

THE BARDIAN

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ANNANDALE-ON-HUDSON, N. Y., AUGUST 25, 1943

Twelve Pages

Changes In The Face Of Things

by DEAN GRAY

To Bard Men Everywhere:

As a result of many months of negotiations Bard College has at last contracted with the War Department to train two groups of soldiers in the Army Specialized Training Program. One group of 150 men will study Foreign Areas and Languages and another group of 144 will study the Basic Engineering curriculum. The courses began on August 9th and will run for three 12-week terms. At the end of nine months the program will begin again.

Within the space of about three weeks we have transformed the college into barracks and are equipped now to house and feed both the Army trainees and our own students. The faculty has been increased to about double its size. The schedule of classes is something which to a Bard teacher or a Bard student would be fearful and wonderful to behold. As you can imagine, the campus is overflowing with people marching hither and thither to classes and filling all the available space for study hours.

While the presence of such an overwhelming proportion of students, pursuing quite different programs from those of Bard College students, changes the face of things considerably, we shall make every effort to carry on our established program of education for the small number of civilians who may still be able to attend. It is not going to be easy to persuade these students that it is still their college. We are glad to be able to participate in the huge Army Training program. It was the duty of the college to put its facilities at the disposal of the Government and we are glad to be doing our part. At the same time the participation in the program makes it possible for us to keep the college alive during the War and to look forward to the further development of the distinctive Bard educational scheme after the War. In the minds of the faculty, therefore, while they are carrying on their War Training job, it still remains important to emphasize those ideals of education for which the college has stood. We welcome serious civilian students who for various reasons have not been called into the Army or Navy. Their life on the campus will doubtless be changed in many respects. We are determined that the educational advantages which the college has always offered will still be offered during this War period.

We shall try to keep THE BARDIAN going and to use it as a means of communication with our Alumni and former

The Making of a Marine

by JAMES S. WESTBROOK, JR.

Permission has been granted by the editors of "Sea Power" to reprint this article which appeared in the July, 1943 issue.

They took us from Port Royal across the flats to Parris Island in cattle trucks. There was something significant about that. Approximately two hundred of us, brand new officer candidates, had left our homes all over the country to be brought here, and we were riding across the flats in cattle trucks.

On the train there had been much loud joking, nervous card-playing, and cigarette smoke. On the trucks the talking stopped. Everybody was too busy bracing himself for what was to come.

When you first see it, Parris Island looks as flat and almost as bare as a table top. First there are marshes almost as far as the eye can reach. Finally you come to the island and the post, a formless sprawl of low, yellow buildings, a water tank balanced against the sky on steel legs, two or three smokestacks.

The real beginning was when a crowd of boots, lined up outside of a dispensary, all began to shout in unison at us:

"You'll be sorry. You'll be SOR-E-E-E!"

We had heard about this salutation. It was a little note of encouragement extended to people like us by those already initiated to the training. It was part of a tradition in the Marines which, instead of welcoming you tried to scare you away. A few of us tried to grin back in the spirit of the thing. Most of us just stared. The boots wore pale green dungarees and prisoners' haircuts.

Our quarters were in the 8th Battalion area. This comprised a city of corrugated iron huts, all the same size and shape. Each row went by a letter, and each hut had a number. At the end of each hut street were clotheslines and a latrine. From the time we alighted from the trucks we were kept moving. First they gave us a meal which we didn't feel like eating, then the processing began. A maze of red tape, tags, numbers, signatures, and glowering supply sergeants. By the end of the after-

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students whose education has been interrupted. We hope that all those students will keep us in touch with their careers and send us news not only of themselves but of other men whom they meet in all parts of the world.

From the faculty and administrative staff I send to all Bardians our best wishes and affectionate regards.

C. H. GRAY, Dean

The Genuine Gypsy Genius

by HOWARD MEUNIER

Gestation for the Hankey baby was more exciting than for most little feti. Not only did his mother eat all the vital animals, vegetables, and minerals necessary to produce a healthy little body, but she also fed the coming mind and soul. She spoke only to beautiful people: people with beautiful voices, beautiful limbs, beautiful teeth, beautiful finger nails. During his embryonic stage she listened to Mozart, the early Beethoven, and Mendelssohn; during his fetal stage, she listened to Bach, the later Beethoven, Brahms, and Wagner. Her eyes were constantly fastened on reprints of all the old masters except El Greco. While she gazed at the pictures, music played softly in the background and she listened to the world's great book—including the scientific and mathematical. As an exercise for her mind, she searched for a name for the coming event. Not knowing the sex presented the usual problem which the enterprising mother solved by deciding on a neuter name. Racking her brain, she decided that the best name was Atom.

Minerva could hardly have had a better preparation, and Mrs. Hankey would not have been surprised to see her child spring forth in the prime of life—or at least something like Tom Thumb. During the long periods of exposure to the great minds and works of man, Mrs. Hankey became weary from time to time, and her mind wandered. She had peculiar felings that perhaps she would not produce a child at all: perhaps she would produce a fish or a mink. Somehow facing her friends after bringing forth a fish seemed unbearable. Then she began to worry lest he be born on April 1. In her planning, she had decided that it would be nice for him to grow up in the spring with the rest of nature, and so, when March 21 came and went she was justifiably nervous. Being a sensible woman, this did not derange her mind to any noticeable extent, and she was triumphant when, in the last hours of March, her child was born to the tune of *Sacre du Printemps*.

The care of the bud was nothing compared to that of the full blown bloom. What the mother had passed through before the birth, the infant was destined to pass through after it. The mother's education ended with the birth of Atom, but Atom's education was to end only with death.

With all his background, Atom was a wise child, and for the first few months completely ignored his parents. Mr. Hankey got the idea that it would be good if, like some young prince, Atom should meet all kinds of people. And so one little Negro was brought as well as one Chinese, one Eskimo, and one Indian. Atom, following his policy of ignorance, did not play with the baby sav-

ages. His mother was unable to appreciate his attitude since he never talked to her. Exasperated by the chilly reception he gave the babies, his mother said to him, "Really, Atom, I cannot understand why you are so un-hospitable. Not many little boys have imported toys like these to play with." Fortunately the young man did not inherit his mother's wit, and he merely stared at her.

Ever since he had been able to think of such things, Atom felt himself to be a genius. It was probably testimony to his genius that he said nothing about it to his mother. His policy up to about the age of three was ignorance; after that it was impudence. When he was found with the cookie jar and jam smeared all over his face, his mother scolded him and said, "Oh, Atom, why don't you act like a little man?" Instead of running to hide or saying phooey, he looked at his mother and said in an indignant tone, "Why should I? I'm not old enough!" He popped out from behind doors and pinched people as they passed by. He sent calls to the fire and police departments to imaginary fires and crimes. Other idiosyncrasies were his preference of the glockenspiel to the piano, and the gnu to the horse. He insisted on filling the rouse with Venus's fly-traps, and he continually asked his parents such questions as, "What is the difference between a gnome and a saw?"

Naturally, it was not long before his parents repented this product of their passion. The price of Atom was their sanity, and they were determined to keep it instead of him. Mr. and Mrs. Hankey were actually so far gone that they thought anything would be better than their present plight. For days they were seen with their heads together. The more they thought, the more they felt that drowning was the only solution. Two normal people would shudder at the thought, and even the Hankeys' shuddered slightly.

One day they decided to go on a picnic down by the edge of the river. Atom came along, or rather he was there when they were there. He romped about, chasing butterflies and mosquitos, and singing merry little songs. He seemed like a woodland sprite flitting about the countryside, and his parents suddenly felt a pang of remorse at their wicked plan. He seemed so innocent and sweet. When he started putting snakes down his mother's back, however, they recognized the deed must be done. Mr. Hankey waited until Atom was playing in the water and then stole upon him. He grasped the little boy by the neck when all of a sudden a great swarm of people appeared on the hill top. Mr. Hankey froze in the water. Dozens of gypsies were descending upon them. Mrs. Hankey shrieked, "Cuthbert!" and ran into the water with her family. Husband and wife knew what they must do. They plunged headlong into the stream and swam for the other side. In their haste, they forgot little Atom. Aghast, they knew his fate when they saw the band crowding around him, pinching his cheeks and saying, "Ah, you cute little jeepsie!"

What Is The State Flower Of Oregon?

DEAR BARDIANS:

This is the third "Bard Newsletter," but it is the first time that it is printed along with THE BARDIAN. Last spring we had two Newsletters which were completely made up of letters and news from the boys who have left in the past four years. We sent these mimeographed letters to about one hundred and seventy-five people and heard from about one hundred and ten in return. We designated that the price of subscription was a letter from you. That is still true now. It is a great deal of work to send THE BARDIAN to former students. And so we will only send it to those students who state that they want to receive it. We have a great many more letters that we will print from time to time. The responses to the last Newsletters showed that you who received it enjoyed it. Therefore we of THE BARDIAN staff would appreciate letters from you. Help make this section of THE BARDIAN interesting, and in return we will be glad to send you further issues.

Thank you very much.

DAN RANSOHOFF.

P. S. If you have any opinions or articles, by all means send them.

Lt. (J.G.) Abbot Smith, USN
NTS (1) Fort Schuyler
Bronx, New York
June 8, 1943

Here is the note I promised you. I am still being brow beaten into shape in this indoctrination school, and doing my best to avoid flunking exams (which come nearly every day). It is quite a life for a professor and I know how to appreciate your publication very well. Expect to be going to school at Columbia all winter; my address, 523 West 112th Street, and Bard visitors welcome.

Mrs. Alvin T. Sapinsky
25 East 9th Street
New York, New York
August 4, 1943

We have just received a long and exciting letter from Alvin and it occurred to me that you might be interested in hearing about him and his present work. I shall go back to some time in April when he was transferred from the cryptography school in Warrenton, Va., and stationed on a ship as part of the complement of that ship in the capacity of an Army Signal Corps Corporal . . . Sometime after the first week in June he as at sea, and today's letter—the first to have been written since censorship was relaxed somewhat—describes the invasion of Sicily and his part in it. He says among other things: "I saw much. It was my first invasion and I was curious. Perhaps my curiosity at times overcame my caution, but that only occurred to me afterwards when we were safely back in less turbulent parts of the Mediterranean." He says also that his ship was the first to get set and that he and his colleagues "were lying in nervous expectant darkness about 3 or 4 thousand yards off the

coast of Sicily waiting for ships to manoeuver into position and guns to be brought to bear." And after that the show began.

Pvt. Anthony E. Hecht—12187656
Co. D, 14th Ba.t, 4th Reg., IRTC
Fort McClellan, Alabama

Tony has been down in Alabama all summer for basic training and boy its been hot there. He's not had it easy what with bayonet training, fox-holes with bombs about, etc. I know he'd be delighted to hear from you even if you mustn't expect him to write you.

Pvt. Thomas Mulcare, 3rd—12123673
Co. K., 13th QMTR; T-916
Camp Lee, Va.

I just received your mimeographed letter today and since you asked Bardiens-in-the-service to give some news of what had become of them I am complying immediately. What happened to me was very simple indeed. After being called to Ft. Devens with a number of other Bard ERC boys, they soon sent me to Camp Lee, Va. This is the main camp for Quartermaster training in the country and why I ever landed in this is beyond me . . . I want to thank you very much for your letter about Bard. I'm glad to hear that things at last seem to be going right and I want to hear some more about the college.

J. C. Honey
AST St. Louis University
St. Louis, Missouri. Co. A
July 30, 1943

It was with great pleasure that I received the circular letter containing news of Bard. I am very much hoping that you have secured an A.S.T.P. unit to be situated at Annandale. I am studying German language and areas here in St. Louis, and wish I might be at Bard instead. I have just come here, having put in almost a year out in Denver, teaching in an Air Force Technical School. I shall be looking forward to more Bard news in the future.

Pvt. Lloyd Marcus
Co. D., 14th Bat., 4th Reg., IRTC
Fort McClellan, Alabama

Thanks very much for your letter of June 29th, which has just been forwarded to me . . . These first two weeks, I feel, have been about as difficult as we expected . . . The training—which employs lectures, demonstrations, dramatized examples, pictorial charts, slides, and movies, as well as "practical work" under careful and patient (usually!) supervision—is extremely up-to-date and efficient. The asking of questions (about subject matter) is encouraged, and individual attention from the instructors is always available (often unavoidable!). Each "course" is taught by a "committee" of officers and non-coms who spend all their time keeping up-to-date on their subject (changes, due to experience in battle, are being made all the time), devising plans for getting their points across, and teaching us conscientiously and enthusiastically. In spite of our "griping" about the pace at which the training moves and about minor details, I don't see how anyone can do other but respect the job that is being done here and the men who are doing it. Well, that's all the news for the time being. One more thing, though—would you please give Yale Newman my personal thanks for putting me through those periods of calisthenics and of "commando course" work? I am thankful for all that now.

Cpl. Robert Sogalyn
Co. B 7588 M.P. Bn.
Marietta Holding & Rec. Pt.
Marietta, Pa.

So here I am, an MP. Will have to write to Waxy Gordon. It isn't too bad a job, and even very interesting. As yet haven't done any MP work. However, might do town patrol, guard dams, go on troop trains carrying prisoners of war, go to Africa or England, to bring back prisoners of war. Haven't heard from Al. Met a boy in Washington two weeks ago who was at Warrentown with Al. Said he had shipped out but didn't know where. Half

Volume 24

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The Bardian

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(Editor '43—Andrew Eklund)

Editor DANIEL RANSOHOFF

Associate Editors { HOWARD MENIER
PHILIPP KLEIN

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TO CENSOR: This section of the BARDIAN is published every several months by the students of Bard College and is sent to boys in the armed forces. It is intended to comply with the President's request that civilians uphold morale by keeping the boys informed as to the whereabouts of their friends. Anything that comes through the censor once into the the country is repeated only because it has passed once, so if there is anything that is not in accord with your regulations please let us know immediately. We will make sure that no stations outside the country are mentioned, and we will keep all news at a personal nature.

the guys in this outfit are in limited service. Have never seen such a collection of men under one roof. Every other man you look at is either cross-eyed, has one eye, or has eyes looking in opposite directions, one to the North Pole and one to the South Pole. They're all pretty nice though, with a few drips from the hills who still think a bath room is a new invention and still think that knives and forks are for digging holes and not for eating.

Sgt. Tanny Polster
601 Sq. 398 Bomb
Rapid City, S. D.

I'm waiting in the barber shop for a haircut. The barbers here don't give GI haircuts, but doodle and twittle over each man as if he were Major Bacon, or someone equally prominent. To add to our difficulties, a little man in a black suit, sporting a dangling Elk's tooth (if it's not one of his!) rushes in every hour on the hour and orders a weeping barber to follow him to local draft board number 30. In addition to waiting for a haircut, I brown-nose . . . I'm a photo-equipment maintenance inexpert and this raises my sad plight of the above mentioned nasal manoeuvres. No officer here knows anything about photo work. One of the majors has been handed us sixteen photo men, told to make us tech-sergeants, buck sergeants and corporals. Who gets what depends on anything in the world but ability. I've got my own devilish schemes . . . To put it bluntly, since I graduated from photo school on February 27, 1943, I haven't done one day of decent work, except some hard, but unofficial clerical work at Base Headquarters in Salt Lake City. It's obvious that army organization will never put me to work in the U. S., so all there is left to live for is intrigue—and do I love it . . . After looking over the pile of rubbish in the camera bag of my green fawk, I return to the camp library to live my life apart, in books. They don't have Dr. Sturmthal's new book in yet, so I stick to photo technique, philosophy, Sheean, and economics stuff that comes from the outer world—Civillia—. Never had such a long vacation in all my life. There's only one disturbing factor. Rumor has it that the 2nd Air Force is going to recognize that a state of war exists. Alarmists.

Lt. John K. Gile
479th Bombardment Sq.
Avon Park Bombing Range
Avon Park, Florida

Pvt. Justin Gray—12064266
Co. B, 1st Ranger Bat.
New York, New York

Still in North Africa . . . your news-letter caught up with me today, and I rush to drop you a note . . . it was surprising how often I re-read the paper . . . getting little snatches of new old friends . . . after so many months over-seas finds a need for such items . . . brings back such memories . . . David Burke throwing his clothes out of his third story window into his car during graduation ceremonies . . . that regular midnite trip to Red Hook Hotel for a few beers . . . Dr. Smith's tolerance towards my lack of knowledge in English History . . . those long nites preparing for a conference with Dr. Qualey . . . etc. Franks . . . As you can see I am in the 1st Ranger Battalion . . . guess you understand our work so I'll say no more . . . can't write anything which may indicate our activities . . . security is of primary importance to our unit . . . it's tough work . . . but it's a swell outfit . . . a small cohesive volunteer group . . . Bard's progressive atmosphere may not have been the best background for this unit . . . but it at least prepared me to understand the importance of such activity . . . good correlation? . . . spent many months in England . . . and then down to this area . . . lord, but it's hot now . . . and no rain . . . a few months ago we had too much rain . . . lived in mud . . . now each and every day is monotonously clear and blue . . . must close . . . hope to return and visit Bard soon . . . and fall asleep on the slope overlooking the tennis courts . . . my best . . . by the way . . . here's my vote in favor of "co-education at Bard" . . . yep, I "feel strongly about girls" . . . had better close before . . .

First Lt. R H. Stevens
25th O T B
Carlisle Barracks, Pa.

It was quite a treat to receive my "Letter" some days ago and I hasten to reply in order to renew my "subscription. During the past 5 weeks I have been transformed into what is known at a "G.I. Officer," having been snatched from the hospital into the army and subjected to intensive and concentrated training. I met Capt. E. Y. Clarke at 39 Whitehall St., when I went for my physical. I understand that soon after that he went to Staff Officers' School and is due to be graduated a Major. Good for ole Yale. He also expects to become a father pretty soon. He deserves a big hand for both of these feats. Ray Filsinger, you know, took the fatal step some time ago and is now sporting himself a lovely wife. George Jastram, '35, is practicing medicine at 1 Aberdeen Place, Aberdeen, Maryland. He did very well for himself along the wife line, too. I understand he also has a swell hunting dog. Remember Geo! Me! . . . I also married . . . not to be outdone, and now have a son twenty-two months old. Perhaps he'll be a Bardian some day. It's nearly time to be on the move again. I graduate from the Medical Field Service School tomorrow and start my world travels. My next stop is Fort Logan, Denver, Colo. If the paper shortage isn't too great I should like to receive some more of the same. Thanks. Best of luck to all the boys in the service and all Bardians.

Pvt. Whitney Steele
906 T.G. Sq. 62-O
B.T.C. No. 9
Miami Beach, Florida

My first five months of army life has been rather disappointing. Out of the five I've spent here on the Beach, I can honestly say that about two would have sufficed. I qualified for aviation cadet training over three months ago and completed my basic training at the same time. I should presume that lack of space in the colleges is to be blamed. On the other hand the shipments to college don't seem to be based upon seniority. I am very anxious to start my training as I feel like a parasite now. I understand that several of the boys were sent down here. I only met Bob Seaman here. That was well over four months ago. In all probability he has finished his training. I am looking forward to better days in the future. I hope to spend some at Bard.

Pvt. T. N. Cook
Torney General Hosp., D-11
Palm Springs, California

My career in the Army, as you may have heard, has been rather hectic. Briefly, it boils down to this rather harsh data: arrived at Induction Center January 23rd. Arrived at Camp Haan (Anti-Aircraft) Cal., Feb. 1st. Entered Station Hospital Valentine's Day. Transferred to Palm Springs hospital April 21st. The last chapter will be written next week when I head for home with a "Line of Duty" Honorable Discharge. It has all been rather short, and not too sweet, but I can't say that I feel bitter. I did want to see some action, but the Army evidently feels that I've fought enough battles in the hospital without going out to look for any more! Annandale was never like this!

Cpl. Paul Munson
84th TCS 437th TCG
Boer Field
Fort Wayne, Indiana

Have you ever gone to a progressive party? (no inferences meant). You probably have and like me agree that after a number of them they become tiresome. Army has been one long progression of parties since my induction Aug. 20th. Of course there's a difference—these are G.I. parties with water instead of champagne, greasy spare ribs instead of plank steak, and a generous serving of off color jokes instead of talks on politics and philosophy. Marco Polo traveled—so have I but I'm sure old Marco never had K.P. to do or had to pack a parachute for some unfortunate to jump. I recently received a letter from Mil Walker. It must have been mailed via a plane because it took only three days from Australia. He says a few interesting things concerning his music. Quoth he: "Several weeks ago I had an opportunity to play one of the largest organs in this country—a big 5 manual job. I "gave 'er a go" as they say here and it certainly seemed good to play again. Not much time for music as you can imagine. I jot down motives and themes, date them and keep them for future reference. Three complete chorales are the only things I've finished so far. Have an opportunity every once in a while to hear good music over the wireless . . ." Mil has something to say concerning the wild life in Australia. "The kookaburra birds waken us in the morning with their wild cackles. Wallabies and possums and 'dive-bomber' mosquitos minimize a good night's sleep and reveille comes altogether too soon."

Pvt. Millard C. Walker
ASN 31171149
114th Eng. Bat. Headquarter's Co.
APO 32 c/o Postmaster
San Francisco, California

A/C Don A. Crawford, Jr.
Fletcher Field
Clarksdale, Mississippi

I'm nearing the end of my primary training as a pilot and have every reason to think I'll get to Basic. Pilots are needed badly, but they must be good. If I survive I'll know I'm good too. We are flying several hours a day now, running through the book on acrobatics and studying navigation, meteorology, aircraft identification and allied subjects. All this is done in temperatures up to 105 F. We run a couple miles and play ball just to keep fit. All in all it's a tough grind, but a commission in the Army Air Forces as a flying officer is worth it.

Pvt. Paul Walker Hart
Co. C., 35th I.T.B.
Camp Croft, S. C.

I entered the army on the twenty-fourth of June—and after much examination (they call it "processing") I was shipped to Camp Croft, South Carolina for my basic training (infantry). All the men in my barracks are A.S.T.P. candidates, and if qualified, may not have to remain here for the full thirteen week period. Last Thursday I was very surprised to run into Mark Stroock who is also taking basic here. The camp itself is as attractive as most army camps and much better kept

than some I've seen. The only thing really unpleasant is the terrific heat—which at times seems hardly bearable. I have heard nothing about the fate of the others in the Bard E.R.C.

Andrew Eklund
Area C-5
Platoon 5625
Camp Peary,
Williamsburg, Va.

I am in Virginia in a cute little outfit called the Seabees. I will make the letter a grade-B, semi-brilliant one, rather than my usual grade-A. I refuse to preserve any continuity. My most important alteration so far has been in the state of my cranial hirsute appendage. All "boots" are given a haircut when they arrive, which consists of cutting the top hair down to half inch length, and shaving the rest off. Naturally, I look very attractive. In case you do not know what the Seabees are, I shall give you some of the dope. The Seabees are equivalent to Army Engineers. Most of the men in it (the word Seabees is used both for the outfit and the men in it) are skilled manual laborers, welders, pipe fitters, etc. Some of the others are in on account of their eyes or some other slight deficiency. That's me. My eyes are 20/100. To my surprise, I find that my life does not consist of scrubbing the deck, but consists, as does the Army Recruits, of drilling and manual or arms.

Lawrence Leighton
The Hanover Inn
Hanover, New Hampshire
July 16, 1943

When I was up at college last month you spoke of an article by Jimmy Westbrook in Sea Power. The managing editor of the magazine is a former Dartmouth student of mine (they turn up in the strangest places!) and I got him to send me a copy which I have read and am sending along to you. The editor also sent me the original MS. A little has been cut, not much of any interest except Jimmy's comparison of the colonel with the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer lion. Apparently the Marine Corps thought that was disrespectful. Four Bard boys have turned up here transferred from Holy Cross. Mike Rapak, Leventhal, Seigal, and Cottle. As for me I am having a grand time, feeling fitter than I have for years.

Pvt. Herbert Carr, Class Sch.
3rd A.F.R.D. Plant Park
Tampa, Florida

The army, as they say "got me" in September of last year. I was put into the Air Force and have worked in classification ever since. My first eight months were very happy because I was at M. B., Florida, one of the centers of classification where the personnel was progressive, and as comparable to the people I knew at aBrd as any group that I have met. I enjoyed my work very much and became a Sgt. in three months (very proud of that). In April of this year, I was transferred to Lake Charles, La., to join a new outfit. Two weeks ago I came here to Tampa where I am taking an advanced course in classification at the 3rd Air Force Hq. When I finish here I will be sent out to my base again to have another try at classification "selling." We are coming into our own all the time, however, so the problem of getting the right man in the right job is getting easier.

Lt. Henry E. Montgomery
ASN O-799611
APO 12130, c/o Postmaster
New York, New York

Harry is a lieutenant in the Air Force and the last word we had was that he is flying Mustangs (P51) and is a fighter pilot.

Paul G. Smart
c/o Camp Cedar Isle
Old Forge, New York

Charles Brandege Livingstone was married to Mary Kipp Seeger on July 18th at Lincoln, Massachusetts.

THE MAKING OF A MARINE

(Continued from Page 1)

noon, piled high with alien equipment, we were marched past macadam drill grounds, past endless identical yellow barracks, till, finally, we found ourselves standing in line before our iron huts. We were given just enough time to drop our equipment in them and fall back out again, dazed and scared. Facing us were two youngish sergeants and a P.F.C., and presently we got our first formal speech at Parris Island. Each of the three had something to contribute, and this is about what it added up to, without the inclusion of some electrifying oaths:

"You are in the Marine Corps now, and you'll do as you're told. That's the only thing you'll have to think about for the next eight weeks. Just make up your minds to do that right now, and it won't go so hard for you. Because you came here with a degree, don't think you know it all. And don't get the idea that because you're officer candidates you're entitled to privileges. We don't care who you were or what you were before you came here. You're here now, and as far as we're concerned you're just little privates. When you get an order, you snap to and move on the double. Whenever you go anywhere from now on, you'll fly. Understand? And when you talk to anyone with a stripe, you say 'Sir.' For the next eight weeks you're going to snap and pop around here. ~~we haven't got any time to waste on you.~~ We see so many boots, we see them in our sleep, and if you think you're going to be treated any different you can get rid of that idea before we start. Some of you'll wish you'd never heard of the Marines before you hit the sack tonight. You'll wish you'd never seen this place. Well, we didn't ask you to come down here. You all volunteered. You came of your own accord. We never sent you a printed invitation. And when you're gone there'll be another bunch just like you. Any questions?"

There were no questions, The sun was going down, and it was suddenly cooler. Up the road past our area came a column of boots in their dungarees. A P.F.C. moved on their flank, calling out in a queer sing-song cadence:

Pvt. Stanley B. Smith 12126132
R. C. Co. H, Fort Devens,
Ayer, Massachusetts

When I was home I received your general letter to the E.R.C. men. I hope the Alumni Bulletin is being continued because it is difficult to keep track of a lot of your friends and where they have been sent. I will let you know when I reach basic. To say I miss Bard is putting it mildly. Perhaps there will be some P. G. course I could take after the war!

Lincoln Armstrong was married to Miss Margaret Beverly on June 26 at Scarsborough-on-Hudson, Ne oYrk.

The following boys are in V-12 at Chi Psi Dormitory, Naval Training Unit, Union College, Schenectady, New York: Richard Bardsley, Donald Durlach, Carl Gutmann, Donald Houghton and Warren Howe.

"Ree fo ya left—ree fo ya left—ya left right left—"
They went by us up the road, the cadence dying.

Our training began directly after the speeches ended. Still in our civilian clothes, we learned our facings while darkness crept in. After we had learned about the facings we marched out into a sand drill area nearby. It was hard to move smartly in the sand, particularly as the sergeant's cadence was so fast. From time to time we were ordered to count "One, two, three, four." At first we were inhibited about it. The sergeant snapped:

"Sound off."

We shouted. His cadence went "One tup three—one tup three——" The stars were out and the moon up.

Events came fast in the three or four days that followed. We scarcely could begin to assimilate them.

In our hut there were nine others like me, including a newspaperman from Syracuse, a "Big Ten" football player, and a Mississippi State Senator. The Senator was thirty, near the age limit, and soon suffering from blisters and a swollen ankle. He wore an expensive wrist watch and a big gold ring with a round, red stone in it.

IT'S A DIFFERENT LIFE

For those first few days we had no mail, nor did we have the time to write any letters. The clothes from the other world we were obliged to stuff into the bottoms of our sea bags. The long civilian locks we had been carrying all our lives and had learned to comb a certain way, disappeared the second afternoon we were there. A pair of ubiquitous electric clippers did the job, and the barbers disposed of a whole platoon of us in a little more than an hour. The only reminders left of a once different life were the Sentaor's ring and wrist watch, which he was to wear through hell and high water.

In the Marines, you get things done to you—you are not allowed to do them yourself. You are not allowed even to think about what you are going to do next. We resigned ourselves gradually to a system too huge for us to solve, too powerful for us to resist. Still overwhelmed by its impact, we found ourselves, on the third day, lined up outside the Navy dispensary.

We had been ordered to remove our shirts and pull up the sleeves of our skivvy tops. This forewarned that the Navy was about to stick us with something. We had heard that we were to be thoroughly injected at Parris Island, but the method we could not foresee. We found out soon enough that there was a method, all right. One by one the members of our platoon passed a table at which a swabjockey (corpsman) was stationed with a brown jar of serum and a needle poised in his right hand. By the time we arrived he had already inoculated several platoons, and now he must have been tired. From repeating the same movement with the needle so many times, he had developed a sort of rhythm. He no longer bothered to examine the man before him. Men had stood before him all afternoon. As long as there was an

arm there, he stuck it. The Senator, wrapped in confusion, stepped up to the table in turn. Being slow of foot, however, and temperamentally indisposed to hurry, he failed to move away as fast as those before him had, with the consequence that, when he finally emerged from the building, he found, to his sudden dismay, that he had been inoculated three times. Still a bit confused, he was rushed to the hospital.

Christmas was gray and chilly, with neither presents nor mail. But we weren't particularly sad about it. To our surprise, they declared it a holiday—even at Parris Island. The sergeant told us to take it easy. For the first time since we came we had time to ourselves. We hastened to pick up all the shattered parts. We stretched out on our sacks (beds) and wrote letters.

At noon we were served a turkey dinner. In the corners of the mess hall were some Christmas trees. A Chaplain delivered a prayer. We left the mess hall with a handful of hard candy apiece, and went back to our letters. How precious that life we were trying to cling to through the mails now seemed! Little things were suddenly of infinite value. We remembered details we never used to pay any attention to.

The second and third weeks at Parris Island were devoted almost entirely to close-order drill. In our platoon sergeant we had a veritable terror.

Common misdemeanors in close-order drill were: failure to keep in step, failure to keep a straight line, failure to accomplish the manual in the required number of movements, failure to slap the rifle loudly when bringing it to a designated position. The sergeant was particularly sensitive to this last shortcoming. We never could make enough noise for him with our rifles.

"Hit 'em! Y'er a bunch of girls in a Sunday school!"

We would make a concerted effort to comply.

"I can't hear you."

The paramount crime of them all was dropping a rifle into the sand. Two or three men committed it during our stay. When this happened, the falling piece might be said to have been heard all over the island. In spirit, the colonel, even the general, might have been seen to look up from their desks as though they had been awakened from sleep by that sound. Someone had dropped his rifle. The sergeant, moreover, was right on the scene, and there is no need to reproduce the language the accident drew from him. The punishment administered for this offense, incidentally, is as famous and traditional at Parris Island as is the queer sing-song cadence call or the "You'll be sorry" we heard on our first day. Anyone who drops his rifle has to sleep with it. If he is unfortunate enough to have made a poor stack of them and they all fall, he may have four for company that night.

A VISIT FROM THE COLONEL

Another well-known offense is calling a rifle a "gun." Few of us were innocent of that one. When someone

referred to his rifle as a gun, the sergeant would start in acidly:

"Ain't that something. You've got a gun and all the rest of the Marines have rifles. Why don't you just step out of line and tell everybody about that? Tell 'em, 'Ain't I a lucky son-of-a———. I got a gun and all the rest of the Marines got rifles.' Go ahead, I'll tell you when to stop."

Although we were made to understand that we were yardbirds, we were also reminded that on some distant day the Marine Corps had hopes of making officers out of us. So while, on one hand, they were constantly trying to "standardize" us, on the other they kept in front of us the highest standards.

To show us that we were being watched, however, they regularly subjected us to rigid inspections. Whereas the ordinary boot had only one of these, we had four.

Our first inspection was memorable to me because as the colonel and entourage came down the line I had trouble with a gnat. I found out later that everyone else did too. But at that moment there were only three things in the world as far as I was concerned: my right ear, the gnat on it, and the colonel. The sufferings of others did not occur to me. The colonel had come all the way down from Quantico to look us over, and as we expected to get to Quantico eventually it was a doubly important inspection for us. He was a blocky-square-jawed, silver-haired individual with a chest full of medals. As he came down the line scrutinizing each man from head to foot he smacked an expensive-looking quirt formidably against his thigh. Suddenly he would stop before a man and fire three or four questions in rapid succession.

"Where did you go to college? Have you gained any weight? Do your shoes fit? What is a tourniquet?"

Meanwhile the gnat was threatening to investigate the canal of my ear. The procession approached, darkened my vision. For a long moment a pair of arctic blue eyes with little points in them traveled over me. Then, miraculously, Colonel and Co. moved by me. The gnat, too, flew away. It was an incredible release. Instead of me the colonel was talking to the Senator, two men away.

Three weeks passed, three weeks of sand and sun and wind, of breakfast out of aluminum platters before daylight, of slapping rifles, of falling in and falling out, and of waiting for the bark of the sergeant.

THE BIG CHANGE

One morning in the third week I made my habitual trip in the dark of five-thirty to wash. I was in my skivvy drawers and carrying towel and toilet kit. I entered, pushed my way through the mob of shavers, found a mirror and commenced operations on the beard. Around me was a hum of early morning chatter. I lathered my face, was about to lift the razor for the initial stroke when

(Continued on Next Page)

suddenly I paused. It occurred to me how natural it all was. I remembered how on the first morning I had come in and been shocked by the long copper troughs with the wooden seats. There had been something startlingly fundamental about the whole place. It made me strictly uncomfortable. Now it no longer mattered. I never thought about it any more. In the same way other things had stopped bothering me. It was even getting hard to picture living any other life but this. It was then that I knew a change had come over me.

Our lives became, as it were, neutralized. We were in short, no longer civilians.

SHOOTING DAYS BEGIN

There is a sound one hears every day on the island. That is the rattle of rifle fire coming from the range. As the time for us to embark on the second phase of our training came near, we were ready to leave the iron huts and go out to the range. The day before our departure the sergeant gathered us together to give us one of his speeches.

"The Marine Corps has the reputation of being the best shots in the world. Tomorrow we leave for the range. We're going to be out there three weeks and I don't want to bring anyone back who hasn't qualified on record day. You men are all college graduates, and you certainly ought to be able to learn the few simple things you got to do to qualify with the rifle. Now out there on the range you'll have some of the best shots in the world teaching you. When they tell you something you listen. You're going out there to work. You'll snap in till you think your arm will come off and then you'll snap in some more. If you take your snapping in seriously you'll shoot a good score on record day. If you dope off you won't qualify, I can tell you that, and I can't imagine how bad I'd feel if I didn't qualify. If I didn't have at least a marksman's pin I don't believe I'd want to be around here!"

Due to the stress the Marine Corps lays on marksmanship, the range at Parris Island has become a post in itself with its own administration buildings, P.X., and movie house, not counting the many yellow barracks which face out on the ranges. We had only to step out of our barracks and we were on one of the school ranges. Beyond these the firing ranges stretched away to the cove. We couldn't escape them. Wherever we looked there were ranges, and from them the crack of rifles echoed away across the island every day.

During our first week there we did just one thing: snapping in—practicing all the firing positions without firing. We had white posts with bull's-eyes to aim at. Each man would place himself before one of these posts and practice while the coach and sergeant went about correcting our positions or exhorting those who ventured to take a rest. Although snapping in sounds simple enough it was for a while the most punishing exercise we had to

undergo at the island. Punishing and monotonous, because we did it all day, and after dinner were exhorted to go out on our own and practice some more.

The reason snapping in is so painful at first is because it brings into play certain muscles never taxed before. The sitting position taxes the inner thighs. The kneeling position which asks that one sit on his right ankle if possible is also acutely uncomfortable. In all positions the tightness of the gun-sling causes extreme pain in the arm. Our coach, a slim man of about forty with a full black mustache and a sharp pair of eyes, took delight in going about applying pressure upon those muscles which pained us most, telling us that if we suffered like this for several days more we would all shoot expertly. Surprisingly our muscles did adjust themselves to these strange positions after a time, and they ceased to be painful. After that snapping in was just a necessary bore. And we still snapped in.

The second week we marched every morning just at daybreak to the .22 range to apply the positions we had learned to a simple weapon. It had turned cold, and the .22 range was situated just at the water's edge. We could not fire our rounds fast enough. All we cared about was to get out of that weather.

Record Day came on a Tuesday, and the week prior to it we shot live ammunition. When we were not shooting we worked the big targets behind the butts while others fired out their rounds. For most of us it was the first time we had ever heard the noise a bullet makes in flight. Every time one would go through the target it made a sharp cracking noise and landed in the water behind us. Occasionally one would bury into the top of the butts and shower us with dirt. When all three of the big ranges were being used it made for a lively morning. Between rattles of rifle fire, the shouting and swearing of the sergeants in charge of the butts could be heard. Bullets were tunneling into the water thirty yards from us. We watched them strike all up the inlet. Sometimes it occurred to us that some day there would be no more butts to hide behind—and there were an awful lot of bullets out there!

On Record Day we got to the range early in the morning, and by nine o'clock the firing had begun. We had shot the entire course the day before to get the feel of actual Record Day conditions and to adjust our dope finally. Dope is the term for windage and elevation adjustments, which vary with each rifle. Those who had failed to make a good score the day before now had one last opportunity to correct themselves. Meanwhile, our sergeant had placed enormous bets on us. The platoon sergeant whose outfit shot the highest qualification percentage always made a profit on it. If we let ours down we had a good idea of what his sentiments would be.

Fortunately, it was a mild, windless day. We qualified 94 per cent, won the sergeant his money, and even produced seven experts. For the first time since we had made

his acquaintance the sergeant warmed toward us. And we felt pretty happy about it ourselves.

It was at the range that we really got the feel of the Marine Corps. After returning from the range we had a new confidence in ourselves. We were getting "salty," as the sergeant put it. The medicine for this was a brand new dose of close-order drill. But even that didn't cure us completely. We knew our "boot" days were about over, that we had crossed the most important barrier. Now if we were faced with an enemy we could shoot as well as he, if not better. We had accomplished something the significance of which was unquestionable. The Marines were supposed to be the best shots in the world, and we had met their qualifications.

Gradually over a period of seven weeks the indoctrination administered in the Parris Island manner had taken effect, whether we liked it or not. The most important result was that we had acquired a pride in belonging to the Marines.

During the latter part of our training the fact that we were destined for officers' training at Quantico was emphasized, and one day a lieutenant gave us a talk which started us all thinking.

"Men, you'll soon be lieutenants. You were sent to Parris Island for a reason—so that you will have something in common with the men you are going to lead into combat. You will have gone to the same boot camp as they. You will be better fitted to talk their language than if you hadn't been here to the island. And if there is one thing a combat officer needs to do, it is to know his men. He must know everything about them, and always think of his men first and himself afterward.

"You who will become lieutenants have a terrific responsibility. In your hands will be the lives of fifty men, men to whom life is just as important as it is to you. Your decisions, your ability as leaders and soldiers, can either save them or destroy them. Think that over for a minute. You can lead them either to safety or to suicide, according to how much you have learned here and how much you will learn in the future. You've got a rough run ahead of you, so tough you may not see the sense in it. But when you get into combat you will understand why that training was necessary. You are going to have to be the best man in your platoon, and everyone in that platoon must know it. Your men must be able to trust you and understand you. Only then can you trust and understand them."

We were to leave soon. The final week was spent in learning how to use the bayonet, and in learning Judo, a little sport that teaches how to kill with a simple blow of the hand or a kick of the heel.

On a bright sunny Friday the old cattle trucks lined up by our area to take us away. The few men who had failed to qualify with the rifle had been interviewed by the battalion commander, but were finally allowed to go on to officers' training. Although it was against our

sergeant's principles to give us an iota of credit for anything, we knew that as a platoon we hadn't been so bad. Hadn't we shot him into a whole case of beer and some dollars on the side? When we climbed onto the cattle trucks and were about to take leave of the island for good, he gave us a sly grin. The cattle trucks pulled away. We took a last look at the iron hut area, the drill grounds where we had worked up such lovely blisters. The trucks were going faster. Suddenly from the other direction others came toward us, loaded with fresh recruits. Three truckloads of them. We set up a great roar:

"You'll be sorry!"

They gave us a blank stare, their long locks blowing. They had white faces. They looked pathetic and strange as could be. Then they were gone and we were leaving the post behind, crossing the flat marshes, bright in the sun, and then leaving Parris Island. We weren't sorry we had been there, now that we had done with it and could look back on it.

Pvt. Donald Watt, Jr.
Co. A, 86th Inf.
Camp Hall, Colo.

I received the second swell alumni news letter. I just had a thought that it would be rather swell if what you have managed to start would turn out to be a permanent alumni magazine after you leave. That is probably too much to hope for, but still, it is something to work for. I can tell you as one who has left, that I could easily lose all feeling of obligation—I now have toward Bard if there were not something of this kind to keep it alive. I am now having a tough month at non-com school, and this being the day of rest, I must use it a bit as that.

Matt Lawson
c/o Templeton Briggs
Graves Rd., R. R. No. 1
Cincinnati, Ohio

The army's great and I'm in the hospital with asthma. I'm still glad I got into this outfit. Camp Wheeler is one of the largest, most modern, and up to date "Infantry Replacement Camps" in the country. By the way, I got the highest score on the range in two companies (500 men). Pretty good, what? Did average on the machine gun. Won't bore you anymore on all that stuff. You've probably heard it a million times anyway.

Peter A. Leavens
66 Silver Lane
Oceanside, Long Island

The letter you sent out to ex-Bardians reached me last week, and I feel I ought to answer as requested without further delay. I am working for some hours each day for the county newspaper here in Nassau, L.I. and am in charge of the suburban camera station of the Amateur Astronomers Association. Our program is a three year one on the moon, plus announcing all major sky spectacles to the press and covering them photographically for the metropolitan area. The lunar work is chiefly cinematography. My "war effort" consists of civilian defense activities. So there you have a brief picture of current doings by this party!

Pfc John P. A. Atherton
Regimental Headquarters Co., c/o Band
154th Inf. c/o Postmaster
A. P. O. 31, Shreveport, Louisiana

John has been able to do quite a bit with his music in the way of playing the organ for religious services as well as playing the baritone horn in the band and, as a matter of fact, he has been acting more or less as Assistant Bandmaster, making arrangements for them, etc. I know he will be very pleased to hear from you.

"A NOVEL"

by IAN THOMPSON

"The Lord giveth and the Lord taketh away. Blessed be the name of the Lord."

Ellen Emory sat on the edge of the bare wooden pew and looked straight in front of her. She was insignificant, thin and colorless, with straight brown hair pulled back tightly from a high forehead. There was only one thing about her worth attention—her eyes. They were a peculiar pale amber, and as she sat there, they had the blank concentrated stare of a wild animal. If anyone had happened to notice her eyes at that moment he probably would have hurried quickly to find out what it was the girl saw. But he would have seen nothing. Ellen was staring at the wall, no different from the wall of any little country church.

"Poor thing! It's good she's young enough so it doesn't hurt her too bad." It was the only observation made on Ellen that morning, and about as accurate as most observations on a girl who has nothing to say for herself. She knew quite well what it was all about. She knew that she would never see her father again. She knew that he was dead. And a joy burned inside her like the flame of a candle before an altar. But every once in a while a little shudder would chase over her, and the flame would waver in a gust of terror—terror at what was in her heart, terror at what she saw there against the blank wall of the church, and which no one else saw, no one else except God.

Ellen's mother was crying.

"The Lord giveth and the Lord taketh away . . ."

Ellen wondered whether they were blessing the name of the Lord because he had given or because he had taken away. She had spent a good deal of time thinking about the Lord, ever since she had been old enough to know his name. Perhaps it was because he was called her Heavenly Father that she had such difficulty with him. If he had been called her Heavenly Mother, she would have accepted him without reservation, for Ellen's love for her mother was to her what the sun is to a plant struggling for light in the woods. And Ellen's forest was her hatred for her father, so when she tried to think of God as her Heavenly Father, things got all mixed up.

"It is a sad and terrible thing my friends, to see a man in his prime cut down . . ." The minister was talking about Tom Emory and all things considered, he was doing pretty well. There were only a handful of people in the church, for the Emory's had few friends. Tom Emory's friends didn't go to church and Elsa Emory, although she was a devout woman, only managed to make it one Sunday out of four. It was three miles to town by road, and all but the last bit uphill. Of course there was the short cut but it wasn't for Sunday shoes. Even Ellen

was forbidden to take it on the way to and from school for fear that the briars would tear her clothes. The short cut ran across the swampy land back of the Emory's barn. It crossed the East Fork on two logs left from the remains of a bridge built years ago. It skirted the edge of the Emory's woodlot, and then climbed steeply and tortuously in half a mile, what the road managed in three. When Elsa Emory went to church she walked the three miles.

A few people were sorry enough for her to come to her husband's funeral, a few came because they were curious and wanted to hear more about it. In the whole congregation there was not one who did not think the Lord had done well to take Tom Emory away, and not one who didn't believe that if Tom Emory hadn't been drunk he would not be dead.

Ellen was listening to the minister. She wondered what would happen if she should stand up suddenly and shout. Her lips twitched a little. There were times for lying she had found, times when you had to lie, times when you did something and never told anyone at all. Only God punished people who were bad. That's what her mother said so it must be true. Somehow or other he caught them and punished them. If he couldn't punish them when they were alive, he waited until they were dead. That's what he had done with her father, and perhaps that's what he would do with her. She began to tremble again. If she could tell her mother what she saw, maybe her mother could do something, make it go away. Perhaps that night she could tell her mother. Her mother would let her sleep right beside her in the big double bed, and then she could tell her.

Ellen's mother still kept crying. That was a lie too, but if her mother lied, it was all right. Only she wished that it wasn't a real sort of crying. It made her wonder if maybe her mother was sorry, not glad, the way she was. She kept saying to herself that it would soon be over, it couldn't last much longer. In just a little while everyone would go away and leave her mother all to herself. The little flame of joy burned up brightly again. Her mother would let her sleep downstairs, right beside her in the double bed, and she would never have to go up alone to the attic room again, and lie awake, trembling and listening . . . listening.

"You'll kill me Tom Emory! You'll kill me! Look at me . . . Look at me Look at me . . . Can't you see you're killing me?"

Ellen knew truth. And that was true. Every morning Ellen looked at her mother with terror in her heart and saw that it was true. But now Tom Emory was dead and her mother was saved. It was God's will.

"Oh God, who in thy great wisdom . . ."

The minister was praying, and Ellen covered her face with her hands, just like everybody else. Perhaps God really was wise. Perhaps it was people being wicked,

or even just a little bit bad, and getting in his way, that made all the trouble. Or was God himself a lie? They said he gave his angels charge over you, and yet he had been letting Tom Emory kill her mother. Almost he had done it.

Now they were carrying the coffin out. The faces of the men who bore it were red, and they were breathing hard. Tom Emory was a big man. Ellen shrank back a little nearer her mother. It was over. People were standing up. They were pressing close around them, shepherding them toward the door. The organ was playing "Abide With Me." Ellen liked the music, only they weren't playing it for her mother, because now her mother was going to be happy and peaceful.

"Dust unto dust . . ."

Her father was dust. There was nothing to be afraid of anymore.

"What a comfort you must be to your mother, darling. You must take good care of her. She has no one but you to take care of her now."

An old lady patted Ellen's arm, and she looked at her, nodding and smiling. That was all she had ever wanted to do—to take care of her mother. And now it would be easy. It would be fun. She would sleep beside her in the big double bed and every morning she would wake up before her mother did and lie there thinking how safe and happy they were.

~~"Let us take her home Mrs. Emory. We'll stay with~~ her while you go to the cemetery. She's too young . . ."

Ellen began to tremble again.

"Don't you want me to stay with you, mom?"

Her mother did not even seem to hear her. She was wiping her eyes. She bowed her head and her voice seemed to push Ellen away.

"That would be best."

Ellen took a long breath and moved over beside Mrs. Clinton docilely. It would be only for a little while. The sun was shining so brightly outside that it hurt her eyes. It felt like Sunday, only it wasn't. Someone gave her a fresh cut bunch of daffodils to hold, and she buried her face in them with a little spasm of delight. That's what everything was going to be like now—flowers and bright sunshine.

"Don't cry Ellen dear, you've been such a good girl."

Ellen sniffed obediently. She didn't want to cry, but maybe it was better to act as if she did, and anyway the daffodils had tickled the end of her nose. She found herself wedged into the front seat of the Ford, between Mr. and Mrs. Clinton. Mrs. Clinton was a large woman, and her husband was small and thin, and he had a bald head. Ellen wondered if he ever shouted the way her father did. He didn't look so. Perhaps Mrs. Clinton shouted at him though. Maybe sometimes it worked the other way around and women tried to kill their husbands. The Ford was chugging past the schoolhouse now. It was recess time and some of the kids were playing ball in the ward.

"Are you warm enough Ellen?"

Ellen had shivered, remembering how different she was now from all those children. She did not even want to wave to them, so that they could see she was riding in a car. She only wished it would take a long time to get home, so she would have just a little while to wait for her mother.

"Joe Means said it was in the wood lot back of the East Fork," said Mr. Clinton suddenly. "They found him in a patch of briar right by the path."

"Hush," Mrs. Clinton said. "It was an awful, terrible thing."

"Mom said he had a bottle with him when he did it. He was drunk," Ellen shrilled, and wondered a second later whether she should have said it.

"Oh Ellen, you mustn't say such things about your father." Mrs. Clinton exchanged a glance with her husband over Ellen's head.

The Ford was sliding down the long hill now. In a minute they would be home. Ellen leaned forward a little. She didn't want to look but she had to. There right behind that clump of sumac was where the trail started for the short cut. Her mind flashed with the picture of the open stretch in the fields ahead bordered by the lifeless impenetrable wall of trees beyond which field she dared not go. She saw each stone, each briar patch and the figure, at first dark and unrecognizable. Then standing very still and close by, behind a tree, she had seen her father, a stone jug in one hand, spinning the pistol barrel with the thumb of his other. She watched, and as she stood, a hot, pained feeling of understanding rushed over her. Suddenly she had wanted to yell for her mother. She turned and ran, uncaring of briars, roots and sumac; she ran for the house. Coming out on the clearing, her throat choked and dry, she saw the house, and looking, she stopped. With a crushing feeling her hate returned; the boards loose, dead in the sunlight. It looked unclean—the scaled paint a leprosy infecting all around it. Her head down she walked slowly toward the barn, seeing the crab grass thick on the untended earth, choking it until only patches of its richness, its unconceived fertility showed through. She saw and she hated, for in that earth lay their two lives. And as the earth, uncared for, her mother and she had been strangled. The rust on the harrow, sitting lifeless by the barn, had momentarily broken the spell—she had wanted to look back, but her head wouldn't move. She had sat inside the barn in the darkness, pierced by spots of sky, through the roof; she had sat a long time—waiting . . .

"Right up there," said Mr. Clinton, with a jerk of his head.

Ellen looked at him, unconprehendingly then back to the trail. She would never again disobey her mother and come home that way. She looked quickly away again to the barn; it was dirt grey colored and always reminded her of an elephant lumbering through the trees.

"Right up there about maybe half a mile, they found him," Mr. Clinton repeated.

"Who was it found him?" asked Mrs. Clinton.

"Bill Charles. When it got dark and he didn't come home, Mrs. Emory sent Ellen for Bill and Bill took his bound dog, and the dog found him."

"Mom and I went up to the wood lot first, and we called and called, and then mom thought maybe he'd gone off to the village again, and she wanted Bill to get him home."

"He must have been dead by then," said Mrs. Clinton.

"And then Bill went up by the short cut, and the dog smelled him, and then he came back and they sent me to Mrs. Lucas' house to phone the doctor, and I ran all the way. . . ." Ellen was shivering again and out of breath.

"But the doctor said he was dead all right, before Bill found him."

"An awful, terrible thing," repeated Mrs. Clinton.

The Ford swung in the road to the house and stopped with a jerk. They were home.

Ellen hung behind as they went up the steps. Would her mother be much longer? She was always afraid of the house without her mother. When her mother was there it became a pleasant place, full of the smell of baking bread, steaming water, and soapsuds, or clean clothes under a hot iron. Everything was safe and well ordered. But when her mother was not there, Ellen was afraid. All those things that seemed so real and substantial vanished into thin air. The filth and age of the place pressed in on her. She thought of the cellar, where snakes drank milk out of the flat pans set there in the chilly dark to keep sweet. She thought of the woodshed, just the other side of the kitchen door, full of a litter of bottles and broken tools, where the big wood block stood, all stained from chicken's blood, and where the rats scuttled about even in broad daylight. She thought of the attic overhead where the wind whistled through the chinks around the chimney, where the corners under the eaves were dark and where she lay at night listening to her father's voice downstairs—that voice and laugh which brushed aside like cobwebs all the delicate texture of peace and security that she and her mother had woven between them through the afternoons when she came home from school.

"Now Ellen," Mrs. Clinton's voice was briskly cheerful, "Put away your hat and coat. We must hurry and get some lunch for your mother. You can peel the potatoes."

Ellen drew a long breath. Everything was alright really.

Her mother was coming right home. Soon they would be alone together, and that night when they were in bed, she would tell her mother, and then she would be able to forget, and there would be nothing left to worry about.

That night Ellen lay beside her mother in the big double bed. The kerosene lamp over on the bureau was turned down low.

"We'll let it burn awhile," Mrs. Emory had said and Ellen was glad. It gave out a faint, homely odor. There could be nothing strange and awful about a room that

smelled of lamp smoke. She pressed close to her mother. She closed her eyes and lay very still. It seemed as if in that stillness her mother must know without being told, that awful, that terrible thing. Perhaps the very next minute her mother would put her arms around her and say softly, "Never mind, my darling, mother knows."

Ellen swallowed. Her throat was dry, and her heart was beating so hard that it sounded like a drum in her ears.

"Goodnight, mom."

"Goodnight, Ellen."

Her mother's voice still kept her away. It seemed to put a high wall between them. She tried to speak but it was like a big hand over her mouth. It was like something stopping her speaking. Was it God? Then she felt her mother crying, a strange, silent sort of crying that was worse than the other kind.

"Oh mom, please don't cry . . . Mom why are you crying?"

"Ellen, Ellen, just think what the doctor said; if we'd found him a little sooner, just a little sooner, we might have saved him . . ."

Ellen was trembling again. She sat up in bed and hugged her knees, so that her mother would not know how she was trembling. She knew now that she could never tell her mother. She knew something more; she knew it was God punishing her. And she knew that she must always keep way down in her heart that awful thing. God had kept her from telling all that long afternoon when she came back from school. He was keeping her now. Her mother, so that what her mother was repeating would what she had seen. She drew a long shuddering breath.

"But mom . . ." She touched her mother's arm timidly. "Mom, it was God's will, wasn't it? It was God's will we shouldn't find him? If anyone had, they'd have been stopping God doing his will . . ."

Mrs. Emory was still sobbing. She was so tired that she hardly heard Ellen, but something in the child's voice cried out to her for comfort. She drew the thin boy-like body close to her.

"There Ellen . . . Don't tremble so. Lie close to me and we'll say the twenty-third psalm, and then perhaps we can go to sleep."

The lamp was burning low, Ellen closed her eyes, closed them so tightly that she could not see how dark it was growing, could not see that awful picture again.

"Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death . . ."

She rolled over turning away from her mother, a choking, hot feeling was down in her throat; her mother hadn't wanted her father to die. She buried her face deep in the pillow; she hadn't wanted it. The pillow was wet against her face. It was so different than she had thought. She breathed in spasms and wished and wished that there would be no tomorrow.