T. S. Eliot has written "We learn what poetry is from reading it." This idea can be enlarged to say we learn what literature is from reading it. But we can also learn from writing it and by evaluating it.

The aim of this magazine is to provide a medium for all these expressions. The staff which constructs it has the experience of evaluating writing. Students interested in exposing to an extent their secret comment on the outside world (for that is what art is) find in Chrysalis an outlet for their creative work; and it is our hope that those who read this magazine will, in some measure, learn what literature is, and be able to see its value for us as thinking, feeling human beings.

John Steinbeck said of creativity "The preciousness lies in the lonely mind of one man." This is true not only for those who create through a medium such as prose or poetry, but also for those who appreciate. For to understand the expression one must recreate within one's own mind, apart from other minds, the attitudes, feelings, and values presented on the page.

The work within these pages is "in chrysalis." May you find at least a chrysalis—some potential for the enlargement of your experience—within yourself as you read.

—Anna Bland Faison
The staff wishes to thank all those who submitted manuscripts or drawings and members of the faculty and administrative staff who generously lent their support to the publication of this magazine. The attitudes expressed in Chrysalis are not necessarily those of the staff or of Madison College.

"Application: You will Now Write a Theme about Yourself"

Spring—1959
Although an accelerated academic program might be attributed to our constrained “keep up with the Joneschev’s” policy, the accelerated cultural program of Madisonites can be attributed largely to their own enthusiasm. Chief evidence of this interest lies in the genuine concern displayed for the arts and cultural activities outside the classroom. Perhaps we are agreeing with Archibald Mac Leish’s opinion that “artists must be educated morally”, not merely factually. Mac Leish and other artists who prophesy that knowledge without feeling is dangerous, have suggested that a study of the arts and cultural heritages might best stop the trend towards an “unfeeling” people.

The misfortunes of Sophocles’ Oedipus stirred us when Players Incorporated presented a modern version of the Greek Tragedy. Students flocked to the performance from interest in the drama itself and from curiosity about the king who lent his name to the terminology of Freudian psychology.

Music enthusiasts have enjoyed a well rounded program this year. Full houses applauded the “long hair” performances of the talented young French pianist, Jean Casadesus, and the National Symphony Orchestra. Equally large crowds “dug” the swing of Ralph Marterie and the jazz of Billy Butterfield when they appeared here. Class day entertainment seemed designed for music fans too: Helen Roberts and Richard Walker did scenes from Gilbert and Sullivan; Robert Goss and Louise Whetzel appeared with their Make A Show program; the piano team of Whittemore and Lowe came with a variety of selections ranging from the classics to cool jazz; and Madame Jarmila Novotna won our hearts with her Austrian songs and stories.

Many students took advantage of the Community Concerts which were performed in Wilson Hall. The concerts included the New Orleans Philharmonic Orchestra, soprano Heidi Krall, the Columbus Boy’s Choir, and pianist Oozan Marsh.

Renowned personalities, Dr. William Charpie, who is one of the nation’s top nuclear scientists, and Dr. Ashly Montague, author of such controversial books as The Natural Superiority of Women, shared the platform at our Fiftieth Anniversary celebration. Among the other speakers on campus this year were on-the-spot reporter Russell Jones, who discussed the world situation as he observed it during his overseas duties, and authoress Lydia Davis, who described her experiences with her family on a Kon-Tiki like ocean voyage.

Students, faculty and townspeople have shown much interest in the Thursday evening Madison College television program. Our faculty members have enlightened TV audiences in this vicininity about such subjects as Pasternak’s Dr. Zhivago, contemporary architecture, science in the H-bomb age, modern education policies and needs, and the cultures of people in other lands. On other evenings, Criterion Club members became TV fans in order to view such outstanding performances as the Old Vic’s presentation of Hamlet and a show of the month, Hemingway’s For Whom the Bell Tolls.

When television failed to breach the distance between ourselves and excellent entertainment we contrived to join live audiences. Criterion Club members went to the University of Virginia to hear famed Katherine Anne Porter read some of her works. Later in the year they went to Washington, D. C. to see one-act plays by Arthur Miller, Tennessee Williams and William Saroyan. Gamma Kappa, Kappa Pi members visited the Virginia Museum of Fine Arts in Richmond to see the Virginia Artists’ exhibit where Miss Walker and Mr. Diller had entries. Madison musicians attended the Southern Music Education National Conference in Roanoke recently where they heard outstanding college bands and orchestras. Students interested in music also heard the Robert Shaw chorale in Washington, D. C. this winter.

Our own music has been well received too. The Concert Choir have made numerous appearances on campus. Furthermore they have been on tour in the state and have sung on television. The college orchestra also spent a week on tour in Virginia. The Madrigal Singers have entertained us several times with their different and often challenging renditions of contrapuntal vocal works, both ancient and modern.

Orchestra members won new acclaim here this year in their fall and spring recitals. They also joined with the YWCA and the Madrigals in presenting an unusual Christmas pageant. The Stratford players have done Emil Bagnald’s The Chalk Garden, and the mystery comedy The Ghost Train. Climaxing the cultural life on campus was our Arts Festival which combined excellent entertainment from both the professional world and the student world. The film Rashomon introduced to us some of the best of the Japanese movie theater. The combined efforts of the Music, Dance, and Art Departments in Gian-Carlo Menotti’s opera The Unicorn introduced to us some of the best of Madison’s artistic ability, as well as an exciting example of contemporary art.

Highlighting the program was the appearance of John Dos Passos, one of America’s foremost writers. After his lecture on “The Novel as Chronicle,” Mr. Dos Passos met with students to answer questions and discuss the problems of the writer in the modern world.

Visual arts were displayed in Wilson Hall by the American Craftsmen Council of New York and the Penland School of Handicrafts from North Carolina. There, one could see displays in the progress of the crafts; interested spectators could watch demonstrations of such work as the weaving process and the throwing of pottery.

A mark of increased student concern for the world of books was the opening of the college bookstore during the Festival. This shop will make quality paperbacks available for students’ private libraries. It is the reward for widespread support of the project, which the Alumnae Association generously agreed to sponsor.

We hope that one of the most precious of the available paperback books will be Chrysalis. Criterion Club releases this second annual publication on the anniversary of the first appearance of Chrysalis on campus, once more as the club’s contribution to the Arts Festival. The staff would like to think that Chrysalis is a symbol of Madison’s intellectual and cultural growth, as well as an emblem of the education of the feelings through art. In it Madison students find a place for the self expression essential to civilized men and women.
“Peggy, could you do me a favor? Ruthie wants to go to the movies tonight and I can't take her.” As Ruby talked she shifted her weight from one foot to the other. “I'll pay your way in if you'll take her.”

“Of course, I'll take her but why can't you? You always take her everywhere she wants to go. In fact you hardly ever let her out of your sight.”

Ruby stood looking at the ground. She was slowly twisting a button on her blouse. After a few moments she said, “Bob is coming over tonight to spend the evening with me and my parents and Ruthie wants to go to the movies, and as you can see I can't take her. I was hoping you would because I don't like to see her disappointed.”

Peggy slowly shook her head. “I'll come by for her about seven. Is that all right?”

“That's fine. I'm so glad you can take her because she wants to go so bad. Well, I have to dash home. See you at seven.”

Ruby walked away with mincing steps and with her head high, her face set like carved marble. Peggy's shoulders drooped and she slowly walked away.

Ruthie was slumped on the edge of Ruby's bed. She was holding a book of her sister's in her hand. Suddenly her head came up and she jumped up and ran to the window. The book fell to the floor. She saw Ruby coming up the walk. She turned and ran downstairs.
"Hi Ruby, Hi Ruby, Hi Ruby," she cried as she ran down the steps. "So glad you home."

"Hi Ruthie, how have you been today?"

"Fine."

"Where is mother?"

"In there," Ruthie said as she pointed to the back of the house.

The two girls walked to the back of the house hand in hand. They were both about the same height. Both of them were fair with blond hair and blue eyes. They were so alike physically they could pass for twins. But Ruthie's eyes were blank.

"Hello, Mama," Ruby said as she went over to the sink where her mother was peeling potatoes. She kissed her on the cheek.

Ruthie went over to the table and started pinching the icing off a chocolate cake on the table. Her mother turned and looked at her. With her eyes half closed, through tightened lips she said, "Ruthie, please don't eat the icing off the cake. I'll give you a piece after supper." Ruthie stopped and went over to the cabinet and began playing with the silverware.

"Mama, don't forget Bob is coming over to meet you and Daddy and spend the evening with us."

"Yes dear, I know."

There was an awkward silence. Then Ruby blurted, "Oh, guess what! I met Peggy on the way home from school and she offered to take Ruthie to the movies when she found out that she wanted to go and I couldn't take her." As Ruby talked she untied and tied her mother's apron. "She's coming home from school and she offered to take Ruthie to the movies when..."

Ruthie followed her out of the kitchen.

Mrs. Terry went to the window and stood for several minutes. She stood straight and stiff with her gaze fixed, it seemed, on a garbage can in the back yard. Then she turned and went to the sink and finished peeling the potatoes. Her shoulders were slumped and tears were running down her cheeks. After she had put the potatoes on to fry she started salting the steak. Suddenly she heard her husband coming in the front door. She turned to meet him and they stood silently holding each other for several moments.

"John, Bob is coming over to spend the evening with us and Peggy is going to take Ruthie to the movies."

"Oh I see. I guess I'll have to go put on a clean shirt so we can impress Ruby's young gentleman. We wouldn't want him to get the wrong impression of the family, would we?"

"No, dear, we wouldn't want that", she said slowly. "You go get dressed and I'll finish dinner. Tell Ruby to hurry and finish dressing so she can set the table for me."

"I will," he said as he turned and went up the steps.

During dinner Ruby was very quiet. She ate her food silently. She looked at Ruthie almost continually. Frequently she frowned and shook her head.

Ruthie sat at the table and played with some blocks.

Ruby and her father did the dishes correctly. She gently pushed the hair back out of Ruthie's eyes. But now the steak was tasteless to Ruby. She ate the rest of her meal mechanically.

After they had eaten dinner Ruby and her father did the dishes so her mother could get dressed. Ruthie sat at the table and played with some blocks. She would stack them up and then with no real enthusiasm, knock them down.

The phone suddenly rang. Everyone jumped. Ruby answered it. "Hello," she said. "Yes, this is she." As she listened she slowly began to sink down into a chair, and with her free hand she clutched the phone table. In a slow, low voice she said, "I'm sorry you can't go. Thanks for everything." She held the phone in her hand for about ten seconds and then dropped it into the cradle.

"What is it?" Her father asked.

"Oh it's nothing. Ruthie won't be able to go to the movies after all. Something has come up and Peggy can't go," Looking at Ruthie she said, "Ruthie, you can't go to the movies after all. Peggy can't come."

"Don't want to go. Want to stay with you."

Ruby went over and hugged Ruthie tightly. "That's exactly what you're going to do. Now why don't we go upstairs and play."

"O.K." When they got upstairs Mrs. Terry said, "Who was that on the phone?"

"It was Peggy and she can't come."

"What are you going to do now?"

"Why I'm going to stay up here and play with Ruthie. What did you think?"

"What about Bob?"

"You'll just have to tell him I'm sick."

Her mother with her face very stiff said, "No, dear, I will not lie for you." She turned and left the room.
“Oh what am I going to do?
Who is going to tell me what to
do?”

Ruthie stood staring at her;
then she reached out and patted
Ruby on the arm. Ruby jerked her
arm away and, turning her back
on Ruthie, went to the window.
She stood very straight and still
except for twisting a button on
her blouse. She stared fixedly at
a car at the curb in the street.

Ruthie crept out of the room.
Just as Ruthie reached the bot-
tom of the steps the doorbell rang.
She pulled the door open. A boy
stood on the stoop. He said,

“Hello. You must be Ruby’s sis-
ter.”

When Ruby heard the doorbell
ring she said without turning from
the window, “Ruthie, how would
you like to come down in a few
minutes to meet a friend of mine?
Ruthie?” She swung around and
saw that Ruthie was not in the
room. Jerking away from the
window, she threw herself against
the door, pulled it open and stum-
bled into the hall. She was half-
way down the stairs when she saw
Ruthie.

Ruthie was looking at Bob, and
he was saying, as he extended his
hand, “I’m Bob Nuckles. What’s
your name?” Ruthie took a step
backwards and put her hand over
her mouth. Her vacant eyes were
fastened on the floor.

From the middle of the stairs
Ruby said, “Ruthie, I would like
you to meet a very special friend
of mine, Bob Nuckles. Bob this
is my sister, Ruthie.”

Ruby’s eyes were pinned to Bob’s
face as she came down the steps
to lead them into the living
room. Bob looked reassuringly at
her and said, “Now I know why
you’re so pretty. It’s because you
have such a beautiful sister.”

INTROSPECTION

Blue immensity, cloud-flecked,
Stretches overhead;
The sun dazzles the eyes.
The wind teases the leaves
And they show silver.
The grass dances with delight
At the wind’s dalliance.
Across the miles, mountains
(Tantalizing, mysterious,)
Beckon—
Beckon with twisting roads.
Inside, Sylvia
Turns from the window.
“Pretty,” she yawns, and
Picks up her sewing.

The H-bomb.
The fallout, strontium-90.
“Jupiter-C Orbits New Satellite!”
Headlines (black, defiant,)
March across the front page.
And some say the moon
Has a hammer and sickle
Already.
Nautilus goes under the
Polar ice-cap
And Sylvia flips pages
Of a fashion magazine.
“Hems will be longer this season,”
She says.

Margaret Burnett

( 5 )
"APPLICATION:
You Will Now Write A Theme About Yourself"

Yesterday I undertook the job of assessing my own character, and having made a rough list of both strong and weak points and read it over, ran terrified to the basement, where I huddled trembling in a corner, determined to remain there forever, growing my own mushrooms for food, and speaking to no one but our cat, which occasionally wanders in. Today, feeling the pangs of hunger and the need to go back to the office, it being pay day, I emerged. Pale and drawn, yipping hysterically, I had at least settled one thing for life: no more do-it-yourself psychology.

The beating that such an undertaking will invariably administer is just too much for the average person, and my beating was no exception. One of the weaker points in that whole frustrating list seems to have been the complete acceptance of authority, of all kinds. During High School days I had once been caught leaving the premises at noon, a direct disregard of rules. Told to report to the principal the next morning, I went home and prepared a carefully worded defense of my actions with the principal, a very reasonable person, as judge. The text ran along the lines of strong quotations from the Constitution, the Gettysburg Address, and weighty legal opinions from current crime movies. I would not, I decided, pound on his desk or use any of Clarence Darrow's tactics. This would be a concession to dignity, but I felt the burden, the weight of the rights of hundreds of students, squarely on my shoulders.

The next day I dressed as neatly as possible, strode to school grimly, ignoring puzzled friends along the way, and took a seat in the secretary's office. She announced immediately that the principal would see me.
He looked up from the budget sheets which he had been reading.
"Oh. Good morning. They tell me you left the grounds yesterday."

"Yes, sir."

"Well, that will cost you ten hours after school. That's all."

"Yes, sir."

I turned around and left, closing the door quietly. See what I mean? William Jennings Bryan with laryngitis. Hannibal with no elephants.

There were other instances like this, too, dozens of them. Also a few of indecision, with a smattering of aboutfaces thrown in.

Early in the Fall of 1942, a few of us were lying about on cots in barracks at La Guardia Field. War has a few agreeable features, not many, and one of them is the amount of time which a soldier often has in which he may do nothing but talk, or sleep.

The subject of this gathering was one that is rehashed at least four times a day by every enlisted man, that is "How Can One G. I. Let A Few Miserable Stripes Make Such A Difference?" There were many variations and examples given, the most popular of the day being the former Private, now Corporal, DeLucca, whose only conversation with his former buddies now consisted of "Ar-r-right, you guys, let's get them beds made and that stinkin' floor cleaned up."

The general thought for that day was that anyone who let sudden rank go to his head was, at the best, not fit for human companionship. This is always the conclusion of such discussions, but strangely enough is the part of the discussion most enjoyed. It is here that the participants may outline the character of the subject in great detail. I took part in this with great vigor, denouncing and naming various low forms of life which fitted perfectly the personality of any such criminal.

"Captain wants to see you," a passing friend informed me.

Sighing heavily, I rose and put on a Class A uniform, went down the wooden steps and presented myself to the First Sergeant. He looked me over critically, decided that I was properly cleaned, dressed and purified to enter the presence of any officer, and waved me in.

Captain Borden received and returned the salute, then continued to stare at me, stiff at attention.

"I believe," he said slowly, "there is something wrong with your uniform."

A button off of my shirt, I thought in panic. Maybe a dirty shirt. I don't care. I can always kill myself.

The captain got up and walked slowly around me, still staring. "Oh, yes, this is what's missing," he said, and pinned a single PFC stripe on my sleeve. Then, he stepped back and smiled. Captain Borden never did anything halfway. If I had made corporal he might have shaken hands with me.

"Okay, soldier," he said genially. "You're responsibility and rank now. [Slightly under corporal.] And more pay, too." (Four dollars per month.)

"That's all. Oh, when you go back upstairs, see about getting the place cleaned up a little, and tack your promotion order to the board."

Walking with jubilation well concealed and wearing a tiny stripe on one sleeve only (he had forgotten to give me the other), I ascended the stairs, cloud by cloud, and fastened the order to the board.

Then I turned around and looked down the long barracks floor.

"Ar-r-right, you guys," I said, "let's get them beds made and that stinkin' floor cleaned up."

And that's the way it went, on and on. Only it didn't seem too bad, until one day the book said, "What is your character like? Make a list, etc." Well, authors Brooks and Warren, that's about what mine is like. Would you gentlemen mind submitting to me a short statement on what yours are like? If any questions arise while you are preparing it, and they will, you might look me up. I'll be in the basement, and I have a feeling you'll be glad to remain with me for a while. You'll be welcome, and we're expecting a new crop of mushrooms at any time now.

METACHEMICAL

What chemistry is this? What rapid Exothermic change has taken place? There is merely touch; yet something causes An excitement the heat of which consumes us—Nearly. Is there some covalent bond, Some strong electrical attraction? What is the solution? Ionic? As a halogen combines with metal we combine. But I am not deceived—No "one—forever—only" here.

Virginia Schaaf
Spring 1959

It was raining when he stepped off the train. Even though the rain was falling steadily he could see that the town had not changed during the years of his absence. The creaking of the rusty traffic light above his head drew his attention as he crossed the street. He noticed with a half smile that it still was not working. As he passed the drug store he was grateful for the rain which spared him the necessity of facing the knot of men—the farmers, the few businessmen, with a free afternoon, and the n’eer-do-wells who congregated there against the window every Saturday afternoon. It was these men that he recalled first when he thought of the town. When he was a little boy he had been afraid of them—the coarse laughter, the lopsided grins, and the tobacco juice which they aimed expertly at his bare feet when he went by them. Today their heavy shoes would be tracking mud into the grocery store. There they would huddle around the cold stove, only stirring occasionally to spit through its open door.

The store window was cluttered with the usual hodgepodge of posters showing buxom girls with Coca-Colas, multi-colored bulletins advertising movies which had been shown in a nearby town as far back as January, empty cardboard boxes (one held a sleeping cat), and flies which had met their death on sticky fly paper. A woman in a dirty white apron stood gazing out into the rain from behind the posters. When she saw him, her eyes widened and her mouth flew open. For an instant their eyes met. Then she turned quickly and disappeared toward the back of the store. He brushed the rain from his Homburg and tightened his grip on the leather suitcase as he hurried down the street to the house which had been his home. He saw the black wreath on the front door long before he reached the house.

Spring 1953

“I’ll tell you, Miss Carrie, same as I told that preacher. If that boy tries to join the church, I’m leaving. I mean it. Just as sure as you’re sitting there, if he walks up to the front of the church tomorrow morning, I’m going to stand right up and walk out. I won’t be the only one either. A lot of ladies in the Lottie Moon Class have said the very same thing.” She blew back a strand of the yellow-grey hair which had fallen as far as the sharp nose from the force of her rocking.

“Miss Ethel, what makes you think the boy will want to join?”

“I know all right. Everybody knows he’s done talked to the preacher about it. Now don’t get me wrong. I’m as good a Christian as the next one. I don’t mind if he keeps coming and sitting on the back pew where he belongs, but if you ask me he’s getting too big for his breeches if he thinks he can be baptized and have his name put on the books same as the rest of us. What would people say, us having a nigger as a member of the congregation?”

“Well, you can’t exactly call him a Negro you know. After all, his parents are white. Doc Thompson, himself, said the same thing could happen to any family. Besides, I can’t believe Margaret ever did anything wrong.”

“Huh! Doc Thompson’s as bad as that preacher. All those highfaluting ideas. Those Northerners think they can come down here and tell us how to run our business. We gave that preacher fair warning though. If he so much as extends a finger to that boy he’s through and he knows it. He’ll lose his job so fast it’ll make his head swim. I tell you, we won’t have that boy as a member of the congregation.”

“I don’t know. Seems to me he’s a right smart boy. One of the teachers that boards with Hattie Bazemore said he makes the best grades in his class. He’ll graduate next month you know.”

“Huh! I reckon he thinks he ought to be the valedictorian. That boy ought to thank his lucky stars we even let him go to the white school after the colored school flatly refused to take him.”

Miss Carrie sighed. “I can’t help but think it’s a shame. Wonder what he’ll do after he graduates?”

The boy came down the street and by the porch where the two women sat rocking, Miss Carrie, the round one with the clear blue eyes, he knew and liked. He cut her grass in the summer and raked the magnolia leaves in the fall, and she always brought his lunch out to the back porch and told him how when she and his mother were little girls they played dolls under her grandmother’s grape arbor. He had seen the other woman in her husband’s grocery store helping out on Saturday. She had never helped him. Even if she was not busy she would ask the other clerk to see what he wanted.

His teacher was opening the gate on her way to town. When he saw her, he quickly directed his gaze in another direction. That way if she did not speak he could think it was because she thought he had not seen her.

“Good morning, David.”

He turned his head quickly as if surprised to see her there.

“Oh, good morning.”

Still smiling, she came out of the yard. He waited until she was several yards in front of him before he resumed his walk. She was a new teacher who had come to the school in September straight from the Teachers’ College. Last week she had asked to see him after school and when he went to her room, she was at her desk, her face very red and her hands very busy with a pile of papers. When she finally looked up she told him that he had the best grades in the Senior Class but that Mary Alice Harrington would be valedictorian. She added that she hoped he understood and would not mind. He had understood and he did mind and he wanted to tell her so. “Yes ma’am” was what he had said, but he wanted to say something to let her know that he knew it was not her fault. Then she had said something about why didn’t he go North after graduation, for with his intelligence and potentials he could amount to something.
She was right. The only way to ever amount to anything would be to leave the town. Still he hated to give up his parents. When he tried to talk to them about it, his mother would cry and lock herself in her room. It was to please her that he had decided to join the church. He had talked to the preacher about it, and the preacher had told him how they were all God's children and that he was welcome to the fold.

The men leaning against the drug store stopped talking when he approached them. Their eyes, hard and unflinching, followed him into the store. One of them muttered "deacon," and he heard the rest of them laugh and shuffle their feet into a new position against the front of the store.

Charles Edward, a boy in his class at school, was busy behind the counter. He nodded to the boy, David, and said that he would be with him in a minute. While he waited, the boy leaned against one of the ragged leather stools that were lined in front of the counter. Once when he was much younger he had made the mistake of climbing onto one of them and then waiting to be served. Even now he shuddered and felt hot with shame when he remembered how the druggist had lumbered out of the back room, mopping the perspiration which ran down his fat cheeks and cursing him. He had run home, crying all the way.

While Charles Edward filled his order, they talked about the baseball game with Craigsville. The druggist shouted to them from his position at the front of the store where he was stacking magazines into the rack.

"You boy, Charles Edward. Quit that jawing and do your work. I don't pay you to pass the time with the likes of him. And you boy. Get down to the end of the counter where you belong."

When he entered church that morning, he was not prepared to meet the eyes which turned to stare as if they had never seen him there before. He scarcely heard the singing and the sermon. Before he realized it, the preacher was announcing the closing hymn, the invitational hymn. He heard the voice pleading:

"This is the invitation to all who wish to be saved. Now friends, while we sing the first verse I want all of you who want to accept Jesus Christ as your Saviour to come forward."

The congregation was singing without the usual enthusiasm:

Blest be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above.

As he continued to plead, the preacher's eyes moved over the congregation. Not once did they fall on the boy in the back row. However, the boy could feel other eyes upon him. Miss Ethel had pushed her glasses down on her long nose and the beady eyes were peering over them. The men who had been in faded overalls yesterday now stood watching him in their Sunday suits with the big wide neckties. He saw Miss Carrie, his teacher, and Charles Edward. The druggist was mopping his face with a red bandana. They were singing the third verse:

We share our mutual woes
Our mutual burdens bear
And often for each other flows
A sympathizing tear.

The boy stood up and slipped out the door where the sunshine, warm and fresh, welcomed him.
TRINITY

I saw three faces
And the first said Allelujah!
And the second said Gloria! Gloria!
And the third said God damn you all!

And I said:

Amen

Edie Witcher

THE YELLOW MEN

Great yellow bees
Buzzing, budding, beating
World into
Will.

Weighing power, purpose, pain—
Pavloving individual
into communal man
Until

Swarming, swaggering
Over wide white plain
They sting stragglers into one great
Hive-mill.

Edie Witcher

THE BEACH BELOW

(Or, Not on Robinson Jeffers)

The beach below beckons
with white sand fingers
shaded into being by a sun
gay, intense, full of life like
the beautiful brown people
laughing and playing
there on the beach below

I had better go back inside
the sun on this cliff
blinds me.
No. it is the happiness sparkling
in their eyes . . . the purposeless people
. . . . Playing there.
Oh the sun on that blinding white sand
How high this cliff is One
almost loses his balance
. . . . inside
. . . . falling
that beautiful beach

Edie Witcher
I said to Mamma, "Golly, Mamma, do you think this year it will be different?"

I was in the kitchen helping Mamma. It was late. It was late for breakfast but a nice time to have breakfast on Christmas morning. I started thinking then about when I first started school this fall. I'm a freshman in college this year. It's the first time I've ever been away from home that long before. But I was almost gone that long this summer. I went to visit my aunt over in the south part of Pennsylvania. She had a baby and I helped take care of the house. Just cooking and washing and a few things. Anyway, I had been at school for three months and a week and I didn't have any idea what was going on at home. I don't mean that Mamma and Jo, Jo's little sister, didn't write. Heck, no, they wrote me about the new schoolhouse and that accident Margot Kell was in and just things like that. But they didn't tell me other things. Like about Poppa.

Now I'm not trying to be smart or play God and condemn Poppa or anything like that. Shucks, Poppa would be an O.K. guy if he just didn't drink. His Poppa came from Germany when Poppa was just a little tiny boy. And Mamma told me how Poppa told her that his poppa used to drink a whole lot of beer, like he did back in the old country. Now my poppa was just a little boy, about eleven or twelve, when they buried his poppa. And my grandpa was a great big man, over six feet tall and had big muscles and a whole lot of curly hair and a big bushy beard. (I saw an old photo of him that Poppa carries in his wallet. It's mostly yellow now and it's about to fall apart where it's been folded.) But Poppa is a smallish man, not much taller than me, but I'm sort of tall for seventeen and a girl. Anyway, what I was saying, Poppa wanted more than anything to be like his poppa, but he just wasn't big and didn't have the friendly personality they say Grandpa did and I guess that was the reason he drank. But in that old photo Grandpa looked real jolly, like he had a good time all the time, folks say, and just drank beer because it was a custom where he used to live. But with Poppa it's different.

When he drinks he's not cheerful or anything like Grandpa. Far from it. Well, at first he's real friendly. Then everything is real sad to him, like he's remembering when his poppa died and when Hal, that's my big brother, left home to go to work all the way down in North Carolina. Poppa thinks sad things like that, then he cries. A little after he cries he gets real mad and real mean and you got to stay out of Poppa's way when he gets like that. I mean we just try to see if we can't just stay in a n o t h e r room 'til Poppa goes to sleep or gets over the mean part. And it's always been like this as long as I can remember. Because Poppa has always drunk beer as long as I can remember. I guess way back in his mind he still thinks drinking makes him like his poppa because that's what he always wanted. But especially at Christmas time and other vacations and holidays he buys a lot of beer and stuff to drink.

But like I told you, I had been away from home for three months and a week and I thought maybe Poppa had been cured. It's not impossible, you know. Mamma is always trying to help him. She wrote me one time about him not drinking for a week and a half and he was fixing up things around the house. Painting and all. And that sounds pretty good when Poppa does things like that. So I thought maybe he hadn't been drinking. Or drinking as much. And another thing. This great-aunt of mine, Poppa's aunt, was on her way to Tennessee and she was going to stop in Christmas day afternoon and we were going to have fruitcake and coffee. Poppa hadn't seen this aunt in a long time and she was a good sport and all and Poppa liked her. So I thought maybe Christmas would be different this year. Poppa is always crying when we eat Christmas dinner. He always is. And two hours later he is mad and mean. But there is always a chance things will be different.

So there I was, helping in the kitchen. We had opened our presents in the living room and we were going to eat breakfast about 10 o'clock. That's the way we've done nearly every Christmas since I can remember. When I asked Mamma if she thought this year would be different she just said, "I don't know, honey. We'll just have to wait and see." About that time Poppa himself walked in. Poppa is getting kind of bald but what hair he has is kind of dull red. They say Grandpa's hair and beard were fiery red. Poppa's skin is sort of reddish, too. Just lots of people say I look like Poppa. But really my hair gets darker as I get older. Anyway, Poppa had said something funny and we were just laughing and teasing about...
how men liked, or didn’t like to be hugged. Now I thought this was a good sign, to see Poppa joking on Christmas morning, or any morning, for that matter.

When Poppa’s back was turned for a minute I whispered to Mamma real low, “Mamma, should I walk over and hug him?” I never was very affectionate as a child. Mamma nudged me like with her elbow and said, “Sure, honey, he’d like that.”

So I marched right up to my Poppa and hugged him and said, “Here’s a big Christmas hug for my Poppa.”

Now he looked kind of surprised because I never did anything like that in my whole life. Then he said, “Honey, you remind me a lot of your Mamma when she was young and she and I were courting,” and these big tears came in his eyes. Then he got that faraway look and I knew right then. I said to myself, “This Christmas isn’t going to be any different.”

And it wasn’t.

The Shenandoah Valley is like a warped checkerboard. It stretches for miles, almost treeless in places. During the summer it is lush and warm. In the autumn, the leaves are bright, but they seem to have a blanket of grey cast over them. Winter is slow to come and slower to leave. But the Shenandoah Valley is a thing of grace, a rolling wilderness surrounded by mountains. Farms are like checkers, cattle bits of dust. The people here are farm people. Life here is bread, potatoes, and hominy.

Sally Fosnight

Earth has a smell unlike anything else I know, for it is all odors combined. It smells as sweet as the first meadow daisies, as sour as a stagnant pool, as musty as wet hay, and as fresh as cool spring water. Earth is life and death and rebirth. It is dreams and sorrows and hopes. It gives everything and takes something from everything. It is the smell of mankind.

Joan Neibert
Katherine Taylor wearily picked up her pencil and went over her check stubs again. No error. She threw down the pencil with an impatient sigh. (It's no use, Kate. These figures just don't spell college for Sandra. A saleslady's salary will go only so far. If Edward had lived—)

She leafed back through the big checkbook. Her searching finger stopped on one stub for $31.50. It was the exact amount that Sandra's class-ring would have cost, but this stub showed that the check had been made out to the dentist. Sandra hadn't complained about not getting a class-ring, and now, remembering how patient the child had been, Katherine gulped and the tears came to her eyes. Wouldn't Sandra ever have any of the things a young girl craves? Katherine thought of the blouse she had sold that noon, just before the store closed. It was a froth of whipped cream, just as dainty as Sandra herself, and would have framed the girl's dark loveliness with delicacy. But the price mark on it was $11.95, and Katherine had forced the thought of it out of her mind. Just as she had had to forget so many other exquisite things Sandra would have loved.

She jumped up and ran to the mirror. "Failure!" she flung at herself, and her reflection mouthed the accusation back at her. She buried her face in her hands. Tears spilled through her fingers. Then she straightened up and wiped her eyes.

The sound of a car pulling up in front of the house made her turn to the window. It was the Bowers girl in the new Chevrolet her parents had given her as a graduation present. Sandra would have no such graduation gift. (Kate, you've tried so hard—is there nothing you can give her?)

She drew back from the window as Sandra got out and turned to wave goodbye as the flashy red car moved away from the curb. (Quick, Kate, hold your head high and make it a gallant smile. Think how Katherine Cornell would play this scene.)

Sandra came in with her usual deliberate step and her usual slow smile. "Am I late?"

"Oh, not at all, honeybun. I wasn't the least bit worried. You said this morning—remember—that you were going to stay after school to help put up the exhibits for the Open House tonight. Did you get everything in order for all us fond and doting parents?"

(Easy, Kate, don't overdo the gaiety.)

"All fixed up." Sandra strolled into the dining room and dropped her books on the table. A paper slipped out of her notebook and fluttered to the floor. Katherine stooped to pick it up.

"Why, honeygirl—this reminds me of one of my favorite customers." She giggled. "I've told you about her. The one who's so fat and so pompously domineering. She always buys the frilliest things I have in stock in her size, too." She appraised the sketch with a critical eye. "But this is good—this is really good. You've caught her expression exactly. And I love your title. 'Duchess Under Full Sail' puts her in the right category personality-wise." Amusement spread over her face. "But you—you don't know this woman. You've never even seen her. How did you know she looked so much like this kind of person?"

Sandra shrugged. "You showed me."

"I showed you?"

Sandra was in the kitchen, slipping on an apron. "You missed your calling. Would have made a fortune on Broadway."

Katherine followed her. Skillfully she unmolded the noodle ring and filled the center with the creamed tuna-and-carrot mixture.

"You mean you could tell," she went on, "you could actually tell what that woman was like—even what she looked like, almost—just because I did a take-off on her?"

"Sure could." Sandra had taken the salad from the refrigerator and set it on the duetted table. With smooth efficiency she finished setting the table and filled the water glasses.

"Tell me," Katherine went on, as she and Sandra sat down, "do you make such merciless character sketches of all the people I chatter about when I come home?"

"Some. Not all portraits, though. Here's a symbolic one." Sandra stood up, drifted into the dining room, and returned. She laid a sheet of notebook paper beside her mother.

Katherine picked it up. "Oh, this is the one who couldn't keep her nose out of a book even while I was waiting on her. You've made a real bookworm out of her." Her laughter rippled. "Here she is, sitting at the table, knife and fork in hand, half-eaten volume on the plate in front of her, four others stacked up beside her waiting their turn. How clever!" She laid down the sketch and looked at her daughter. "Look, honeybun. You've always doodled—remember the gay little faces you used to draw on the grocery lists? Now, I don't know much about art, but it seems to me these are pretty special. You ought to do something with this talent you have. Why didn't you prepare these for the exhibition tonight?"

"Did."

"You mean you're really going to have some drawings on exhibition tonight? Sandra, why didn't you tell me? I declare, you're just like your father all over again. It was next to impossible to get any information out of him. Things anybody else would be shouting from the housetops, he'd keep to himself. So my little girl is exhibiting tonight!" She clasped her hands and rolled her eyes toward the ceiling. "Ah! With what zest shall I attend the performance this evening?"

A smile flickered briefly at Sandra's mouth.
A little later, dinner over, Katherine put her elbows on the table, propped her chin in her clasped hands, and looked at Sandra. The girl's eyes were downcast, and she was turning her coffee-cup around and around in her saucer. A little muscle was twitching at the corner of her mouth.

"Anything wrong, honeybun?"

Something on the tablecloth engaged Sandra's attention. Her thumbnail flicked at a crumb. "No. Why?"

"You seem sort of—well, different. Not nervous, exactly, I don't mean that, but all keyed up, as if you were waiting for something."

The girl smiled faintly, but didn't look up. "Just waiting for you. Look at the clock. Get your hat and I'll stack the dishes."

In the bedroom, putting on her hat, Katherine's effervescence went flat. Her shoulders sagged and her mouth drooped. (So Sandra has a real talent. So it ought to be developed. So what, Kate? So there is still no money for art training. That's what.) Again she accused herself, "Failure!" And again the eyes in the mirror reproached her.

Sandra didn't seem to notice her mother's unusual silence as they drove to the school, parked the car, and joined a group of people at the main entrance.

"Who's that woman waving at you?" Katherine asked, as they edged their way toward the auditorium. "And why is she making those queer motions—and nodding her head so vigorously?"

There was no answer, and she turned to look at Sandra—turned to look, and stared. The girl's eyes were wide-open now and shooting sparks of excitement. Katherine's heart lurched. What in the world?

"Sandra," she began.

But Sandra only said, "Wait!" She tucked her mother's arm firmly under her own, guided her down the hall, around a group of people, and into one of the classrooms. "There!"

Katherine looked in the direction Sandra was pointing. Recognition dawned on her face. "Why, honeygirl—they're beautiful! There's the book-lover, and the duchess, and the soulful lady, and—six wonderful sketches!"

She followed Sandra's look up to the corner of the bulletin board and gasped. It was really a very modest blue ribbon, but to Katherine it was a blaze of blue and gold. She hugged her daughter and beamed at her.

Sandra sounded complacent, but shy, too. "Didn't want to say anything till I knew for certain that I'd won."

"But how in the world did you find out? You didn't know it at the dinner table, and you haven't talked to a soul since we got here. However did you find out?"

"Miss Evans—Art teacher—signalled to me when we came in. Said this afternoon I had a strong chance. Said I'm weak technically. Technique can be learned." Sandra's tight control slipped and her words gushed out. "Oh, mother, she said my work showed unusual creative imagination! So of course I told her about you and your darling little interpretations of people. She drew a long breath and struggled to regain her composure. "Don't you see, mother?"

(Open your mind, Kate. Is this what you've been looking for? hoping for?)

Sandra's voice was casual, but she couldn't keep the triumph out of her eyes. "I heard that the winner in tonight's competition would get a scholarship to the Art Institute."

Kate shook her head slowly. (Where are all your words, now Kate?) She heard the buzz of people going into the auditorium. Suddenly she dabbed at her eyes and kissed her daughter solemnly. She fumbled in her pocketbook for her compact. This time there was only joy and pride in the brown eyes beaming back at her. (Make it casual, Kate.)

"Come on, genius," she said to Sandra, her voice not entirely steady. "We'll be late for the program."
The night was cold and bright. The stars shone brightly above, twinkling but aloof, as if their only care were to take their positions each night and shine, disdainful of the state of mankind below.

Crutchfield walked in deliberate steps toward the bridge. He wrapped his overcoat tightly around his body, keeping his hands in his pockets. The chill night air hung about him, seeming to add impetus to his steps. In the air drifted little clouds of smoky moisture made by his warm breath.

The bridge was steel. It looked as cold as the night, as it stood mute in the starlight. Shining on the dull steel were faint glimmers of the lights of the city whose entrance it guarded. The water below was running swiftly along its journey as if it had more important business elsewhere.

Crutchfield drew nearer the bridge. He heard the distant sound of voices singing in unison at the Salvation Army hut over on dismal River Bank Street. The voices blended discordantly to the tune of "Silent Night, Holy Night." These were the voices of people who had found warmth in the night through fellowship at the hut. They would drink hot coffee and eat doughnuts and, after singing, would thank God for the Christ Child.

As he reached the entrance to the bridge Crutchfield could barely hear the voices singing. His own thoughts seemed to crowd out their notes as he stood near the railing thinking desperately.

Suddenly Nancy was there. She was standing beside him; no, towering over him and making him tremble.

"I've told you, Henry, you just aren't a businessman. Why don't you try to find something else to do so the kids and I can have some of the things other families do?" She had said that after he had told her about the machine shop failure.

He had never been a stable man. He had wandered from job to job until he had hit upon this machine shop idea. She could never have known what that business had meant to him. He had his every penny tied up some way in that shop. Furthermore, he really enjoyed working there. Trouble was, Machine Works, Inc. consolidated most of the other machine businesses in town and the struggle was too great for his small shop. That bankruptcy sign on the front door was hard to explain to Nancy. She knew all his money was tied up in that business and that meant a tighter budget for her to live by.

After a two months' wait the unemployment office had fixed him up with a job at the bottling
works. At last he could go home to Nancy with a check, meager though it was.

"You know, forty dollars a week doesn't get very far. Don't blame me for the meals you get now. I'm doing my best for the money you bring home," she had said the first week he got his pay check.

"Lord knows, I've turned it all over to you, every cent," he thought to himself.

"Just give me a chance and I'll have something better someday," he had said to her one night. Nancy had just turned away frowning, and had gone to call the kids from off the street.

Then the boss had come to him tonight before the second shift came on. "I won't beat around the bush about this, fellow; might as well tell you straight and save the preliminaries. We got to lay off a few guys and you're one of them. Nothin' personal, you know. Just that business is a little slow. Wilson's going too, if that helps any."

He left work tonight at five thirty as usual. But, as was not usual, he had not gone straight home. How could he face Nancy now? And she had fussed about forty dollars a week. How could he explain that for two more months, maybe longer, they would be without any income except the measly unemployment check?

Crutchfield stood near the railing of the bridge. Its cold steel pierced his hands and made them numb. He gripped tighter and tighter, but he couldn't feel the tension of his grip for the numbness.

Turning his face upward into the eastern sky, he was overcome by the dazzling light of a star. It seemed strangely powerful, almost blinding, as his eyes remained fast on it. He clenched his fists and they trembled violently as he cried out, "Oh, bright star! Star of life and hope, shine into my weak heart. Show me your peace. Show me tonight—," his voice broke with emotion. It was impossible for him to evoke another sound.

The water was still flowing hurriedly along. It made him dizzy to look at it hard. His whole body tensed up against the steel railing and his head reeled from side to side. He could even see little pictures in the water. He could see Nancy frowning and suddenly disappearing into the ripples. The only miracle the starlight revealed was the dim outlines of the kids; they seemed to be crying and their faces were gruesomely distorted by the ripples. His stomach was resting on the top of the railing now, his head and chest bent forward at a right angle to the rest of his body. His head fell down sharply. He gritted his teeth and sobbed loudly. His hands began to bleed as he beat them against the lower section of the steel rail. The blood was warm as it trickled down his hand onto his sleeve.

"My God, my God," he cried in utter desperation.

There was no scream as the body fell lightly through the air.

The ripples of the cold water widened and closed rhythmically. Then they opened sluggishly as if exhausted by such activity. Finally the water was perfectly smooth again and the stillness of the night was penetrated only by the faint strains of "all is calm, all is bright."

My mother tells me stories With a very gentle tongue, Of how I worked and played When I was very young.

I had a little bakery shop Beside our garden walk Where I sold delicious mud pies Stirred with an old corn stalk.

My dog and dolls were customers During those happy times. I gave them muddy apple tarts, They gave me paper dimes.

Susan Gore
"On Top of Old Smoky—"
That may not sound like the strains of a college pep song, but it's part of the atmosphere of an empty football stadium when the game is over. The drinking pals, happier than they are harmonious, filled with something more than the thoughts of their team's victory, slowly meander away.

The echoing cheers and shouts and boom-booms of the bass drums fade and become a part of the scenery. "Hey Joe, you take that side, and I'll get this one." To some kids finding a few pop bottles and collecting deposits is pretty important and they hunt among the litter of strewn confetti and wadded-up programs.

What is a football stadium? An arena where contests between athletic teams take place? An overflow crowd of screaming, throbbing emotions?

What is an empty football stadium? The half-time ceremonies are a part of tomorrow's newspapers. A picture of a smiling queen is the only reminder of the event. Even the weeks the band has drilled in order to give its best halftime show are forgotten. Everything is forgotten except, "We won!" or "We lost." "Yes, it was a great game; remember that pass by Owens, wasn't it a beaut?" And now the most prominent sound to be heard among the rows and rows of vacant cheering sections is the clicking of typewriter keys as the sportscasters prepare their analyses of the game.

I have been in many football stadiums. Before a game there is always expectancy in the air, during the action-packed quarters, there is excitement, and afterward—it is like the circus grounds when the show has ended and the big tent is folded. City Stadium in Richmond impressed me in this way, for as I stood watching the crowds dwindle into patterns on the stands, this theme formed in my mind. The last of the Hightytighties marched from the field, and exhausted cheerleaders wearily joined the throngs. Two small boys tackling each other near the goal line interrupted the smooth greenness of the gridiron.

As I turned to take a last look at the huge, lonely stadium, I picked up an empty popcorn cone to keep as a souvenir.

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**THE BEGGAR'S MOUTH**

Guant, gaping,
the gate to eternity
stretched circular and
serpentine, aping
that timeless hole
in humanity which is able
to scold
and beg.

Toppled on a flimsy flesh pole
her physical semblance of
futility surrounds the
trapdoor to time
from whence escapes the
the voice able to convince
and beg.

The entrance to forever
echoing, hastening
the end with words
that wish then wait
hounding humanity
it says:
I hunger

Edie Witcher

(17)
HOW TO MAKE FRIENDS AND INFLUENCE CATS... Jean Harrison

A cat demands more devotion than the noble canine, who is loyal to his master even unto death. If Mrs. Van Norn is placidly content to pet her favorite Persian with only the tips of her brilliantly polished nails, she may proudly announce to the Woman's Club that she owns the feline, but she will never be successful in becoming his friend. But the understanding master who has a sincere will to give a little affection can excel in the art of making a friend and influencing a cat.

A word of caution to the prospective “parent” of a kitten: remember, there is more to that little ball of fluffy fur than its glossy velveteen black coat. The feline has a personality, just like you, and should the two be conflicting natures you will be a friend in need, and not “in deed.” If you are well-satisfied with your own interior decorating, your selection will be limited to the type which will accept this arrangement or find contentment in displaying his spiritual talents in the great out-of-doors. All of these bits of classified do’s and don’ts can be indubitably put into practice if the possessor has any choice in the matter. But the owner does not always choose the cat; the cat may choose him. However, if the tenant of the home in which the youthful kitten decides to reside is even slightly charitable and receptive, he has undertaken step one in establishing a joyous relationship with the family’s most recent addition.

The psychology of the “meow” is the golden key to establishing this rewarding feline friendship. It introduces to the master a quest for food, play, or sleep. Because of the interesting relation between mind and body, a luscious platter of inviting Puss’n Boots, topped with a brimming bowl of tasty butter milk makes you, in Jimmy’s estimation, the king of catdom. The reluctant playboy who cannot regress momentarily to boyhood memories and once again frolic with Jimmy on the billowy living room carpet has, likewise, met defeat before the contest has begun. For like the retreating Hannibal crossing the Alps, you must be stalked and pursued over the mountainous bulk of the hassock and the rocker. As the defenseless prisoner-of-war you must be stripped of all valuables and weapons: from the gnawed and frayed brown shoe strings to the shredded remnants of the “Evening Globe.”

When the need for sleep replaces the pleasures of eating and frolicking, the affectionate owner need turn the golden key only once more to unbind the love of Jimmy’s heart. Rex du chat is he whose unmeasured generosity extends to the kitten the tender warmth and consoling comfort of the fleecy quilt of the master’s bed. When at last Jimmy’s slowly drooping head comes to rest on his outstretched paws and two sparkling blue eyes gaze sleepily upon the towering countenance standing near his side, you can pause in pride and joy. You have mastered the art of making a friend and influencing a cat.
THE COLLECTED WRITINGS OF HARRY MUNSON

Fast Shake Washing Machine Co.,
Chicago, Ill.

March 29, 1959

Mr. Harry Munson
Sacramento, Cal.

Dear Harry:

We certainly missed you at the Spring sales meeting, and I hope your virus trouble is settling down now. The meeting was very successful, as you may have read in this week's "Wash & Wring," and L. K. was very pleased. We had a few individual meetings with each District Manager's group on Monday, and on Tuesday there were meetings with the factory group in the morning and individual huddles in the afternoon. Wednesday was the day, though, and you would certainly have gotten a real kick out of the program.

It was held at the Armory, and everyone was told to arrive early so there would be plenty of time for browsing among the exhibits, which were items from our factory, of course. After that, lunch was served, and you should have seen the boys tear into that cold chicken. Following lunch we moved into the auditorium and Bill Swanson from the factory gave a talk on the new "Swirlaway." That's the new deluxe job for Laundromats and big laundries, as you probably know by now. Then L. K. gave one of his talks and you know what they are, Harry. L. K. can bring out the best in any salesman. After that there was a live telecast from Hollywood, which was put on just for this meeting, closed circuit and everything. They had a good musical show, using our machines for props, and even working the product into the songs. I don't usually keep such things in my head, but I can't help remembering a line from one song that went "Your washday blues will fly away, if you own a Swirlaway." We ought to use that in our promotion next year. Well, after that I gave a talk on the "Swirlaway," and it was very well received. I certainly don't like to brag it up but I did take dramatics at Columbia, and I always was able to make inspiring little talks with a lot of reverence in them. I built this one around the family feeling all of us at Fast Shake have for each other, working up to the better products we have been able to produce, and then ending with the line, "And here is our best, the last word, a remarkable milestone along the road of Man's achievement." With that I turned and pointed to the stage, and the curtains opened revealing a velvet-hung setting and right in the center, a brand-new "Swirlaway," gold-plated, with an overhead spotlight shining straight down on it. I took the silence that followed to be a tribute to the product, and maybe just a tiny bit of tribute for my little talk.

Well, that's about all for the meeting, except that L. K. asked about you. I told him about your temperature of 102 degrees and I guess he was convinced. You didn't lie to L. K. because the day of the meeting my temperature went to 102½ degrees. I was able to get out yesterday, though, and went to see Mr. Billings at Washyerown, again. This account is even bigger than we thought, because they are going to open a string of Washyerowns in San Francisco as well as Los Angeles, which makes their requirements about double. Billings is a very tough nut to crack, and I will have to tell you right now that he favors the "Dynawasher" product very much. There aren't any strings there, either; he has no relatives at Dynawasher, and a kick-back deal is out of the question with Billings. He is sold on their product, and I have to un-sell him.

Incidentally, I found when I was ill that our company insurance does not cover us unless we are confined in a hospital. I'm not kicking about the policy, but I do feel that expense accounts should be liberalized somewhat to take care of this. What do you think?

Sincerely,

Harry Munson

Sacramento, Cal.

March 31, 1959

Mr. Harvey Grinch
Sales Manager

Fast Shake Washing Machine Co.,
Chicago, Ill.

Dear Harvey:

Enjoyed your letter of the 29th, and the virus is just about whipped now. You didn't lie to L. K. because the day of the meeting my temperature went to 102½ degrees. I was able to get out yesterday, though, and went to see Mr. Billings at Washyerown, again. This account is even bigger than we thought, because they are going to open a string of Washyerowns in San Francisco as well as Los Angeles, which makes their requirements about double. Billings is a very tough nut to crack, and I will have to tell you right now that he favors the "Dynawasher" product very much. There aren't any strings there, either; he has no relatives at Dynawasher, and a kick-back deal is out of the question with Billings. He is sold on their product, and I have to un-sell him.

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Sincerely,

Harry Munson
Mr. Harry Munson  
Sacramento, Cal.

Dear Harry:

Glad to hear that Washyerown contemplates opening in ‘Frisco as well as L. A., but it certainly doesn’t sound good to hear that you have allowed Dynawasher to get a foot in the door. Our factory engineer is mailing you a complete set of specifications on their latest products, complete with a detailed list of their weak points. Really, Harry, I thought you probably knew enough about them to downgrade them a little. Not that we ever knock a competitor, you know that. However, in the inevitable comparison between products it is well to have a little knowledge of your opponent.

As L. K. was telling old Joe Thompson the other day, in my presence, “You can’t make chicken soup out of chicken feathers.” Not that I’m trying to infer that you don’t know when to grab an advantage, Harry; it’s just that L. K. feels that old Joe is softening up a bit. This is strictly between the two of us; I wouldn’t want the other boys to know that I gave out the details of a private conference.

Concerning the expense account you mention, I’m afraid that matter is somewhat static at the present. As you very well know, all expense accounts are set on an even basis, which is decided by Accounting, and no increases can be made without a lot of ground work first.

“Make That Extra Call Today”

Harvey Grinch  
Sales Manager

Mr. Harvey Grinch  
Fast Shake Washing Machine Co.,  
Chicago, Ill.

Sacramento, Cal.  
April 3, 1959

Dear Harvey:

Sorry to report no luck with Billings. That is, no definite luck. He is still very much sold on Dynawasher, but I cornered him at lunch today and spent a very promising hour with him. You will find this lunch listed on my expense account and I am sure it will receive Accounting’s O. K. All I was able to get out of him was an agreement to demonstrate our product. The catch is that we must demonstrate at the same time, side by side, with Dynawasher. I know you are dead set against such exhibits, but it’s either that or nothing.

Harvey, will you please send the attached specifications for a small flywheel to the factory and have them make me one from aluminum, and then burnish it? I need it badly and would appreciate a quick job.

I have an appointment with a prospect close to Washyerown in an hour, so will try to catch both of them while I’m in the neighborhood.

Sincerely,

Harry Munson

Fast Shake Washing Machine Co.,  
Chicago, Ill.

Memo: From the Office of the President

To: All Personnel

We wish to announce that we have accepted with regret the resignation of Joe Thompson, who is leaving us to accept a position with another firm.

copy to:  
Harry Munson

L. K. Swirl,  
President.
Dear Harry:

You must be losing your mind to take on a side-by-side demonstration with Dynawasher. I'm very disappointed in you, Harry, and I have to tell you that L. K. is unhappy, too. I would come out there myself, but I have to go East tomorrow. However, I think it only fair to warn you that L. K. is taking a plane today for Sacramento.

That aluminum gadget that you want will be ready soon, but I don't see how pursuing a model hobby, or whatever you are doing, can be very helpful at a time like this.

Sincerely,

Harvey Grinch
Sales Manager

WESTERN UNION
Sacramento, Cal.

Mr. Harvey Grinch
Fast Shake Washing Machine Co.,
Chicago, Ill.

Keep L. K., send flywheel.

Harry

WESTERN UNION
Chicago, Ill.

L. K.’s plans changed due to labor meeting. Trying to get Crompton from Memphis to take over Washyerown job for you, but until he arrives you will have to handle it alone. I don’t need to remind you that much depends on outcome of this for all concerned. Factory shipping gadget today.

Harvey Grinch

Mr. Harvey Grinch
Fast Shake Washing Machine Co.,
Chicago, Ill.

Dear Harvey:

I don’t know just what is going on with you and L. K. and Crompton, but I certainly want to thank you for the great faith you seem to have in me. Crompton, by the way, has not put in an appearance yet. Your faith was apparently well founded, because I was given the entire order from Washyerown today, for both the Los Angeles and San Francisco branches. That is, I was handed the order but I can’t quite decide what to do with it, Harvey.

If that sounds a little bit unusual, I will just have to tell you the whole story, which I finally have time to do. The extremely long hours I have had to observe lately have not left much time for complete reports.

To begin with, the aluminum flywheel you sent arrived today. However, it was not burnished and still had a bright shine on it. I rushed over to a metal shop that I happened to remember and they did a quick burnish job for me. Then I took a cab to the Washyerown offices, and went in the back way to talk to Vernie Newcomb, a mechanic. Vernie and I always got along very well, and he was willing to let me inspect our washer and also the Dynawasher, both of which were in the storeroom, awaiting the demonstration. In fact, Vernie even kept watch just outside the door while I slipped the heavy steel flywheel from the Dynawasher and inserted the light aluminum one you sent me. After the burnish job, the aluminum wheel looks exactly like the steel one, and you have to lift it to tell the difference. I then slipped Vernie a couple of fives, which you will find on my expense account, and the stage was all set.
It was then time for lunch, and I went to the Grotto with Billings and the Dynawasher salesman, an agreeable fellow but rather overconfident. Things were very polite but somewhat strained, and I was glad when we were back in the office, ready for the demonstration.

Word had gotten around, and several of Washyerown’s department heads were there, along with the Dynawasher salesman and two engineers from their factory. Incidentally, Harvey, nobody thought about sending me a mechanic for this deal, but those people thought of sending two engineers.

Well anyhow, Billings told me to start our machine, and he threw in some dirty rags himself, to start things off. I switched it on, and it ran like the good product that it is. After about fifteen minutes of explanation and gadget-twisting, I was at the end of my pitch, and it was Dynawasher’s turn.

Billings threw some more dirty rags in their machine, and the salesman switched it on. Well Harvey, you can imagine what happened. That motor was set to turn a flywheel eighteen times heavier than the aluminum one I had substituted, and instead of taking off with a light hum, it gave out with a glad, healthy roar. One of the engineers motioned to the salesman to switch it on “low” but it was already on “low.” In fact, it never got any further. The agitator was throwing water so hard that some of it seeped out in several places along the tight cover, so they shut it off and the salesman began explaining, while the engineers started trouble-shooting. His confidence was a little shaken now, and he kept glancing at the two men working on the motor, while he attempted to look on it all as a little joke. They tried it again in about ten minutes, with the same result, and this time the engineers took off their coats and really set to work. The salesman was completely out of little jokes by now, and Billings was becoming very impatient. Some of the spectators left and Billings began to ask first this and then that question from the engineers, who were now frantic. One of them gave him an answer which contained a certain amount of profanity, and to smooth things over the salesman quickly asked the other engineer if the machine had been tested before the trial. Without thinking, he admitted that it had been completely tested the day before and worked perfectly, leaving the salesman no alibi.

With that, Billings had had enough. He beckoned me to follow him to another office, and there he had a girl type up a complete order, which he signed and handed to me.

And this brings me to the problem of what to do with the order, Harvey. You see, in the past few weeks I have been seeing Billings quite often, and he mentioned to me that any time I wanted to leave “Fast Shake” he could use a purchasing agent. And if I become the purchasing agent for “Washyerown” I really don’t think I should be purchasing a product which, to be very delicate about it, won a one-horse race.

Well, that’s my story, Harvey. I hope you can help me with my problem. I have about one week to think it over. Please give my regards to L. K.

Sincerely,

Harry Munson

Fast Shake Washing Machine Co.,
Chicago, Ill.

Memo: From the Office of the President
To: Harry Munson

Dear Harry:

Harvey has told me about your success with the Washyerown people. I would like to congratulate you and offer you also the Compliments of our entire organization. Harvey also mentioned some little differences about expenses and salary, and I want to ask you right now to come here to Chicago and have a long talk with me, personally. We have something to offer you which I feel certain will interest you very much.

Also, if I may be permitted to request a favor, I would like you to make me a present of that little aluminum flywheel. I would like to keep it on my desk as a paper weight and a constant reminder of what inspired thinking and quick action can accomplish.

Your friend,

L. K. Swirl,
President.
REALIZATION

My mind rides the gull's wing
And stares at the glittering waters below.
I want to leap . . . but dare not.
Finally, excitement knotted around my heart,
I leap.
At first, the exultation of flying alone
Through blue space . . .
Then the cold crystal shock.
I stare at the bird with salt glazed eyes . . .
Why am I here,
When I would rather be
Upon the wings?

Pat Davis

POOR POOR MEN

Death is its own
And song is its own
For everyone.
But War, war is selfish and remaining within.

It goes in through the pores and
"One Way" is marked there,
And it is forever present
Somewhere—within.

It demands a place both day and night,
In dream or sign
Never unfurnished but whole:
An apartment with many doors
And each a corpse behind.

The pain passes and the smell ceases,
But the war in memory of man
Remains.

And you will you shall
Go on for a leaden eternity ever
Quiet, ever dumb
And no one
Can come near it in you
And you in it.
Poor, poor men!

Winifred Waite

THE CLOCK TICKS

The clock ticks and minutes quickly fly
While the rain outside raps on the window,
Its continuous beat asking me for a reply
To why time lives in the dark shadow
Of yesterday, while today is left to die!

Helen Caravas
As the sun forced its dim rays through the chaotic masses of black clouds, I sat in the evening mists thinking of the fountain as it had been that afternoon. There Helen and I sat, laughing at the gargoyles spouting water from every imaginable angle. I read to her excerpts from my poems. She had laughed and said, "They are beautiful, like the Roman nights—so dark, and so intense. You know, the darkness and I are kindred spirits." I said nothing—but oh what I wish I could have said. Yet, when I was with Helen, I found myself so inarticulate. But perhaps as time passed, she would feel as I felt. Then I could speak.

Chimes on the square sounded—one...two...three...four...five...six...seven...eight...silence. Rhythmic drops of rain beat their symphony upon my bared head—my raincoat—the sidewalk. Muffled horns and occasional voices echoed in the damp air. The baroque faces of the fountain re-echoed the confusion. I rose blindly, chilled and shaken. But the night was warm. I walked.

Fons Animi. What a name for a bar. I knew George the Horse would be there as usual, exchanging tales with Pia—and Helen. Trapped by the close, acrid atmosphere, I stood alone as the diminutive bartender ambled over with his peculiar splay-footed gait, welcoming me as an old friend. He chuckled until his jowls shook over some secret joke as he served my bourbon and water. I searched the faces—Americans who stay here for any length of time are bound to end up in the Fons Animi. No familiar faces—just hollow glances in the smoke. God! What a night. If only—but no—just the bartender. George? Helen? But no.

We had ridden from Ostia early that morning after spending the past day with my American friends. She held my hand all the way—made promises with those startling gray eyes. The day was filled with promise. The sun and ebony locks softened her marble features. What more could one man ask for? Thus we entered the city.

The horns, laughter, the organ-grinder's pizzacato—her smile—the taxi lurched. I turned to see George nonchalantly striding toward the Fons Animi. I heard Helen's throaty feminine voice asking him to ride along. He got in and sat beside Helen; I sat on the other side, still holding her hand. George, the hairy black stallion; he revolted me—but he knew how to please women. No, but never Helen.

She promised to meet me at the fountain. We left her at the entrance of the Fons Animi. The bar was quiet. I closed my eyes so that I could see her face—when I opened them George was staring at me. We drank a beer at a corner table.

"Why not the beach?" he was saying as he traced a red square on the checkered tablecloth with his hairy paw.

"I'd rather not."
"Why?"
"Helen and I...
"Helen?"
"Yes."
"I'll bring Ursula. Old friends should get together more often. We'll meet at the fountain."

"All right—this afternoon."
Nothing was real, except the fountain. The train stank—all of Rome was there. George took off his linen jacket, rolled up his sleeves, flexed his muscles. Babies screamed. Ursula giggled showing her gold teeth—pressed herself shamelessly against George. Helen held my hand. The train screeched to a halt. The wave of people poured out. All of us except Ursula changed into bathing suits.

The sun boiled the glaring water. Helen and George dashed in. They swam with strength and grace as if the sea were their world. Ursula sat on the beach, giggling and eyeing me as she popped grapes into her cavernous mouth, smacking her lips as each succulent globe disappeared. I was burning. I searched the waters for Helen. Ursula leaned over, offering me a grape as she patted my leg. I refused.

“But you must eat so that you too can be strong,” she grunted. “Your knee sticks out like the knobs on the Roman oak.” Pulling my knee from her puffed fingers, I rose and shook the sand from my trunks. Ursula held out her arm, and I struggled to hoist her from the sand. Someone began to laugh. “Do not worry about those two,” Ursula giggled. “Come, let us have our time.”

I shuddered. “No, I must find Helen. It is time to return.” I began to trudge up and down the beach with Ursula dragging at my heels, grinning.

We rode back on the train—Ursula and I. The car was practically empty but I was nauseated. A thousand needles pricked me. Ursula giggled idiotically as she moved from her seat to mine. First offering me cigarettes, then fruit and wine from her inexhaustible supply. “Why not come to see me tonight? I have a fine room and food.”

“No!... I have... things to do.”

“Ah, but if you find things too much for you...” The hissing of the slowing train obliterated her words. I left her sitting there.

I clenched my fists until the veins rose like knotted ropes. The smoke parted. The bartender chuckled and smiled. Helen and George stood at the bar with arms around each other. They directed twisted lips in a clown’s smile— at me. Something died. Another bourbon—straight, this time. Footsteps came closer. Feeling a cool hand on my shoulder, I lifted my head and Pia smiled at me.

**WORLD WAR IX**

_Sprawling in his split-level Babel_  
_Agnostis O. Peoples sips some sanity_  
 From a tumbler  
 until  
 He receives a refill  
 of courage ... character ... class  
 He stares at the stereophonic newscast  
 One still moment—  
 Then braces himself for the blast._

(25)
It was a radiant Sunday morning, and the rows of rather commonplace homes on Berkeley Street assumed the sparkling freshness of so many gingerbread houses in the early morning sunlight.

"Exactly as a Sunday morning should be," thought Agnes Furd, as she entered the cool narthex of Ascension Lutheran Church. Little Mary Agnes was singing in the Youth Choir today, and George was to be an usher, so the Furd family was one of the first families to arrive this morning. The church would soon be full; it was one of those Sundays when you could count on a church being full. Agnes relished the opportunity she would have to stand decoratively in the narthex and greet the other families, one by one, as they entered. Her new purple linen suit and the lavender orchid that she had asked George to give her as a surprise this morning would be duly admired by the less fortunate ladies. Today was going to be a wonderful day. In addition to the usual Sunday pleasures of going to church, eating strawberry shortcake and whipped cream for dessert after dinner, and watching the variety shows on television in the evening, she would be taking Girl Scout Troop 42 on a picnic at Bel Air Park this afternoon. She had wanted to become a Girl Scout leader, because "you felt that you were doing something for Humanity"; hence, Mary Agnes had obligingly become a Girl Scout. As Agnes stood in the narthex speaking with Sylvia Norman and Lois Weaver, Pastor Whipple approached them and the conversation was changed from Agnes's suit and orchid to the financial status of the Ladies' Guild for the Beautification of the Parsonage. The organ began playing the processional, and, as the pastor excused himself, the ladies fluttered into the nave to take their accustomed places for worship. Agnes sat in the Furd pew, near the back on the right of the center aisle.

Gilbert Butler and his family did not arrive at church until the processional was nearly finished, and, being strangers to Ascension Lutheran Church and the suburban community of Malone, they unobtrusively slipped into the last pew, not realizing, of course, that it was the Diegle pew. George Furd could have told them that it was the Diegle pew, but he was so stupefied when he saw them that it was impossible for him to perform his duty. Indeed, a similar attitude of dumbfounded astonishment was soon to distinguish those members of the congregation who had discovered the presence of the Butler family from those who had not. This attitude was replaced by one of disgust more quickly in some than in others.

The sermon was not uncomfortably long, and, after closing the service with "Love Divine, All Love Excelling" and a silent prayer, the congregation broke ranks and began surging toward the door, where the pastor was waiting to greet each worshiper with a handshake. There was the customary, "Enjoyed your sermon," and, "It certainly is a beautiful day," but today many of the congregation hesitated before the pastor in awkward silence, and moved on only when he had given them a sympathetic nod of reassurance. Agnes waited until most of the congregation had left before she approached Pastor Whipple.

She said, "Enjoyed your sermon," and, "It certainly is a beautiful day," and then, being a woman who never hesitated and was seldom silent, she leaned toward him and whispered, "What are you going to do?"

Pastor Whipple managed to appear somewhat abashed at the directness and obviousness of her
question, but only for an instant, before he asked, “May I speak with you in about ten minutes, Mrs. Furd? Please wait for me in my study.”

Agnes was ecstatic as she walked toward the study, and she hardly noticed when Gladys Moser told her that her new purple linen suit was stunning. Of all the members of the congregation, she alone was going to be the pastor’s confidante, aide-de-camp, and together they would handle this situation quietly and with dignity. Why, the situation would be handled so smoothly that she decided it would be several days before the rest of the congregation would even learn the identity of its heroine.

Pastor Whipple took his place at his desk opposite Agnes, folded his hands on the blotter, leaned forward, and smiled at her in the manner of one who is about to expound a philosophy that can only be memorized, not comprehended, by the hearer.

“The Butlers will undoubtedly become valuable members of this community—I understand that he is an accountant with the Tiny Tots Toy Shops—and it would certainly be unchristian for us to harbor any feelings of hostility toward them as individuals.”

“Oh, certainly not,” agreed Agnes. “Why, we once had a colored woman, Martha, who took care of Mary Agnes when she was a baby, and there wasn’t anything that George and I wouldn’t do for Martha.”

“Of course. However, these are always happier in their own surroundings and in the comfort of their own culture, and it must be realized that they suffer greatly at the hands of those who would wish to make them believe otherwise. As Christians, we have a duty to preserve the separate integrity of two races. The foundations of our society were laid by far-sighted individuals who understood the inevitable destruction and degeneration that would result from the amalgamation of two inherently different cultures. We cannot allow our American way of life to be undermined by a small group of fanatics who would inflict heartache and suffering on both races.”

Agnes was impressed. Pastor Whipple was impressed. He certainly had a way of getting to the heart of a matter. She felt the need to add something to what he had said, so she told him that Martha had been so respectful that she wouldn’t even enter the front room when the Furds had company, and that such respect was a rarity in these times. Pastor Whipple explained that Martha’s respect showed that she was much happier than the Butlers, and would Agnes, with Sylvia Norman and Lois Weaver, visit the Butlers and try to make them realize that they had acted impulsively and foolishly when they attended Ascension Lutheran Church?

Agnes and Sylvia and Lois descended upon the Butlers at exactly 7:30 P.M. It was the first time that any of them had been ready to go anywhere at the designated time. The picnic was now merely a blur in Agnes’ mind; its importance had faded into oblivion compared with this new and delicate mission. She had hurried home after it was over, shed her picnic clothes, donned her new purple linen suit with the lavender orchid, and paced through the house in restless anticipation for two hours.

The Butlers lived on Williams Street, as did most of Malone’s Negroes, in a rather shabby yellow house with green shutters and a dirt path leading to the front door. Gilbert answered the knock at the door, and when he saw Agnes and Sylvia and Lois, his pleasant smile of welcome was briefly replaced by a look of hopeless weariness before the smile reappeared. Agnes introduced herself and Sylvia and Lois, and Gilbert invited them into the living room, where he introduced them to his wife and two children. Mrs. Butler, dressed in a tailored white blouse and dark skirt, had been sitting in an armchair mending one of Gilbert’s shirts, and the two children, a boy of nine and a girl of six, were sitting on the floor listening to the radio. Mrs. Butler received the other women with a politeness that may have been somewhat strained, and, after a few brief observations on the weather, she excused herself and suggested to the children that they accompany her to the kitchen to make some popcorn.

Agnes was not at all certain how she was going to begin, but she felt that it was essential to make herself clear on two points right from the start. First, that she was broad-minded and willing to be perfectly friendly with the Butlers, and, second, that she was consumed with a burning concern for their welfare.

“We noticed your family at Ascension Lutheran Church this morning—it was a lovely service, wasn’t it?—and we want you to know that we think it is wonderful that you have accepted Christ as your Saviour.”

Gilbert wasn’t listening. He had heard this before, and he was confident that, with only a few variations, he could tell Agnes exactly what she was going to say before she knew herself. It suddenly seemed very important to him that the daisies decorating the slip cover of the chair in which he was sitting had exactly six petals—no more, no less.

“We at Ascension Lutheran Church,” continued Agnes, “were hoping that we might be able to assist you in adjusting to your new life here in Malone. Have you made friends with any of your neighbors? Many of them attend the little Baptist church on the corner of Williams Street and Jefferson Avenue. I believe services begin there at 11:00 A.M., but you might check with some of, uh, your own people to make sure.”

Daisy petals should be white, but these were blue. Gilbert replied with the same words that he always used. “Thank you very much for thinking of us, Mrs. Furd, but we are Lutheran and would prefer to attend the Lutheran church.” Perhaps now she will become angry, he thought, and we can be done with the preliminaries. After all, there was no need for preliminaries; they both knew what the outcome would be. Why pretend that they didn’t? Gilbert thought of playing chess with only a pawn to protect his king.

Indeed, Agnes was becoming slightly annoyed by Mr. Butler's
inability to grasp the situation. “Being Lutheran myself, I can certainly sympathize with your religious feelings; but, unfortunately, Malone has only one Lutheran church, and we feel quite certain that your religious experiences would be more satisfying to you if they were to take place among people with whom you were able to feel a true fellowship. You know, people with whom you had something in common.”

Now it was finally time for Gilbert to make his speech, and he leafed through his mental file. He could use the one about How Would You Like To Be A Negro, or perhaps How Can You Possibly Reconcile This With Your Religion, or even There Is No Scientific Basis For Racial Prejudice. He decided on You Are Oppressing Me For Something Over Which I Have No Control, and mounted the imaginary platform.

“Mrs. Furd, I believe that you are asking me not to attend Ascension Lutheran Church because I am a Negro. I do not consider this to be an adequate reason for your request. I am not responsible for my being a Negro any more than you are responsible for your being a Caucasian. My family and I want much the same things out of life that you and your family want, and one of these things is the freedom to decide for ourselves which church we will attend. However, because you represent a majority, which, like any majority, fears a large minority group in its midst, you wish to oppress us because of something over which we have no control. This oppression is so difficult for you to justify that you feel the necessity of associating in your mind many undesirable personal and mental characteristics with our skin color. I hope that you will someday realize your cruelty, but, until then, we have nothing more to say to each other.”

Agnes could not speak. This man had obviously been thoroughly indoctrinated by the enemies of the American way of life of whom Pastor Whipple had spoken. The fact that she had gone out of her way in an effort to try to help him seemed to have made no impression on him. She waited for Sylvia or Lois to speak, but they merely stared vacantly at Agnes. It was up to her to make Mr. Butler realize his mistake.

She finally spoke. “Mr. Butler, you are very fortunate to be an accountant for the Tiny Tots Toy Shops, and I would like to see you continue there. However, if you insist on attending Ascension Lutheran Church, I would feel it my duty to inform your employer that it would be very unsound business for him to continue to employ a man who stubbornly refuses to adjust to his place in our community. We must leave now. Please give our regards to Mrs. Butler and your children. Perhaps you should give more thought to what you are doing to them.”

After the women had left, Mrs. Butler, with tears streaming down her cheeks, ran from the kitchen into the waiting arms of her husband.

He said, “Boycott.”

She said, “Shall I begin packing?”

Gilbert stood silent for a moment, then answered, “No, we’ll stay. It’s the same everywhere.”

When Agnes arrived home she phoned Pastor Whipple and gave him an account of the visit. She was afraid that it had been a failure, that Mr. Butler had not understood, but he assured her that this was not the case. “When he has had time to think it over, he will understand, and, in the long run, he will be very grateful to you.” Pastor Whipple also expressed regret for any unpleasantness that Agnes may have endured. Agnes brushed this aside lightly. More than anything else, she wanted to be of service, and she was fully prepared to make sacrifices.