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FEBRUARY, 1938

Contents

SAINT SCOTHINUS	Elizabeth Schoening
NOT BREAD ALONE	May Long
THEY CAME IN SHADOW	Walter Royall
MESSAGE	Patricia Guppy
"ARE YOU BORED?"	Suzanne Macpherson
A PRE-MED LOOKS AT THE GOSPEL STORY	Marion Galbraith
COSMIC TRAGEDY	Walter Royall
POEMS	Elizabeth Schoening
ALL SAINTS AND ALL SOULS	Patricia Guppy
BOOK REVIEW	John Buckwalter
SIMILE	Peggy Bashford

Vol. 12

No. 3

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VOL. XII

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No. 3

CONTENTS

Ballard of Saint Scythius	3	Elizabeth Schoening
Not Bread Alone	8	May Long
They Came in Shadow	10	Walter Royall
Message	10	Patricia Guppy
"Are You Bored?"	11	Suzanne Macpherson
A Pre-Med Looks at the Gospel Story	15	Marion Galbraith
Cosmic Tragedy	21	Walter Royall
Poems	22	Elizabeth Schoening
All Saints and All Souls	23	Patricia Guppy
Book Review	38	John Buckwalter
Simile	40	Peggy Bashford

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Ballad of Saint Scothinus

ELIZABETH SCHOENING

Saint Scothinus was holy and young
And daily he walked abroad,
For far on the veering wind was flung
The shining image of God.

He turned away from the plow and cart,
From the glittering spear and sword,
And legions of angels stormed his heart
With the fire-sharp thrust of the Word.

Grave and gentle his mouth bent down;
Its corners tightened and curled.
His eyes were fitted with dream and dawn
To hold a miracle world.

He walked wherever his pathway led;
By forest or plain or pool.
"This is an angel," some men said,
And others whispered, "A fool."

He walked one morning beside a shore;
The sea was lucent as glass.
"Look," he said, "how the wake and roar
Have softened to summer grass!"

Clouds reared high on the sky's thin rim.
Heaven was arched and towered.
"Look," he said, "how the great and grim
Is tamed and shadowed and flowered!"

One step stepped he to the first wave's crest,
Like as a bird skims over
He walked erect on the water's breast
As though on a path of clover.

The sun was a shield of burnished bronze,
And a little lost wind blew under.
Deep in the green, two smaller suns
Were petalled and stemmed with wonder.

"I could walk to heaven," Saint Scothin thought,
 "But heaven is here and certain.
 I will bring the heaven my dream has wrought
 Safely across to Britain."

The leagues he travelled were light, ah light
 With the buoyant breath of his spirit.
 A ship winged past like a bird in flight,
 And Scothinus ventured near it.

Sailors leaned from the ship's tall mast.
 "Ahoy, and what are you spying?"
 "Captain, a ghost comes gliding past,
 Or our eyes are blinded and lying."

Sailors leaned from the forward rail.
 "What vessel is this comes after?"
 "Sire, it is neither ship nor sail,
 But a man erect on water!"

The Bishop Barry rode safe on deck
 Reading a heavy psalter;
 The carven crucifix round his neck
 Hung like a golden halter.

The Bishop Barry, a Briton saint
 Waxed fat with the Lord's own caring,
 Heard when the cries grew mazed and faint
 And looked where the men were staring.

"Give us a blessing, Bishop, sire!
 This day is colored with evil.
 Our mind's are turned by the high sun's fire,
 Or yonder there walks the Devil!"

"Devil? Nonsense!" the Bishop cried,
 And his rubicund face grew ashen.
 He hastened swift to the fleet ship's side
 To see what the fiend might fashion.

The Bishop looked, and the Bishop's fear
 Fled as he saw the other.
 "By good Saint Andrew, no shade walks here
 But Scothinus, Saint and brother!"

Scothin, Scothin, and are you sane
 Or mazed by a witches' potion?
 Whenever did man of level brain
 Walk carelessly on the ocean?"

Scothin, wrapped in a dream of sky
 And sun on an April meadow,
 Gently answered the Bishop's cry,
 And smiled at the Bishop's shadow.

"Good day, friend Barry," Saint Scothin said.
 The earth is a jewel planet.
 See how its gleams rise gold and red
 And its edge is mountained with granite."

"Scothin," the Bishop's words were grave,
 "There's a strand of weed on your sandal;
 For a monk to walk on a thundering wave
 Is pure heretical scandal!"

"Wave, friend Barry? I quite agree,"
 And the voice of the Saint was mild,
 "But this green field was never a sea,"
 He said, and his calm lips smiled.

The Bishop's words were weighted with lead;
 They fell with a measured fury.
 "I, as an honest man," he said,
 "Call all the Saints for my jury."

"I swear by my mitre's jewelled crown,
 I swear by the Lord I cherish,
 This is the sea wherein men drown!
 Get into the ship, or perish."

"But here," quoth Scothin, "the grass curves down
 And the smaller blades bend and darkle.
 A sprinkle of dew has made their crown
 Flash frosted with diamond sparkle.

Hill and hollow are smooth and green;
 Come forth, friend Barry, come forth!
 In all my days I have never seen
 So beautiful an earth."

Vexed and heated, the Bishop frowned.
 "You're a fool by your own admission.
 What precedent bids you leave the ground
 Without the papal permission?"

But Scothin's eyes were quiet and far
 In a world of his own devising;
 The earth shone pure as a waking star
 With its fair grass falling and rising.

Deep in a hollow he dipped his hand,
 Where the tapestried pattern closes;
 And dream-roots, yielding from misty land,
 Blossomed vermilion roses.

Shower on shower of clustered flame,
 Chaste as the mind that thought them,
 He flung where the scornful challenge came . . .
 And the stammering Bishop caught them.

Gay and guileless, each fragile globe
 Circled the deck with fire;
 And petals fell on the Bishop's robe
 All woven with leaf and briar.

"By all the devils!" the Bishop moaned,
 "Now is this water or heather?
 Blessed Virgin in Heaven throned,
 Are two of us daft together?"

Long he looked at the mobile sea,
 But never a wave was broken
 And never a spear of grass saw he
 Or a single rose as a token.

Seaweed coiled over mirrored sky;
 Sunlight and clouds were double . . .
 When sudden a fish swam slowly by
 With a round, miraculous bubble.

Quick as a cat, for all his girth,
 Saint Barry leaned from the railing.
 "Ho!" he shouted, "and where on earth
 Would you find this mackerel sailing?"

Shining and wet and firmly grasped,
 Silver where water lingers,
 The captured mackerel squirmed and gasped
 In ecclesiastical fingers.

Scaled and slender and twined about
 With a dripping sea-flower's streamer,
 Firmly the Bishop tossed it out
 Toward the mused, oblivious dreamer.

The mackerel curved in a showering arc;
 It flashed through the sky's blue spaces.
 Gently it fell, and the ocean's dark
 Was spattered with foamy laces.

There at the Saint's feet lay the fish,
 And he bent to look where it rested.
 Its sharp fins moved with a breathless swish
 Where the wave was shattered and crested.

"What a marvellous thing!" Saint Scothin cried.
 "Here's a fish formed thin as an arrow
 With star-flowers growing on either side
 In a seeded and tended furrow.

My field has yielded a fish, shaped fair
 As the pointed leaf of a willow.
 It swims untroubled through April air
 As a mackerel swims through a billow!"

Still on the deck, his eyes upraised,
 The Bishop knelt by the roses.
 "Flowers in water! The Saints be praised!
 What wonders the Lord discloses."

And Scothin sang, past coral and reef
 In his heaven of grass and flower,
 "He set a fish among thorn and leaf,
 "How wonderful is His power!"

Not Bread Alone

MAY LONG

AT QUARTER past eleven I stepped from the house. The halting funeral beat of drums throbbed in the darkness. No street lights burned; only from Ludwig Street, through the Roman arch of the Sieges Tor, came the yellow glow of torches. In the street I could distinguish lines of waiting soldiers, the glint of band instruments, and on the pavement dark masses which I made out to be enormous wreaths. The slight motion among the troops and the footsteps of the few people hurrying toward Ludwig Street only intensified the hush under the drumbeat. I must have stayed in the street too much, for I walked into an insolent officer who caught and held me long enough to ask, "Wo gehen Sie denn hin, kleines Fraeulein?"

His obvious question rang in my ears as I hurried toward the Sieges Tor. Where else would anyone be that night? The whole population of the city seemed to be in the streets. Toward eight I had seen the crowds that waited for hours in the November chill for a glimpse of Hitler as he flashed by in a car on his way to deliver a speech at the Buergerbraeukeller. These cold and hungry watchers went in and out of cafes, but they did not go home. Now they were waiting on Ludwig Street to see the midnight memorial rites for sixteen martyred Nazis.

The very air of Munich was sense-quicken- ing. I exulted in the elemental excitement I felt, for I realized that I was myself enter- ing the preserve of emotional pageantry which Hitler had prepared for his people. The theorist who over-emphasizes the power of "Work and Bread" in the balance against individual rights should pass the midnight

hours of some Eighth of November in the streets of Munich, to feel with his own blood the integrating force of a common hysteria.

Beyond the Sieges Tor there was a blaze of torches held by soldiers closely stationed on either side of Ludwig Street. At the end of these two lines of fire, Odeons Platz glowed with the greater light of oil braziers on tall pillars. It was a fantastic walk from the Sieges Tor to Odeons Platz behind the quiet, excited crowds who pressed in back of the soldiers. There was the crackle and choking smell of fire, and the loud halting drumbeat, a little echoey from the loud- speakers. Deprived of the sense of time by rapid movement and excitement, I felt the five-minute walk as a single impression of fire, drums, and a crowd.

A tier of seats for honored guests, where Ludwig Street widens into Odeons Platz, obscured the view of the square, and, at its farther end, the Field Marshal Hall where the wreaths were to be laid. I stayed only long enough to look at the square pillars, dull brownish red—the Nazi idea of dried blood—topped with fire, and bearing in gold the names of the sixteen martyrs of the 1923 Putsch. These were the heroes who marched with their comrades and Leader from the Buergerbraeukeller to Odeons Platz where they fell in a street fight with police; until 1933 they were generally classed as ruffians by non-Nazi Germans. Now, however, they represent the sacrifice of precious Nazi lives on the altar of nationalism, and thousands attend the ceremonies which yearly com- memorate their death.

To get a better view of the Hall, I walked part way back behind the crowd, finding a peek-hole just in time to see the first SS de-

tachment of the procession pass. It was the band, silent except for the drums.

Behind me the Renaissance window sills, six feet above the sidewalk, were lined with students and boys. With the help of two youngsters I clambered up over cornices to a ledge, powdery with soot, from which I could see the entire length of the street. Dark masses of men were marching down, halt- ingly to the dead beat, from the Sieges Tor in the torch-lit lane. The picture, "in flame and blackness", was elemental; to see it was to become obsessed for the moment with the idea of blood, revenge for blood, the com- pulsion of blood. Here was a memorial cere- monial, but more; here was consecration, the steeling of nerves, the preparation of the spirit to endure; and here was pride.

As each formation passed, I recognized the various Party Services: brown SA; SS, the black security guard; motorized soldiers; and the Labor Service, young men with gleaming shovels over their shoulders. A detachment of SS carried the ornamental red and gold standards, representing various Party divisions and symbolic of Party unity. And after them marched the bearers of the sixteen enormous wreaths, the gifts of Hitler.

After the last detachment had taken its place in Odeons Platz, the crowds closed in behind the Labor Service contingent across Ludwig Street. There were no speeches; the wreaths were simply laid before the symbolic pillars on the porch of the Field Marshal Hall.

During the ceremony it began to rain gustily, and in the wind long red flags whip- ped loudly against the buildings. The crowds ran for cover; some stayed, however, unable to see much, but unwilling to go. A few umbrellas appeared, looking odd behind the square backs of the Labor Service men. I scrambled down from the window sill, and two soldiers helped me over the back of the

largely deserted stand for guests, so that I might watch the troops marching out of the square. The fire in the braziers flared and sputtered. Once the wet pavement reflected the gleams. Flags flapped, and the detach- ments successively wheeled and marched away down a side street.

At about half past twelve I went home, with cold rain in my face, once more under the friendly light of street lamps. I felt pleasantly rational, but tired as though I had just stepped from the theatre after having seen a powerful drama. It had been a mag- nificent spectacle. I wondered to what extent it had accomplished its purpose.

Were all these scattered people who were hurrying home through the rain fired with the tribal urge, or did they feel like theatre- goers as I felt? I could not know that. I only knew that they were the same people I had passed a thousand times on Munich streets by daylight or lamplight, the people who had entertained me in their homes or had been obliging to me in their shops. They had al- ways seemed to me so admirably optimistic and full of praise for the new order of life under the National Socialism. Did their loyalty go farther than this cheerful co- operation; had I been looking into a volcano which showed its seething contents only through public festivals? Or did they, too, consider it all a good show, a glorification, but as vain as all such glorifications?

These people constitute a part of "das Volk", the soul of which is so glibly analyzed by the Nazis. Do the Nazis possess this soul? That still remains the secret of the people. We foreigners watch the Germans massed at celebrations or talk with individuals of dif- ferent classes, but the soul of "das Volk" is still a mystery. The eventful years alone will show to what extent this soul is consecrated to Hitler.

THEY CAME IN SHADOW

WALTER ROYALL

Let grass forever grow and winds caress
This bit of garden land; or let the breath
Of winter pass across; but motionless
May no root be, or waving stem, in death.

No reason that the garden should retain
The slightest semblance of the moments gone.
It should forget as streets do after rain
When sunshine warms each freshly springing lawn.

If all the world could know there was this fire
That burned too deeply leaving both so scarred,
Then well they could recall the sharp desire
And leave the world to utter disregard.

They came in shadow, may they so depart;
The seasons soon will heal the aching smart.

MESSAGE

PATRICIA GUPPY

You, love, are all the men I've ever known.
My mind infuses you in him I met
That distant summer, and the one I set
Secret upon an adolescent throne,
Before I thought of you. They do not look
As you do; you are not at all alike;
And yet within my wishful brain you strike
The chord containing all their notes. The book
In which my loves are written is erased
Without my will, and all the names replaced
With yours; so when I swiftly chance to think
Of all my years' continuance, link on link,
You are the chain of which they are the sum.
All other mouths that spoke my name are dumb.

"Are You Bored?"

SUZANNE MACPHERSON

FROM THE moment we entered the park and saw her hastening toward us, half smiling as she strode down the little sloping hill, I felt sure that she was no ordinary guide. But then, Stockholm's prided "open air museum", which we were about to see, was not an ordinary park. Little Erland, our young Swedish friend, who looked extraordinarily like one of those bronzed Olympic figures on Alpine posters, had been telling us about it—as well as he could in his soft little rushes of lisping English. This was not simply an animal park, he had said, like the German *tier-gartens*. Oh no; it was much more. It had also a whole village of peasant cottages, very old ones brought from all parts of Sweden. And there were peasants too, actually living in the houses. Later in the afternoon they would perform wonderful folk-dances. But best of all, and Erland beamed in anticipation, we were to have a remarkable guide to take us about. His beautiful red lips pursed into a wry smile at the thought, and his friendly little face was fairly impish. That smile had struck me often as being far too knowing for the Erland whose life was one of sails and skis. It was really rather annoying, as one admired the simple beauty of the athlete, to come upon that mocking, waggish twinkle lurking beneath the smooth perfection. One had expected him to be so naive.

Now he was shaking his head wisely as though he had some secret purpose in store for his American charges. But the charges at that moment were exchanging an understanding wink. Naturally—"his girl," said the wink; or at least one of them.

And then she came, striding swiftly down the little hill with the same lithe carriage

as Erland, and something more that was like a careless hauteur. She was tall and very slender; one of those Nordic ladies whom God had created to swoop forever down the white mountainsides on winged skis. And although she wore the most simple—even shabby—clothes, there was a certain smartness about them. The very twist of her pale, coiled hair was fashionable. And the face was arresting. "Beautiful," one thought, noticing its smooth whiteness, and turned to look again. Yes, beautiful except for two thin lines drawn unmistakably along either side of the delicate nose, curving down, more deeply, until they drooped about the lovely mouth and made her older far than Erland. When she spoke, two more faint lines appeared, as if she were perplexed, between her brows. But then it was her voice that one noticed most of all. It was low and husky when it first began, consciously controlled. Yet suddenly, in the very middle of a sentence, it would change—break almost—rising to a strange emotional note that was almost tearful.

Now she smiled and greeted us cordially, appraising us with one swift glance. "You are a little late, I think," she said, still smiling but concealing a faint annoyance. "Well, come along. It doesn't matter. I think you may find our museum to be rather interesting. Ah! Erland!" She turned warmly toward him as he came up from behind, and began at once to chatter with him in their native tongue. There was no waggishness about him now. They were just two handsome creatures together; Viking gods, apart from lesser life. And he was simply blushing with pleasure at her attention, her comradely favor that she bestowed so graciously.

All at once she returned to us. "I beg

your pardon," flowed the perfect English. "I hope you don't think me rude for speaking Swedish?"

"Oh no, no!"

"You don't understand Swedish? Any of you? No?" I thought the little lines were reproachful, or perhaps her frank stare was one of disappointment. Then she said a few words to Erland and gave a low, quick laugh.

By this time we had reached the village. It was a fascinating collection of hand-hewn wooden houses built in the rude, ingenious styles that tourists so lovingly term "picturesque." Now our guide began to speak, describing, explaining, narrating—all in one amazing, vivid flow of impatience. Each fact, each comment fell so surely, so briefly that one longed to gasp, "Oh please, stop there and tell us *more!*" But not once did she linger until we had entered the first house. There she stopped to greet a shy peasant girl who sat uncomfortably beside the door in her native Sunday dress. As though the girl were a child our guide addressed her, unconscious of the one swift, reverent look she received. Then she resumed with us. Again, everything she said was uttered with a strange, impersonal abandon, accompanied by restless gestures that seemed to cry out: "There! There it is. Take it or leave it as you like." And we listened astounded, thrilled by something touched to life in the old houses.

All at once, in the midst of an impatient anecdote, she stopped short, gazing at us bluntly. "I say," came the queer emotional voice, "you aren't *bored*, are you?" The little irritated lines were very nearly angry. Heavens! We were speechless. Guiltily we looked at one another. Well, the boys *had* been poking about and peering into corners while she talked. Perhaps that was it. "You must tell me if you are not interested; you really must." Incredulously she listened to

our protestations. Then with a tiny frown she went on.

"Look now," she commanded, "you see this window?" And she pointed to a leaded old pane set in the sloping roof. "This is really rather interesting. Would you like to hear? Well, you see: long ago the peasants had only a hole in the roof for their chimney. But even when they had learned to make stoves and proper chimneys they kept this open still. Because you see," and her warm voice nearly paused, "they had grown so used to the light in the roof that they could not shut it up. They were used to—to seeing a patch of stars. And so they made it a window." For one moment she was silent. Even Erland, who had been smiling vaguely all the while, now looked upward with us through the roof.

"Well now, let us see the animals!" We hurried out after her through the shaded, moving park, down long, neat paths, stopping at each enclosure to gaze and laugh with the little loitering groups that hover always about their incredible counterparts. It was when we came to the long, rocky abyss of the brown bears that our guide ceased to hurry us on. Somewhere she had picked up a tall paper bag filled with large soft lumps of bread which she began throwing to the bears. For a long time she forgot us as she tossed the lumps, laughing delightedly as one big fellow caught them repeatedly. He was a scarred old bully of a bear, but it was plain to see that he was her favorite. Then, quietly, Erland reminded her of the peasant dance.

"Oh, of course." She frowned slightly and turned to us again. "We must not be late." And off we went to find seats before a round, open stage. Then as we sat waiting she crossed her arms and began to swing one slender leg. The gesture was that of an utterly sophisticated American debutante, and yet it was entirely natural. Hesitantly

we began to question her about her work. Again the cool glance hovered, quick and poised, as she answered. The rich, curious voice grew friendly. And then for the first time I noticed her rings. Beautiful and cold they hung upon her long, pale fingers—a single pearl, and next to it a wedding ring.

"What interesting work you must have here," we exclaimed enthusiastically. "And don't you meet loads of unusual people?"

"Oh, some of them are awful old bores," she drawled, and I thought suddenly how English her manner was. "But then there are some quite charming ones. Quite charming." The last two words died away. Her mind was on something else. Impulsively she leaned toward us, her intent blue eyes fixed coldly upon one of the Americans who was laughing heartily at Erland.

"I say! Isn't she a *beautiful* girl? Such a classic face! Intelligent too, isn't she?" We nodded vigorously. "But those boys," she hurried on. "They *are* rather stupid, aren't they?" I laughed politely. The others were silent.

"Well, I like *that!*" one of us hissed. But already she was far away. She seemed not to care at all what she might say. Why bother? said the weary, graceful shoulders. Indeed, why bother?

At that moment the dancers arrived. Immediately our guide sprang to excited attention. A small crowd had filled the circle of seats and was buzzing pleasantly as the peasants swung briskly past, preceded by two jaunty fiddlers. They were smiling rosily in their bright costumes—simple, glowing Swedes like Erland.

"There!" pointed our guide eagerly. "There, you see that one? Yes, the tall fellow with the red cheeks. I quite like him! He's much the best dancer. You know, he *enjoys* it so. With the others it becomes somehow—mechanical. It's too bad really, but they begin to lose their simplicity when

they've been here awhile. Yes," she continued in a slow, confiding tone, "they become like professional dancers, you know." The little lines deepened in her face, and she looked tired. I thought of the crowds who came early and stayed till dusk.

"Do they dance every day?"

"Oh yes. Every day that the park is open. I know most of them." She seemed to meditate, and then her voice went on, wistfully. "They are such simple, friendly people. One grows quite fond of them. Ah, but they are spoiled by Stockholm." She sighed. "It is only natural, I suppose." At last with slaps and shouts the dance was over. Our guide arose. "Did you enjoy it? Really, did you? But you must be tired. Come, I will take you to the cafe."

We entered a large modern dining room filled with soft laughing voices and airy light beneath a great awning. She led us to a table by the windows where we could see the slow river moving darkly below. Outside, the musicians were taking their places in the band-stand. Faintly through the glass came the sound of tuning instruments. And everywhere was the breath of expectancy—the queer, suppressed excitement of crowds at dusk, just before the lights come on. But our guide had vanished. In consternation I turned to Erland, beside me.

"But where did she go? Won't she have supper with us?"

"Oh no," he twinkled softly, "she has very much things to do." And he cocked his lovely blond head at me with the old pursed smile. "You like her? Yes?" And all the while we sipped our wine he continued to smile, infuriatingly, twirling the goblet round and round.

Then, as though he had been planning the moment, he leaned close and whispered soft and sly into my ear. "I think," he murmured with careful import, "I think I tell you about her now. This girl, this—this

guide, she has come of one of the very high families of Sweden. She have had everything. Yust everything!" he repeated joyfully. "You would not think that, eh?" He was fairly hissing with importance. "And then is she going to England. And there—" he paused, draining his glass slowly. I wanted dreadfully to slap him. He was so beautiful, so shy and confident all at once, with the secret mocking twinkle. "And there," he continued finally, "is she married with a great lord in England. But soon they go to Austria—yust for the skiing and dancing, I think, and these things like that. Yust skiing and dancing all the time. Ah, and she ski—!" Words failed him for the moment, but he raised his eyes reverently. Then with a mysterious wag of the head he bent closer. His deep whisper was hoarse now, with conscious drama. It was Erland's moment in a world he would never know, and he made the most of it.

"And then, very sudden—so—she grew tired, *sick*, as you say, with this life. She come home to Sweden. She come home, ja," and he savoured each word with a special emphasis, "but she come *without the husband!*" He leaned back, his face one triumphant twinkle.

"Well but—but why?" I stammered lamely. It was all so clear, yet somehow...

"That is what no one knows. So now is she with this yob here. No pay, but every day is she here. She do nothing else. Only work all the times. And," he shook his head sadly now, "she is not ever skiing any more." That was the greatest blow of all, which he had saved until the last. We peered into our empty glasses, silent. Then all at once Erland sprang to his feet respectfully as when we had first met our guide on the hill. There she was, more poised than ever in her shabby suit, smiling down half-vacantly, seeing, yet not seeing us. Twilight was gathering in the room, the little lamps would flare on soon, and then the band would play.

"I must say goodbye now," came the wistful voice with its breaking note. The twilight made it strangely warm. Still, faintly, one could sense the half-controlled impatience. "I hope you are finding the cafe amusing?" She looked about her wonderingly. "It is quite nice, isn't it? And—and you enjoyed the park?"

For a moment I longed to cry, "It was beautiful, *beautiful!* Our best afternoon! Our very best!" Still she persisted incredulous.

"You weren't too bored then?" Slowly the tiny lines relaxed; her eyes grew wide and timorous as a child's, and every word was eager. "You really *liked* it?" she asked. "You really did?"

A Pre-Med Looks at the Gospel Story

MARION GALBRAITH

IT MAY seem presumptuous for a college senior to attempt an estimate of the forces behind the life of the Christ, but I am convinced with Lloyd Douglas that, "no man should ask his faith to carry burdens which his knowledge might bear more naturally if he went to the bother of informing himself concerning his world." When we consider the size of the mystery which surrounds the little which we can know of the universe, it seems necessary to leave many doors of the mind forever open to new evidence, but, at the same time, it is well to organize our present opinions, in order that too many cobwebs may not accumulate in our mental store-room. Only by testing and re-testing new ideas in the light of old conceptions can be sure that we are not discarding something of intrinsic value.

There are two main channels into which modern thought about Jesus inevitably falls. On the one hand are the critics who believe that he was God, Himself, sojourning for a time on our little planet in some sort of human disguise. These confident believers range all the way from Roman Catholics to Southern Baptists, and seem, on the surface at least, to be very well supported by the Scriptures. The other group of Christian scholars consider Jesus as the greatest Man who has ever lived, as the supreme figure in human history, and include in their following the more liberal Protestants and many intellectual Jews.

The orthodox believers accept the Bible and its wealth of historical material as literally true, to the crossing of the t's and the dotting of the i's. They seem somehow, to find no difficulty in reconciling the changing conception of God from the old Testament

to the New or in accounting for the obvious fact that things which were said to have happened in the Age of Christ no longer present themselves for our illumination. And these same fundamentalist spokesmen for an all-powerful Christ apparently carry with them a constant fear that to subject Him to critical analysis will in some way endanger His greatness. It would seem that they have either a doubt of His omnipotence, or a scepticism of man's intellectual integrity to follow through to the end. Surely there is no permanent camouflage for truth, and, if He be Divine as they contend, He will shine forth but clearer under the torch of disinterested criticism.

The Modernist, whether he be Jew or Gentile, wishes to subject Jesus to scientific scrutiny in order to learn wherein lay his uniqueness. Before facing the world of convention with a new way of life, it would appear wise to make sure that this Galilean knew what he was talking about and had access to the real powers which underlie human existence. To follow Christ seriously, we must be certain that he is right. The Modernist concludes that "a man's right to an opinion is no greater than his investment in knowledge", and therefore, commences his investigation.

Someone will be ready to refute this Modernist standpoint by asserting that Jesus lived so far above the ordinary man that it is not possible to comprehend his philosophy of life. Such a position was perhaps acceptable in the day when it was possible for everyone to believe in the Atonement, that Jesus' purpose in living and dying true to his ideals was to strike a bargain with the Old Testament God, who demanded sacrifices from His peo-

ple. But science has accepted the evolutionary development of man, and thus, has struck a lasting blow at the doctrine of the Fall. If there never was an Adam, Christ no longer has to right a wrong which Adam did. And, consequently we must reappraise the mission of Jesus. The alternative to a belief in the Atonement as Christ's purpose here, is to believe that he lived triumphantly to show us a better way of conducting our affairs on the earth. In this case, to concede at the outset that his philosophy is so far above us that we cannot possibly understand it is to make his courageous sacrifice a joke.

Four aspects of Jesus' uniqueness present themselves to the student. We must in some way account for the stories of his Divinity, of the Virgin Birth, the Resurrection and the Miracles. To do this it will be necessary to examine the world in which he lived and to judge just how completely he was a part of that world, and, also, to determine the accuracy of the documents which constitute our only real source of information about the man.

Jesus was a Galilean Jew, which meant that he was in every way provincial. He probably did not even know the names of the profound thinkers and religionists which came before him—Plato, Aristotle, Buddha and a hundred others. He listened to the discussions of the village men and went out under the stars to dream his visions. There God met him in the sanctuary of his soul and the Messianic idea called once more a chosen man. We can feel sure from Jesus' very frequent reference to the prophets that he was well acquainted with the Old Testament teaching, either from study or from hearing it recited in the synagogue. The Jews had long been looking for a deliverer and by the time Jesus was born the old idea of a God of revenge was disappearing. *The Wisdom of Solomon* shows remarkable Christian tendencies and Micah as far back as the eighth

century B. C. presents a Deity in keeping with the Christian God when he states:

*And what does the Lord require of thee
But to do justly, and to love mercy,
And to walk humbly with thy God?"*

We must be perfectly honest in scrutinizing the documents which tell us the facts about Jesus' life. The Gospels are legends. They contain history, but certainly all that they set forth is not historical. Mark, the earliest Gospel, was written about 70 A.D., Matthew in 80 A.D., Luke in 90 A.D., and John from 100 to 125 A.D. It is clearly stated by scholars of the documental evidence for a Christian belief that none of the Gospels were written by men who knew Jesus personally, although the many similarities between passages in Matthew and Luke lead them to believe that they may have been copied, in part, from an earlier book called Q (German *Quelle for source*). This Q may have consisted of notes taken down by one of the Apostles. When we consider the nature of the Oriental mind and the legends which have arisen about comparatively modern men, it is not difficult to believe that some incidents in the Gospel may have been exaggerated. The Gospel writers did not intentionally misrepresent with the purpose of leading future generations astray; they were simply infants, so to speak, who had not developed a sense of literary integrity. Certainly no one of them ever dreamed that the greatest minds two thousand years hence would be scientifically analyzing their every statement.

Now we are ready to attack one of our four major problems, the miracles. By *miracle* I mean an interruption in a known way of nature, and by the *supernatural* a break in a fundamental law of the universe. In history *miracle* has had four main interpretations. According to Dr. Harry Emerson Fosdick, "it started by meaning all activities in the world which men did not deliberately

cause; it went on to mean unusual events which rose above the level of the ordinary; it then fell under the sway of a philosophic idea of cosmic order and began to mean intervention in an established system, and at last it faced modern science and was redefined to mean the rupture or suspension of demonstrable laws." In the light of modern science, it could not be said that miracle is impossible—how could anything be impossible to an all powerful creator—but rather that no miracle has ever been proved. To meet the demands of science, a supposition must stand the test of repeatability. The author's sentiments on the subject agree with Renan who believes that no supernatural story is true to the letter, and that out of one hundred tales of the supernatural, eighty are born full grown from popular imagination. He does, however, admit that in certain very rare cases legend comes from actual fact transformed by the imagination. There is danger that we may limit our outlook by accepting the popular concept of natural law as final. All the evidence about the universe is not and is not likely to be in this year or next. But the question at hand is whether Jesus did perform miraculous acts because of unusual knowledge of forces governing human life, or were the Bible stories told about him to assure him of "a place in the sun" among his own people? Or did they, perhaps, arise because his followers were limited, together with Jesus himself, by the popular superstitions of the time?

If you are ready to accept Jesus as a Deity, you will no doubt be inclined to believe that he was not limited by natural law, and was, thus, in a position to break all the rules. We may leave the argument against the deification of Jesus until later on and offer at this time only this comment—would it add anything to the stature of Jesus to believe that he could perform miraculous deeds? To illustrate what I mean, let us consider the story

of the multiplication of the loaves and fishes.

Jesus, according to the Scripture story, wished to be alone for the day with the bereaved friends of the late John the Baptist and, therefore, set sail with them in a boat for the further shore of the Sea of Galilee. But the curious crowd was not to be avoided, and observing the departure of the boat, the people made haste to pursue it around the shore. The shore road is all of twelve miles and a good three-hour trip on foot. It may not be presumed that there were many in the crowd who did not know the distance to the other shore, and the nature of the sparsely settled country over there. Consider five thousand people setting out on an excursion which would take six hours to complete, and with no knowledge of how long the session would last. Is it likely that many of the number would attempt such a feat without a sandwich or its equivalent in their pockets? Now after the sermon was ended it was late in the afternoon and the crowd began to grumble about supper. The Master suggests, to the amazement of the disciples, that the people be given a meal before leaving. It was doubtful if enough bread could have been had in those parts. A fisher lad hears the disciples ask for food and offers his meager lunch of five loaves and two fishes. What a glorious opportunity for Jesus to put over one of his primary principles, to emphasize his teaching that the trouble with the poor and rich alike is greed. He believed that the one solution to their problem was to share what they had. And so with the crowd in the desert—at his suggestion they were taught to share their lunches, with the result that everyone had enough and twelve baskets of fragments left over. Now let us consider this story as the believers in the miraculous would interpret it. The people are all going home. They have been fed and puzzled. They go out with more mystifying problems than they had when they came. Something has hap-

pened that has never happened before and will never happen again. A great magician has performed for them. Add up all the benefits of this show to this particular company or to the world at large and what has it achieved? But, "interpreted as a miraculous division of food, rather than as a miraculous multiplication of food, this event instantly rises to a position of high idealism. We have here a really remarkable story of Jesus' compassionate and helpful interest in the welfare of needy people. He knows and teaches that happiness arrives through mutual service; that it is more blessed to give than to receive; that unless joy be shared it perishes." We must not forget the great over-tones above these seeming miracles. "Greater works than these you shall see," said Jesus. If his feats were impossible for us to repeat after him, why did he make such a remark? Surely he intended that we take his universal principles and make them effective.

Another interpretation of the miracles is that Jesus was part and parcel of his time, believing with the Jewish world that any great personality could call upon the supernatural. Renan gives sound support to such a view-point. How could Jesus have any idea of the improbability of the supernatural when he had no idea of what constituted the natural? A man who is a stranger to all idea of physical law—who believes that prayer can alter the course of the clouds or arrest disease—finds nothing extraordinary in miracles. The only loop-hole which I see in this argument is that Renan's denial of miracle is negative. He says that it cannot be, because it has never happened. Can we be absolutely certain beyond a doubt that prayer might not be effective? I do not wish to infer that I think it is, except in a psychological manner, but I say that it might be. Dogmatism one way is as bad as dogmatism in another.

The writer's personal interpretation of the

miraculous element is rather a mixture of these two approaches. The greatest miracle of them all would have been Jesus' refusal to perform any. Such a procedure would set all the laws of history and psychology at naught. But Jesus cannot be classed as a magician. It does not follow that an act is not based on fact because the person performing it is not informed of all the fundamental laws governing its achievement. I think Jesus considered himself unique and, from his tradition, believed that he could act accordingly. But it is possible that much has grown up in the form of legend about the unusual proceedings of his association with his fellow countrymen until we have stories that are part truth and part imagination. We should try to see the over-tones in as many of the stories as possible, to explain the medical cures psychologically and to throw the remainder into the category of "hearsay deeds." But above all, we must not let miracles spoil our appreciation of Christ. Just as in the case of Luther, Joan of Arc, St. Bernard and St. Francis of Assisi, we ought not to measure men by the correctness of their ideas of physical law, but by their knowledge of the true world system.

We should be grateful that the concept of miracle was woven into the picture at an early date, for without miracle it seems doubtful that Jesus would have converted the world. He might, as Socrates, have interested the intellectuals, but philosophy does not suffice for the multitude. They must have sanctity. The Catholic Church has widely utilized this fact in its emphasis upon the supernatural. Floyd Darrow says, "Among the Greeks it was a common saying, 'Miracles for fools' and among the Romans, 'The common people like to be deceived—deceived let them be', and so it has ever been from the time of Zoroaster and Buddha and Krishna to Christ and Mohammed and Dowie."

The miracles should not be left without

considering the tales of divine healing. Surely the Jesus who has had enough personal dynamic to become the greatest single urge and inspiration to mankind, giving people hope and courage and moral integrity—seven thousand miles and nearly two thousand years remote—must have had a tremendous grip upon the will and imagination of the man across the table from him. Psychologically his influence must have been remarkable. Modern medicine is just beginning to recognize the power which lies in faith and mental suggestion.

Faith as an ideal is one of the most powerful influences in the world. Jesus said frequently, "Thy faith hath made thee whole." He was simply the means of arousing the faith. That is what faith in an idealized Christ does today. The psychological mystery associated with a great faith unlocks the doors of human achievement and leads the way to marvelous accomplishment. It sets free the slumbering power of the race.

The second great aspect of Jesus' life is the possibility of his divinity. It is important to clarify this term. If by divinity is meant deification, believing that Jesus is God, I am not willing to accept such a doctrine, but if divinity means approach toward the best that man can reach, I do believe he is divine—just as I believe that St. Augustine and Livingston and Kagawa are divine. No transitory apparition exhausts the Divinity; God revealed Himself before Jesus and He has revealed Himself since Jesus.

To make Jesus into a God is to wrong his purpose and to cut him off from human need. It is to deprive us of our inspiring exemplar, for no one of us would dare to emulate the character of God, even were He in human form. His own excellence is difficult for us to attain but he has shown us that it is possible. The church has affirmed that Jesus was without original sin—whatever that may be—some taint from Adam or some innate tendency to mischief. And what is the re-

sult? Either we have discovered a new sort of man or an anthropologic deity. If this be true then his clarity of nature and his perfection of character were given him at the outset. There was no place for temptations, narrowness, false estimates of values, uncleanness and a hundred other insidious human enemies. The great temptation becomes a farce, not a sublime triumph. Jesus of Nazareth offers absolutely no challenge unless he had our nature and met and overcame our identical problems. Paul says that Jesus was in all points tempted as we are, but that is an impossible condition unless he was as we are. The one thing that sets him forth as the supreme Man of the race is that he succeeded where we fail.

In taking this stand against the Deity of Christ, it is necessary to account for his success, where we have failed, and to give some explanation of his greatness. Though not popularly accepted, the writer accounts for him in the very same manner in which the world accounts for all genius, by maintaining that he is the product of a remarkable arrangement of hereditary chromosomes together with an environment which brought forth all his hidden potentialities. He had the possibilities and the time was right. Surely someone already is saying that this is to drag the glorious Christ down to the level of biology and sociology. Yes, perhaps, if you are sure that the best conception of biology and sociology is below the level of the spiritual. How long must we be tied to this animal standard for an understanding of the great physical powers that are around and within us all? Why not recognize in the physical world a part of the great Creator? When we account for genius by chromosomes and environment, we still must leave room for the mystery that made possible, at the beginning of things, laws of variation and a setting in which survival of the best is a reality.

Jesus felt the divine within himself just as

other men, who have best comprehended God, have sensed God in their souls. But the highest consciousness of God that has ever existed to our knowledge in the bosom of humanity is that of Jesus. His entire theology is based upon God as a Father. We must be careful, however, not to interpret God as a doting grandfather as so many sentimental Christians are apt to do today. The Jewish father was the head of his household, the seat of all knowledge and wisdom and justice.

Bound up with a study of the Divinity of Jesus is the story of the Virgin Birth. An exceptional origin, a peculiar relation to God, would have ruined his appeal to other men not likewise endowed. Mary never in later years when Jesus needed support brought forth the miraculous birth of her son as evidence of his divinity. In fact, she distinctly speaks of Joseph as the father of Jesus. Jesus, himself, never referred to a virgin birth. Neither Mark nor John records so fundamental an event. Both Matthew and Luke give genealogies of Jesus difficult of reconciliation. Each is the blood line of Joseph, the husband of Mary. Only as born of sexual parentage in the line of mankind's evolution does Jesus become the inspiration and ideal we need. It is interesting to note that when Isaiah prophesied that the Messiah should be born of a virgin he used the word "almah" meaning a young woman, married or single, and not "bethulah" meaning virgin. Matthew's account of the virgin birth is an effort to show that the miraculous birth of Jesus was a fulfilment of the prophesy of Isaiah—"A virgin shall conceive." Matthew's quotation is erroneous. In conclusion I wish to point out how many other notables in history are conceded to have been immaculately conceived, such men as Buddha, Zoroaster, and Krishna. They, too, caused the stars to do strange things in the heavens.

Lastly, we come to the resurrection, that

greatest of stumbling blocks for the sceptics. There are three definite methods of accounting for the tremendous change which came over the hopelessly discouraged disciples after the death of Jesus. Something obviously must have occurred to revive their spirits and to send them out to face death for their Lord. We may hold that Jesus did arise from the dead in the same body which he had had before the crucifixion, or that he arose and presented himself to his disciples in the spiritual body, or that the contact was made through the memories of his followers. The first assumption, of a physical resurrection, fails to explain his entrance into rooms without the use of a door or window, and quite generally disconcerts the thinking of a scientific mind. Paul apparently believed that Jesus arose in a spiritual body. Here we may pause to note that Paul wrote before the Gospel accounts were set down and was, thus, much closer to the event. This would give time for the tradition of the physical resurrection to develop before the Gospels were written.

My personal belief concerning the resurrection is that it was a psychological contact between Jesus and his disciples. So often they did not seem to grasp his true meaning during his life. Today it is frequently said that we are unable to see the forest for the trees. Kahlil Gibran, the mystic Persian poet, puts it this way: "When you part from your friend you grieve not; for that which you love most in him may be clearer in his absence as the mountain to the climber is clearer from the plain." So it seems reasonable to feel that the disciples may have grasped his idealism and true mission after several days of sorrow and longing, and at last taken heart to carry on again, inspired by their wonderful memories of the days when he walked and talked with them on the shore of Galilee.

It would appear unlikely that Jesus him-

self talked clearly of a possible resurrection. If so, why should his disciples have feared his death? Why should they have been so sceptical at the first reports of his resurrection? Why were they cast down at his death, if he made it clear to them that he was to arise in three days? Why was the great expectation alluded to in such vague terms and in so incidental a fashion? Jesus might have found it difficult to convince modern college students that he would arise, but the followers of Christ would have been eager to believe him, had he spoken the word. Their entire tradition would have conditioned them to such a belief.

To hold to a psychological resurrection as far as this earth is concerned is to make Jesus real to the group of scholars who are unable to believe in personal immortality and favor a plan of race immortality. For the others—

they are free to make any additions which they like concerning another world.

Even if Jesus never existed as we think we know him today, and his greatness is an accumulation of the best thought since his time, there is no justification for discarding his standards. It only goes to prove how wonderfully God works through His feeble instruments, and how widespread is the spark that pulls us upward, in our climb from earth to reason.

Estimated by popular standards Jesus' life was a failure. But when we measure success by ultimate appeal the triumph of Jesus transcends every other social and spiritual victory. His life and his work have become the criterion of human excellence. It is man at his best. He declared for all time man's inherent status as divine with an unalienable sonship to God.

COSMIC TRAGEDY

WALTER ROYALL

Hurled through the cosmos of the universe
More swift than lightning flashes in the dark
Two atoms in their courses now disperse,
Then mingling swiftly liberate a spark.

In utterness of space their light is lost,
The brilliance of a comet dulls the ray.
But in the stellar regions, keen as frost,
A tragedy has crossed the cosmic day.

A moment of supreme intelligence,
Electrified as atoms at their poles,
As sure defined as are the elements,
Has penetrated to their very souls.

So, cast through space, two atoms in their course
Unite, explode, impelled by greater force.

Poems

Reprinted from the November issue of COLLEGE VERSE

ELIZABETH SCHOENING

HE IS MY BROTHER

This spider on his slender filament
Weaving complexities of gossamer
Knows well how calm I am, and how content
With my own web, and in its heart secure.
Suspended high above the troubled ground
I spin in lofty peace a misted veil
Screening the restive earth, its sight and sound,
With careful patterns, nebulous and frail.

He is my brother who, with insect grace,
Founds his defense against a hostile world
Upon no rock more permanent than space—
Nor sees with what swift force he may be hurled
From that thin edifice he fancies strong
To night impalpable and dark and long.

ADMONITION

Tell the bright bough your heart's consuming madness;
Speak your despair to the unfaltering leaf.
Well they have learned to be aware of sadness,
Never their voices lift against your grief.

The heedless air will be your certainty.
Weep where the moon can see you—she alone.
Wind bears no bitter words; you may go free,
Chastened and cleansed, with nothing to atone.

All Saints and All Souls

A Novelette

PATRICIA GUPPY

THE voiceless silence around the dinner-table grew so that the air shook with it. The pulses in Mimi's ears beat, and she stared at the white lamp-lit tablecloth around her plate, at her own little hands moving the silver to and from her mouth, at the centerpiece of red-petalled pride-of-Trinidad, at the oil lamp itself, hanging above the level of her eyes. Behind the thick silence real sounds came to her acutely. The soft pad of Agnes' feet as she came and went with the dishes. The faint, restrained clink of her mother's knife and plate. The gurgle of rum into her father's glass, with slopping of water after it. And in the dark behind the jealousies, the high shaking shrill of insects, one note mounting above another until the atmosphere quivered.

It was difficult to eat when her mother and father sat at table, Mimi at one side between them, and said nothing, only stared before them. Her mother's face like stone, still and dreadful, with her black hair around it and her black eyes burning in it. The black eyes could stare straight ahead at her father as if they did not see him. Her father sat hunched up, gazing before him at the cloth, but sometimes he raised his glance to her mother. He looked at her without any expression on his face, and lowered it again. His eyes were blue and sunken into his head. Under his sandy grey hair, sweat glistened on his forehead. His face was lined and drawn. Every now and then there would be a little twitching around his mouth; he would raise his glass and it would be gone.

Her mother and father had been like this always. In the seven years which were all life in her memory, these times came and passed, and there was always space to escape from them into other rooms of the big house, outside into the cocoa trails and clearings. And yet at dinner time it was difficult to swallow the food she chewed slowly.

Once she glanced sideways at her father, and saw his eyes were on her. He smiled at her and his voice broke the silence like a shot.

"Well, little one!" His nervous tone had an

unnatural high pitch. "What did you do today?"

Her heart jumped. Her mother's frozen silence was a discomfort beside her. Her face did not wreath into a smile to her father easily. "I played on the gallery," she recited eagerly, "and outside, and watched the men dancing the cocoa . . ." Her father was not hearing her; he was lifting the rum bottle. "That's all," Mimi said.

"Eat your food, Mimi," said her mother's voice from a great distance, from a barren mountain-top. The plain gold cross between her mother's breasts on her black dress flashed in the lamp-light, as it often did, like a small dagger.

Her father raised his voice suddenly. "You don't object to my speaking to the child, do you, Carmencita?"

Mimi felt as if her heart stopped. She could not lift her eyes, or chew the dry food in her mouth.

Her mother's voice answered, still and cold as rock. "Your nigger servants are within hearing, Patrick."

Her father's look locked with her mother's. A moment, and the twitching came to Patrick's lips, and he reached his hand for the glass beside his plate.

Mimi did not look at him. She piled rice on her fork and hurried it into her mouth.

After dinner, her mother would go into the screened part of the gallery outside, and sit in the dark, staring out into the vibrating night, in the moist warm air of the cocoa forests. Her father would slump down into his chair in the living-room under the kerosene standing-lamp with the rum bottle and his glass on the table beside him, and a paper held in front of him. He seldom turned a page. After a while her mother would get up and walk past and leave him there, and come to put Mimi to bed. Then she would go into her own bedroom and shut the door. Until Mimi fell asleep she could always see her father's light in the front room through a crack in the wall-boards.

But until her bedtime at eight o'clock, Mimi could escape. Away from the front room and the dark front gallery, to the pantry and out-

houses, where the nigger servants chattered and guffawed, and made much of "Miss Mimi" in the sweating glow of coalpots and the hot tropical night.

She hugged the thought of escape inside of her as the desert was finished; secretly, because her mother hated her to be friendly with the servants. Agnes padded in with the finger bowls. Agnes had never understood finger-bowls, any more than the other raw country niggers her mother had trained as servants; but Carmencita insisted on them. Brass Indian bowls, with a floating orange leaf which was crushed in the fingers. Mimi crushed her leaf and pushed it about in the water, concentrating on it. Her heart still throbbed unevenly with the thought of the words her father had spoken. Waves of force spread out from the persons of her mother and father on either side of her and beat upon her nerves. After a long time like this, at a meal, the presence of it became horrifying. If her mother would only end it by putting down her napkin and rising. But she might not; she might say something to her father, and then—

Carmencita laid her napkin on the table and, pushing back her chair, rose deliberately. Patrick rose too, his eyes following her dark figure as she walked across to the porch. Mimi slipped sideways off her chair, and stood watching for a moment. She did not want them to see her go. But they were not noticing her. She slipped away to the back gallery and down the wooden steps into the dark.

On the ground she hesitated, watching Agnes some paces ahead of her, as the black girl walked towards the light of the kitchen, awkward in the tennis shoes Carmencita made her wear over her flat naked feet. Mimi turned her head away; it was full moonlight, and the whiteness of the galvanized iron on the outhouses looked like pictures of snow-covered roofs in her story-books. All the sky was luminous, veiling the stars, and the blazing white moon hung behind the branches of immortelle trees. The milky belle-de-nuit flowers on the bushes by the back steps overpowered the warm air with a scent that stifled the breath in the lungs and laid a sickness on the stomach. Mimi moved away from it and into the cleared space that was the yard. There a slight stirring in the night air brought her the thick damp earth smell of the soil from which the cocoa trees grew. She paused in the black shadow of a little orange tree and tore off a spray of leaves to brush away mosquitoes. Out in the

silver light, the dark edge of the cocoa forest lay at the end of the yard. Miles and miles of cocoa trees, so dense that no light could penetrate them. For a child they made a wall around the estate house; in them was death, from snakes, from being lost where one would not be found for days. . . .

Out in the night, the room where Patrick, her father, sat, and the dark gallery where Carmencita, her mother, stared at darkness, seemed far away and cut off from her, Mimi, who had not chosen them. Lives away. There was a close secret comfort in that freedom. The frightened pulsing of her heart was soothed to quietness.

A vicious mosquito bite on her damp forehead made her stir, and in turning her head she saw the white figure of someone standing within a few feet of her in the shadow of the limonia hedge.

He was a little taller than Mimi, and the moonlight shone through the thick curls about his head so that they looked golden. The thin bare arms and legs of a little boy extended from his ragged trousers and worn shirt, but in the moonlight he was so white and so still that Mimi was afraid. Tales of spirits and soucuyants that the black servants had told her flashed in her mind, and her voice was high and shaking when she spoke.

"Who—who is that?"

His voice was gentle and quite sweet, but too human to belong to a ghost. "Patchy," he said.

Less afraid, Mimi moved a little forward, and wrinkled her forehead to see him. "Who are you?" she repeated.

He lifted his head so that the light fell on his face, and his wide mouth curved. "Patchy," he said again.

He was only a little boy, not much bigger than herself. Angry at her fear and at his undisturbed grin, Mimi spoke in imperious tones of the little mistress of the estate house. "What do you want? What are you doing here?" she demanded. Her mother addressed occasional trespassers like that.

"I live here," said Patchy serenely.

"No, you don't," Mimi contradicted him flatly. She stepped out of the shadow of the orange tree to stand face to face with him. "I know everybody who lives here, and you don't. I've never seen you before."

The boy waved his hand beyond the limonia hedge, to where one of the dirt estate tracks led off down the valley. "I live down dere," he said,

"Down by de river. My mammy's name is Myra Jones."

In puzzled doubtfulness Mimi frowned up at him, scanning his face carefully. His hair was really a sort of dark reddish color; his eyes seemed blue. He had a thin face, fair skin. His small nose was straight and quite fine—straighter than Mimi's own childish one. Mimi looked indecisively at the wideness of his nostrils, the fullness of his lips.

"You're a nigger!" she exclaimed. "You talk like a nigger!"

"Yes," said Patchy.

"Then you should call me 'miss' when you speak to me, like the other servants," she commanded, and added, "My mother doesn't let me talk to nigger children."

"Yes, miss," the boy answered, still smiling serenely.

Mimi stamped her foot. "What are you doing here?" she demanded. "You can't hide in the yard of our house like this. Are you waiting for one of the servants?"

"No, miss," he answered.

"Then what were you doing there behind the hedge?"

"I was looking at de house, miss."

"Looking at the house! What were you doing that for?"

"I was going up to de pool up dere to swim, an' passin' by, I stop to look at de house."

Mimi paused over a new idea. "Going to swim! *At night?* Does your mammy let you swim in the river at night? Isn't she afraid you'll catch a chill?"

"No, miss," grinned Patchy. "I swim in de river all de time—daytime, nighttime."

Absorbed, Mimi searched his face. "Is your mother a white woman?"

"No, miss. She a nigger like me."

Mimi put the tip of an orange-leaf into her mouth thoughtfully. The fright and the annoyance had gone out of her.

"You're a very fair nigger," she said.

"Yes, miss," said Patchy, his eyes on her with their same gentle pleasantness.

"Why," she exclaimed, in sudden surprise, "You're fairer than I am!" They were both silent for a moment, while Mimi looked again at Patchy's white skin, blue eyes, and coppery curls, and he gazed back attentively at her long black hair which was like her mother's, and the eyes in her thin little face, which were brown, unlike either her father's or mother's.

"You're nearly as fair as my father!" she concluded.

"Yes, miss," said Patchy again. They stood facing each other in kindly silence for a moment, then Patchy put out his thin hand and pulled a sweet white cluster of limonia blossoms off the hedge. Gravely, he held it out to Mimi, looking shyly from her face to the flowers.

Mimi took them from him. "You're a nice boy!" she exclaimed gladly. "You're an awfully nice boy!" She stood smiling at him while he smiled in pleasure at her. She put the flowers in the pocket in the bodice of her dress.

She looked at Patchy again. "I wish you weren't a nigger," she said, "I could play with you, instead of by myself all the time." She turned her head to the house. It was all dark, except where illumination on some of the bushes near the front indicated the light in the front room; and, of course, the lights in the servants' quarters outside. No children there. She turned back to the little boy almost anxiously. "You're nicer than my cousin in St. Joseph and the children Mother makes me play with when we've been to Port of Spain."

Patchy continued to smile at her, silently.

Mimi looked down at her feet, kicking the toes of her shoes into the earth. "You're so fair, if Mother saw you she mightn't know you're a nigger," she said, not hopefully.

She looked up at Patchy again. His patient smile widened, and she smiled gravely in response. They stood again, just smiling.

Then, "How old are you?" asked Mimi.

"I don't know," said Patchy simply.

Mimi looked at him seriously. "You must be about ten," she told him. "I'm almost nine. Perhaps you're even eleven."

"Yes, miss," he responded undoubtingly.

Mimi took a step forward and sat down on the sparse grass by the roots of the limonia. "You may sit down," she said as her mother did when the estate women came to the house to see her about being sick. Patchy sank down near to her and sat back on his heels, still looking at her attentively.

"I'll have to go in to go to bed soon," she said.

"Is it nice to swim in the pool at night?"

"Yes, miss. When de moonlight strong, it very pretty. De water cool, cool."

"Why don't you swim in the river near your home?"

"De big pool nicer. Sometimes I swim near my mammy's house. Anywhere dere you can

stand up, and some places de water boil over de rocks."

Mimi hugged her knees under her chin. "I like that," she said. "That's nice to go in wading." She glanced fearfully towards the house again. "I could go down to your house," she said "Mother wouldn't know. When I finish my lessons she doesn't know what I do. What does your house look like? It's near the village?"

"No, miss, it far from de village. It nearer dis house. Down dis road dere's a track leads off—it down dat. It have cedar trees round it, an' a timete roof. By it I built a little house for my mammy's goats."

"A timete roof? Your mammy is poor?"

The boy seemed at a loss. "I don't know, miss," he said.

Mimi stared at him thoughtfully. "I thought I'd never seen you before," she said. "I've seen all the people in the village. Just you and your mother live all alone there?"

"Yes, miss."

"Aren't you ever lonely?"

Patchy's sinless smile answered her through the moonlight. "No, miss," he said.

Across the yard came Carmencita's low voice, from the back gallery but unexpectedly near. "Maria!" she called.

Mimi jumped up. "That's my mother," she whispered fiercely. "Go away, quick, before she sees you." She fled towards the house. A swift glance over her shoulder showed her that the boy had disappeared like a shadow.

Carmencita stood at the top of the back steps, in the uncertain illumination of reflected moonlight. "What were you doing across the yard?" she said.

"I was by the limonia," Mimi said breathlessly. She snatched the blossoms from her pocket and held them out.

Carmencita looked at her outstretched hand but did not touch it. "There might be snakes over there," she said. "You must not go wandering away from the house at night. It's time for you to go to bed."

Mimi followed her into the house.

"Is it eight o'clock yet, Mammy?"

"It is time for you to be in bed," replied her mother.

In Mimi's room she lit the lamp and stood in silence while Mimi shed her light clothing—short white voile dress, muslin petticoat beneath it, buttoned white panties. Shoes and socks. Her mother handed her the white nighty from the

hanging press, and put away the discarded clothing.

"Are you ready to say your prayers?"

"Yes, Mammy."

"Come then."

Mimi followed into her mother's room. All one side of it was given over to the altar. The altar itself had been built of hardwood by one of the estate carpenters, and it was gilded and had niches for all her mother's special saints. The Virgin stood highest of all, her dress painted blue and red and gold, and her face and hands pink. Her mother always dusted the figures carefully, but they were old, and so much dust had laid on them that some of it was ingrained and always shadowed their faces and clothes. A crucifix of black and gold, with dust indelible on the gold also, hung above the Virgin. On the wall around the altar were religious pictures. One of them Mimi always kept her eyes away from so she would not see it. It was a head of Christ, in vivid colors; the head was thrown back in utmost agony, drops of blood were trickling from the thorns on his forehead, and tears of blood were running down his cheeks. Another one was of the Virgin, with her heart open in her breast, and seven swords piercing her heart. Mimi did not like to look at that one either, except that the Virgin had a pretty, kind face.

In one of the lowest niches stood a framed photograph of Mimi's grandfather, Carmencita's father. He had died when Mimi was a baby. Mimi had asked her mother if Grandpapa was a saint too, and her mother told her that he surely was with the saints, so it was right to put him in one of the niches.

They knelt down together while her mother said the prayers in Latin, and Mimi followed her stumbly. Then came the ordinary prayers for everybody. First she prayed for her mother as Carmencita had taught her.

"Pray God bless Mother, and help her to bear her crosses as Thy daughter should. Help me to love her and obey her always."

Then for her father: "Bless my father and help his soul toward the light."

And also: "Bless Grandmother, and keep her in health and strength. Grant that we may all live near her and Auntie some day."

These words always came unwillingly from Mimi's lips. She knew that her mother hated the estate and wished to leave it with all her soul, but Mimi was not sure about it as a prayer for herself. Going into Port of Spain would surely not stop her mother and father from having the

terrible quarrels, nor even these other times; and except that she was always alone, Mimi was glad of all the things on the estate. Especially with the thought of the little boy in the moonlight in her mind, she mentally asked God not to count that prayer as she said it, and wondered if He would hear her if she did not ask Him out loud.

"And pray God bless everybody, and bless me, and make me a good girl. Amen."

"If you're going to say good-night to your father, hurry," said Carmencita.

She pattered swiftly out to the front room. Her father looked up at her as if he were blind, and then as if he saw and loved her, and kissed her tenderly. His breath was heavy with the smell of liquor.

When she came into her room her mother had the wash-basin ready. "Wash your face," she said.

When Mimi was in bed, her mother kissed her, put out the lamp, and closed the door as she went out. Mimi heard her go into her own room, and the door closed, as usual.

She lay there watching the moonlit quadrangles on the wooden floor, and thinking how she would go down the track to Patchy's house, tomorrow when she had finished the ordeal of lessons with her mother.

Perhaps it was this unusual excitement that made her wake later that night—a thing she never had done before, to remember it. She was frightened, and sat up in bed; the moonlight had gone from the floor, though it was still bright outside. Except for that, there was no light, not even the crack in her wall that showed her father's light in the front room. Very faintly, from the earth near the front of the house, she heard the sound of a horse's hoofs. It was so subtle a sound that probably even someone in her mother's room might not hear it; but Mimi could even distinguish something that made the noise unmistakably that of Brownie, her father's mare. The hoofbeats were dying away in the distance. Where was her father going in the night? What was happening? Mimi sat bolt upright, but only silence and darkness followed. Presently sleep misted around her again, and she curled down in bed once more.

* * *

Everything was petrified by the heat of the afternoon sun as Mimi padded along the dusty road. The leaves of the cocoa and the immortelles above them hung motionless, and conserved

a still inferno of steam beneath their shading thickness. Only the borderline of shadow which they threw on the dusty dryness of the road was bearable. Perspiration ran down Mimi's face and the crown of her wide-brimmed garden hat prickled against her head. Fleeting she thought of her mother's ultimatum of being shut in her room every afternoon if she went walking out in the sun again. But her mother was, as usual, in her room after lunch, and would not be up until soon before sunset.

It was pleasant to turn down the track that answered Patchy's description. There the grass grew, showing it was seldom used, though there was a horse's trail worn down the middle. Along this she went, glad that she had not met any laborers on the road who might carry tales, for she would hardly meet any here.

She was taken by surprise at the short distance it was to Patchy's house. She came upon it round a corner quite by itself. How had he lived so near, for so long, and she had never known him?

She saw him as he rose from feeding one of the goats which were tethered to a tree near the track. A sunbeam through the cedar foliage glinted on his hair like fire. His faded blue shirt and ragged khaki pants were clean; her mother would approve that, Mimi thought defensively. As he recognized her, a glad smile broke over his face, and he waved his hand and hurried towards her.

"Miss!" he said.

"Hello, Patchy," she said, suddenly shy. She wiped her hot face with a soaking handkerchief. "You want some water to drink, miss?"

"Oh, yes," said Mimi gratefully. "Please," she added.

"Mammy! Mammy!" Patchy shouted and ran towards the timete-roofed hut.

Mimi followed and saw his mother come to the door.

She was darker than Patchy. That was strange. Patchy's father must have been almost a white man. Though she was not very dark. Myra Jones. She had olive skin, and her lips were rather dark and thick, and her nostrils were wide apart, but she was beautiful. Even a white person would think she was beautiful. Her eyes were huge, and soft, deep brown, with thick curling lashes. Her black hair was softly curly, and though it was gathered back into a knot behind her head, little silky tendrils strayed around her forehead and cheeks. She was quite young. She



Linoleum Cut by Patricia Guppy

was slender and stood very straight, carrying her head as though she were a queen. She was like the princess in Mimi's story-book who lived in rags with the charcoal burners in the forest till the king found her, and made her his queen.

Mimi stared at her, fascinated. The woman returned the look with her deep eyes and Mimi could not tell the expression in them. Patchy cried, "Mammy, Miss walk all de way here in de sun. Please to give her some water, Mammy!"

"Yes, miss," said the woman quietly. "Just a moment." She went into the house for a tin cup and came out wiping it on a towel. Mimi saw that though the hut was the most primitive kind of plastered boards, a floor of boards had been roughly laid inside, and crude screens were fitted in the doors and windows. She took the cup that Patchy's mother had dipped full of water for her from a bucket near the door. She hesitated for a moment with the dreadful thought that it could not be boiled, but the cool clear sparkle of it called too strongly to her thirst.

When she drew breath, she looked once more into the quiet dark eyes of the woman who was watching her. "Your name is Myra, isn't it?" she asked.

"Yes, miss," said the woman.

"Thank you, Myra," said Mimi, handing her back the cup.

She took off her hat and shook back her hair. The little house stood in the midst of shade flecked with sunlight, cool and yet sparkling. A faint breeze seemed to play there. Mimi turned to the boy joyfully, and was glad that his eyes were shining too.

"Let's go and wade in the river!" she cried.

"Mammy, I can go with Miss to wade?"

Myra still stood with the cup held tight in her brown hand, watching Mimi intently. "You Miss Mimi from de estate house?" she asked finally.

"Yess," said Mimi, "Miss Mimi Donovan. You know! Everybody knows me."

"Yes, miss." Myra, who had been holding the cup in her clenched hand before her, dropped her arm to her side. "You think you Mammie would like you to come here, Miss Mimi?"

Mimi lowered her eyes uncomfortably. "Oh, I don't think she minds," she muttered. She looked up at Patchy, who was glancing, troubled, from his mother to her, and tossed her hair back with decision. "She lets me go wading, Myra; it's all right. Let Patchy go with me."

Myra stood very still. Mimi could not understand the way the colored woman looked at her, and it made her uneasy; but she wanted to get away and go down to the river with Patchy. "Come, Patchy," she called, and set off down the path towards which he had already turned.

The narrow hill torrent rushed in dancing light and shadow between green cathedral aisles of bamboo. The water was cold, delicious in the midst of the afternoon heat. It was shallow here, some stretches with a pebbly bottom which were good for wading or even swimming, and some covered with boulders, among which the water sang its own song, accompaniment to the cries of birds overhead and the laughter and shouts Mimi and Patchy added.

Mimi's canvas shoes lay on the narrow bank; Patchy had none to take off. Their bare legs splashed and slipped between water and stones, and the current tugged at them. When they were breathless they sat on a dry boulder and dangled their legs, gazing dreamily out over the dimpled and tumbling water.

"Patchy," asked Mimi, "why do you and your mother live all alone here, so far from everyone?" Patchy shook his bright head. "I don't know," he said.

"Does your mother work on the crops?" she persisted.

"Yes, miss; we both work on de cocoa when it in. Dis last year, Mammy been sick, she can't work like she did. But I can work."

"Is your father dead, Patchy?"

Patchy bent his head, and looked into the water, making no reply. Mimi looked forward to see his face, and was surprised that he looked troubled and uneasy.

"Oh, I'm sorry, Patchy," she said. "I didn't mean to hurt you. I'm sorry."

She looked out over the water, anxious to turn the subject. "I'd like to swim here," she said. "I wish I could."

Patchy looked at her eagerly. "We can, miss. It deep enough to swim! I swim here often."

Mimi stared at him. "But I didn't bring any bathing suit."

Patchy returned her look, uncomprehending. "You mean, swim without any clothes?" gasped Mimi.

Patchy nodded doubtfully.

"Oh, but that's wrong, for people to swim together without clothes!" said Mimi.

"Yes, miss," said Patchy. She saw he did not understand.

"You know that's wrong, don't you, Patchy?"

"No, miss."

"Well, it is." Mimi looked at him gravely, to impress what she said. Then she looked into the cool, clear water again, and splashed with her foot.

She turned to him. "We could go in, though—with our clothes on, you know; and then they'd get dry in the sun after. Let's do that, Patchy!"

"Yes, miss!"

They jumped off the rock. "I'll just take my dress off," said Mimi, "so only my rompers will get wet." She tossed her dress over her shoes, and splashed back to Patchy. "Duck!" she shouted, and splashed water all over him. He screamed with laughter, and dropped down, striking through the shallow water like a fish. Mimi dived under, and saw him coming towards her, a big blue and white blur through her own floating hair. They rose together scrambling, laughing, and gripping each other's hands. Suddenly Mimi saw the laughter wiped from Patchy's mouth.

"Maria!"

All the sunlight left the air above the river, and the water tearing at her hands and legs was deadly chill. Her heart was beating thickly in her throat and her stomach was sick and empty before she released Patchy's hands and turned towards the bank. The figure of her mother, all in black, her eyes on Mimi with the same expression they held for Mimi's father. It had never been there for Mimi before. Faintly, Mimi wondered if she had thought it might be like this.

She struggled towards the bank, and stood shivering. Her black hair hung in dripping strands about her face; the tips of her fingers were shrivelled and white. She tried not to let her mother see them.

Her mother held a riding whip in her hand, and there was a faint odor of horses about her; she had come riding. Farther up the path, Mimi saw Myra. Across the colored woman's pale brown cheek was a thin red mark.

"Mammy," began Mimi, trying to keep her teeth from chattering, "I was going to let my rompers dry out in the sun, and then put on my dress—"

"Come here," said her mother's voice, very low. Dragging Mimi round, she shielded her imperfectly from view with her own body. Carmencita was trembling violently. She stripped off Mimi's wet rompers, and dried the little girl's

naked body with the skirt of her dress. Then she forced on Mimi's dry dress without other clothing. Mimi did not dare to speak. "Put on your shoes," her mother said.

Mimi crouched down to button on her shoes. Three people watched her: the silent woman Myra; Patchy, who was edging towards his mother; and Mimi's mother, standing above her.

As soon as Mimi's cold fingers fastened the second button, her mother's hand gripped her wrist, dragged her up. Mimi whimpered with fright and pain as Carmencita dragged her along the path. Myra threw her arm around Patchy and went even more swiftly ahead of them.

Straight towards the horse that was cropping grass by the path, Mimi's mother pulled her. Myra had stopped with Patchy at the door of the hut, and was watching them. Mimi turned her agonized face towards Patchy; she was afraid to call goodbye openly. Her mother stopped and turned suddenly. Myra drew Patchy closer to her as she saw it. The thin mark across Myra's face had grown darker.

"Remember, woman," Carmencita's cold voice shook with concentrated rage. "You leave this estate tomorrow. You and your child. Go wherever you wish but never set foot here again."

"Mammy!" screamed Mimi, "Myra didn't—Patchy—Mammy!" Her mother took her under the arms and lifted her to the horse, mounting behind her swiftly. A cut of the whip and the grey, frightened, dashed off along the path.

"Mammy!" sobbed Mimi, "Mammy, it wasn't their fault! It was my fault! Don't make them—"

"Not another word," said her mother. Mimi was silent in terror. The wind blew in her face wildly, whipping her damp hair about her; the horse's gallop shook all sense out of her. Could she tell her father? He would see that Myra and Patchy did not deserve to be turned off the estate for something that was all her fault; but would he stand up against her mother?

In a whirl of dust they pulled up before the front of the house. Mimi slid to the ground. In a daze, she saw that the sun was in the western sky. If she could get to her father before her mother saw her, perhaps—

"Maria!"

Mimi stopped, gasping for breath.

"Go to your room at once and stay there."

"Mammy—!"

"Did you hear me, Maria?"

Mimi ran into her room and closed the door. She threw herself onto her white little bed and sobbed in a black wave of despair and terror.

She stopped abruptly as she heard her father's heavy step on the front gallery. She slid off the bed and rushed to her door but before she opened it she heard her mother's voice, low and terrible, speak to her father. Mimi could not distinguish words, and she was afraid to open the door. Her father's voice answered briefly, and then her mother's again, and then her father suddenly shouted. Mimi gripped her hands together. The low flowing of her mother's voice cut in and stopped him, and then that too stopped and her mother came down the passage past Mimi's door to her own room. In the living-room Patrick's step strode across—to the liquor cupboard, Mimi knew. She heard the reckless clink of bottles. She must speak to him. She had been there with Myra and Patchy and it was her fault. They mustn't be turned off the estate.

She opened her door, and then flew down the passage as she saw her father almost running towards the verandah steps. Fright seized her as she saw that he would be far away from the house before she could reach him. She ran to the gallery, and saw him getting into the Ford. The noise of the motor as he started it drowned out her voice as she wailed: "Daddy! Daddy!" She tumbled down the steps and waved and shrieked after him, but the car rattled away down the drive.

"How dare you come out of your room, with only that dress on?" Her mother's voice above her broke into Mimi's anguished silence.

Mimi shrank before the cold fury in the woman's eyes. "Mammy, I only wanted to speak to Daddy," she gasped.

"I told you not to leave your room," said Carmencita. "Now you can go back and undress, and Agnes will bring you your supper in your room; then you can go to bed. Come on."

Mimi was too numb with fright and unhappiness to speak to Agnes as the cheerful black girl helped her with her supper. Agnes begged in an exaggerated whisper, "Miss Mimi, you got a few cents you could lend me?"

Mimi tried to think of what the girl was saying. "Yes, I have sixpence my father gave me in my new bag. Do you want it badly?"

"Miss Mimi, tomorrow night is All Saints and All Souls, and I ain't got a cent to buy candles for me poor old fader's grave, Miss—"

"All right," whispered Mimi, "get my bag out

of that drawer there, but don't let Madam see you."

"Oh, God bless you, Miss Mimi. I'll pay you back, Miss, soon as Madam pay me—"

"All right, Agnes—don't talk so loud."

The strangeness of eating her dinner and going to bed while the red sun was still setting outside dazed her. Where had her father gone? Dared she ask her mother?

Her mother appeared in the door of her room as Agnes carried out the dishes. "Come and say your prayers," she said.

Mimi's stomach kept rising as she knelt beside her mother, and she could not follow the prayers. A blood-red beam from the dying sun flickered over the head of Christ on the wall; the agonized features seemed to writhe in torment, and her eyes kept turning up to them the more she tried to keep them away.

"—Bless Mother, and help her to bear her crosses as Thy daughter should—"

"—And make me a good girl, Amen."

She fixed her eyes on the Virgin's dusty face as the prayers ended, afraid to look at her mother, afraid to stir.

"Maria."

"Yes, Mammy."

"Promise me here before God and the Holy Mother that you will never see that woman and that child again—that you will never speak their names."

"Yes, Mammy."

"You promise?"

"Yes, Mammy."

"And in future, Maria, you will be shut in your room in the afternoon, and you will not go outside till I am up. Now go to your bed."

As Mimi saw her mother walking out of the darkness of her room into the passage, terror seized her. "Mammy!" she sobbed out, "Where has Daddy gone? What's he gone for?"

Her mother paused; her face was in shadow. "Go to sleep, child," she said, and closed the door behind her.

Mimi sat up in the dark, panting as if she had been running hard. Presently she lay down, and pictures out of the day flashed before her, separated by spaces of darkness. Her mother, standing on the bank of the river. Myra's face, with the red line across the cheek. The blank stare in Patchy's eyes, as the horse jerked her away. Her father, throwing himself feverishly into the car.

The pictures began to be mixed with each

other and prolonged. She was running, running after her father, who was ahead of her, racing for the car which was miles off, and he was deaf to her screams and shouts. Every two steps her mother's hand would tear her back by the wrist. Then she had her arm around Patchy and was running and trying to get him out of the way of her mother. Patchy could scarcely walk; he fell stumbled and she had to drag him. His head fell back and streams of blood sprang from his forehead and eyes. Mimi started to sob and scream wildly. Lights flashed in front of her eyes and voices rang in her ears.

She woke, and sat up in bed, gasping, tears still wet on her face. A current of air had blown her door open, and though it was still night, there was light and movement in the passage outside, and excited voices. Mimi jerked out of bed and stumbled into the passage.

Her mother stood in the doorway of her room, a gown over her white nightdress, her long straight black hair like a cloak about her shoulders, her face white except for the blackness of her eyes. A group of chattering negroes stood before her. Agnes was there, rolling eyes heavy with sleep. The others were wives of plantation workers from the village.

"Madam," urged one of them, "she crying out so it pitiful to hear she. Nothing Sophia can do will stop she."

"She sick, madam," said another. "I think she might die, she so sick. And she little boy Patchy, it sorrowful to hear him, he cry so." Mimi slipped up to Agnes and pulled her hand, "Agnes!" she whispered, "Agnes! Who's sick?"

"Oh, Gawd, miss," whispered Aggie in reply, "It dat poor woman who live by herself, Myra Jones, miss. You better go back to bed, miss; you mammy looking at you."

"Mammy, Mammy!" screamed Mimi, beside herself, "Go and help Myra, Mammy! Don't let her die! Patchy will be left all alone!"

"Be quiet, all of you!" Carmencita's voice hushed all the rest. "Maria, go back to your room at once. Go on."

Crying, Mimi ran into her room. She hid behind the door, and listened.

"Now, listen to me," continued Carmencita's calm voice. "Mr. Donovan has gone to St. Joseph, and I don't know when he will be back; and I cannot leave Miss Mimi here in the house alone at night. If she were to get sick, you servants would be more helpless than she is. So I will give you some medicine which you can

give to Myra, though there's probably nothing more wrong with her than a stomach-ache. And I certainly will not have you disturb Dr. Chantal for such a trifle. In any case, Mr. Donovan has taken the car. Just wait a moment please, and I will get you the medicine."

There was a low murmuring of the women's voices, and their feet started to shuffle towards the back door. Mimi clutched the door frame with her fingers and prayed. Oh, please, God, don't let Myra die and leave poor little Patchy all alone. Oh, pray God let Daddy get home so he could go and get the doctor for her. Oh, God, don't let it be night any more.

She heard her mother give the women some stuff, and threw herself back into bed as her mother's footsteps sounded near her door. Carmencita stood in the doorway, and looked in at Mimi.

"Maria," she said.

"Yes, Mammy."

"Do you remember what you swore in front of the altar before you went to bed?"

Mimi trembled. "Mammy, I forgot—"

"Pray God to forgive you," said her mother. "And when you have prayed, go to sleep and do not leave your room until the morning." She shut the door.

God would not forgive her for breaking a promise she had made before the altar, because she wanted to go to Patchy's house the next day to see how Myra was. She had to go. She had to. And if she had broken part of her promise to God already, and God would never forgive her, she might just as well break it all. Then after she died she would go to Hell, for always and always. It would be like that time she put her hand on the red-hot coalpot in the kitchen only all over her whole body. But no matter how many bad things she did before she died, it wouldn't be any worse.

It was the sound of the car outside woke her up, as if she had been waiting for it all through her sleep. She jumped out of bed; her rompers and dress lay on a chair nearby, but she was shaking so that she could hardly get out of her night dress and into them. When she was only dressed in her rompers, she heard her father's tread on the front gallery. She couldn't wait for the dress. She ran to her door, tore it open, and out into the passage and living-room.

Her father had one foot on the threshold. His face was white and unshaven, with bags below the eyes, and he walked unsteadily. She opened

her mouth to call to him, but was halted, as he stopped and turned towards the garden outside.

A voice was wailing, a little boy's voice, jerky with running. "Boss! Boss!"

Mimi ran to the door and past her father out into the porch.

Patchy was running towards the steps slowly as if he were exhausted. His little face was white, and his eyes wide and barren. "Boss," he sobbed, "Boss, Mammy is dead." He reeled forward and lay still on the step at Patrick's feet.

Mimi burst into a wild wail of terrified weeping. She threw her arms around her father, clawing at him, trying to get him to look down at her. "Daddy," she screamed, "that's Myra, that's Patchy's mother; she started to die last night, Daddy, when you weren't here. And Mammy wouldn't go to her because she wouldn't leave me. Oh, Daddy, please help poor little Patchy now!"

Her father had not been looking at her, or at Patchy; he had been staring in front of him, over their heads, saying nothing. Now he looked down at Mimi. "Your mother would not go to her," he repeated after her.

He turned and went down on his knees and raised the little boy. Patchy opened his blue eyes as he did so and looked at him, and Patrick got up, lifting the boy in his arms, and turned towards the front door. Mimi turned with them.

They stopped. Carmencita stood there, watching them as if her black eyes were doors to Hell, through which they would pass and be destroyed forever.

Patchy raised his head, afraid. Mimi shrank back against the verandah rail. Patrick looked with his bloodshot eyes straight into his wife's face.

Her mother and father forgot all about her, almost about the boy in Patrick's arms, as long as the clock on the sideboard inside ticked seven times. Then her mother spoke.

"You are not going to bring that child into my home, Patrick."

Her mother's eyes held her father's and thrust them down, down, until Patrick lowered his head, his face as if he were dead. The muscles under his crumpled shirt leaped as he tightened his arms around Patchy. Then he bent and set the boy on the floor. "Patchy," he said in a strange thick voice, "Go back to your home, and I'll come to see you in a little while. Don't cry, Patchy. Go along now and I'll see that you're all right."

Mimi leaned against the railing, and watched Patchy's thin figure drag itself through the dewy grass at the side of the road. Out of the corner of her eyes she could see the stooping shoulders of her father on his tall, thin body, his left hand pressed against his side, and the way his head was bent forward as he watched.

Then he wheeled and brushed past her mother into the house. At a half-run he reeled across to the liquor cupboard, wrenched the cork off a bottle and sucked the raw rum into his mouth. Then he seized two more bottles and lurched into his room. The house shook as he slammed his door.

Patchy had disappeared down the drive. A big spider outside had caught a bee in spite of its dew-wet web, and was slowly stifling it to death. Mimi watched it. A sickness was in her stomach again.

"Maria," said her mother quietly behind her, "Go and put on your dress."

Her mother went into her room and did not come out for breakfast. Mimi's heart beat fast as Agnes gave her some weak tea and bread on the back gallery. If her mother stayed in her room, she would go at once to Patchy. If her mother came after her she would hide in the bush by the hut, and she would not be found out.

When she turned the corner and came into sight of the hut, the silence struck her like a cold wind. She had expected that there would be many niggers there, wailing and bemoaning over the dead woman; but there was no one. Had Patchy and his mother been taken into the village last night? Perhaps she would not be able to find Patchy after all. She strained her ears to hear any sound of her mother's grey, galloping behind her, but there was no stir except the morning breeze in the cedars.

She crept towards the door of the hut. As she came near it, she saw the goats, further into the bush. So Patchy must be there. At the same time she caught the noise of a soft, continuous moaning, going on and on like the sound of the river beyond the trees.

The screen door of the hut was wide open, and Mimi looked in, fearful lest she should see the corpse inside. But there was no one there but Patchy, lying face downwards on the cot bed, moaning unceasingly.

Tears sprang into Mimi's eyes. She ran forward and put her arms round the boy's shoulders and under his head. "Oh, Patchy," she sobbed, "don't cry! Poor, poor Patchy, don't cry!"

Patchy started up wildly, and looked at her. He had not been crying; there were no tears in his eyes. But when he saw Mimi he covered his face with his hands and sobbed.

Gradually they were both quieted, and Mimi sighed deeply. "Where have they taken your mother, Patchy?"

His mouth quivered. "Dey buried her dis mornin'."

"This morning! When did she die?"

"Las' night. I don't know what time."

"I thought she only died this morning." Tears came to Mimi's eyes again. "Poor Patchy!"

Patchy looked straight ahead of him. "She won't come back to me any more," he said.

Mimi looked about her nervously in the silence of the forest. "Patchy, what are you going to do? You can't stay here all by yourself!"

He looked down at his hands. "I ain' by myself. Dere's Whitey and Blackie."

"Who are they?"

"De goats."

"Patchy, you can't stay here with just the goats! Suppose you get sick too! You'll have to go and live with someone in the village."

Patchy clenched his hands into fists. "I won't go to stay with anybody in de village. All de time my mammy and me stay here, an' I goin' to stay here now, all my life. I rader be alone here dan wit anybody in any village. An' if I stay here, maybe I can make me mammy come back an' talk to me."

Mimi stared at him. "What do you mean, Patchy?" she whispered. "Your mother is dead; she can't come back to you!"

Patchy turned to her, his eyes shining. "Listen, Miss Mimi," he said, "You know what tonight is?"

Mimi stared at him, and then remembered. "It's All Saints' and All Souls'," she said. Then she began to tremble. "You mean—"

"Miss Mimi, if I can get enough candles and flowers to decorate mammy's grave, and make it pretty, an' den some candles to put along dis path, so, up to de door—maybe now mammy dead, she will come back and walk into de house and talk to me!"

Mimi shivered. "Patchy, won't you be afraid?"

"Miss Mimi, how I should be afraid of mammy?"

Mimi twisted her hands. "Oh, Patchy, I had sixpence I could have given you to buy candles, but I lent it to Agnes, and she won't have it to

give back till Mammy pays her wages. Have you got any money?"

"No miss. But I could sell Blackie."

"Oh, no," Mimi said, "Don't do that, Patchy—then you won't have anything. I know, Patchy—I can help you! I can go down to the graveyard near our house, and steal a few candles off the graves there. If I just take a few off each of the graves that have most, they—they won't mind."

"Oh, no, miss—you couldn't steal them, miss. I'll steal them."

"No, Patchy, I'll steal them. It won't be so bad if I steal them for you, as if you steal them for yourself. You see, I did something so bad God doesn't care what I do any more. You understand, don't you?"

"No, miss," replied Patchy, his drawn, pale face smiling at her.

"Well, I did," said Mimi. "I'll bring you some corallita and flowers Mammy won't miss from the garden. I'll get out after dinner somehow, so Mammy won't see me. And then," said Mimi, controlling her voice, "we can go down to your mammy's grave together." She stood up. "I'd better go now," she said. "Mammy may start to look for me soon, though I don't think she will give me any lessons today. I think it's Saturday. Goodbye, Patchy. Wait for me at the end of the track tonight."

"Yes, miss."

"Goodbye."

"Goodbye, miss."

He stood at the door; when she looked back on turning the corner, he was still watching her.

* * *

Mimi clutched at the bundle of candles in her skirt and pulled her hat down over her face so that none of the niggers should notice who she was. All the hillside was a garden of little twinkling lights, for that was the village graveyard, and every grave was decorated with scores of little white candles. The people to whom the graves belonged passed slowly along the paths among them, and thought about all the souls who would be walking on earth that night. The houses beyond the graveyard each had their paths bordered with twinkling lights, and plates of food were put near the thresholds for the returning spirits to eat, and enter their old homes.

"Patchy," whispered Mimi, "have you got some food to put out?"

"Yes, miss," he whispered next to her. "I cook some breadfruit from de tree near de house, and dere's some papaw, and milk from Whitey."

"Then we'd better hurry, or Mammy will miss me. She and Daddy had dinner sent to them in their rooms, but she always calls me to go to bed. Come, Patchy."

She felt him turn back once more to see his mother's grave, the raw earth hidden under corallita and twinkling flames. Then they hurried on into the darkness beyond the village.

They trotted along in silence until they turned into the grass track. It was very dark there among the cocoa trees, and the moon had not risen yet, though the stars gave faint light. "Patchy," whispered Mimi, "what will your mammy look like?"

"I don't know," answered the little boy's small voice.

When they came to the hut, Patchy put down his load of candles, and lit one, setting it down as the first in the long row of little flames that soon blossomed on either side of the rough path. Patchy went into the hut, and brought out a plate and a bowl with food, and set them before the door.

The candles burned steadily in the windless night, and threw a faint, wierd light up the cedar trees, and into the faces of Mimi and Patchy. "What must we do now, Patchy?" she whispered.

"Sit down here." His eyes stared big and wide along the candle-bordered path. "Den wait."

Mimi sat down beside him. The fierce insect noises rang in her ears. The candles gave off heat as well as light. She panted, and wiped her face in the skirt of her dress, glancing at the bowl of milk.

"Did you have any dinner, Patchy?" she asked.

He shook his head. She wished he would speak.

"Aren't you hungry?"

Again he shook his head.

It was then she began to hear it. At first she thought it was just another strange noise of the night. But then it grew clearer. It was the galloping of a horse.

Patchy got to his feet. His face was dead white. Mimi scrambled up beside him, all speech stricken from her lips. She looked at him, and then listened to the galloping sound. Myra, Myra galloping towards them on a ghostly horse—

When the horse rounded the corner, she screamed. Her mother's face, white and awful in the candle light; her mother's black dress on the grey mount flying towards her with the speed of lightning—

The candles were trampled and scattered right and left. Nearly all the light went. Her mother

slashed at Patchy with her riding whip, and Mimi screamed again and ran forward blindly. Her mother reached down and grasped her by her dress, and pulled her up, into the saddle before her. Mimi shrieked incoherently, and tried to wrest herself free, but her head was pressed into her mother's shoulder. She heard her mother's voice as if it filled all the earth.

"Get off this estate!" shouted Carmencita. "Get out! Get out! Run into the bush where you belong, you filth! If you're on this estate tomorrow I'll open your mother's grave and throw her body to the dogs! Get out! get out!"

The jar of each blow of the whip ran through her body and jerked a scream from Mimi. "Mammy! Mammy! Oh, God, Mammy!" Carmencita was following Patchy on her horse, driving him into the bush. Finally she stopped. The noise of the boy plunging further into the bush came to them.

Mimi tore at her mother with her nails, sobbing and retching. Her mother gripped her body to her, and wheeling round the horse, galloped off like the wind.

As soon as the pressure of her mother's grip relaxed, at the front of the house, Mimi fell off. She picked herself up and staggered into the house. She tore to her father's door and hammered on it. "Daddy! Daddy!" she chattered, over and over. There was no response. She tried the door; it was locked on the inside.

Her mother came into the passage. "There's no use calling your father," she said. "He's *drunk*." She stood over Mimi. "Have you no remorse for your wickedness, Maria?" Mimi cowered against the wall and shuddered.

Carmencita held out her hand. "Put your hand in mine," she said. Her voice was shaking. Mimi did as she was told. "Come," said her mother, and let her into her room and up to the altar. "Kneel down with me and pray," she said.

Mimi knelt down. "What shall I pray for?" she whispered faintly.

"For your own soul, that it be delivered from wickedness, and for all souls, however lost."

Mimi bent her head over her hands, but she did not pray. How can I tell my father, how can I tell my father, whirled through her mind.

The floorboards creaked behind them, and Mimi felt her mother start and turn around. Mimi turned swiftly. Her father stood in the doorway, swaying on his feet, his shirt filthy where he had vomited over it, his hair

disordered. Carmencita made the sign of the cross.

"So," he said thickly to his wife, "You tell'r that I'm drunk, do you? So drunk I can' hear'r, eh? Well, I'm not so drunk I can' hear'r. Eh, lil' one? What do y'want of y'daddy, eh?"

Mimi shrieked out a dry shriek of laughter that ended in a burst of rending tears. She got up and flung her arms round her father's legs. "Daddy," she screamed. "Don't be drunk, Daddy! Mammy has driven Patchy into the bush, she's driven him out of his home! And it wasn't his fault, Daddy! I went down there, and I stole the candles! Oh, Daddy, go and find him, please, please go and find him!"

Through her tears Mimi saw her father put out his hand to the door-frame to steady himself, and look over her head to his wife, who had turned back to the altar and was praying. A strange sound came to his throat, and he turned and ran into his room. Mimi, following, saw him pour the whole basin of water from the washstand over his head. From that he reeled against the wall with his hand against his left side, his eyes closed. "What's the matter, Daddy?" she whispered.

"Nothing," he said, straightening again. He took her by the shoulders, kindly. "Now, little one," he said, "tell me your story again. Patchy has been driven into the bush, near his house, eh?"

"Yes, Daddy! Oh, Daddy, hurry, and take me with you!"

"No, darling, you stay here. I'll bring Patchy back safe and sound, you just wait."

He ran into the hall, snatching up a torch and a revolver as he went. Mimi heard him calling Sam and George, the black yard-boys, and the car being backed out of the shed. She stood still, praying for Patchy.

"Maria!"

Her mother stood in the door of her room. "You have not finished your prayers," she said.

She went into her mother's room, and knelt down again before the altar. It did not matter; she could still pray for Patchy, even though her mother made her say the real prayers after her.

When she had finished—and make me a good girl, Amen," her mother said, "Now come to bed."

"Mammy," she breathed, "I want to pray some more."

"Very well," said her mother, "you may pray for ten minutes longer."

She could hear the ticking of the clock on her

mother's dressing-table. Was every tick a minute?

Faintly, down the road, there was the sound of the car. Mimi tried not to breathe. Maybe Patchy had returned to the hut after her mother left.

She did not move. The car came up the drive. How many minutes had gone? Did her mother know or care, kneeling so still beside her?

Why was it so long before the feet sounded on the gallery?

Her father's footsteps came through the house. They were heavy as lead. Maybe Patchy was asleep, and he was carrying him.

The footsteps came to the door. She and her mother both turned. They got to their feet.

Patrick held Patchy in his arms. The boy might have been asleep. His head lolled on the man's shoulder, and one arm dangled loosely. The little body was covered with mud and the clothes dripped water.

Mimi sank down on the floor. Her father and mother remained standing, facing each other.

"A snake—" said her father. "He's dead." He stared at the boy's head.

He looked up. His eyes were fixed and wide open, like glass. His mouth was smiling.

He held out the limp body to his wife. "Look at your work," he said.

He advanced. She moved backward, step by step, until she was before the altar. In the lamp-light his blue eyes glittered like ice, and he held Patchy's body close in his arms. Carmencita had her back against the altar; she could go no farther. She screamed and, picking up the statue of the Virgin, hurled it at Patrick's face. The blue and red plaster shattered into bits, and from behind them as they fell Mimi saw her father's face. The eyes were closed, and the mouth had lost its terrible smile. Drops of blood started suddenly from places in his forehead. Slowly, his arms loosened, and Patchy began to slip from his grasp, but before the boy's body touched the ground, her father's crumpled up and lay beside it.

Mimi screamed then. Shriek after shriek, as if she could never stop, while doors banged through the house and all the terrified niggers from the outhouses crowded into the doorway. Someone picked her up from the floor and held her sheltered by their body; it was only when her father and Patchy had been taken from the room into Patrick's, that she knew it was her mother. She did not care. There was nothing else could touch her. She was still grasping after

that moment when she had seen her father's face go blank and he had fallen with Patchy in his arms.

Her mother rocked her back and forth in her arms before the altar, pouring out streams of Latin prayer though there seemed as if there could be no more life in her body to speak with. How long this was, she did not know. Long enough for Dr. Chantal to be sent for and arrive in the old Ford; long enough for him to come into the room and say, while her mother stoppeed and listened quietly: "I'm afraid he went at once, Mrs. Donovan. The heart, you know. He had been troubled with it for some time. A pity about the little boy, too. Pray be composed, Madam."

Her mother was composed. She stood and watched the doctor shut the door behind him, as she requested of him.

"Come, child," said Carmencita, "Let us pray for your father's soul."

Mimi cowered. Icy water was running through her body, and flame was inside her head. There was a taste of blood in her mouth. "No, no," she whispered, "No, no."

Her mother's arms were pressing around her, straining her to the black-covered breast where the cross shone. Mimi fixed her eyes on the little dagger-like cross, and darkness came and went before it. Her mother's arms tightened around her: there was no escaping them. Her mother's face was wet with terrible tears, like the drops

of blood that flowed from her father's head.

"Oh, my child, my child," her mother said. "You must pray for your father's soul; the grace of God can cleanse it, though it has rotted in sin these many years. Oh, my baby, my baby, we will go far away from this accursed place, and forget all this sin and vice and misery. Do you hear, Marie, my little child? We will live in Port of Spain with Grandmama and you will go to a convent where the dear good nuns will bring you up, and someday you will understand your father's sin, and the dirt and putridness of that woman and her child. But pray for them too, my baby—your innocent prayers may lift even her soul from hell. Come, Maria, kneel with me to the Blessed Mother; come, my child. Tomorrow we will leave this house. Before Jesus Christ I lived with him and cared for his wants for twenty years—twenty years, my God!—trying to drag him up, keep him away from this life behind God's back, But always he sank down, down, into the filth, with his drink and his dirt—and even when he brought me here, I did my duty to him these twelve years—for what? Never seeing a white woman to exchange a word with from one month to another. Trying to bring you up in decency, my child, my child, while the little money he got he spent on—but pray for his soul, my baby, pray for his soul, and someday you will understand. It is almost dawn; we will not not go to bed; we will leave before sunrise. But let us pray, my child, let us pray. Ave Maria—"

Book Review

JOHN BUCKWALTER

Beloved Friend—Catherine Bowen and Barbara Von Meck

TOO SELDOM do books with the beauty and interest of *"Beloved Friend"* appear. This is an almost perfect realization of the life and background of Peter Tchaikowsky.

The basis of the biography is the letters written by Peter and Nadejda Philaretovna von Meck, his patron. These letters were kept secret for years by the von Mecks. The Bolsheviks seized them at the beginning of the Revolution. Fortunately Madame von Meck's granddaughter made translations of them and with her help Catherine Drinker Bowen has reconstructed one of the strangest and most moving stories known to the world.

For the first time the true explanation of Tchaikowsky's painful shyness and fear of the world is revealed in all its pitiful reality. Tchaikowsky was sexually abnormal. This was the blot on his life. This was the secret that constantly tormented him for fear the world would discover it. Knowing that, one can easily realize why his marriage to the mentally unbalanced Antonina Miliukoff was doomed from the first. The nightmare of the early weeks of marriage and his wild flight from this woman whom in an unguarded moment he had consented to marry is shown to be the inevitable outcome of his nature.

And in the background was the beloved friend, Nadejda von Meck, his benefactress. The nature and character of this Russian woman are more unexplainable than that of Tchaikowsky. When her husband died, he left her a huge fortune, twelve children, and two railroads, one of which she sold. She it was who urged Tchaikowsky to flee and

made it possible for him to continue his work. Her financial and moral support prevented the distraught man from committing suicide although there were many times when even her influence almost failed.

Nadejda "was a woman painfully reserved, yet deeply, passionately musical in the Russian manner that loses itself completely in sound. Music acted upon her with physical force—made her ill, made her well—caused her to tremble from head to foot until she could not stand." All this could Tchaikowsky's music do to her. She was in love with his music. As long as she lived she felt she had to do everything in her power to enable this genius to continue to grow; to gain for him the recognition he deserved. Never would she permit him to thank her for her financial support. To help him was a privilege that more than repaid her. "In my long life I have come to the conclusion that if a genius is to develop and gain inspiration, he must have security from material want." Constantly she reassures him thus when doubts assail him. Through her influence his works gained fame abroad. She paid for having them played in Paris where at first they were almost violently unpopular.

The strange and amazing thing about the friendship was that this man and woman never met. Both desired it so. Nadejda had many reasons, principally her shyness; Tchaikowsky was afraid that in meeting she might in some way discover his secret. His fear of his wife continually haunted him. He knew she had guessed the reason for the complete failure of their marriage. Only through their letters did Nadejda and he

reach the surprising intimacy which in most cases indicates love. Here each poured out his heart and was sure of a sympathetic listener. Madame von Meck was always in poor health. Constantly threatened with tuberculosis, she moved her complete entourage over Europe in search of some cure. She returned to Moscow for the cold, dark winter; it was the worst place for her. Often she would send for Tchaikowsky and establish him in a home near her, but not too near. They never met. Several times they passed on the street and saw each other at the theatre.

"How I love you!" she wrote, "and how happy I am to have seen you at the opera! No matter how cold it is, this is where I want to be; your nearness is a never-ending delight. Dear one, you won't leave Florence before I do?"

Then abruptly after thirteen years, the letters stopped. Nadejda in a final cruel letter ended one of the strangest intimacies in all history. "Do not forget," she wrote to her once beloved friend. "Do not forget, and think of me sometimes."

This is the story of Tchaikowsky and Madame von Meck, and Catherine Bowen and Barbara von Meck have superbly real-

ized it. One knows the people when the book is finished. Never have letters been used with more telling effect. In them one finds the characters of these people. As the years went by and the tone of the letters changed, the tremendous hold this friendship had on Tchaikowsky becomes more and more apparent. The dependence of one upon the other was equally great.

Nadejda's effect upon Tchaikowsky's music cannot be underestimated. After the Antonina episode, it was only her ever wise counsel that enabled him to continue. Under her care the mentally sick man returned slowly to normal, returned to write even greater music than before. The world owes Nadejda von Meck more than she could ever have foretold.

Catherine Bowen has succeeded in capturing and holding the Russian mood to an admirable extent. Her descriptions of the Russian countryside and especially of St. Petersburg wrapped in the grip of an icy winter vividly sustain the reader's imagination.

This reviewer places *"Beloved Friend"* first on his list of favorite biographies. It is impossible to forget.

SIMILE

PEGGY BASHFORD

The night holds many mysteries,
And the day reveals;
Yet the things one never sees
Are the things one feels.

The mind holds many mysteries,
And the heart reveals;
Yet the things life never sees
A love unseals.

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