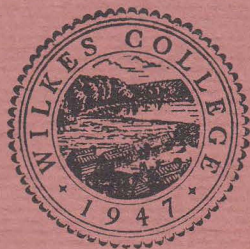
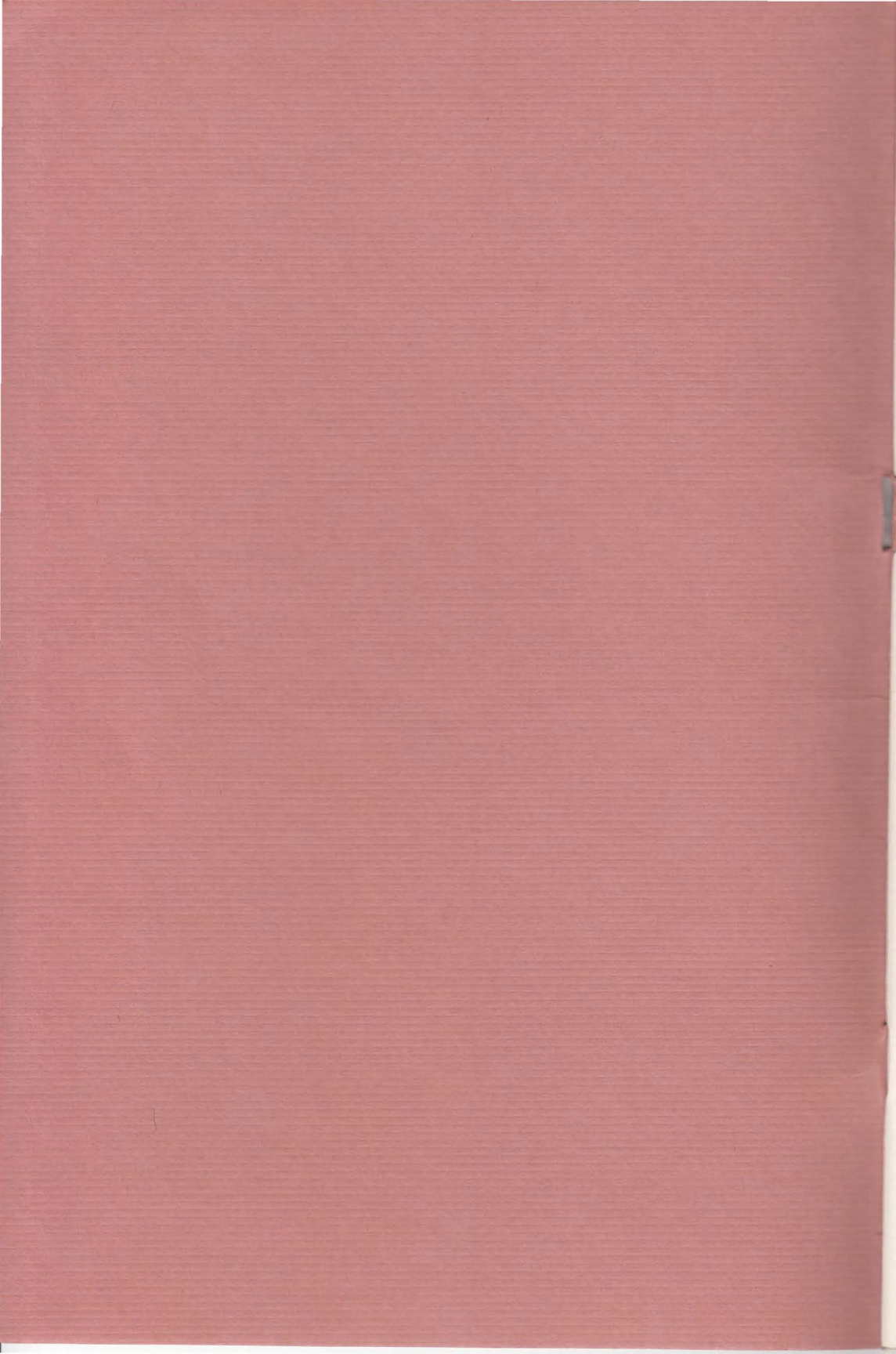


Manuscript



SPRING • 1954



SPRING 1954

VOL. VII NO. 1

Manuscript

THE LITERARY MAGAZINE
OF
WILKES COLLEGE



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Safe at Last

THOMAS E. KELLY

Have you ever walked down Main Street pulling a lead-lined, three hundred pound safe? Or have you ever had people look at you in a tone of voice that says: "Now there goes a queer bird if I ever saw one"? Yes indeed, some mighty strange things happen in the line of duty. I can look back and laugh at it all now, but it wasn't so funny when it happened. In fact, it was downright humiliating.

It was a pleasant morning, I remember. The air was clean and fresh after an all-night rain in the early spring. I was whistling as I fumbled with the lock, but I stopped short when I noticed three tall men in the rear of the shop. Who could be in Miss Tillie's shop this early in the morning? I was the only one with a key besides the two clerks, Bessie and Maggie, and of course Miss Tillie, the proprietor of the little dry-goods store. I stood there trembling as a tall, dark, and gruesome man creaked his way down the long wooden floor. "Hey you," he growled. "Who're you?" "I, I only sweep the floor here," was my timid response. Just then I noticed Bessie behind the lopsided umbrella stand, and I shouted, "She knows me. Don't you, Bessie?"

Even after being convinced that I was okay, however, the gruesome-one still didn't trust me. I could tell. He kept his eye on me while Bess was clearing up the whole matter. She told me that some thieves had broken in during the night and had ripped the old-fashioned safe from its customary place under the lingerie counter. Not only that, but they dragged it across the old wooden floor, lifted it on the case containing dress-patterns, and then shoved it out the window. They must have been pretty smart crooks, because of the five windows in this rear part of the shop, this was the only one wide enough for the safe to slide through. The old gray shutters on the other four windows were so warped that they only opened half-way. In fact, this was the only shutter that closed all the way.

Bess told me that these scoundrels had ransacked poor Miss Tillie's desk, but all they got was a two-dollar roll of nickels from one of the drawers. Just then the gruesome-one grabbed me by the arm. He led me to the window. By now I realized he

was a plain-clothes detective, but I was still afraid of him. "Look down there," he said. "See that safe stuck in the mud?" As I leaned over a box of knitting yarn, I saw the safe ten feet below. No, I guess it was twelve feet, because it was sunk in at least two feet of mud. Then I turned to Mr. Gruesome, I mean Mr. Grossman--that was the detective's name. "I don't know how it got there, sir, honest. I was home playing checkers with my brother last night, honest." He looked at me. It must have sounded pretty phoney, I know, but it was the truth. As I leaned back from the window, my hand brushed against some white powder. But surely they would know that my fingerprints should be all over that window. After all, I worked here, didn't I? And one of my duties was to close the windows and shutters every night. A cold sweat trickled down my back as I realized all the evidence pointed toward me: I had a key to the shop, my fingerprints, my familiarity with the whole layout. But couldn't they see I was too small? I only weighed 120 pounds and the safe weighed over 300. Why, the heaviest load I ever carried was the two buckets of coal that I had to bring up for the pot-bellied stove right next to the roll-top desk.

Bessie spoke up, "Tommy couldn't have anything to do with it," she said. "He's too small. Why just last night we warned him that he was goin' to strain himself carrying those two heavy coal pails at the same time." I guess Mr. Grossman was thoroughly convinced by this last remark for he and his companions left soon afterward. They said they had done all they could for now, and that they'd be back later in the day.

As soon as the detectives left, the phone rang. It was Miss Tillie. She called every day about this time to find out how things were going in the store, but mostly to hear the latest gossip. She hadn't been coming over to the shop very often now for a few years, since her arthritis started to bother her. When she heard about the robbery, she became quite excited. And even though I was standing about ten feet from the phone, I could hear her saying, "I'll be over directly now, Bessie, so you be sure'n have Tommy get that safe back in."

But getting that safe back in was easier said than done. After struggling with the two massive doors in the cellar, I stepped forward into a layer of yellowish-black mud that squished under my sneakers with each step. I looked at the safe from every angle, but from all angles it was still the same--S-T-U-C-K. I felt like crying, but that would only have added to my misery--more water would only make the mud gooier. Then I got a bright

idea--I would dig it out. Slopping through the mud again, I ran to get a coal shovel from the bin in the cellar. Stopping only to bump my head on the furnace pipe, I returned once more and started to dig. After shoveling for ten minutes, I could see that I had only rearranged the gooey ground around the safe.

Suddenly, a stroke of genius hit me. Why not use a basic principle of physics? The lever. Tripping through the goo for the third time, I collected the essential parts for the machine-- a long, heavy board and a round log. The log sank just enough to allow me to place the plank at the proper angle. Not taking any chances, I shoved some smaller planks next to the opposite side of the safe so that it wouldn't sink in more mud. Then I pushed and tugged and pushed some more. Slowly, the safe oozed up until I heard that hollow, sucking sound that follows pulling your finger out of a soda bottle. I fell one way, the safe fell the other; the safe was out but now I was in - the mud, that is. And as I sat there in all that softness, all I could say was: "Those dumb crooks. The safe wasn't even locked. Besides, there ain't nothing in it anyhow."

The next problem was how to get this mud-encrusted heap of metal back into the store. It certainly couldn't be lifted back through the window with less than a derrick. It couldn't be pushed up the wooden cellar stairs, because they couldn't take the strain, and neither could I. I just about gave up hope when Bob came along. Bob was Miss Tillie's chauffeur, and a pretty handy fellow; but how could he help me? After all, he had only one good leg and used crutches to walk. But he did have a brilliant suggestion. "Why not use a hand-truck?" he said. I must have looked rather dumb as he continued, "You know, like the Railway Expressmen use." "Oh, yeah!" I muttered. So I sped down the alley to borrow a hand-truck from Al's Junk Yard and returned just as quickly.

Well there we were: a safe, a cripple, a hand-truck, and me. Now all Bob and I had to do was to put the safe on the hand-truck and pull, or push it back into the store. It was to be a scenic route, too. Out into the alley which was parallel to Main Street; a right turn past the old jail-house; up a side street past the fire-house; another right turn and then down Main Street. From there it would be easy, or so I thought.

I offered to pull, since Bob had only that one good leg. He left his crutches behind and leaned on the bottom of the safe, both for support and also to push. We practically slid the safe out into the alley and started what proved to be an adventuresome

trek. As we neared the end of the one-way alley, and we were going the wrong way, we noticed an express truck approaching. It was either him or us, and as we barged right up the middle, the driver yelled: "Get that damn thing out of my way." But we made it.

The trip up the side street wasn't too bad, except for the curb which I didn't see. Bob shouted, but too late. I tripped and the safe slipped. Fortunately the only thing hurt was my pride, which was sore for days. We finally managed to get going again, but this time both of us were limping.

Now it just so happens that the First National Bank is on the corner of Main Street where we had to turn right again. And as Bob and I worked our way slowly past, it looked as if we had just come out of the bank. After all, we did have a safe. I happened to hear one passer-by remark: "My, what an odd way to make a withdrawal." Another quipped: "Hey, fellas! Don't ya trust banks no more?" The crack that really turned my ears red, though, was made by a little seven-year-old who said: "Mommie! Look! I could really save lots of pennies if I had a piggy-bank that big."

Seemingly unaffected, we trudged forward as the wheels of the hand-truck clicked noisily on the cracks in the stone sidewalk. And as we approached the laundry next to Miss Tillie's shop, I heard one lady exclaim, "Looks like Miss Tillie is sending her money out to be laundered this week."

Then it happened. I saw one of the stone slabs of the sidewalk giving a little. The slab was right over Miss Tillie's coal bin, and if the safe went in we'd be back where we started. With one frantic jerk the safe and I lunged forward off the sinking slab. Leaning against the window, I mopped my brow with a muddy hand. Bob wasn't needed now. This part was easy. Walking slowly now, past the costume jewelry, and on past the China vases, I just missed hitting a lady customer as she jumped to safety behind some boxes of knitting needles. Flustered, she gasped: "Well! I never!" Never what, I'll never know as I stopped in front of Bessie. She was holding up a lacy pink slip; she must have been showing it to the lady who never.

I must have looked rather triumphant as I stood there, but Bessie exclaimed, "Well, Tommy, don't just stand there. Put the safe in under the counter." With some difficulty, I slid the safe off the hand-truck. The floor splintered as the heavy metal scraped over it, but never mind. The safe was back at last in its dark little cubicle under the lingerie.

Miss Tillie hobbled toward me and wheezed, "That wasn't so bad, now was it?" I meekly muttered, "No ma'am," as she handed me a quarter for being such a strong boy.

Looking back on the incident now, all I can think of is a muddy box of metal gathering cobwebs under a lingerie counter, and on the counter is a cute little sign leaning against a box of . . . oh, you know. The sign reads simply: "In God We Trust! All Others Pay Cash!"

Silence

CAROL ANN GARDNER

Silence is velvet and peace and mood.

Silence is night and forest and sun.

Silence is soft and warm and long.

Silence is sweetness and pain.

Silence is memory lived over again.

It is the beginning and the end.

It is a lonely soul sighing and speaking;

In hushed tones it tells me of years;

In secluded places it comes to me.

Silence is yours and mine and ours.

Silence is.

Let The World Go By

FREDERICK KROHLE

I love to take a book and read
 And let the world go by,
While I am far away in thought
 In strange worlds in the sky.
Adventure stories I enjoy
 And pirate tales I love;
The books which make me dream are those
 Which deal with worlds above
And take me far, so far away
 From this cruel world I know.
Ah! The idea of escape
 Fills me with thoughts which glow
With visions of those far-off lands
 And places long ago
With pirate long-boats on the sands.
 I, too, would love to go
Where Kidd's great chests of wealth are laid
 Or where Atlantis lies,
Where Pickett's famous charge was made
 Or soar into the skies.
Off to the moon with Verne or Poe;
 To England then, with Scott;
I'd follow where Pathfinder leads
 Then sail with Marryat.
D'Artagnan and the Musketeers,
 Fresh from the pen of Dumas,
Are crossing swords with Alan Breck
 And Rupert of Hentzau.
Through Paris sewers with Valjean
 And then to Notre Dame
Where Quasimodo lived and died
 Fanning love's cold flame.
To Switzerland I go with her
 Who wrote of Frankenstein,
And onward then, to India,
 Where Gunga Din is mine!
And when I'd flown around the world,
 At last to earth I'd sink,

And with my books around me tossed
 There would I sit and think:
A wond'rous world a book unfolds!
 There're books for everyone;
Some to escape, and some to fight;
 Some tell what has been done;
And some predict, and some reveal,
 And others try to hide.
But the value of a story
 Is not what lies inside.
The value of the story is
 What it means to you;
A picture or a woodland spot,
 A person that you knew,
Is hiding there among the books
 And waiting for just you
To pick it out and have a dream
 And make your dream come true.

.....

I love to take a book and read
 And let the world go by,
While I am far away in thought
 In strange worlds in the sky.

Outcome

MARGARET A. LUTY

To live is to sorrow--the privilege of man.
 Privilege. Privilege? To sorrow?

By sorrow we strengthen.
 But I want to break.

Through sorrow we right wrongs.
 Oh, no one can help.

In sorrow we touch gods.
 Or devils in Hell!

With sorrow our love grows.
 How? Oh, how?

An Experiment In Communal Living

ESTHER H. GOLDMAN

Every young Jewish idealist who had at some time thrilled to tales of the former glories of his people and of the Messianic age that would come with the rebirth of Zion, followed with avid interest the proceedings of the United Nations in 1947. That Israel might become a reality in his own day made each feel something of the Messianic urge within himself. In 1948 the state of Israel was established, and the American Jewish enthusiast faced the problem of where his allegiance lay. This question of dual loyalty is still being discussed and is a problem which, in the writer's opinion, must be solved on the personal level.

Since the college graduate is the most desired immigrant, be it for his technological usefulness to the newly developing state or for his probable ability to purvey western culture, it is he especially who, while still in school and preparing for his future, should consider this personal question. He must consider at least these two factors: what he can contribute to Israeli life, and what life in Israel can offer him.

Among the many facets of Israeli life, agricultural development plays a leading role. Since the very beginning of the organized return of the Jewish people to their ancient homeland some seventy years ago, settlement on the land has always been considered of primary importance. Various forms of agricultural settlements have evolved. Probably the most interesting and striking of these is the kibbutz, an experiment in communal living on farms. To many young intellectuals, such a mode of living has great attractions and possibilities. To some others, the taint of collectivism, and hence communism, that the mere term connotes, is appalling.

Kibbutz is a Hebrew term which denotes "gathering" or "group." Common ownership of all possessions and means of production is the outstanding feature of the system. It is therefore extremely important that the members of the group be congenial. Most kibbutzim (plural of kibbutz) are groups of intellectuals, professional people who prefer a life of labor and social living to conventional careers and competition. Although many still describe the system as an experimental one, it has

already proved itself practicable. There are kibbutzim which have been in existence for forty-five years and are functioning successfully on the economic, sociological, and ideological levels. It is interesting to compare these kibbutzim with the experiment tried earlier in our own country by an intellectual group, the Transcendentalists. The Brook Farm, an attempt at communal living, was seemingly a failure on all levels; and Louisa May Alcott, whose father was a member of the group, has done an amusing satire on the experiment in her book *Silver Pitchers*.

Now why has the Israeli communal farm system succeeded whereas the American group failed? The answer lies in the history of the Kibbutz movement, shown against the background of modern Zionism. The movement arose out of necessity, as well as out of ideology. To settle tracts of waste land and desert areas, group effort was necessary. To stand together against the constant threat of Arab marauding, a group settlement was needed. On the ideological level, the pioneer who came to Israel wanted to develop a new and better way of living. He was not satisfied merely to redeem the soil. He wished to live in a community where cooperation and comradeship were the rule, where people thought not only of themselves and their families, but of the whole group. Indeed the hardships that the pioneers had to face were so great that only by working together as a big devoted family did they have the strength and courage to continue their task.

A description of Daganía (which means "granary"), the first really successful cooperative colony in modern Israel, might exemplify the functioning of any kibbutz. Daganía was begun in 1909, on land bought by the Jewish National Fund, at a time when the surrounding country was still in Arab possession. Known as the "mother of collective villages," this kibbutz had become an inspiring example to the other settlements because of the heroic courage with which it overcame its problems.

Daganía resembles a large working family of several hundred members, with an equal standard of living for all. No money whatsoever is used in the internal relations of the settlement. Each works according to his ability and within the framework of a general plan devised by all the members in a sort of town meeting. Rosters for duties are posted by the secretary and it is a law of the kibbutz that the duty must be undertaken before any complaint is made. A member may do some work outside the kibbutz, but his pay still goes directly to the common treasury.

Everything that the group needs - food, clothing, equipment, education - are all provided from this common fund. Domestic and social services are provided communally. Medical care is usually provided from outside by the government Health Service.

Only the external financial relations of the settlement are governed by capitalistic standards. The kibbutz sells its surplus production for money which in turn pays for improvements of the collective, the repayment of loans from the Jewish National Institutions, and those necessities of life which must be acquired from the outside. He who leaves Daganía for a vacation, a necessary journey, or some specialized education, is given his expenses from the common treasury. Concerts, plays, and motion pictures, offered by the cities, are paid for from the cooperative earnings of the community. All the kibbutzim have libraries, and nearly all have museums. Some specialize in a particular subject which at Daganía is ornithology. A student of any subject may ask that books be obtained for him; the sculptor, for his tools and the building of a studio; the musician, for the instruments and music he desires; but the outcome of their devotion is at the disposal of the community. The community as a whole also takes care of aged and needy parents whether they reside in Israel or abroad.

The administration of Daganía is a joint endeavor of all the members. The supreme authority rests with the General Assembly, composed of all the members over the age of eighteen. The Assembly elects a central executive, as well as various committees. These offices are held for two years, and their holders are responsible to, and are controlled by, the General Assembly. Women, of course, are accorded the absolute equality which is their due. They have an equal voice in all decisions of the settlement; and they participate in all branches of agricultural work, not being necessarily relegated to the kitchen or the children's house.

The founding group was a small one; but the membership has since greatly increased, both by the natural means of propagation and by the taking in of new members. To become a member of Daganía, one must prove his fitness. Not everyone is able to live this group life, to give up his money, his private home, furniture, books, clothing, all his earthly possessions. A newcomer must work with the colony for about a year, before the group decides whether he has shown fitness for membership. Anyone who wants to work is given the opportunity; and at the time when so many new immigrants were flocking to Israel,

Dagania, like the other settlements, opened its doors generously. It trained whole groups for life on the soil and later helped them to establish their own kibbutzim.

The several feature films which have been produced on life at Dagania give us a comprehensive picture of the physical plant. The kibbutz is situated in the Jordan valley near the Sea of Galilee. There are flourishing fields where plowing and harvesting are done by the most modern machinery. Bananas, grapefruit, vegetables of all sorts, and grain are produced. Model dairies and chicken houses can be seen. A large stucco building houses the dining room with its long tables where all the members except the children have their meals. Another room is the social hall where meetings, celebrations, and cultural get-togethers are held. In the kitchen, different workers, both men and women, take turns in being "on duty." Another room houses the sewing machines used for mending. The clothes belong to the kibbutz and are kept in a common supply room where they are filed according to size. Living quarters are either in dormitories or in small two-room cabins for married couples.

The most striking feature of Dagania, however, is its Bet Yeladim (the children's house). It is the largest and most comfortable looking building in the settlement. From the moment of their birth the children of the members spend all their time in the children's house and the adjacent gardens. They see their parents twice a day, during the luncheon recess and after working hours before dinner time. Separated into age groups, they pass the rest of their time under the supervision of carefully trained nurses and teachers.

In the kibbutz school, the children learn other things in addition to the usual school subjects. They learn to live together according to the ideals of the community. They receive training in various kinds of physical labor. In the school garden the children raise practically all the vegetables they need for their own use. In the workshops they learn handicraft of various kinds. They have tasks in the children's house, taking turns for kitchen and other work. However, that they do learn the traditional school subjects and learn them well is proved by the outstanding records achieved by Israeli exchange students, many of whom are products of the kibbutz system.

Another kibbutz which might be of special interest to the college student is Yiftach (which means "he shall open"). This settlement was founded in 1948, shortly after the establishment

of the Staffe, by a group of forty American college graduates. All former members of IZFA (the Intercollegiate Zionist Federation of America), the members of the group went over with hopes of forming a non-partisan kibbutz. Most kibbutzim are part of some partisan group, as the Mapai (the Israel labor party) or the Mizrachi (a religious party). The IZFA members remaining in the U.S. pledged their support to the pioneers, and many members have since joined the group at Yiftach. The kibbutz is now self-sustaining, and its very existence demonstrates that young people reared on the principles of American democracy and private enterprise can find self-fulfillment in communal living.

Every year an IFZA group from the eight-week Summer Institute tour sponsored by the Jewish Agency arrives to work at Yiftach for two weeks. One young college student who participated in this program has written of her experiences:

Intrinsic to this kibbutz period of our tour was the work-day, as only through actual participation is it possible to understand the basis of the society here -- work. It was attempted in arranging the six-hour work-day of our members to rotate the job assignments so that all could become acquainted with as many different branches of work as possible. Thus we girls had the opportunity to become familiar with work in the kitchen, the dining-room, the clothing room, the chicken house, the sheep-fold, and the children's house. The boys were introduced to work in the fields, in the vegetable garden, in the sheep-fold, in the barn, in the vineyards, in maintenance, and in construction. And all had the very pioneering experience of clearing rocks from the fields. This rotation of jobs also provided greater opportunity to meet with different members of the settlement, a need that was further implemented by arranging for special social gatherings and by planning programs that included such activities as a record concert, a song fest, dance instruction, a farewell party, etc..... To provide for a deeper understanding of kibbutziut, special discussions were held on the principle of kibbutziut, the special agricultural and economic problems of the kibbutz, the social problems, the worker's movement, etc. Essential to this over-all program was the study of Hebrew, daily lessons being given

to three different levels among us. And not to be forgotten: the hikes in the surrounding area, the campfire across the road, the play in the amphitheater, swimming in the creek in the valley, the visit to the neighboring farms, and of course the electricity going on and off during a lecture, always at the most opportune times

One woman with whom the writer came in contact this past summer had lived on a kibbutz for fourteen years. German-born and forced to flee her native country because of Nazi persecution, this woman, Leah, came to Israel at the age of twenty-two. Although she had had a "gymnasium" and university education in Germany and was equipped to fill a professional position, Leah preferred to become a participant in this new type of communal living. She has since married and has a child. An educated person with a keen mind, she claims that nowhere else has she been so intellectually stimulated nor felt so much fulfillment and purpose in life as she experiences on her own kibbutz. She and her family were given funds and all necessities for a year in the United States in order that her husband might acquire further training in his chosen profession. Leah is not a group-conformist; she is a sincere believer in what she considers a better and higher type of living. Life in the United States and the luxuries she sees about her have not tempted her to remain here or to give up her kibbutz home.

The 220 kibbutzim in existence today constitute a great bulwark in Israel's economic life and a considerable asset to her military potential. In many aspects of agricultural production, the kibbutz is the only means of operation now. Only through the pioneering efforts of collective settlements can the vast Negev (the desert region in the South) be colonized. Only the continued existence of many kibbutzim keeps long sections of Israel's borders secure.

Even more important, the kibbutz represents one of the noblest attempts in history to right social wrongs and to provide for ethical group life. It is an experiment in human living which might have great portent even beyond Israel's borders.

Time Before Dawn

JAMES DULL

"Father Bennett to see you," the guard said as he opened the cell door.

"Hello, Father," the prisoner said.

"Hello, Harold."

"Why have you come back?" asked Harold as the dim light of the cellblock outlined his body against the gray wall. His black curly hair was slightly ruffled and his clear blue eyes looked at the priest with intense bitterness. "I thought we said all there was to say this afternoon, Father."

"I thought you might have changed your mind after thinking over what we said today."

"Change my mind? Are you kidding, Father? Change my mind about being sorry for killing that punk?" Harold's voice grated with rancor as he snarled, "That no-good rat deserved to die."

"And you're going to die tomorrow for his murder," Father Bennett replied. "I hoped you could make your peace with God before tomorrow morning."

The prisoner had his back toward the priest but turned rapidly. "Look, Father, I didn't ask you to come here. They say I have to die tomorrow, so I'll die. That's the end, so why should I be sorry for getting rid of that little louse? How can God help me now?"

"I hoped that you could answer that for yourself, Harold. There's no use of my trying to explain again why it is wrong to murder. You don't want to face it, although I think deep within your heart you would like to admit it, but you just won't let yourself. I tried to explain that God would forgive you if you asked Him. If you refuse to accept that, I alone can't help you."

"I didn't ask for your help, Father. I told you I'm not sorry."

"You know what I think, Harold? I think you turned your back on God somewhere in the past, and now you're afraid to face Him again."

"I'm not afraid," Harold asserted, raising his voice. He turned and walked quickly away from Father Bennett and stood in the corner of the cell.

"All right, son, if you say so, I'll believe it, but will you believe yourself?"

"Why don't you leave me alone? They'll kill me tomorrow and it will all be forgotten. Then you and everybody else can get back to doing whatever you were doing before I killed Argotti. I wish people would mind their own business."

"You are my business, Harold, and I'm afraid I'm not doing so well. I do want to help you, and you do need the help, but you resist it."

"You're wasting your time, Father. You're trying to sell me something I stopped buying a long time ago. You want me to make peace with God, a God we don't even know exists."

"Once you believed He did. Why did you stop? Why did your belief turn to doubt and then to rejection?"

"There's nothing wrong with doubting, is there?"

"No, son, it's not wrong to question. God gave man the intelligence and ability to doubt in the hope that men would come to understand Him more through knowledge. He hoped that man's spirit could attain through his intelligence and faith the high aspirations He possesses for man. Some things, though, are beyond man's intelligence and reason to know. Those things he must accept by faith until God lets his senses grow large enough to perceive them. It is the acceptance by faith, though, which proves man's true worth. Certainly man may doubt at times, but his doubts should lead him only to a greater understanding, not to a rejection of those things intelligence cannot verify. Can you understand that, son?"

Harold sat motionless on his bed. Then he rose and walked about the small cell. He stopped pacing and sat down again. He looked at Father Bennett. His eyes were searching, looking for an answer. He replied to Father Bennett's question, "I don't know."

"I think you do, Harold, because you understood once. If you didn't you wouldn't have allowed me to remain to talk with you. You must first admit to yourself that you want to believe again. If you can do that, the rest will come easily."

The bewildered, puzzled look remained on Harold's face. "I have been thinking about what we talked about this afternoon. I just don't know. It's been so long since I've been able to accept any of this that I can't even tell whether I want to accept it or not."

Father Bennett, seeing his opportunity, answered, "The very fact that there is a conflict in your mind proves that there is faith within you, else there'd be no question in your mind. You believed for many years before you rejected God and His ideas."

You just can't wipe out all that. It's still a part of you whether or not you accept it. You lost that part years ago, but you must understand that it's not too late to find it again."

"Suppose I should find it again. It wouldn't stop them from pulling that switch in the morning."

"No, son, it wouldn't. But if you could find that faith again you'd understand that you are paying a penalty of this world, but that you'd be entering your God's kingdom with a much better chance than if you refuse Him now. If you meet Him with repentance, you will receive forgiveness. You certainly remember, "Forgive them, Father, they know not what they do'.

"Yes, Father, I remember."

"It can apply to you, too, son, if you'll let it."

"Father, I killed a man who deserved to die. I may have been wrong, I don't know, but he still deserved it." He put his hands over his face and in a few moments, lowered them. He looked up at Father Bennett with the same questioning eyes. "I just don't know, Father, I just don't know."

Both were silent for a moment.

Then the priest laid his hand on Harold's head and said, "Goodbye, son. May God have mercy on your soul."

Harold looked up and watched the priest pick up his hat and coat and slowly walk down the corridor.



On Studying Greek Tragic Drama

LEO P. KELLEY

Tragedy in Greek dramatic art as written by Aeschylus and the other great Greek dramatists has many things to teach the sensitive student. A reference to the Poetics of Aristotle will give the best definition of tragedy and an outline of tragic principles. The Poetics will differentiate for us between mere pathos and truly tragic action. These facts will serve as an excellent foundation on which to base the study of tragic drama but there is something greater and of more significance to be gained through the study of Greek tragedy which cannot be found in any treatise or textbook on the subject and it is of this intangible benefit of which I would speak.

Even as we see our bodies reflected in the glass of our mirror so we can see our souls reflected in the unfolded action of a truly great tragedy. And as we are made aware of errors in our physical bodies by studying their reflections in a polished mirror and so are aided in correcting them, so can we be aided in setting aright the crooked parts of our souls which we can see reflected clearly in the world's great tragedies. It is at once a pleasurable experience and a painful one, this study of tragedy, but then there is very little in life that is totally good or bad, black or white. We can, from tragedy, learn not only something about ourselves but also something about the man walking along the city street or the woman picking apples on the farm. And, after all, when all the machines, bright lights, and distracting entertainments are taken away we can realize clearly that the human being is at the core of life and the most important part of it. The Greeks knew the truths to be found in the human heart and soul; they probed them and they taught what they found there in all their art, and particularly in tragedy. It would be our own personal tragedy, beyond the shadow of a doubt, were we to travel through life trying to ignore or forget the struggles, sorrows, and pain of human beings because we would then be living only a twilight existence, possessing no more substance than a mid-day shadow. Dramatic tragedy can give us the substance we need and help us see that there is a night as well as a day of the human soul.

City Song

LEO P. KELLEY

Slum children--
dispossessed
disinherited
disappointed.
Those of the
skinny bodies
dirty faces
broken hearts.
Struck at
and striking,
stealing
five and ten cent
treasures,
they band together
at night
in small circles
under street lights
or
in the pools
of flickering neon
in front of
movie theaters
and beer gardens.
They are
the wounded
before the fight
has really
begun.
By their
secret signs
certain codes
private language
you will know them.
You will know them
by their eyes,
brittle
from seeing
shapes and fancies

worse
than any dream
could manufacture.
Hunger
cold
fear
hate
play daily
in
their street games.

Encounter

LEO P. KELLEY

The day was small
As yet. The sun had just begun
To climb the ladder of the sky
When I walked through a field
Where romped a pup, young
And full of playings.
He saw and ran to me and pressed
Two dew-wet feet upon
My knees which bent to meet him
And then was gone,
Leaving me only two damp paw-prints
To show that we had met
While the day was small.

The Spirit of Mountaineering

ANN HASKELL

Half Dome is that fractured hemisphere of solid granite so often seen in those photographic murals of the Sierra Nevadas, which are considered the appropriate backdrop to numberless bars, restaurants, and hotel lobbies in the east. It was this rock which stands out starkly from her less originally sculptured granite companions, at the far end of Yosemite Valley, which provided my first empirical knowledge of a mountain underfoot. No human being has ever been known to scale the sheer, slightly concave, cliff side. All who ever tried this route were either killed in the attempt, or stranded on minute ledges, to be rescued with great difficulty. The dome side, however, provides a standard climb to an altitude of 8,900 feet.

One dry, brown August vacation when I was eleven years old, our family spent two weeks camping at Yosemite. The well-spring of my pride and enthusiasm during this time was the anticipation that Dad and I were going to take this climb up Half Dome. We were going to attempt it, that is, if I showed myself to be of sufficient durability and judgment during a preliminary climb to Inspiration Point. During this less challenging test case, I outdid myself in demonstrating my interpretation of the proper qualities of maturity, the major effort being the consolidation of all hopping, skipping, running and jumping impulses into a steady walk. Then one early morning we set out on this venture, the first phase of which was an eight-mile hike ascending the ridge toward the end of the valley. A few hours later, we and the companions we had met along the way, reached the base of the steep dome, after crossing the narrow "camel's hump" bridge from Quarter Dome, the gigantic stone mound from which Half Dome arose.

Assent of the Dome itself was accomplished by means of two steel cables placed apart, the width of a human body, and held about two feet above the rock by metal posts which were joined at the bottom by small wooden ties every few feet. Single file we made our way up this staircase, Dad climbing behind me, which was a comforting reassurance. I can remember occasionally crawling outside of the cables to rest inside tiny crevasses, which offered the relief of solid, three-dimensional security to

my now very small self on this great grey stone planet. I could imagine most vividly how, if I slipped, I would roll like a help-less tumbleweed until I literally flew off on a tangent and bounced among the less gently shaped peaks below. Here, we were the only organic life, now far removed from the trees and deer and squirrels of the woods we had been in all morning. That world was microscoped into mysterious dark patches softening an otherwise cold chiaroscuro of granite.

When we reached the top, a small, rounded plateau, my first action, or reaction, was to sit down in the exact center, the very safest place, to try to reestablish that usual confidence one has in one's physical surroundings. Also here in the center was a small pile of stones to which, we surmised, each climber traditionally added another. There were, besides the customary lichen, two unlikely but very much alive and startled native inhabitants, a chipmunk and a yellow jacket.

This was the first time in my life that my world had so definitely diminished into a finite fifty square feet of the same unyielding, uncommunicative and unsympathetic substance. I undertook cautious exploration of this spot which I had gone to some trouble to reach, and by the process of ever-widening circles, finally reached the edge of the world - a full mile above the valley. Dad held onto my feet while I wriggled on my stomach to hang my head over the overhanging ledge of the cliff. We stayed perhaps an hour, existing in the awareness of our own sensations, feeling the chill of the wind, and seeing very far.

Descent was faster and accomplished in a more abandoned manner than the way we had come up. Once more at the bottom of the cables, I suddenly experienced an uncontrollable trembling in my legs, which made it almost impossible to continue walking. This frightened me at first, but my father reassured me that it was a typical sign of fatigue and meant only to rest and go more slowly. We met no bears, my major anticipation on the long dark trail back to camp, and reached our tent about midnight, exhausted.

At that age I was far too busy with matters of consequence to wonder what mountains are, that is, what they mean to human beings. Yet it is, after all, only through man's definition that mountains are mountains, rather than simply unheeded wrinkles on our earth's rather crumpled surface. A mountain is not a separable organic unit in the way that a piece of furniture is, and it cannot, yet, be shoved by human whimsy into another corner of the room. The cliff, the pebble, the tumbling stream

and the scrubby brush cannot themselves make a mountain, except when identified by man as parts of the same gestalt. Mountains stand above and beyond the reach of most human settlements, to form perhaps the greatest tangible entity which all of the senses of man can grasp, experience, and relate to himself. And as any animal explores the realm of his life to the very outside limits of his capacity, man explores mountains. In addition to this animal curiosity, man's peculiar capacities, which lead him to project his personality into the outside world - to personify and idealize objects, to fear or to "conquer", to sense beauty - the gamut of these human hungers have been fed by direct relationships of man and mountain.

A mountain need not possess a certain size or height, primarily, to be clearly differentiated from surrounding foothills and ridges. It must be shaped like a mountain, a qualification that can hardly be further defined, verbally, and it must have importance as a mountain through tradition and folklore. The ancient, worn and rounded mountains of our east vary in altitude from 500 to 5000 feet, from Bear Mountain to Mount Washington, or Mount Real in Canada, all of which are unmistakably mountains in present human consideration. In our west, the younger, more jagged and audacious peaks, are considered first as ranges, and secondly, as individuals, with altitudes between 2000 and 14,000 feet. The individuality of a mountain begins and ends in the mind of the man who appreciates its entity, who doesn't say that it's all just the same dirt anyway, with some heaped just a little more carelessly.

It was in Ohio, surprisingly enough, that I first learned anything of the technical skills involved in mountaineering. In this conspicuously unmountainous region of the world, a college student group had evolved whose common bond was energetic curiosity to learn what kind of game mountain climbing was. This unique motivation was nourished through the willingness of a young couple on campus to share with us their experience of climbing in the Himalayas, Switzerland, and the western United States, to the extent of actually teaching us many of the professional techniques involved.

The first lesson we all learned was the art of rappelling. This is the handy trick of rapidly descending almost any vertical plane, be it cliff or fourth story window, provided one has the equivalent of a rope. This is a major experience in letting oneself go. One end of the rope is tied to a firmly rooted tree. Another safety rope, to be belayed by a firmly rooted person, is fastened around

your waist. Then you entangle yourself with the first rope in the prescribed manner, about your legs, back and shoulders, in such a way that you can regulate your entire descent easily by the position in which you hold your left arm - as the rope slides through your left hand, winds slowly around your clothing, and lets you down, while you keep free of the cliff by rhythmically pushing away from it with your feet as you swing back and forth against it. Now the ropes may be correctly adjusted and the verbal instructions abstractly understood, but it is still another matter to convince your animal self that it's OK to climb over that right angle. You may look about somewhat nervously for signs of social pressure to hurry up, and it is then that you begin to learn that there is not even the most slightly felt sense of impatience in this game. You are carrying out an action of your own choice and must begin to discover for yourself, your individual tempo. This does not mean that you are not with the group; it means that even those of us who are waiting to use the ropes ourselves, completely respect your judgment, and probably enjoy watching your cautious exploration, appreciating fully what it is like to do this for the first twenty times.

Once you have committed your body to this attempt, that is, the instant you abandon solid ground and find yourself dangling awkwardly in space, you must and will deny panic and find self-possession. The initial tense rigidity relaxes with the shift in attention from self-in-relation-to-Nothing, to self shoving both feet tentatively against the mossy, slippery, irregular rock. After several jolts from the difficulty of coordinating the speed of the rope with the rhythm of bouncing against the cliff, and a few encounters with difficult ledges where you managed to painfully whack your shins, and one final swipe at your head by a branch, you're down. Next time those tense, disconnected movements will have a little more continuity or rhythm. And after some practice to develop ballistic ease of motion and the automatic gracefulness that accompanies this, rappelling will be a matter of a few, rapid, exhilaratingly agile hops.

This spirit of respect for personal judgment and the consequent development of mature self-reliance in a group undertaking, with each person's individual identity as an actively responsible member, is again illustrated in the way we practiced climbing. The day of my first climb was a bright, cold February Saturday, and there were splotches of ice on the thirty-foot rock cliff we were practicing on. It was my turn after one member of our group, a girl who was recovering from polio, had com-

pleted the climb. We all appreciated the strength of her accomplishment, when she finally reached the top after an hour. For her especially, this represented more than a gain in physical coordination. It was an exploration of a certain kind of reality, through a relationship that demands one to be fully alive and sharply conscious. It is a matter of survival and there is no place for self-consciousness in such a situation.

I fastened my belaying rope and began to judge the rock. Hand and foot explore carefully for a hold that can be trusted with body weight. Slowly and steadily the first step is sought, and then the second, and one truly proceeds in the manner of Friends, "as the way opens." The belaying rope keeps pace and is not allowed to slacken. If I were to fall, the sudden jerk would instantly signal the belayer to lock his grip, and I would be left hanging directly at the place where I lost my hold hopefully to feel my way back. The belayer sits well on top of the ledge and is braced with his feet against a supporting rock and the belaying rope around his body. He keeps this rope neither taut nor slack but sensitively follows your ascent by the feel of the rope, and obeys any special instructions of the climber.

Halfway up, my fingers - for one must use bare hands to be sensitive to the rock - became completely numb from the chill of the damp and icy stone. This, of course, necessitated stopping and rubbing back sufficient warmth so that I could again trust them to interpret the slightest grooves and undulations in the rock. I had to trust my weight to the belaying rope and the notches my feet were in, to free my hands to revive them. In this position one has a unique view of the world. I was face to face with an enormous, hard, black obstacle, which I never could see all at once, and now I couldn't even feel, although I knew to the bottom of my boots that it was there. My friends below were watching me and wondering what I would do next. My life's trust was in the decisions I would be able to make in about five minutes, plus the probability that the belaying rope, my only connection with supporting forces outside myself, could, if need be, let me all the way back down to the base of the cliff. I remember turning my head as much as I could and still maintain balance in that odd position, and intensely, actively, enjoying the view of the valley. It was an esthetic experience which I had reached through personal effort, yet was appreciated effortlessly. And when I was again ready and able to continue, I noticed that I must inevitably begin at the exact point I had left off for those precious minutes.

Through practice such as this, I gradually began to realize something which interested me more than the physical skills involved. That was the realistic approach to problems and way of working with people which I consider the essential spirit of mountaineering.

In the course of life there are three major types of relationships which one must continually develop and strive to creatively resolve. The first is the process of self-realization; the acceptance of self, development of insight, and the ability to be what one wants. Second, and predominant in most of our lives, is the development of interpersonal and group relationships. Finally, there are those interactions between self and the seemingly impersonal forces of external nature. Mountaineering is an adventure of this third type, and can serve as a healthy balance to preoccupation with the tensions of the other two. In this realm, man tests himself with something he cannot hurt. He cannot dominate and will not submit. He can only interpret and learn, and feel. He acts out an analogy to his own life from which he gains strength, reassurance, and perspective.

The motivation of mountain climbing is not essentially different from the universal impulse to go for a walk. Ordinary hiking is the major component of any climb. My own approach to climbing is that of leisurely exploration of the mountain, becoming familiar with its trees and streams, old logs with their musty fragrance and colorful fungus, and seeking her rare glimpses of animal life. Sometimes there is also the hot, dusty determination to reach the top, but this is often an impulse rather than a planned goal. There are, of course, as many attitudes toward this subject as there are humans who have been infected or blessed with the impulse and opportunity to climb something. The extremes of this sort of experience which one senses in reading *The White Tower*, or in following the Everest expeditions, these intense emotional dramas of driving ambition and over-taxed interpersonal relationships, I have only known vicariously and would not attempt to include in this exploration of the subject. I do feel strongly, however, that mountaineering is not, as some insist, basically a dramatic outlet for those who want an excuse to kill themselves. For me, the most accurate emotional analogy is the pleasurable exhilaration of exploring a new woods, perhaps with a friend.

Those who will climb mountains, admittedly go out of their way from the usual run of human routine, to seek situations which demand a special kind of highly developed intelligence

for survival. This may seem an incomprehensible and unacceptable attitude, especially in the contemporary atmosphere of continually sheltering ourselves from any physical discomfort or effort. It may seem the height of poor taste to seemingly, deliberately, put oneself in a "life-or-death" situation. But the fallacy in this assumption, understandable and self-protective as it is, is that there is most assuredly the same survival aspect to all ordinary living. It is that same element in daily life that causes not a small number of contemporary beings to withdraw from the so-called "give and take" with the same violent shudder with which others reject a game called mountain climbing, although they may be unreservedly eager for the games of business competition, or military strategy, or social standing, or fast driving. The conscious choice of the mountain climber to test his entire self in adventures with calculable odds, may be contrasted with the routine manner in which we daily trust our urban lives to forces over which we have no personal control, as well as little awareness - such as elevators and commuters' trains as well as the more subtly fateful psychological molds and forces with which we must also cope. This love for mountains provides, for some, the fulfillment through meaningful analogy to the drama of life, what others find in the study of literature, or in acting, and as a result, mountaineering has developed into one of man's creative arts.



The Imaginative One

MARGARET A. LUTY

I just had an argument with John. John is my husband. We don't often quarrel, but this time I was right, and I knew it. Never, no never will I allow my child to read horror stories. I remember all too well what happened to Mara.

Mara and I grew up together. Mara always called me mundane and prosaic. She didn't intend to hurt; it was only that she was highly imaginative, sensitive to only the unusual, and my sensibleness was dull to her. I don't know why we were friends. I guess she fascinated me, and my admiration drew her to me.

We used to go up into her attic on rainy days and poke about in all the interesting things there. Once, I remember, we found an old sword with a carved handle and a big nick in the blade. She told me her great-grandfather had been a pirate and that the sword had been his, and for an hour she told stories about his adventures. I knew the truth, though. The sword had been a property used in one of the plays Mara's brother was in in high school. She was making it all up. That was one thing about Mara; if a story she told was exciting, you could be sure she was lying. Of course, she never called it lying, but only said that I was an old killjoy who couldn't appreciate her. Still I was attracted to her.

Mara used to collect horror funny books. The boy next door started her on them when we were in the fifth grade. She had everything from those gruesome "Crime does not pay" ones to the science fiction books about creatures from another world. The vivid colors and wierd pictures excited her, and even though she sometimes had nightmares because of them, Mara still read and reread the comic books. I myself enjoyed the unusual stories, but always I knew that they were not possibly true. I couldn't understand how they could thrill her and frighten her to the extent that they did.

Movies also had a horrible attraction for her. She would go to a Frankenstein picture and be affected for months, yet when the next one came, she was just as eager to go. I happen to know that for over two years after seeing "Frankenstein Meets the Wolf-Man" Mara was afraid of every shadow, afraid of the dark, terrified of an imagined figure behind her if a

floor-board squeaked at night. I told her that not only was she being silly, but that she showed no faith in God, Who would not let monsters exist. I think this helped her a little, but still she was afraid.

We were in eighth grade when Mara got rid of all her old funny books. By this time she had discovered books of short stories about ghosts and banshees and werewolves and vampires and all sorts of impossible creatures. She became a constant visitor to the Public Library. This phase lasted for over five years, and as time went on there seemed to be a change in Mara --imperceptible to all but me. I alone knew that Mara was now believing the tales of supernatural beings. Before, she had been affected emotionally; now her mental faculties believed! Avidly she read every tale she could find, as one reads letters whose information vitally concerns one. I had to exert every power I had, not to let myself become influenced by her. Funny, the power a strong belief has, even when the thing believed is not true.

Mara started acting very strangely. A full moon made her restless; the howl of an animal in the distance had the effect of alerting her every faculty; she would tense, and seem to be straining toward the sound. Night sights and sounds were more and more comforting to her; it was as if she belonged in the supernatural, evil world her imagination responded to. Many times I became frightened, half-believing her, and then the thought that she might be mad frightened me more. I tried to influence her, attempted to make her face reality, as I knew it. But this did no good, it was too late now. Oh, if only I had stopped her in time, before her imagination was caught in the spell! But I didn't know. . . .

One night in early autumn, while the weather was still warm and the nights were beautifully unreal, I learned the full horror of an over-sensitized imagination.

Mara had been unusually restless. The impossible, almost obscene gorgeousness of the weather was exerting a pull on her, stronger than sense or knowledge.

The evening of Mara's destruction, there was a charged, waiting feeling in the air, a smell like that of ozone, and a moon to bring the banshees out. The sunset had been unusually spectacular, and its mood was still upon us. For the first time in over twenty years, bats had been seen and heard in the vicinity. We could hear them now, and I knew that the sound electrified Mara, though she tried to hide the fact.

Along about eleven-thirty, one of those sudden autumn storms blew up, coming out of nowhere, unexpected, violent. Storms had an exhilarating effect on Mara. Thunder, lightning, and windy rain made up her kind of weather. After one deafening clap of thunder, we walked to the French doors and looked out just in time to see a huge bat soar over the oak trees behind the house. Despite myself I was frightened, the result of long association with Mara. She, however, stared for a long moment, then with exultant strides went into the storm in the direction of the large trees.

The following morning Mara was found wandering the outskirts of our little town, clothes torn from brambles, hair disheveled, and eyes wild. When approached by her worried brother and her uncle, Mara began uttering a screaming, sobbing laughter which turned the blood to quick-silver in the veins. Over and over again she cried, "I was with them; I'm one of them. I knew it was true; I'm one of them." And she would laugh that horrible, curdling laughter.

They put Mara into a "Home" for a rest and treatment by competent psychiatrists. Ten years ago the "brain-washing" was completed, and Mara existed no more. Out of the mental hospital came Mary, dull and sensible and unimaginative--but sane.

My name?.....Oh, I'm Mary.

Night Thoughts

NANCY M. BEAM

The night is here; not all is calm
For in this troubled mind
Thought alters thought in vain to find
A moment of relief.
Peace comes not here tonight.

Tools

ROBERT B. LEWIS

She: Well, if it's broken why not sell?

He: Yes, I suppose I should. And yet --

She: And yet! And yet you love old things
So well you'll hang onto it till the price
Of scrap iron's down, or Joe Hodges will have bought
A plow from someone else.

He: It's nothing
I couldn't fix myself, I guess.

She: But what would be the good of it?
We've no horses on the farm now. What good
Would it be, a plow as old as that?

He: I used it that first spring we were married.
Remember? We had the money saved to buy
A new plow; then I discovered this one
Under that pile of old farm junk. I patched it
And made it do.

She: But it's useless to you now.

He: I wish I had some count
Of the furrows I've turned with it. I wish I knew
How many green spring mornings I've trudged behind it,
Watching the dark earth slick back,
Hearing the robins and grackles bicker over the worms,
With God Himself approving of the job I did.
If I had the gift of tongues I couldn't tell you
How I feel. It's more than just a broken plow.
It's a symbol of the work I've done,
The things I've planted and made to grow.

She: I'll call Joe Hodges and tell him to stop
And pick it up. If I don't, you'll moon over it
And never sell.

He: This was my birthright,
My heritage from those who went before me,
My father and his father before him.
I've stood at the end of one span and the beginning
Of another. The tools I leave as heritage
Will be a different sort -- obscene
Coughing tractors, senseless, efficient gangplows.
But I'd like to feel that what I leave
Will live with the next generation somewhere
Besides in junk heaps.

She: All this to excuse yourself for not wanting to sell.
And it's foolish. The plow is useless.
Get what you can for it while there's time.

He: You're right of course.
Call Hodges and tell him to pick it up.

The Blues

ROBERT B. LEWIS

Listen to that blue stuff, honey,
Feel it melt and pour;
Hear that black boy slap that bass,
Hear that trumpet soar.

Never knew a clarinet
Could sing so sad a song;
Never knew a saxophone
Could moan so low and long.

Music makes you ache inside --
God, I'm feeling low:
Guess I've had too many drinks,
Guess we'd better blow.

But, This Is America

J. HAROLD FLANNERY, JR.

"Now you just tell them exactly what you said to me last night. Just tell them what you believe, Peter. Remember what you said last night? The only thing sacred is truth, and the individual, and his right to seek and speak truth. Now I just know everything will be all right. This is America, isn't it?"

Mrs. Zachary reached into the right pocket of her best coat and handed her husband a set of rosary beads. "Now you just keep these in your hand and I know everything will be all right." Her husband patted her hand silently and nodded.

"This will be my greatest day. The board of trustees will read every word I say. This will be my opportunity to speak out for free men. I'll tell them our creed, I'll tell them of the right to choose on the basis of what is true and what is false, I'll show them that to resist change, just to keep the status quo, is wrong, I'll show them that we are the greatest nation because we have always sought what is true and what is just -- surely they'll see and agree for they are important men, they are honest and reasonable men."

The door to the committee room opened and a page boy said to no one in particular, "Zachary, Peter Zachary."

"Yes?"

"You're next," the page said. "Take that chair across from the committee."

Peter Zachary sat down. He breathed deeply. His new shirt seemed a little tight. He hadn't expected to see so many people. He turned part way around in his chair. Yes, his wife was there. Her lips were moving but he couldn't understand what she was saying. I wonder, he mused does she rea....

"Name?"

"Peter Zachary."

"What do you do, Zachary?"

"I am a professor of Economics at Harland College."

"You have an accent. Where were you born?"

A flash bulb went off at his immediate left.

"In -- in Albania."

"Then your name really isn't Zachary, is it?"

"Yes, sir. A court changed it at my request in 1937."

"Why did you have it changed, Zacharewicz?"

A titter swept over the room. The questioner, a bulky man, paused to look toward a camera. The man to his right asked, "Whom were you trying to evade?"

The witness reached for a handkerchief. "I wasn't trying to evade anyone. My name was hard to pronounce and hard to spell. My wife will tell you --

"Are you, or have you ever been, a member of the communist party?"

"No sir. Never. My creed, senator, is the same as yours. Truth is...."

"Well, let's look at the record, Zacharewicz. Did you contribute to the revolutionaries in Spain?" A man behind the senator handed him some papers. The witness shifted in his chair. "Well -- yes, but Spain was...."

"Did you publish a monograph on the so-called cyclical nature of capitalism in 1936?"

"Yes, but that says...."

"Did you advocate a heavy progressive income tax, free education for all children in public schools, and abolition of the right of inheritance?"

"I believe I did, but you see...."

"Well, Zacharewicz, since I quoted those directly from the Communist Manifesto, do you have the audacity to tell this committee that you're not a communist and that you're fit to teach in college?"

The silence was broken only by barely audible sobbing in the rear of the room.

"Take that woman out of here," the senator said. "Nothing will be allowed to mar the dignity of these proceedings."

The witness drank water. His hands were white as he gripped the sides of his chair.

The senator continued, "You're not in a classroom, Zacharewicz. The truth is what counts here. This is America. What do you say to that?"

Something slipped to the floor from the witness' hand. His body was racked with sobs.

"My creed is...."

"Yes, louder please."

"My creed is dead, senator."

"Huh. Well, we'll adjourn for the time being. Be in your place at two o'clock."

At two o'clock Professor Zachary did not appear.

The Dead Don't Cry

IVAN FALK

He had been dead a day.

The graves registration team I was with found him lying near a shallow shell hole. His rifle had been stuck into the ground, bayonet first, to mark his resting place.

The sergeant-in-charge of the team sucked on a dead pipe, pointed to the hole and muttered, "Mortar."

It was easy to agree with him. Once you learn the type of shell that makes a hole, you never forget it.

Two members of the team knelt over the body. Just a few miles ahead, artillery was crashing and small arms chattering. Another fire-fight was in progress and more men were dying.

Rigor mortis had set into the body. One arm was crooked over his forehead as if to ward off the death that was coming. The other hung at his right side. His right foot was tucked under his left knee. There was a red blotch, turning brown, to the right of his stomach.

"Didn't die right away," the sergeant murmured.

"How can you tell?" I asked.

He pointed to the right hand. There was a half-burned cigarette clenched in it.

As further proof, he said, "His canteen is open and lying loose. And look there. Somebody was trying to put a compress on the wound." A half-open first aid packet was lying near his side.

"Here's his tags, sarge." One of the men handed him two metal strips. The sergeant started to fill out the casualty form which would eventually go back through channels and culminate in a stock telegram. "The Secretary of War has asked me to express his deepest regrets. . . ."

The sergeant wrote rapidly, making a big circle around the letters, "K. I. A." "Strip him of his gear and go through his pockets for personal effects," he ordered.

Methodically, the men obeyed the command. A young private first class, himself a wounded combat man, handed the sergeant a handful of effects to put in the casualty report envelope which would accompany the body to its final resting place.

The sergeant scanned them hurriedly with a practiced eye. They were things usually found in a soldier's pockets: a billfold

filled with pictures, a clean pair of socks, two handkerchiefs, cigarettes, a pocket knife, and a few letters which were stained with blood.

"Stack his gear where the quartermaster detail can find it." There would be groups from quartermaster and ordinance coming through to salvage equipment, the sergeant explained.

"Working so close to the lines, do you ever lose any men?" I asked.

"Once in awhile they (he pointed to the hills up ahead) zero in on a place like this just to keep us honest. Lost the old man and four others last week in a forest. Tree burst got them."

The detail had covered the body with a blanket and the envelope was pinned on. Two litter bearers were summoned and they lifted the body onto a stretcher and moved to the rear.

About twenty yards ahead, another rifle stood mutely in the ground to mark its owner. We moved towards it.

Youth

ROBERT B. LEWIS

I watched them throwing lariats at the stars and
sun.

Can they not see, I asked, their ropes are frail
as dreams?

So then I called to them: Have done! Have done!
. . . Still they cast their lariats, frail ropes
made of dreams.



