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"Preparedness" and the Future

by LLOYD MARCUS

With old illusions of security and private success crashing about our ears, with the destiny of our civilization balanced precariously on the latest news from the battle-fronts, most of us still seem to want to turn over and sleep a little longer.

Perhaps that's only human. Perhaps people just don't re-arrange life-long patterns of thought or move sports news, cocktail parties, and money-making down in the scale of importance until the shrapnel begins to fly close at hand. Yet the fact is that now, almost two years since "preparedness" first became a national policy, we are not, fundamentally, prepared for the titantic struggle in which we are engaged. Munitions—yes; they flow from the factories in record-breaking and ever-increasing quantities. An army—yes; ours is fast becoming one of the largest and best-equipped in the world. But what about moral preparedness: the spirit of willingness—more, eagerness—to sacrifice for one all-important purpose?

That moral readiness was certainly lacking in the months before we found ourselves, suddenly and unwillingly pulled into the fray. In those uncertain times, we had no doubt on which side our sympathies and our interests lay. We had no doubt which side represented decent humanity, which ruthless aggression. With the barest knowledge of economics and geography, we could have no doubt about what the outcome would mean to every single one of us. Yet this nation let other men carry on the world struggle and mask itself in militant isalationism or blind apathy. Self-interest, ignorance, Administration-hating, and paid treachery led the non-interventionist parade. Those who stood aside perhaps acknowledged the dictates of conscience and of common sense—timidly, passively.

Once Japan put into concrete form the fact that we would have to fight and fight desperately, and as the movies, radio, and press began to get across the idea of the evil we have to destroy, morale improved—or came into existence. Everyone is now learning to accept such hardships as rationing, price control, stringent taxation. The public is buying stamps and bonds. Many people are prepared to make actual sacrifice.

But the approach is still of a half-hearted, negative kind that cannot win the great struggle. Hatred of the totalitarian New Order is not enough; nor do four notes of Beethoven's Fifth and a victory "V" comprise a sufficient fighting faith. True, it is possible that a combination of these and the sheer weight of superior armaments might eventually bring a United Nations victory in the war proper. But a real moral backbone is at least needed for victory in the greater war, *the fight that begins when the Axis is defeated.*

It is only necessary to visualize the physical wreckage, the economic and political chaos, and the human suffering throughout the world, especially in Europe and Asia, at the time when hostilities cease in order to see the gigantic post-war task facing the United Nations. When we add to all this the responsibility for realizing the magnificent concepts of permanent international collective security and, above all, of world-wide "freedom from want, "we have a positive picture of what "winning the peace" means.

And the fact is that winning the war and winning the peace go hand in hand—one has no meaning without the other. The fight for those two most vital goals of our time (perhaps history will say of all time) must be waged side by side. The first fight, that of survival, is a physical battle against forces of tyranny. The second, that of construction and reconstruction, is, in its first stage, a mental or moral battle for an enlightened public opinion.

Public opinion, when aroused, is the supreme ruler of society. Government is its servant; the ballot, passive resistance, or revolution are is weapons. Dictators know about that and have efficient methods for getting a one-sided picture to the people. On the other hand, the problem of the democracies, in this case as in others, is to get all the facts before the people and then follow the popular dictates.

In the event, what would be the public verdict on our post-war role, international responsibility or isolationist escapism, "normalcy" or progress? Experience, both political and economic, combines with common sense and common ethics to bar the old path and point toward the new. The forces of reaction depend for support on prejudice, ignorance, and a short-sighted self-interest; to air all opinions freely, to stimulate thought and discussion is to wage a deadly war on these enemies. Of course, this victory will take time. Traditional thought horizons are not broadened to a world view overnight. And that is the reason why this fight for truth has to begin now—a year, or two years, or several years before the triumph we must gain in the armed conflict. When, at that time, world history again rests with the course of the United States, we must be ready to give our leaders the "go ahead" signal. Only from an in-

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The Beautiful Boy

by JAMES WESTBROOK

That last Sunday of October Paula would never forget. It was in her fourth Autumn with the Parson at Darwood. She and the boy had set out down the gutted dirt road that passed the school, across the fields to the hill whence, it might be said, she had never returned. No one ever guessed what happened inside her there, except possibly the boy and he could not fully understand. She doubted whether he ever told the real story. At any rate she and the Parson were still at Darwood and the boy long since gone, graduated, full-grown, the beauty she had seen in him when hardly more than a child he had first come to the school gone too, forever.

On that bright October day, so full of beginnings and endings, she had wanted to save the boy, and in trying to save him she had lost him. It is of such ironies that life is made. She knew now that nothing ever stayed the same, that the simple process of growth demanded change, and that what we want most we sometimes innocently destroy from wanting it too hard. On the hill there — but let us start at the beginning.

When, three years before, Paula and the Parson had left the church in Westchester, and the Parson had taken over the duties of Chaplain at Darwood she had come into this northern fringe of Connecticut with hope. She had been delighted with the country, the mountains, the fenced-in fields, the proper barns and farmhouses. They had come to the school in September, in apple time. On their first afternoon they stood together on the broad portico of the main building and looked for a long time at the hills which rose on all sides, blue, and as the Parson would certainly have said, majestic. She remembered even now how she had taken his hand and pressed it. She had a new print dress, a permanent and looked fine. That day had marked a new start for them, she had liked to think, and it seemed almost natural to press his hand.

Then after a few minutes she had turned her eyes from the mountains to him and as suddenly as she had taken his hand she now let it go. She had seen in his face, his pale blue eyes, only one thing. Fright. It was enough to bring back the old coldness and scorn in her. She had wanted to grip his arms and shake him then, to shout into his ear, "Is the world as difficult as all that? Why don't you wake up!" Instead she had stood beside him and waited for him to finish with the mountains, knowing that he did not enjoy them, but that he was looking at the mountains because it was the first thing one did when one arrived at Darwood.

Nevertheless she was able to adjust herself to the duties of a school wife with a little of the hope still left. It was a state of mind she had trained herself to adopt whenever the Parson found a new place. In their six years married there had been many. For a time she thought she could build her life around a baby, but the baby had never come. Changes like a new church, or coming to Darwood helped for a little while. She made believe in each new place that this would be the last, that finally life had opened itself up and was ready to admit them.

In their first Autumn at the school she had arranged their small apartment as attractively as possible, had set aside one room for his study and had done all in her power to make things easier for him. He accepted it without gratitude or any noticeable feeling. Nor as the weeks went by did his courage in facing his daily tasks seem to grow. His only equipment for his job, for life iself was his piety which was not original or even personal, but which reproduced itself in him verbatim from the Bible. When he had finished conducting his classes, three in the Bible, and one in fourth-form French he would hasten back to the apartment as if for shelter. At night he would lock himself in his study and prepare his class in French with all the anxiety of a pupil rather than a teacher.

She knew that he had no pride, no satisfaction in his work. He was too hard-pressed. He had always been hard-pressed in everything he did. Here he was as trapped as he had been in all the other places.

One Sunday not long after they had come, while he was conducting the morning service he forgot one of the prayers. Having started it in his lachrymose, singsong manner with his eyes closed and face upraised he

suddenly stopped in the middle of a line. There descended over the full chapel a transfixing silence. From where she knelt in one of the back pews Paula looked up with a kind of terror to see his searching the page of the book before him for the rest of the prayer. She saw the headmaster eyeing him and two boys giggling. Over his pale face a slow, deep flush gathered, and when he resumed the reading his voice almost broke. She felt as if someone had put a knife into her. A hot surge of rage and disgust blinded her. After the service she waited till they were alone in the apartment and then with the anger still alive she burst out, "What's the matter with you! Will you ever learn how to do anything. Are you always going to bungle everything you try—" He stared at her helplessly while she lashed out at him. Then suddenly he collapsed into a chair and put his hands over his face. A pang of pity entered her. It was the first time she had ever let herself hurt him. "That's all right," she mumbled. "I didn't mean it—We'll make out all right, won't we—" and with her own words sounding stupidly in her ears she left him there. The ease with which she had been able to cause him pain frightened her. As the Autumn gave way gradually to winter she found it more and more necessary to withdraw in order to keep from assailing him again. And all that she had hoped for their life here had been lost. The fields and fences and farms that she had thought so charming she was beginning to hate. The mountains seemed to have grown closer, to be waiting to stifle her. When at length the full force of winter descended and she could not go out of the apartment she felt she would not be able to live through it.

It was a surprise shorn of any particular elation when at the end of the year the Parson was asked to sign a new contract. By the most assiduous observance of decorum, and a joyless adherence to routine he had kept his job. In the same way he would keep it next year, and the year after that. Yet, ironically enough, each Fall that they returned she knew she would hate it worse. She began to want the city again, even the little apartment in Scarsdale had been pleasanter than the one they had at Darwood. When she felt the desire she had been able to go out, take a bus downtown, visit the shops or go to the cinema. Here there was nowhere to go at all. The other faculty wives were a predatory lot who dressed in tweeds, and spent most of their time having babies and being natural. The boys were snobbish, pimply and hungry looking. She had never tried to know them very well. For the school itself she had the utmost scorn.

Yet when she reconsidered the matter she knew that essentially the city had been no better, that no matter where they went it had always been the same, and that if they were to move again there would be nothing gained. They stayed on.

In their fourth Autumn the Parson had begun to acquire some self-assurance. He had mastered the formula necessary for keeping his position. He began to talk about spending the rest of their lives there. It had turned out to be the kind of existence he had always wanted. Cleanly, harmless, simple. He was satisfied. And she had pretended to agree. After three years she had learned how to resign herself with the least effort. Only once in a while she would think what might have been, and then she would feel panicky. She wanted to run away. She was young. Anything that does not continue to grow must die. Even now her face and body had changed subtly, she thought, as the frost-stained leaves there were in such abundance there in the Fall, or like the browning apples that had lain too long on the ground in the orchard. Then all her bitterness was turned on the Parson whom she had been compelled to follow. She wanted to tell him, "It is your fault. You have cheated me. You have given me nothing, nothing. I was young and pretty and alive, and now you are killing me." She never said it. The laws of decency which sometimes cause us to be so dishonest always silenced her, and in a nice decent way she was being left to rot.

And then in their fourth Autumn the boy had come . . .

His name was Ben and he was fourteen, a third-former, just beginning at Darwood. A lovely boy, slender, yellow-haired, his skin coppered from vacation sun, in his face all the wantings, and eagerness, and innocence that blend together at that age, the essence of which disappears with the coming of Wisdom. He had been brought to the school a week later than the rest, dressed obviously in his first pair of long pants, wide blue serge ones along with a tweed jacket and a new brown felt hat with a red feather in the band. From the window of her apartment she saw the chauffeur lugging his suitcases into the adjacent dorm, and the boy following behind, staring at the buildings, the freshly cut athletic fields beyond with the white goalposts, and the mountains, purple in the clear day. There was about him the awkward bewildered curiosity of all new boys when they first came. So uninitiated, so pure—even then she had been strangely moved. As she watched him disappear into the white rectangular wooden dorm across the way with its repetition of windows she had said aloud to herself, "A shame they will spoil him, cut his wings. This beautiful child they will spoil."

And the Parson who had been reading in a nearby chair and whose presence she had forgotten for the moment said, "Cut whose wings, my dear? What are you talking about?"

"There's a new boy. He just came. A lovely child—"

"Oh. I must find out if he's been confirmed. Is he young? We must try and make a good boy out of him."

Paula looked out the window at the quadrangle, the buildings so clean and hygienic like a sanitorium with the mountains behind them, yet hiding so many ills one had to be near to understand. The Darwood Bulletin

said: "Here we take boys from twelve years old and build them into healthy young men . . ." Build them to order, she thought, and spoil them.

From the first she had taken a special interest in him. The more she saw of him, the more she saw in him something inviolately beautiful, untouched, that separated him from the rest—with whom she had always been bored. She saw him compelled to wear the school blazer, compelled to kneel at morning chapel, driven with the "herd" onto the athletic field every afternoon. From time to time she saw him suffer the soft, yet unbending remonstrances of the disciplinarians. When after awhile it became evident that he was going to fit in well, that he was what the authorities were already prone to label a "very satisfactory boy," she had a vague feeling of personal loss which at first was difficult to explain.

When Ben and the rest of the third-formers sat at the Parson's table in Commons, and most of their talk was directed to her because the Parson did not know how to talk to boys, she found herself strangely excited and expectant. A pair of limpid blue eyes moving gently in the finely moulded face of Ben regarded her with a kind of half-interest, a soft, boyish voice, accompanied by a provoking smile answered her questions with all the energy of an active child, yet with a shy humility. She was completely won.

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The Sibyls of South Hall

by Tony Hecht

In a formidable gathering,
Some women-folk are lathering
Their academic interest in botanical events.
They appear from under hedges,
Armed with rapiers and sledges,
And they gather sundry flora with an ardor that's intense.
Oh, the moss hangs high,
And the goose is cooked,
For the flowers they haven't yet booked.
They'll ferret them out
And mow them down,
And their clinical knowledge will go to town.
Their spirits have taken wing;
And this is the song they sing—

"Hence, loath'd motonony;
We're all out for Botany.
We're checking the quirks of the plants, (if they've got any).
We're following vines
To positive mines
Of informative data
On tissues and strata,
And lovely, organic designs.
We pluck and pick
With a sinister thumb,
So it's 'Bundles for Burbank,' and home we come.
We'll make a sensation
With cross-pollination
Relating to herbs of the lowliest station.
It's important to breed
A more prominent weed
With some obsolete fern,
Which produces in turn
An exotic and colorful seed.
We'll follow the fungus
High and low,
So it's 'Medals for Mendel' and home we go.
It pains us to see
A petunia, or tree
Rating second in interest to apes, or a bee.
Though Biology's nice,
If you take our advice
You will never insult
So astute an occult
As we practice, by mentioning mice.
We would rather be glib
Concerning a rib
Than be brief
About any old leaf."

How We Should Exhibit Inhibitions

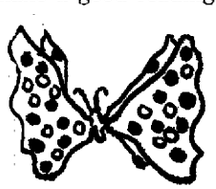
by DAN RANSOHOFF

It may seem weird to have a serious exhibition of art and at the same time include funny papers, shoes, and a lumberyard receipt. It's been done, however, and it's been done well. It is right out in the open and naturally it expects much comment as well as argument. "Art Has Many Faces" and I don't know any other way of realizing it than to get them all together and take a look while the taking is good. The materials for the exhibit were taken by Mrs. Hirsch from the collection which she and her husband have been gathering for years.

I thought that I could write this review on the scene of the occasion so I sat on a hundred year old bent wood chair and put the typewriter on a two hundred year old Chinese table. With this up to date atmosphere I sat in complete silence, till a lone wanderer noted two lamps on exhibit. One happens to be a glass Victorian kerosene lamp and the other is a modern bed light. "This isn't in the exhibition, is it?" he exclaimed, pointing to the small streamlined lamp. "Oh, it's a spot light for the old fashioned lamp. I get it!"

Seriously speaking, this happened to be one of the best examples in the exhibit, and its author wanted this to happen at least several times. The lamps well represent the attitudes of the exhibit which are mainly two-fold. Firstly, to show that art can be produced with many different methods and materials. And secondly, that all art has a definite relationship to life itself, and vice-verse. The point is not that one lamp is old and one new, but that there is a definite relation between the two objects, even though their materials and methods are in no way similar. The relation in this case is the purpose, in that the lamp has to do with light, and light is necessary for comfort. Thus we have two different expressions that have a direct relation to life.

The lamps selected could have been whale oil or neon. The pressed glass lamp was made during the Victorian era and shows its overwhelming need for the decorative emotive element. The electric bed lamp is spun and pressed steel, enameled. There will be no argument that the lamps differ, but in their time they were both the last word in reading lamps. The creation of both was done with the same goal in mind. Firstly, the manufacturer wanted an object which would sell, second to make a good reading lamp, and third to make an "artistic" object. It is, in my opinion, unfortunate but also practical that the so-called "artistic" aspect comes last. Throughout this exhibit, however, we can consider aesthetic aspect first.



The attitude of the exhibit on a whole is to show that art has meant many different things at different times, but it has always been related to life. Each item shown in the exhibition was done in an idiom typical of its time, following a different philosophy with different objectives in mind. The emphases are determined by the environment and the personality of the artist, and are not lodged in the subject matter or the object itself. The first real job of the artist is to see for the audience as well as himself. Seeing in this case is not only an optical function but also an intellectual process. This art is in other places besides museums and institutions, it is an element with which we come in contact every day. Art is one of the aspects of our intellectual as well as functional existence.

The exhibit also contains a little art as we generally think of it. There are two large portraits and two landscapes, which illustrate the large difference in the artist's perception as well as execution and technique.

The earlier of the two women's portraits was done about 1840. Its attitude appears to be that of a man who feels that a woman should be delicate and demure. The image has gentle curves and few angles, the eyes follow the spectator around the room, and a great deal of the body is included in the canvas to give less importance to the head. The contrast to this picture is found in the portrait by Stefan Hirsch. The emphasis in this seems to be on introspection, energy, searching mind and individualism. This is as relative to the present as I feel that the earlier portrait is relative to its date of execution.

Likewise this same comparison can be found in the two landscapes. Elsa Rogo painted her picture with a creative perception for the land and nature. This was shown by the unusual angular forms. The earlier painting illustrates the relationship of man to nature by looking at the landscape. In this earlier painting we find details detached whereas the later painting has less detail because of the more knowledge of the material. When an artist is conscious of material in nature he does not make an effort to imitate it, but instead he tries to see into it.

If nothing else, I hope that it is clear that it should be possible to include beauty in our daily living. We should be aware of the beauty in objects whether they have a decorative or a utilitarian purpose. "Art Has Many Faces." In nearly everything we can find one. I hope that this exhibition will help us not only to see and understand what is in the gallery, but that it will help us to see everything else that we see. Thus seeing will become an "intellectual process rather than an optical function."

So You're Going to Commit Murder

from TEXTBOOK OF CRIMINALITY
by ALVIN SAPLINSLEY
— Introduction —
"Murder for the Young"

The tie between murder and detection is very close indeed. The one complements the other, and each is ncessary for the existence of the other. Were there no murder, there would be no detection of same, and contrariwise, were there no detection there would be no murder, since it is the agency of sleuthing which brings to light the fact that there has been a murder at all.

Now, in the last hundred years the art of criminal detection has progressed amazingly. It has progressed to such an extent that it far surpasses the art of that which it detects. There is very little murder these days that won't out sooner or later if it hasn't out already. And it will continue to out in the same fashion unless steps are taken to perfect its procedure and application as the procedure and application of its complement has been perfected. Unless murder is sharpened to a point where it is an even match with the modern methods of detection, I predict that in a very short time it will become as extinct as the roc, the auk, and the unicorn.

My purpose in this paper is to try first of all to point out the most flagrant mistakes made by modern murderers and to set forth a few simple elementary rules for the ambitious murderer to acquaint himself with in order to improve his art and raise it to the level it deserves in this present day and age. For murder is an art and should be considered as such. I am not writing for all types of murderers, but only for one particular type. I will explain.

ii

Murder when committed in the heat of anger and on the spur of the moment without recourse to planning is useless. Murder when committed by a professional man or company, for a price, is vulgar. Murder when committed sloppily is a crime. But murder when committed nicely and cleanly for the sport of it and with an eye to the artistic, that is the type of murder whose creator should be rewarded with a fellowship or a Pulitzer Prize—even if he *is* hanged for it later on. It is with this last type of individual I mean to deal. The man who has no intention of entering upon a life of crime, but merely wants to add to his daily existence one or two neat, well-planned killings. The man who all his life has lived and will continue to live in decency and morality, paying his income taxes, cheating on his wife, and attending church suppers. For he is the man who will be able to put murder back on its feet if anyone can.

iii

Aside from detection, the art most comparable to murder is acting. Stanislavski, unwittingly though it may be, has, in his book, "An Actor Prepares," designed a text that every young murderer should read and digest, for it lays down the rules as neatly as I or anyone else could do. He has boiled down the qualities an actor should possess to three main headings, and they are the same qualities a murderer should have. The first is concentration. This is the ability to carry your crime through to successful completion with deviating from it for one instant, and without being sidetracked by any of the more human failings such as remorse, conscience, or what have you. The second is imagination, being able to design your murder well, and being able to plan it practically and still cleverly and artistically. The third is faith. A murderer must have faith. He must believe in what he is doing, and once started he must believe that his plan will work and he must not bog down in the middle of it.

iv

You have the itch to kill someone, let us say. There is no one you hate, nobody you feel would be better off dead, but you still want to murder. This is an ideal starting point. Who shall you murder? Should you open a telephone book and pick a name, then set about slaughtering its owner? Emphatically no! That is rule, or axiom, one. The receiver of your favors should be known to you, otherwise a great amount of the flavor will be lost. Furthermore, he should not be a person you hate or desire to get out of the way for some substantial reason. Murder is wasted on that type of person. It is much easier to frame him with a woman or some sort of compromising literature. No, the person you murder should be someone you know, someone you like; at all events, your intellectual equal. For then, you are approaching your subject objectively, and without emotion, and emotion sometimes clouds the lens and spoils the picture. *Kill one of your friends, it's much more fun.* But, since this is a fickle world, and so many people misunderstand, and reactions are unpredictable, better choose a friend with a sense of humor. There is nothing quite so disappointing as killing someone who refuses to enter into the fun of the thing.

v

Now that you have chosen your victim, banish immediately any thought you might have of pushing him in front of an express train, or scaring him to death. Murders which are meant to look like accidents have the same tainted aroma about them as killing a maiden aunt for her money. A good murder must be immediately recognizable as such. The murders which have remained undiscovered simply because it has been impossible to prove them to be murders at all are unsuccessful. Your friend

must die in such a manner that there is not the slightest doubt as to his taking off, but there is no proof that you were instrumental in his change of condition. In fact, the piece-de-resistance would be a murder in which the murderer is known to everyone but there exists no material proof. This of course should only be attempted by the advanced technician. Better for the beginner to concentrate on keeping himself in the dark until such time elapses when he can safely impart his deeds to his friends—if he hasn't killed them all. Which brings me to another point: double, triple, and mass murders are fun but tricky. The student is advised to confine his primary efforts to well placed singles. The multiple technique has many more facts and dangers to be considered.

In determining the method by which you mean to do away with your subject it is well for the beginner not to attempt anything too elaborate or intricate. In fact, it would be well to plan, as a general practise, to choose, of two or more possible methods, that one which is the simplest and most straight-forward. You may argue that this rules out a great deal of imaginative planning, but I think you will find that the grestest works of art are by no means the fanciest. You can give a great deal of play to your creative powers and still keep yourself within the bounds of practicability and good taste.

The first move in finding your means is to study your subject so that the form of his demise will not clash with his personality, but rather enhance it. Remember, we are dealing with murder on a high artistic level, and though either symmetry or asymmetry, harmony or dissonance may be used, it is important that no bad taste is involved. Since there is a strong faction unreasonably opposed to murder these days, it is necessary that these planned slaughters do nothing to offend the philistines. So it is well to study the subject's personality, occupation, hobbies, and the like, and to try to suit the method to them. For instance, there is beauty in a bookworm being strangled with a bookmark, a music lover slashed to death with a broken phonograph record, an upholsterer suffocated with a small piece of cotton batten inserted in strategic parts of the body. Murders of this kind distinguish the conscientious technician and artist from the dilettante.

vi

I spoke before of faith, and the necessity of believing in your crime all the way through to completion. I would like to relate the case of an unfortunate friend of mine who was lacking in this faith, and gave up the ghost as a result. This unwitting amateur, after successfully doing away with his victim by scalding out his insides with boiling water inserted through the medium of a short length of rubber hose snipped off the victim's own enema bag, (an interesting and laudable method, by the way) lost his head and attempted to disguise the method of death by placing near the wilting corpse a champagne glass with a few grains of nasty poison stuck to its bottom. He had forgotten that his subject was a strict abstainer. This led to a more intense investigation than would otherwise have occurred, and my friend was subsequently apprehended and executed in a far less inventive, but evidently more legal, manner. If my friend had had faith in his original scheme he woud have been party to a most interesting crime.

vii

In certain cases disposal of the body is preferable to leaving it where it dropped. If the form of massacre consisted of causing certan limbs, organs, etc., to divorce themselves from the parent body, it is sometimes kinder to spare the less controlled emotions of the dissected person's loved ones by removing the body from general view. Such disposal for the beginner should consist of nothing more complicated than carrying the remains to some convenient sewer, or other place generally beyond the usual run of traffic, and concealing them there. In this way the tenacious investigators will be able to procure the corpse when it reaches the beach, but the defunct's intimates will not find it necessary to give more than a cursory identification when whatever is left of the mess is repaired to the morgue. It will be noted, therefore, that consideration of others should not be ignored.

But prior to the disposal of the body, a procedure for putting the body in such a condition that there is cause for disposal, i.e. killing the body, must be outlined. For the beginner I would submit this practise exercise, which, while not qualifying as a really satisfactory murder, will acquaint the student with the tools, considerations and actions which he will later use to his own advantage in more ambitious crimes. This exercise corresponds with the simple sketches an artist makes to limber up his hand, and the preliminary volley tennis players indulge in before setting out to a strenuous game. It is complete in itself and necessitates all the steps that should be taken.

For simplification, your victim is sleeping. This is to remove any unexpected outcries or attempts at resistance that can be handled only by the more experienced. Naturally, only to murder those who are asleep is to deprive yourself of many of the excitements of the practise, but in this preliminary exercise quite a bit of enjoyment can be derived nevertheless. Prior to the retirement of your subject, procure for yourself an instrument known as a "pants clip." This is a semicircular metal clasp which bicyclists are in the habit of putting around the bottoms of their trousers to prevent them from getting entangled in the mechanisms of the wheels. This weapon is simple to acquire, you might even have one yourself, though it would be more discreet to find another than your own—preferably one belonging to a friend of yours, and easily

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From Bard Hall

Bard Hall's first summer concert was one worth remembering. Opera stars coming up here to sing are a novelty, and the performance of Jess Walters, Christine Johnson, and their pianist, Henry Jackson, was thoroughly enjoyed.

Both the singers have undeniably splendid voices and in addition Miss Johnson is pleasing to behold. That factor adds immensely to the aesthetic enjoyment of the music since there is a jarring neither in the visual nor the auditory sense. When she sings Miss Johnson exudes personality. Through good use of her eyes, facial expressions, and bodily attitudes she helps to put her music across with much eclat. Although her "acting" last Monday was occasionally overdone for a concert performance, her rendition of the "Habanera" from "Carmen" was effective. In that number, without attempting to reproduce the opera, and in spite of the ignorance of the language on the part of most of the audience, Miss Johnson succeeding in capturing the spirit of Carmen, the coquette, by a saucy glance, a come-hither smile, and a little too much posturing.

Jess Walters is not as flashy a singer as the lovely-to-look-at mezzo soprano since he does not find it necessary to do much more than use his voice and his face when he sings. He has an expressive face and a powerful, controlled baritone which was equally convincing in the "Macbeth" aria, the Brahms and Strauss songs—and "Gwine to Heben."

The evening's program brings up the ever-interesting and controversial problem of translating the libretto of an opera or the words of a song. In an instrumental piece, be it a waltz or a symphony, there is no such problem. As soon as an element as concrete as language is brought in, difficulties come along with it. Two of the three groups of numbers sung by Walters were in Italian and German. Some of the audience got the gist of the sentimental German songs but none of the "Don Giovanni" arias. It would of course have been more interesting to know what the words were about. Yet to a certain extent that depends upon whether one wants to hear Lorenzo da Ponte or Mozart, for it is certain that a listener's attention is turned more closely to the music when he knows there is no possibility of understanding the words and can therefore forget about them.

On the other hand Christine Johnson rendered Gluck's melodic declamations in English. The audience was able to follow the thought without effort, except that the translation was so awkward in spots that the linguisic dissonance rather distracted from the music. The solution of course is an excellent translation, which is one of the most difficult things on earth to find, unless the hypnotic bliss of listening to a flow of melody and harmonies without troubling about words is more appealing, as it well might be.

The response of most of the Bard audience to the last part of the program was one of surprised resentment. The Victor Herbert-ish stuff that was sung smacked too much of a Sunday Evening Hour and did not belong alongside Mozart, Brahms, and Hugo Wolf. The spirituals topped the last numbers off perfectly; they were extremely well done and they are all right in their place, but everyone would have been happier had their place not been on last Monday's program. One gratifying fact was borne out though; people do distinguish good music from poor music and appreciate the good.

Since the concert the music department has been in the midst of a heated discussion as to whether or not only the finest music ought to be included on programs. One camp has been advocating the complete dismissal of all but the best while the less radical has held such a step to be too rash. The argument of the radicals is simple: since the audience realizes the difference between good music and trash there is no reason for not eliminating the latter. The point the opposition has to make is of course the difficulty of drawing the line of good and bad. To set up an inflexible dogma in art is impossible, and this is especially true in music. If there is too fanatical a pruning of the dead wood, there is too much chance of finding oneself limited to Bach, Beethoven, and Brahms. There are pieces which lack the greatness of thought and genius of those of Beethoven but which are nevertheless so effective that they are worth performing. The DeFalla "Ritual Fire Dance" which Henry Jackson played as an encore is a good example of one of these. It is a flamboyant piece of music which would dive one mad to listen to very often. Yet if heard for the first time or after a lengthy interval, it has a primitive vigor which, even if it is almost pure percussion, would be enough to rouse the dead. A selective choice of musical numbers is of course mandatory, but the selection can be carried to extremes.

HAROLD LUBELL

Sports

by Tony Petrina and Alan Marks

Funny thing: last time I argued that the sports writer at Bard should have the privilege of writing about events in the outside world, and now I wake up to find that little has happened with any real excitement in it.

There was tennis at Forest Hills two weeks ago, remember? Everyone waited for the finalists Budge and Riggs to play, and then to keep the audience awake the management had to play some blaring jazz music. Not that this is very funny, but really as far as entertainment goes that tournament was near the pathetic. Then recently we had the All-Star game and the All-Star-All-Service game which were very noble enterprises but which hardly provided the fans with what they payed to see, a good game with plenty of action from both sides. The only truly important sport news came from across the seas.

Running against five rivals in the Goeteborg Athletic Meet in Sweden, Gundar Haegg established a new world record for the mile in the time of 4 minutes and 6.2 seconds. The former record held by Sidney Wooderson of England was 4 minutes 6.4 seconds set in 1937. A guy by the name of Glenn Cunningham still holds the world's indoor record of 4 minutes 4.4 seconds. This wasn't the only accomplishment of Haegg in that meet either. Two days after his mile feat he broke the two mile record of 8:53.2 set by the Finn Taisto Maki with the remarkable time of 8:47.8 Haegg must be quite a boy; he could run down to Poughkeepsie and bring back anybody a ham sandwich within five minutes.

Hell, there's been news at Bard. Most of us have noticed a rather frail and timid individual feverishly doing push-up exercises in the gym, apparently trying to build up his thin frame. Perhaps you have seen him doing some roadwork or riding a bicycle in the attempt to surpass Charles Atlas. He's Yale Newman, the new physical director who's taken the place of Johnny Parsons, lately given the request by Uncle Sam. Actually there is some hope for Yale's acquiring a husky body someday as he now weighs some two hundred pounds and stands six feet two or more. Because we feel that Bard has curiosity in this "perspiration manufacturer" we decided to interview Yale.

There is always, of course, the interest in his record. He graduated from Ohio University where he played varsity football, was on the wrestling team, and for three years, champion in handball. He went to Teachers' College, Columbia, for his master's where incidentally he was a school mate of Johnny's. While studying at Teachers' he was an instructor in boxing and wrestling at Columbia. Then with an M.A. in his pocket he went up to Lyons Falls School in upper New York and from there went to the Roosevelt High School in Hyde Park to take the directorship of athletics from 1940 to 1942.

What were his ideas on Bard's sport program? Pretty good but he felt wider participation should be encouraged. Thank God he didn't come here when the old system for athletics prevailed. He would have had his top blown off by seeing four or five guys pretending to be a baseball team.

He's strong for the health conditioning offered in the Reserve program and wishes his present group of 16 could be increased to 25. Come out whether you're officially in the service or not, he urges.

There are a number of figures on the local baseball diamond who seem to be ticketed for the big leagues. For instance there are two very "classy" first basemen. Abbot Smith of the Faculty team makes some terrific stops on the first line while Chris Smith of the 4-F's does some lusty hitting and some smart fielding to help keep his team at the top of the league. There is still another Smith (what is this the New York telephone directory?), Stanley by name who plays for the Reserves at short stop and cuts off many a would-be base hit. His rival for league honors is Phil Green, last semester's All-Star who often helps to execute some nice plays while very nonchalantly puffing a Chesterfield. Then there is that world-famous battery of the Commandos — Pessin to Siegel. To name a few more hot rocks: Professionals Conway and Slagle in the outfield, arch rivals Stevens and Bierstedt at second, our serious minded Dean behind the plate and, oh yes, Big John Shapiro who bats, talks, and fields his team to many losses and an occasional victory.

Until Larry Leighton resumes his playing manager status there is little else to write about.

Faculty Wives

by Lawrence Leighton

As in Euclid it is necessary to start with an axiom. My particular axiom for this little bit of mathematics follows: it is in the nature of the male to marry. Perhaps deplorable but certainly so.

When one is confronted with a necessary evil it behooves one to attempt to convert it into at least a partial good. I am aware that there are faculty wives. I am also aware that there is a faculty softball team. (It has sometimes been alleged that I am aware of nothing else. That is base slander. I am aware of Al Roe's senior project. I am more happily aware of the Boston Red Sox, Homer, Red Hook, and a number of things.)

Now the faculty team is to a certain extent admirable. It has been referred to as my baby and I am proud to

have such a legitimate child. I would like to call it my pride and joy: too frequently it is my hope but disappointment. But its activities are directed towards the good of the community; it deserves support and nourishment as any sickly but well-intentioned infant would.

How can we make use of faculty wives? Perhaps that is not the right way to put the question. My motives are purely altruistic. As a good Christian it is my duty to help even the least of God's creatures. And faculty wives are hardly that. But I must help them, not use them. My conscience is clear. I am not responsible for their unhappy lot. But let us put the question this way. How can we help the faculty wives to be of use?

The answer is obvious and all the suggestions that have been made of mass migration, as in the manner of the lemmings, deserve no consideration. They can help the faculty team and thereby help themselves. They can urge their husbands to participate. Mrs. Sturmthal has done yeoman service in this respect. (Suggestion to apple-polishers: he is very proud of his perfect batting record for his last game.) I can only wish that Ron Currie had a wife who might do as much. In the second place they can attend games when the faculty is playing and pay intelligent attention to what is going on. (After all they should have something of interest to talk about at the supper table.) After the last faculty victory when I, glowing with pride at having at last launched my million-dollar infield, inquired of Mrs. X, "How did you like the game, Mrs. X?" She replied, "Why, Mr. Leighton, we ladies were so busy talking that I don't know whether the faculty won or lost." She had been on the spectators' bank. I debated whether to commit murder or suicide.

In the third place they should be there cheering on their menfolk, applauding and inspiring them, that is, if any man was ever inspired by any woman. Mrs. Sottery has given both husband and son to the cause and, like the fine wife and mother she is, is always on hand to encourage and appreciate their play. But where has Mrs. Y been, when her husband has been executing perfect run-down plays on Petrina? (Of course Petrina makes it easy for any opponent to appear perfect.)

They should be there cheering. They should organize a cheering squad. They should appoint a cheer leader. I have my own ideas as to the ideal cheer leader, but I would not presume to dictate.

Faculty wives may yet be of value to mankind. Even to me. As manager of that team I have to combine the talents of a Metternich and those of a Muggsy McGraw. It is too much to expect of any one man. Faculty wives can alleviate my burden. If they do not, I shall retire gracefully into a nervous breakdown, and my last rational words will be, "It's the women who did it."

Homecoming

A SHORT STORY

by MARVIN LAGUNOFF

When Lennie came back to the old town the first thing he did was to walk down the main street and try to pick out the places he remembered when he had lived there ten years back. Lennie did not know whether he was glad to return, but he had been anxious to see his old friends. It had been difficult from the start. Janice hadn't wanted to come back, but Lennie had insisted saying that he was tired of the city noises, that he wanted peace and quiet. Janice couldn't be convinced. Being brought up in the city she had a suspicion of Lennie's town that couldn't quite be allayed though Lennie kept telling her how wonderful and friendly the townspeople were. She had reluctantly consented, and Lennie had come back to the old town to find a place for them, something with an upstairs, and a fixed-up cellar. He walked down the main street nodding to the few people who had ventured out into the early morning air. He had wanted to be here early so that he could make all his connections, get the house and be back to the city for supper.

He smiled as he saw a farmer from one of the farms outside the town struggling with his horse who was being obstinate, not wanting to be hitched up to a rather decrepid buggy. He remembered how he used to go riding in one of those a long time ago. He had liked it here when he was a kid, and now the old scenes began to arouse many pleasant memories. Yes, he was glad to get back. His eyes searched for thirty-five, that was Tom Link's office number. He found it and walked up a flight of stairs. On the door was a small white sign with black lettering. "Walk In," Lennie laughed. Tom must be getting up in the world, he remembered when he hardly had a piece of furniture in the office let alone a little white sign as was evidence of his prosperity. He turned the knob and entered a richly furnished outer room. Lennie was astounded by the smartness of the decoration. This couldn't be Tom's office. An attractive young lady entered and she smiled as she asked him his name, and whether he had an appointment.

"I'm Leonard Ramsey," he said after a moment's hesitation. "Tell Tom I'm here. He'll understand."

She flashed her smile again, and Lennie began to feel ill at ease. It was too automatic, he thought. She went out and Lennie sat down and began to look at one of the picture magazines. A few minutes later the young lady came out and said that he could go in now. As he came into the office he was struck by the richness of the furniture, and most of all he wondered at the large, fat man who was seated behind the desk.

"Lennie Ramsey," a bellowing voice rang out. "You old so-and-so, when did you get in?"

This was more like it. It was the same old Tom, a bit heavier, but the same bull-like voice, the same hearty handshake, and the same goodfellowship. "I just arrived, Tom old boy," he said with warmth. "Of course you'd be the first one I'd look up."

"I'd be angry for life if you hadn't," Tom said handing Lennie a cigar.

"Thanks," Lennie said.

"It's been ten years, hasn't it, old boy?," said Tom reflectively.

"Almost," Lennie answered.

"How do you like it?," asked Tom indicating the room with a wave of his arm.

"I'm too surprised to say," answered Lennie smiling.

"Yup, Tom Link has done all right by himself, let me tell you," said Tom puffing up like a balloon.

"I can see that," said Lennie.

"I own half this town. Got a nice house . . . you have to come up to dinner . . . and money in the bank. I'm in the dough all right," bragged Tom.

"What's happened to the old bunch?" asked Lennie.

"Still around," answered Tom. "Course I don't bother much with them now."

"That's funny. I always thought that you were the best of friends with all of the boys," said Lennie.

"Well you know how it is," said Tom. "Business interferes with friendship."

"What has business got to do with it?" asked Lennie.

Tom walked heavily to the window and looked out onto the street. He seemed uneasy to Lennie, but Lennie didn't say anything waiting to hear him speak.

"Well . . . it's like this, Lennie," Tom said. "You know how things were when I was a kid. I didn't ever have much and I didn't like the feeling I got when I always had to borrow money. Well, they owe me now."

"Oh, I see," said Lennie quietly.

"But it doesn't have anything to do with you and me," Tom cried out quickly.

Lennie looked toward the door. "Tom," he said. "I'm sorry, but I have to leave. I'll see you some other time. Got lots to do, you know getting acquainted with things again."

"Sure, sure, I understand," exclaimed Tom patting him on the back. "I'll see you later in the week."

"Of course, Tom," said Lennie, as he made his way to the outer hallway.

Lennie heaved a sigh of relief as he stepped out into the open street again. Somehow he didn't feel as excited as he had felt before. It was if the bottom had dropped out of something he had anticipated and found to be utterly void of what he had expected. He searched for memories of the days when he was one of the bunch. Tom had been his best friend in those days. But Tom had changed. He wasn't the same Tom he knew when they had gone on many escapades together. What had happened? Did people always change like that? He did not know. Maybe it was he that had changed and he couldn't see it. Well, he would search out Sandy. Sandy would be gald to see him, and Sandy wouldn't want to talk about the successes he might have made in business. Wonder what Sandy is doing now? He had always been so happy-go-lucky. He laughed to himself as he remembered the time he and Sandy had almost wrecked that roadhouse where they had tried to slip them a micky finn. He had been walking for about ten minutes before he realized that he didn't know where Sandy lived now. He asked a man who had stopped to light a cigarette. The man looked at him rather queerly and directed him to go straight down the street and turn right until he came to Sandor street. It was the first house to the left.

Lennie began to walk again. He noticed that he was coming into the poorer section of town. Now he remembered. Sandor street, that was the worst street in town. It consisted of old shacks that served as living quarters for those who were poverty-stricken, and couldn't get jobs. The rent was next to nothing. But how could Sandy live there. It was so dirty. There must be some mistake. But he kept going, and he had a premonition that he should stop where he was. He approached the house, if one could call it that, and he noticed that it had no curtains, that it was completely run down, and it looked as if it were ready to fall down at any moment.

Lennie went up the walk and knocked on the door. He heard a movement on the other side, and a woman dressed in a dirty, gray dress opened the door and asked him what he wanted.

"Does Sandy Bender live here?" Lennie asked.

"Why?" the woman replied suspiciously.

"I'm an old friend, and I'd like to see him," said Lennie.

"He hasn't any friends," the woman said, looking down on the ground.

Lennie was silent. He didn't know what to say so he waited for the woman to speak again. The woman looked at him and was about to go back into the house when Lennie tried desperately again to inquire after Sandy.

"Look," he said, "I'm Sandy's friend. We were kids together. I don't know who you are, but I want to see him."

The woman shrugged her shoulders and led him into the house. He entered a living room of a sort. There was an old sofa that had its springs showing through the worn covering. In the corner was a kerosene stove, but evidently there was no kerosene as the room was cold. Lennie shuddered as he thought of Sandy living in this hole. "God!" he muttered to himself.

The woman called to Sandy in the other room. She gave Lennie one more suspicious look and resignedly dragged out of the room. Lennie waited for a while, but Sandy didn't come out. He began to get restless. He

called into the inner room, and Sandy said he'd be right out. Lennie began to feel decidedly out of place. He shouldn't have come. He knew that now, but it was too late. He would have to make the best of it.

Sandy came into the room, a tall, stooped-shouldered man, and as he came he dragged one foot along behind him. Lennie saw him with horror. This Sandy? No, that could not be. This was not the Sandy he remembered. The big fellow that wouldn't refuse a dare.

"Lennie!"

"Hello, Sandy," Lennie said as he rose to shake hands with him.

"It's good to see you, Lennie," Sandy said.

"It's good to see you, Sandy," replied Lennie. "It's been a long time."

"Yes, it has," said Sandy. "Things havn't gone so well for me the last few years—my leg, you know,"

"I'm sorry to hear that," said Lennie, wishing to say something comforting.

"Yes, things have been hard. Haven't had a day's work in two months now. The missus is getting angry with me again. She always gets angry when I don't work."

"What happened, Sandy?" Lennie asked.

"Been unlucky, that's all," answered Sandy. "Tom Link has had all the luck."

"I've just been to see Tom," said Lennie. "He's looking well."

"Are you friendly with him now, Lennie. Are you?" Sandy asked.

"Well, you might say it that way, Sandy."

"Look, put in a good word for me, will you?" Sandy pleaded in a high voice. "For old time's sake, do it, Lennie."

"I don't understand."

"Look around you," Sandy said bitterly. "What do you see? An old house, broken down furniture, and broken down Sandy. They all go together very well."

Lennie wanted to leave but he didn't quite know how to get past the door which led to the outside walk. Why had he come here? He felt like crying when he looked at Sandy.

He wanted to remember the old Sandy, but he couldn't. He'd never know the old Sandy again.

"What can I do, Sandy?" Lennie asked.

"Tom lent me money when I had my accident. I haven't been able to pay it back, and the interest is mounting up. He won't extend the loan any more. I don't know what to do."

"I'm sorry," said Lennie, and he really meant it. What could he do? Tom had changed. It seems as if everyone has changed and I'm the only one left of the old bunch. "I'll do what I can."

"Thanks, Lennie. I knew you would," said Sandy. "I'd like to invite you to stay for supper, but we haven't a thing in the house."

"That's all right," said Lennie. "I couldn't have stayed anyway."

"Say! You haven't told me what you're in town for," said Sandy.

"O just coming around to see all the fellows. Got lonesome, I guess."

"Well, drop in again won't you, Lennie?"

"Sure . . . sure I'll drop in again," Lennie promised.

He turned to go, but Sandy's hand in his arm stopped him. He waited for Sandy to speak. Sandy said nothing, and Lennie knew he was going to ask him for something.

"Lennie," he began, "we haven't any food in the house. I don't like to ask you, but maybe . . . if you can spare it?

Lennie reached into his pocket and drew out a ten-dollar bill and put it into Sandy's hand. "Good luck, Sandy."

That night Lennie was back with Janice. He had gotten on a train immediately after he had left Sandy. He had to get away. It wasn't the same town. Or maybe it was. Maybe he had changed. Maybe he didn't belong anymore. Lennie didn't know. He had to get away, so he left.

Janice sat on the arm of the chair and put her arm around him. "What's the matter, dear?"

"I can't figure it out," Lennie said. "We were all kids together. We palled around. And now . . . well, there isn't anything left."

"I didn't want you to go back," Janice said.

"I should have listened to you," Lennie said.

"I shouldn't have let you go back. I should have stopped you."

"I guess we stay here, don't we?" asked Lennie.

"I guess we do," answered Janice.

"Sandy looked so down and out."

"What about Tom?"

"He was big and fat," said Lennie bitterly. "You know the type . . . hail good fellow . . . come up to dinner . . . turn your back, I have a gold handled knife . . . sharp, too."

"Well, you know now. I could have told you, but maybe it was better this way," said Janice gently.

"Yes. it was better this way."

"It won't be so terrible living here, Lennie. I like it here," said Janice.

"No it won't be so bad," Lennie said.

"I'm glad you feel that way," said Janice and she kissed him on the cheek.

"Let's go to bed," Lennie said.

"All right."

Lennie got up from the easy chair. He put his arm around Janice and they went into the other room.

"It was going to be such a wonderful house."

THE BEAUTIFUL BOY

(Continued from page 4)

One day at lunch she asked him, "Do you like football?"

"Sure, it's swell," he said. "I'm quarterback on the cubs."

"That's what they tell me. They tell me you're going to make a real football player someday, Ben."

"Hope so," said Ben, grinning at the boys and back at her. And the way he said "sure" hurt her. Here at Darwood they would teach him conjugations, confirm him, drive him with the others onto the athletic field, and he would emerge college material. But surely they would take something from him, his freedom, self, the beauty that so touched her when she first saw him from the window.

And, as if to bear out her fears, several days later he came into Commons limping painfully. With perhaps greater concern than was proper she said, "Ben! What have they done to you?"

"I got smashed," he said with embarrassment. "Yesterday, in practice. It'll work out all right."

"I do hope so—" she said, knowing that they were beginning to break him, as one broke a horse to make him run around in circles.

More and more she came to consider Ben as partly hers; much more, she understood now, than he had wanted her to do. Whenever she had a chance she hailed him, just to say a word, to receive his lovely smile which he on his part by no means reserved for her, but which, unconscious of its value, he gave to everyone. On Sunday afternoons she would watch him go off with his friends to the lake behind the school, or down the road in the direction of the hill. In chapel when the Parson conducted his poor hobbling services, she sat in the back pew with the other wives, the dietician, and school nurse, and fastened her gaze on the place where Ben sat. After supper she started the ritual of entertaining Ben and his friends in her apartment with cocoa and cookies.

She tried not to be obvious. Nobody dreamed how she felt. After that first day when she had seen him from the window she had hardly mentioned his name to the Parson. The Parson did not know. If he had been able to understand this sort of thing in the first place there might never have been a need for it. The boy himself, she resolved, would never know. One night when he had come in for cocoa he hesitated before leaving long enough to tell her, "You're swell. You make marvelous cookies. Someday I'll take you up the hill if you'd like to go—"

She hadn't known quite what to say.

"Did you ever go up the hill?" he asked her.

No she had never been.

"Oh," said Ben, "I've been up lots of times. I could go up in my sleep. You let me know when you want to go, and I'll take you up . . ."

So it was on that last Sunday of October with the clouds blowing away across the mountains that they had gone up the hill.

From the start she felt the incongruity of it; the gold-haired boy in corduroys leading the way importantly across the fields, and she, bareheaded and in a flowered jumper, now and again stumbling over the uneven earth, brushing the hair from her face, hurrying to keep up. She had never exactly been the outdoor type. The other women at Darwood fitted in the country better than she. She felt clumsy following Ben across the meadow, yet this one time was all right. All she wanted was a part of this child, an hour with him to call her own. Even as he walked lightly ahead of her she could see in the length of his slender bones that someday he would be tall. His voice would deepen, he would be gangling, coarse.

At the edge of the woods they halted and she sat down to rest, surprised at how tired she was already. The boy peered briefly into the forest and then, as if checking a desire to go on, came over to her grinning shyly. She thought, "how little I know him. How little he knows me—" Perhaps after this afternoon they would be closer to one another.

"Is this goin' to be too much for you?" he asked.

"No," she said. "It's fine. If you'll just wait a second—"

"Look, you cut yourself." He pointed to a place on her bare shin over her sock which was bleeding a little. She hadn't noticed it before.

"You sure you want to make the climb?" he asked again, and afraid that he would doubt her she pulled herself up.

"I'm ready any time, Ben—"

He started off ahead of her once more into the woods which held the wind, through which here and there the sun came down in jets of brilliance. She watched the easy stride of the boy, and occasionally as they went along the thought suggested itself to her that he wanted to run away, that at any moment the energy of youth would burst the bonds of politeness and carry him bounding out of sight, and she would have to find her way back alone. Was it not natural? She couldn't have condemned him. "It is incorrect for me to be doing this thing," she thought. "I am holding him back. He shouldn't have to wait for me." Then with desperation she suppressed the feeling of age, of incredible oldness she had stumbling after him. When the going got harder on the hill and she thought several times that she would have to stop and tell him she couldn't go on, something inside her blocked the impulse.

Gradually, after she had almost given up reaching the summit, the woods began to drop off on all sides allowing them to look over treetops, and then suddenly with

wet brows they broke out of the thicket and into the open wind. The boy hesitated with his lovely smile, said, "Here we are—look down," and was off, moving swiftly through the long grass to a higher place.

Below she could see the whole valley rich with October harvest, soft, ripe to a point beyond which it could only start to go the other way. For a moment a cloud mass blocked the sun, darkening the land as she stood there alone with October all around her. It was as if, for a moment, a grey, tenuous hand had been placed in front of her eyes, and with a kind of nameless fear she turned and went after the boy, the wind behind her, blowing her big skirt against the backs of her legs.

From where they finally settled themselves in the grass they were able to pick out all the neighboring villages, the neat cluster of white buildings that was Darwood and the lake nearby.

She heard the boy say, "Doesn't it look wonderful?" and she answered, "Yes, it's lovely. I had no idea how lovely it would be. You were kind to take me up." She was aware that she was trembling in spite of all her efforts to stop it.

"Ben, you like it down there at Darwood. You like football and mountains and Fall and—"

"Sure," Ben said, "don't you?"

"Oh yes, I love it. I'm very fond of—"

"What are you shaking for?"

"Shaking?"

"Yes, you are—"

"It's because I — I'm happy, Ben."

"We came at the right time."

"When it that, Ben?"

"In the fall when the trees are colored."

"That it a beautiful time all right, Ben. It was like this when I first came here."

"Is there much snow," the boy asked.

"Oh, a great deal. More than you can imagine."

"I'm goin' to get skiis for Christmas."

"The snow will come before you know it. It will grow cold for a few days and then there will be snow and everything is white for miles, nothing but white—"

"Tell me why you're trembling."

"Look Ben—see all the burs on my socks. Would you mind taking them off for me, Ben?"

With childish absorption Ben began to execute his new assignment, and at the innocent play of those fingers a slow warmth started up her legs and over her body. She looked at his face which she could have reached out and touched, the vitality, and yet the beautiful delicacy, the unknowingness in his eyes of what he was doing to her. A frightening, sweet abandonment covered her. Suddenly, infused with emotion, she bent over the boy and laid her lips against his hard thin ones. For a moment he lay still under the kiss, then with a flush of embarrassment and an exclamation he jumped away.

"Hey, what did you do that for? Why—?"

Even before he had finished she was bent over her hands crying in short, violent sobs. It seemed that the crying could not stop, that it was a life in itself which had taken possession of her for the time, against which no mortal effort could prevail. The indignation of the boy gradually changed to a deeply troubled curiosity. He came a little closer and asked once, "Why do you cry?" He tried to see her face, but what little was not hidden in her hands was screened from him by her dark hair. Then he retreated and just watched.

When finally she stopped she looked around her with a kind of panic. "Oh God, what have I done—" Feeling her ugliness she got up clumsily, putting her hands to her hair, brushing her skirt. The boy did not move from where he stood. A rush of words came to her lips, "You know now—many things—you know, Oh Ben, Ben, I didn't mean them for you." She could tell by the look in his face that she had lost him, that he would never be the same.

She wanted to say to him, "Oh my dear, don't hate me. I love you as I have never loved anything, and what I did I couldn't help. I was afraid they would destroy you down there. Instead it has been I . . ."

Without looking back at him she started down the hill, knowing that he had not moved, that his eyes, dark, with what he understood, or was trying to understand, followed her. She quickened her pace till she was half running, and still he did not come. Suddenly she stopped short and thought of what was waiting for her at the bottom of the hill. Then she went on, but more slowly. She did not quite know what she was running from, and she did not really know why her legs were taking her back in the direction of the school.

"PREPAREDNESS" AND THE FUTURE

(Continued from page 1)

formed and firmly united public opinion can this be expected.

In other words, to the first front, defense, and the second, invasion, must be added a *third front, post-war planning—now.*

If this all-important step is neglected, we will again be faced with the absence of moral preparedness when the struggle to build a real peace begins. It is easy to envisage the dismal march of events in this case. First, the reactionary elements could pave the way for the future they want, with almost no opposition. Most of the press would continue to undermine confidence in the Administration and belief in liberal measures, obstructionist politicians might be elected or re-elected to the federal government, and various fascist-minded groups, temporarily under cover, could come out again with new names and new slogans. Second, this combination of forces might eventually be able to persuade the American people

(1) that they had been tricked into the war by traitorous leaders, who provoked the Japanese attack and then slipped through declarations of war on other enemies of the British Empire, (2) that the best thing to do would be to finish the war as quickly as possible and go back to "minding our own business," protected as we are by the broad oceans, and (3) that we should "return to normalcy"—say, that of the 1920's—and cast off the shackles since placed on "laissez-faire." An even more dangerous approach would be that we are fighting to get revenge on the people of the Axis countries for their aggression, and aim to annihilate them or ruin them economically, and then withdraw within our borders. Finally, we see the people enforce such a plan of action, scramble for private gains for a decade or so of artificial peace, and then fall before the wave of an even more brutal war, ushering in the Modern Dark Ages.

Let's not fool ourselves; this, substantially, is all too real a possibility. In fact the only sure antidote to this overwhelming poison of repeated mistakes is moral and mental preparation, starting at once. Post-war planning is one item of which there must not be "too little, too late." And rather than divide or confuse warring America, as some timid souls suggest, post-war concepts can provide a constructive fighting faith to answer the totalitarian New Order.

It is essential, then, that American thought be directed wholeheartedly to the vision of new horizons beyond the war. Radio, movies, and magazines; clubs, forums, and political campaigns; schools, universities, and libraries should become agencies of enlightenment in this line. Of these, the educational institutions can and must do the most vital job—that of helping youth to an inspired understanding of their chance and their responsibility for leadership in the world of the new Four Freedoms.

Beyond this war, we can see a vision of a truly civilized society, with security and abundance for all. The challenge is age-old. But the opportunity may never come so close again.

SO YOU'RE GOING TO COMMIT MURDER

(Continued from page 7)

recognizable as such. If you are able to get your hand on one inscribed with a friend's initials, all the better, for then you might be able to add to the exercise by having him suspected of the murder—and even hanged for it.

Once you have procured the clip, making sure that your fingerprints are not on it by the simple means of rubbing it well with a handkerchief and handling it with the same, you ascertain whether your intended victim is sleeping. This is important for, as I have mentioned above, you are not yet capable of handling a struggling person. If he is asleep, you steal into his room quietly, taking care to touch nothing in the room, especially the inside doorknob, with anything but your handkerchief, or better yet, gloved hands. Approaching the bed, you now slip the pants clip around the subject's neck from front to back. The usual sized clip is of such size that the two ends just reach the correspondingly vital spots on each side of the neck. Releasing the clip you will notice how the tension takes hold and the ends press into these vital spots, not too hard, but just hard enough. This causes the blood to very slowly and quietly cease to reach the victim's head, an act which seriously hampers his breathing. This done, you leave the room, first noticing the time. The time element is important. An hour and half or two hours can now be spent at your leisure. This time can profitably be used in beginning your note-

book on murders, in which you should enter all times, and other details relevant to the crime. If a notebook is conscientously kept you might every easily have an opportunity to publish it some day—though probably posthumously. At the end of two hours go back to your now very neatly suffocated victim and carefully remove the pants clip. The body still being warm, there has been no rigor mortis, and the dents made by the clip soon disappear, leaving no trace of the crime. Usually, this would be frowned upon, but it is permissable for the beginner to cover his tracks in this fashion.

The murder has been committed, but the important job of checking up has yet to be done. You must remember every possible place in the room where you might inadvertantly have left your fingerprints and take steps to remove them. This may be done with a damp rag, or, if you feel that there are too many to remove in this way, by burning down the house. However, if you were careful, this need not be resorted to. In cleaning the fingerprints you must be careful that you don't obliterate any that might be expected to be there, such as the victim's own. Then leave the room, and wipe both doorknobs. This, though illogical, for there would be some prints on the doorknob, is fairly safe, for the discoverer of the body will smear his prints on the knob the next morning, and you might find occasion to rush into the room after the discovery, in that way leaving your prints on the knob. After your checking up, dispose of the pants clip by returning it to your friend's bicycle, or better yet, by returning it to your friend. In this way, he might very well be implicated.

Next issue: "Double, Triple and Compound Murders."