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WINTER 1948

Manuscript

WINTER · 1948

WINTER · 1948

VOL. I · NO. 3

Manuscript

THE LITERARY MAGAZINE

OF

WILKES COLLEGE

IN

WILKES-BARRE



WILKES-BARRE · PENNSYLVANIA

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Written in Blood: A Story

Leonard J. Shetline

It was in a small cafe in the dusty little town of Coalville that the old Battler told me his story. I was looking for a story, "stuff with blood in it," and I was very glad when I met the old Battler, for he had the type of story I wanted. It had blood in it.

"Yes," he announced to me rather calmly, "revenge is sweet when it's written in blood."

I looked at this man. I wondered what event in his life had prompted him to make that statement, so I watched him closely. Even in the dim light of the cafe the gray streaks in his hair were noticeable, and the livid scars on his ruddy features told a story of many bloody battles in the four-cornered ring. One scar stood out above the rest. I found myself staring at it. It was a huge lumpy scar that formed a jagged half-circle above his right eyebrow. It suggested a story of its own.

The man told me his story. It was another rise-and-fall affair but it had a different twist. Back in the early twenties he was an up-and-coming fighter. He was speedy and shifty, and he had two pile-driving fists that pounded opponents to the canvas. Fight after fight he won. He was heading for the top.

Then he made a mistake. He went into the ring drunk one night to fight Johnny Tampa, a young, swarthy-faced fighter who was also on the way up. His manager tried to stop him, but it was no use. When the gong sounded for round one, he staggered forward to meet his opponent. But he didn't have a chance. Johnny Tampa was a killer.

One, two, three rounds passed and somehow the Battler managed to keep his feet, but he was battered and beaten, his face was covered with grimy sweat and bright red blood, blood that was pouring from an ugly, half-circle on his right brow, pouring down the welts on his cheeks, trickling down his neck onto his tired shoulders, and dripping down his bruised chest and belly. But he fought on. His manager wanted to throw in the towel. But NO! He had to keep going. Johnny Tampa was not going to beat him. The fourth, fifth, and sixth rounds passed. Six times he had struggled to his feet. The cut over his eye was a bleeding

target, a target that Johnny Tampa aimed at without mercy. Bam! Bam! Bam! Right-left! Right-left! Pounding! Pounding! Pounding him down to the canvas for the seventh time! The smoke-filled auditorium was hushed. A beaten man sprawled under the glaring white light. Would he get up again? He lay on the canvas. He wasn't drunk now, but his head was filled with a throbbing pain. He heard the referee counting. One! Two! His lips pressed against the canvas and tasted the rosin. Blood from his brow trickled into his mouth. Four! Five! Six! He had to get up! He had to! The saliva in his mouth was thickened with vomit. He tried to spit, but he couldn't. Eight! Nine! Get up! GET UP! GET UP! Then, all of a sudden, it was too late, and the Battler lay on the canvas, crushed, and beaten for the first time in his life.

He would never forget this fight. He would never forget Johnny Tampa. His scarred right brow would be a grim reminder. Defeat was bitter, and when the doctor told him that his brow was cut so badly that he wouldn't be able to fight for at least six months, he left the ring for the open road.

It was near Scranton, six months later, on a frost-bitten November morning, that the Battler clambered out of a dirty boxcar where he had slept wrapped up in newspapers, and hastened to warm himself near a fire blazing in a rusted oil drum beside the railroad tracks. Five railroad workers sat around the fire. When he approached they stood up and glared hostilely at him. Not even bothering to look at them, he began to warm his hands over the fire. Suddenly somebody shoved him from behind and he went sprawling over the smoking drum, knocking it over, spilling burning coals on his outstretched arm. Quickly he picked himself up, clenched his fists angrily, and turned around to meet his attacker. There, standing not more than five feet away, laughing at him, was his tall, broad-shouldered, swarthy-faced enemy, Johnny Tampa. He thought of the scar on his brow, and all the hated memories of that night came back. With revenge in his heart he moved forward, but as he did so, his eye caught the gleam of a knife pointed at him by one of the workers. It was no use. Johnny Tampa had four helpers. The Battler tasted the bitterness of defeat once more. But there would be another day, he was thinking, and when that day came Johnny Tampa would not laugh.

The Battler was training every day. Up at six o'clock in the morning, run six miles, eat a light breakfast, rest, take

calisthenics, lunch, rest, skip rope, work with the light bags, work with the heavy bags, spar a couple of rounds, rest, eat a heavy dinner, rest, then sleep. The process was repeated the next day and the next. One day, after a month of training, his manager told him that he had a fight for him that very night. He was to substitute for a fighter who had broken his hand while training. He was to fight Bill Dymond. Would he accept?

His pulse quickened and his heart began to pound as he climbed over the ropes into the glaring ring. It had been a long time, seven months, but the audience remembered him and gave him a cheer. He felt good. He inhaled deeply the familiar odors—stale sweat, foul cigars, worn leather, pungent wintergreen, adhesive tape, and rosin. He wasn't going to taste any rosin tonight. Not if his fists could talk their way out of it. He sat down on his stool, rubbed his gloves together eagerly and waited for his opponent to enter the ring. He had heard that Bill Dymond was the rough, tough, slugging type of fighter who was hard to beat. In a few minutes he would find out for himself.

Above the din of the restless crowd the loudspeaker blared forth that both fighters in the next match would be substitutes. Bill Dymond was ill. The Battler heard his name announced and when he heard his opponent's name, he drew in his breath sharply. Tampa! Tampa! Johnny Tampa! He was going to fight Johnny Tampa! He could hardly believe it. What a strange, but pleasant, coincidence! Tonight he would get his revenge. The scar on his right brow throbbed painfully, reminding him of a blood-clouded image of a leering, laughing face, and blood-drenched gloves.

He saw Tampa's face go white as their eyes met. The man who had crushed him remembered, the crowd remembered too, and they sat excitedly in their seats and gave a hungry cry for blood. Anybody's blood. They didn't care. Just so it was blood.

The referee brought the fighters together and issued the routine instructions. They went back to their corners, took off their bathrobes. Their managers gave them some hurried advice. The crowd waited. The house lights went off, and the fighters were alone in the ring. Then the bell rang.

The Battler sprang forward. He was eager for the kill. His eyes were sharp and they glistened with savage delight; his brain was clear; nothing would stop him tonight, nothing. He pounded his fists ahead at Johnny Tampa's face. He hated that face. He wanted to tear it up, cut it up,

mangle it until there was no face at all. He jabbed, he uppercut, he roundhoused, and he clubbed with his fists at the face. The ring was a cage, and he was an animal. The crowd watched with awe. The animal tore at its prey with fierce, razor-sharp punches. He was a tiger. He wanted blood. Johnny Tampa's blood. He wanted to dip his paws into the flesh of his enemy—he wanted to drink blood—he wanted to write his revenge with blood-soaked leather on the flesh of Johnny Tampa's face.

Six rounds had passed. The seventh was coming up. He sat on the stool in his corner and waited for the next bell, and when he looked at his blood-drenched gloves that had pounded Johnny Tampa to the canvas in round after round, he laughed. He was getting his revenge. He looked across the ring. Johnny Tampa's face was ripped, bruised, and cut to shreds; his mouth was bleeding, his lips were torn, one eye was closed, and his ears were swollen and shapeless. Johnny Tampa was not laughing tonight.

The bell rang for the seventh round. The Battler moved forward again and his fists thudded viciously against Tampa's body. He was without mercy. A lucky blow from Tampa had opened the cut on his right brow and blood was pouring down the side of his cheek. He would have to finish the fight this round. He gathered all his hate and poured it into a terrific right uppercut that tore across Tampa's cheek, ripping the flesh to the bone. That was all for Johnny Tampa. He slumped to the canvas and lay motionless while the referee counted him out. The crowd roared their satisfaction. They had had their blood. The fighter with the cut over his right brow smiled at his gloves—they were soggy with blood—they had done their job very well—they had written their revenge—and it was sweet.



Etaoin Shrdlu

Thomas R. Jenkins

Any one who reads the newspapers has undoubtedly seen the letter grouping **etaoin shrdlu** many times. He may have wondered at the origin of these mysterious words. Are they

some obscure Arabic prayer to the patron saint of all newspapermen? Are they a code message sent to a secret agent?

Etaoin shrdlu is neither. It is just what it appears to be, pure gibberish. It breaks into print frequently because it is the easiest set of letters to run off on a typesetting machine.

The typesetting machine, or linotype, has a keyboard resembling that of a typewriter. However, the characters are arranged differently, and look like this:

e	s	c	v	x
t	h	m	b	z
a	r	f	g	fi
o	d	w	k	fl
i	l	y	q	ff
n	u	p	j	ffi

The first two vertical rows of characters compose the words **etaoin shrdlu**. To fill a line of type, the operator merely runs his fingers over these first two rows.

When the operator presses a key, a brass mold of the character slides into place. The machine spaces these characters to fill a line evenly. When the line is full, the machine pours molten lead into the line, waits for it to cool, and drops the slug into a rack beside the machine. The brass molds are then returned to their proper place, ready for future use.

If the operator hits the wrong key, he must complete the line, wait for it to drop into place, then throw it away. When you see **etaoin shrdlu**, the operator has forgotten to discard the line.

Many literary gems have been created by forgetful printers. The following appeared in a Seattle newspaper several years ago:

When asked his opinion, the judge replied, "I tink etaoin shrdlu.

In this case the operator missed the **h** in "think" and pressed the magic words to fill the line. However, he forgot to discard the jumbled line, allowing the judge to utter his sage advice.

The next time you happen to see **etaoin shrdlu**, you will probably notice the correct line appearing beneath the misprinted line. This indicates that the operator printed the correct line without first rejecting the misprinted line.

Don't be too harsh on the linotype operators for creating such gibberish. Remember they are only human, and since they are human, they are also **etaoin shrdlu**.

They're Human Too

Philip Baron

I want to interpret the mind of an American Jew to his fellow Americans, to let them see how the impact of contemporary events has affected the mind and heart of the Jew—particularly the Jew born here, with roots deep in the American tradition—the tensions which incite him, the problems he faces, the impasses which confront him merely because he is a Jew, the hopes that stir him, the goal he seeks. It is well for his fellow citizens to understand how a Jew rooted deeply in both the American and Jewish traditions, loving both, yielding complete loyalty to both, looks out upon the scene today. The vast majority of the four and a half million Jews here, though they have not been residing here long, have achieved a similar synthesis of their Jewish traditions and American ideals. It is a grievous injustice to divide Jews into a western European group and an eastern European group and to say that all good is embodied in the former and all bad in the latter. Most immigrant Jews or sons of immigrant Jews from Poland or Russia, no matter if they speak broken English or English with a Yiddish overtone, have won through to complete acceptance of the American ideal, which they treasure as they do their very lives.

In a sense life hurls the same challenges to us all. But for the Jew, because he is a Jew, the challenge is sharper, the tensions more tightly drawn. Furthermore the American Jew, just because he is a Jew, finds himself in certain areas of conflict which his Christian fellows do not appreciate. More often these borderlands of feeling are unfamiliar territory to members of the majority group because they are the majority. The Jew ordinarily finds it difficult to talk about these conflicts. Perhaps he would rather not refer to them. It is for this reason that Jews are often silent and that Christians find, in the eyes of some Jews, a strange mystery, as of distances and worlds that stretch between.

The problem is not one of anti-Semitism, though that is part of it. There have been, and there are many scapegoats in the world: the Negroes, the Ethiopians, the Communists, the Fascists, the Spanish, the Protestants, the Catholics, the Jews, the farmers, the workers—and some would infer today

even the capitalists and the bankers. No nation can endure whose people are divided against themselves, whose groups are self-conscious, whose leaders seek to preserve their personal power, whose thinking is provincial, and whose classes are arrayed against each other.

Now then, Jews are self-conscious and Christians are Jew-conscious. The Jews know it and cannot help it. The Christians know it and cannot help it. Jews know the Christians know it, and Christians know the Jews know it, and their ordinary day-by-day intercourse in business, professional, and social lives becomes more trying. The Jew has been forced to regard himself as not quite arrived. And the Christian has not always felt quite comfortable in the Jew's presence. These are hard things to realize because they are made of those immediate reactions which spring from the depths of life, "old memories sucked in with the mother's milk," childhood impressions, experiences, and training. Tides of feeling sweeping out of the dark past bring fear and suspicion and prevent clear thinking. But let us observe this unhappy psychological phenomenon with objective clarity.

Have you ever noticed that in mixed company where there are several Jews they will tend to drift toward each other? Immediately it is thought: Those Jews do stick together. But is it so strange a thing? I think not. They merely feel more at home. I gather that neither group is to blame. Men like to feel at ease. To be uncomfortable in a gathering is unpleasant. The same natural threads that bind together people familiar with each other bind together all Jews. Christians see more of each other and less of Jews. The Jew knows that. He avoids the experience of not feeling "at home" by conversation with those whom he knows more intimately. The gentile does the same thing. But the Jew should try to be natural and at ease! Of course he should, and often he does try. Don't ever forget the more difficult position of the minority. Christians or non-Jews are in the majority; Jews, in the minority. Therefore the self-conscious, sensitive Jew hesitates and waits for his Christian friend to make the first advance, especially since so much has been written and spoken about "the loud, vulgar, and aggressive Jew."

Up to the middle eighties of the last century, there were only about three hundred thousand Jews in the United States. There are today approximately four million. This means that with allowances for normal increase, the bulk

of the Jewish population has been here just a little over fifty years. This fact has profound significance. Only by understanding what it means can one understand the American Jewish scene.

These millions came from the vast centers of eastern Europe, from Poland, and from Russia. Life had been for them an endless struggle against every obstacle that cruelty or necessity could cast in their way. They were small traders, needleworkers, artisans, peddlers. They knew poverty and the bitterness of life as today only the vast masses in India and China know these things, or the Negroes and share-cropper whites in our own South. Yet the great majority of these Jews had the refining disciplines of their religious traditions. With memories of desperate poverty, their miserable bundles in their hands, they brought in their hearts a great hope, the hope of a home for themselves and their children. Here in America they would find opportunity and freedom. Those beaten, searching, grovelling people came in wave upon wave until, at the beginning of the second decade of the twentieth century, the immigration regulations of the United States were changed, and the gates of the country were nearly closed. Since that time the flood has dwindled to a few thousands yearly.

The older Jewish communities here, the Spanish and Portuguese, which had almost disappeared, the Germans of the thirties and forties and fifties who had more or less integrated themselves economically, religiously, and emotionally in the new land, recognized the responsibility to care for their coreligionists, and extended them all manner of help, financial and educational. How the Jew from eastern Europe "dug in" and what he has done for himself and the United States is one of the yet-to-be written epics of America. Today his stock is not only numerically preponderant in Jewish community life, but he has established himself so securely that he is taking his place, bearing his share of the Jewish community's religious, educational, and philanthropic obligations, as well as of the general non-Jewish philanthropic and civic duties.

But the masses of the Jews of America are still poor. They are humble needleworkers, the very small traders, clerks, and workers in the crowded cities. They live in New York, Chicago, Philadelphia and other large urban centers. They came and stayed where there were relatives, friends, synagogues, understanding groups, and friendliness which they needed in the new, strange land that was to be their

home. Most people are lonely. They seek their own kind. Jews are no different. They found people who spoke their own jargon, shared their memories, enjoyed their jokes—people with whom they could play as well as pray.

But in 1914 the World War broke out and the battling armies of both Allies and Opposition rolled back and forth across the lands of the Jews' origin. Many of their families were completely obliterated and purged. The American Jew saw a need for organization, and he reacted accordingly. The Jews from eastern Europe, economically integrated as they were and as close to the scene in heart as they were, supplied most of the monies; the drive of their feelings was like a huge ramrod.

Meanwhile, several years passed and a younger generation grew up here and married into the older German Jewish community, as the German Jews had married into the earlier Spanish and Portuguese Jewish families. Their children attended the public schools and the processes of Americanization worked themselves out in changing attitudes toward the ancestral orthodox faith, its customs, and ceremonial demands. A strong, militant orthodox faith, and a powerful conservative synagogue confronted the older established Liberal or Reform Synagogue whose membership was made up until a generation ago mostly of German Jews. But the Reform synagogue is no longer German. Jews of Polish and Russian background have entered into it in such numbers that today, numerically, they are just as strong (if not stronger) in their membership as the older resident groups. So far as the old distinctions are concerned between eastern European and German Jews, the lines have been broken down almost completely. Of course there are organizational difficulties such as are present among all religious groups here. There are profound differences and often disputes among orthodox, conservative, and religious liberal wings—as there are in the Christian camp. There are rifts between labor and capital—as in the general population.

And all these facts provide the background for a situation today which is at once both tense and dangerous. It is a situation developed psychologically through use of propaganda, and psychological blocks have been formed. However, the Jew must not exaggerate the situation. There are factors at work here which Jews do not take into consideration. America has no tradition or memory of anti-Semitism as have many European countries. The American spirit, like the English spirit, is against such brutal manifestations.

Our average fellow citizen is a friendly, kindly person. He takes you at your "face value" if you don't "rub him the wrong way." Above all, never before in history have there been so many voices, Christian and non-Jewish, lifted in indignation at what has taken place, and in defense of the Jew. Finally, the events of the last six months have made the Jew's Christian fellow citizens conscious of the importance of "brotherhood." All these things are true. But the other things are just as true.

The self-conscious Jew has become more self-conscious. The sensitive Jew has become more sensitive. The callous Jew has become harder and, to compensate for wounded dignity and the sense of insecurity, has taken on those social traits which mark him out and set him apart. American Jews are forced to spend time, substance, and intelligence in work of relief and self-defense which might well be devoted to constructive effort on their problems here and for the general good. They are forced to exhaust themselves with those difficulties when they might be pouring into the national life all their reservoirs of idealism, creative intelligence, substance, and social passion. When ministers of the synagogue should be teaching and preaching religion and the spiritual ideals of Judaism, they are continually forced to tell their people of the need for relief. And there is another and a greater danger. There is the danger, already making itself felt, that the American Jew may become ingrown, that he may not grow strong and confident as he should if he is to make his contributions, as he can, to the life of the nation.

The current wave of anti-Semitism which started after the World War in 1914, continued through the economic depression. The rise of chauvinistic nationalisms and the tyrants which were their symbols, have undoubtedly sensitized the Jew, laid upon the Jew the burden of relief for his brethren, the necessity to find new homes for them. They have faced him with the duty of self-defense against the propaganda of misrepresentation and hate designed to destroy him. But they have done more than this. They have made him think about himself, pressed upon him the need to look at himself in relation to the world, they have made him self-critical. They have created a crisis in Jewish life which will demand of the Jew that he make a decision about what he is and where he stands.

Two or three generations ago the Jew had no such difficulty. There was no question that the Jew was a person

who professed Judaism, although Judaism was more than a theology. Today, however, because of the spread of secularism, the term "Jew" has come to connote merely descent from Jews according to the old definition. At the same time anti-Semitism on the alleged ethnic or racial difference between Jews and non-Jews, has led anti-Semites to deny that there can be such a thing as a "German Jew" or a "French Jew."

The Jew today is wrestling with an idea that has evolved painfully and psychologically. . . . It is an idea that has claimed him. That idea is struggling not only with its instrument, the Jew, but it is battling to break down the limitations and shackles which life has twisted round it. The issue is not yet clear whether Jews can remain the instrument of the idea. Divisions cut across all lines, economic and religious. American Jews of German lineage and of eastern European background are found on both sides of a struggle whose outcome may well decide the destiny of the Jew in America and in the world. Mysterious forces are present which may set all the traditional thinking processes at a loss. Only the future will reveal the outcome.



The Beach

Burroughs H. Price, Jr.

A fine powdery sand, ground for eons in the depths of the ocean before it was deposited on the beach, sifted about my feet and rose in tiny eddies in the playful wind. Before me the ocean seemed to live and breathe, a vast heaving mass of somber gray that stretched on and on till it blended with the equal gray of the overcast sky. Breakers, capped with whitish foam, advanced to the shore, tumbled in wild confusion upon the sand, and then retreated. Tiny sandpipers played recklessly at the water's edge, following the receding line of foam in search of dainty morsels of food.

To my right and left the long, low line of dunes seemed to stretch without limit until, half lost in the blur of distance, it dissolved into the sky. Tall marsh grasses grew in scattered colonies upon the leeward side of these dunes, raising their tough, green stalks in the shelter of the sandy hillocks and sending their roots deep into the uncertain ground. Driftwood, seaweed, the prow of an old lifeboat half buried in the sand lay near the water's edge, silent reminders of the potential wrath of the sea.

The ocean and grass moved to the wild rhythm of nature. The breakers crashed and the wind sighed as they had since the earth first cooled. No other motion or sound disturbed the place. No signs of alien man were to be seen. I felt alone in this expanse, as alone as the last mortal looking out upon the sea of Eternity.



John Evelyn's London

Albert T. Cole

In southwestern England a range of modest hills, the Cotswolds, gives birth to a vigorous infant, the river Thames. As it glides leisurely through the countryside, flowing south to skirt the Chiltern Hills, its banks become ever wider with the contributions of its many tributaries. On it glides, moving more and more slowly, the vigor of its youth ripening into the quiet power of maturity until its whole burden dissipates in the cold waters of the North Sea. For many centuries the Thames has been a main portal through which English culture has been swept into the outside world.

Twenty miles upstream from the mouth, drawn snugly around one of its many crooks, sprawls the great city of London, seat of the British Empire. The history of the city has been one of constant struggle against powerful odds from without and within, and at times, from both quarters simultaneously. In spite of, or perhaps because of these ruinous hardships, the city has grown to become one of the greatest in the world. Any cross section of English history brings to light at least one calamity at work, but the people have always had the hardihood and ingenuity to meet and withstand whatever evil is sent their way. In the last half of the seventeenth century, for example, London was beset by three grim enemies, the plague and fire at home and the Dutch on the high seas.

The Dutch never became much more than a threat to the city, since they approached no closer than Gravesend, but their very presence added magnitude to the plague and tinder to the fire. The plague of 1665 was the twelfth to visit the city in 700 years, and before it relaxed its grip London was poorer by 100,000 inhabitants, noble and commoner alike. Plague was no respecter of rank. Those who could leave the city did so; others prayed and quailed behind their locked shutters, gulping draughts of mithradatum and drag-on water; still others braved the terror to look to the needs of the city.

Scarcely had the plague relaxed its grip when fire took up the battle against the beleaguered city to gnaw a black, charred hole from Fish Street to the Temple along the river,

and north through the city to Cripplegate. On a bright Sabbath morning in early September, the flames roared out of a bake shop in Pudding Lane and swept across the city on the wings of the soft morning breeze. The people retreated as the fire advanced, but as soon as it was checked they returned over ground still hot to probe among the smouldering heaps of their former home-sites. Sir John Evelyn and Sir Christopher Wren immediately set about drawing up plans for a new and better designed city, but before the new ideas could be applied, London rose like a ghost from its old foundations and along its old streets.

Through the slightly Puritanical eyes of John Evelyn, whose *Diary* covers this period, it is possible to construct a mental London and to imagine the people who walked her crooked streets. Our host is keenly observant of his city's beauty but he is also aware of her imperfections. He is capable, therefore, of presenting a true picture of his life and times.

Modern novelists, writing of this period, overemphasize the immorality of the court life and the reader is led to believe that the whole city and nation followed its loose example. However, there were then, as always, a vast majority of simple, God-fearing people of all classes who calmly watched the antics of their lively court, relieved to see gaiety again after the long, gloomy, Puritanic reign. The court restored itself with a flourish and proceeded to shake the city out of its lethargy, replacing the somber hues of the Commonwealth with bright, fresh colors. From East Smithfield to Whitehall, the city took on new life and "rushed into a reckless extreme of brave and even gaudy attire and generous feasting, the twang of the guitar no longer prohibited nor the singing of love ditties, nor the dancing of youths and maidens forbidden." Though aswarm with new gaiety, the city retained enough of its Puritanic sobriety to balance the depravity of the court. The court, on the other hand, having accomplished its restoration, fastened itself, parasite fashion, on the bodies of its subjects.

This was the city of John Evelyn, and although that worthy moved within the circle of the court and mingled with its members, his keen sense of moral prudence would not allow him to become enmeshed by it.

Under the newly restored monarchy, London's great families opened their huge houses to lavish parties and colorful balls. By modern standards these functions were tremendous. Feeding and amusing 200 guests for two weeks

is no mean accomplishment in view of the planning and expense involved. The houses themselves, in their size and equipment, were typical of the extravagance of the times. Those that had deteriorated during the Roundhead rule were rebuilt or completely refurbished. Some dated to the Tudor period, others were a reflection of several periods, and still others resembled, more than anything else, a huge heap of stones.

The middle and peasant classes were forced to live in dwellings much more humble, but in the malt-fragrant atmosphere of the "Hound" or the "Waterman", there was comfort for all. Whether one slept in the inn-keeper's bed or ate his beef was of no consequence. Merely sitting in the tap room, sipping a mug of ale while the wonderful, rich brown aromas of roasting beef lazed about his head was enough to transport any man out of the inequalities of the world no matter what his station. Hence it is a small wonder that the "Black Lion" in Whitefriars Street, or the "Saracen's Head" in Friday Street, were scenes of bustling fascination to traveler and native alike.

The theater, spiced to the taste of the court, featured plays indelicate in theme and character presentation. Dryden's plays appeared along with the work of Sir Robert Howard, Sir William Davenant, and others. The audience was generally ribald, and the manager, probably to divert it from mischief during the scene changes, presented an antique dance or some other form of entertainment. Evelyn attended performances frequently but seldom found them commendable. He deplored the casting of "foul and indecent women", and the plays themselves he felt, "abused to an atheistic liberty." However, at least one of the gay ladies who minced before the foot-lights, Nell Gwyn, lives on in the lovely strains of a suite bearing her name.

As a strong ruler attracts strong men to his side, the converse is also a logical possibility. Charles II surrounded himself with those who would cater to his weakness, and as a result, the power that might have built a golden age in English history was lost in the intrigue of a petty court. The spiteful conspiracy that buzzed around his ears must have been a source of constant annoyance to him. His followers kept the town rocking with poetic tirades and humorous sarcasm for the sole purpose of exposing the victim to public ridicule. No duke was too mighty nor lady too warm in royal favor to escape their scathing wit.

A man's honor was as close to his person as his sword hilt, and any shadow upon it called for vigorous action, which usually started with an exchange of crisp notes and finished with sharp reports or clashing blades in the grey of dawn. However, satisfaction was not always forthcoming.

Sir Aleyn Broderick sent Sir William Petty a challenge upon a difference betwixt them in Ireland. Sir William, though exceedingly purblind, accepted the challenge, and it being his point to propound the weapon, desired his antagonist to meet him with a hatchet or axe in a dark cellar; this the other of course refused. This is undoubtedly an exceptional case but it does prove that some of Evelyn's contemporaries looked with humor on the ridiculous custom of dueling.

Regardless of how they viewed dueling, food and drink was a topic all could agree on. Along with the dishes so dear to the Englishman's heart goes the drink to wash them down. Beer was consumed in huge quantities and at meals a large "tun glass" of small beer supplemented the usual wine. Men's capacity was prodigious even by modern standards. Pepys mentions a lady dining at Sir William Bullen's draining off a pint and a half of white wine in one draught. Evelyn would have railed at such an immodest display, but Pepys, who was more in tune with the court, considered it quite a feat. Indeed, Pepys could not trust himself, at times, to read the evening prayers for fear that the servants would discover his unsteadiness.

Dear to the hearts of London's womenfolk was the Royal Exchange between Corn Hill and Threadneedle Street. If a lady had wealth, she rode in her coach; if not, she walked. But ride or walk, she went to the Royal Exchange to browse among its many booths and galleries in search of new gloves or a bit of bright lace. Incidentally, she might also encounter an eligible male among the gallants who came to ogle the pretty salesgirls. For many young women, however, the problem of finding a mate was not a serious one since the parents took this responsibility to themselves, sometimes arranging for their daughter's marriage before she had overcome her baby lisp. A few years later the match would be reaffirmed and consummated. It would seem that in such an arrangement, love would have the barest of chances, but I choose to believe that the system was successful more often than not because it persisted so many years. It follows also that some matches would be tantamount to a crime against either one of the couple. Evelyn

mentions an alliance between the daughter of a nobleman, aged five, and the Duke of Grafton, natural son of the King and the Duchess of Cleveland. Seven years later, "this sweetest, hopefulest, most beautiful child and most virtuous, was sacrificed to a boy that had been rudely bred without anything to encourage them but his Majesty's pleasure." Evelyn, on the other hand, was a good argument for the system since he married a young lady not yet in her teens.

The Church of England was an important link in the social life of the period. Evelyn attended every Sunday and often went to Whitehall to hear the service there. He never failed to comment on the sermon both in content and delivery.

From this brief look at the period, life seems reasonably normal. The great bulk of the people were conscientious and God-fearing, comparable to a population in any period, considering the conditions of their day. They carried on and contributed to her culture, and to this the gay court added a dash of color which is still visible through the dust and blood of the intervening years. In the light of present day events, one might hastily conclude that the "sun was about to set" on the British Empire, but a glimpse into the past quickly gives one the impression that England is but listening again to the cry in the night, "Bring out your dead."



Reunion

John W. Burak

Leutnant Franz Keller cursed bitterly as his Feldwebel applied the brakes of the Volkswagen and they skidded around a turn on the icy Belgian farm-road. The mid-December winds blew icy fingers through his tattered Panzer jacket, and the pre-dawn hour only added to his discomfort. Mein Gott, but it was cold! A telegram in his pocket from the International Red Cross failed to raise his spirits, for it merely stated that his long-lost Max had settled in New York but was now serving in the Amerikanischen Arme somewhere in Europe. If that weren't bad enough, to be aroused from a cat-nap in early morning by orders from

Division Hauptquartiere was far worse. From the sketchy orders, it appeared that something strange was going on up in area G-7 near Malmedy and he was to investigate. Himmel! What was so important that he had to risk his neck going up to G-7?

The tiny command car swerved around a curve and a weird scene presented itself. At a road junction ahead were twelve Panzer Mark V tanks guarding several hundred Amerikaners. Huddled together in the snowy, road-bordered field, they presented a sorry, yet somewhat defiant spectacle. An Unteroffizier snapped a salute as Leutnant Keller approached, and he immediately explained the situation. These stupid Amerikaners had dared to resist capture, and SS-Oberst von Schnapf had personally ordered the extermination of any such prisoners. In the absence of Herr Oberst, Leutnant Keller was to be the official witness.

"Proceed at once!" barked Keller, and simultaneously a dozen engines coughed and roared. Men jumped aboard, and the Panzers moved out slowly. Machine-gun turrets rotated slowly, deliberately, covering the huddled Amerikaners who blinked in wonderment and disbelief. Leutnant Keller stood to one side eyeing the group of prisoners. Suddenly a transformation came over him. Looking across the intervening space, his eyes were held by a striking blond figure, hands clenched and eyes blazing hatred at the menacing gun-muzzles.

Keller's heart skipped a beat, then jumped into his throat. A name sprang to his lips.

"Max!"

Stumbling out into the field with joyful tears in his eyes, he failed to hear the rattle of the machine-guns—failed to see the men falling like wheat before the scythe.

"Max! Mein liebes Kind!"

The boy turned slightly, then he, too, leaped forward, joy in his eyes.

"Papa! Papa!" The boy was sobbing the name.

The two fell into each other's arms, and the murderous hail of lead cut them down like rag dolls. A hoarse whisper—"Max!"—then cold silence.

* * *

The American armored column wound slowly up the torturous Ardennes road and halted when the lead tank reached the crest of a small wooded hill. The platoon leader scanned the valley below with powerful binoculars. The glasses

made a wide sweep from one end of the valley to the other, then started back again. Suddenly they stopped, and the watcher's eyes narrowed, then widened with horror. There, near the junction of a crossroads, was a field, once blanketed by snow. But the white expanse was now broken by the contours of twisted, huddled corpses—American dead, easily identified by the wool O.D.'s and the helmets which were strewn about the ground.

The glasses dropped, and the platoon leader turned and signalled to the column. The tanks moved up to commanding positions on the crest, and the lead tank started down alone into the valley.

The sight was even more gruesome than it had appeared through the binoculars. Bodies were sprawled in every conceivable position, and as the tank approached the crossroads, it was obvious that some of the fallen, in their agony, had tried to crawl away. Their bullet-riddled bodies had been crushed by heavy tanks, German ones, by the wide tread.

On the far side of the field, two bodies, apart from the large group, lay huddled together in an embrace peculiar to death. The tanker dismounted and warily approached, suspicious of mines. Astonishment widened his features, for one of the two was a German officer! The astonishment changed to wonderment as the resemblance between the two struck him. He tried to separate them but the sub-zero temperature and the close embrace had joined them forever.

He turned and walked to the tank. He snapped an order to the gunner, and a signal rocket blazed away into the lowering sky. One by one, the tanks broke into view and moved slowly down the road into the valley.

* * *

The large, mounded grave lay still as the moaning, sleet-laden wind whipped across the fields and swirled against the roughly-hewn cross. Newly cut and barked, the cross stood guard over the ugly splash of brown in a barren field that was white once more.

Near the top of the cross was a dog-tag; an Iron Cross was nailed below. Both were inscribed with the name "Keller."

Something Short

Gene Maylock

In answer to public demand for literature in smaller quantities more short stories have appeared in recent years than ever before. Moreover, the contemporary short story has broadened greatly in scope. Today many aspects of human life and character are depicted in the short stories that fill the pages of English and American periodicals. Although they often lack the unity of effect necessary for perfection in this form of literature, the average short story shows a tremendous advance in construction and rapidity of action over the short narratives of earlier English literature.

In spite of their number and popularity the older short prose narratives in English literature have little in common with the modern short story. The modern short story developed first in America, about a century after the modern novel had begun to take form in England. Undoubtedly, the short story would have developed independently in England, but the development would probably have been slower and possibly the history of the short story in English literature would have been different if Poe, Hawthorne, and other early American writers had not laid down the principles of the new form and illustrated their theories by actual practice.

The short story, one of the last of the important literary types to appear in English literature, is a form of short prose narrative and can be understood if we consider it in relation to other short prose narratives. Short prose narratives have existed in English literature from the Middle Ages to the present day. Medieval literature abounds in humorous episodes and romantic or pious tales, which range all the way from a few hundred to several thousand words in length. Collections of pious tales were made during the Middle Ages and were widely used by medieval preachers as illustrations in sermons. The most famous medieval collection of short prose narratives is Boccaccio's *Decameron*, in which a group of ladies and gentlemen are represented as telling each other stories to while away the time.

Many short narratives can be found in the pastoral and romance tales of the late Middle Ages and the Renaissance. These little stories are usually represented as being told by the characters who figure in the main plot of the romance.

In spite of the fact that they tend to delay the main action and distract the reader's attention, the practice of introducing short independent stories into longer prose narratives continued until late in the history of English fiction. Short narratives also appeared occasionally in the *Tatler*, the *Spectator*, and other early periodicals. As the English periodicals grew in number and in popularity, there was an increasing call for short prose stories, until today many English magazines publish nothing but brief fictional narratives.

The short prose narratives in early English literature are apt to emphasize plot at the expense of everything else. Many of them have excellent plots, but the development of the plot is often slow and the reader is left almost entirely to himself to imagine just what the characters are like and what the setting is. Even in those stories where the characters are individualized and the surroundings are described, the authors seem to have known little of the technique of combining plot, characters, and setting in such a manner as to produce a harmonious effect. The modern short story can be compared to the modern one-act play. Both deal with a single situation rather than a chain of events, both concentrate the reader's attention upon one single flashing moment or emotional crisis, and both reveal human character rather than showing how character develops.

Many recent writers of short stories are also novelists, and some, notably Thomas Hardy, began their literary careers during the Victorian Period. But Hardy is a man born out of his time, a writer who depicted humanity with a frankness and an undisguised realism that has remained unsurpassed by even the most advanced modern writers. Joseph Conrad and H. G. Wells, two other short story writers of the Victorian period, are both well known as novelists. The materials of Conrad's fiction, both novels and short stories, are drawn from the author's knowledge of the sea and of far-off lands. His scenes are depicted with a richness of concrete detail that is truly poetic. Wells, on the other hand, depends more upon his knowledge of science and of contemporary life in England.

John Galsworthy, also distinguished as a novelist, has written numerous short stories that resemble essays in their intimate, personal tone. When Galsworthy first published *Quality* along with other similar papers in book form, he called the collection *Studies and Essays*. However, when it appeared in his collected works, the author spoke of it as a

short story. It may be read either as an essay expressing the author's sympathy for the under-dog, or as a short story giving us glimpses of the pathetic history of a conscientious old shoemaker. What it is called makes little difference; the important factor is that **Quality** illustrates one of Galsworthy's most important rules for writing short stories, a rule that can be applied to the personal essay—"Write only what interests yourself."

One of the earliest modern English short stories, as opposed to stories that are merely short, was Stevenson's **The Sire de Maletroit's Door**, which appeared in 1878. This story illustrates both Stevenson's romantic plots and his realistic method of making characters, as well as scenes, convincing. The nicety with which the setting is fitted to the plot and to the characters—the gallant hero, the cruel uncle, and the scornful, weeping, and finally melting maiden—creates a perfect balance and a unity of emotional effect that make the whole story appear as a true short story rather than a condensed novel or an episode.

The Three Strangers is typical of Thomas Hardy's work in its presentation of peasant life amid grim and unresponsive natural surroundings. The story is rich in local color but the local color serves only to create interest in the men of mystery who enter the unsuspecting company of country folk during their rude merrymaking. In **The Lagoon** Joseph Conrad seizes a crucial moment in the life of a brave man and, against a typical Conradian setting of far-off tropical land and sea, presents the moment so vividly that the effect is one of irresistible tragedy and heartbreak. **The Man Who Could Work Miracles** illustrates the fantastic ideas suggested by science, which H. G. Wells often uses as the central theme of his writings.

Although the general trend of the modern English short story, like that of other literary types in recent years, has been toward realism, the realism has generally been less intense than is the case with the American short story. Also many short stories of a romantic tone have appeared in recent English literature. However, the ways of writing short stories are almost numberless, but all good short stories are alike in one respect—they blend plot, character, dialogue, and setting so as to produce the single effect which was in the mind of the author before he began to write.

Coalville

Leonard J. Shetline

When a visitor to Anthracite Valley takes the wrong turn at the Crossroads he comes into a dirty little sprawling brat of a town, Coalville. The road immediately becomes rougher and narrower, and the houses that lean into the street are doddering with antiquity. The two shining ribbons of steel which take up the middle or most of Main Street belong to the Coalville street car which delights in scraping the fenders of parked automobiles as it passes through the town on its way to Anthra-City, the capital of the coal regions.

Resting uneasily on an Appalachian foothill, on the eastern side of Anthracite Valley, Coalville is not by any means picturesque. It begins on the east with a rather unlovely heap of earth and slate, the result of strip-mining, and flops miserably down to its western boundary, the sluggish Susquehanna. To the north lies Blackton, another dusty coal town in the process of decay, and to the south, on the upper end of a large field, the town ends very appropriately at the town cemetery where the dividing-line between the Catholic and the Protestant burial plots is a mere ten feet, making it the closest that these two groups of people ever get to each other.

Brick, tar, and dirt roads dissect the town very haphazardly. They twist and turn and go nowhere in particular. One thing is certain, there are no alleys in Coalville. It is the policy of the Town Council to call anything that resembles an alley, a "lane," a term which they consider to be very "high-brow." A few times the Council has made the mistake of attaching the designation, "lane," to a private driveway, creating confusion with transient motorists who find themselves driving into private garages.

Main Street is the pride of Coalville. It boasts a movie theatre which is open from two in the afternoon to twelve at night, a jewelry shop that is guaranteed to carry anything not expensive, a furniture store with large plate-glass windows which are always dirty, a bank which has never been robbed, a department store which employs only the daughters of the prominent people of the town, a town hall erected some fifty years ago, but which has not been paid

for yet, a few grocery stores which have a curious, enticing odor of fish, fruit, vegetables, and sawdust, a pool-room and gambling hall which is owned by a local politician and protected by the town police, and a drug store which has the largest library in town and rents out its books for ten cents a week. Finally, Main Street has more saloons per capita of population than any town in Anthracite Valley.

Saloons are a necessary part of Coalville. They are dirty and dingy, but their brilliant red and blue neon beer signs give the town its only color. Their large plate-glass windows provide excellent targets for irate housewives who decide that their husband's refreshment bill is too large and that the best way to convince the saloon-keeper of the fact is to throw a brick through his window. To a miner a saloon is a place to rest and relax after a day's hard work, a place to wash the sticky coal dust down his throat with cold beer and warm liquor, a place where he can meet his fellow-workers and brag about how many cars of coal he loaded and how many timbers he put up, and a place where he can get drunk and forget his troubles. To some miners, happiness is a shot of whiskey and a glass of beer. But no matter how drunk a miner may be on Saturday night, Sunday morning he will be in church.

Huge culm banks and towering black tipples scrape against the sky and pronounce to the world that coal mining is the main industry of Coalville. From two hundred to two thousand feet under the earth a web of tunnels spreads out under the town and follows determinedly the veins of anthracite in all directions, coming so close to the surface that it is a common occurrence to end a tunnel in somebody's cellar or in somebody's grave. The men who work in the mines are of varied nationalities—Poles, Lithuanians, Slovaks, Welsh, Irish, Russians, Ukrainians, Yugoslavs, Italians, Greeks, Germans, and English. These men work hard, drink hard, and die hard. They believe in a happy family life, in democracy, in unions, and in God. They are good men.

Coalville is dying. Nobody builds anything new, and only an occasional remodeling of a beergarten is done. The town was born a long time ago when coal was discovered, but now the veins of coal are getting smaller and scarcer. Some day there will be no coal. Then Coalville will die.

Question and Answer

Robert T. Mikulewicz

Walter Heeney, Tom Holtz and I usually met once a week for lunch. We had known each other since our high school days, a good many years ago. One day we had finished eating and just sat loafing over our second cup of coffee. During a lull in the conversation I brought up the old question of pushing the button. The question ran something like this: Would you push a button that would kill an unknown man, miles away, for a million dollars, if there were no reprisals, and no one would ever know about it? Would you push the button?

Tom, who was the Assistant District Attorney, said that he would not even give it a second thought, he definitely would not do it. I looked at Tom, but said nothing. I thought of three separate court cases he had handled. Each case was held off until right before election, and then played up big, really big. I remembered Tom had never before been so convincing or eloquent in his deliveries. He got the convictions, with evidence that was completely circumstantial. Three men died. Tom told me, after each case, that he had had to win, to keep in the public spot-light. He did not care what the evidence showed. Somebody had to be convicted, and quickly, because the elections were so near. Tom is a highly regarded citizen. People look up to him, and respect him. He would never push the button that would directly kill a man. His excuse?

"Every man has some integrity. How could a person be so cold-blooded? I could never do such a hideous thing."

Walt agreed with Tom—Walter Heeney, the wealthy, retired broker who made a killing in '29, when a lot of killings of another sort were made. Walt handled his private investments carefully. However, there were other accounts he let slip until they were not worth the paper they were printed upon. Could Walt be blamed? Could he help it if he was so busy looking after his own money that people who had paid him a juicy fee lost their shirts? Or their lives? No, he would not push the button. His excuse?

"I love my fellow man too much to commit such a sneaky, under-handed act. After all a man has to live with himself.

If I did such a thing it would be on my mind so much that I wouldn't be able to stand it."

Walter had just finished speaking when a tall, lean individual approached our table. His blue serge suit was neatly pressed but a little shiny from long wear. His shirt sleeve cuffs were slightly frayed. He sat down and greeted us by our first names. It was not until then that I recognized him. He was "Mack", Henry Mackey. Walt, Tom, Mack and I had been an inseparable quartet in high school, but we had lost track of Mackey after graduation. I asked him what had happened to him since our school days.

Mack said he had left town, got married, and he and his wife had knocked around the country for a while. Finally, they had settled down and bought a gas station in a little town about sixty miles away. The station provided a comfortable living, but the war with its gas rationing, and shortages, ruined his business. He was, at present, hard pressed financially and he and his wife were too old to move from job to job, as they had thirty years ago. In addition, their two children were entering high school.

"The kids need a pop with a steady job," Mack said, "so, when I got an offer of a job back in the old burg, I snapped it up."

Out of curiosity I asked Mack what he would do with the problem of pushing the button. The question hit him like a kick in the stomach. He got up, said he had to go, did not want to be late for work the first time on the job.

I asked him where he was working. He looked at Tom, at Walt, and then at me.

"I'm the executioner at the penitentiary" he said and walked away.



41 Ross Street
Ashley, Pa.
January 16, 1948

Mr. Mikolai V. Gogol
c/o Professor Shivirev
University of Moscow
Moscow, Russia

Dear Mr. Gogol,

Your preface to the second edition of *Dead Souls* asking "for anything and for everything in the way of criticism" has inspired me to write to you. I realize that some time has elapsed since you made the request, but perhaps you are still interested in knowing that your book is still read and enjoyed. For that reason, I do hope that this letter is forwarded to you and reaches you, wherever you are.

It would be presumptuous of me to criticize you, the venerable father of the Russian novel, and suggest changes in your novel; but after reading your book, I looked in the back—it's a library copy—to see just how many people had read it recently. Since 1942 only three of us have taken the book out. That isn't a very good average. So, in case you intend to write other books and have them read by the general American public, I can give you a few hints on how to proceed.

I must admit that your plan of having Chichikov travel around the country buying "dead souls" is a unique way for him to meet the various types of Russian people. In many of them one can recognize existing American types. We still have with us the dilettantes, misers, and bureaucrats. Government officials who use their position to gain wealth are not peculiar to Russia, for recently many government employees here were involved in grain speculation.

You clearly show that Chichikov's personality is the result of his background. Chichikov is not a very admirable person, and I confess that not he but Constantine Kostanzhogo is my favorite character. At one point I felt sure that the practical, hardworking landowner, with his sound philosophy of life and belief in the joys of agricultural life, would bring about Chichikov's redemption. If you had really wanted Chichikov to reform, you could easily have managed it in a modern American novel. All you have to do is send him to a psychiatrist. It is quite fashionable to be psycho-analyzed and by this method an author can get out of any unpleasant situation.

I like your habit of interrupting the plot to say a few extra words about any subject that interests you. It makes the reader feel that he is getting his money's worth. But unfortunately, it just isn't being done anymore. The author nowadays tells whatever he has to say through the characters, and any little hint of what is to come or of your feelings about the story should be omitted, if you want to be in style.

Another part you might omit is your extreme praise of Russia. We Americans are still sensitive about the way Molotov has treated us. We think that people should love their own country, but trying to impose it upon other people—remember your statement that Russia was overtaking the whole world and will one day force all nations and empires to stand aside to give it way?—will make you very unpopular here.

If you expect your novels to get on the list of "best sellers," you certainly will have to season them with more love interest. Sex has become so important, in fact, that it alone will sell a book, no matter what its literary merit is. Some of us, in spite of this fact, still demand more of a book than that. You might even say honestly today that "the value of a book lies in its truth and in its actuality rather than its wording."

America could use some first-rate authors now, as you may have guessed from reading this letter. In case you ever decide to travel again, we would be delighted to have you stay here for awhile. America is quite a country now.

Sincerely yours,

GERTRUDE JOHNSON.

Crime Does Pay

Sidney J. Weissberger

There is an old adage which has become increasingly popular that proclaims, "Crime does not pay!" This might be—after due consideration—nothing more than mere propaganda which tries to effect a most worthy and commendable end. But, in all fairness to truth, I must report that I can reveal dozens of instances where crime has paid, and paid extremely well.

Some of the many collectors of this revenue from crime are the men and women of the literary world who write of crime as it has happened in reality, or merely in the figments of their over-heated imaginations.

What is the reason for the popularity of a field of literature in which blood flows freely, and violence reigns supreme? Some psychologists attribute this surge toward mayhem to the complications of the modern world, the desire to escape from reality, and in some of the rarer cases, the inherent desire to kill. This desire to kill one's neighbor is not pacified by moral laws, but the fear of reprisal and social excommunication. So, as a safe substitute between wars—which offer a legal excuse for satisfaction of this desire—mankind has accepted in part, the practice of reading about crime and its effects.

The essentials of the detective and mystery story are very simple. These essentials are: the circumstances, motives, methods, criminals, victims, and weapons. The order and arrangement may differ, but the essentials remain. Originality in style often heaps fame and fortune upon the author.

Many enthusiasts collect data on the detective tale. Some of these attempt to compile the varied methods and weapons which the author chooses to kill off the fictional victims. Their female criminals thrive on the use of poison, but the majority of authors choose the more stable methods of homicide: shooting and stabbing. However, to relieve the monotony, some authors choose more novel methods such as throwing the victim into a vat of acid or into the rolling presses of the local daily.

Crime has always fascinated mankind, and nearly everyone has heard or read of the first violent crime in literature.

This story is recorded in one of the most popular books of our time, a consistent "best seller." The crime was a murder, complete with all of the essentials of the detective story. The criminal was a fellow named Cain; the victim was his brother Abel. No mention is made of a weapon; however, we may infer the weapon used to have been a farm implement, since the scene of the crime was in the field, and Cain was a tiller of the soil.

The story of Cain and his unfortunate brother, Abel, has been known for more than 5000 years, yet it never ceases to be of interest to generation after generation. The best selling Bible from which this story was taken does not base its popularity on violence alone, though throughout its many pages appear dozens of lengthy and detailed descriptions of crime and torture.

Crime, like every other business, has a light and heavy season. Its popularity differs with the various peoples of this crime-happy earth. For inexplicable reasons, people of one continent and period of history may be more bloodthirsty than those of another. For example, in 1841, Edgar Allen Poe solved a genuine mystery which took place in New York. He turned this event into fiction, and transported the scene of the crime to Paris. Thus did the father of the detective story release his "Mystery of Marie Rouget." Poe realized that he had found a novel medium of expression and wrote more short detective stories, but Americans at that time did not relish ingenuity in the literary world, and it was left to the brave authors of England and France to carry on his work.

The fortunate French had their Emile Gaboriau. England thrilled to the tales of Vidocq, and it was in the latter country that the taste for crime of the literary type developed. Another famous English writer by the name of Charles Dickens tried his hand in this field, but his unfortunate attempt began and ceased with the "Mystery of Edwin Drood," which he failed to solve since he died before completing the tale. Every so often a new solution to Dickens' mystery appears, and it would indeed be a tragedy if someone wrote a popularly accepted solution since a lucrative source of wealth would cease.

The detective story appeals to all types of human nature. The sports enthusiasts are attracted by such fictional sleuths as The Falcon, Nero Wolfe, Tecumseh Fox, Inspector Piper, and The Sparrow. Obese readers console themselves with the accomplishments of The Fat Man. Jack Spratts, on the

other hand, side happily with The Thin Man. The introverts and the unambitious observe the exploits of The Old Man In The Corner and Joseph Legborne who solve their mysteries with little or no physical activity. Monarchists seek out the titled Lord Peter Wimsey and Prince Zaleski. The appeal to the clergy is seen in the creation of Father Brown who never fails to return a full collection plate to his creator, G. K. Chesterton. Medical men turn to Dr. Thorndyke and Dr. Hailey who have successfully completed many operations in the field of crime, thanks to the efforts of their creators, R. Austin Freeman and Anthony Wynne. Reginald Fortune has reaped a fortune for H. C. Bailey. Lawyers consult Perry Mason for relaxation and legal aid, and this well-known barrister has never failed to bring in a favorable verdict for his real-life counterpart, Earle Stanley Gardner. The intellectuals will have no other than Professor Augustus S. F. X. Van Dusen, Ph.D., LL.D., F.R.S., M.D., M.D.S., (The Thinking Machine), the brain-child of the amazing Jacques Futrelle. But no other fictional sleuth has the universal appeal of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's Sherlock Holmes, unless it is his present-day counterpart, Ellery Queen, conceived by a pair of literary intellectuals who use the single pseudonym which they have applied to their fictional offspring.

In this field, too, women have gained equal rights. Many women have taken advantage of this situation to succeed with the woman's view of crime. Among these are such female detectives and writers as Susan Dare, Louise Baring, Miss Marple, and Desdemona (Squeakie) Meadow, created by Mignon Eberhart, Mary Roberts Rinehart, Agatha Christie, and Margaret Manners.

Crime pays dividends not only to the literary world; crime pays the lawyers, the criminologists, those employed with the Department of Justice, the local police force, and many others. Were it not for the dastardly crimes perpetrated daily, we should have to depend almost entirely on wars and acts of God to fill the hundreds of daily newspapers published in this country. In one instance, a New York tabloid has increased its circulation to tremendous proportions merely by sensationalizing the horror and sex aspects of crime. Darrow, Fallon, Geisler, and Leibowitz have made small fortunes defending the accused criminals. On the other hand, Dewey, O'Dwyer, and Hoover have made political names for themselves by prosecuting criminals. Gallico, West, Runyon, and Winchell have made their reputations in

the newspaper world secure by reporting the facts of crime and the men and women involved.

Radio and the motion picture industry are not free from the demands of the public relishing crime. Investigations have been made, and the Federal Communications Commission has been scored several times for allowing such a large portion of air time to be devoted to crime. Theater managers thrive on crime pictures to fill the double bill. Even the legitimate theater is not sacred to crime. Millions are spent yearly on crime.

It would not be unfair, nor untrue, to say that crime pays everyone concerned but the criminal and his unfortunate victim. Insurance companies have a double indemnity clause in effect on most of their policies which results in the payment of double the face amount of your policy in the event that you meet an "accidental" death. By the way, have you paid your insurance lately?