Emile stood there with a pistol pointed at me.

"Don't move, soldier," he said calmly. "I have some friends with me, and we just want to make a little search around."

"You get braver as you grow older, Emile," I said as he took my pistol and marched me toward a seat across the room,

"Shut up," he shouted. After he had tied my arms to the chair, he turned to *Gran'mère*. "As for you, my beloved ancestor, the sooner you tell me where your money is hidden, the sooner we get out of here."

Already the men were at work in the big front room, turning every thing upside down in their search. *Gran'mère* did not answer but reached very casually for the buzzer by her chair. Emile laughed as he said tauntingly, "We cut that for you as we came in."

I saw now that we were dealing with the careful work of desperate criminals. My only hope was that the agent watching the building had seen the men come in and had gone for help. At any rate I could try to play for time.

I looked over at *Gran'mère*. I had never seen her so calm. She kept her hands under her quilt, where I knew her pistol was kept.

"All right, you win," she said to Emile. "Tell your friends to come in here."

When the men came in from the front room, I easily recognized Michel Mouquin and Raoul Denis. I ought to, I had seen their pictures enough in my files. *Gran'mère* spoke scornfully to them.

"If you must steal the little money an old woman has saved for her dying days, you will find it in that chest over there. So please don't tear things up any more."

Emile knelt by the chest and quickly opened it. He pulled out some drawers and spilled papers over the floor. He pawed through them and turned to face *Gran'mère*, his face red with anger.

"You are lying," he yelled at her. "There is no money here. Tell me where you are hiding it."

Emile lunged toward the old lady but never reached her. She drew the pistol from under her quilt and fired at him. I would never have thought she could do it so quickly, but Emile fell in the middle of the room, blood spurting over his chest.

Things happened so fast then that I am still not sure what happened.

I knew there would be trouble, but I couldn't work myself loose soon enough to do anything about it. All I could do was to look on helpless, while Mouquin took a chair and threw it at *Gran'mère* just as she was taking aim at him. The pistol flew out of her hand, and she slumped forward in her chair. Mouquin took a look at Emile, who hadn't moved since he fell, and nodded to Denis. The two of them were gone before I could get free.

I set up an alarm and ran to *Gran'mère*. The blood was streaming from a gash in her head. I could hardly hear what she was trying to say.

"I had to do it. Don't tell my daughter I did it. It's better this way."

I sent for Madame, but before she got there the doctor had declared both Emile and *Gran'mère* dead. Poor little old lady, she was still in her chair, her frail body slumped forward and a big red gash showing hideously plain through the sparse hairs of her tiny head. When Madame burst in, she barely noticed *Gran'mère* but threw herself on the body of Emile, sobbing frantically,

A sergeant came in to tell me they had caught the two men who had been in the apartment.

I wrote a note to headquarters that Emile was dead and the others were to be held for trial. Then I turned to Madame. For the first time I felt sorry for her. She was really alone now. She had no one left to boast about, and no one left to complain about.

She turned her frightened face to me.

"But you must believe me, Ronnie," she sobbed. "Emile was a brave patriot. He was a good boy, and a great *artiste* until the war came."

I helped her move Emile's body to the big front room. Lovingly she laid it in state on the large bed. Then we turned to *Gran'mère* and laid her thin body on the little couch by the stove where she always slept.

"Poor little Grandma." Madame's voice was oily again, and she almost smiled as she turned to me. "Perhaps the American soldiers will help me give them a good funeral."

She drew the quilt over *Gran'mère's* shoulders, almost tenderly now. She had forgotten her resentment.

"Poor little Grandma! She must have been scared to death. But I don't see why Emile got shot."

I didn't tell her. She had enough troubles as it was.

For Those in Peril on the Sea

Like Dad, Max is an Intelligence officer, a Southerner, and a writer.

Desperately Max clung to the raft, wondering if they would ever be picked up. There was not much chance of it as long as the big J___ ships kept firing on them, as they had been doing all day, ever since the *Yukon Bay* went down and they had scrambled to the rafts in the early morning light.

Max took a look at the other men hanging to the raft. There were about fifty of them, and some pretty badly wounded. They won't last through the night, I know. This kind of raft is none of your deluxe jobs like those the air boys have when they go down into the drink. You've really got to hold on to this thing and pray for a quick rescue. Then if the net for the wounded was ripped in launching as this one was, there was nothing much you could do but hang on and hope.

Keep your head, boy, Max kept saying to himself. You'll need every ounce of strength you have, and then some. You've got a bad face wound but your hands are all right. If you don't get too weak, you can hold on. But when you can't hold on any longer, your fingers will grow numb and you'll just slip off and go down into the water. It'll be very easy, but when it comes there won't be any more Max Parker. Remember the ones that slipped off today, Joe Wetzel about noon and that gunner about five? They didn't say a thing. I don't think they even knew when they went down. It looks easy.

"How's it going, Max?"

Without looking Max knew it was Mike Sanfilippo. Mike was on one side of him and Walt Decker on the other. They had stayed there by him after they had helped him on the raft. It would have been easy for them to leave a wounded man, because they could say to themselves, he can't stick on this kind of raft anyway. But they had helped him on and told him to stick. If it weren't for them he'd be at the bottom of the ocean now with the good old *Yukon Bay*, bless her, the best CVE in the whole Pacific. And here off the Philippines was the deepest water in the whole world. Max looked at Mike and grinned feebly.

"O.K., Mike," he said.

Mike was a good egg. All day Mike had joked with him to keep his spirits up, and twice he had made him eat a piece of chocolate from the rations he had brought along. They had been friends since the night he first met Mike

at Quonset. It was Saturday night and the rest of the school was out. Mike wanted to talk about his pretty wife and what they were going to do when they went on a delayed honeymoon after the war was over. They would go down to Atlantic City from Hoboken and have themselves a whirl. Then Max had shown Mike pictures of his own wife and his two kids, and of his house in Georgia set back in the pines, and of his bird dog. Mike was a city man and didn't know about bird dogs but he was jealous as hell of Max's two kids, Peter and Peggy. Mike was probably a father, too, by now. The baby was past due, but he hadn't heard from home since they left Guam two weeks ago.

"What I'd like to know," said Walt on the other side of Max, "is where in the hell's the Third Fleet. All we can do is sit here in the water like ducks and get shot at by the J___s."

"Except ducks can fly and we can't," Max said. What does Walt know about ducks anyway? All he knows is shooting rabbits on a farm in Ohio. He said himself the other day that the prettiest thing he could think of this time of the year was the corn shocked in the fields and the red maples in the woods and the big apples ready to be picked. I'd love to take him some nice winter morning down to Lake Iamonia and watch the ducks come in. I bet he'd change his mind about duck shooting.

"No use thinking about the Third Fleet," said Mike calmly. "Either they come before tomorrow this time, or there won't be much left of us. What I'd like is a cigarette. Got one, Walt?"

"Sure, got a whole pack in my pocket. A little damp from being in the water all day, but you wouldn't mind that, I know."

Max tried to laugh but his face hurt. That's the way they go on all the time. When we knew the big J___ ships were coming through the San Bernardino Straits and we didn't have a chance against them, that's the way Walt and Mike went on. Walt said our little carrier group on patrol had about as much chance as a chicken does against a red fox. Mike said it was more like a taxi disputing the right of way with a ten-ton truck. Mike got the planes off anyway, and they kept coming back to load up and go off again, all but a few that didn't come back at all. And Mike kept it up and the big J___ ships never got nearer than seven miles, but even at that they kept pounding us all night. Mike had seven planes out when we went down, he said, but he supposed they landed on some other carrier. At least he hoped so. "Talking about things you like," said Walt, wiping his face with his left arm as the

spray from a J___ shell swept over them, "how about a big juicy steak with mashed potatoes?"

"I'll settle for apple pie a la mode, with coffee," said Mike.

Max tried to pull himself a little higher on the raft. Those fellows, he thought, I wish I felt like that. We were talking like that yesterday and I remember trying to tell them to keep their spirits up. When Joe Wetzel went down, Mike turned one hand loose and crossed himself, and Walt said, "Our Father, into Thy hands. . . ." I heard him plainly, but I don't think he knew he was saying it. It's funny how a man gets to thinking about God at a time like this, the way I can't get the words of the Navy hymn out of my head. Remember how it starts "Eternal Father" and then "hear us while we pray to Thee for those in peril on the sea"? It's a grand hymn.

I feel so weak I can hardly hold on. There's no doubt about it, this raft was made for a quick rescue. Lots of men can hold on, but the best of them have to be picked up in a few days. That is, if the sharks don't come first. There are no sharks here, not yet, thank God. Once down in the Solomons we picked up a raft from a torpedoed cruiser, and my God, for days I couldn't get over the sight of those mangled legs. At that there were only five left out of fifty that started the night before. I had to go to my quarters and vomit. Thank God there are no sharks here, not yet. But where is the Third Fleet? They were headed this way from the north. Sharks or no sharks, they'd better get here soon.

The night came quickly, and in the darkness Max could barely see Mike and Walt beside him. All day it had been warm and sunny, even though it was late October. It was warm and sunny in south Georgia, too, in late October. Just perfect to go out with your dog in the middle of the afternoon when you're tired after being all day at the typewriter, just perfect to tramp through the low wiregrass and watch old Frank with his tail straight and his nose close to the ground. And then old Frank gets cautious and his body gets close to the ground, and then he comes to a point.

A shell landed only a hundred feet away. Max hunched himself up as far as he could on the raft. He looked wearily up into the black sky as if indifferent to what might come. The bright tracers came winging over like huge fireworks. They looked as if they were coming right at you, but you knew that if you could see them at all they would be going over. One second they were coming right at you, and the next they had gone over your head like enormous Roman candles. It would be three years now since he had

shot Roman candles. That was the Christmas after Pearl Harbor, and Peter was nine years old, and a nine-year-old boy was entitled to have some fireworks at Christmas time, even if they were hard to get. Peter would be twelve now, and he had promised him when he was twelve to get him a shotgun and teach him to shoot squirrels. I'm sorry, Peter, I'll do it just as soon as I get back.

Max felt very drowsy but he didn't dare go to sleep, even though the sea was calm. He listened to the lapping of the small waves against the raft. They were like the sound the winter rain makes on the hunting cabin in the swamp. Now don't let anybody fool you, the swamp is a wonderful place to go for two weeks in the winter when the nights are freezing and the days are warm. When you learn your way around you can hunt and fish as much as you want to, and when you get tired you can rest and spend a day or two writing. Two of his best stories were written there in the swamp cabin with the swamp water all around him. The swamp is beautiful, too, any old time of the year, with the lonely cypress trees rising high out of the marshy islands, and the fallen logs with the moccasins sunning on them, and the alligators crawling away into the brush, and the long-legged birds rising slowly out of the sluggish water. The novel he left half finished at home was about the swamp. He knew how it would end now. He was ready to finish it just as soon as he got home from the war.

The swamp faded into a field of small pines, and in them was a little white house. As he drove up in the November twilight the white house shone against the red clay of the road and the light green of the pines and the dark green of the chinaberry tree by the front porch. Sue was waiting for him as he climbed out of the car and handed her a dozen quail. Frank jumped out of the car, wagging his tail and leaping on Sue. The children ran out of the house, eager to know what he had shot, Peter with his red hair and freckles, Peggy with curls the color of November grass in the fields.

Remember, Mike, that was the time Jim Weber never came back, and Don Black was shot down before he got a mile away? We fished him out but not before a shark got his right leg.

Funny thing is, like, you'd shoot an animal if he got hurt that way. There was the bird dog I had before Frank, a sweet little bitch named Bess. One day I missed her when I was hunting down by the Ochlochnee River, and it was getting late. I figured she was on a point and I'd have to find her or she'd stay right there all night without leaving. I walked all around until it was nearly

dark, and then I heard a whimper in the bushes. I looked and there she was, both front legs caught in a steel trap. I could have cried, and I expect I did. I pried the thing open and she just fell out on the ground whimpering. I couldn't stand to see her suffer and even if she got well be a cripple all her life. I shot her.

The ripple of rain fell on the little white house in the pines, the soft winter rain of January, and Sue was sitting there sewing, with tears in her eyes. I was just back from Jacksonville where I had talked to Naval Procurement about going into Air Intelligence. Sue was saying I didn't have to go. I wouldn't be drafted and it wasn't fair leaving her with the two kids. She said I could wait a while anyway, we had only been at war a few weeks. I told her I had to go, that I would be miserable if I didn't, that we had a messy job to do and the sooner everybody pitched in and did it, the better it would be. Besides, I tried to tell her, I couldn't write any more—I couldn't even think straight. Don't cry, Sue, I'll be back before you know it, and then we can live like human beings again. We'll build that new wing to the house so Peggy can have a room of her own. We'll do lots of things, Sue.

The ripple of rain and the ripple of waves and the sound of Sue's voice through her tears mingled until everything sounded peaceful and quiet to Max. All day he had pulled the bateau through the swamp, and now he was tired. It was time to rest. He fell across the floor, too tired to undress. Sue was bending over him, taking him under the arms, lifting him up. But he was too heavy for her, and he was too weary to care about anything but sleep. He tried to tell her, but before he could he fell asleep on the floor, and sank down through the floor, through the warm swampy marshes, through layer after layer of poppy warmth, sunlit, beautiful. And Sue's face smiling. . . . He kept sinking. . . .

A Time to Sleep

This story must have been written close to the end of the war. Bob's story may have served as a way for Dad to articulate the strangeness of coming home from the service. It's a powerful combination of exhaustion, emptiness, and preparedness for action. The scene is probably Cairo.

Bob Burton sat in a rocking chair on the front porch with his feet on the railing. Lazily he peered through the vines around his high parachute boots whenever anybody came by on the sidewalk nearby. The boots were hot for August but the rest of his G.I. outfit was comfortable enough. Comfortable or not, he'd have to wear it until he could get up to Atlanta to buy some new civilian clothes. As soon as he got home last Sunday he had tried on his old things, but they were all too small.

It was good to be back home, back for good this time. Four years was a long time, especially when you were just twenty to start with. Lots of things could happen in four years. Some of them you'd like to forget. Some you couldn't forget but you didn't talk about, like Bastogne when the Jerries surrounded them. For forty hours he'd got no sleep, until his eyes were swollen and he didn't care whether he got shot or not.

Now that he was home, all he wanted to do was rest. It was wonderful, to be able to sleep as much as you wanted to. After a while he could start to work down at the lumber mill, but now it was good just to rest and sleep. At twelve o'clock every day he ate a big meal with fried chicken or ham or steak, and by one he was so sleepy he could hardly read the morning paper that arrived on the noon train from Atlanta. Every afternoon he slept for two hours or so. About three he would wake up, still a little groggy from sleeping in the hot bedroom in the daytime. By four or five it would be cool enough to go downtown and see what was going on. Until then he would just sit and watch the traffic on Main Street. He was glad nothing exciting could happen in this sleepy town.

He was startled by a voice almost at his elbow.

"Mister Bob, can I see you a minute?"

Bob turned his eyes quickly. He hadn't heard the Negro boy come around the house, but there he was standing in his G. I. clothes on the porch near the steps. The boy looked scared as he came behind the vines so he couldn't be seen from the street.

"Remember me, Mister Bob? I used to go hunting with you when you was training old Queen for the field trials."

Bob remembered all right. That boy Will was the best bird dog handler in Georgia. That was the year Queen won the championship, the year Will was drafted, too.

"Where you been all this time, Will?"

"Here and there, Mister Bob. Mostly with mules in Italy these last two years. But Mister Bob, I'm in trouble. Can you help me?"

Bob stood up and reached in his pocket. "Sure I got a little dough. How much do you need?"

"It ain't that, Mister Bob. I done hit a white man."

"That's bad, Will. You oughtn't to've done that. You better come inside while you tell me." They went back to the kitchen. Will was still trembling but he told his story calmly.

"I didn't mean to hurt him bad, Mister Bob, and that's the God's truth. But it was Mr. George Spivey—you know how he hates colored folks anyway—he stopped me on the streets, and I was going about my own business, and he asked me how come I voted in a white primary election. I said the law let colored folks vote in Georgia now, and he said no black bastards were going to vote in this town. That made me kinda mad and I reckon I talked up to him. Anyhow he hauled off and hit me with that old walking stick of his. Then I hit him. I musta hit him harder'n I thought, cause it cut a big gash on his head. I didn't wait to see. I run back home and hid. That was about one o'clock, and then about four Bud Walker come in and told me I'd better run for it, cause a passel of men was headed for my house. I lit out up the branch and come here."

Bob angrily took a pull at his web belt. Some people made him mad; always meddling. Why couldn't George Spivey mind his own business? And why did Will have to come to him? Too late now to think about that. The boy had come to him, and he had to help him.

Bob picked up the telephone and asked the operator for Judge Trulock's residence. Sam Trulock was just out of the Navy, had flown all over the Pacific. He was restless being at home, tried to get Bob to go with him every day flying in the plane he had bought. Bob had seen the plane come in about four over towards Judge Jones's big hay field where Sam kept the plane parked. Sam ought to be home now.

"Sam, can you come over right away?" Then, "Yes, very important."

Bob hung up the receiver and turned to Will. "Have you got any place to go, Will? Know anybody in Atlanta you can stay with a while?"

"Yes, sir, Mister Bob. I'd be all right in Atlanta."

"Well, that's where we are going soon as Sam Trulock gets here. Go out to the garage and wait till we come. Nobody'll see you out this way."

In a few minutes Sam rushed in, full of curiosity. "What's up?" he said after he caught his breath.

"That young n___ Will Smith is in trouble and he's come to me. I aim to get him out of town and to Atlanta if I can. Want to help?"

"I'm with you. My plane's got plenty of gas in it."

"I don't trust your old plane, Sam. My car's better—if we can get out of town."

When Sam and Bob drove out of the Burton yard, they looked just like a couple of returned G.I.'s out for a late afternoon drive around town. In the locked baggage compartment Will Smith crouched in the darkness, shaking with fear.

Bob drove through town to reach the road for Atlanta. The streets seemed very quiet. Nowhere was a black face to be seen. Bob headed for Atlanta, but when he came to the hill looking down to Black Creek he realized there was trouble ahead. Across the narrow bridge a car was parked sideways blocking the road. A dozen men stood around the car. Some of them had shotguns.

Bob stopped the car. "It's no use going on there," he said quietly. They'd search the car, and. . . . How about the dirt road?"

"Probably blocked, too. If you turn right here, you can get around to Judge Jones's farm."

"Still want to fly, don't you, Sam? Well, it's our best chance now."

Bob turned and streaked down the dirt road toward the hayfield where Sam's plane was parked. The car made such a cloud of dust that Sam couldn't see behind them, but he was pretty sure they were being followed. When they hit the top of the last hill, he could plainly see another cloud of dust half a mile back. Bob stepped on the gas. When he pulled up beside Sam's plane, the pursuing car was not in sight.

Sam jumped out to start his motor while Bob unlocked the baggage compartment where Will was hidden. Will was shaking with fright. Bob got him into the cramped quarters on the little plane as Sam climbed into the pilot's seat. The plane taxied into the middle of the hayfield just as a

car pulled up at the gate. Sam raced the plane down the field. As he took off, the plane cleared the fence and headed for Atlanta.

Three hours later Bob sat down to eat supper with the family. Supper was a little late because Bob had taken a sudden notion to fly to Atlanta and back with Sam Trulock. That was a funny thing to do, Mr. Burton remarked, but boys will be boys, and after all they had been away from home so long they could do what they wanted to for a while.

Bob sat down to his fried ham and grits. It was great to be home again where he could relax and sleep all he wanted to. He heard his father telling about the excitement in town that day. All afternoon there had been practically no work done at the pickle factory. It was too bad sorry white people like George Spivey couldn't leave the colored people alone. He hoped Will Smith got away. Nobody had seen him since he left his house—just disappeared.

Bob listened to his father and agreed with everything he said. He hoped that tomorrow there would be no more excitement. He wanted to get plenty of sleep.

JOE YAMADA

This story, untitled in the various typescripts, is based on my father's experiences in Army Intelligence. I imagine Joe is based on one or more of the first-generation Japanese-Americans with whom Dad trained in language school at Camp Savage and with whom he then worked at the Pentagon. But unlike Joe, Dad never saw combat. Details of the fighting in Burma come from a report by Dave Richardson, a war correspondent, writing in the Army newspaper Yank *on July 2, 1944.*

I

Technical Sergeant Joe Yamada listlessly turned the pages of the Fifth Naganuma reader. His desk in the crowded teachers room of the Army Japanese language school was piled high with test papers from the morning classes. There were twenty-six papers with fifty phrases, some of the phrases requiring four complicated Chinese characters, and each little stroke had to be perfect or the whole phrase was marked wrong. There were thirty papers of dictation—the Japanese sentences simple enough, but involving Chinese characters and *hiragana* endings and connections. And next Saturday there would be a weekly test in those subjects and in translation as well. Correcting such papers was a simple enough matter to T/Sgt Yamada, graduate of UCLA and the law course of Tokyo Imperial University. A year ago when he first came to Camp Savage he would have had the papers done in an hour. The place was new then and the students were the cream of the Nisei crop. That was not long after Pearl Harbor, when the army was beginning its search for Japanese language personnel. The handful of Nisei in the old Army set up at the Presidio of San Francisco, including himself and Bill Tagami, had come on to help organize the school at Savage.

Thousands of Japanese-Americans were being uprooted from their homes and farms and stores on the coast and herded into temporary camps. The army was able to recruit the best of them of these young men for language work, because they were restless with nothing to do. Joe could still remember when the contingent arrived from the crowded camp at the Santa Anita racetrack, seventy of them, boyishly glad to get out of the confinement and disorder. All that first class of Nisei boys were eager to polish up their Japanese and learn military things. They were all the more eager because

they resented the lack of confidence that other Americans had in them, and they came to Savage with a grim determination to show other Americans that they were wrong.

Joe Yamada was eager then, too, but that was a year ago. Since then they had graduated two classes. They had sent close to a thousand trained men out to the Pacific to translate captured documents, interrogate prisoners of war, and do all sorts of other intelligence work that only trained language personnel can do. When each class graduated, Joe had wanted to go with them. He knew it was dangerous, that if they were captured by the Japanese they would be treated as traitors. Still he wanted to go, to be out where things were happening, where they put into practice all this nice theory that he was helping teach them. He had asked to be sent out, but Colonel Rasmussen wouldn't listen to him. Joe could see his point, that teachers were needed at the school even more than language men were needed in the field. He could see the point, but meanwhile the men he had come to know graduated and went out, and the test papers piled up.

Joe thumbed through the *Naganuma No. 5* and laid it aside. It was too difficult for this group that started the course two months ago, too advanced for all but the few who had gone to school for a while in Japan. Maybe by the end of the six months of school, the lower sections would finish the fourth reader. He made a quick calculation. That would give them between ten and fifteen thousand Chinese characters. They would also get a good start in military vocabulary, so maybe after all they would be able to read captured documents.

"You are on Guadalcanal," Joe could hear himself saying to the class. "This document has just been brought in to your language officer. It is a copy of orders to reinforce Guadalcanal from Truk, and so it is written in high-flown military Japanese. See what you can do with it."

He imagined himself on an island in the South Pacific. It was unbelievably hot in the little tent with the shrouded light. It was quiet except for the jungle noises. He was puzzling over a thin piece of rice paper written in the cursive abbreviated longhand known as *sosho*. This is hot stuff, the J___s plan a surprise attack on our rear, maybe toward morning, no time to lose, send a messenger to headquarters. . . .

"Joe, how do you read this character?" George Fujii was leaning over from the next desk. George was a new civilian teacher, who used to import Japanese goods at Frisco but never learned too much Japanese.

Joe read the character for George and turned back to his papers. There was no use trying to do them today. There would be double the number tomorrow, and then he would race through them. He walked down the long teachers room to Ichio Suzuko's desk.

"Shorty, let's go to town. I'm bored."

"I know what's wrong with you, Joe." Suzuki looked up from his work and smiled. Shorty was a good egg. "What you want is to see Ethel."

"Maybe you're right. What do you say? We can catch the six o'clock bus and get a bite at Ethel's restaurant before the movie."

In the Stella Italian restaurant on Sixth St. in Minneapolis, business was at its height for the evening meal when Joe and Shorty walked in and took a booth near the door where Ethel worked. Pretty soon she came out of the kitchen balancing three plates of spaghetti, her wavy blonde hair bouncing a little with each step. She saw them out of the corner of her eye but she was too busy to stop. When she had finished serving the orders, she came over to where the two Nisei sergeants were sitting.

"Hi, Joe. Hi, Shorty," she said in her best professional manner. "What's it going to be tonight?"

"Two with meat sauce, and coffee," said Joe, and then nonchalantly, "and Ethel, what are you doing after you get through tonight?"

"Nothing much."

"Well, what do you say about a movie?"

"Sure thing. Want me to get Mabel for you, Shorty?"

"No, thanks, Ethel. I've got other business tonight."

Shorty's business was going to the library to read. He would meet Joe at the last bus going back to Savage and they would talk over everything on the way. It was always the same now. Joe could think of nothing but that blonde, and she was just playing him for a good time. Joe was too good for the likes of her, anyway. She was just plain common, couldn't get past the 8th grade for thinking about boys, couldn't talk about anything but movie stars or her other boyfriends. Shorty wondered why she took such a shine to Joe, because most people like her hated Nisei and couldn't tell them from the little yellow bees that attacked Pearl Harbor.

Ethel was just man crazy, Shorty decided, and right now it was Joe she liked. Joe was good looking with his clear-cut features, skin just dark enough to look like a permanent suntan, coal black hair always combed back neatly with the part on the left. They would keep on going together and someday

they would get married. It was bad enough for a Nisei and a *hakujin* to marry, but the worst of it was that only a low class *hakujin* like Ethel would marry a Nisei.

Joe had finished his spaghetti and was smoking a cigarette over his coffee.

"Why so quiet tonight, Shorty? "

"I'm just thinking about you and Ethel. You're not serious about her are you?"

"You bet I am. I know she's a little dumb, but she's got plenty of something."

"You mean you fell for a few blonde curls."

"Maybe. I used to get so sick of oily straight black hair in Frisco."

Shorty changed his mind about going to the library that night. As soon as Joe and Ethel had gone off to the movies, he went to a phone booth and called Hanako's apartment. Hanako had a good job as stock clerk at Kresge's. Shorty knew that she had come to Minneapolis as a housemaid in order to get out of the Manzanar camp. He also knew that she had come to Minneapolis instead of going to a better job at Chicago because Joe was here. Before Joe met Ethel he had taken Shorty with him to Hanako's little apartment, and they had many good times together. There were other Nisei girls who met there, too, all of them lonely, waiting. Two of them had husbands in the new class at Savage, who could come in only on weekend passes to stay with them Saturday night and Sunday. Another of the girls had a husband who had had already gone out to Brisbane to be a translator in the Allied Translator and Interpreter Service (ATIS). Hanako herself had a brother in New Guinea. Each new class of Nisei men left a new batch of Nisei girls in Minneapolis, because there was nowhere else for them to go, and their only excuse for being out of the relocation centers was the jobs the Nisei men had got for them in Minneapolis.

When Shorty got to Hanako's, four of the girls were playing bridge while Hanako lay stretched out on the day bed reading.

"Come on over here, Shorty." Hanako smiled but it was plain to see she was worried about something.

The girls looked up from the bridge table, but only to say, "Hi, Shorty." It was obvious they wouldn't stop until the rubber was finished.

"Get yourself a coke out of the icebox, Shorty."

"Don't care if I do."

Shorty opened the bottle and sat down on the day bed.

"Where's Joe?" Hanako asked casually. "Out with the blonde from the Stella again?"

"You said it. I don't know what he sees in her."

"He'll get tired of her pretty soon."

"Sure he will, but I'm afraid not before he's married her."

Hanako turned sharply. There was a hurt on her face that vanished quickly. "What do you mean, Shorty? You don't think. . . "

" I don't know. Things happen awful fast in wartime."

"Oh, well, " said Hanako, trying to appear indifferent, "why should I care about what happens to Joe Yamado."

The rest of the evening she didn't mention Joe.

The day the news broke about the American fliers being executed in Japan, Joe had gone to town in the early on the early bus before the order came out to cancel all passes. The MP's in Minneapolis were instructed to pick up all Nisei and bring them back to camp.

As a rule the Nisei soldiers from Savage were well behaved when they went on weekend passes to Minneapolis. They knew they were being watched, and so they tried to make a good impression.

But there were times when hatred of the Japanese ran so high that people took their resentment out on the Nisei, forgetting that these were our own boys wearing the uniforms of the U.S. Army. This was one of those times, and Joe went on into town, unaware of any excitement. When he got to the Stella, Ethel saw him come in the door and went over before he could sit down.

"You can't stay in here today," she said and blushed as if ashamed of what she was doing. "It's the boss's orders. He says he ain't got nothing against you personally, but he just doesn't want any trouble."

"What's up?" Joe was confused by the sudden change of things.

"Haven't you heard about the J___s murdering the American fliers they caught?"

"That's a damn shame. I hadn't heard. But what's that got to do with me?"

"Well, you're a J___ ain't you?

"Now, Ethel, talk sense. What would I be doing in American uniform if I were a J___?"

"I don't know. All I know is the boss don't want trouble. Now please go and I'll see you when it all blows over."

"You mean you're not going out with me?"

"I'm scared, Joe."

"Well, if that's the way you feel, goodbye."

Joe was plenty mad when he walked out of the restaurant and started towards Hennepin Avenue. As he walked he noticed people turn and stare at him. No one said a thing but he could feel their hate. Why couldn't they realize he that he was as much American as they come, more American than a lot of the foreigners from Europe that were staring at him now? If he could only tell them what he was doing, tell them that the boys he was teaching would soon be fighting the J___s in a way that only a handful of white Americans could do, by finding out the secrets that lay hidden behind the Japanese language. But he knew he couldn't tell them. Even if it wasn't a military secret, they still wouldn't understand.

Joe felt the hatred accumulate on him as he walked down Hennepin. He suddenly felt alone, like one of the bulls he had seen in Mexico standing in the middle of their arena. He walked faster. As he came to the Earle, he noticed the line waiting to get in the show was long. He couldn't stand waiting there and being watched. He hesitated for a moment, and a group of boys started towards him. He walked hurriedly across the street, away from them. He looked back and saw they were not following him. He found he was almost running, though no one molested him.

Joe suddenly noticed that without knowing it he had come to the apartment house where Hanako lived. Here was someone who would understand. He ran up the stairs and knocked at the door. Hanako stared at him for a minute, then realized what had brought him to her. She pulled him inside and held him for a moment. Her calmness reassured him. Her arms soothed him.

"There now, Joe boy. Nothing's going to harm you." Her steady, quiet voice was that of a friend. The unknown hate of the streets was gone. Joe began to see that what he had been afraid of was the unknown, the accumulated lurking hatred of the faces that turned and stared. He suddenly realized he was like those American soldiers he had read about at Guadalcanal who were not afraid of the J___s they could see but lived in constant dread of the ones who slipped in by night.

"You're all right now, Joe," Hanako was saying. "Lie down here for a moment, and I'll get you something to eat."

"I'm not hungry, Hanako, but could I have a bottle of beer. . . dear?" The word had slipped out, but he quickly covered his confusion. "That's a rhyme, isn't it?"

Hanako poured out a glass of beer and said casually, as she handed it to Joe, "I've missed you lately."

"I know," said Joe, calm now as Hanako stroked his forehead. "I've been an awful fool. Can you forgive me?"

"There's nothing to forgive, Joe. I knew you'd come back, even if I had to wait years."

"We have to stick together, don't we, Hanako?"

"We do for awhile anyway. We've got a big job to do."

"You mean to win the war?"

"It's more than that for us, Joe. We've got to show the rest of America that we have a stake in this country, too."

"You're right, dear. But those faces on the street staring at me and hating me because my ancestors were Japanese. . . "

"You'll have to stand that, and more too." Hanako rumpled Joe's straight black hair. "You've got something to give this country that few other Americans have. You know Japanese, and without that we can't beat Japan. I wish I had had sense enough to learn the language when Dad sent me to Japanese school but I couldn't see the use of it then."

Joe knew she was right. He had argued the same way many times, but now it was so good to have somebody else say it, too, somebody whose hands were soothing away the hidden fear of the streets, whose body was warm beside you. Relaxed, Joe fell asleep and slept soundly until the MP came to take him back to Savage. About midnight, the Jeep rolled into camp, and Joe was glad that Colonel Rasmussen had sent for him.

For a month Joe saw nothing of Ethel. Every chance he got he went to see Hanako, and somehow he always felt better when he came away. He kept hearing her say, "We've got a big job to do," even though she never mentioned the subject again. She didn't have to talk about the Nisei showing America they were loyal. Hanako took it for granted and showed it in her everyday life.

But Joe knew it wouldn't last. The longer he was away from Ethel, the more restless he became until he thought he could stand it no longer. One night she called him at the camp, and the next night he was at the Stella waiting for her when she quit work. They went walking in the park nearby, and soon they sat down on a bench looking at the water. Joe stroked her blonde curls. She leaned her head towards him. Their lips met. There was no use for words.

After that Joe didn't go to see Hanako for a week, and she knew something had happened. She had no way of fighting this hunger of Joe's, but she still loved him and was afraid of what would happen to him if he married Ethel. She encouraged him to drop in with his friends, pretending to be like a big sister to him. But it was no use. By the time the class was ready to graduate in June, Joe was spending every spare minute with Ethel.

Joe let down on his teaching, though he was still better than most of the teachers. As the term drew near to a close, he could sense the seriousness of the classes as they worked harder and the language began to make more sense to them. The tricky Chinese characters came to life, the technical military Japanese became more familiar, the Japanese Army went into their notebooks, and the geography of the vast Pacific areas emphasized the big job ahead of them. They studied the campaigns in the Pacific war, and little by little they could see that in time Japan could be beaten. In February the Japanese had ceased organized resistance on Guadalcanal, where they had lost twenty thousand of their picked troops. Already Rendova Island was occupied and Munda in New Georgia was being besieged. In New Guinea the Papuan campaign had ended after slow and bitter fighting around Buna and Sanananda, and the offensive against Lae and Salamaua had begun. The Japanese still had air superiority, but little by little we were gaining.

The morale of the students was high, and Joe felt a little ashamed of himself for being so fidgety and restless. If he could only decide what to do, he would feel better.

Just before the class graduated, Colonel Rasmussen sent for a small group of the enlisted teachers. Joe and Shorty were among them. The colonel spoke solemnly to them. "Men," he said, "some of you have been asking to be sent to the field. I've been against it because we need you here to train new men, but the time has come when they need you more out there. We have only a handful of language officers to go out with this class. You

must take their place. I've tried to get commissions for you, but the War Department isn't ready for that yet."

There was a stir of excitement as the sergeants filed out of the colonel's office. Back in quarters, Joe and Shorty shook hands and vowed eternal friendship wherever they went.

"I hope we get the same assignment," said Shorty.

"We'll surely put in for it. And Shorty—"

"Yes, Joe."

"Will you be my best man if Ethel will marry me?"

"Sure I will, Joe. But do you think it's fair to marry her now and leave her?"

"Well, we might as well have some fun before it's too late. No harm in asking anyhow."

Joe was a bit surprised at the eagerness with which Ethel accepted his proposal. The idea of a two weeks honeymoon while Joe was on furlough before going overseas appealed to her very much. They could go to Chicago and see the gay night life of the city. And while Joe was overseas she could get a good allowance from his pay. They would get married right after the graduating exercises and have a big wedding party at the Nicollet Hotel.

On the day the class graduated at Savage in June of 1943, Ambassador Grew came to speak to them, and there was a festive feeling in the air. The whole school was drawn up on the small parade ground, where the former ambassador to Japan was to speak. The brilliant Minnesota summer sun brightened the green lawn and shone on the tiny frame huts of classroom and barracks on all sides and on the sprawling mess hall at the other end. High overhead the American flag rippled against the unbelievably clear blue of the sky, as Ambassador Grew gave the Nisei enlisted men around him encouragement and hope. There were five hundred of them ready to go out to the field to help their country defeat the homeland of their ancestors. It was an inspiring and solemn scene, and Joe was visibly moved as he and Shorty sat for their last time with the teachers.

Quietly and without show, Mr. Drew was telling the Nisei enlisted men what they had been hoping to hear. They knew what the stakes were, that they were the objects of suspicion and hate, and that prejudice and fear had uprooted their Japanese-American people and flopped them down in concentration camps. They wanted encouragement to know that they were right in volunteering to fight against Japan. Ambassador Grew drew himself up to

his full height, and his obvious sincerity flowed out to the men seated before him.

He said what few dared say in those days, that not all Japanese were treacherous yellow devils, that he personally knew many fine courageous souls among them, but that Japan was now being consumed by a dark and growing cancer that had to be cut out. America was at war to see that this cancer was removed, and the Nisei soldiers were to play an important part in the fight. With their knowledge of the Japanese people and especially of the Japanese language, the Nisei soldiers scattered in language teams throughout the Pacific would serve America and at the same time prove to the American public their loyalty to America.

The men were visibly moved, even after the Ambassador had sat down and, one by one, they filed by the stand to receive their diplomas. Joe knew many of them, these men with solemn determination on their faces. There was Henry Sakata, who had lost a good fruit farm in the Sacramento Valley—it was still there but no one was there to tend it. There was Taro Sakai, whose parents had to give up a prosperous store in Pasadena and sold out the business for a song. There was Dave Mukai, who still owned his farm on the San Pedro highlands but did not know what had happened to it. There was Wallace Yoshida, forward on Washington's basketball team last year. There were hundreds of others, whose cases would be similar, whose families were now at Manzanar and Poston and Tule Lake in the concentration camps they called relocation centers. Joe felt for these men. Their sorrow was his sorrow, for they were his flesh and blood. Their families would be waiting for them in the relocation centers, and they would spend this two weeks reunion together before going overseas. Joe had a sudden pang of remorse, remembering that he would not see his parents at Manzanar because he had chosen to marry a *hakujin* with blonde curls and blue eyes, and she would not care to spend her honeymoon in a relocation center.

The exercises were over. Shorty pulled Joe by the sleeve and pointed to where Ethel was sitting waiting for them. They walked over to her.

"Come on, Joe," she said gaily. "We'll have to hurry. We've got lots of business ahead of us."

II

Six months later Joe was still not at the front. The 5307th Composite Unit (Provisional) was still in India training for jungle combat. All the men in this outfit, about three thousand of them, had volunteered for a mysterious mission. So far nobody knew any more about the mission than that it was to be dangerous and important. There were rumors that they would be dropped in the Burma jungles behind the Japanese lines. They could tell from their training that the mission was to be something like General Wingate's, where men had been dropped into the jungles to be supplied from the air while they harassed the J___s as much as possible. But they were still training. They were not yet the famous Merrill's Marauders.

Joe looked across the flat plain of the Indian training center and sighed. This business of translating Japanese training manuals and six-months-old orders was getting on his nerves. Day after day the language teams had trained on interrogation of prisoners and the special methods of getting information from the enemy in the jungle. They were physically hardened, like combat personnel. And now it had come to routine translation. They must be marking time, waiting for something to happen.

Of course, lots had happened since the day the Colonel had told them about overseas duty. There were two months of waiting around camp for orders. Most of the men got very restless and grumbled about getting trained just to wait. The officers tried to keep them busy with translating diaries and manuals that the field had sent in for language training. They went on frequent long hikes on the hottest days to toughen them for work in the South Pacific. The men had been keyed up to go out and do things, and yet they waited and translated.

The longer Joe waited, the more restless he got. He had lots of time off, even though his duties were to help the officers keep the men busy. More and more he was thrown with Ethel, and already he was wondering why he had married her. The day he got his promotion to Master Sergeant, she quit work at the Stella. She spent most of the day at the lake swimming or lying in the sun. She saw a lot of Edna who had worked at the Stella until she married the Air Corps Sergeant now in England. Ethel and Edna had much in common, too much, Joe thought.

The payoff was when Ethel wanted to go to Mackinac with Edna for two weeks in August. He could hear her saying, "But you've waited two months

already. It might be two months more before your orders come." She bought some new clothes and went. That was why Joe didn't even hesitate when one day a call came for volunteers "for a dangerous mission in Burma." He and Shorty both volunteered, but only Joe was accepted. They were to leave in five days for San Francisco to meet the rest of the unit.

Ethel got back to Minneapolis the day they were leaving. She was full of apologies and wanted to know where they were going and what they were going to do, but of course he couldn't tell her. All at once she wanted to make up. She had kissed him again and again just before the train pulled out, and he could see that a hundred Nisei boys were envious of him and his blonde wife. Joe remembered, because he hadn't wanted her kisses then, but now he would give a lot for them. It was over four months now, and he hadn't heard from her for at least a month. Her last letter told about moving into Edna's apartment and about what a lot of nice friends Edna had.

Yes, lots had happened in the last six months, but time still dragged on. Two months it took, even after leaving Minneapolis, to get to India. They had finally sailed from San Francisco after waiting about three weeks for two battalions of men to assemble from all over the states. The *Lurline* steamed out of the Golden Gate after midnight, under the big bridge that towered black against the sky, by the dark hills and into the Pacific. At Noumea a large group of men came aboard to join them, picked veterans of the Guadalcanal and New Georgia campaigns. And at Brisbane even more men joined them, with stories of jungle fighting around Buna Mission. The ship was crowded and the going slow, but the air of expectancy increased. Whatever this dangerous mission was, it was important enough to pull picked men away from where they were already badly needed.

Joe knew that Shorty had been ordered to Solimana in New Guinea, which the Australians and Americans had just taken. According to what he could find out, Shorty would soon be working up with front line units. He would probably even be leading patrols, which was plenty hard in the New Guinea terrain. In the open coconut plantations along the shore there was no cover, and in the dense jungle jungle that stretched from there back to the mountains there was too much cover. A language officer from the Papuan campaign showed him his Unit Citation ribbon with an oak leaf cluster. "Plain luck," he said grimly. "The others got killed."

Joe had learned quite a bit about real fighting before the *Lurline* got to Bombay after steaming around the south shore of Australia and up the Indi-

an Ocean. Obviously war with the Japanese in the jungle was different from the expected. Here the enemy was seldom seen but you knew he was there, maybe in the next bushes. You could hear him and you could see where he had been, but you couldn't see him. He could build himself a bunker of coconut logs and oil drums filled with sand, and he could cover it with bushes so you could never see it, and there he would sit and wait patiently with his machine guns.

But all that was more than two months ago, and here it was January of 1944, and the monsoon rains would begin in June. If they didn't get going, they wouldn't be able to do much this year. If Joe could have foreseen how much action there would be before June, he would gladly have done without half of it. He knew that in the operations ahead the intelligence and reconnaissance platoons were expected to see as much action as the combat personnel, maybe more. But how much more they would see, the training did not show.

Suddenly action began. A messenger brought the orders from General Merrill to the 1st Battalion headquarters. Within five minutes Colonel Osborne had his officers in conference. Joe knew something was about to happen. He put away his translations and the big Ueda dictionary. All the time his eye was on the Colonel's door.

After fifteen minutes that seemed hours, the door opened. Captain Laughlin came over to Joe's desk.

"Get everything ready for moving, Sergeant. General Stilwell wants us in Ledo by February 7. The first column will start tomorrow, and we'll be in it."

"Yes, sir," Joe replied with new eagerness. "We've been ready to move."

"And Joe, never mind about the dictionaries. There'll be one set in headquarters, but I don't think we'll need anywhere we are going. Here's a list of what every man will take with him. It's not much, but it'll be as much as they'll want to carry on their backs through the jungle."

Joe left the command hut on the double. The men would want to know the big news, and besides there was no time to waste. Now it had really come, what they had been waiting and training for. Old Vinegar Joe Stilwell was on the warpath. Everybody knew what he wanted most was to run the J___s out of Burma and open up the Burma road to supply China. Flying over the Hump was dangerous and expensive, and anyway the stuff flown in that way was only a dribble.

Soon the Indian training camp of the 5307th was in an uproar. The men were all over the place, collecting laundry, throwing away things, packing the things they couldn't take with them, writing letters. "We are moving up tomorrow. I won't be able to write again for awhile. Don't worry about me." Over and over the same message was sent. By the time the letters reached the States the men would be somewhere in the jungles of northern Burma, and some of them would not be alive.

The first column started moving the next morning on schedule, and for two days they moved out before the tail of the column, the last man of the 3rd Battalion, left the camp. But the slow trek to the railhead at Ledo had only begun. It was a full thousand miles to Ledo, first by boat up the wide, slow-moving river, then by rail on the single track line that was already busy day and night taking supplies from Calcutta to Ledo. 30 to 40 miles a day was all they could do, and it was a full month before they assembled in Ledo.

The first real test came after that in the ten-day march to the end of the trail at Ningbyen. This was to be the Ledo road over which truck convoys would carry supplies to China, but now it was a dirt road cut through the dense jungle undergrowth. Over it the men marched, ten miles a day for ten days, with packs on their backs, and with them went all the basic equipment strapped to the horses and mules they led. It was dry and not too hot in February and the men tried to imagine what it would be like in June, the new fills a sea of mud, the air hot and sticky when the rain was not pouring. Yet even under ideal conditions, ten days of steady marching is a real test. When the last man had reached Ningbyen on 21 February, General Merrill felt that his outfit had been thoroughly tested and every man was ready for the ordeal ahead.

The men marched in single column, but Captain Laughlin was beside Joe most of the way and took away the monotony of the road. As far as Ledo there had been something new most of the time, for they were still in India where there were towns and people to see. But now it all looked alike—the fresh scars as the road cut into the sides of a hill and the fills where the dirt from the hills had been pushed down. On both sides of the fresh dirt stretched the green, the lush dark green of tropical vegetation. First it was mountain green as the columns trudged up and down the ridges leading to the Patkai range. The great trees, some of them twenty feet through at the ground, rose magnificently eighty or a hundred feet with no branches, and

then high in the air the top foliage made a dense roof to shut out the brilliant sun.

Some of the men were impressed, and there was bantering talk of organizing the Ledo Road Lumber Company after the war. But Joe was quiet, so quiet that Captain Laughlin turned to him.

"What are you thinking about, sergeant?" He always called Joe sergeant to introduce the conversation.

"It sounds funny, but I was thinking about my dad's old store in Pasadena. The oranges and calavas would be flooding in now, and the vegetables would be coming in from San Pedro, and it would be all we could do to take care of the customers. They would just flood the place. Pasadena in February, sunny and warm in the day, cool at nights. That's the life. "

"Think you'll ever go back, Joe? "

"I don't know, captain. I can't get over thinking of the way they herded us in at the Santa Anita racetrack after Pearl Harbor. Like animals. It was awful."

"I thought you were at army school in Frisco then."

"I was, but the CO gave me two weeks to help my folks wind up the business. Even so my dad lost nearly everything. Still I'd go back if I thought – "

"They wouldn't keep on treating you like J___s?"

"That's it, captain. That's why I'm glad we're headed for some action. I want to show them."

The captain looked from one of the high ridges far down into the jungle growth of the Hukawng lowlands.

"See down there, Joe, that mess of green? Looks like a tangled ocean of jungle ready to swallow up anybody that ventures in, doesn't it? The J___s are there—not many of them but more than we've got here, and they know the jungle better."

"You mean there'll be plenty to do – "

"That's just what I mean. And we're out to beat them at their own game, getting behind their lines and giving them hell."

As the column marched towards the lowlands, the trees got smaller and the underbrush thicker. On both sides of the road the jungle stretched dense and tangled. Thick patches of bamboo, long vines that wound from tree to tree, briars strong enough to tear the clothes from a man's back, and even in the occasional clearings patches of tall knife-edged elephant grass (*kunai*).

This was the jungle of northern Burma, the scene of action for the ill-fated Merrill's Marauders. It had a fantastic lushness, a dark never-ending green that looked beautiful until you got in it.

On 21 February the last man of the 3rd Battalion reached Ningbyen. That night General Merrill called the staff officers and explained to them their mission. The main job was to assist the Chinese who were already a few miles south of Ningbyen in their drive down the Hukawng Valley. Their first objective was Myitkyina, about a hundred miles south, and the second was Bhamo, a hundred miles further south, where the Ledo road would eventually join the old Burma Road. The Marauders were to make long and circling marches through the hills and over the wide streams, establish roadblocks on the one road through the region, the dry-weather Kawaing Road. The written orders would show in detail the part each combat team was expected to play in the first mission—the encirclement of the village of Maungkwan and the cutting of the Kamaing Road at Walabum.

This is the big scene, and it looks easy on the maps, moving three thousand men to a spot not much more than twenty miles away as the crow flies. But the men are moving in single column over trails that stretch the distance to eighty miles or more, over wide, sluggish streams. Each battalion has two complete combat teams, and at the head of each combat teams team goes the I & R (Intelligence and Reconnaissance) Platoon, and with each platoon there is a Nisei interpreter. The I & R men go out on security patrols, and they know they may meet the Japanese at any moment. This is no moving of blocks or of troops, but man against man.

Merrill's Marauders (we can call them now what history will call them) started moving out to the jumping-off point on the Tawang River on 24 February, and the very next day there were two patrol encounters with the J___s. Joe had been assigned to the Orange Combat Team which had one of the encounters. They were scouting a trail on the right flank of the main group when it happened. They were on a cross trail leading to Nzang Ga when they met a Japanese patrol. Both patrols dived for cover, shooting rather wildly. In ten minutes it was all over and the J___s had disappeared. Joe had let his rifle go when he saw the J___s come into view around the bend of the trail, and he thought he saw the leading man fall into the bushes as if hurt.

Cautiously Joe went to the spot and pulled back the bushes. The J___ was dead all right, but for a moment Joe couldn't get over the feeling of pity for him. The dead man looked like Shorty with his stocky build and his pro-

truding teeth. Some student from Tokyo or farmer boy from Kyushu, he was probably very homesick out here in the Burma jungles. But he would have got me if I hadn't got him first, Joe said to himself, and started examining the body for papers. There was nothing except a rough sketch of the region and a pocket diary. Joe read the entries rapidly, hoping to find something of the enemy's position, but all he could find were complaints about the heat and the rains and the food, and about being so long away from home. "Today my son is three years old. He was only a baby when I saw him last." There was one joyous entry. "Today we repulsed the Chinese in a glorious victory for the emperor. We were each given *sake* for celebration."

Joe handed the papers to his officer, who was more concerned about one of his men who had been wounded. The wound was slight, and they were able to send him back to Ningbyen while they rejoined their outfit. They heard that the Blue Combat Team ahead of them had also run into a J___ patrol, and their leading scout had been killed. Joe knew him well from their training together–he was a good kid, from Brooklyn, loved a good fistfight, and here he was killed before he even saw a J___, killed from ambush by a J___ patrol.

When Joe's outfit got to the jumping-off point they found that orders had already come to proceed to Walawbum, forty miles away over a narrow trail, and cut the Japanese supply line from the South. The advance units had already moved across the wide stretch of the Tawang River. They ferried across with every conceivable type of craft, but mostly on improvised rafts and small inflated reconnaissance boats. Twice more they had to do the same thing, on the north and south branches of the Tanai River, but this time the streams were narrower. On the smaller streams there were often native bridges made of bamboo, just wide enough for one man at a time. The pack animals swam but even so it was slow going. After they got across the south branch of the Tanai, the Marauders stopped for combat orders. It had taken seven days with no delays to get within striking distance of the enemy's rear. Now they were ready to try to block Kamaing Road twenty miles behind the J___ front line.

It was the mission of Joe's battalion to seize the high ground along the narrow Numpyek River in order to control the Kamaing Road while the 2nd battalion was to build and hold a road block a few miles up the road toward the J___ front lines. They set out before dawn on 3 March and by night they had got within half a mile of the village of Walawbum itself. The I & R pla-

toon, with 48 men and three automatic rifles (BARs), waded the shallow river and dug in on the west bank of the stream. The ground here was a little higher than the rest, and from it they could stop any Japanese crossing the river to attack the rest of the combat team.

They were in the middle of enemy country now, but so far the J___s did not know it. They would very soon know, and when they did there would be action. Joe felt the excitement of the men around him. This was their first time. They said little as they munched their K-rations in the black jungle darkness, but Joe knew they felt as he did, a little scared. He wondered if the fear would last, or if they would ever be able to laugh it off, like those Dead End Kids across the river. They had killed plenty of J___s on Guadalcanal and New Georgia, and now they were ready to kill more of them.

A few rifle cracks far up the trail meant that the security patrols had met some small J___ parties. By morning the hornet's nest would be stirred up.

It started about breakfast time the next morning. There was sharp rifle fire about a mile up the river. That would be at the clearing they passed yesterday where the Khaki Team had built an airstrip in the dry rice paddies. The J___s were smart, hitting the supply line first. The rattle of machine gunfire and the sound of a few mortar bursts came down the river, and then silence.

"It won't be long now, Joe," said big Ed Thorpe, gripping his BAR as they watched the trail from the village. Joe fingered the grenades on his belt as he crouched beside Ed in the foxhole they had dug in the slope of the hill.

"I'll say it won't," said Joe excitedly. "Look at that."

A line of Japanese stretched down the trail as far as the bend. Joe counted about fifty of them and judged there must be more. He saw two officers talking excitedly, and he wished he could hear them. He signaled back for the men to hold their fire. Maybe he could tell what they were going to do. One of the officers turned to the man and started shouting orders in the singsong staccato Joe had heard so often on the drill grounds in Tokyo. Still he couldn't quite make out the words.

Joe slid out of the foxhole and crept forward through the brush. When he got opposite the bend of the trail, he could hear them plainly. They were splitting into four separate groups to surround the hill from all sides except the riverbank. Joe went as quickly as he could back up the hill to the platoon leader. The Lieutenant changed the defense to three points, and the men

were dug in by the time the J___s could get through the dense undergrowth undergrowth to surround the hill.

Outnumbered two to one, the platoon was able to hold off the J___s. If Joe had not been with them, they would have been overwhelmed. As it was they were getting it hot from the Japanese mortars. They radioed for mortar fire from across the river. Under cover of some two hundred rounds from the 81-mm mortars, the I & R platoon waded the stream to join the Dead End Kids on the other side. So far none of them had been killed, but three men were wounded and had to be carried across the river on litters. The platoon dug in with the rest of the Orange Combat Team who by now had roofed their foxholes with logs and were ready. They knew it wouldn't be long before the J___s would be coming across the river, for they were already laying mortar fire on the village and the Kawang Road that ran through it.

Major Lew, commanding the Orange Team, sent for Joe. The command post was in a log dugout, and the major was sitting on a log with a few papers on a packing box in front of him. He looked up as Joe came in.

"That was nice work, Sergeant," he said. "I don't know what we'd do without you language men."

"Thank you, Sir," said Joe. It was worth it now, all the long hours of training, all the tedious waiting, all the insults from those who didn't understand.

"You need a rest," the major continued, "but I've got an important job for you. The 2nd Battalion has been holding a roadblock three miles up the road at the Nambyu River. They have done some good intelligence work, tapping the J___ telephone wires. You know Sergeant Fujita, don't you?"

"Yes, Sir. He was my best student at Savage."

"Well, he did a swell job intercepting a message for help from a J___ ammunition dump. We sent them help all right, blew them to bits. But Fujita was wounded—"

"Not badly, I hope," Joe interrupted anxiously.

"No, he's OK. One of the planes from Lazang Ga will take him back to Ledo tomorrow. But they need somebody who can be sure to get the telephone messages—and you're the only other man. I want you to take five men and get to Colonel McGee's CP as soon as possible. They'll tell you the rest."

Joe was glad to see that the five men included a native Kachin guide, but even so it was early morning before his party made the five miles over native paths to the Nambyu River. Colonel McGee made them rest a few hours be-

fore going to where the J___ wires were strung through the jungle near the road.

"They are still using the line," said the Colonel. "Corporal Tagami is listening now, but he says he misses a lot of the words. If you catch anything important, send a messenger immediately."

Henry Tagami was glad to turn over his listening post to Joe. "They seem to be pretty confused," he said. "They don't know how many men we have, but they know we are tough. They lost a hundred men trying to cross the river at Walowbum this morning."

"That must be the work of the Dead End Kids, "said Joe. "They were ready when I left there last night. You go get some rest, Henry."

"OK, Joe. Better keep some men up and down this line. The J___s might be looking for just this sort of thing."

All afternoon Joe listened to the messages going over the wire. The J___s suspected no tapping or else they thought no one could understand their language. Routine conversation was all he heard for hours, and then suddenly about six o'clock the banter between the operators stopped. The wires were being held for important business. Joe listened intently. The Japanese general in Kamaing was talking to the colonel in Maingkwan. "Your forces will withdraw around the Walawbum roadblock. Men will be sent from Kamaing to reinforce an attack at Walawbum. You will make a diversionary attack on the roadblock at the Nambyu River." Joe held his breath. He must not miss a word of this attack on the 2nd Battalion. His own life, as well as well as the safety of the men around him, was at stake. The orders went on. "You will attack at midnight. The emperor expects a glorious victory."

Joe sent a message to Colonel McGee, and in less than an hour the messenger was back.

"Come on, Sergeant, "he said. "We are moving out after dark."

The Colonel was tickled pink with the message. "You'll get a medal for this."

"Never mind the medal," said Joe, collecting his instruments. "Just so it isn't a Purple Heart."

By noon the next day the 2nd Battalion was behind the lines of the Orange Team. They had built a huge block across the road by cutting down trees and letting them fall on the road. They had left booby traps on all sides

and then withdrawn undercover of darkness. Afraid of J___ booby traps they put a mule ahead of the column as they went over the narrow trail to Wesu Ga. About midnight the lead mule was blown to bits by a land mine on the trail, but another mule was brought up and they moved on. At dawn they reached a clearing and picked up supplies that had been dropped for them in a clearing. After 36 hours with little food or water the men eagerly tore open their individual packages wrapped in burlap bags. This time the K-rations tasted like a steak at the Waldorf. In a few minutes the men had eaten, and sprawled around the empty native hut that stood high on stilts near the clearing. Then they pushed on through the jungle.

When the 2nd Battalion stopped behind the Orange lines, where they could give support if it was needed, Joe went on to report to Major Lew. He got to the command post just as all hell was breaking loose. The J___s had pounded them all day with steady mortar fire and some medium artillery, but they had not attacked since the Dead End Kids had stopped them the day before. Now the shelling was getting heavier, and an attack was expected. The only place that could come from was the field across the river, because everywhere else the riverbanks were too high or the jungle too dense for a field of fire. The hot sun was low in the sky, glaring into the faces of the men dug in three or four feet apart along the riverbank as they looked sharply for every movement in the grass across the stream.

When Joe entered the log dugout that was both CP and message center for the Orange Team, Major Lew was trying to get a radio message through to General Merrill for more ammunition.

The radio man turned to Major Lew. "I can't get through. Something's jammed the radio."

"We've got to have ammunition. Send somebody down to the Khaki Team CP."

"I'll go myself, "said the radio man, "and I'll bring it back if I have to lead the damn mule myself."

"Just watch yourself, "said the major. As he turned around and saw Joe, his face lighted up and he got up to shake hands.

"That was a grand piece of work you did. We got the message last night and it helped a lot. Here's a paper token from a dead J___ this morning. Would you read it for me?"

Joe turned the paper in his hands and saw quickly it was a letter that was unfinished. "It says: 'Dear Taro — I sent you today the battle flag your father was wearing when he fell charging the enemy. . . ' and so on."

"Oh, nuts. I thought it might be an official order."

From across the river came increasing sound of fire. The monotonous woodpecker fire of Japanese heavy machine guns was punctuated by mortar shells and grenades from accurate "knee mortar" dischargers.

"It's getting worse and we can't get in touch with their walkie-talkie. Would you go down there to the center platoon and find Lieutenant Weingartner—you can tell him easy because he's the damn fool who wears a dirty mechanics cap instead of a helmet—and tell him to go easy on the ammunition. The Chinese will relieve us by midnight if we can hold out."

Joe found the Lieutenant all right. He was down right by the water's edge getting two heavy machine guns set with clear fields of fire. Joe crawled into Weingartner's foxhole just as the dirty cap appeared crossing over its bank. He gave the message.

"It's still seven hours to midnight, and a lot can happen in that time," said the Lieutenant. "I've given orders not to fire until the J___s reached the water, but if they come we'll give the bastards hell."

"Well, I think they're coming, "said Joe. "Look at the edge of the woods over there."

It was too late for Joe to get back, so he waited in the foxhole and helped where he could. The J___s were coming through the grass in line of skirmishers. They made no attempt to conceal their movements, and when the first wave was almost ten yards from the river they began to shout. The officers waved their swords and shouted "*Sasume*" (charge) "and the men yelled "*Bonzai*" noisily.

When the first men plunged into the river the Dead End Kids cut loose with everything they had. The first wave crumbled, but another came on, and after that another. The machine gun in the next foxhole was smoking. The water jacket was hit, but they kept on firing and cooling it from their canteens. "Throw me your canteen," he shouted, and Joe collected the canteens around and tossed them over. The machine gun fired on though the water jacket turned red hot.

The Japanese dead piled up, and the wounded lay screaming. It was only about thirty yards away, and Joe could hear them plainly as they called for medics that never came. It was getting dark and the ammunition was giving

out. You could hear the men shouting on both sides, asking if anybody had a spare clip.

Then, as it grew darker, the attacks suddenly stopped. Nobody could tell why. They waited but nothing happened. Down by the riverbank Joe could see a figure in an American helmet rise in the dark and with capped hands shout toward the river. "Come on, you little bastards. Come and get it."

A J___ yelled back, and then a funny thing happened. To a man the Dead End Kids got up out of their foxholes, stood there by the river, and cursed at the J___s. But only a few bursts of machine gunfire came back. Maybe their ammunition had had given out, too, or maybe their main force had already withdrawn to the south and their job was done.

By now it was black dark, and no more attacks came. Suddenly Joe realized he was dead tired, with very little sleep for three days. He reported to Major Lew, who sent him back to Wesu Ga to rest. On the way he passed the Chinese on their way to relieve the Marauders. The first mission was over. The end runs had worked, and the Chinese were able to get further in one week than in a whole month before. But the next one would be harder, for there would be little surprise. Joe was still wondering about it as he flopped down and fell instantly asleep.

The second mission, to create two roadblocks farther south on the road, started out fine. On 12 March the 1st Battalion set out for Shadazup followed by a Chinese regiment, and the 2nd and 3rd Battalions set out in a column farther east to get into position to strike the road farther south. The Orange Team was at the end of the eastern column. For four days they marched, the last day fifteen miles up into the hills over rough, muddy trails.

They were joined by a bunch of Kachin guerillas led by an American officer from Detachment 101. Joe had heard a lot about this very secret underground organization run by OSS. The guerrillas knew the country and would be a great help in the mountainous region they were coming to. Besides they had borrowed three elephants from the Japanese, and the great beasts helped tremendously in moving supplies from an airdrop clearing to the column's bivouac. Everything was going fine.

After four days march the column made a two-day halt to get a food drop and wait for definite instructions. For two days the men rested, washed their clothes, and fished and swam in the Tanai river. Joe went swimming

with his new friends among the Dead End Kids. They accepted him completely and never spoke of his Japanese ancestry. Everything was going fine, until the J___s started moving east toward the river in force.

The trouble started when the 2nd Battalion was ordered to hold new Nhpum Ga, a little village of four or five huts on a high ridge 1400 feet above the Tanai River. They held it but the J___s cut the trail to the supply airfield five miles to the north. The 2nd Battalion was surrounded and besieged. Two days later the J___s even cut them off from the water hole. Their only water supply was from some small swampy pools where dead mules were decomposing.

Joe was on patrol with five of the Dead End Kids from the Orange Team when the trail block was set up by the J___s. That is how he went through the siege, where for ten days they were held down by J___ mortar fire. Food and ammunition was dropped to them, but the only water they had was the little they could get from the swampy pools where the dead mules lay. They could provide no protection for the two hundred mules they had, and over half of them were killed. The stench from the decaying bodies of the animals filled the air.

To make things worse, Joe had his first attack of malaria. The medics couldn't take care of all the cases of malaria and dysentery. Already six wounded men had died and had to be buried within the defense perimeter. Joe swallowed his atropine tablets and kept going.

The radio was still going, so the besieged men knew everything possible was being done to relieve them. On 2 April Joe's old outfit had tried to open the trail, but they couldn't get past the machine gun positions planted at the tops of the steep ridges. They knocked out several of them, but there was always another one still higher. That was the day General Merrill ordered the two 75-mm. howitzers to be flown down from Ledo and dropped at the airstrip. Joe could see the clumsy hunks dangling from double parachutes as they dropped five miles down the valley. He cheered with the others as the pieces dropped, and again two hours later when they began dropping shells on the J___ positions around them.

Except for one day when he was too weak, Joe went out every night to the northwest hill where he could occasionally hear the J___s as they yelled to one another behind their lines. Once he crept through the brush, and listened to the men talking, but all he heard was how they would like to stroll

down the Ginza in Tokyo or eat some of mother's famous eels cooked in rice.

He was about to leave his listening post on the wire about midnight on 4 April when he noticed considerable commotion below him. The officers were giving a pep talk to incite their men to attack. The more they yelled, the more noisy the men grew. It was obvious to Joe that they were getting ready for an attack. As soon as he could tell about when and where the main attack would come, he warned the battalion commander and the defense perimeter was saved again.

Three days later Joe came down with dysentery. The effects of the malaria were still hanging on, and he was so weak he could hardly move. He was put in a tent near the medical station where already there were more than two hundred of the worst cases of sick and wounded. The medics were not equipped to handle them, for normally the cases would all have been flown back to the hospitals. Now all they could do was to take care of the men the best they could, and hope.

It was Good Friday, 7 April, when Joe was ordered to stay in the hospital tent. Things were going bad. The Khaki Combat Team, only a mile away up the trail, had tried to fight toward them, but at night they had gained no ground on the Kush where the J___s were dug in. There was only one piece of cheerful news. The first battalion, after turning over its roadblock to the Chinese, had finally reached the airstrip. They had pressed hard over the steep hills, and fully a third of their men were knocked out by dysentery. But the ones who were still fit were going to help by encircling the besieging J___s while the Khaki team continued its frontal attack.

It must have worked, for on Easter Sunday the Khaki patrols walked into Nhpum Ga. They had started out on the trail as combat patrols, but they found no opposition. The J___s had pulled out during the night.

Joe heard the joyful shouts of the men outside his tent, but he was too weak to do anything about it. He was strapped to one of the few mules left alive and headed for the airstrip. As they went down the first ridge, he could just see the flamethrowers of the men cleaning up. The mules had been dead too long to be buried, and the flies swarmed over the putrid bodies until the streams of fire hit them

About six weeks later, Joe was convalescing at Dinjan along with several hundred other Marauders. He was feeling much better, but he was still glad enough to sit. Anyway, he felt, there would be no more action this year. The

monsoon season was beginning. Already rain was falling every day and the wet heat made everything sticky. The sky was always cloudy, and soon they wouldn't be able to see the jungle clearings to drop food and ammunition.

It didn't matter much now, Joe thought, for the Marauders had captured the all-weather J___ airfield and Myitkyina. They had operated very closely with the Chinese. In fact, two regiments of Chinese had been added to the Marauders to make up for casualties. The attack on Myitkyina had been he r Indian Division dropping behind the J___ lines in the Bhamo area and cutting the only railroad to the north. But the Marauders had gone where even the natives seldom went to make a surprise move over rough mountainous country. Now they had a good airfield, though they could not take the town of Myitkyina, their first main objective. And the monsoon rains had started.

Joe was feeling alright, but he was glad to be out of it. The malaria had taken all his enthusiasm for action. Besides he knew more about the game now. He could not forget seeing his friends die in the siege at Nhpum Ga, die of wounds that would have healed in any hospital. He had seen a grenade from a discharger land in a foxhole and kill two men. He had helped the medics with a friend whose right hand was torn completely off. There were many he knew well. He had been lucky. He didn't know how long his luck would hold out.

And there was his good friend captain Bill Laughlin, killed last week when the plane he was in crashed right on the Myitkyina airfield. He had known the thin-faced dark captain well, back in Tokyo in school days and later at Savage. Bill was half Japanese himself, and they understood each other. Bill had come by Durgan to see him on that last trip, had told him about that drive on Myitkyina over the mountains. Bill had a group of native Kachins with him to go ahead of the silently moving H Force. They opened up uncharted trails that had not been used for ten years. They went over places so steep that several of their mules lost their footing and went crashing to their death far down the hillsides. And then Bill was killed in an airplane crash on the best field in northern Burma. What an ironical thing to happen, to die in an ordinary accident after months of fighting in the worst sort of terrain. He remembered Bill telling how scared he was when their Kachin guide, the only man who knew the wild Kumon mountains, was bitten by a poisonous snake and he had cut the man's foot with his knife and for two hours sucked the poison. Joe knew how brave men can be afraid and

he understood what Bill meant. And now Bill was dead. His luck didn't hold out.

Joe had lots of time to think about things now. There was still no letter from Ethel. While he was in action he had almost forgotten about her, except when the hunger came on him, and then he could see her blonde hair and her red lips tantalizing him, could feel the warmth of her passionate body. Now that he had lots of time to think about her, he wanted her more than ever before. He cursed himself for volunteering to come over here. He knew she was just a child when it came to responsibilities. She had to have someone around her, the more the better. But what if one of them was a handsome man, like the man she mentioned in the last letter he got? She hadn't written for four months. What if she had run off with him? He read his letters again, one from Hanako and one from Dave who was still teaching at Savage. They barely mentioned Ethel, said they never saw her anymore, now that she had quit working at the Stella and had an apartment with her girlfriend. They didn't want to hurt his feelings, but he knew what they were thinking. "That's what you get for marrying a *hakujin*. They don't understand us. What can you expect?"

Joe wondered if white Americans would ever understand them. They ought to know pretty soon that Japanese-Americans were loyal. He knew a bunch of the men in the all-Nisei 100th battalion now fighting in Italy. He knew they would show their stuff if they were given a chance. And what about the thousands of men in language work for intelligence? They were doing plenty in every campaign in the Pacific. Everywhere he went out here, the real veterans among the white soldiers respected him and some of them had been very friendly. But the people of the United States couldn't know about them, for their intelligence activities were a military secret.

Then came the bombshell. Things were not going well at Myitkyina, and orders had come to send two hundred convalescents back to the front. The men were mad as hornets, and the whole camp at Dinjan buzzed with excitement. The commandant tried to explain to them that unless they helped defend Myitkyina airfield, there would be no way to get the rest of the outfit back. If the tired Marauders, now down to about 1300 men, tried to march back through the jungle in the monsoon rains they would all be lost. The convalescents went. They grumbled, wondering what good two hundred sick

men could do. Joe was in a mood where he didn't care what happened, but he could sympathize with the way the men felt. Still they were able to save the airfield and to relieve men even more exhausted than they were.

Finally, about the first of June, reinforcements came and all but about two hundred marauders were flown back north, sick and worn out with fatigue. They had accomplished a part of their dangerous mission, but they had no strength for the final punch. Twice General Merrill had been forced to quit because of illness, and now Merrill's marauders were expended.

Joe stayed on with a small group of the Marauders. He had to keep on a steady atropine diet to ward off attacks of malaria. Language men were scarce in Burma, and they needed him. He longed to be back in rest camp with the rest of the Marauders. Still he worked hard. He sorted Japanese documents and translated the few he considered important. There was nothing much to learn. They already knew that the Japanese had reinforced and fortified every sizable town around the airfield.

Joe read his documents and talked to the few prisoners that were brought to him, but he learned very little. He became tired and sometimes a little careless. It didn't matter much now. Nobody could fight much in this everlasting rain that closed in over the Burma hills and made your clothes sticky and made your guns rusty unless you kept them oiled. Joe wanted to go home. Well anyway, he wanted to rest, to sleep a year or two.

The rest came sooner than he expected. He was walking near the north end of the airfield between showers one morning in July when he heard some 75-mm shells dropping close by. He started walking quickly back to his office when he heard the familiar sound right on top of him. He fell to the ground instinctively as the shell burst a few yards away and showered him with mud. He started to get up but found he could not move his left leg. He saw his trousers torn at the knee and bloody. He had seen it happen to so many others. Now it had happened to him, and he could hardly believe it. He pulled himself along through the mud until he could signal to a mechanic. At the first aid station they cleaned the wound and bound the knee in splits. The next day he was flown back to Dinjan. He was on the way back. The doctor at Dinjan said he would send him to the States as soon as he healed. Joe smiled. What a way to go home. He was still in India on 3 August when he heard that Myitkyina town had been taken from the J___s. The Marauders had done it, though only two hundred of them were still there when it happened. Bhamo would be next after the monsoons lifted, and soon the way

would be open for a paved road from Ledo through Myitkyina and Bhamo to the old Burma Road, and the supplies would flow through to China.

Joe was glad he had had a part in it all. He was very proud when they pinned the Legion of Merit on him as he sat in his wheelchair in the hospital. The citation read "for unusual courage under fire, on numerous occasions risking his life to obtain information vital to our successful operations." The ribbons would look nice on his uniform when he got home.

III

As his train got nearer Minneapolis, Joe's thoughts were racing faster than the speeding train. It was the middle of September, and he had been away more than a year. The countryside was beautiful with all that corn still green before the harvest, but if he thought of the corn at all it was only to imagine how different the climate would be now in the jungles of Burma in the middle of the monsoon season. The sluggish rivers would be flooded, the trails deep in mud, and the jungle hot and sticky. Even the few natives would be in their little huts built on stilts waiting for the rains to stop. He was lucky to be back in the states.

Things would be changed in Minneapolis, he knew. There was no more Camp Savage, for the language school had moved over to Fort Snelling. Hanako was still in town. She had written him occasionally, letters full of news about people he knew, especially about the growing bunch of Nisei girls waiting for their men who had gone overseas, waiting, and working while they waited at any sort of job they could get. Hanako wrote him about everybody but Ethel. She hadn't mentioned Ethel in her last two letters. Ethel must be still in Minneapolis. At any rate, her allotment checks were still getting to her.

Well, he ought to know pretty soon now. He had wired her at the last address he had. No one else knew what train he would be on. If she could come to the station, would she know him? He had changed a lot in the last year. His face was thinner and more drawn. His knee was still stiff, and he had to use a cane.

When the train drew into the station, Joe peered anxiously up and down the platform. He limped slowly up the stairs, and still no familiar face. He was about to enter a phone booth when he saw Ethel at a newsstand. She was

thumbing through a picture magazine, her back turned to him. He went up to her and called her name. She turned quickly with a terrified face.

" Joe," she said, "you scared me. The train must have been early."

"Matter of fact," said Joe calmly, "it was ten minutes late. Is this all the greeting I get after being a year being away a year and two months?"

Joe pulled her quickly towards him, but Ethel pushed him away, not hard but just enough to make him drop his cane. Then she leaned over and gave him a kiss on the cheek. She picked up his cane and handed it to him.

Joe drew back. He was puzzled and hurt. He might have expected it, he said to himself, but she could have pretended for a while. Ethel was only a child. He should never have left her. The silence was embarrassing. He didn't want to face a scene right here in the station.

" Joe, I've got to talk to you," Ethel said at last.

"You don't need to," Joe said bitterly. "I can see it all plain enough. He's a war worker, I suppose, making plenty of money."

"You don't understand, Joe. I was lonely. I tried, honest I did, Joe. . ."

"Well, don't tell me his name. I've been killing men out there for less than that—and I'm tired of killing."

"Joe, what I'm asking is, will you give me a divorce? As long as you were overseas I couldn't get one, you know. It was all a mistake, us getting married so quick. . ."

"I'll say it was. I can see it now. I could see it out there in the jungle, too, but I kept thinking about your blonde hair and your blue eyes and your pale, pale skin. You are so white and so beautiful, Ethel, I could still love you. It would be a mistake to love you, but I could."

"It's too late, Joe. I'm really in love this time. He's a boy I used to know in North Dakota, a plain sort like me."

"You mean, he's not a J___ like me."

"Now, Joe, you know I never thought of you like all them other J___s. But you know when I was out at Savage where there was so many of them I used to get scared. No, Joe, you was swell, but I never could like them other J___s."

" OK, Ethel. I'll give you a divorce."

Suddenly Joe seemed very tired. It was over so quickly, this homecoming he had longed for so much. Wearily he put Ethel in a cab and walked over to get the streetcar for Fort Snelling. He settled back for the long ride and closed his eyes. Well, that was settled. The dream was gone, the fair skinned

bakujin with the blonde curls and the blue eyes, laid away with other youthful dreams. He must call Hanako as soon as he had reported to Colonel Rasmussen.

Joe was very depressed when he got off the streetcar at Fort Snelling. The place was so big and unfamiliar, not like the ramshackle camp the school had just for itself at Savage. The long rows of neat brick buildings frightened him. The guard knew where the "J___ school" was, but he couldn't understand why Joe had all the ribbons.

Not until he walked into the school headquarters did Joe feel at home. Sergeant Kobayashi, now a Warrant Officer, recognized him and took him to Colonel Rasmussen's office. The Colonel rose to greet him. Now Joe knew he was among friends again.

"We expected you sometime today, Sergeant. You won't need to begin until tomorrow. Major Aiso will tell you what to do."

"Did you say Major Aiso?"

"Yes, you see we are about to get the first commissions for the Nisei today and it wouldn't be right to have them under a civilian."

"May I ask, Sir, who is being commissioned?"

"I have asked for two here at school. Several men already in the field will get them. Your friend Shorty Suzuki will be one He did some beautiful work in the advance on Hollandia. With your Legion of Merit you will be naturally in the first group."

Joe could say nothing. This was what the Nisei had been waiting for. In class after class they had seen the few white men come in as student officers. The army needed more language officers, but they weren't willing to trust the Nisei. It had been a sore point. Now they would be recognized as the equals of the white men.

"You'll pay for it," the Colonel went on, smiling. "The War Department has a special job for you, but I talked them into letting you stay here for a month. We've got a thousand men in school now, and a large group of them are OCS men from Ann Arbor. You can give them some idea of what language work is like in action."

Joe wondered what the special work would be, when the commission would come through, what he could tell anybody about fighting except to be ready for anything and keep your fingers crossed. The thoughts raced through his head as he awkwardly muttered his thanks to Colonel Rasmussen. At least he wouldn't have time to stew about his troubles. He

couldn't help wondering what Ethel would think when he got his commission. Steady, boy, don't get excited. You haven't got your bars yet. And you won't see Ethel except in a lawyer's office.

The Colonel took Joe over to Major Aiso's office. When they entered the teachers room, Joe felt as if he had really come home. The big room was much bigger than the old frame hut they had in Savage, but the desks were still piled high with test papers and the red ink was still correcting mistakes in the complicated strokes of the kanji. George Fuji was still there, more confident of himself as he strode across the room to greet Joe. Others rose here and there to shake hands with Joe and speak the conventional greeting in Japanese. Even those many new faces looked familiar to Joe, for they were his people, and their problems were his problems.

As the day went on, Joe had less time to think of his troubles, and by the time the party got underway that evening in Hanako's apartment, he was feeling good. He could still feel the warmth of the greeting the school had given him when Colonel Rasmussen introduced him at the assembly which took the place of the three o'clock class. He had made a mess of his speech, when he tried to tell them that the fighting wasn't heroic and glorious—it was a nasty job that had to be done, and the sooner it was done the better. You risked your life to learn what the enemy was doing because that was the way you saved the lives of your buddies, not to mention your own. You killed the J___s because if you didn't they would kill you. The men didn't understand, they couldn't until they got out there, but they applauded when the Colonel made him out a hero. And even if they didn't understand, he loved the warmth of their feeling for him. It was good to be appreciated and loved. It helped to make up for being a fool over some blonde curls and white skin.

Joe had told Hanako at dinner all about Ethel. She listened and said little while he poured out his troubles to her. Afterwards at her apartment they were getting ready for the party. Joe was slicing bread for sandwiches and Hanako was mixing a cheese spread for them. Joe stole behind her and put his arms around her. She made no protest but turned towards him. Joe felt her warmth steal through him and they realized what it was and then he realized what it was he had been waiting for all this time. He had been thinking all along it was the body hunger for the touch of pale skin that was Ethel's whiteness. Now he knew it was more than that he needed. Here was the warm body and the understanding heart both in the same person. His awk-

wardness disappeared as Hanako relaxed in his arms. "You poor boy," she said in a soothing voice. "You poor poor boy."

" I've made such a mess of things," Joe blurted. "I don't know why you are so good to me."

"It's because I think you're worth it, Joe boy. And partly just because I like you."

"Can you forgive me for being such a fool, Hanako? Do you think you could care for me a little?"

Hanako smiled at Joe, and as her dark face lit up Joe saw for the first time that she was beautiful. She patted Joe's cheek caressingly.

"Darling," she said, "I've never cared for anyone but you, not since the days in Frisco when you came to our house. You were studying for the bar exam, remember, and yet you never got to practice. Isn't it funny what war does to people, changes their plans, even changes their ideas?"

Hanako would have babbled on and on, but Joe leaned toward her and their lips met in a long kiss. Their Japanese grandfathers and grandmothers would have been horrified at this demonstration, but the idea never occurred to Joe and Hanako. Joe kissed away a tear that was about to fall from Hanako's eye.

"My sweet," he said. "It's not too late, is it?"

"Too late for what?"

"To get together, you know, to get married maybe. That is, when I'm free again."

"Of course it's not too late. But let's keep it a secret until the divorce goes through. Nobody will know it but us."

"Hanako?"

"Yes, Joe."

"Do you think maybe someday we can have a little house and a garden with a cherry tree in it, a real Japanese *sakura*?"

"And a little pool with gray rocks around it?"

"And a dwarf pine. But mind we don't get it too Japanesy, or the vigilantes will call us J___s and run us out."

"Oh, Joe, that must never happen again." Hanako suddenly became serious. "That can't happen after what you boys have done in this war."

The dream house was gone, and in its place was the relocation center with its barbed wire and the huts with one room for a family. Both Joe and Hanako were silent, thinking of their people uprooted from their homes and

crowded into the centers. Only the young people had escaped to enter the Army or get jobs somewhere away from the Pacific coast. It must not happen again, but they knew it would.

The bell rang and the guests began to arrive. Before long the room had filled with them and they overflowed into the bedroom and the kitchen. The festive air overflowed, too, for they were all here to welcome the hero of their people back home. They did not stop to think that he had no real home. This was no time to be thinking of that. They were all uprooted anyway, and so they found home in a strange city by coming together in the small apartment.

Poems

Like many a student of literature, Dad seems often to have thought and felt in verse. Many of his poems are insights into his strong emotions and responses to the world.

The poems span the time from the early 1920s when Dad was in Japan, into graduate school at Harvard and the fellowship that took him to Europe in the late 1920s, on into the thirties when he moved to Cleveland and met my mother and later into his teaching career. I have not tried to arrange the poems by date, but rather, loosely by subject matter.

Farewell to Nightingales

"Farewell to Nightingales" and the next poem, "Fastidiously towards the Skies," appeared in Crossroad, *a short-lived Cleveland magazine (No. 2, Summer 1939).*

Our thrush is not like other thrushes:
He fills Ohio woods in summer with song
That falls and rises, ringing changes
On four short themes with startling variation.
Three of his themes are joyful,
Rising with summer's lavish sap
To flow luxuriantly along the twigs.

But the end of his song is a mournful minor,
Suddenly falling an octave or more
To a quaver deep in his throat,
Full of despair and desolation,
Foreboding winter and first frost
And the falling of leaves devoid of sap.

I say to my English friends,
Too long I have only yearned to hear your nightingale,
Only desired your skylark's profuse strains,
Not knowing the thrush at my doorstep,
Not hearing the bell-bird in Ohio beeches

As he varied the themes of joy and of sorrow,
The relentless coming of winter after growth.

For the thrush's joyful theme is American summers,
The lushness of green creeping over the ridges,
Restlessly pushing the ice north into Canada.

His song rises over the sugar maples, above the beeches,
Praising the apples, Baldwin, Russet, and Northern Spy,
Urging the grapes, Catawba, Delaware, Concord,
Singing to Ohio fields, "Be rich and multiply."

Surrounded with joy the thrush's melody changes,
Dropping with octave descent to the minor refrain,
Foretelling in June first frost and fall of leaves,
The bitter numbing winds from Canada,
The rivers and falls locked in ice,
And the loneliness of deep snow.

Fastidiously towards the Skies

These gulls, the vagrants of the lake,
Fly aimlessly around. They take
For granted water, rocks and air,
And fish guts torn and gobbled with bare
Thanksgiving. They pause in careless flight
And scream to God in frantic fright
For bigger and better guts of bass
And juicier pickerel eyes. They pass
From this attenuated prayer
To pick the pickerel's bones with care,
Swallow the bass's head complete,
And tear the great pike's maw with neat
Adroitness. Having fed they rise
Fastidiously toward the skies
In graceful fugues of moving white
Convolving, dipping, gliding flight.

You Are My Music

This poem is dated 1932, when my father was courting my mother.

You are my music,
Rolling in great waves,
You are the chords for a thousand harmonies
Beating like white waves
Against the slippery gray rock
Of my uncontrollable desires.

I have chained my desires
In this rock by the sea,
And moss has grown over the rock,
Making it gray and slippery, harsh and unattainable.
But you have come
With great waves of music
To tear the rock apart and scatter the moss
And I am glad, for your music
Has entered my rocky cavern
Rolling in great waves.

Afternoon Class at Summer School

Epochs and influence pass like slow, gray sheep;
Murmuring soothes my ear like droning bees;
Outside sleek motors purr, cats half asleep,
While I sit caught between two tepid seas.

Cathedral Portal

This may have been written during Dad's Sheldon-Fellowship-sponsored trip through Europe after graduate school, perhaps at Chartres Cathedral.

Men cut these stones and never thought that they
Should put their names on them. Was not the work
Enough, the joy of craftsmen at the way
The whole thing goes together? Demons lurk
In these gargoyles, and these long shrouded saints,
Like God's own slender tapers, point me on
To something better. No uncouth complaints
Are here, no questioning, no bitter moan.

Fighter Pilot

I never courted death: four times it came
Winging close by with deadly bullet steel
That smacked our fuselage, three times
With thudding burst of frantic ack-ack fire.
These ribbons on my uniform look nice,
But I know some who never wore the single
Battle star they won. Their very first
Adventure was their last; confident, strong,
They flew into the night and never returned.
Believe me, it's good to be here in this Georgetown garden
With a highball and friends, and the sun shining warmly down.
Our squadron lost full half its planes—sometimes
The men came back, rescued at sea or brought
Weeks later through the enemy's front door.
Sometimes they never came, but I was lucky
And that is why you see these battle stars.
But get this straight, I never courted death:
I went because it seemed the thing to do,
Because if I had failed to go, some other
Man I joked and messed with would have gone
And maybe got shot down. I wasn't brave,

I was scared to death when I had time to think,
But I kept on going, twenty straight missions.
Twice I was down over France and came through the lines,
Once over Germany, and so I got back somehow,
And once I was spilled in the cold North Sea, and then,
I'm telling you, my luck was really strong,
For I wouldn't be here now eating cucumber sandwiches
If that boat had been ten minutes later coming
To pull me from the icy water. I know
It sounds heroic now, but I was plenty scared.
My luck held out, and I did it, but get me straight,
I didn't keep going for country and flag and all that.
Somehow I just couldn't let the other men down.

Incident

Downward I cast my eyes and mirrored in
The crystal at my feet, I watched
A little minnow play
Around a rock.

John Pollock

John Pollock always prayed the loudest
When we assembled early every morning
Before we went to breakfast. I used to watch
His face, although I knew I shouldn't.
It would take on beauty, glowing with the words
Which seemed to flow so freely. Not long after
I left off morning prayers to sleep, but always
In gospel meetings (where we had to go)
The boy was first to rise and tell us all
How God had blessed him, felled him with the fire
And unction from above, and called him now
To warn vile sinners of the wrath to come.
John Pollock was a joke to most of us

Though he was mighty in revival meetings.
I soon forgot about him and the school
Till one day in the evening paper I read
How he he'd killed his eighteen-year-old wife
Because he found her with another man.

June Heaviness

Summer approaches on a tide of green
That sweeps in waves along our valley floor
And floods each grassy neck until no more
The daffodil and trillium are seen
Above the growth of leaves. Young maples lean
Their matted boughs to aggravate the store
Of stifling green that covers what before
Was naked loveliness, calm and serene.
The heavy leaves have swallowed everything
Relentlessly, the blossom and young fruit
That hangs in knobs, even the twigs that bring
Them nourishment. And I, their final loot,
Lie near their shade, a brief spell in the sun,
And linger there until the day is done.

Lines

"Scribbled in a Notebook Used in the British Museum, 1930." One word in the eighth line was illegible.

There are some thoughts that bring to me
A restful coolness like the shade
Of some old towering oak. These three
Cool things: the winds that softly played
Around me as I slowly strayed
Long the ocean's side; the low
But steady murmur falling water made;
The [. . .] miles of untouched snow.

When I was young there could not be
A place so cool as furrows laid
Long the fields, where I could see
The heat waves dance. . . .

Moon Fancies

I found this in a neatly typed letter to my father from Mrs. Frederick K. Morris, Montgomery, Alabama, dated Dec. 26, 1962. "Do you remember this poem which I copied in Korea that time when you entertained me so fabulously–Noh Dance, bathing places and all!"

The moon is a pilgrim pale,
Climbing the troubled sky;
The cold and fitful moonbeams sail
From a restless and clouded eye.

The moon is a sailor bold,
Daring the milky sea–
Long lines of scurrying cloud unfold
And set the heavens free.

The moon is a nightingale,
Afloat on the wings of song–
Her note is on the dream-ship's sail,
To lovers her dreams belong.

The moon is my fairy love,
Lulled in the bosom of night;
The stars of a thousand worlds above
Have crowned her beauty with light.

Oh, let my argosy's flight
Come back through the streaming mist,
For I've been abroad with the moon tonight,
And the morning comes dew-kissed.

The Morning After

Growing up in Bible-belt Georgia, my Dad was heavily influenced by WCTU temperance. But coming north–and perhaps on his European travels–he found different values.

Great Spirit of Montmartre, I pray again,
Keep me from mixing gin and champagne.

White horses of night, with riders of crimson,
Riding through green air that closes behind them,
White horses of night in the blackness of morning,
Flashes of fire in the bottle-green air,
While I lie crushed by a pale blue feather.

Cocktails and champagne were surely enough,
But somebody brought out this lousy stuff.

Helpless and crushed when the world is ablaze
With horses of fire in an orange sky,
I am slowly sinking in pits of blue velvet
While the riders plunge and the cormorants cry.
The crimson ravens flap their purple wings
Across the Nile-green fearfulness of dawn.
I want to run to Yonkers or to Fez,
But everywhere vast purple wings are drawn.

Great Spirit of Montmartre, I pray again,
Keep me from mixing gin and champagne.

Siesta in a Cocktail Bar

Another version on the theme of "The Morning After," above.

As rhythms of rhumba reach my ears
The raucous red tables swing round and round,
The bright green couches dip in a tango,
And the white chairs waltz to the winsome sound.

Such mixture of melody is mirthful to me
For I am a maudlin mixer of drink.
The highballs have sizzled with sparkling soda,
The brandies have brought me to the brink.

A million vermilion ravens are dancing
(Such idiosyncrasies make me sore)
One of them, purple-winged, steps to the microphone,
Croons this raven, "Never more!"

Beside the bar the crimson cowboys
Are spurring their silver-plated steeds
Through Nile-green air straight at the mirror,
Flapping their silks and twirling their tweeds.

The mixers of music suddenly stop,
The ravens and horses melt and sink
Into a furnace of pastel flames
Fed by liqueurs and raging strong drink.

Helpless I watch the magenta smoke
Eating its way through orange leather,
And slowly I sink in a sea of soft velvet
Weighted and crushed by a pale blue feather.

Odysseus

Tennyson's poem "Ulysses" describes the hero back in Ithaca but restless to move on. For Dad, the moving on seems to have involved the "search for words."

A restlessness like that of midnight dreams
Compels me now to search for words again
Which may by chance describe the restless schemes
Of dreaming youth. There is a mood, akin
To loneliness, which sometimes tries to win
The quiet from one almost tamed to life,
A mood like that of watching flames of thin
Wax candles after a wedding feast. A knife
Of dazzling beauty pricks me on to lordly strife.

Sacrifice

Dark blue, light blue,
Color of rich cream,
These are my iris
Down by the stream.

Dark blue, tawny,
Color of flax paper,
I lay my iris
Before your taper.

These are my gifts
To you, my dear,
Plucked by the stream,
Roughly, I fear.

Sonnet Composed in Time of Harvest

All summer I have waited for this hour
To see dark fields of corn turn brown, young quail
Grow big enough to fly, the flapping sail
Fill out with wind. My mind, like a tropic flower,
Has slept in flaming poppy warmth. A swoon
Of languid ease has brought me dreamy nights
When passion seemed as lazy with delights
As the slow lift of pines against the moon.

Summer is full of the luscious growth of things
But this is the hour I love, when growth is done
And trees wear colors proudly, gay leaves run
With the madly shifting winds, and autumn brings
Slow-falling friendly rain, when, sick with tears
Or drunk with laughter, I forget my fears.

South Chicago

Dad studied at the University of Chicago for a year. The poem may be a response to Carl Sandburg's well-known poem, "Chicago": "Hog butcher for the world... "

Flowing steel,
Spattering, murderous steel,
Clanging loads and roaring blasts.
Dirty smoke
And wasted steel-drops,
Popping and spattering,
Crashing and clashing,
Wheels and levers forever turning,
Forever grinding.
New heroes
Fight new dragons
Down there in patchwork darkness,
And blasts of white-hot fury roar

With a cry of death,
Spilling from buckets to fall
Like stars afire
And then grow cold on the pavement.
White juice of steel rolls out in thin red strips,
Crushed in their turn to sheets of purple steel,
Purple, cold, and useful steel,
Beautiful steel.

Spectrum

I remember my father talking about his love of Niagara Falls, the setting for this poem. I do not know what lies behind the grief he expresses here.

Here is unbroken August sunlight
Proud of its brightness
Not changing, dazzling, ever one white
Increasing whiteness.

Into this oneness water rushes
Breaking the sunlight,
Making the spray ineffably precious,
Forsaking the one white.

In the spray from Niagara rises the spectrum
By optical magic,
Shatters the light with gorgeous dissection,
Prismatical madness.

Violet, indigo, blue, green, yellow,
Orange, and red,
These are the fragments piled together
In the spectral bed.

We too have rested in unbroken brightness;
Suave souls complacent
Our blandness has turned to August blindness,
Our love to hatred.

Too long defying the power of the prism
We grow blind to light,
Lacking sorrow's syllogism,
The shattered white –
Violet, indigo, blue, green, yellow,
Orange, and red –
This is the richness of grief, the spectrum
Of broken head.

Apologia pro Studio Meo

This sonnet is the frontispiece of Dad's Harvard dissertation about medieval French love poems. "Apologia" means "defense," not "apology:–alluding to the academic ritual of "defending" one's dissertation.

Moments there are when I have seemed to sense
A truth that words could not explain, nor pen
Portray—elusive sparks from the brains of men
Which the ashes of time have covered; the breath, intense
With lore, of shadowy souls. Men say I lie,
For here the easy count of reckoned years
Is vain, and here fall not the impassioned tears
Of poets, but only a people's laugh or sigh.

I love high artistry, and mingle smiles
And tears with those of noble poet-souls,
But no whit less is my desire to seek,
If I may find by chance the mystic piles
Of secret life, the hidden source which doles
Its inspiration out to proud or meek.

Strength

I stood one day beside a stormy sea
And gloried in the power of its waves
That crashed against the smooth black rocks. So free
And yet so strong they seemed, making great caves
In solid rock. My spirit sometimes raves
Like that, beating its strength in helplessness
But taking pride in it, a pride that saves
Life from futility, making it less
A show than some great proving-ground that scorns success.

To Harald Kreutzberg

Harald Kreutzberg was a German dancer and choreographer.

I have seen water ripple by a black log,
But you are far more graceful than such things.
I have seen eagles flying in a green sky,
But you have stronger limbs than eagles' wings.

The Seasons, in Southwest Georgia

Summer

Zoon. . . Zoon. . . Two lazy June-bugs fly
From a rotting fig. The air is still.
New-ploughed, the clean, long furrows lie
Between thick rows of green that thrill
The farmer's eye. Beyond that mass
The heat waves skip and dance in play.
The quail has built in the thick fence-grass
Where timid rabbits always stay.
A fat white cloud in a moment grows,
Turns black and covers the great white sun;

The dust spurts up in the furrowed rows
And the cur forgets his fleas to run.
The cloud has lost its blackness in the burst of rain;
Once more the hot sun beats on miles of sugar-cane.

Autumn

The wind in the pines is fresh, and cool
The water that grinds the new-pulled corn.
The eager trout now hides in his pool,
And the red oak's leaves are shaken and torn.
The juice is sweet that flows from the cane
And sugar-sweet the copper syrup flows.
Cool nights of fall, there by the lane,
We sit and talk where the bright fire glows.
The barns are filled with hay and corn. In the fields
Fat pigs are strolling. Farmers count their yields.

Winter

The air is crisp and clean today,
And frost stands straight on a pine board.
The smoke trails up from cabins away
To the top of the sycamore by the ford.
I could walk for miles on a day like this,
A day as fresh as the clean sap
From new-cut pines, but I'd hate to miss
The morning run to the rabbit-trap.
The oak is bare, where the screech-owl sits, and dead
Is the grass where the partridge hides in dread.

Spring

This morning a mocking-bird startled me
With his wild, ecstatic, drunken song.
He sat in the same magnolia tree

Where he had sung all winter long,
But now his melodies were more
Than mimic tunes. Filled with the wine
Of rising sap, he sang his lore
To another bird in a nearby vine.
He told of juice in the budding bough,
Young corn and honeysuckle bells,
Now of the white dogwood, and now
Of the yellow jasmine's opiate smells.
He sang like mad till the mist was gone from the streams
And lazy smoke curled up in the sun's new beams.

Rain-Shadows in February

The drops are heavy, the whipping mist
From the curling edge of each raindrop beats
Into my face. My hands are numb.
I stop uncertain in the streets,
Not knowing where to turn. I look
Far out in the night, and the night looks back.
The half-hid lights wear a crown tonight.
They glimmer on the railroad track,
Caught in the little pools that gleam
Like patent leather. The rain still beats
Its cold, blunt points unceasingly
On the dim, dank stones of the half-lit streets.

A Drama in Three Haiku

Prayer bells at twilight.
Beyond the valley, waiting,
A woman, silent.

Late cherry blossoms
Have slowly filled her wine-cup.
How still the moonlight!

Soft-falling spring rain
Beats lightly on the straw roof,
Quiet, unceasing.

The Wisteria in Himeyama Park

Himeyama Park surrounds the castle in Himeji.

Like mildly purpling clustered rays
Of evening light from winter days
These blossoms droop. Their trim-cut vine
And flowing train do not entwine
A cottage wall or fiercely cling
To some old oak. There is no fling
Of taunting savage laughter. Rather
Their neatly trailing flowers gather
My restless thoughts. So prim, demure
They are, and yet they have a pure
And hidden wildness, much like those
Samurai ladies who repose
Here by this moat. In stiff brocades
And rustling silks they graced parades
Of feudal splendor, there on the hill
Called Princess Mountain. Now they fill
With dreamy warmth the bare cold halls
Of the castle Snowy Heron, whose walls

Stand high and white like a great bird.
Nightly these ladies walk here, stirred,
They say, by love that sends them here
To find these flowers every year.
Tera Machi, Himeji—
That street was full of temples,
Compacted, they said, of sin,
For the temples were built for Buddha
And he was there within.
They all had their walls and gardens,
With ancient, top-heavy gates.
They all had their pines that were crooked,
But no two temples were mates.
There was one I liked best of them all,
Age-gray with green moss above,
And there by its steps was a cherry,
The flower the Japanese love.
I liked it best at twilight,
When the priests were chanting a prayer
And the long, low, steady boom
Of gongs was in the air.
I turned from my street of temples,
From dreaming Buddha's shrine.
Dead things, I thought, are full of life,
The cherry, the idol, the pine.
As I walked a little girl
Stopped bouncing her ball to smile.
Her dark brown face made me
Forget my street a while.

Storm Shadows at Wonsan Beach

They curled, they lashed, they sprang at me
(How foolish they!)
They crossed like mad the open sea
From lands of gray,

The riders tossed as they mounted high,
From out the foam a long-drawn sigh.

For it's "Ride! Ride on! We ride to die!"
("Ride on!" they say).
They sang, they danced, they laughed at me
(The fog drew round).
That laugh rang far along the sea
(The wind blew round).
The foolish steeds plunged on ahead,
Their hoof-beats made the blue sea red.

I looked again, and in their stead
Was foam and sound.
They throw their strength all day, all night
Upon the sand,
But never daunted back they fight,
Back from the land.
Their opal blood still stains the beach
Their spoils, black piles of sea-weed, bleach
While they in ocean darkness reach
For a brother's hand.

Prince Hou and all his band, they say,
Have ridden madly to their death.
The storm has ceased to beat along
Korea's coast. Dull quiet reigns
Except for thudding now and then
Of dying waves upon the sand.
I lie there on the beach at night
And watch the phantom riders spread
Their signal lights along the crest,
Of each succeeding wave, glowing
Like fireflies by a dark field.

The Legend of O-Kiku

Dad wrote this while teaching in Japan in the 1920s. He was proud to have had it published in the Japan Advertiser, *Tokyo's English-language newspaper.*

> "Under the Ashikagas. . . there was no one great leader of sufficient power to overawe all; hence . . . whoever had the ability, valor, or daring to make himself preeminent above his fellows . . . , his power would last until he was overcome by a stronger." —Griffis, *The Mikado's Empire*

By Japan's great inland ocean
Stands a plain with many rice fields
Stretching grandly to the foothills.
In this broad and level valley
Rose a lone, majestic hill named
Himeyama, Princess Mountain,
Where, ages ago, a daimyo
Built the castle, Snowy Heron.

I

Evening came, but not O-Kiku
To the house of Motonobu.
Two full moons had pierced the night screen
Making shadows creep like ghost forms
Under Himeyama's pines since
She had gone to serve Tetsuzan,
There to learn, as kitchen servant,
All the traitor's secret plottings.
Lonely sat Lord Motonobu
In his garden near the castle,
Watched the pond and mossy lanterns,
Saw the maple leaves fall earthward.
"As the maple dies for beauty,
So the samurai dies for honor.

Some who take the name of samurai
Scarcely touch the heart of Bushido,
Soul and code of true retainers."
Then like spring rain on the straw roofs
Came soft footsteps on the matting.
Paper doors were pushed back gently
And O-Kiku fell before him,
Saying, "He has planned a banquet
For our daimyo Norimoto
When the flowers next shall blossom.
All retainers then will gather
For the festival of cherries,
And as cups go round with *sakè*,
Norimoto's will be poisoned."
Quickly rose the warrior's spirit:
"While I live it shall not happen.
Meantime I must hide this burning
Until cherries bloom on Masui.
Go, O-Kiku, back to duty."

II

When the *sakura* bloomed thickest
Tetsuzan the faithless made a
Lordly feast for all the samurai.
Up to Masui's grove they hurried,
By the fields and up the valley,
By the little stream that quarreled
In its haste for Ichi-kawa,
Climbing past the rock, where sinners
Stood in winter nude for penance,
To the hill with massive pine trees.
Freely flowed the enlivening *sakè*,
Strongly brewed from richest rice grains.
Fish and seaweed brought from Mega,
All the fruits of fertile farmlands
Satisfied the warring fancies.

Rice bowls many times were emptied
While each mouth gave loud approval.
"Yours has been a great and good feast!"
"No, my lord, it was the poorest.
Therefore deign to take this *sakè*
By my own hand poured to please you."
From his hands the daimyo took the
Lacquer wine bowl filled with poison.
Motonobu, watchful, waiting,
Saw his lord lift high the death cup,
Then with cry of "Traitor" dashed it,
Sword in hand engaged Tetsuzan.
Steel and shouting filled the night air,
Loud the mountain hailed the valley.
"Quick! To horse!" and Norimoto
With his faithful few retreated
To the ramparts of the castle.
Back they fought, each step contesting.
Thickly flew the stinging arrows.
Two-sword warriors grappled closely,
Blunting steel on lacquered armor.
Up and up the winding causeway,
Through the gates which soon were broken,
Fought the daimyo and his faithful.
Then behind the massive hall door,
That which guards the castle entrance,
Norimoto hailed his samurai:
"When the yard-birds crow for midnight
All the timbers will be broken.
There is still the secret passage,
But for me sweet death is better.
Soon I'll join my Motonobu,
Faithful knight, whose body mingles
With the fallen blossoms yonder.
As the cherries learn of beauty,
Then so quickly fall and perish,
So it is with man's short life span."

While outside the noise grew louder,
Every man with splendid gesture
Gathered round the noble chieftain
In the great hall of the castle.
Each one drew his honored dagger,
Thrust and pulled it through his belly,
Deeply thrust and turned the handle,
Bloody pools staining the matting.
"Samurai die, but none are captured."

III

Fallen blossoms in the garden,
Fallen spirit of O-Kiku.
Broken flowers of the cherry,
Broken-hearted maiden, weeping
For her lover, killed in battle.
Through the pass the sun retreated,
Lavish like a splendid monarch,
Poured his gold out on the waters,
Spread his wealth around the islands,
Tipped with splendor clumsy junks' prows,
Made the tender tree leaves darker.
Sad, O-Kiku looked at flowers
Hidden in the leaves of cherries,
And she thought that she was like that
Flower blooming past its beauty,
Choked amid life's leafy darkness.
Crunching sandalled steps came stealing
To the garden, where O-Kiku
Stood among the pine trees' shadow.
Danjiro, the daimyo's servant,
Came, begging for love and favor.
She refused him, but he threatened,
Saying, "Tetsuzan suspects you
Of informing Motonobu,
And has ordered me to kill you.

But I love you, I must have you."
Then he grasped her, but O-Kiku
Slipped from out his hold, and running
Through the shadows gained the kitchen
Where she, safe among the servants,
Helped prepare the rice for warriors.

IV

Warm spring days merged into summer.
Dismal rains in June succeeded
Mornings bright with Maytime gladness.
Over rocky beds the river
Ichi-kawa roared and tumbled.
Yesterday a brook meandering
In the midst of pebbly vastness,
Now it almost floods the rice lands.
Then the castle's lord, Tetsuzan,
Held a feast for all his warriors.
Loud and long the meal continued,
While O-Kiku's eyes grew heavy,
Careless of the precious platters.
Ten of these there were, and costly,
Beautiful, of golden lacquer,
Made with finest Echizen juice,
Spread and polished full three score times,
Mixed each time with purest gold dust.
All the smiling suns of Kyoto,
All the patience of the craftsmen,
All the skill of master artists,
All the winds from Echizen hills,
Lost themselves within these treasures.
When they counted, one was missing,
That which Danjiro had taken
For revenge upon O-Kiku.
As, to meet the storm, the sapling
Bends before the mighty wind strength,

So O-Kiku watched her lord's wrath.
As in ancient days great Fuji
Bellowed forth with fire and earthquake,
Fell the anger of Tetsuzan.
Then spoke Danjiro, the watchful:
"O Great Name, you would not lower
Your high place to touch this menial.
Let me have her, and, when punished,
I shall tell. It will delight you."
Danjiro then, warm with love heat,
Led O-Kiku to his chamber.
"Love me, beauty, and be happy.
I can find the precious lacquer.
Love me now, or you shall perish."
Danjiro, inflamed with passion,
Took O-Kiku in his rough arms.
Like the lightnings of Asama
Played the hate fires in the girl's eyes.
Quick as flashes from the sun god
At the birth of summer mornings,
From the folds of her kimono
Flashed the richly carven dagger.
Danjiro the crafty saw it,
Quickly drew his sword from hiding,
Killed the thing he had desired most.
In an unused well they found her
Where the snakes and frogs had gathered.
Still that well stands in the courtyard
Under pines that shade the castle.
Many things have happened since then:
Mighty Hideyoshi's warriors,
Tens of thousands, fought and won here,
Built a new and mighty castle
With five towers, crowned by dolphins.
Like a bird on Himeyama
Stands the castle, white and graceful.
Here when nights are dark and gloomy,

When the storms beat around the castle,
And the great winds, Tal-Fu, scatter
Leaves and wreckage over rice fields,
Then O-Kiku comes out searching,
Hunting, for the treasured platter.
If you listen, you can hear her,
Counting, "*Ichi mai. . .ni mai. . .*" and
On until she counts to "*Ku mai.*"
Nine plates found, and then she falters,
Glaring out into the night winds,
Thinking there to find the lost one.
Mothers hear her wail of anguish,
Draw their children near and shudder.
Blowing night storms, crying night birds
Cheer O-Kiku's endless searching.

Dragon-Fly Poems, from the Japanese

Autumn
And lonely rains—
A dragonfly clings fast,
Beneath a brown old leaf that shakes,
Dripping.

Upon
A weathered rock
That rises over flowers
A tiny dragonfly has paused
To rest.

Beside
Moss-covered gravestones
A gay red dragonfly
Flits over withered offerings,
Restless.

A wall
of fresh gray mud,
Lit by the setting sun. . . .
A dragonfly clings there to rest,
Bright red.

Impressions in the Japanese Manner

A Japanese Vase

Two geese
Of thin-spun silver
Fly on clean bronze, slight moon
Above, and tiny spears of silvered grass
Below.

A Japanese Painting

Three strokes
Of a soft brush,
Gray on a faded silk screen:
Vague stretching mountains rise like clean
Incense.

The Big Bell at Nara Sounds

Still air
And shadows broken
By a long low, sullen boom. . . .
An old, old god has come to claim
His own.

Utamaro Color Print

Utamaro was a Japanese printmaker active in the late 1700s.

You see in her the pride of old Japan,
In her flashing walnut eyes and long thin nose,
In the flaunt of her flaming crimson under-robe,
In the glint of gold threads in her brocade obi,
In the graceful swirls of her laughing-blue kimono.
She was a woman Utamaro knew
In Tokyo at the Yoshiwara. They say
She loved him more than any other man,
And he loved her a while, and often drew her
On his designs for color prints. One day
Knowing he would not come again, she dressed
In festive robes just as you see her here,
And slowly drank a bowl of poisoned wine.
He made this print, commemorating a love
As strong as any love his nature knew,
And on it put this poem she had left:
"My love comes not, the night
Grows cold as I sit alone.
Was that the sound of his clogs on the stone
Or a beggar stumbling without his light?
Against the setting moon
The slender bamboo bushes wave,
And soon
The dark blue cave
Of night will show the forms of knotted pines
Against the sky.
Dreaming I try
To fashion golden signs
Of joy while cherry blossoms slowly drift
Into my wine, filling the bowl that was his gift."
This pride of a people, flashing in walnut eyes
Was the spirit of feudal Cipango, self-contained,
Trading with a few Dutch ships at Nagasaki,

Disdaining the outside world until Perry came
With his black ships bringing a Yankee cargo
Of Bibles and guns and mechanical devices,
Tempting the Shogun with miracles of progress
Through Yankee trade.
And then they turned the trick,
And the land was dirty with smoking chimneys, noisy
With whirring looms, busy with guns and ships
Pursuing empire. Still there is to-day,
Behind the papered doors, this pride of a people
Pictured in the aquiline tilt of a woman's nose.

ANNIVERSARY [1934]

My parents were married on June 21, 1933, the summer solstice. Dad wrote a number of anniversary poems for my mother, full of late June flowers in Ohio.

Bring the larkspur, palest blue,
Bring the lily filled with dew,
To celebrate our wedding day,
My wife, my one-year bride.
I bring the larkspur, straight and blue,
Armfuls, darling, just for you,
And here I add a deep red rose
For one unborn you carry hopefully.
This sum of our two loves
Springs like a mighty tree
Out of whose roots this new force moves
And ever grows.
This is our larkspur, whose pale blue
Is meant to signify a true
And lasting happiness, where we can leave
All wayward tears,
Whatever we must share of daily pain,
And all the heartaches that perchance have lain
Without atonement of forgiving sin. All fears

Were hushed when we made compact to believe.
Gather larkspur, varied blue,
Madonna lily, filled with dew
To celebrate our wedding day
In a happy, joyful way.

Anniversary [1936]

This poem contains allusions and quotations from the Epithalamion *(wedding poem) of the Elizabethan poet Edmund Spenser.*

Wake up, my love, this is our day,
The longest day of all the year.
Three years ago, we pledged each other
A host of useless things, knowing
That love is the only pledge that counts.
Today we celebrate, recalling
Blue larkspur gathered in the dew,
The dainty frills of bridesmaids' dresses,
The graceful beauty of you, my bride,
Stately and white like a Madonna-lily,
And our happiness toasted a hundred times
In bubbling amber wine of Rheims,
Soft memories marking the prelude
To more substantial joy. But now
Come out, my love, and see this new day
Stretching its lordly brightness over our hills
Over the shaggy ravine by our terrace
To the indeterminate blue of the sky.
Leave work behind, come out and lie
A long spell in the sun.
Lose yourself in the blue, where there are no markers
And the length and the depth is infinitude of sky.
Then turn a little and lose yourself in the green,
Where the greedy grass and voracious maples meet.
Let the eating verdure swallow time,
All past grievances and depressed spirit,

Brief moments of hate,
Let the maples reach out their forked tongues
And lick up the droppings of care.
Ring the bells, ye young men of the town,
And leave your wonted labors for this day.
This day is holy; do ye write it down,
That ye forever it remember may. . . .
But for this time it ill ordained was
To choose the longest day in all the year,
And shortest night, when longest fitter were;
Yet never day so long but late would pass.
Ring ye the bells, to make it wear away,
And bonfires make all day,
And dance about them, and about them sing;
That all the woods may answer, and your echo ring.
But bells rang billowing from the village tower
And wine flowed freely flinging mirth and joy.
Around us was the larkspur's deep blue flower,
And lilting laughter nothing could destroy.

Anniversary [1962]

"Variations on a Theme in Shakespeare's Sonnets, Composed in my 60th Year for our 29th Wedding Anniversary"

I

All ecstasy and piercing joys have gone,
And youthful vigor lost in lingering, lulled
In opiate memories measured out to soothe
Regret in thimblefuls of backward thought.
That time of year you may behold in me
When yellow leaves, or none, hang timorous on the boughs
Where once the rich red fruit hung clustered, and once
The sweet birds sang their calls of mounting love
And springing sap that burgeons with increase.
In those days, love, we thought no time would come
When early frost would deaden throbbing joys
And deal out passion in nostalgic doles,
Burning brief moments in remembered love.
And yet regret is not the word I want,
The beeches are not bare, the wood thrush sings
His subdued song foretelling autumn's calm,
The maple flaming in Ohio's woods,
The ripe red apples ready for the ladder,
The purpling grapes, the peaches full of juice,
The Bartlett pears that mellow in the basket. . . .
The ecstasy of summer growth is gone
But calm of autumn follows, bringing peace
With yellow leaves and mellow fruitfulness
And calm relaxing love, all passion spent.

II

That time of year is here, but no ruined choirs,
For now the sons we bore are witnesses
Attesting married love, enduring joy,
And calm that follows frantic ecstasy.
They are our stalwart symbols of stability
When fears arise, and anxious gnawing doubt
Invades our happiness. On every side
The images of mutability
Stare starkly at us every day: black clouds,
A mangled body in a burning car,
A mushroom cloud of gleaming fallout glory,
(From sudden death and pestilence, good Lord
Deliver us). This is not new, only
The images are new. Will Shakespeare spoke
His mutability with simple tropes:
Counting the clock, watching the brave day sink
In hideous night, the violet past prime,
The sable curls turned white, the greedy ocean,
"Sap checked with frost, and lusty leaves quite gone"
But most the wrinkles on his sweetheart's brow.
Yet his advice is very much like ours:
"And nothing 'gainst Time's scythe can make defense,
Save breed, to brave him when he takes thee hence."
Our sons will breed, and after them their sons
And daughters, taking heart from our love,
Spreading that love which is the sure defense
Against Time's scythe now turned to fallout bombs.
We live in our sons, fashioning fulgent dreams
That stave off age and wasting power
In recompense for youth that will not keep.

III

This feast day, longest day of all the year,
The anniversary of our wedding pledge,
Becomes the time then for new contrite vows
Binding our lasting love with firm felt faith
That love endures through therapeutic change
And takes new strength from love and sympathy.
Kneeling in meekness, never daring to name
All things that we have done or left undone,
Yet taking courage from penance, hope from faith,
And letting love proclaim the glorious vision:
An Ohio family speaking for America,
Bring in your restless forebears, the Ginns and the Roots,
From Connecticut and New York coming in wagons
Across the mountains to the Western Reserve,
And my folks always moving, Virginia to Georgia,
Salzburg to Georgia, and on to Florida, Texas,
Looking for new things to do, new lands to explore,
And then our two streams coming together
In our Ohio wedding is just the beginning.
From Ohio the streams will spread through the nation
And build up new generations who will have courage.
They will remember the hills, the creeks, and the rivers,
And all the trees, the hemlocks hugging the ravines,
The tall white beeches, the maples flaunting their colors,
The sumac and goldenrod too, the secluded trillium,
The bellbirds, the cardinals, bluejays and crows,
The apples, Jonathan, Winesap, Baldwin, Wealthy,
The grapes, Niagara, Concord, Steuben, Catawba,
The Bartlett pears and Hale Haven peaches,
The blueberries, raspberries, strawberries, currants, rhubarb,
The cherries devoured by robins before they got ripe,
The asparagus, sweetcorn, peas, tomatoes, and squash,
The horses, all hunters, their trophies displayed in the tack room.
Even more than these they will remember
And part of us will go with them from Ohio

To the rest of the world, and so we will live
In what they remember.
Perhaps they may call us blessed,
And we in that way may find blessedness.

Anniversary [1973]

Forty years ago we pledged our vows
That we would love each other through the years
And we have done this, barring little feuds
And minor quarrels. Forty years seems short,
Much too bewildering for some, and much
Too full for us, too full of care and ease,
Of joy and pain and all those paradoxes.
O sweet, I could not love you near so well
Nor half so deeply unless you told me so,
For you have watched me close, have seen
What need there is for love
And all those things that make us safe and well.
I will not leave off caring. Watch me close.
Forty years is not too long for us,
Forty years is much too short for love
Like ours to bloom and prosper, much too short
And hectic, dear, for us to measure.

Anniversary [1976]

This is our day, my dear,
The longest day of all the year.
This is the day that completes our forty-third year,
The day of the delphinium,
The day that says to all the others, Be still
And watch our multiplyings.
For darling, now we do not live to ourselves
But live for our increasing tribe,
Our four who added four and then kept on
Until the rafters rang with ever increasing new ones,
With ten new names that spill out strongly,
Laura, Peter, David, Edward, William, Frederick,
Andrew, Cador, Nathan, Anna,
Ten children to add to the eight original ones,
All making a wonderful show,
All shaping a splendid voicing,
All shouting a hallelujah
Hallelujah

Anniversary

Though titled "Anniversary," this poem does not seem to be a wedding anniversary poem like the others. I think it may precede my father's knowing my mother.

We stood one day, my dear, on a high, high hill in Rome.
You showed me many things: the world's most perfect dome,
An old arena where men looked at blood for sport,
An emperor's tomb made over into a Christian fort.
You showed me many things, not passing strange, my dear,
And then, not knowing why, you slowly pointed there
At our feet to a Judas-tree in bloom. Today I saw
It, pink once more against the pines, and could not draw
My self away from it, wondering if you could see,
Against tall pines of Georgia, our pink Judas-tree.

Spring Dawn

The dawn creeps out to meet the day
With coat so pale and dim and gray.
Then comes that maddening flash of red
As if the night in fear had fled.
Beside the house an old oak tree
Shows light-green leaves so velvety
Reaching to grasp, though newly born,
These fancy colors of the morn.
The mists that gathered by the creek
Have lifted. The bottom land looks bleak
There now with last year's stubble still
Untouched beyond the black ploughed hill.
The sunlight gleams as if in play
Where the river winds its sandy way.
Blue wisps of smoke begin to show
From cabin chimneys there below.

Romance

Two dark green live oaks, trailing Spanish moss,
Stand by a crossroad store. My father said,
That way lies Florida," and instantly
Those trees were giants, signs of romance leading
Me down to Tallahassee and the Gulf.
We went that way by wagon, two whole days,
And found the sea opening on brave new worlds.
We go and fish all day, and bring back loads
Of trout and steelhead, for it is not far.
At the crossroad store the oaks are small and bare,
And now we seldom look at them or care.

Trifles

Great moments often come with simple things
The nervous tug of a speckled trout at play
The long clean lines of sunlight as the day
Breaks by the sea, the colors Vermeer brings
To a mere canvas. Lazy beauty flings
Itself from tall black pines which seem to say
What I have known, that in their silence they
Have told my love for Georgia till it sings.
Such little things I garner carefully
And in them sum up life at last, for at
Its best life is a throbbing song that dies
As quickly as it came, leaving us free
To roll in misty memories, like that
Of words at midnight under black skies.

Bethlehem

A sputtering lamp, a flaming metal star,
And countless glittering trifles mark the place
Where once a child was born, and from afar
They come to kiss the spot and beg for grace,
My stumbling prayers all fade, for trinkets mar
My thoughts. The golden hearts with gilded lace
Have left no room for simple things. They scar
My dreams and keep from me the Master's face.

Pale hills that rise and glow as altar-smoke
Surround the stretching plain by Bethlehem,
Where Ruth, the stranger, gleaned, and angels spoke
One night to simple men; beyond the rim
A moving dust-cloud shows where hungry sheep
And dark-faced Arabs struggle up the steep.

Renunciation

There is not much to say now you are gone.
If you had stayed I might have faced the world
And rid myself of this which weighs like sawn
Granite upon my brain. You lay there curled
In all your soft complacency while I
Was suffering from my need of you. Now you
Are gone, a thousand answers come to pry
Away your coldness, things I never knew
Myself until I let you go. But that
Is over. Little things I might have said
To answer your indifference now seem flat
Like the futility of sodden bread.
The memory of you fills me like the play
Of bells, but now, there is not much to say.

Amor Vincit Omnia

The Latin title translates as "love conquers all."

Love, they say, is a race-horse fretting
To show where his great strength lies,
Or love is the softness of spring suns, setting
Yellow in pale green skies.
Love, I have heard, is a dust-storm of fancies,
Illusions and tangled desires.
And some say that love lies in murmured trances
And gently soothing fires.
Love may be sober to old men who stagger,
Like pansy-beds, purple and gold. . . .
But I have found love a Persian dagger,
Pearl hilt and blade steel-cold.

Mors Poetae: n Unfinished Symphony

The title translates as "the death of a poet."

Rare notes have spilled their overtones
Soft in the twilight's gray,
The deep largo of suffering
Has slowly died away.
Allegro and Lento had mingled there
The happy dreams with pain;
Swift joy at the leaping colors of dawn,
Deep beauty of slow night rain.
The little things were enough for him:
Shadows at dusk on a stream,
A butterfly black on a lone white rose,
Or a star's reflected gleam.
There were sometimes crescendos that beat on his pulse,
And lonely hours between,
Ecstatic moments, and then slow dreams
Of things he had never seen.
He is gone. The poet is dead, and the strains
Are faint on the evening air,
But now and then I hear distinctly
Echoes, brave and clear.

Moods

I have known moments full of silent rites,
Nursing a useless pain which will not heal
Or brooding over sorrow, hoping to feel
The queer relief I get from watching light
On a dark stream. This kind of feeling bites
Into my consciousness like rusty steel,
And that is why it seems to put a seal
There, making me forget the summer nights
Of sweet content between. The silent hours
Give way at last to moods that shift
With the quickening dance and rise like whirling towers
Of ivory. They will not let me drift,
But send me out in search of wondrous things
Full into dawn as if on eagles' wings.

Credo

This manuscript is dated 1926.

Just what life is I cannot seem to find,
For I am young and dare not question much
What lies beyond these joys, beyond the touch
Of this dull moment's pain. At times when blind
To earth's sweet pleasures, I have thought no kind
Of beauty in the world could solace grief
Like mine, but now I know there is relief
That any idle hour may bring my mind.
Of that to come I know not. This I know:
The quiet beauty of shadows on a lake;
The warmth of colors in a Ming brocade;
The bitter-sweet desires of love; the slow
Dull throb of organ tones. These things I take
And sift for beauty and am not afraid.

Nocturne

They tell us, Moon, that you are bleak and cold,
A lifeless waste, afloat in endless night,
A guide of sea-floods, yet a vassal light.
But you have many selves that dreams unfold.
You seem to me, up there in midnight skies,
A lover's prayer-ship, foamy-necked, adrift,
A pale old pilgrim stooping through a rift,
A god for love dreams, dealing out sweet lies.
The hush of midnight; fields asleep in snow;
Dim blurring ghost-forms; mist clouds hovering low;
One drunken shadow reeling like a soak. . .
All down the rest I watched my fairy slide
And shatter fancy's dreams—at least she tried—
The fat old thing got caught in our big oak!

Annunciation (after Giotto)

Timid, silent, waiting,
Waiting with hands in lap sits Mary
Unknowing, quiet, awaits the hush-fall
Of heaven, far from the Bethlehem to come,
Awaits the awesome God-sent messenger.
The Galilean carpenter hut
Floods with angelic light,
Overflows the timid waiting girl
Who never knew the throbbing
Ecstasy in her quivering thighs,
Fills the peasant girl with pregnant majesty,
Startles the doe-like eyes
With burning expectancy, leaves her alone
With the lily, longing
To fill the world with love, with peace,
Love full of grace, love unending.

Chartres Cathedral

"The first version done at Chartres in 1928."–a note on the manuscript.

I would not move, yet dared no longer stay
There staring brazenly on beauty's face,
Lest all the colors curse me, lest I place
No joy in any loveliness away from Chartres.
I stood and watched the sunlight play
On blues and reds and purples, tried to trace
Some symbol to explain the crimson grace,
The blue of clear dark skies before the day.
This stained glass is the soul of France, one said.
I saw it in the window then, the green
Of poplars, fields of blue corn flowers,
The red of poppies by a tow path, colors seen
In summer sunlight caught and melted into dreams,
Melted and mingled with forgotten schemes.

To Hazel Hutchinson, in the Clinic

Hazel Hutchinson was a Cleveland poet who published as Collister Hutchinson.

Magi have traveled far
By their one high star, bearing
Jewels of bright hard pain.
When their quest began, they little knew
The pain would be for you.
Yours the light of poet-hope found again,
Mystery in hay, wonder in cows,
Found at the ending of a quest
In clinic bed, far from the walls of a house.
The light in your eyes that best
Toward daybreak sees angels shining in a ring
Or by chance a dark king.
Whatever Magi in frail, dark hands may bear
Bright pain or longing or awe,
Be glory articulate, which of the stars they saw,
Yearning for you up to light and sound,
Surpassing fair.

Immortality

I saw in Switzerland in early May
Men cut narcissus with a scythe.
They say the tender flowers make good hay
If cut when very young and lithe.

I saw a poet die at twenty-three
Writing for tabloids day by day.
They say he might have made a name, but he
Preferred a job with better pay.

Scherzo for a Color Symphony

I have seen colors shifting
In many chains
Of intricate patterns; lifting
Clouds after rains,
Sunrise, the moonlight spreading
Over some tree,
A mountain rainstorm, heading
Down to the sea.

I have seen colors flitting
In masquerade,
Into my mood shapes fitting
As music is played:
Soft blues, light greens, and biting
Reds in a whirl
Of magic fancy, lighting
The face of a girl.

Prayer

I do not ask, Lord, for such startling things
As Mississippis, Alps, Niagaras,
Geysers, or caverns measureless to man.

I only ask for what no one would miss,
Black butterflies, or moving moonlit mist,
Or beeches after rain, or wood-thrush song.
I do not ask for too great joy of love,
Lest the loved thing vanish without leave-taking
And the burning pain be more than I can bear,
I only ask for tempered blessings, Lord,
Fearing the scorching strength of startling joy,
Knowing the harmlessness of simple things.

Dreams

"Old man, old man, what are you doing,
With spade and tree in hand?"
"Young man, young man, I am setting an orchard
To spread across my land."
"Old man, old man, what a fool you are!
Pecans take ten years to pay."
"Young man, young man. . ." He sadly turned
And answered not that day.

Essays

President's Address to the Rowfant Club

Cleveland's bibliophile society met every Friday for supper and a talk. Their annual dinner was on "Candlemas" – otherwise known as Groundhog Day. I think Dad's address was given in 1958, the year he was president of the society. It is a passionate defense of literature, ending with a sonnet of his own. (During his presidency, he had introduced the other speakers with a poetic prologue).

When I was editing the History of the Rowfant Club for publication, I read all the presidential addresses, never dreaming that I should soon have to make one myself. There have been more than sixty of them, some pedestrian and others noble but all of them speaking sincerely from the fullness of the heart and the stretching of the mind. I learned much of Rowfant history and traditions on the one hand, and of the speaker's professional learning on the other hand.

I should like to combine both traditions by an explanation of our club motto as it applies to my own professional field of specialization, the study of literature. Only one Rowfant president has written on "light seeking light" but it was an address that in my opinion ranks among the greatest in our yearbooks. It was written by Amos McNairy in 1911, a man of obvious learning and skill in writing. I have never heard his name mentioned among the Rowfant greats, yet he was a member from 1902 until his death in 1942 and he is still remembered by older residents of Cleveland as a genial and sensitive man. His presidential address is a rhapsody on the meaning of light in cultural history and makes no attempt to trace the origin of the quotation.

Our club motto, "Light seeking light doth light of light beguile," is at least as old as the 1896 Code of Regulations since it appears on the Low bookplate reproduced in that volume. Its meaning is obscure: its Elizabethan English is further complicated by a striking example of Renaissance wit based on puns and tortured paradox. Even the context in which it appears in the opening scene of Shakespeare's youthful comedy of wit, *Love's Labour's Lost*, is of little help. In this play our young poet from Stratford-on-Avon, drunk with words and fired with the new-found possibilities of the London stage, was

beginning to show that he might soon become a playwright as well as poet. In this play he follows hot after wit in the manner of his time, and in this one line that appears on our club bookplate he fashions a bewildering paradox based on four uses of the word 'light.' Shakespeare was fond of the word (it occurs in 14 lines in this play alone), for he gave it at least seven meanings, extending from (1) the basic meaning of the opposite of darkness to (2) that of a luminous body, such as the sun, torch, or a Rowfant candle, then to such figurative meanings as (3) the brightness of the eye, (4) glory, (5) illumination of the mind, (6) knowledge, and (7) life itself.

Unfortunately for our usual Rowfant interpretation of the verse, the context in which this line occurs leaves little doubt that scholars are right in agreeing that the original line meant that the eyes seeking wisdom from books lose their sight from too much reading. This will become more apparent from reading the whole speech. The King of Navarre has caused three of his courtiers to swear with him to live as scholars for three years in abstinence from women, fine food, and other distracting pleasures, but Berowne, the cynical young hedonist, protests that he would delight more in study of ways to break the rules. The King answers that his kind of pleasure-loving hinders study and entices "our intellects to vain delight." Then follows Berowne's witty speech that twists and turns in revolving variations on the theme of the vanity of scholarly book learning:

> Why, all delights are vain, but that most vain,
> Which, with pain purchas'd, doth inherit pain;
> As, painfully to pore upon a book
> To seek the light of truth; while truth the while
> Doth falsely blind the eyesight to his look.
> Light seeking light doth light of light beguile;
> So, ere you find where light in darkness lies,
> Your light grows dark by losing of your eyes.
> Study is like the heaven's glorious sun
> That will not be deep-search'd with saucy looks.
> Small have continual plodders ever won,
> Save base authority from others' books.
> These earthly godfathers of heaven's lights,
> That give a name to every fixed star, [i.e. astronomers]
> Have no more profit of their shining nights

Than those that walk and wot not what they are.
Too much to know is to know nought but fame;
And every godfather can give a name.

Surely this cannot be what our Rowfant founders intended unless the unknown proposer of the emblem meant it as a joke on some of his scholarly brothers who were devoted to books but more to their appearances than to their meaning. There is, however, another interpretation that uses other Elizabethan meanings for the same words and yet comes out with almost the opposite meaning. This truer Rowfant meaning might go like this: light (illumination of the mind) seeking light (knowledge) doth beguile or steal in a good sense, that is, take illumination from knowledge. In other words, the very act of seeking light, the desire for wisdom symbolized by the light of our candles, stimulates the imagination by drawing light from light, and hence doubling it rather than robbing it. Now this may seem like an ingenious twisting of the meaning, but it is a straight reading based on Schmidt's *Shakespeare-Lexicon*. It is not what Shakespeare meant in the old play, unless he was for a brief moment out-paradoxing paradox, but surely it is close to what our founders intended it to signify. At any rate that is what it means to us, and so, having made this little contribution to Rowfant history, I would like to give our motto an even more personal interpretation by applying it to my own profession, the study of literature, which some of us think is the light that doubles and redoubles its quality of illumination for those who with their own light seek its light.

I should make it plain at the outset that I am here talking about great literature, not those day-to-day writings of the marketplace which have their place for casual amusement or for utility. I would even venture a definition of this great literature as those writings which are notable for form and expression, distilling the best thoughts of the best minds in such a way as to hand down in unforgettable style those ideas that have a permanent or universal interest. This is a high standard to set, and it is the function of the literary critic to determine how near a particular piece of writing comes to notable form, fine expression, and universal ideas. Yet this is the kind of literature that gives light from which we can light our candles, and as we do so the light seeking light increases until it fills the whole room, gleaming down the long table. This is the light of wisdom and understanding that lends courage

to those who are filled with fear, and strength to those who tremble and falter.

Why does literature offer more light to man's spirit than do other branches of knowledge? In his search for happiness, man has made many records of his experience, but literature offers the most complete version. History, for example, presents one aspect, society in the past, and science another aspect, the picture of the physical world in which we live. Other branches of study, such as mathematics or economics or ethics, depict still other single aspects of man's mind, but literature attempts to re-create all sides of human striving. All the varying aspects of man's mind, such as history, philosophy, ethics, science, sociology, and even music, painting, and the geography and cultures of foreign lands, somehow become a part of novels and plays and poems. In a practical way we pick up a great deal of miscellaneous knowledge, but the final result is a picture of the distilled experience and the accumulated wisdom of man. We can say, then, that life at its fullest is found in literature, since it presents in an imaginative way the cultural heritage of man as a whole, not just a single aspect of it.

For example, we can see in Homer's epics the Greek ideals of heroism, their philosophy of moderation and decorum, and a great deal of the realistic environment of their daily lives, told in terms of exciting stories. In Greek tragedy we see philosophy in action and learn much about the history of the ancient world. In Dante's *Divine Comedy* we see the philosophy and history of the Middle Ages, the ethics of Aristotle, and the ideals of Christianity as they are brought to life for us by means of vivid stories, sharp imagery, and beautiful poetry. In the *Canterbury Tales* we live again with Chaucer's pilgrims, reveling in the infinite realistic detail that lets us see the hopes and desires of fourteenth-century England. In the plays of Shakespeare the whole gamut of man's passion is made unforgettable by the poet's burning words. In *Paradise Lost* we share the inward light of the blind Milton as he leads us toward "things unattempted yet in prose or rhyme."

This is the content, then, of literature, the complete picture of man's knowledge, as complete as the artist can make it. This is the stuff from which comes knowledge and illumination of the mind, the light we seek from which to light our own candle and thereby revive the spirit. But what about form and expression, which are also necessary to transform content, or subject matter, into what we call the best literature? Here the specialist falls back up on the literary critic who employs aesthetics, or the science of beauty, as his

guide. Poetry, literature's oldest and most intense form, is one of the fine arts, those arts that man has contrived to satisfy his sense of beauty, his yearning for something beyond the skills of technology or the practical arts. For this reason the specialized study of form and style of poetry comes under aesthetics. To give one simple example of what I mean, poetry differs from the other fine arts—painting, sculpture, music, and architecture—only in the medium it employs and the limitations of the audience for which it is intended. Since poetry uses words as its medium, it can reach a larger audience than sculpture or painting but it is still limited to those who understand the languages in which it is written whereas music depends on good performance for communication yet is international in its language.

Without knowing aesthetics, however, the general reader learns to appreciate good style and good form. We need no critical analysis to explain the magic of fitting images or swelling words in Shakespeare or Milton or Keats. We can detect the close unity of form in a tragedy of Sophocles, and the magnificent structure of the triple fugue in the *Divine Comedy* is not lost on us, even in translation. We can see the form of *Hamlet* or *Macbeth* behind the Elizabethan luxuriance, and realize that *Lear* is good Greek tragedy split into many scenes and weaving a rich subplot into the main action. Today we are so used to reading fiction that we can be pleased with the way a great novel is put together, like Tolstoy's *Anna Karenina* or Joyce's *Ulysses*, without being able to analyze these works in terms of artistic structure. And yet we must admit that notable expression (beauty of style) and design (beauty of form and structure) are what turn permanent ideas into living art that helps to bring light to the world.

We are now ready to attempt a more exact definition. Literature may be said, then, to be that form of art which by means of well-chosen words in a suitable structure makes a significant comment on human experience in such a way as to create writing of permanent and universal interest. Its aim is beauty in the broadest sense of the word, and its function is delight and instruction, or to put it in words that have unfortunately come to have a bad connotation, sweetness and light. The words "sweetness and light" were clear enough when Swift invented them in his *Battle of the Books* to translate the classical phrase *utile dulci*, and describe the poet who compresses the beauty and sunlight of the world as the bee gathers honey from flowers, contrasted with the pedantic spider who gathers the second-hand dust and filth to weave his dirty web. The idea gained new meaning in Matthew Arnold's plea

for culture, entitled "Sweetness and Light," sweetness for the delight that literature distills, light for the knowledge and wisdom it generates. Aristotle can instruct us in ethics, but it is Dante who delights even while he instructs us as to the motives and effects of sin. The sad picture of the lovers Paolo and Francesca being blown eternally by the restless winds, of Attila and other tyrants immersed in boiling blood, of hard-hearted traitors frozen in the ice of deepest hell—these and many other vivid pictures furnish instruction in the variation of sins of lust, violence, and malice, but they instruct better because the artist Dante delights with the witchery of poetry. And so the artist often instructs us better than the philosopher or the historian by reason of the very fact that he first delights us and arouses our interest in the more serious problem.

Literature, you see, can be practical as well as entertaining, and I like to remind the vocationally minded youth of this when he poses his perennial question, "What is the use of it?" To counteract the feeling that literature is a useless subject in this era of science and social problems, I would suggest that literature can be very practical. For example, most of us learn to write best by reading, by watching the ways the masters use words to suit their purpose, whether in the intensity of poetry or in the calmer relaxation of prose. Again, we can in books acquire experience faster than our age or limited environment would allow. We live vicariously with others and learn about history, foreign countries, social issues, philosophy, music, science, and many other subjects that we could get only with the greatest difficulty and expense. We may even avoid danger to ourselves by putting ourselves imaginatively into the situations we read about. Another factor that will become increasingly important in an age of information is the enjoyment to be found in literature at all levels, which may make reading one of the most suitable ways of spending increased leisure time. The nature of this enjoyment obviously varies with the level of seriousness of the book and the reader. The most intricate poem or novel can be as fun as the more popular magazine or television play. The enjoyment depends on the understanding of the reader. With close study of its form, language, and ideas, a serious work may yield actually a deeper enjoyment than a piece designed for momentary amusement.

We Rowfanters are willing to believe what I have been trying to say, that reading makes a full man and that spiritual light comes from books. We believe that we can draw light from those who have gone before us and that the

clearest light is that which comes from the great writers. We also believe that we must hand this light on to others by discussion, teaching, publication, and good fellowship. This was the note on which Amos McNairy ended his presidential address in 1911:

> The purpose of this club is to absorb light from the discoveries, experiences and thought of men who have preceded us; to assemble some of the rays of light of which we are heirs and in turn send forth an added increment, in the hope of enlightening others; to make accessible to those fitted to appreciate them, books which appeal only to a limited number of minds and whose perpetuation is not therefore commercially tempting. It is to the profit and honor of the City of Cleveland that such a Club exists in its midst. The influence of such an organization, through the lives of its members, must reach further than the walls of its rooms. This club represents all that is best in the development of humanity. Its members are allied with the light; perceiving, absorbing and radiating it, increasing the forces of the world.

President McNairy wrote his address in optimistic days of security and peace. Today the feeling of stability has changed to the confusion and fear that is the direct result of two world wars that have disastrously intervened. And yet I feel that more than ever there is need of light, the light of liberal education that is fostered by books and clear thinking and typified by great literature. There is an appalling cloud of fear that hangs ominously over the world, and we need light to help us distinguish truth and to give us courage to endure.

These are dark days indeed, but let us always keep in mind that they are not the first that man has lived through. Imagine yourselves in the place of Christ's disciples in the dark days that followed their master's crucifixion, and yet they carried on to establish the Christian Church. Or put yourselves in the place of your grandfathers in the 1860's, when great armies of brothers fought and the resources of the country were laid waste, and yet they carried on to establish the great American nation, united and indivisible. There have been many dark times—the children of Israel captive in Egypt, Rome in its declining days, England in the fifteenth century, the nations behind the Iron

Curtain today—these are only a few of the times that have tried men's souls. And always they came through.

Literature alone will not do this for us, but in its most inspired moments it can help by offering us the spiritual strength that comes from knowing the truth, and the moral conviction that a man can stand up, no matter what the odds may be against him. Physical strength is fine—and we can be sure that we will continue to use our great military and economic potential as our best weapon, even if we have to be goaded out of complacency by rougher jolts than man-made earth satellites. Intellectual strength is another powerful weapon, if we use it properly to sift the phony from the real, to search the kernels of truth. What better weapon against communism is there, indeed, than to expose the fallacies of original Marxist ideology and the ruthless tactics of present Communist practices? Surely the public investigating committees, no matter how dramatic their performances, were not the only forces in our country interested in getting rid of communism. Physical strength is necessary, and intellectual strength is valuable, but it is only spiritual strength that will dispel the fear that saps our energies today.

Spiritual strength comes in different ways. To some, it comes in religion, and indeed there is no surer way than faith in a Supreme Being, no matter what your own creed or church may be. To others, spiritual strength comes in the example of brave men and women who have lived through other times of stress that seemed darker than this one. In ancient Greece, Socrates was caught in a frenzy of fundamentalist conservatism and forced to drink the cup of hemlock poison for having corrupted the minds of the youth of Athens. His pupils, Plato and Xenophon, have left a moving record of the nobility and calm with which he faced death. A man can stand up, if he has courage and confidence in his convictions. Dante lived in a turbulent era of internal strife and was even exiled because he was too active in the government of his native Florence, but he overcame his troubles and wrote the *Divine Comedy* while doing so. John Milton grew blind writing for the Puritan government in the fiercest civil war England ever had, but he knew how to write in his *Areopagitica* man's first plea for freedom of speech, and he knew how to stand up in the blindness of his old age and sublimate his suffering into *Paradise Lost*, the epic of man's relation to God.

There have been many dark periods of fear and uncertainty, and in every one of them man has learned to survive. A man can stand up. Surrounded though he is by fear and uncertainty, a man can fall back upon his sources of

spiritual strength. To do this, he must give light and yet be always seeking light, and in the very act of seeking beguile or draw light from still other sources of light. Let us as men drawn together in Rowfant Club by a common interest light our candles from each other, doubling and redoubling the light until it lights the whole room and spreads into the world outside. Let us be light seeking light, drawing from others and then sharing with others. Let us humbly persevere in our aim to keep our candles lit in a world that seems to be growing darker. In this way we can learn to stand, unashamed and without fear.

Light seeking light enhances, grows, increases,
Redoubling till it spreads through all the room
As Rowfant candles drive away the gloom,
And through the hall the heavy darkness ceases.
The natural light of day dispels the night
And glows with majesty on mountain peaks,
Just as the mind's eye glows with light that seeks
To draw unto itself a fiercer light.

The rites of Candlemas remind us all
That knowledge is the perfect parent-light,
The Rowfant candle, incandescent, bright,
The Rowfant beacon shining through the hall.
Light seeking light enhances, grows, distends,
Beguiling light from light that never ends.

Away Down South in Main Street

A thinly disguised report of a trip south my father and mother (Marian, but here called "Martha") took to Cairo, Georgia.

I am one of that large and growing band of Southerners who live in Yankee-land and like it. I am loyal to the South, even touchy about possible slurs on my homeland. But most of all I resent the literary conspiracy, aided by Southerners, to make out of the South a strange and foreign land, peopled by faded aristocrats, degenerate white trash, and downtrodden Negroes.

Every year the ghost of that romantic perennial, the "Old South," is resurrected in story after story. That effete aristocracy of swords and roses and mint juleps, if indeed there ever was such a thing widespread enough to put its stamp on a whole region, is gone forever. It was weak enough while it lasted, and it entirely disappeared with slavery. I, for one, have no regrets. My family, like thousands of others, has not yet fully recovered from fighting to protect the slaves they never owned.

I hate this segregating of the South as a land of quaint customs and lazy speech. The Southern drawl is thickest in Hollywood and among pretty Southern gals in search of foreign prey. And the quaintest custom I know in my hometown is the way the college girls show off their new fall clothes by wearing them to church on a sweltering Sunday in September. So I protest, even though it is a futile gesture. Some one says, "I just love the way you say, I reckon, and I'm fixing to go. What part of the South are you from?" Then I know there is no use to protest, and I try to figure out what makes us such easy bait.

My Northern wife helped me analyze the species when we drove South this year. I saw from the time I left the shores of Lake Erie that topography had nothing to do with it.

"Just look at this rich farmland," I said to Martha as we motored through central Ohio. "Except for the big barns you couldn't tell it from southwest Georgia."

"Well, what is it makes you so homesick for Georgia?" she asked.

"It must be the pines," I answered, and pushed the accelerator pedal a little harder. I thought of the tall pines that reach high in the air before they branch, and again I smelled the sharp odor of turpentine stills. It must be the pines, I thought again as we passed into the Kentucky mountains with their

bushy pines and their hardwood, looking for all the world like the mountains in Tennessee and north Georgia.

We came out of the mountains and into Atlanta, as busy a city as any we had left in the North. I knew there was no use looking here for the true Southerner, but I felt I had found one when I heard about an Atlantan's ultimatum to Hollywood's agent when he came in search of local color for a film version of *Gone with the Wind:* "If you let a soul say 'you all' in your picture when he means only one person, I'll send a lynching squad for you." Atlanta is proud of her new-found place in fiction and may in a few years be more ante-bellum than Charleston.

Two hundred miles I drove due south of Atlanta through an economic cross-section of the state and at the end of my trip I was even more confused. Outside Atlanta for fifty miles or more were a number of large cotton mills, very old ones at Griffin, brand new ones at Thomaston, exploiting cheap labor and low standards of living. Below Thomaston stretched a hundred miles of semi-desert, sand fields that would grow little, stunted pines and scrub oaks as the only vegetation, and only a few inhabitants living in extreme poverty. Just off the pavement is Tobacco Road, washed clay gulleys for roads that lead to miserable hovels.

"What gets me," I said to Martha, "is that this and the pine barrens leading to Florida are all the tourist remembers of Georgia. But I have seen the same thing in the hills of Vermont."

"You Southerners are so touchy," she yawned and lay back, exhausted by the growing heat. That's it, I said to myself, we're touchy. We're as poor as Job's turkey, and we're touchy about having other folks tell us about it.

From Americus on we were in rich farming country. Cotton, corn, sugar cane, peanuts, pecans, peaches—the fields were green and the furrows were clean. It was Sunday and at every country church the woods were filled with cars and buggies and wagons, but no one was in the fields. They would have thought it wrong of us even to travel on Sunday, but our long trek and our desire to get home would excuse us. As we went on, the pines seemed to get taller and the fields greener. The little creeks that flowed through the low swampland were black, and the great Flint River was broad and yellow. The farms became so familiar that I knew the names of their owners. I was home again.

We were just in time for Sunday dinner. Most Sundays, my mother would cook dinner before going to Sunday School and church, but

this time she knew we were coming and waited to fry the chicken so that we would have it hot. As I watched the flour on the tender drumsticks turn a deep brown in the sizzling lard, I realized that here, perhaps, the South was different. By their fried chicken and their hominy grits ye shall know them. Only a Southerner would bother to eat grits regularly, even with butter or chicken gravy or red ham gravy, and only a Southerner seems to be able to distinguish real fried chicken.

Immediately after dinner my brother-in-law set out for an afternoon of golf. Times have changed, I thought, since I was a boy and couldn't even play catch on Sunday. Later I found that the older generation had not changed. I went off to church in the evening with my father. My wife innocently took out her knitting, whereupon my mother, very sweetly but quite firmly, told her that in the South they did not knit on Sundays.

Martha, city bred and new to Main Street, opened my eyes to things I took for granted. In two weeks she went to six bridge parties—three of them in her honor although she hates bridge—and found at each of them the same people and a different, an ingeniously different series of elaborate refreshments. Regularly on Friday the weekly paper described each party, listed every guest, and enumerated the array of food served, whether rainbow parfait or under-the-sea salad.

We looked in vain for a bottle of beer one hot day. We knew there was no cocktail bar even in Atlanta but we had found beer in the larger cities. Martha didn't mind giving up cigarettes—no lady smokes in public, I told her —but we could have used a cold glass of beer.

"What do you do about it?" I asked one of my friends.

"You can get corn whisky at most any country filling station. It's not half bad with Coca-cola."

"And I'll bet you voted dry at the last election," I said.

"Sure," was his calm reply. "We can't afford to let the n___s get drunk. We're better off dry."

One day we lighted on what seemed to be a real Southern trait. We had been paying our duty calls on my aunts and uncles. At every place the talk was about what all the children were doing, and how many children each one of them had. After leaving the fifth house, Martha turned to me.

"Say, you surely have big families down here. Don't they know when to stop?" She looked really bewildered.

"They used to be big in the old days," I said. "There were thirteen children in Papa's family and nine in Mama's. Most of them married and had large families."

"Old days? What do you mean, old days? Look at your cousins. Alice has five and she isn't thirty yet. I'll bet you have at least twenty cousins under five years old in this town alone."

She was right. It is a Southern habit, though it probably won't last long. Already the high birth rate of the South is almost balanced by the migration of the Negroes and some of us younger whites to other sections of the country. I thought of my own brothers and sisters. Only one stayed in Georgia. One is in Boston, one in Washington, one in Cleveland, and one in Miami, that southernmost of Northern cities. And three of us married Yankees.

"Am I right now? You are different," Martha said.

"Yes, but we haven't hit it yet. Most of these things are just small-town stuff. What strikes me is the way things are changing. When I was a boy it was a sin to play bridge, now they overdo it. Then they had eight or ten children in a family, and now four or five."

"You mean the South is leaving the farm for Main Street?"

"Something like that. I don't know what the next step will be when the countryside is full of cotton mills and pulp-paper mills and rayon mills and Lord knows what else."

We could see signs of the change right in my hometown: new factories for canning vegetables, for pickling cucumbers, for making peanut butter, for processing tung oil; new paved highways and agitation for more of them; a live-wire Chamber of Commerce to invite new industries; and an active Kiwanis Club.

My brother-in-law, the only one of our family who has the initiative and industry usually associated with the Northern businessman, took me as his guest to the weekly Kiwanis luncheon. We saluted the flag—not the Confederate flag, mind you—and remained standing while two cornets, an alto horn, and a piano played the national anthem. We then sat down to a luncheon designed to warm the appetite of an epicure and send one to sleep for an hour afterwards: fried chicken, rice and gravy, baked country ham, hot biscuits, hot cornbread, green beans seasoned with cured shoulder, and dozens of other delicacies that the Southerners around me took too much for granted. After this feast the two cornets, the alto horn, and the piano played several popular numbers such as one might have recently heard on the radio.

The speaker of the occasion was the Jewish rabbi from a neighboring town, and several Jewish merchants from the district were honored guests. Has the Southerner learned to be more tolerant, I asked myself, that he accepts the Jew socially? The rabbi talked about tolerance for the Negro and ended with a fervent plea to give the Negro a fair chance. Everyone applauded, and all around me were signs of approval. I was impressed. Things have changed, I said to myself. Here were small-town Southerners listening with obvious approval to a Jew, originally from the North, pleading for the Negro. They were being good Kiwanians, mellowed perhaps more by food and oratory than brother Kiwanians in Ohio or California. But they were doing this—as no doubt were those in Ohio or California—in their own particular way. And therein, I suppose, lies the essence of regionalism.

As I walked back home I passed several houses where from the radios came the same program, the Negro minstrel drama of two Northern white comedians. I had heard the same in Boston and in Cleveland, and so the irony of it would not have struck me if I had not at the same time passed a live oak in which a mockingbird sat unconcerned and sang his bewilderingly lavish set of tunes.

The South, like other regions, has its beauty and its ugliness; like them it also has its own problems and chooses to ignore them until it is almost too late. Southerners are not lying in luxurious ease in Tara Hall or in degenerate ease on Tobacco Road. Most of them are inhabitants of Main Street or farmers who would like to be there. They are driving the same Fords and Chevrolets and Plymouths as on other Main Streets; they listen to the radio on a nation-wide hook-up; they read Culbertson and follow his rules religiously; they buy at the A and P and the local chain stores; they go to see Hollywood's latest pictures; they belong to the Book-of-the-Month Club; they know the batting averages in both the American and the National Leagues; and they read the *Post* and *Reader's Digest* as well as *Harper's* and *The Atlantic.*

The South is then no longer a foreign land. I hope it may not go too far in its standardization and commercialism; at the same time I regret the lack of understanding that has generally been shown toward it. Aside from its birds and trees and flowers, the most distinctive thing about the South is the Negro problem, and only quite recently have writers begun to treat this phase of the South realistically and yet sympathetically. We shall not soon solve the Negro problem, but we cannot go on ignoring it.

When Martha and I drove back North we stopped in middle Georgia to eat a box lunch Mama had put up for us. There was enough fried chicken and jelly sandwiches in the box to last two days, I threw some bones to a hungry looking sow that had, with ten squealing pigs, sauntered up. I lay back on the pine straw to rest for a moment. Between the umbrella branches of the tall pines I could see the very deep blue of the sky, without boundary except a great puffy white cloud. From behind the cloud came two black dots that soared across the blue with infinite ease in beautiful flight.

I turned to Martha and said apologetically, "I forgot to mention the buzzards."

These Unfathomable Americans

Every time I open my newspaper I see, even in the headlines, the bewilderment of the American people: "Balance the Budget, Demands Economist." "More Funds for Relive, Demand Mayors." "Quit Riding Business, Says Chamber of Commerce." "Extend Federal Powers, Says New Dealer." The editorials take up the cry: "We are drifting towards Fascism," says one. "We are headed towards Communism," says another.

Any way you look at it the government is the goat—and has been since the founding fathers experimented with the Articles of Confederation and somehow got the Constitution adopted. Four years of bloody civil war show that the belief in state's rights can reach a dangerous flood-stage. Even in periods of peace and prosperity critics have always been ready to attack our democratic form of government. Perhaps it might work, they say, if voters were more intelligent, if political machines were wiped out, if Congressmen would quit acting like schoolboys, and especially if whoever happened to be in power were out.

The New Deal makes a particularly attractive target, I believe, because its extravagant idealism offends that side of the American character which is hard-boiled and practical. We have always had a little of Machiavelli and a little of Sir Galahad in us, but we have no desire to see either of these extremes get the upper hand. Make the test for yourself: suggest to the most outspoken critic that we might turn to the currently fashionable dictatorship, and he will be horrified; or make the gentle hint that we might possibly remedy things by a communistic state, and you will be lucky if he does not turn you over to the police as a Red.

The truth is that we are secretly proud of our form of government, for we know that with all its blunders it works. We let things rock along until a crisis comes, and then we shout in no uncertain terms. John L. Lewis found that out when he went too far in the sit-down strikes. The President discovered it when he tried to reorganize the Supreme Court. Public opinion is still the most powerful factor in American government, and the popular vote is its weapon of defense.

Why does it work? Is it because the scholarly Thomas Jefferson culled the finest of idealistic 18th-century phrases for our declarations and preambles? Or is it because he and Franklin and Madison and the other colonial leaders knew the time had come to set up a new order, based on the

rule of the people but checked and rechecked against the schemes of tampering hands? Perhaps both these questions may be answered yes, for in just such a combination of idealism and practicalness the Constitution was framed. It is as if the founders had said: "Let the people rule, let the brotherhood of man be proclaimed, let us declare all men free and equal. But lest all men prove not equal or desire at some future time to dispute the power of the people, let us set up a system of checks and balances that will enable the three branches of the government to test each other." The French philosopher Montesquieu had already suggested these safeguards, and the jealous bickerings of the states showed the necessity for them.

The American character also played its part in whatever success we have had with our government. For your American—if you are so foolish as to take him in the mass—is a sentimental idealist with a hard-boiled cast. It was so at the beginning, when Puritan and rogue alike came seeking a new life as well as gold. A new order of things arose in the wilderness for criminals as well as for worshipers, but it did not come easily. An idyllic Pantisocracy on the banks of the Susquehanna may be hatched in comfort by an English fireside, but when the dreamers come to the banks of the Susquehanna they may encounter wildcats and fever and even a few natives who dislike being pushed out of their homes. The early settlers had to compromise with reality; the Indians that threatened their very existence were no longer "Noble Savages" to them, and the blacks from Africa were too valuable as chattel to be included in the universal brotherhood of man.

New frontiers made new problems, and Americans had to be practical to survive. The surprising thing is that idealism has lived through the struggles. And yet, mistaken though it may be, we can still see the gleam when an American soldier whispers, with bowed head, "Lafayette, we have come," or when a great executive says to the nation, "We have only just begun to fight poverty and misery in this country."

We Americans are still the easiest bait for pleas of distress, no matter how far away or how deserving the distressed may be. It used to be the starving Armenians, and so well publicized they were that it was not until I visited the Near East that I thought of the Armenians as being anything but starving. The flood refugees in China came up from time to time with surprising regularity, until the greater distress of war dulled our sympathy. We send elaborate and costly missions to all parts of the world, even to Europe, to preach Christianity and modern hygiene. We restore cathedrals and erect

expensive university buildings in Europe, we build medical schools and palatial Y.M.C.A. centers in China, we bring students and doctors from all over the world to study our modern methods of science—in short, we fling our money into the dark areas and expect no return. That is the silly part about it all: we honestly expect nothing, not even gratitude, certainly not gratitude, for that is the last thing we would get.

This role of Sir Galahad may be dangerous. Already it has led us once into a devastating war to save democracy. The only tangible result has been increased hatred among nations and an insidious wave of autocratic government throughout Europe. Even with its ghastly toll of men and money, this experience may yet prove cheap if it keeps us out of another world war. In all our history we have been gullible only to a certain point, when our hard-boiled practicalness has stepped in to call a halt.

II

The individual side of this parable is much more interesting. I look about me and I see in the people I know an optimism that survives many hard knocks. This hopefulness is the same as that on the faces of newcomers, in the early days seeking a golden city to plunder or a Utopia to live in, in later times coming through Ellis Island to a land of opportunity. They dream, they hope, they confidently expect to rise from nothing to prominence, but in a practical way they keep their fingers crossed and settle down to hard work. I see it particularly strong in my students.

I teach in a large municipal university which draws its students mainly from this Midwestern industrial city. The boys I teach come from small homes where money is scarce and cultural advantages almost nonexistent. Most of them are the sons, and a few of them grandsons, of immigrants who have great ambitions and little English. In intelligence they are not different from the boys I have taught at Harvard: the best ones here could easily hold their own in any college, and the poorest are no worse than some I have known to blunder through the diploma stage in other institutions.

I do not suspect for a moment that these boys are born with a ze for learning or, on the other hand, a desire merely to sip culture through a straw. What they have, rather, is a conviction that they can crash into that charmed circle of successful folk which has hovered far above the factory and small

shop surroundings of their fathers. They represent, I believe, a virile phase of American life. They will not all find what they hope to get, but their will to survive and their belief that they are free to choose their destinies make a better illustration of American optimism and self-confidence than is afforded by the complacency of older families.

A good percentage of my best students are Jews, each one vastly different from the other in ability, in cultural background, and in ideals. Most of them concentrate on business administration, law, or medicine, but a number of them have that same idealism that characterized the early American settlers. Leopold Greenberg, one of the most unselfish students I have ever had, is one of four who have gone in for the rigorous training for the rabbinate at the Hebrew Union Theological Seminary. Daniel Gold is doing case work for the Associated Charities and likes it. Roger Bernstein is one of the best reporters on our morning paper.

But it is not always easy for them. Alexander Bashinski is a sensitive boy who writes well and likes to work, but thus far his excellent record in college has got him only a temporary job with the WPA making a library catalogue, and all he makes at that goes to support his mother and two sisters. Sidney Black was one of the best graduate students in English we have had; he loved literature and wanted to go on into college teaching, but he soon found that the profession was practically closed to his race and reconciled himself to high school work.

Perhaps the most clannish of the local foreign communities are the Finnish and the Italian. Jorma Nurmi, a blonde young Finn, says that his people resent the intrusion of outsiders but that he is ready to break away if they interfere with his ambition to be a doctor. From "little Italy" come a number of boys whose parents speak very little English, make their own red wine, and even pasture goats in vacant lots. Marco Coletti is the only one I know who rebelled against his cramped home surroundings. He has changed his name to Mark Cole, has a good job teaching drafting in a technical high school, and has married a German girl.

David Basmajian, handsome dark-haired Armenian, is proud of what Armenians have done in America and is sure that he can add to their laurels. He would like most of all to be a sportswriter, and failing that to teach English in high school. Ivan Levin, unlike David, cares nothing about his former countrymen, for they nearly killed his father during the Russian Revolution when he stayed behind with the family to try to preserve the little shop that

meant a lifetime of saving. Ivan reads everything scientific that he can find; he would make a good research man but he is determined to be a specialist.

Strange contrasts often come my way. Fred Gottlieb is one of several older boys who got caught in the recent depression. He is serious and stern, thorough but unenthusiastic about his work, and blind to everything except getting through college as quickly as possible. Fred seems trapped, but in maturity he has a head start on the others. Tom Murphy, a good-looking Irish boy with a smooth tongue, got through on the minimum of grades. His first year out he became the assistant manager of a trucking business owned by a man who used to buy his newspaper from Tom every morning.

During the past five years we have had an increasing number of boys who in more prosperous days would have gone to Eastern colleges. A few of them have realized the plight of their families and settled down to hard work, while others have become soured on a harsh world that would give them no better than a local university. Their carelessness shows up against the energy of Harold Greenbaum, dark and oily, the only avowed Communist among my students. Harold was unattractive and could not plead his cause convincingly, but he was sincere and enthusiastic for his party. He organized parties to cheer picketing strikers with singing, and at least once he spent a time in jail for "disturbing the peace" by picketing a shop that was unsympathetic to labor.

Much better representatives of labor than Harold are the boys who come to us from the factories and the steel mills. Fred McMasters was one of these. He came from a long line of individualistic steel workers in one of the smaller mill towns of the Mahoning Valley. His father and uncle were among the early union leaders in that region, and Mac himself still keeps up his union membership. In the early days they were strong for the A.F.L., but now, he tells me, they think their only hope lies in the strength of the C.I.O. Mac almost missed his senior exams when he went down home to see what was going on there during the recent strikes.

These are a few samples taken from the thousands who in a few years' time have sat in my classrooms. I have described them here because I believe they are typical of the determination and hopefulness that America inspires. In other countries most of these boys would be peasants or nearly so; they would find their lives surrounded by barriers of class consciousness that are seldom hurdled. But here they know that they at least have a chance to make good. Nobility has been prohibited by the Constitution, and whatever aris-

tocracy wealth or intelligence may build up cannot be handed down from father to son.

These boys know they have nothing to lose and everything to gain. They may even crash the upper class, and they believe they cannot fail, with good brains and good luck, to enter into the respectable world of doctors, lawyers, teachers, and industrial foremen. Even if they remain in the working class, they know that they will still be a part of that great American public, which shouts loudly when something goes wrong. And the chances are no worse than even that they will be with that majority which rules.

III

This small part of America I know well. Another small part I know, too, that section of Georgia where I grew up. Once a year I go back there for a visit, and each time I come back confused. Racially and historically it is the opposite of this large industrial city I now live in. Except for a few Jewish traders, my hometown is made up of people whose ancestors, whether white or black, have been in America too long for them to be aware of anything but America. My own people, for instance, have been restless seekers of new land, from Virginia to North Carolina to northern Georgia to south Georgia, and some have gone on to Florida. Now that all the good land has been taken, however, they have settled down in Main Street.

For Main Street exists in the South as well as in the Middle West. I find the people down there seeing the same movies, buying the same nationally advertised products, reading the same books and magazines, listening to the same programs on the radio, and playing the same kind of bridge and baseball as in a thousand other Main Streets over the country. They have a Rotary Club and a live-wire Chamber of Commerce. Although they claim no more than three thousand population they have from time to time put out a semi-professional baseball team that has led the local league. There is certainly nothing dead or even sleepy about my hometown. They push and boost with the best of Main Streets.

This standardization frightens me, for it has come with such quickened pace. Even twenty years ago it was very different. Where are the quaint customs of yesteryear? Where is the local color that was so recently the stock in trade of regional writers? All gone, thank God, along with the fragile magno-

lia fiction of a romantic ante-bellum South. But has individualism gone along with local color?

The answer, I believe, rests somewhere between the two monsters, standardization and quaintness. Main Street has gone to Dixie as it has gone to the Rocky Mountains and even to New England, and as a result we in America all bear a superficial resemblance to each other. In Europe they recognize us, or pretend to, just as one recognizes the standard Englishman, the German tourist, or the stage Frenchman. They take our thousand-colored speech and boil it down to a drab nasal twang. They take the boastful optimism of our more outspoken travelers and make it fit the meekest of us. They wrap us in cellophane, plaster us with dollar marks, and stick us in their museum.

But America refuses to be wrapped in cellophane or to be neatly catalogued for any world exhibition. We are too young for that, our land is too large and too full of varied physical conditions. Old nations tend to crystallize their thoughts and particularly their customs. The Japanese, with their thousand years and more of national solidarity, are perhaps the most conventional people in the world. They are soft-spoken and painfully polite; they have a code of ethics that meets any possible situation. But we are apt to be plain-spoken and blunt; we pride ourselves on our ability to think quickly so as to meet each new crisis as it arises.

There was a time when we borrowed everything in the way of culture and art from the old country. We somehow established the arrogance of the English tongue and obediently imitated the English arts. And then America began culturally to discover itself. The barbaric yawp of Walt Whitman made a rhythmic brag about our cities and our plains, our rivers and mountains with their sweet-sounding names. Mark Twain helped discover the Mississippi and the loud-mouthed humor of America. And now Mr. H. L. Mencken proclaims the independence of the American language.

Multitudinous races have come to people this vast and varied land. Their blood and their culture have hybridized into a bewilderingly rich product even while their speech has been all but lost in the arrogant English. And yet our much-touted "melting-pot" cannot melt so many diverse elements into a standardized mind neatly wrapped in cellophane. We seem so to the European because he sees us in a crowd. Take us out of the composite mass, and we become as distinctive as Paul Bunyan or Huck Finn, as Walt Whitman or Lincoln Steffens, as Abe Lincoln or Teddy Roosevelt.

We may even show ourselves as unstandardized as "Fin" Petrie, Scottish-born American of Opal, Wyoming, who was the nation's best country columnist in this year's contest.

IV

I love America, the loud-mouthed, the big-hipped, spawning by the millions and yet ever fertile. She strides the Mississippi and hops over the Rockies. She can throw a baseball from Puget Sound to Key West, and a silver dollar from Passamaquoddy to Hollywood. She can scoop water with one hand from Lake Erie and with the other from the Gulf of Mexico off Galveston. She can speak German, Czech, Swedish, Navajo, Yiddish, or Mexican, and sing mountain ballads, cowboy songs, or Broadway jazz hits, all with the same ease and without spitting out her chewing gum or taking the corncob pipe from her mouth.

I love America, the shrewd trader and the generous giver, Boss Healy and Galahad in one person. She lets Carnegie and Rockefeller and Mellon plunder her riches and then give them back to her in libraries and hospitals and schools and art galleries.

I love America, foster-mother of mankind, who says to the world, "Come unto me, all ye who have grievances, and I will give you refuge," and in the name of justice murders Sacco and Vanzetti. She harbors murderous gangs who line men against a garage wall and mow them down with machine guns, all to keep men from drinking whisky, and then she imprisons the gangster for evading the income tax.

I love America, the believer in fair play, willing to give the underdog a chance. She welcomes the immigrants in the name of liberty and makes leaders out of poor boys that have brains. She will have no traffic with dukes and earls, who may be O.K. themselves and then hand their titles on to children who are morons. She says, "Give me a czar of baseball or a beef baron, but no Duke of Manhattan, no Earl of Peoria, no Prince of Cumberland Gap." She laughs at the Social Register and makes up her own stud book.

I love America, restless wanderer in wide places. She takes cruises to the North Cape, to the Mediterranean, and around the world. She visits the cathedrals of England, does the art galleries of Italy, and drinks beer in the gardens of Munich. She sets out with a trailer for Yosemite and Mackinac and St. Petersburg. She stays in the tourist homes and the Statler and the

Chateau Frontenac. And then she comes back and says, "My, it's good to be home. There's no place like home."

I love America, scandalmonger deluxe and wide-eyed listener to tall tales. She regales her gossip from the front porch rocking chair and from the syndicated columns of Walter Winchell and O. O. McIntyre. She glories in the exploits of Paul Bunyan and John Henry, of Mrs. Simpson and Doris Duke. She reads the "pulps" and the "slicks," and takes to her heart the tragedies of Scarlett O'Hara and Jean Harlow.

I love America, bursting with pride at her bigness, pointing to the Empire State Building and the Mississippi River and the Rocky Mountains and Niagara Falls, and saying, "Is that not fine?" She glories in her iron and coal and copper and oil, she brags about her great dams and her factories with their mass production, she boasts that she is young and strong and not polite. She has hybrid blood and strong speech, and no one can say what will come at any time from their many-colored variety.

She always does the unexpected, and no one can say what she will do, unless it be to keep on with the naïve belief that men are free to do what they please so long as the majority rules and so long as government of the people, by the people, and for the people does not perish from the earth.

Report from Cairo

After retiring from teaching at Western Reserve University, Dad taught for a short time at the American University in Cairo, Egypt.

It is ironical that the first tiny break in settling the Egypt-Israeli impasse resulting from the "June war" of over a year ago should be announced on the day I agreed to give you my report. It is a tiny break and obviously unsatisfactory to Israel, but it is the first indication of a possible change in Egypt's intransigent attitude. Every day for the 3 ½ months I was there the official English-language *Egyptian Gazette* reported as world news only items hostile to Israel and America, and in their minds always the two were combined. The two-hour eloquent speeches of Gamal Abdel Nasser never failed to contain one perennial theme: until Israel is willing to abide by the UN decision and withdraw from territory won by aggression, we must put every effort in preparation for a war to drive then from our land. I feel that Russia has exerted some influence, not from any love for Israel but to arrive at a negotiated settlement to maintain peace in the Mid East.

I had not planned to get into politics at all, however, in this first brief report, and so I leave it at that and go to some of the things you cannot read in newspapers. I cannot do more than hint at some of the interesting things I saw, for truly never have I learned more in a similar short period in my whole life. From Cairo I have taken trips to the Upper Nile, to Greece, and to the home of the ancient Phoenicians in Lebanon, and from them I have begun to understand four ancient civilizations—Egyptian, Phoenician, Greek, and Roman—and to see how their intertwining destinies illustrate how man has progressed since he started leaving his evidence for history some 7000 years ago and how often greed and war have destroyed his cultural advances in peace. In my mind the Romans come off poorest, perhaps because in the Eastern Mediterranean their energy was devoted, not to the beauty that we see in Italy but to the greedy desire to impose their conquering skill, gaining wealth from the Nubian trade routes of the upper Nile and prestige from building their temples in the sacred places of Olympia and Delphi and Athens. Artistically, the Romans look like recent upstarts, but the evidence of their impact on history is apparent from Aswan on the Upper Nile to Baalbeck in Lebanon.

This is a report from Cairo and so I would like to give you a few excerpts, from the journal I kept, to illustrate three phases of my experiences: the teeming life of the city, its overcrowded streets, its poverty, and its bazaars; the energetic farm life up and down the narrow strip on both sides of the Nile; and a glimpse of ancient Egyptian life as seen on the walls of tombs carved and painted over 5000 years ago.

Though Cairo is one of world's largest cities, it is not in the least metropolitan except in population. Cars are plentiful, and buses and antique streetcars are certainly numerous but obviously not enough to carry the hordes that hang out their doors and jump perilously on and off them in motion. Taxis are good and cheap, but only for the relatively affluent. Bicycles, motorcycles, pushcarts, donkey carts, and horse-drawn wagons fill the side streets, and out toward the Musky and the Citadel, as well as on the bridges across the Nile, they compete for room with the cars that constantly honk a warning and drive madly on. There seem to be no accidents (I saw only one) though I don't know why not. The narrow crowded alleys of the section devoted to bazaars is a good example of extreme congestion where there is no room for cars, and only pushcarts and a few wagons drawn by donkeys and horses find their way through by literally pushing the many shoppers aside. The Shari El Muski starts at Ataba Square near the Opera House and the General Post Office. This narrow street is the poor folks' bazaar, lined with every sort of vendor imaginable, each specializing in some sort of junky merchandise from kitchen utensils to native clothing. I pick my way slowly through masses of Egyptians going about their own business, most of them with a cloth wrapped around their heads and dressed in long galabeyas or droopy trousers. They are dirty and noisy, pushing their carts of produce (vegetables, carcasses of meat, household wares, what not), winding in and out of the crowds with their flat donkey carts loaded with jars or sacks or heavy goods. They pay no attention to the foreigner with his camera except to let out a warning if he gets too close to their wheels.

Near the end of this market street is the select bazaar where the merchants with their more expensive wares wait, too often in vain, for the tourist or the wealthier natives. But you must know how to find the spot to turn left into the maze of dozens of alleys, dark from the awnings overhead, known as Khan El Khelili. If you prefer, you can start at the mosque off the square, which is as far as your taxi will take you if you are coming from the hotels, go down the goldsmiths' street and the coppersmiths' street and go on to ex-

plore some of the beautiful old shrines and Turkish palaces hid in the winding maze of little houses. But if you are shopping, and most tourists are, you will wander around and shop at the small window displays until a merchant entices you in with his "Welcome! it costs you nothing to look." I have wandered here for hours, mostly looking but after several visits to a favorite place going back to buy a choice piece of jewelry or ivory or an old bowl for much less than the original asking price.

I had many favorite walks—along the Corniche to see the feluccas sailing on the Nile, across one of the bridges to a garden where flowers bloom in profusion all winter or to the Zoo to see the common people on holiday picnics, even to the poverty-ridden streets of Old Cairo, the only place where I felt timorous about being alone. But the ones I know best are the the routes I took through Garden City, the residential section where there are apartments like ours and palatial villas built by the wealthy of a previous era but now occupied by various embassies or split up into rooming houses. Every day I walked to the University and back twice, fifteen minutes each way, so I began to learn a good deal of native life from the noises and traffic that I passed. The Corniche is on one side of Garden City and the noisy Kasr El Aini is on the other, but there are two inside ways that I usually took. One is quiet, with flowers in the gardens of the large houses and with many flowering trees, in April the deep red poinciana and the jacaranda of heavenly blue, in May the profuse brick-red bougainvillea. There is little life except for the journeyman barber at the taxi stand or the bowabs sitting with other domestics who worked only when work was required in their little households.

The other way is full of life, being nearer the busy avenue. There are many busy stands at the corners, such as the one that sells bread at the first corner. In the streets are pushcarts from the country, each filled with only one vegetable, such as artichokes, carrots, or sugar cane. If I go early, the bedraggled donkey is standing with the cart of the garbage collector, munching some green tops salvaged for his food: on top of the nearly full cart is a girl about eight and a boy about six, sitting on top of the orange skins and carrot tops in their filthy cloths, contentedly pawing in the refuse for something to eat or save. At the next corner a dozen men are crowded around a cart eating a breakfast of native bread and a gooey paste to dip it in. From the broken windows of a large and once pretentious building I hear young schoolboy voices. I merge into Kasr El Aini between a very busy paper warehouse and a filling station, and walk on to the university, past the traffic po-

liceman who sits at every busy intersection, past the stationer who spreads his paper and pens and envelopes along the fence, and past the pen repairman who sits just beyond. I enter the university by a side street, greet the guard, always on duty, with my feeble Arabic, check my post office box hopefully, and go up to my office in the English department.

There is always life in the streets, and after a time you can distinguish the noises of the street sellers from a distance, the squeaking whistle of the balloon vendor, the descending notes of the ice-cream man on his bicycle, the ascending notes of the man who buys old bottles, the falsetto tune of the marionette showman, who will unfold the Punch-and-Judy stage on his back and set up his show wherever a few coins can be had.

Cairo is indeed a fascinating and a friendly city. There are too many people, and Egypt will never have a sound economy until they do something about overpopulation or discover more natural resources. As it is, all the economy is directed to building up military strength, which the government blindly and foolishly pursues with dogged determination. Outwardly the pe he
national referendum, but there is considerable grumbling that often becomes outspoken among all classes. Once the unrest reached violence in the anti-government student riots in February that kept the universities, including the American University, closed for over three weeks.

On the Surrender of Japan

The surrender of Japan has broken several precedents. Purely apart from the startling effect of the atomic bomb on us as well as on the enemy, two facts stand out—the capitulation of Japan represents the first time a nation has ever surrendered with its army practically intact and the first time Japan has ever been defeated in its more than 1500 years of history as a nation. It is obvious that the atomic bomb alone did not accomplish this, or the entry of Russia into the war, or the terrific pounding Japan has been taking from air and sea. These are but the culmination of three years of slow but steady advance of the Allied forces in the Pacific—three years in which we built up our superior striking power to a point where we could overcome what we had lost in those first tragic months of war and convince the Japanese that ultimate destruction would be added to defeat if they delayed much longer.

When I gave my first lecture on Japan in this series, in March 1945, I made this statement: "It will require great effort, but there is no doubt of the final outcome. A carefully laid plan to knock out our fleet, quickly gain an empire, and then hold it while we were occupied—almost succeeded. One fatal error—failure to judge America's capacity to train superior fighting forces and arm them beyond Japan's conception—will defeat them. They cannot stand up to our highly mechanized version of modern warfare." At that time I dared not hope my prophecy would be realized so soon. But since then Japan has seen the example of the destruction of German cities, the finish of the Philippines and Okinawa campaigns that brought our troops into her own back yard, and the gradual strangling blockade of the homeland tighter and tighter. We all knew, even before the first atomic bomb fell in Hiroshima, that Japan would settle on almost any terms, and we suspected she might even surrender if she could save face. Then the culminating strokes came in rapid succession, and Japan accepted unconditional surrender with only the Emperor saved from the wreckage. But let us not forget that even in her desperate act she was able to save face and what may be more important—she was able to save all the military minds that hatched the attack on Pearl Harbor and all the military dreams that planned a greater Past Asia Coprosperity Sphere in which the white man would be exterminated. The supreme Allied Commander, who will occupy Japan and enforce our will upon her people, is well aware of this and plans a hard peace that will exter-

minate Japanese militarism. Yet because many American people do not understand it and because we must understand it if we are to allow our commander to finish his job, I should like to point out some of the history and characteristics of the Japanese people—and thereby show some of the dangers that lie hidden in a seemingly abject and docile people.

The Japanese are not the charming little folk in a land of miniature beauty, as we used to think when we were tourists. On the other hand they are certainly not the cunning supermen some of us considered them to be when they quickly overran Singapore and the Philippines and the Netherlands East Indies, sank the *Prince of Wales* and the *Repulse* in a single engagement, and flew at will over the far places of the Pacific. They are, rather, little different from other people except in appearance and in some of their ideas. It is true that they often show queer paradoxical mixtures—for example, they can be very sentimental and yet very cruel, very aggressive (of which we have many instances) and yet very conservative (of which the recent surrender in preference to having their land laid waste is the superlative example). As fighting men, we learned that they were a determined and resourceful foe, well trained in ground fighting along well-ordered lines of strategy. On the whole, however, they are very ordinary people with an obsessing idea—the conviction that they are a ruling race destined to bring all Asia into one sphere which they alone could control. What made them so? And how can we know whether the atomic bomb has done away with such ideas? The answers are difficult, but we must try to understand this paradoxical people, or our occupation, instead of doing away the pernicious idea, may make it grow more intense—and more dangerous because it will be hidden under the exterior wall of polite docility and rigid correctness.

This is the Japanese people, a clever people, a proud people, but on the whole not too different from other peoples except for the obsessing idea that some have called "a master-race psychosis." But the centuries-old idea of *Hakko Ichiu* and the twentieth-century idea of militarist expansion have met in the Greater East Asia idea. The Japanese have admitted defeat in this holy greater East Asia as they chose to call the fighting since Pearl Harbor to distinguish it from the China Incident of 1937 and the Manchuria Incident of 1931. But the idea is still there, all the more insidious because the military leaders are hiding behind the docile acquiescence of liberal thought. They

have spoken plainly that the war may take 100 years or more. They express their hatred of white men in pretty Japanese verse: "How much more wonderful will be the day when the divine mission of Japan is accomplished and the white race shall have been exterminated from the whole world." Only a short time ago (21 August 1945) an official Japanese broadcast said that the Emperor's instructions to respect the Constitution is "the foundation upon which the permanent construction of a new Japan must be based." This is meant to appear a liberal move to the Western world, and yet it is from the loopholes in this same Constitution, first adopted in 1889, that most of the troubles leading to the recent catastrophe originated. An ordinance regulating the Cabinet of this constitutional government has given the Supreme War Council the power to dissolve any cabinet by refusing to name a War Minister or a Navy Minister. Furthermore, it stipulates that the War Minister be appointed by the Emperor on the advice of the Supreme War Council and must be a general or lieutenant-general in active service. He has not been selected, like other cabinet members (except the Navy Minister), by the Prime Minister and he has therefore been responsible not to the Prime Minister but to the Emperor alone. This sort of constitution made it possible for the militarist element in the Army to recoup their vanishing prestige in 1931 by manufacturing a railroad incident in Manchuria. This sort of constitution made it legal for the Army to gain complete control of the government of Japan from 1937 until the recent piling up of military reverses. This sort of constitution is far from democratic and will be changed. But meanwhile it serves a propaganda purpose for the Japanese leaders who want to give the impression that they have become completely converted to a new way of life.

Easter in L.A.

This must have been written in the spring of 1940 when my parents were living in San Marino and my father was doing research at the Huntington Library. I presume from the reference to Cleveland that it was intended for an audience there.

On Easter morning at exactly 5:51 thousands of people from the Los Angeles district will greet the sunrise from beaches and canyons and mountain peaks. If we may trust the advance estimates the attendance may run into the hundreds of thousands. The two largest gatherings, at Hollywood Bowl and at Forest Lawn Memorial Park in Glendale, expect to draw more than 30,000 each. Then you add to them the score or more smaller meetings ranging from five to ten thousand each, you can see that a goodly number of the inhabitants of Los Angeles, Hollywood, Pasadena, and various way stations will be getting up in the dark next Sunday.

The service at Hollywood Bowl, perhaps the best known of all these Easter gatherings, appears strangely enough also to be one of the most conservative. They have as special drawing cards only Tyrone Power, who will read the Sanskrit poem "Salutation of the Dawn," and Carrie Jacobs Bond, who will play the piano while a huge chorus sings her own Easter anthem "Behold the Sun." The conservative character of this service (admission by card only) fades before the Saturday afternoon procession of hundreds of children bearing lilies to the stage of the Bowl.

As if to compete with the fame of the Hollywood performance, the nearby Forest Lawn Memorial Park, best known as the place where great numbers of Angelenos are buried to the strains of the organ that never stops playing, is planning a real show. A straight resume of the program for next Sunday will show what it is like: organ prelude; brass fanfare; flight of three hundred white doves from the Tower of Legends; the Los Angeles Philharmonic Orchestra playing Rimsky-Korsakoff's "Easter Morn"; Helen Jepson singing two songs; William Farnum reading Emma Lent's "The Master is Calling"; the orchestra playing a selection from the "Messiah"; a chorus of 500 voices singing "Arise my Heart and Sing"; an address by the president of the University of Southern California; the orchestra playing the third movement of Cesar Franck's symphony; doxology; benediction. The program will be broadcast from coast to coast and by short wave to Europe and South Amer-

ica, so Clevelanders and the rest of the world can take it all in, all except the flight of 300 white doves and the serenity of one of the world's most luxurious cemeteries.

More dramatic, even if harder to reach, will be the Easter services on the neighboring mountains. Thousands of visitors are expected to walk up to the cross on Mount Rubidoux, one half hour's walk from Riverside, but even more thousands will avail themselves of the special taxi service. This service has been held for three years now, and so the most spectacular thing in it will be the reading of a poem of Henry Van Dyke's that was read at the first service. On the crest of Mt San Pedro, summit of the Palos Verdes Hills, between ten and twenty thousand people will gather for a service, with music by the United States Army band of the 63rd Coast Artillery.

At Long Beach they will gather on the horseshoe pier round the Rainbow Lagoon, but, seemingly distrustful of the rising of the sun, they expect to look on a great electrically lighted cross sending its beams across the lagoon. On Catalina Island busses will take worshippers to the foot of the East Cross on Mt. Buena Vista. From various points overlooking the sea, from the floors of several canyons filled with stretches of spring wildflowers, in the desert at Palm Springs, almost anywhere that man can gather to see the sun rise, services will be held Easter morning. There will even be a hikers service at Switzer's Chapel off the Angeles Crest Highway.

Aimee Semple McPherson will not stoop to this new kind of worship. She will instead have an early "Holy Fire" service in her own new luxurious Angelus Temple in downtown Los Angeles. She needs no spectacular natural setting; she can herself furnish drama enough for any service. And Swami Vogananda will conduct an early service, in competition with a Christian Easter, at the Golden Lotus Temple of All Religions.

Not being able to decide whether to go to beach or mountain top, whether to hear Tyrone Power or Helen Jepson, I shall probably sleep right through it all, and go to eleven o'clock services in regular church where there will be plenty of room. After all, the sun will rise at exactly 5:51 and it won't wait for me to get there. And anyway, out here the sun you have with you always—or so they say.

Recorded Talks

I have digitized four cassette recordings of Dad giving some talks at his book-lovers' group, Cleveland's Rowfant Club. I think these come from the 1980s. Link to them at my websiter: NicholasRJones.com, go to "Family History," then "William Powell Jones."

Early Days in Cairo

Work on the farm, the trip to the Coast (see the story "Spaniards in Shining Armor"). Excerpts of From Georgia to Cleveland.

Religious Influences

Revival meetings at Indian Springs, his "backsliding;" time at Meridian College and Emory, 1917–21. Excerpts of From Georgia to Cleveland.

Travel in Japan and Korea

Teaching, traveling, 1921–23. Excerpts of From Georgia to Cleveland.

Dante and the Divine Comedy

A literary talk, perhaps the closest I have gotten to my Dad in the lecture rooms at Western Reserve University–I never watched him teaching, to my regret.

Books

Dad was a prolific published scholar. His books can be found at Amazon, Abe Books, and other used book sellers, and in university libraries (and probably available on interlibrary loan through local public libraries). I have listed them here in publication order.

Reading the books (and articles, which follow in the next section), some for the first time, I am struck by the range of his interests and knowledge, beginning with medieval song and ending with James Joyce, with a deep expertise in 18th-century English poetry in between. This is consistent with his insistence that, in the interest of broad cultural literacy for a new population of students, teaching in the post-war university demanded courses in "Great Books"–which meant that teachers needed to master areas far beyond their graduate studies or research interests. He also believed strongly that the new student body of the Depression and recovery decades would benefit from language study, and for that he compiled two versions of a popular vocabulary workbook, Practical Word Study.

The Pastourelle

This 1931 publication is a rework of his 1929 Harvard dissertation about the pastourelle, a genre of medieval French lyric poems. It is subtitled "A Study of the Origins and Tradition of a Lyric Type." These poems (quoted and obviously studied in their original Old French) are about romantic and sexual encounters between a knight and a shepherdess. One of the book's purposes is to direct readers to the poems' affiliations with popular and folk tales (as opposed to courtly influences). The book is dedicated to his dissertation advisor and mentor, Harvard professor George Lyman Kittredge, who, he writes, has been "my constant guide and critic." Harvard University Press, 1931.

Thomas Gray, Scholar

The English poet Thomas Gray (1716–71) is known today, if at all, as the author of one poem, "Elegy in a Country Churchyard." Dad's book, published in 1937, fills out the rest of Gray's life and personality by a sensitive reading of the many notebooks that Gray filled with his reading and study–of

the history of English literature, of natural history, of travel books, of Islam and the Orient, of Welsh literature, of Greek and Latin, and of what was then called "modern history." Dad's own scholarship shines in this book: his willingness and ability to travel to libraries (the Morgan in New York, the British Museum in London, the Huntington in Pasadena) and to correspond with other scholars about what he was finding.

I believe this is the finest product of Dad's own work as a literary scholar. It is detailed and well-documented and yet it never loses touch with its main premise: that this is "The True Tragedy of an Eighteenth-Century Gentleman" (the subtitle of the book). Gray, a reclusive and often crotchety man, had just enough money to live like a "gentleman," never having to actually hold a job or write for money like his contemporary Samuel Johnson. But in that lies the tragedy that Dad illuminates: Gray rarely or never finished any project, never became a "public intellectual," constantly distracted by curiosity and frustrated by reticence and depression. Gray's frequent episodes of deliberately "queer" or "camp" behavior–"effeminacy" was the term his contemporaries used–made some people nervous, and he could be unpredictably affable or off-putting. All this seems to have led to a habit of undercutting his own best projects and possibilities. "[Gray] was versatile and extremely gifted–too much so, in fact, for he quickly reached a point of achievement in several fields of thought where to rest was impossible and to go on would take more energy than he was willing to give."

Having read Dad's fiction, I am the more impressed with what he does with his research: using his knowledge to develop the scholar Gray into a character who would not be unwelcome in a modernist novel.

The book is dedicated "To my father and mother, who deprived themselves of comforts to educate their children." Harvard University Press, 1937.

Practical Word Study

This must have been Dad's best-selling book. Published many times (I have a "third printing" of Form B, a revision of the 1943 original a decade later), it came as a workbook with tear-out pages for writing answers. It was conceived as a tool for Freshman English classes, not just to increase vocabulary–which it certainly could–but also to develop an interest in words among the students. Its basis was etymology–understanding the root words and the meanings of prefixes and suffixes, as well as the linguistic origins of words. When we know that "–cap–" derives from the Latin "capere," to take, and from its other forms "cipere" and "ceptum," we can derive the meanings of the many

English words that contain it: capable, capture, capacity, anticipate, accept, captious, and so on. The workbook expects students to do a lot of work with a dictionary beside them, work that was to be graded and handed back to them. So it does not surprise me that it fell out of favor in the looser 1970s. Oxford University Press, 1943 and 1964 (Form A) and 1952 (Form B).

James Joyce and the Common Reader

This book comes directly from Dad's teaching. He developed a course in Great Books at Western Reserve University, bringing his students (from all fields) into contact with authors from Homer through Shakespeare and Joyce –poets, dramatists, novelists, essayists. In doing so, he got to know a wide range of literature, including Joyce's writing, then still considered off-putting and controversial (in 1933, a federal court had determined that Ulysses *was not pornographic). In this straightforward book, Dad considers readers who find Joyce difficult to read, and guides them through the difficulties.*

He begins with the most conventional of Joyce's work, Dubliners, *and then takes up the more challenging* A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man. *The bulk of the book focuses on* Ulysses, *which Dad presents as a modern masterpiece, an inquiry into the complications of the modernist condition. He shows detailed examples of how readers can enjoy Joyce's linguistic inventiveness and why it is crucial for understanding this epic novel. He ends with a brief chapter on the admittedly unreadable* Finnegan's Wake*—a move that probably put off the cadre of more earnest Joyce scholars. On re-reading it, I again admired Dad's patience and skill as a teacher. University of Oklahoma Press, 1955.*

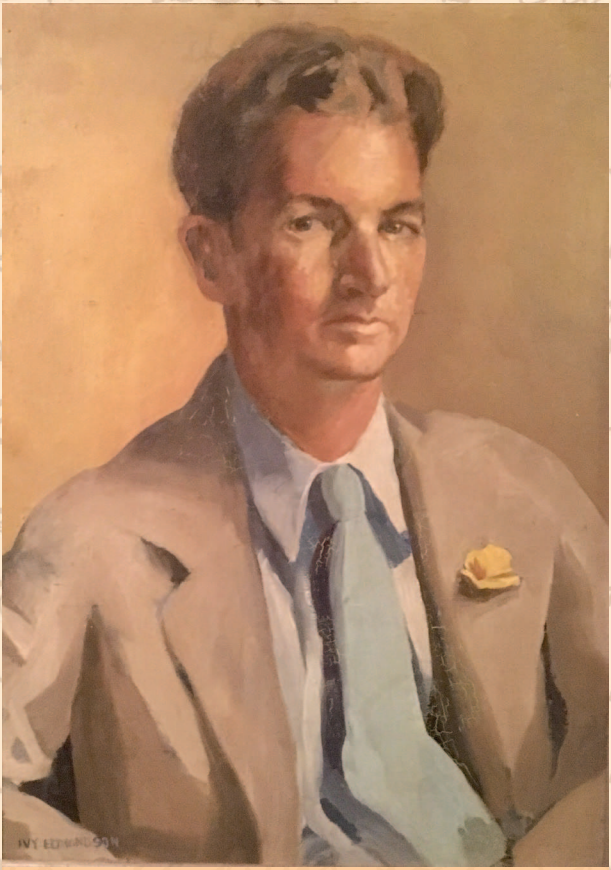
The Rhetoric of Science

As the subtitle makes clear, this book is a "Study of Scientific Ideas and Imagery in Eighteenth-Century English Poetry." It is based on Dad's sabbatical reading in the British Museum in 1956, finding a wealth of previously barely-known poems that encompass the developing 18th-century interest and knowledge in botany, physiology, astronomy, and natural history. As Dad notes in the preface, that sabbatical came after a long period of service–three years in Army Intelligence and eight as Dean of Adelbert College (the men's college of Western Reserve University). The book asserts strongly and effectively that the modern separation of science and religion was unknown to the

18th-century English writers: the discoveries of science (Newton's laws of motion, for example) were widely seen as compatible with Christian faith. Re-reading Dad's book now, I am struck by his encyclopedic knowledge, wide-ranging interests in the history of ideas, and his commitment, as he says near the end of the book, to future scholarship, for which he saw himself laying a strong foundation. University of California Press, 1966.

From Georgia to Cleveland

Self-published in 1979, this is an autobiography. I was thankful for the opportunity to help Dad with putting this together after some strokes had diminished his ability to write. It's a lovely account of so many aspects of his life–his Georgia childhood, teaching in Japan, graduate school, academic career, marriage and family, travels after retirement. It was privately published in 1979 (I have extra copies for the asking).



William Powell Jones (1901–1989) was born and educated in Georgia, moving north for graduate school. From 1930 on, he lived in Ohio, working as professor, scholar, and dean at Western Reserve University. The stories, poems, and essays in this volume were left unpublished at his death. Many of them reflect his early days as the son of a preacher in the deep South, while others derive from his time teaching in Japan and his subsequent service in Army Intelligence in World War II.

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Portrait of William Powell Jones by Ivy Jane Edmondson.