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To Our Readers



THE first issue of MANUSCRIPT appeared under the imprint of Bucknell University of Wilkes-Barre. Since that time, however, the parent institution has relinquished its control of the Junior College which is now chartered by the state of Pennsylvania as a four-year institution under the name of Wilkes College. The editors of MANUSCRIPT, therefore, present the second issue of their magazine under the new imprint.

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O'Neill on Man and God

Alfred Moskowitz

Playwright Unbound! Modern Aeschylus! America's Greatest Playwright! Eugene Gladstone O'Neill has been hailed by these titles and many others. Moreover, he holds three Pulitzer Prizes, the Nobel Prize, and an honorary degree of Doctor of Letters from Yale University.

Why? What is there about the work of this man that so distinguishes him from his contemporaries and predecessors? It is that he dares to attack a hitherto insolvable problem, and gives to the world a digestible solution in a manner that is simple and gratifying to all. The problem, as O'Neill himself sees it, is that present day civilization is rotting away from an internal disease, and we must get to the root of our illness before it destroys us. And from what is it that we are suffering? Our old God has died in our minds, and science has failed to supply us satisfactorily with a new one. In the words of O'Neill, "Any work which attempts to go beyond the mere status of parlor entertainment must delve into this vitally important topic."

At seventeen O'Neill showed his dissatisfaction with society by throwing a beer bottle through the window of President Wilson at Princeton. This was his first iconoclastic act; it was to be followed by many more. Thoroughly despising the world with its false social system, O'Neill sought refuge in the quietest place he could find—the sea. Of the sagacity of this move Thomas H. Dickinson has observed that he missed books, the imperatives of definitions, and second-hand things, but he gained infinitely more. He gained a knowledge of Pain, the little brother of Beauty, and a vision of the magnitudes of the world. It was this finding of Pain that enabled him later to view things with an almost tragic sense of beauty.

With this wealth of knowledge behind him and this experience of Pain searing his soul, O'Neill was ready to begin writing. He was not stage-struck as most young playwrights are, but world-struck. He had seen things and formulated ideas about which he wished to tell the world. The play was the form of literature with which he was best acquainted.

Many pages and much ink have been consumed in an

effort to explain Freudian influence on O'Neill. In a letter written October, 1929, the playwright claimed, "There is no conscious use of psychoanalytical material in **any** of my plays . . . I was writing plays a long time before I knew anything of psychoanalysis!"

Discarding Freudian influence on the basis of this letter, we shall be interested in two aspects of O'Neill's philosophy: his beliefs regarding the existence and nature of God, and his social ethics. His earliest reflections on the nature of God follow very closely those of the Greek Nature philosophers. In his first published volume *Man* was always pitted against some force larger than himself over which he had no control. These forces were inevitably those of Nature. For example, the sea in *Anna Christie*, the forest in *The Emperor Jones*, and the elm trees in *Desire Under the Elms*. These Nature symbols were used to link mankind with the elemental forces that surround him, to show the bitter irony of fate, and to indicate that these agents (symbols of God) control our passions. O'Neill cannot conceive of Man in his petty ways besting the superior forces of the mystic universe.

O'Neill's concepts of God were influenced by the Catholic training of his childhood. Malcolm Cowley has noted that O'Neill, unable to account for the tragic world by intellect and emotion, has been forced to support it with Man's prime weakness: his blind faith. "O'Neill," he criticized, "has crept into the dark womb of Mother Church and pulled the universe in with him."

The truth of Mr. Cowley's statement is borne out by an investigation of any of O'Neill's plays. O'Neill consistently accepts the tragedies of life as the necessary instruments of the all-powerful Deity which controls our destiny.

Elizabeth Sergeant once said that O'Neill is an agnostic in search of redemption. I must take exception to this statement. An agnostic is defined as one who believes God to be unknowable, and the inference is that he therefore does not inquire. O'Neill, however, has a burning desire to find the answers, and early in life he arrived at the conclusion that there definitely is a God. It is the nature of this God which presents a problem to him and to humanity.

For a brief period he turned Atomic Materialist, first playing with the idea that everything in the end is manifested in electricity, and then believing that the solution was to be found in unicellular life. Resulting from the first concept was the play *Dynamo*; the latter thought is expounded

in *Strange Interlude* as Ned Darrell laughs up at the sky and cries, "I'll get back to my cells—sensible unicellular life . . . Oh, God, so deaf and dumb and blind! . . . teach me to be resigned to be an atom!"

A strange, conflicting concept appears at the same period. In *Strange Interlude* O'Neill makes his unique and stirring plea for a God the Mother:

I tried hard to pray to the modern science God . . . But how could that God care about our trifling misery of death-born-of-birth? I couldn't believe in him and I wouldn't if I could! . . . The mistake began when God was created in the male image. Of course women would see him that way, but men should have been gentle enough, remembering their mothers, to make God a woman! But the God of Gods—the Boss—has always been a man. That makes life so perverted and death so unnatural. We should have imagined life as created in the birthpain of God the Mother. Then we should understand why we have inherited pain, for we would know that our life's rhythm beats from Her great heart, torn with the agony of love and birth. And we would feel that death meant reunion with Her, a passing back into Her substance . . . Now wouldn't that be more logical than having God a male whose chest thunders with egotism and is too hard for tired heads and thoroughly comfortless?

Such a concept in a man who is usually not tender about religion can only be explained as a result of two factors. First, the importance of the Virgin Mary in Catholicism, stressed in his early schooling, and second, the fact that in Greek mythology there are as many female divinities as there are male. O'Neill, knowing Greek drama so well, must have wondered why modern man has never conceived of a female deity.

Turning to O'Neill's social philosophy we immediately strike the struggle in his mind between the poet and the business man. Perhaps his contempt of society was inherited from his mother, or perhaps it is the unconscious revolt against his early failures in life. Nevertheless, for him the world is divided into two classes: those who belong and those who are contemptible, the poet and the business man. Later, when he has grown articulate enough, he expresses himself in no uncertain terms against the falsity of social circles and class distinctions based on wealth. The outstanding work in this revolt is *The Hairy Ape*, in which Yank dies in

an attempt to "belong." The inference is that Yank always belonged, but to a different type of society, one just as real and composed of his own kind of people.

O'Neill's work on the Negro problem in America is worthy of mention in connection with his social ethics. In **All God's Chillun Got Wings** he treats racial intermarriage from the Negro point of view. This is the first attempt of its kind in the American theatre, and it is strange that it should come from the pen of a white. O'Neill points out that in spite of the lovers' own unprejudiced attitudes they cannot lead a happy life because of the interference of society. Eventually, their racial differences, accentuated by mankind, prey on their minds and they end in misery. O'Neill is trying to tell us that were it not for the prejudice of Man there would be nothing in the physical make-up of white or black to prevent inter-relationships.

O'Neill has attempted to give the world something more than a mere presentation of facts. He has tried to illustrate the relation between God and Man as well as between Man and Man. He is primarily concerned with the eternal tragedy of Man subservient to his passions. He has essayed to transform into beauty the fact that life is vivid, exciting, and terrible. Above all he has sought to solve our problem by finding for us a new God, and he has done this by reviving our old God with new traits. He has a positive affirmation concerning life: he realizes that life is, and always will be in spite of our not knowing what to do with it. "Eternally," he says, "spring comes bearing with it Life." His creed of living is best observed in his own words spoken through the lips of Kublai Khan in **Marco Millions**:

In silence—for one concentrated moment—be proud of life! Know in your heart that the living of life can be noble! Know that the dying of death can be noble! Be exalted by life! Be inspired by death! Be humbly proud! Be proudly grateful! Be immortal because life is immortal! Contain the harmony of womb and grave within you! Possess life as a lover—then sleep requited in the arms of death! If you awake, love again! If you sleep on, rest in peace!

Jarek

Robert T. Mikulewicz

It was the summer that I was seven when Jarek, my mother's father, came to the farm to live with us. I say my mother's father because that is how I thought of him at first. He didn't seem like a grandfather to me. I thought he was much too old. Other boys' grandfathers were more like pals and confederates. He was already in his eighties and was a little silly at times. Also, he was too strict a disciplinarian. He'd been a corporal in the Polish Army and loved to brag of his days of glory. In dealing with Al and me, he seemed to forget he was no longer a corporal. My brother Alfred, who was nine, and I used to tease him unmercifully. He was ready, at any moment we asked—and we asked often—to go through the manual of arms for us with a pitchfork. He would shout the commands in Polish, too. He must have known we did it only to tease and laugh at him, but he never refused. We would mimic his words, his voice and his gestures and then laugh uproariously. At odd moments we would shout some of his commands at him, just to see him jump. Sometimes children are not too sensitive.

Jarek was too old to do much around the farm except keep the barns neat. He was supposed, also, to keep my brother and me out of mischief.

One day, after Jarek had been with us about two weeks, and Al and I had tired of teasing him, we went in search of other excitement. As we walked along the pasture fence that enclosed a bull Dad had borrowed from a neighbor, the same thought struck us both. We would tease the bull. The pasture was ideal for our purpose, we thought. It was forbidden territory, too, and as such, was immeasurably fascinating. About twenty-five yards from the fence there was a tree that was very easy to climb. We crept to it carefully, keeping it between the bull and us. Then we crept forward about ten feet more, until we were within fifty feet of the bull. The bull, incidentally, had paid no attention to us at all. We felt very secure.

We began throwing sharp stones at the animal, and when he turned toward us we would race for the tree. He refused to chase us and we became gradually bolder, coming closer

and closer to the bull and getting farther and farther away from the tree. Then Al made what we considered a lucky shot. He caught the bull neatly on the nose. The bull charged. Panic paralyzed us for a few seconds, and when we started to run the bull was nearly upon us. We ran desperately for the tree, and miraculously we made it! Not due to our own efforts, however. The bull's attention had been caught by Jarek, who, armed with his pitchfork, and roaring in his old army bellow, charged the bull. Grumbling and snorting, the bull reluctantly retreated before the sharp prongs of Jarek's pitchfork. Then Jarek turned to us and, again with his pitchfork, chased us to the fence. There he examined us carefully, scolded us thoroughly, in Polish, and hugged the breath out of us.

We three marched triumphantly home, Jarek leading the procession, with his pitchfork over his shoulder at the angle prescribed by the manual of arms of the Polish Army, and Al and I trying to imitate him with sticks, running a few steps in between Jarek's strides to keep up with him, matching as best we could his shouting of the Polish Army Marching Song.

From that day on, Jarek was our hero. He had saved us not only from the bull but from Dad's anger. Jarek never told.



Voice of the Forest

Robert T. Mikulewicz

My love speaks to you like the voice of the forest,
 A tender breeze whisp'ring against your heart's ear,
 As, sighing and trembling, and anxiously swaying,
 It begs of your heart, "Try to see! Try to hear!"
 But is your heart deaf then, or blind, my beloved?
 Your heart, is it fashioned of cold, brittle glass?
 Are you not aware of the voice of the forest?
 But I forget; you are a city bred lass.

Peace Lies in Disarmament

Gene Maylock

Over a century ago Sir Robert Peel, in an address to the House of Commons, said, "The true interest of Europe is to come to some common accord so as to enable every country to reduce those military armaments which belong to a state of war rather than of peace." The futility of arming was recognized over a century ago. Yet in the past one hundred years there has been more arming and more money spent for armaments than ever before. Seventy-two wars have been fought in this one hundred year period of history.

Throughout the United States people are advocating policies that will only repeat the mistakes of the last century. They are shouting from the housetops that America must remain armed to the teeth, that we must have military training for every boy. They say that there is no security in any other plan. History shows that armaments and military preparations invariably lead to war and to the eventual downfall of the militaristic nations. Classic examples are: Alexander and Ancient Macedonia, the Roman Empire, Spain and her once famous Armada, France under Napoleon, France and Germany in two World Wars, Japan and her War Lords, and Great Britain.

Britain has fought more wars in the past century than any other nation. Today the British Empire is breaking up; Britain is on the decline. The British are facing the gravest crisis in all of their national existence. Another global war would finish the British.

During the years preceding the First World War, the Triple Entente, Great Britain, France, and Russia spent almost twice as much for armaments as the Triple Alliance, Germany, Italy, and Austria. Yet knowledge of the huge sums spent by his opponents for preparedness did not discourage the German Kaiser from marching into war.

It will also be noted that the nations which had the largest armies and a system of peacetime military training were the very ones to be invaded and laid waste. Armaments do not deter aggressors, and military training does not prevent war.

The figures for armaments in the period immediately preceding the Second World War are not available for all

nations. We do know, however, that the aggressors, Germany, Japan, and Italy, had a system of peacetime military training. So did the nations of Poland, Norway, Belgium, the Netherlands, Greece, Yugoslavia, Russia, and France. Yet all these nations were attacked, invaded, and over-run. The so-called deterrents to aggression—the famous French Army and its Maginot Line, the huge Russian reserves of manpower, the French and English fleets—all were unsuccessful in discouraging the Nazis.

In order to abolish war and insure a lasting peace, we must meet certain basic requirements. First, the United Nations must be improved and built into some sort of world federation or world government. Each nation must surrender sufficient national sovereignty to make this possible. The current disarmament discussions must be continued and machinery set up for the progressive disarmament of all nations. Military training must be abolished by international agreement. There must be a liquidation of all forms of imperialism, whether British, Russian, or American. Then we must have a better distribution of the national resources of the earth so that all nations will have access to those things necessary for existence.



A Pair of Dice

Clem E. Waclawski

In my hand lies a small, hollow metal die. Once upon a time it had a partner.

I had a boyhood comrade whose steadfast friendship remains a treasure forever. At the age of seven, he and I, lacking all knowledge of the world, began our studies at the public schools; we would try to learn the things that our mothers could not teach us.

We possessed much vitality in our young boyhood. Whenever we could get away from the books that we loved so

well, we were outdoors, enjoying games, exploring the mysteries of the forest, and attempting to solve in our talks the ever-growing mystery of our future adult life.

This happy-go-lucky period ended rather abruptly in the third year of school. My little buddy became seriously ill and could not attend regular classes after that. We sought new methods of sharing our lives and knowledge. The riddle of the radio entranced us with its stories and music; books unfolded hidden adventures. Stamp collecting took us on travels the world over, and chess, checkers, and "monopoly" set our active minds to work, as we each tried to outwit the other. Thus my little friend did not miss the scampering and the playing on foot. But my heart bled for him; I knew what he was thinking when he saw the other children run off and leave him helplessly alone in his chair.

In time I learned that his sickness was incurable; his prostration stemmed from a heart condition. I shall never forget the day his parents told me that he was dead. My world crumbled and fell with a thundering noise. No more would I enjoy his companionship or see him silently sitting by the window in his pensive mood or see on his face the smiles that seemed to have been born there. I would not hear his soft, persuasive voice—gone were the blue eyes that danced and sang; no more would his blond hair reflect the light of the sun. A child of twelve can feel a hurt as deep as this.

He bequeathed to me among other things a die; it was reminiscent of our life, the life that we had shared so closely. It reminded me of the games that we used to play with the dice—"monopoly" and the rest.

The other die he took to his grave; I thus retained a portion of him that no one else possessed.

Many years have passed; the die has been in many places. It has become a symbol of good fortune. Each time I gaze on it, that little object takes on a finer meaning. I wonder if that little pal of mine would have cared for a gift, even as small as this, had I left it to him as he did to me.

Thoughts of dice do not necessarily mean gambling to me, as you can see; rather they recall to mind the good and righteous life from which my pal was taken too soon. Because he was kind and truthful, because he was strong in mind and spirit, I have made him my prototype. The die and the memory of him have changed my life more than anything else in the world.

Hans

Albert T. Cole

Anyone who has ever lived in the Pocono Mountains has felt a supernatural force in the lonely isolation of the huge forests, or in the scrubby, boulder-strewn waste lands. Black, turbid streams move sluggishly over the flat uplands in meandering courses until, sensing the presence of the rallying Lehigh, they surge forward, gushing and swirling over the black, slippery stones.

In a remote section of the Poconos, not far from the headwaters of the Lehigh river, is a small village set up on the banks of the young stream. At present the village is a rural retreat for jaded city people, since most of its native population has succumbed to the attraction of the cities. The future is doubtful, but to the past it can look with smug satisfaction. A tannery flourished here which ultimately became the springboard that catapulted the young, ambitious Jay Gould into his ruthless financial empire. Later came a clothes-pin factory which drew families, mostly of German stock, from places as far distant as Ricketts in the North Mountains, where a huge lumber industry was in the process of deterioration. These people mixed with the German families in the area to form the Monroe County Dutch.

A representative of one of the old families was a Bachman "boy". He was a boy even though he wore his hair and beard in the manner of Rip Van Winkle after his twenty years on the mountain. The "boy" was Hans (Haunce) to everyone and when I first knew him he lived in the "old Bachman place". If you wanted trout for breakfast, Hans was the one to see. In the fall of the year he was in great demand by hunters from all over the country, to act as guide for hunting trips. Hans led them through tangled swamps and over steep mountains to earn what he called his "salt", but he secretly claimed that he could have a deer any morning he wanted by going to his door and watching the "game run" on the opposite side of the Lehigh. Hans knew the Poconos as well as he knew his rifle stock. Even the notoriously dangerous Bell Hill swamp held no mystery for him.

For some reason he had a great liking for my mother and often on summer mornings she would discover on the back porch, wrapped in newspaper, a string of speckled trout or a

box of choice huckleberries. We always knew where they came from.

After his old home had been sold, Hans moved up the road toward Clifton to what had been an abandoned gun club house. It was just a little shack but it suited him perfectly. The kitchen boasted an iron cook stove, rusty and battered. The living room was furnished with an ancient rocker or two, and a lumpy, sagging couch. The third room of the suite was the bedroom upstairs. This room was complete with bedstead, washstand, and empty whiskey bottles by the dozens. Lined up soldier fashion against the wall were four squat, brown, gallon jugs containing Hans' own personal brand of "Pocono Mountain Lightning". His whole house was brightened by wall hangings from the Sunday comic section.

Hans, slightly tipsy, liked to make a reeling circuit of the town, alternately singing and cursing at the top of his reedy voice. Occasionally, too well "stewed in his own juice", he would begin to shout about the huge snakes and wild beasts he had encountered. But if I should ask him about his escapade several days later, he'd swear by his "mother's tombstone" that he hadn't been out of the house that night and that I surely must have mistaken someone else for him.

Hans didn't care much about bathing either. When the ice left the river in April or May, and if he felt up to it, he'd go down and "set" awhile, but he didn't think it did him any particular good.

The high point in Hans' life arrived a year before his death. During the summer of 1944 Hans grew a squash five and a half feet long. He had his picture taken with his prize, and was inordinately proud when it appeared in the **Wilkes-Barre Record**.

Hans died the following winter and took a part of the Pocono fantasy with him. But, actually, he hasn't left the mountains. He's buried close beside the stream he loved where his spirit will add to the strength and erratic wildness of the Poconos.

So Sorry

Bernard M. Tostanoski

I was on my way to kill my best friend. I carried his small body cradled in my arms. Occasionally he would try to lick my face, but the effort was too much for him. Every step I took jarred a whimper out of his mangled body. The pistol hung heavily in my pocket. There were tears in my eyes.

I seemed to be walking in a dream. So many memories flashed through my mind. When I got him, he was no bigger than my fist, and I had to feed him with a medicine dropper. Every morning, when he was let out of the cellar, he'd come running to my bedroom; he'd bark and scratch until I spoke to him and petted him. Then he would curl up at my feet and lie watching me. He bit me on the nose when I whistled into his ear while he was sleeping. Now I had to kill him because some motorist had been in a hurry.

I laid him in the shade of the tree I used to climb to make him bark because he couldn't come up with me. His wet eyes reflected the pain of his crushed hind legs. I patted his head and scratched his chin. His hot tongue caressed my trembling hand.

I put the muzzle to his ear.

"I'm sorry, Old Boy . . ."

I pulled the trigger. The little bundle of fur twitched and then lay still.

"So very sorry."



Out of Life

Joseph F. Kisielewski

The Wake

Perhaps my mood at the time will explain why so clear an impression of the scene was imbedded in my memory in all its baroque shadings and undertones. You see, I had just been discharged from the army and I had no clear perception of what I wanted or of what I wanted to do. I laboured under many surprising oscillations of mood, and an abysmal despair was washing about me like a heavy London fog on the night I heard about Pete. Pete was one of the gang. He could drink more than any three of the fellows together and now one of the boys slid into the bar stool next to mine and told me that Pete was dead. I gulped down the shot that was standing in front of me and exclaimed, "The poor devil!"

I'd always pitied the guy in a way. He seemed to be fighting all the time, not physically, that is; he'd backed down from real battles lots of times, but spiritually. His fight was with the whole world. He had a biting wit and a brutal sarcasm. I'll bet he died cursing God.

Anyway, I went right over to Pete's house when I heard about it. It was the same as every other peasant funeral during the past three hundred years. There were the same odors, garlic from a supper just recently prepared and eaten; sweet, steamy flower smells, the usual roses and carnations; and above all, sharp and pungent, the smells of death and liquor vying for first place, formaldehyde and tannen keeping the first in hand and Sen Sen along with Beechnut gum partially minimizing the latter.

I walked into the parlor where the body lay and knelt for a moment before the opened coffin. I blessed myself and looked at Pete. His face was yellow in the flickering candlelight and he looked awfully dead. In fact, what I saw didn't look much like Pete, not the Pete I knew. There were quite a few mass cards stacked along the back of the casket and there was a new prayer book in his folded hands along with the rosary he had gotten in Rome. Pete had talked a lot about the beauty and the pageantry of Rome and the Vat-

ican. He had helped force the Germans out of Salerno and Cassino but he never said much about the war, just about the Pope who had touched his forehead as he passed through St. Peter's.

I seated myself beside the rest of the fellows who were talking about the mysteries of life and death in the usual dull platitudes when Pete's married sister came in with a bottle of cheap whiskey. Her eyes were puffy and red and as she poured the drinks she repeated, probably for the twentieth time that day, the details of how "Pete had gotten his." She sniffled and wiped back a strand of hair that kept falling in her eye after every few words.

"He was working down in the 'leven foot slope," she said. "His miner, old man Slivinski, had just gone up to the face when a big piece of topping slipped off the shaker chute and bit Pete on the back of his head."

"We were out drinking together last night," one of the boys told me. "Cripes, it's funny the way you never know what's going to happen."

He licked his lips as he said that, and his lusterless, red-rimmed eyes blinked vaguely.

"His girl friend, Helen, was in to see him a while ago and she never shed a tear; in fact, she started making eyes at me before she left."

I doubted whether anyone would make eyes at him. He looked worse than Pete with his rusty brown face and leathery, upholstery skin. I didn't tell him what I thought, though. Instead, I went outside and walked back toward home. I still don't know if it was sorrow over Pete (we were good friends, you know) or if it was just the rotten whiskey I had drunk, but I began weeping, silently and deeply as though my guts were being wrung dry. After a while I got very sick, and very tired, and I went home to sleep.



High Carnival

Joyful are the northern lands where the seasons are bards. There is a sadness in the lands of the tropics where the story never changes. But between these two lie the

regions about the Gulf of Mexico. Of these, southern Louisiana is the one most filled with life and motion. Here the days and nights swing a man rhythmically from one hope to another.

Especially is this true of New Orleans, whose background is an orchestration of exciting, delirious gaiety, a kind of high carnival like a slightly cruel fairy tale.

It was the time of the Mardi Gras and I was drunk with excitement. I remembered all that I had read about this spectacle, its color, its pageantry, its lovely women. I was going to have an adventure!

The streets were a flowing mass of sweating, drinking people. As a shrill caliope shrieked its piercing cacophony I half walked and was half shoved into a dim little cabaret where a few revelers in costume sat at a table in the rear and a red-faced bartender sang a tender French ballad from behind the bar.

A pretty dark-haired girl sat next to me and ordered a drink. "Here, garcon," I said, "take the money for the lady's drink out of this."

She raised her glass and in a serious voice said, "To your health, and to the health of these fools who make merry because the Christ was murdered a long time ago."

I smiled and answered, "You sound so delightfully morbid I'd like to have you accompany me on my inspection tour of what you would probably call 'this lyncher's celebration.'"

"One companion is as good as another."

"Agreed!" I shouted, "then let's be off."

We had not gone far when I saw an old black fall to the pavement and drag himself out of the way of the trampling feet of the mob. I pulled my companion along till we came to the small passageway into which he had dragged himself; then we both bent over the old man.

He did not moan; but then there was no one to moan against. There was in him an obscure acquiescence, like that of a wanderer, lost in the snow, who sinks to the white blanket which soon wraps itself about him in a dreamy quietus.

The girl, Francine, looked first at him, then to me, and said, "This one burned too dimly. If he or any man should burn with more intensity he could set the world afire."

I suddenly realized the madness of my position. Here I was in a dim passageway with a half-drunken girl philosophizing in the face of a dying negro.

"Call the police, or something," I said.

I can't explain why I didn't do it myself, but I just stood there.

I looked at the negro again. What visions were vanishing in that crumbling body? What African rituals, or crimes, or great deeds had that rheumy eye beheld? It was impossible to know whether in this black heap were being extinguished only petty cares, or whether, revived by the surge of memories, he lay dying in the glory of humanity.

I grasped the girl about the waist and turned from this flesh which was visibly reverting to night and rot. "No more of your idiotic philosophy, Francey," I cried, "let's go back to the noise of the Mardi Gras."

So we walked away with never a backward glance, and soon the girl was laughing, and talking, and singing, and I almost managed to put out of my mind the knowledge that I had turned my back while a small unknown world passed away.



Three Kingdoms

Dolores Matelski

Somewhere, way way up beyond the clouds,
There are three worlds I dream of.

In one the sun shines at my will
And there the perfumes of magnolia and wisteria
Linger forever.
There the cherry blossoms bloom always.
And there are pine and spruce,
And elm, and maple, and chestnut,
And weeping willow trees.

And there are high mountains, and rolling hills, and downy
thistle dells

And waterfalls, and tiny bubbling streams
That sometimes laugh for joy
Or murmur softly against the pebbles in their beds.

And there are animals and birds in this kingdom,
The legged and winged creatures that I love.

There are timid deer and soft white rabbits,
And robins, and sparrows, and bob-o'-links.

And there are flowers—daisies and buttercups,
And violets and daffodils,

Trailing arbutus, and lilacs and bell flowers
That tinkle in the passing breeze.

This land is covered with velvet green,

And there are shaded places where moss grows over fallen
tree trunks.

Beyond the mountains lies another world.

Here is a great ocean

Where I go to walk along the beach

And feel the rain in my face

And the wind against my body.

Here pain does not exist;

The mind is sharp and clear,

The body strong and resistant.

Images form upon the eye like scintillating gems;

And I can watch the wind toss up the waves

And make them writhe, and twist, and turn, and foam.

And I can see the angry black clouds and the bright lightning

And hear the rolling thunder,

And be at one with nature.

Separate from these kingdoms lies my land of autumn
That men call fall.

Here I go when I seek peace and rest for my soul.

Here I can walk and pray

While I scatter the red leaves with my feet

And watch the pink of sunset.

And here I am at one with God.

Sometimes I think I like the fall

The best of all my kingdoms.

Payroll Job

Joseph Savitz

Trigger Tommy slammed the door shut as he briskly entered the apartment. He wasn't in the mood for anything funny; in fact, his tightened-up face showed his seriousness, and he quickly got down to business.

"Now, listen, you two," he calmly addressed Stuttering Scotty and Honest Harriet, his partners-in-crime, "we've got a job to do, and it's gotta be done right. We've cased the situation twenty times, and every time it's been the same. This guy Pee Wee, and his gal, Isabelle, go to lunch at twelve on the nose, like clockwork. The guy carries the briefcase full of dough, and the girl tags along with him.

"They reach the First National at a quarter past twelve daily to deposit the cabbage. Today, we'll be the bank tellers and save the kids a walk. We snatch the briefcase when they hit the Sun Ray—only we don't hang around to make any entries in the bankbook. Got it? O.K., you know what to do. Now—get goin'."

It was nearly noon-hour. Pee Wee grabbed his coat and the briefcase and met Isabelle at the farther end of the office. Even though they had been going to lunch together for almost a year, they always experienced a thrill when the noon whistle blew. Lunch hour to this couple was THEIR hour, the only break during the day when they could be near each other. It was their escape from the dull, routine office work performed day in and day out.

"Isn't this a wonderful day, Pee Wee?" Isabelle's voice struck a happy note as she clutched the arm of her tall, manly companion, and held her pocketbook close to her body with her other hand.

Contentment beamed from their faces as they walked without a care in the world. Everything appeared good to them, and this short, lively walk always whetted their appetites.

As the couple neared the Sun Ray, Stuttering Scotty ambled out of the drugstore door and accidentally bumped into Pee Wee.

"Pa-ah-ah-don me, go-go-got a-a- match?" inquired Scotty.

Suddenly Harriet, who had been following the victims,

jerked the briefcase out of Pee Wee's arm and made her way into a waiting car. In a split second, Scotty tripped Pee Wee and leaped into the moving car as Trigger Tommy gave it the gas and pulled away.

Isabelle helped her shocked boy friend to his feet. As he brushed himself thoroughly, he quietly said, "Darn it, honey, there goes our lunch. I guess we'll have to eat at the Sun Ray today."

"Oh, that's all right, darling, but hadn't we better deposit the payroll first? My pocketbook is rather heavy. Besides, you never can tell. Someone might want to steal the money."

The happy couple, arm in arm, continued their way to the First National and duly made the deposit.



Thought

V. A. Patoski

Did you ever, after you had read or written a bit, sit down in a chair for nothing but to think and dream? Did you ever hear a freakish wind whine past your window and then have your train of imagination begin to move on its journey, traveling through eons of time and space, making you King and God on earth, and then, reversing, show you the smallness of your worth?

Sitting and dreaming, you realize that action will make the wonders of thought. You leave the chair, take toil in your hands and begin to be someone, to find success, to conquer distress. Yet, if you were wise, you would consider, return to the chair and ask yourself, What is the task?

Harold

Alfred Moskowitz

Harold was born in 1927 and was the last of six children. His mother died when he was very young, and Harold came to live with us. As the months flew by we became staunch friends. We played hide-and-seek in the fields of tall, golden corn, we swam in the tiny pond that was always cold, we hiked through the shadowy woods and ran races home for dinner. It was the happiest period of my life, and I suppose of his life too.

The outstanding thing that I remember about Harold was his good-nature. The few other playmates that I had known were childishly selfish. They would cherish a new toy and not let anyone else touch it. But not Harold. As soon as he found anything interesting he brought it to me and we both played with it. When I broke my leg Harold gave up all his playtime to sit at my bedside and keep me company. If I dropped off to sleep I could always be certain that when I opened my eyes he would be sitting there beside me, patiently waiting.

There was something that predicted greatness in Harold. Everyone noticed it. I guess it was the look in his eyes. At times I'd turn around and catch him staring into space; his large brown eyes, dreamy and round, were contemplating different worlds. I often wondered what he was thinking about, but I never asked him. We understood each other that way. If it was something he wanted me to know, he'd have told me.

After Dad gave me the pony we had some really great times. One incident I remember very distinctly. We were a good distance from the farm when a storm broke. There was no chance of returning, so we took shelter in a flimsy little shack, leaving the pony tied outside. The thunder rolled to huge crescendos and exploded over our heads. As a flash of lightning illuminated the area I saw that the pony had rid himself of the bridle and had run away. I grew terrified with the thought of spending the night in that lonely place. I stood huddled in a corner and began to cry, but Harold was as composed as ever. He stood beside me, and I was comforted by the quiet valor of his attitude. When the rain stopped it was already dark, and I cried again, for

it seemed that we had lost our way. But Harold took the lead, and with admirable fortitude and an amazing sense of direction brought us home in a short time.

Harold wasn't only good-natured and staid, but brave as well. One Saturday night everyone had gone to town leaving Harold and me alone in the house. I had barely fallen asleep when Harold dashed into my room and yanked me out of bed. The flames were leaping high in the doorway, but Harold had run through the burning hall to save me. For several weeks he wore bandages on his legs and face, but our mutual love and admiration were so strengthened that we now became inseparable companions.

The tragedy began the day we sighted the circus poster. In just two weeks it was coming to town! We were thrilled; for the next fourteen days and nights we ate, drank, walked, and talked circus. We chatted about the animals, the clowns, the freaks, and everything we had ever heard about a circus. It was to be a marvelous day!

At last the big moment arrived. We piled into the back of the haywagon and rode to town. For the first time that I could remember Harold was excited. I guess it was in the air. The whole town was out making noise, and everything was gaily decorated. Bands were playing and animals parading. Harold had a sparkle in his eye instead of the customary far-away look. He seemed to drink in everything he saw, almost as if he knew he would never see it again.

Outside the big-top we stopped to watch the elephants. After a short while I turned to talk to Harold, but he had disappeared. He had been with me just a minute before. I called him several times, but there was no answer. Suddenly one of the elephants curled his trunk in the air and emitted a piercing roar! Simultaneously we heard a heart-breaking shriek of pain from behind the beast. We found Harold lying beneath the elephant's foot, his chest and stomach crushed.

I was inconsolable. For months, grief and anguish tore at my heart. I was alone and terribly lonesome. I had lost my best friend, now there was no one to talk to or play with. You see, Harold was my dog.

What of the Student-Veteran After Graduation?

Edward Wasilewski

The student-veteran is a hard-thinker, in war and in peace. He is one among many—almost two million—usually poor and hard working. He is seeking a hard, fast, business-like education. He wants to become not a rugged individualist, but a sound, effective, productive citizen. We see in him American idealism tempered by a sober realism learned from the stern lessons of war. There is a growing feeling of honor and respect among him and his kind, more give and take, and a greater sense of social responsibility. Student-veterans are being groomed to lead a nation which is itself the leader among nations, and they know it! But what is their future?

Either they will be absorbed into the economic, political, social, and religious fabric of our land without leaving an impress, or their impact will revolutionize the thinking of the country. Either they will be swallowed up in the vastness of our present system or they will make it more dynamic than its present leaders have believed possible. The American way of life is the best in the world, but it can be made better, and better, until all the world will be more than willing to accept it and to enjoy in common with us the finest form of government devised by the mind of man. The student-veteran is keenly aware of the great challenge, and the high academic standards he is setting in colleges and universities proves his ability and willingness to assume the responsibilities that lie ahead. He has surveyed the situation with a calm, clear logic. With reassuring confidence in himself and his country—he is ready.

Sandburg Mood

J. M. Hiznay

I am the student, the graduate, the alumnus; because of me
the stadiums ring.

I am the player, the hero, the scapegoat; I am the referee,
the linesman, the coach.

I am the crowd that witnesses the games. The Blanchards
come from me, and the Davises. They graduate, and
I send forth more Blanchards and Davises.

I am the university. I am the college that plays football. I
lose games. I forget. I prostitute my intellectuals
for my athletes. I forget. Players come to me for
subsidies. I pay and I forget.

Sometimes I growl ferociously, and win games to be long
remembered. I also maim and injure players. Then
I forget.

When I, the university, learn to remember, when I, the col-
lege, use the lessons of yesterday, then there will be
no team in all the world who can beat me. No de-
rision or sneers will be cast in my direction.

Then the stadiums will be filled. The students, the gradu-
ates, and the alumni will arrive then.

The Fifteenth Coupon

D. G. Jones

The late June sun smiled down upon the little boy sitting on the curb. It penetrated the thin shirt he was wearing and warmed the very marrow of his bones. But something more powerful than the sun was necessary to dispel the icy chill around his heart. Here it was, only two weeks till his mother's birthday, and he had nothing, nothing at all to give her. What was worse still, his prospects of getting anything were pretty dismal. That morning he had asked his father for money. His father had looked at him for a minute, then said gently, "There isn't anything that Mother really needs. Suppose you just give her a hug and a kiss. That will please her as much as anything." He had not said anything then, but he knew that a hug and a kiss were not enough. He wanted to give her a real present, something that she could keep. If only he could get a job, he'd soon earn enough to get her something really nice. He'd get her that dress she had liked so much.

"Ken!" His dream was rudely shattered by his mother's voice. Gee, she looked mad. He hurried over to her. "Really, Ken, I called you half-a-dozen times. You'll never get anywhere day-dreaming all the time. Here's a dime. Go to the store and get a loaf of bread. Hurry, now."

"Sure, Mom." He took the dime and raced down to the corner. Once in the next block he slowed to a shuffle. Gee, he thought, if only I could get a job. He mentally ran through the list of his acquaintances. Jimmy Griffiths had a good job, working for the Western Union, but he was fifteen and had a bicycle. "Red" Granitski was delivery boy in his uncle's meat shop. The Smith boys were working on their grandfather's chicken farm. If he were a little older he might get a paper route. Just then he reached Meluskey's store. Suddenly he was seized with an inspiration. Maybe Mr. Meluskey would need a boy to help out in the store. He burst through the door into the store. Mr. Meluskey, the owner, was sitting behind the counter chewing a toothpick. Usually he was a quite formidable man to Kenny, but now in his eagerness the boy forgot his shyness. "Mr. Meluskey," he blurted out, "do you need a boy to help out in your store?"

Mr. Meluskey looked down at the eager face before him.

He knew all about the Thomases. It was pretty tough going for them, he guessed. He would like to help the lad, but his brother-in-law had just been laid off at the plant, and his own boy was looking for a job, and He sighed and looked down at the kid. Very gently he asked, "How old are you, Kenny?"

Kenny looked studiously at the floor. "Ten."

"Well, you see, Kenny, with all the men being laid off, there aren't many chances for little kids like you." Mr. Meluskey cleared his throat. "Was there something you wanted, Kenny?"

"A loaf of bread," Kenny mumbled, holding his head down to hide the disappointment in his eyes.

"Any particular kind, Kenny? Say, there's a new kind out. They put coupons in with the bread, and you save the coupons, and then you get a prize. Just look at them prizes." Mr. Meluskey pointed to a flashy poster which proclaimed the superiority of the bread. Below were listed the premiums which could be obtained with the coupons. Kenny gazed solemnly at the list with more politeness than enthusiasm. A pair of gaudy guest towels caught his eye, but he could never accumulate 150 coupons. A chintzy apron for 100 coupons was also beyond his reach. Suddenly his problem was solved. There, for only fifteen coupons was a beautiful set of drinking-glasses, with red and green stripes. What could be better for his mother! At home they had been drinking from glasses that had previously contained jam and cheese. He thought it great fun, but a couple of nights ago, after he was in bed, he heard his mother tearfully say, "I didn't think marriage would be . . . would be drinking out of jam glasses."

Kenny turned to Mr. Meluskey. "I'll take this bread," he said firmly, and hugging the loaf he ran out of the shop.

At home Kenny asked, "Shall I open the bread, Mom?"

His mother looked at him in surprise. "Why, yes, Kenny," she said, trying to keep the pride she felt out of her voice. Why, the boy was really getting thoughtful. "What kind of bread did you get, Kenny?"

"It's a new kind, Mom," he said. "Excuse me a minute," and Kenny rushed upstairs. Once in his room Kenny looked about for a hiding place for his precious coupon. Where could he hide it? He had no place, no place at all that was his very own. He wished he had a wallet—like Tom Martin. The bureau? His mother cleaned there. Maybe in a book. But what book? Yes, his stamp album. That would be fine.

"Kenny!" His mother's voice floated up to him. "Dinner's ready."

"Coming, Mom!" He hastily shoved the coupon into his stamp album. He'd have to do a lot to get 15 coupons in 14 days. Maybe he could swap something for a coupon. Alleys, maybe. Kenny sighed as he thought of the barrenness of his possessions. He'd just have to eat a lot of bread.

About a week later Bill Thomas triumphantly said to his wife, "I told you Kenny's appetite would pick up. How many slices of jelly bread did he eat tonight?"

"Four," Lucy answered. "But, Bill, do you think that bread is good for him? After a cooked dinner?"

Her husband laughed. "Don't worry too much about the boy, Lu. After all, bread is the staff of life, you know."

"Yes, but that bread he's been bringing home is so terrible. Just like sawdust."

"I know. It is pretty awful. But Kenny seems to like it."

"That's why I haven't said anything. But one of these days I just won't be able to eat it."

"Well, let's not worry about that now. I'm ready to turn in. I want to get up early tomorrow. There's an opening at the cigar factory, and I want to be on hand when the plant opens."

"Bill! In a factory! But you're trained for office work!" Lucy hesitated. "Is the depression that bad, Bill?"

"It's pretty bad, Lu," he answered gravely. Then with forced cheerfulness he added, "Put out the lights and lock the burglars out before you come up, Lu."

"O. K., Bill," she answered. But a long time after he went up, Lucy sat, thinking.

Kenny was happy. Here it was, still four days till his mother's birthday, and he already had thirteen coupons. They'd probably need a loaf today and maybe two tomorrow and . . . Kenny's thoughts drifted to the glasses under Mr. Meluskey's counter. He had had them put away for a week now, ever since Kenny had told him. Kenny thought they were wonderful glasses, all six of them, beautiful with their red and green stripes. Mom would be so pleased when she got them. He wondered idly what his father was going to get her. Daddy wasn't feeling too well, he thought. Last night he had just sat down in his easy chair and stared at the paper. Kenny had been waiting for the funnies, but he had decided he could wait till morning. The sound of someone coming up the walk startled him from his dreaming.

From the window he saw it was his father. "Hi, Dad," he called.

Bill Thomas grinned up at his son. "Hi, Kenny. Where's mother?"

"In the kitchen. Aunt Minnie's just been."

"Oh." From the set of his father's mouth Kenny knew he was annoyed. His father didn't like his Aunt Minnie. He didn't care much for her either. "Silly woman," he thought, "always kissing everybody." Downstairs the screen door squeaked as his father came into the house. Kenny turned to gather up his coupons. He could hear his father greet his mother. "Well, and how's Mrs. Thomas this fine sunshiny day?"

Lucy was busy at the table making a salad. Her chill "Hello" surprised her husband. Bill was about to ask what the matter was when Kenny came tumbling down the stairs.

Lucy turned to him. "Kenny, take a dime from under the candlestick and go get a loaf of bread."

"Sure, Mom." And Kenny clattered out of the house like a small tornado.

Bill settled himself comfortably on a kitchen chair before he asked resignedly, "Well, let's have it."

"Minnie was just here."

Bill was always surprised by the chill tones that sometimes came from his warm-hearted Lucy. "Well?" he prompted.

"Frank has a new job."

"Ah," Bill thought, "so that's it. The little woman is jealous." Aloud he said, "Well, Frank isn't the only one who can get a job."

Lucy interrupted quickly. "It seems to me he is the only one who does get a job. How long have you been unemployed now? Six weeks? It seems like six years."

Bill was surprised by the anger in Lucy's voice. First time she's ever talked like this, he thought.

Lucy began again, in a tone of bitterness Bill had never heard before. "Minnie was just to the summer fur sale. She got a beautiful muskrat coat. It was two hundred dollars on sale. You never bought me any kind of fur coat the twelve years we've been married."

"Lucy!" Bill rose indignantly. "May I remind you that we have our own home while Frank and Minnie are just renting?"

"Oh, yes. Our own home. If we ever get it paid for." She paused for a moment. "Frank just bought a new car."

"Yes, but he doesn't have educational insurance for his son."

"We can't eat the old insurance."

"Oh, Lu! Stop it!"

The squeak of the screen door brought them both to a standstill. Kenny stood there uncertainly with the loaf of bread in his hands. At the sight of it Lucy snapped, "Oh, Kenny! Kenny! Why must you always bring that old—old sawdust? Take it back, burn it.—oh, do something! Don't just stand there." Lucy suddenly seemed to lose control of herself. She grabbed Kenny by the shoulders and shook him.

"Lucy!" Bill's horrified voice brought her back to herself, and with a broken sob she rushed upstairs. Bill looked down at Kenny. He seemed crushed, bewildered. "Go in the parlor and sit down, son," Bill said kindly. "I'll have lunch ready in a jiffy." He walked out to the kitchen. Things were really in a mess. After a moment's hesitation he climbed upstairs and knocked on Lucy's door. "Lucille," he began, "come down at once and make lunch. I have to be at work by one."

The door swung open and Lucy was in Bill's arms. She laughed almost hysterically. "Oh, Bill, do anything to me, beat me, kill me, but don't call me Lucille." Her plea ended with a fresh flood of tears. "Bill!" She suddenly straightened. "Where did you get work?"

He laughed. "Down at the lumber yard."

"The lumber yard?" She hesitated. "Bill—"

"It's all right, Lu. I'm secretary to the big boss."

"Secretary?"

"Yes. I guess his wife decided that blue-eyed blonde was taking too good care of the office."

"Oh, Bill." She faltered. "Am I forgiven, Bill?"

"I don't have anything to forgive you, Lu," Bill said reprovingly. "But you'd best make it up with Kenny."

"I'll go right away."

It wasn't as easy as Lucy had imagined. When she opened the parlor door Kenny was crumpled up in his father's chair. He turned at her entry. "Oh—hello, Mom," he said uncertainly.

"Hello, Kenny." She smiled at him a little guiltily. "Kenny—am I forgiven, Kenny?"

"Aw, sure, Mom."

"Thank you, Kenny. But tell me, why do you bring that old bread? You know that Mother doesn't like it. Of course,

I know that you do, but it really isn't any good for you. Will you promise me you won't bring it any more?"

Kenny hesitated. "Well, O. K., Mom," he agreed reluctantly.

"That's swell, Kenny. Oh, goodness, I better get lunch ready. Daddy's got to go to work."

"O. K. Uh—I'll open the bread."

Kenny was in a jam. "Let's see," he thought to himself. "I had thirteen coupons and then that one made it fourteen. Now, if only Tom Martin would swap one with me, then I'd have enough. But it's going to be tough persuading him to trade with me."

It cost Kenny dearly for that last coupon. To be exact it cost him five alleys, three old funny books, and his old harmonica. Kenny was still a little mad at Tom Martin for having taken so much booty. "He had me on a spot and he knew it," Kenny thought. Still, he had supplied some pretty wrapping paper. It looked real nice now. He only hoped his mother would like it.

Lucy did. When she saw the glasses she remembered vaguely having seen the posters. A wave of remorse suddenly swept over her.

"Well, Kenny, they certainly are beautiful glasses," she said. Remembering the shaking she had given Kenny, she smiled a little shamefacedly. "How can I ever thank you?" she asked.

"Well, Mom—," Kenny paused. "Can I clean out the icing bowl?"