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CALIFORNIA

A JOURNAL OF LITERATURE AND THE ARTS

QUARTERLY

ESTHER MCCOY

RANDALL SWINGLER

FRANK SCULLY

G. W. BRANDT

EWART MILNE

MONTAGU SLATER

NORMAN BULLER

JACK BEECHING

W. V. EVANS

ROY FULLER

SYDNEY TREMAYNE

ARNOLD MESCHES

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A CLEAN 6 X 9 READING EDITION

Portrait of an Undesirable Alien gives this issue its argumentative center, with Frank Scully setting the terms. The fiction—*The Pepper Tree* by Esther McCoy; *The Homesteader* by James Wyckoff—moves among private crisis, social pressure, and public consequence, with each story's title and setting supplying a distinct point of entry. The poetry runs from Korea and *Small Boy* and *Lighthouse*, shifting between grouped poems and single lyrics rather than settling into one house style. The printed contents bring together 2 works of fiction, 24 poetry entries, 1 prose or editorial entry, giving the issue a deliberately mixed pace across genres and forms. Short pieces sit beside more sustained contributions, and the sequence keeps changing scale without losing the issue's central literary concerns.

This edition resets the journal's literary texts for reading. Each piece begins on a fresh reader page and identifies its original journal page and PDF scan page; advertisements and decorative matter are omitted. Artwork and irreducibly visual material appear as labelled original plates.

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NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS

ESTHER McCoy has published fiction in *The New Yorker*, *Harper's Bazaar*, and a number of university publications. One of her stories was included in the Best Short Stories of 1950. She is on the editorial advisory board of *Arts* (1 *Architecture*, and recently wrote two issues for them on Mexican architecture. She is at present working on a series of studies on California indigenous architecture and the work of the early moderns; some of these have been published this year in *Arts* (1 *Architecture*.

FRANK SCULLY is the author of many books, including *Fun in Bed*, *Blessed Mother Goose*, and *Behind the Flying Saucers*. He has been a *Variety* columnist for 25 years, a contributor to *Readers Digest*, *Pageant*, *Catholic Digest*, *The Way of St. Francis*, etc. He is currently on the Los Angeles County Democratic Central committee. He was knighted in 1950 in the Order of St. Elizabeth for his activities in the field of racial equality. This article is from notes for *This Is My Faith*, which will be published next year by Greenberg.

Cedric Belfrage (about whom Frank Scully is writing), a British subject and editor of the *National Guardian*, was arrested on May 15, 1953, by the U. S. Immigration authorities, charged with violations of the Walter-McCarran Act. He was refused bail and detained on Ellis Island pending the outcome of deportation proceedings. Application for bail was brought in the U. S. District Court and was granted on June 9 by Judge Weinfield over government opposition.

The *National Guardian*, which Belfrage has edited for the past five years, has been critical of administration policy, and published a series of articles condemning the witch hunt and exposing the damage done American prestige by the European trip of McCarthy's investigators, Cohn and Schine. Shortly thereafter, Belfrage was subpoenaed to appear at an open hearing of the McCarthy committee, at which the Senator had arranged for a representative of the Immigration Service to be present.

Agents of the Immigration Service arrested Belfrage the next day.

Belfrage was investigated by the FBI and answered under oath all questions put to him by a Grand Jury in 1947. No action was taken against him at that time or subsequently.

JAMES WYCKOFF's story, "The Shepherd Takes a Wife," appeared in our Spring, 1953 issue. He is currently working in radio and television, and has recently completed a novel.

JACK BEECTIING is a well known British poet and novelist, published widely in England, was an editor of *Arena* and *Our Time*; has a novel now being printed.

G. W. BRANDT left his native Germany after Hitler's advent; completed his 'education in England, where he has worked in the magazine and documentary film fields, is now an assistant university lecturer.

NORMAN BULLER is a young Cambridge poet not previously published in this country; has edited the English magazine *Concern*.

W. V. EVANS is a young poet presently living in London; this is his first publication in this country.

RoY F'uLLER is one of the best known modern English poets. His work has been published widely both here and abroad; some of it has been included in the *Little Treasury of Modern Poetry*. His most recent book is *Epitaphs and Occasions*.

EWART MILNE'S poetry has been published in many English magazines; *Arena*, *Our Time*, and others; as well as in the recent *Anthology of Irish Poetry*.

MONTAGU SLATER'S poem, *Peter Grimes*, was used as the libretto of Britten's opera; his novels include *Haunting Europe*, *Once a Jolly Swagman*, etc. He is one of the founders of *Left Review*, a former editor of *Our Time*.

RANDALL SWINGLER is the author of several books of poems, was an editor of *Our Time* and (with Jack Lindsay) of *Arena*.

SIDNEY TREMAYNE is one of the younger Scottish poets, widely published in his own country and in England.

ARNOLD MESCTIES is one of the most talented of the younger California artists. He has had eight one-man exhibitions, in Los Angeles, Salt Lake City, Pasadena, etc., and has taught at the Art Barn School, the University of Southern California, and currently at Kann Institute of Art. His work has been exhibited in the Metropolitan Museum of Art, Library of Congress, Wichita Art Museum, and the Los Angeles County Museum.

The engavings on the cover and pp. 3, 21, 30, and 51 are by Morton Dimondstein. Engravings on pp. 39 and 48 are by Marion Campbell.

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JOURNAL PAGE 3 / SCAN PAGE 5

The Pepper Tree

Esther McCoy

The PepperTree

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nia all the seats on the coach train were filled. An old man sat by a window in the last car, his eyes fixed on the changing scene. The trip had started for him in the bottom lands of Arkansas. As the train made its way across the continent he grew quieter and quieter, and the geography seemed to be in his memory rather than unrolling before his eyes.

When the train reached Kansas there were no longer the mosquitoes, heavy with blood and malaria, which had sung up from the soft ground around the cypress knees. The tall yellow pines of the bottoms were gone. The red soil of the rutted roads gave way to the black soil of upslopes of low mountains which linked Arkansas to Missouri. The mountains presently tapered off into slag heaps from the zinc mmes.

[3. The California Quarter!),]

The looks that came through the train windows also changed. In Kansas they were more veiled, yet more antagonistic. But behind the antagonism, there was no violence.

As the train went past the wheat fields the walls of the day pushed out and the sky became higher. It was then that the man first felt released from prison.

It rained, and in the evening the purplish clouds scattered and the low sun lighted the heads of the ripening wheat and gave them the look of having been dusted with sulphur. The wheat was still and serene. The old man remembered his father. His father, who went to San Bernardino County in the 1880's, had worked in the wheat fields. After the soil was exhausted by wheat, his father had taken a piece of land and plowed it with a single-shared plow, harrowed it with limbs and planted it in beets.

At first it had yielded little, but he gave back to it more than he took until finally it was rich.

The next morning the train had reached Colorado, and there were the mountains, tall and purple and single, and when they stopped there were the beet fields.

The beet fields made him think of his mother. His first memory of his mother was of her thinning young beets in California. Between seasons she had picked berries. She wore long black cotton stockings on her arms, but beneath them was a crosshatch of scars. As a child he had worked in the beet fields too. When he was older the beets had given way, as had the wheat, and there were vineyards and orchards. At sixteen he laid track for the Pacific Electric.

That night the train crossed the desert. At Barstow, in the first light that came through the blinds, children stirred in the dim coach, roused and called out, and were silenced by their mothers. The day had begun, clear and hot. But it was not an alien heat; it was the familiar heat that had touched his back as he worked the land and laid the track; the same heat that had scorched his father as he threshed wheat. The movement of the train, which blended one scene into another, blended his father with the wheat fields. The wheat and his father became one, and stood serene in the sun.

After his father died, the family had moved quickly from one place to another, often on the bank of a river, where they pitched a tent. His mother would get up before it was light to go out and work in the fields. Again he saw his mother squatting by the row of young beets. The beets were his mother, and the movement and the river. Movement, dark, growing... In the winter after the crops were picked there was a month of quiet. The family lived then for some reason always in a house with a tin roof. There was rain, sometimes rain every day for the whole month, and silence of rest and waiting for things to grow that would need thinning or pruning or picking.

Later there were the vineyards at the foot of San Jacinto, which was hooded with white in winter. He had looked at it each morning as he went to work in the fields, and he had known that one day he would have a piece of land, would marry and have a son who would take his place.

But by the time she, the woman he was to marry, had come and they had presented themselves at City Hall in Los Angeles to get their marriage license, they were no longer young. Both were thirtyeight. The City Hall pen, unnatural in hands so used to the hoe, scratched and blotted as they wrote their history in thin lines. Afterward they went to Main Street and had their picture taken. They both wore black.

They went together to the citrus groves in Orange County and lived in one of a row of whitewashed shacks. They talked by candlelight.

He pruned the trees and sprayed them. The night his son was born there was a frost warning, and he went into the orchard to light the smudge pots.

When he came back two women were there, and they had covered the face of his wife with a new tea towel and their dark heads were bowed.

He named his son George. George Nakai, son of Haru and Yoshi Nakai.

From the time George started to school he disliked all the things that reminded him of his Japanese ancestry. His father had bought a piece of land in Palos Verdes, a George had watched Yoshi hoe it into banks and plant tomatoes, which he dry farmed. George disliked the tomatoes, banked so cunningly; he disliked all the "patience" crops that the Japanese so often planted. He disliked the rows of yellow and orange calendula that his father had planted by the whitewashed sheds beyond the pepper tree. He wanted to be American in every way. Squat labor was not American; fruit tramps were not American.

From the time he was eight he went to the Methodist Sunday School in San Pedro. He was invited by the Caucasians to their homes. Democracy was stressed also in the public schools, and George, tall and smiling and good in his studies, was popular with both Caucasians and Orientals. He would never forget the shock of pride that came when he was elected vice-president of his class the second year of high school.

That was the year he met Fred and Edith Kamada. Their father owned a big nursery. Fred was a stocky boy, who loved dances and sports, and was on the track team. He planned double dates for George and himself on Sundays in the Kamada Buick. Once he invited George to visit his father's nursery.

Iwao Kamada had come to the United States as a young farmer in 1910. He worked for a while in the orchards in the Santa Clara Valley, then he bought a piece of dry sandy land and put out a crop of berries. When he had got them established the Alien Land Act was passed, and he was forced to sell the land to a group of native farmers who were buying up everything in that region. He went then to the delta section of the Sacramento River, a wasteland that had escaped the notice of the land-hungry. He bought it in the name of his brother-in-law, who was native born. The first years in the delta there was the constant smell of rotting vegetation, and his feet were always wet from the marshy ground. In the end, when the land was drained and lay like a rich brown blanket against the unreclaimed neighboring marsh, the hot breath that had blown on him in the Santa Clara Valley reached even to the damp delta. His son was born just after the new Alien Land Act was passed. It was more stringent than the first. But that was not enough. With it came hysteria, fanned equally by the little and the big native farmers.

Kamada sacrificed his land and moved to the southern part of the state. In a flat stretch back from the ocean he found an acreage covered with a layer of hardpan. Like the marshland, it was of no value, unless one had the will and talent to work it. Year by year he had lightened the soil until it produced fine fruit and trees.

One Saturday afternoon George met Edith Kamada with her father in the lath house at the nursery. The striped sunlight fell across their faces and set bars of light on the dropped blossoms from the tuberous begonia plants. Edith stooped over the raised moist black bed and picked up a lemon-colored blossom. She put it in her smooth hair and looked up at him and smiled. The fluttering sunlight gave her face a watery unreality and beauty.

They were so much aware of each other 6 THE CALIFORNIA QUARTERLY that they missed most of Mr. Kamada's story of the early days of his nursery. He was as friendly as his son, with a tough fiber beneath the geniality. He had hoped, he said, that Fred would be interested in studying agriculture. But these young ones. All they thought of was good times. They were soft. But they could afford to be soft, because their fathers had not permitted themselves the luxury of relaxation. Mr. Kamada had left Japan when he was fourteen; he had not rested since then.

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After Edith left them, George and Mr. Kamada walked out between the rows of young trees. George asked his advice on putting out some crop of his own that summer. He wanted to make some money to pay his way through college.

"If you buy good seed and get enough fertilizer and insecticide, there's money in flowers," Kamada said. "Delphinium, maybe... " He stopped talking. He looked at the man who had been strolling through the orchard, and who seemed to be intensely interested in the soil and trees. For some reason Kamada resented the interest.

The man came up even with them and asked, "You Kamada?"

Kamada nodded. "Want to sell?" There was something unhurried and yet a little threatening in the simple question.

"No." The man presented a card that read Dustin McDermott. Kamada took the card in his hand, looked at it, but did not speak until they were alone again.

Kamada seemed very much affected by the scene. "He won't get this place," he said firmly.

George seemed puzzled."Well, I suppose there's nothing to make you sell it if you don't want to."

"So you think! So you think! The young 6 THE CALIFORNIA QUARTERLYRLY that they missed most of Mr. Kamada's story of the early days of his nursery. He was as friendly as his son, with a tough fiber beneath the geniality. He had hoped, he said, that Fred would be interested in studyingagriculture.Buttheseyoungones. All they thought of was good times. They were soft. But they could afford to be soft, because their fathers had not permitted themselves the luxury of relaxation. Mr. Kamada had left Japan when he was fourteen; he had not rested since then.

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George leased a field a short distance from his father's land and set out delphinium. When he took the flowers to market the buyers looked at the long stems and perfect blooms and paid what he asked. His father's savings, which George had borrowed for his venture, flowed back and doubled. The second year there was a hired man named Honda working all the time with the flowers. Sometimes Honda's son Sego, George's age, came and wheedled money from his father, then disappeared.

That year George got his father to replace the tomatoes with celery. When it failed George was silent in defeat. It seemed unfair, for he and Kamada had considered all factors of soil composition and moisture. His father said nothing, he went back to tomatoes. "Some of these old timers do have a sixth sense," Kamada said jovially, shaking his head. He liked George, and approved of his interest in Edith.

In January before George graduated from high school he went over to Sawtelle, not far from the university, and looked for a field to plant. He found an acre not far from the Llewellyn airplane plant. He telephoned the real estate agent and was told the price, but when he gave his name the price was raised.

This was new to George, and humiliating. He wanted to protest. He wanted the agent to know that he wasn't one of those Japanesy kids. He was American. He was going to go to college. Standing by the phone after he had put down the receiver he winced at the rejection. Business, he realized for the first time, was not at all like school. Different codes prevailed; the rules and the language were new. He had been made to feel like an alien.

The young shoots of the delphinium were breaking through in his field in Palos Verdes. One morning he spaded up a row of them and got enough root divisions for his acre in Sawtelle. He dusted them with

sulphur and he and Honda drove to Sawtelle and set them out. They slept that night in the three-room house that was on the land.

George woke early. There was a pepper tree by the window on the north. He would cut it down soon. Pepper trees were hard to kill; you cut them down and they shot up again, almost overnight, it seemed. You really had to burn out the stumps. Nothing much would grow under pepper trees. It was funny he had never been able to get his father to cut down the tree by the sheds at Palos Verdes. He smiled, thinking of his father, who could speak so fondly of wheat that had grown in San Bernardino years ago. He got up and looked out the window. Someone had planted narcissus bulbs, common paper whites, from the steps all the way out to the picket fence in front. His father would like that. He would work with those bulbs, whose flowers at best brought in only about five cents a dozen.

Several weeks later when he drove his father over, Yoshi saw first the pepper tree, and his face lighted, then the narcissus in bloom. He agreed then to lease his place in Palos Verdes to Honda, his helper, and come to Sawtelle with his son.

How George could abandon the whole field of delphinium at Palos Verdes that he had worked on so hard and which had paid him so well, was beyond Yoshi; he had never abandoned anything he ever put in the soil.

George humored his father. He did not cut down the pepper tree.

Just before George enrolled at the university Germany invaded Poland. "It won't spread over here," George said.

"It's not our fight, thank goodness," Edith said.

"It'll catch up with us. Get as much school as you can," Kamada urged them. "Our people have to know twice as much as the other fellow or we don't have a chance."

George and Edith looked at him with surprise. It was the first time he had ever put into words that there was not equal opportunity.

Turning away from Yoshi's habits of poverty and peasant apprehension, which kept his muscles and spirit ready for adversity, George had accepted the new ways. Now he saw that back of the new ways was the same apprehension.

But in school, at dances, at beach parties in the summer with the wood fires shining equally on all, his belief in equality was renewed.

In September of that second year of college Selective Service was enacted, and they began calling the upper-classmen into the peacetime army. Edith's brother Fred went the first month. George would be twenty-one next summer. He would go then.

"War will come. You can see it," George George sat down on the bare floor by his father's cot. "I'm thinking of going to work at Llewellyn," he said.

told Edith. Each time they drove up the beach road, widened and straightened for troop movements, and past the sprawling Llewellyn airplane plant, Edith moved closer to George.

As soon as school was out George drove one day past the plane plant. In the two years of European war it had expanded to cover new wild oat fields, and the newly subdivided land nearby was blossoming with white stucco, two-bedroom houses all stingy-windowed and neatly landscaped. There was a new brisk air about the district. George knew that he would not be able to keep his acre long, no matter what came.

He went into the plant one day, out of curiosity, and looked at the large transport plane on the runway by the hangars. He asked a clerk if they were hiring anyone. "Next week," he said.

When George got home that evening he went to the alcove room where his father slept. The single window was only a few feet from the lath house, and he could smell the damp rich humus in the flats of primrose and cineraria.

On the wall of the room were tacked some of Yoshi's few possessions, a picture of Haru, his wife, at the age of ten, before she came to America, and half a dozen pictures of her relatives in Yamaguchi. It amused George that his father should display pictures of in-laws he had never met. He had not seen it as a symbol of his father's loneliness. There was also the wedding picture taken on Main Street. In a carved wooden box on the floor were a dozen letters that Haru had received from her brother after he returned to Japan. They were in Japanese, written twenty years ago, and the thin paper was brittle with age. Once George showed them to Edith and they laughed together.

Yoshi looked into the face of his son. George too felt the moment of closeness. There was something permanent about his father, durable, like the pepper trees that refused to die.

"A factory," Yoshi said with dismay. "All day you will be under a roof."

"But out of the rain," George reminded him cheerfully.

"The rain is better on the head than unnatural light," Yoshi said.

"I'm under unnatural light at the university."

"Ah, but that will make of you a scholar, and you can sit then in your own garden under a tree in bloom and read from books."

George smiled at his father. He had not the heart to disenchant him.

George went to work at Llewellyn in the heat-treat department. He watched the temperature of the oven, and recorded the times that metal parts were put in. When it was time to remove something Old Pete would say, "Got to take a look at the biscuits," and open the oven door.

George liked to watch him use the Rockwell machine to test the parts for hardness after heat-treatment. He asked if he could try it.

"What do you think it is? A plaything for kids?" Pete spat.

George got used to the bitter smell of the quenched metal and the continual dampness of the floor and air. In the fall he decided to stay on rather than return to college.

They were working faster and harder all through the plant. The employment of- THE CALIFORNIA QUARTERLY 9 fice had taken over two more rooms from Recreation. The field was thick with planes in final assembly or for flight test. Men speaking foreign languages were being shown constantly through the plant by the engineers. There were daily rumors of fabulous orders of planes. More acres nearby had sprouted with new stucco houses. There was a sense of war. George knew, as if he had always known, that war would come for him soon. School was no longer to be considered.

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Edith's father had a different attitude. "When it comes, it comes, and in the meantime stick to school and the nursery business." Lately he had lost all his zest. He had grown suspicious of the men who worked for him, and at home he was irritable.

"George is getting more good out of Llewellyn than he would out of a nursery," Edith said.

"Don't talk when you know nothing," Kamada said.

After six days at the plant, George had little interest in flowers. A large nursery wanted to buy root divisions from him, and week after week he had put off digging them. Finally he set aside a Sunday morning for the work.

He got up and took a shower under a spray he had rigged up in the lath house, and then got into slacks and a sports shirt. He went to a Thrifty Drug Store and had coffee and read the comics, then the news.

He stopped by Edith's on his way home. She was in a sun suit in the back yard, studying for a psychology examination. He sat down on the swing beside her and put his arm around her.

All at once they leaned together in the daylight and kissed.

"Let's get married now," George said. "I promised I'd wait."

They had a beach towel in the car, and they bought bottled cokes and sandwiches at a road stand. They climbed down the rocks at the Point to the sandy beach and there they spread out the towel. The tide was out, and they tried to pry an abalone off the rocks, but the spray caught them before they could escape.

They took off their wet clothes and ran for the water. The beach was rough and so shallow that they could lie on their stomachs on the rocky floor and support their heads on their elbows. They lay close together, the form and color of their bodies clear under the water. Fishing boats came near shore, and Edith hid her face as they pulled in close.

George moved his hands over her, caressing her, and feeling his hand caressed by the waves. "They can't see you, Edie- Oh, Edie, why do we have to wait?"

"I don't want to wait either, but-" "Then we won't." She raised her face. "After school's out. I'll talk Dad into it. In June. I promise."

The fact that she wanted him was unbelievable and wonderful. "You really do want me too," he said, the words and the idea choking him.

"Yes, I do." Her tone was almost prim, and she removed his hand from her bare waist and dropped it into the water. "Why? Are you shocked?"

"No. It's the first time I ever-well, I never thought of it." But the knowledge of being desired was something he knew would not leave his consciousness for a minute, even when he slept.

They dressed when their clothes were dry, and walked back to the car, arm in arm. June, they said, was a promise.

As they were getting into the car, they were struck suddenly by a shower of rocks. They turned in amazement. It was a group of boys. They were picking up more rocks.

George shielded Edith. "Stop, you brats!" he cried.

"This is a sneak attack," one boy said, aiming another rock.

George ran at them, and they fled. "Crazy." George turned on the car radio. It was time for Charlie McCarthy.

They heard then that Japan had attacked Pearl Harbor.

Edith's house was dark when they got home. George parked the car around the corner and they walked stealthily onto the porch. In the shadow they stopped to embrace.

He thought then of her. "Will you be all right?" She shivered, and he held her hands up to his face.

"George, George, what will happen?" The door opened and Edith's mother whispered, "Come in, Edith." She spoke in Japanese. The family sat in a close dark circle, not speaking.

"Why do you sit in the dark?" Edith asked. She too spoke in Japanese, although she had scorned it from the time she entered public school.

"Silence!" her mother commanded, and she was quiet.

Mrs. Kamada had never spoken sternly before. Edith turned to look for her father in the darkness. He was slumped down in the overstuffed chair. Her mother said resolutely in Japanese, "Let us keep close in spirit wherever we may be. We shall be together again some day after the war."

George went home. His father was leaning against the tool shed in the dark, looking at the sky.

George slept little. At six he got up and dressed and started to the cafe for breakfast.

He ordered the Number Three breakfast. The girl behind the counter did not look at him. He moved down by the juke box and looked to see if the records had been changed since Friday. There was a silence in the cafe that he had not the courage to investigate. He kept his eyes on the juke box and waited. He would eat his breakfast and go at once. After five minutes he had still not been served. The waitress was busy at the other end of the counter. He said politely, "May I have Number Three?"

The kitchen man stepped through the swinging door and said belligerently to George, "If you go on bothering the waitress I'll call the police."

George got up. He heard the kitchen man say, "We should kill all of them."

At Llewellyn there was a different feeling. Old Pete let George take some parts out of the oven and test them on the pressure machine. "Anyone can work the thing," he said, "there's nothing to it."

Several men George knew only slightly came up to tell him they were certain he was not sympathetic with the surprise attack on Pearl Harbor. "But that don't mean there aren't plenty of Japs here that are, no fooling." For a moment George was shocked at their defense of him.

At noon he went across to the cafeteria and telephoned Edith from a booth. There was no answer. A radio was on, and someone spoke from Washington, where Congress was in session. There was only one vote against declaration of war. George was angry that one person should have prevented the vote from being unanimous. Finally the operator said the number George was calling was out of order.

As he crossed the street to go back to work, a man leaned out of his car and spat at George. He passed a clerk in the yard. She looked at him steadily, her pink face frozen with contempt. He was glad to be back among those who defended him.

That evening he found that his father had eaten nothing all day, and had sat in the dark tool shed. George went to the big market for fruit and vegetables and chops. The Japanese were gone from the fruit stand. He waited half an hour at the meat counter but was not served. He took the vegetables home and cooked them for his father. Yoshi seemed older, and dazed. His eyes were a little bleary. "Let's do everything the way we always did," George said. "That's the only way. You look after the flowers and I'll keep on at my job at Llewellyn."

As George was setting out in his car for Edith's a man drove up. He was from the finance company. He asked George to give him the final payment for the car. George flushed angrily. "But I have a contract," he said.

"We were working out a contract with the Japs in Washington at the time you stabbed us in the back. Just pay up."

George said he would see him the next day. He had six hundred dollars in the bank. He owed four hundred on the car.

Edith's house was dark. On the porch he put his face to the screen door and stood for a moment listening to the voices inside. He opened the door and saw Edith's father sitting in the same chair in the same position he had been in the night before. Edith was talking to him. George touched her arm and asked, "Is he sick?"

Edith began to cry, and George tried to comfort her.

They sat together with the lights off and talked softly. Edith told George about the day at school. A professor had called all the Japanese students together and urged them to be inconspicuous and not to laugh among themselves in the study hall or library. "As if anyone could!"

Her father stirred from his lethargy and said, "You don't know what it is to be beaten."

George apologized-for what, he did not know.

Later two of Kamada's workmen from the nursery came in. Orders had been turned back that day. People who were owed as little as five dollars came to demand immediate payment.

George listened in growing anger. He told them about his car. "There is nothing I can do but go to the bank and draw out the money and pay him."

"The bank!" Kamada said. He began to laugh, at first lightly, then harshly.

Mrs. Kamada pulled him up from the chair. She led him across the room to the stairs in the hall. At the landing he called to George, "There are no banks for us any more. Today our money was frozen."

They continued to speak in whispers after the Kamadas had left the room. The gardeners told of the rumors. Raids had started, they said. Shima, who owned the big restaurant in town, had been taken into custody. They found things-who knows what-in his house. Everyone must be careful. Who knew what interpretation the FBI would put on themostinnocentthing?

"And now they say they will close the temples. Already the people are afraid to go to the Shinto and Buddhist temples. They go instead to the Christian churches to pray. Today they are crowded."

"It's just hysteria," George said, then remembered the things, beyond belief a few days ago, that had happened to him.

"Oh, but it is true," the gardener said. "They picked up men at the big celery farm and took them to jail, and there were only women and children left. They can hire no one to help. The celery will rot in the field."

"A ten-thousand-dollar investment," the other gardener said. "And the newspapers will say that it is sabotage to let the crops go unpicked. But who cares for the crops now? Ah, but the land! When it was a naked field they didn't want it. But now that it's irrigated and planted, their eyes eat it up."

"The dogs are loose," the first gardener said.

"The dogs?" Edith asked. The commonplace word frightened her.

"The informers," George explained. "Who do they inform, and of what?" "It is nothing. People pay off grudges by telling the authorities real or imagined treason," George said.

"They believe the dogs and not us," the gardener said. "They say the dogs informed on Shima."

It was completely unreal-intrigue, rumors, truths mixed with half-truths. But the terror was real.

The terror touched everything. It was back of all the words spoken. It lay close to the center of their eyes. They heard it in footsteps and saw it everywhere in the darkness. When George kissed Edith goodnight, the terror was like a rope around them, binding them together in helplessness. They talked little, but their language had undergone a subtle change. It was the language of subjection, which they had never before had the need to learn.

When he was gone she wanted to run after him. For the feeling had come to her that he might die. It was like a crushing blow; she could not move. Finally she went back into the house. She undressed in the dark and lay looking out of her window into the blacked-out night.

When George got home he saw chalked on the door JAP GET OUT. He went into the dark house, into his father's room, and touched the hard cot. It was empty. He stood for a second listening, hearing danger in all the familiar sounds. Where was his father? Was he too being questioned?

It was possible. Everything now seemed possible.

George's eyes adjusted gradually to the light from the distant streetlamp, and he made out the picture of his mother on the wall. Beside it was the picture of his grandparents and his uncle. He thought of the letters written in Japanese which his father had kept.

He was struck with panic. He stripped the family photographs from the walls, and searched for the carved wooden box that contained the letters. He ran through the door and out through the dark garden to the trash burner, where he dumped the photographs and the box. He struck a match. In desperation he broke open the box, wadded up the thin letters into balls. He struck another match, and the flames caught and spread.

All over the city, throughout the state, all along the coast little fires burned. Peo- Yoshi saw the fire and ran out of the tool shed. He came

close and looked at the charred cardboard. He gave a small cry and thrust his hand into the fire. George caught his father's wrist and held it.

The cardboard blazed and curled back quietly in thin rolls, and at last collapsed into the ash of the letters. Only the box waited its turn. When it was burned George stumbled into the house and fell into bed.

His father went back to the shed. Beside him on the ground was a small package of food, a rolled nightshirt and his wedding photograph.

If they came for him he was ready to go.

[III] K

AMADA seldom left the house.

One morning he said, as if in warning to his wife, "Watch out for McDermott. He will be coming soon."

"Who is Mr. McDermott?" she asked. "You will know him. He will look over the orchards."

Mrs. Kamada tried to manage the nursery alone. Every day there was some incident. Someone dumped a flat of pansies and trampled them, someone snapped off the fuchsias. She stretched a banner across the gate WE ARE LOYAL AMERICANS. It was ripped down the first night.

One evening as they were locking up, two men walked in. They knocked Mrs. Kamada to the floor, beat up the two gardeners and took the money from the safe.

The news seemed to paralyze Kamada. Fred could not get a leave from camp, so Edith decided to give up school and help her mother. Others were leaving school.

Constant apprehension made study impossible. Some of the Japanese-American students kept repeating that the government would not be moved by the hysteria, but they knew that already they were under daily surveillance.

Most of Edith and George's meetings had a secretive air. They spent their evenings in movies at first, but the hisses and angry comments shadriven them away. To escape the oppressiveness of their homes they drove up to the palisades, or sometimes parked on Sunset Boulevard. Once a motorcycle policeman pulled up beside the car and flashed a light on their faces.

Impaled on the beam, they were speechless. Then all at once searchlights played across the sky from its four corners, lifting the center of the sky to a far, unknown point.

They were more shaken by the lights than the order to go home.

One day photographers came to the Nakais while George was at work. They questioned Yoshi, who was by his shed, then they asked him to put his hand on a length of pipe, and took his picture. When George left work that evening he saw his father's picture on the front page of the paper, and the caption, "Japanese admits manufacture of guns." A reporter pointed to the Nakai clothesline in another photograph, which he said was a sending aerial found in a Sawtelle hideaway near Llewellyn Aircraft Co. They had even photographed a sack of insecticide in the Nakai's storage shed, and captioned it, "One spoonful would kill the whole police force."

When George got home his father was not there. Yoshi did not return that night. Early in the morning George heard a car stop in front of the house and went out too. He is eighty-five and fought in the Russian war. He is deaf and almost blind."

quickly. There were two men walking toward the garden.

"I always like to get a piece of land after a Jap's had it," one said, fixing an admiring gaze on the neat garden.

Yoshi was missing for three weeks. Every day George called the police and the FBI. Finally he asked the Llewellyn company to help. That evening Yoshi was at home. He seemed completely confused when George asked him where he had been. He was smaller and more wrinkled; his khaki pants, stuck into tightly wrapped khaki leggings, hung loosely on him.

The next week the district where they lived was declared a military area. George looked for a place for him and his father to move. Yoshi stood for minutes at a time looking at the new shoots of delphinium, at the pepper tree, at the drying tops of the narcissus, past their bloom.

George found a small double house ten blocks away, out of the restricted area. He and Yoshi started to pack. One morning they saw a woman in the lath house digging her fingers into the sandy soil of the cineraria. There was also a man in the kitchen looking into the refrigerator.

"Want to sell? You got to sell," they said. "You're all going to be put in a camp somewhere."

George knew it was true. So did Yoshi. But they were angry and speechless.

Yoshi's land in Palos Verdes was in a military area, since it was close to the ocean. Sego Honda came one day to tell them that his father had been arrested and accused of sending signals from Yoshi's field with a flashlight.

"Someone may have signaled. Someone else. We have no flashlight," Sego Honda said.

"They arrested the school teacher yesterday," he went on. "And old Murakami, There were many offers for the Kamada nursery. Usually a phone call came from someone who pretended to be the police giving them a friendly tip." "You're going to have to move sooner than you thought. You'd better start packing:" Then a man appeared and made them an offer of a few thousand dollars for a nursery worth twenty-five thousand.

They refused coldly and politely. One day a prospective buyer said, "In a few days my offer will look good to you. The big nurseries will never give you any such price."

Others came that morning to make offers, men not too affluent, and a little surreptitious. There was a feeling of hurry in them. At noon one of the gardeners came to tell them about the new White Nurserymen's Association. All the big nurseries were gathering a fund to buy out the Japanese for a few cents on the dollar.

Mrs. Kamada went home to talk to her husband. He was asleep. She turned the blades of the venetian blind at his win... <low, and the sun striped down onto his face. He opened his eyes and sprang up.

"Do not be alarmed," his wife said, and pressed him back onto the bed. Then she told him about the new association.

He was silent for a while, then he said resignedly, "Better deal with the people who want a bargain than with the associations. They come in and take what they want on their terms."

"We could wait," Mrs. Kamada said. "Waiting will change nothing." He lay back. "I can lie here and smell the things in the air. I knew it was time for McDermott."

"There is no McDermott." "It doesn't matter what he calls himself. I've met him many times. With the Associated Farmers. With the Fruitgrowers Association. Now the White Nurserymen's Association." He began to laugh.

"Be calm," his wife said. "We are together."

Kamada looked at his hands spread out useless on the bed cover. McDermott had found him in the Santa Clara Valley and he had found him in the Sacramento Delta. When the Alien Land Act was passed, McDermott had got the land that had once whipped sand into one's teeth, until Kamada had made the berries grow. McDermott had got the marshland, once it was made rich.

"When I came here I thought I had lost him." Kamada turned his face away.

Late that afternoon the Kamada nursery was sold for three thousand dollars.

IAfter Edith had turned over the keys to the new owner she drove to George's street. She parked her car a block from his house and waited to see him pass on his way home from work. She did not want to talk to Yoshi. The older people were so pathetic, so confused, she thought, either retreating as her father had, or becoming heartbreakingly heroic, like her mother.

Since the Nakais had moved, Yoshi sat outside the back door a great deal on a straight kitchen chair, looking at nothing. Once he had gone through the blacked-out streets at night to their old place to find a spade. It was long past the curfew when he came home, and George was angry at him.

Yet Edith felt closer to her parents than she ever had before. At times she envied her brother Fred. She had received a letter from him the day before from Missouri, where he was now stationed. He was in the anti-tank division and was stationed in the Arizona desert for maneuvers until March. He wanted Edith to join him in Missouri, find a place to live, and then send for their parents. He said there was less hysteria in Missouri than on the West Coast.

George was late. Edith watched the city truck stop before a street light, and raise a ladder, and a man climbed up and began painting the bottom part of the light globe with black paint.

At last George came. He saw her car and pulled up behind it and got out. He slid in beside her and put his arms around her and kissed her. The buttons on his brown cotton shirt pressed into her face, and she smelled the mixed comforting smell of acid and sweat.

"I'm dirty," he said in apology. "You're fine," she assured him. "Except you're getting thin."

She told him then about Fred's letter. He held her close to him. "Don't go," he begged. "Anything could happen to you."

But the next day there was no need to make a decision. They were all frozen in the area. They would not be permitted to move until the not too distant day when they were all sent to relocation centers.

It seemed fairly certain to be the desert. Most inland states had refused to have them. The desert was generous. Edith and her mother bought a trailer, as did many others, and had an air-conditioning unit installed. Behind a sliding partition was a wide, comfortable couch where Kamada could lie.

Then all at once the date was set forward and an order issued that no cars or trailers could be taken. In the disastrous rush to sell, the Kamadas lost nearly everything. They had tried to store the car, but no garage would store it indoors. It would have to be left in the open, without insurance.

The automobile seemed to be the last possession that tied them into the old life, and Edith parted with it reluctantly.

On evacuation day, George and his father went early to Pershing Square. Many of the evacuees gathered there before going to the railroad station. Their baggage, roped and tagged, extended the length of the block. Children, wrapped in warm clothes to keep out the penetrating morning fog wore identification tags tied to a button of their coats. The older children had marks of tears, and a new resentment in their eyes. The grownups had retreated behind an expressionless mask, one they would wear for many months.

George searched for Edith and her mother and father. They had planned to meet by the statue of the Unknown Soldier. The Kamadas were not there. George walked again along the curved path, past the green benches, all filled with bundles or sleeping children or old people.

His people. Not Americans, but nothing. Most of them had never been in Japan. Japan was not their country.

As the train moved through the outskirts of Los Angeles, then into the towns, backed with the distant Sierra Madre Mountains, George walked through the cars looking now frantically for Edith. He saw a number of students from the university-Frank Iba and his brother Kenoshi. And on the last coach was Sego Honda. He was in a crap game in the aisle at the back.

Edith was not on the train. He looked again and again, until they reached their destination-Santa Anita. There they were to remain until the relocation camps farther inland were ready.

George and Edith had gone with Kamada to the races once. George could see from the train the road they had driven, and he recalled how they had bought tickets at the pari-mutuel window.

After the evacuees had arrived at Santa Anita, they were taken from the train to the stables. The stalls had been whitewashed and turned into living quarters. The asphalt floors reeked with the mixed smell of disinfectant and horses.

George and Yoshi were assigned to a unit twelve by twenty-four feet. With them in the unit would live a family of a mother, father, grandmother, and four children. The grandmother, exhausted from the trip, was lying on the army cot, her head propped up with coats and bundles, and as the parents tried to open the small windows of the stall, the children fanned her. She kept gasping for breath; the children fanned harder.

Yoshi walked across the grown-over race track out into the center field. Night settled on the mountains, and Orion started his nightly march across the sky.

A guard told him to go inside.

The Kamadas arrived late that night.

When they had left their home for the last time in the morning, it was Edith and her mother who looked back in anguish at the Spanish house with its neatly clipped eugenia hedge and the firethorn by the door. The venetian blinds, behind which were the new black-out curtains, were shut tight, and the name Kamada on the mailbox had already been painted out and Anderson lettered over it.

Edith and her mother cried, clinging together. Kamada said philosophically, "The young people will come back. Maybe not the old ones, but Edith and Fred will."

He reached out and comforted his wife. He was thin and melancholy looking after weeks in his room, but now that he was out of doors he seemed to have recovered some of his old zest.

He recalled their trip to the Sacramento station when they left the north. It had been May then too, a crisp winey May, and the crops were just in. There was a high fog the day they had got in the old stone Southern Pacific station in Los Angeles.

He began to talk then of Japan. His first hope had been to return some day to his own village.

"Everything would have been changed," Mrs. Kamada said.

"You wouldn't have liked it," Edith said.

"When I gave up that hope I decided Fred should go back for me. I had worked not for myself but for him, I thought. He would go back and study. The things I had saved to do would be his to do. It did not work out so. As he grew up he was not what I had thought he would be at all. He was American. He was not interested in the old ways. Perhaps it was better."

"Yes, better," Mrs. Kamada said in Japanese.

As he talked he had grown pale and his words almost stopped. "What is it?" Mrs. Kamada asked anxiously.

He complained then of a pain in his chest. Before they could ask him more, he had fallen over onto his wife.

They went to a precinct police station, where a doctor was called. The doctor arrived some hours later and gave Kamada an injection of nitroglycerin.

"His heart," the doctor explained to Edith. "Is this his first attack?" She nodded. "He should have rest."

The Kamadas stayed all day in the small precinct office with their bundles about them. In the evening another doctor looked at Kamada and pronounced him able to travel. They drove to the new railroad station with its massive blank tower and courtyard planted with olive trees. There were still many Japanese waiting for the train to Santa Anita.

When the Kamadas arrived at Santa Anita they were assigned to a small cubicle. Edith and her mother set up one of the army cots and arranged Kamada. Edith went then to Luggage Inspection to find things her father needed. After she was gone he complained to his wife that the pain in his chest had returned. She ran frantically in search of a doctor.

Alone in the cubicle, Kamada rose and began to remove his suspenders. He unfastened them slowly and examined the tough weave of the fabric. He walked in stocking feet across the cold asphalt floor and looked at the harness pegs by the manger. He stood on tiptoe and fastened one end of the suspenders around the peg, and with the other he made a noose, which he slipped over his head.

On the watch towers guards stood with machine guns in front of them. The beams of searchlights crossed and criss-crossed one another, throwing patterns of light onto the stable walls and roofs, onto the sleeping and sleepless faces, onto Kamada as he stood with a noose around his neck.

Kamada closed his eyes and dropped to his knees. His knees never reached the floor.

The day of the funeral a Methodist minister from Los Angeles was admitted through the barbed wire. It was raining, and he and the mourners were drenched as they walked through the paddock to the harness. There was a deep silence over the camp, broken only by the rain peppering the roof of the empty grandstand and clubhouse, and the wind crackling through the palm trees. The sound of the guards' feet was suddenly very heavy as it mixed with the minister's words: "Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine ene- George took Edith's hand and held it hard. Later he turned her face away from the road where her father's body had been carried back to Los Angeles for cremation.

"You can't stand there in the rain and look at nothing. That's not going to bring him back, Edie."

"Take me home," she said. Then she repeated bitterly, "Home."

"Wait. I've got to talk to you. We've got to decide what we'll do."

Edith dropped her head against him. "They decide for us."

"Let's get married. As soon as we can." "And live in one room with a lot of other people?"

"We've got to. Otherwise they may send us to different camps."

They stood in the center of the rainy path and embraced.

George left her with her mother and went to the office to ask permission to marry Edith the next day. No provision for marriage could be made for many months.

In the weeks that followed, George was careful not to express any of his bitterness to Edith. She was apathetic. Her usual fastidiousness was forgotten, and she went around day after day in the same cotton slack suit. George tried to cheer her, but his own spirits were too low. Sometimes they went to the evening concert of recordings in the grandstand, and sat close together. Then when George got measles there were two weeks when they did not meet.

He was in a makeshift hospital ward in a cot next to Frank Iba, an engineering student he had known at college. After a few days they put a chess board on the floor between them, and Iba taught George all the openings and answers.

Frank Iba's father had taught in a Japanese school in Washington, and planned for his four sons to be educated in Japan. Frank and Kenoshi went back first, and although Kenoshi liked it, Frank returned and entered u.c.L.A. Last year their mother took their two younger brothers back to Japan. She was homesick for America, and finally she and the children sailed for home on the Tatsuta Maru. War broke out before they reached the United States, and the boat was turned back. That was the last they heard of their mother and two brothers.

Once Kenoshi came in and talked to them. He spoke quietly, but moved his delicate hands in a way to express great scorn as he talked. California's history was the history of the vigilante, he said. "The agricultural economy is based on a subject race the Indians, the Chinese, the Japanese, the Mexicans. They must be used as slave labor, and if they ever attempt to reach anything beyond slave labor, they are crushed."

"I'm third generation. My grandfather was one of the first Japanese to come over. My father was born near San Bernardino," George said.

"Then you should know what I'm talking about. Your father cleared the land. What does he have to show for it?"

"Nothing," George said. "There hasn't been a session of the legislature that they haven't tried to pass some anti-Japanese measure. And they were all based on lies. The most transparent lies. They said we depressed land values. But in reality we raised the productivity of the land. They said we couldn't be assimilated. We've changed our clothes, we've changed our food, we've changed our education and even our religion. But they still call us 'bandy-legged slant-eyes.' I say let us go back to our own country. To Japan. Let us go back to dignity," Kenoshi said.

"That's back to militarism," Frank said. "We'll never be accepted as American here, my brother."

"It has begun. There are many signs." "Where? When?" Kenoshi demanded. "They accepted us during the last war when we were allies. They accepted our fathers' help. How did they repay it? As soon as the Versailles Treaty was signed, they passed a new Alien Land Act against us. Then in 1924 they stopped immigration. Is that acceptance, my dear brother?"

All the men on the cots were silent, their eyes bitter beneath guarded brows.

Frank Iba protested, "If laws are passed restricting us, the people as a whole do not hate us."

"They were taught to hate *us* from the very moment when we stopped being fruit and ramps and started being small landowners," Kenoshi said.

"Then we will always be hated," George said.

Kenoshi got up to go. "Well, it is all only words. At the moment we are stuck in a concentration camp." Then he remembered that he had brought George a note from Edith.

"Darling," she wrote, "Fred is being discharged from the army." George read through the letter hastily for words of love. They were few and perfunctory. Now that their daily habit of being together was broken, George realized that his and Edith's mingled presence had been a kind of guywire that steadied their unstable hopes.

Finally Edith and her mother got news that they were being transferred to Brewster Camp. Edith waited for word from George as to where he would go. Late in the afternoon, when he had not come, she was certain they were going to be separated.

She went to find him. He was lying on the ground under a tree, looking toward the mountains. His face was somber.

She was relieved when he told her he too was assigned to Brewster. "Why didn't you tell me at once?" she cried.

"I had forgotten that I mattered to anyone else," he said truthfully.

She sat down on the ground beside him, and put her fingers on his face. Touching him, she felt reassured.

"It will be all right," she said, thinking all at once how much she sounded like her mother.

"People get used to anything," George said morosely. "Even exile. I've been thinking of all the people who have been exiled since the beginning of the world and how they felt. And the exiles in this country the Negroes, and the way they were sold and the families separated."

"They weren't looked on as human beings."

"They don't think of us as human beings either." He clenched his fists. "How do we know they won't take us out and lynch us the way they do the Negroes. It could happen. Maybe they've planned it to happen. How do we know? A few sticks Edith began to cry and beg George to stop. He was silent. They stayed on and on as the day grayed down and the neutral light dissolved the mountains. She was aware then that a wind had blown in off the desert, a soft Santa Ana carrying the warm smell of acacia trees in bloom. It brought the end of spring.

George caught it too. He got up. He said, his voice heavy with loss, "Sometimes you love it so much that it tears you in two... But I'll never come back. Never. Never. This is the last spring I'll ever see here."

In May they crossed the Sierras, and after a long wait at a desert way station, they drove in the bus along a road by the irrigation ditch, lined with cottonwood and tamarisk. There was a high bank of dust on the other side of the road, which swirled up and covered the tamarisks, and made them as silver as the under side of cottonwood leaves.

In the late afternoon they came to a small village of a few houses, with oleanders and eucalyptus trees in the yard, and a saloon and a garage and a general store squeezed together on a hundred-foot front. With the vastness of the desert it was strange to see the buildings crouching together-almost the way the evacuees did in the bus. As the bus passed through the towns and villages, with people coming close to

look in through the windows, they too had pushed together in feeling and interests. They had talked at moments quite hopefully, while the dusty roads wound through meadows with cattle and fields of green corn. Then the desert deepened and the trees were gone and the oleanders were gone, and there were only mesquite and creosote bushes. The heat lay heavily on the land and they were apprehensive.

The irrigation ditch stopped presently and they began to go down from the plateau, and in the evening they could see the river winding shallowly away from the mountains they had seen in the distance in the morning.

The sun was gone and the heat was finally gone, and in the beginning coolness the busses drove into the clearing that was Brewster Camp. It was five square miles of dusty bareness. There was not a tree, not a bush, only hundreds of tar paper barracks.

Whirlwinds caught the dust and peppered it into the faces of the people as they got out of the bus. They filed into the mess hall to be assigned to their barracks.

George and his father learned they were to live with five other people.

Their room was twenty by twenty-five feet in area, with a floor of bare boards. There were knotholes in the floor and walls. George looked at the objects assigned to him. An army cot, a blanket, and a sack to be filled with straw for a mattress.

That was all.

[I I I]

BREWSTER no one was required to work. But after the first shock of being uprooted and dropped into the desert, most of the evacuees signed up for tasks.

Edith was placed in charge of a children's ward. There were sixteen children, most of whom were permanently hospitalized. Edith was on day duty, working usually from seven in the morning until seven at night. There was relief when the mother of one of the children came in and offered her services for an hour. Six of the children were post-polio cases, others had cardiac ailments, bone diseases and one a blood disease.

Edith tacked children's drawings on the bare walls of the two rooms, and gathered books from children outside for a library. Once she wrote

letters to several publishers begging for books, but none of them was answered.

She conducted classes every morning before the heat got too intense. The children ranged from kindergarten age to the ninth grade. She taught them arithmetic, geography, grammar. In the late afternoon the older children read to the younger ones, and heard their reading and spelling.

After supper the doctor looked in, and a nurse came to help Edith massage the post-polio children and train her to give them exercises.

One child, Yuki, was born in Japan of an American-born mother. Yuki had been brought to California for a bone operation just before Pearl Harbor. Her mother died soon after their arrival.

Yuki seemed strange to the other children. She was learning English. She barely knew the difference between the Lone Ranger and Superman.

In the heat of the afternoon the metal braces worn by the six post-polio children After supper when the toys and books had been put away and the children were ready for sleep, Edith sat in the dark waiting for the night attendant to relieve her. She could smell the heat of the children's bodies; it mixed with the smell of tar paper and uncollected garbage and the distant sewage lagoon.

In the dark she was afraid. Was this to be all?

She turned on the light quickly, shaded it so as not to wake the children, then began reading the compositions they had written that day. Irene Okimoto's was about the dog she had brought from Glendale. "Roughy sleeps on his back with his stomach in the air. He likes to eat ice cream. I don't know why. About five weeks ago Roughy was here with us, but he would wake up early in the morning about three o'clock and lick us around our faces. He wanted to go outside to play so he had to go home. Roughy surely had a sad face when he left us. I am hoping to see him again."

Irene was eleven. She had got very tall. When her new braces came she would go to live with her family in their barracks. The other children had spent most of their lives in hospitals, where they had developed unwavering cheerfulness. Yuki was the only sad child. Now the doctor said she had an abscess on the bone, and as soon as bone was available from the bone bank, he would operate.

At last the night attendant came, and Edith went to her own block. As she 22 THE CALIFORNIA QUARTERLY got very hot. Sometimes Edith walked down the row of barracks to the washroom and filled a pail with water and flowed it over the warped green wood of the floor. The children leaned forward eagerly to watch the water race for the knotholes. The heat stayed on long after sundown.

When she went into her barracks Fred was there talking to their mother. He had been gone for six days, being questioned by officials in Washington about his application for intelligence work with the Army.

Edith saw that he was in uniform again. "I'm so glad," she said, and embraced him fondly.

They all sat down in the dark." It may be a long time before we get together again," Fred said.

"We must not say that," said Mrs. Kamada.

But they all knew it was true, and they were silent. Edith noticed even in the darkness that Fred held himself straighter in uniform than he had in the work clothes he wore working with the experimental agricultural outfit.

George worked with a group that made adobe brick for the school. They dug the. adobe, mixed it and poured it into brick molds.

George's bitterness fed on small daily happenings reports that the food was better in the Caucasians' mess hall; that the Caucasians had furniture in their quarters while their own were bare.

Laborers had been promised twelve dollars a month, clerical help sixteen, and professional nineteen, but months had passed and no one had been paid. There was talk of cool offices where the Caucasians worked, and regular pay checks.

As a boy George saved; he had made plans. He had slept in a little room and worked long weekends with a hoe so he could have a college education. Now the hope was ended. He let the adobe earth grind into his clothes and face and hands. He let the words of the state university president eat into his stomach. "We want no part of any plan to continue the education of the evacuees. They stabbed us in the back."

In the end, Sego Honda had fared better, George thought. Sego had dug out a place under the warehouse, where men gathered to escape the afternoon heat, sometimes 108° in the shade in June. There was usually a

crap game going on, and Sego never wanted for money. Kenoshi Iba was often there, making acrid comments on the selfgoverning council, which had grown from a poor start in Santa Anita, to block committees. His brother Frank was a member of the committee.

One day Kenoshi brought George a newspaper with a story in it about an explosion at Crown City, a hundred miles away. Four people had been killed. The explosion was blamed on the evacuees at Brewster Camp.

"Now do you want to get out? Do you want to be at the mercy of those lynchers?"

George wadded the paper and threw it into the dusty road. Kenoshi Iba laughed and picked it up and smoothed it with his small fiberless fingers.

"The Japanese Government will see that we are paid damages. We will be reimbursed for everything," Kenoshi said.

When almost an acre of adobe brick had cured in the desert sun and been stacked in the sheds, Frank Iba came one day from the engineer's office with the plans for the school. His cheerfulness angered George.

"The school will not be built," George said. "In the end they want to reduce us to illiteracy. Pigs living in dirt houses."

"It would be better for you if you had not listened to my brother," Frank Iba said.

"Because we may be here a long time. We may be here five years. Ten years."

Ten years-a lifetime. And then what... "We have to build something here. Our own world. It's the only way."

But for George the world had become terrifyingly narrow. Now there was nothing left but a handful of barracks thrown down in the desert. A lost town; a reduced people.

The heat reached the highest point the last of August.

One evening George heard from Sego Honda that a new cooler had arrived in the warehouse for the children's ward. Edith was still at work. Yuki was worse, and now required constant care. No bone had arrived from the bone bank. It was all needed for soldiers injured in combat.

"We'll help install the cooler tomorrow," George told Edith. He looked past her toward Yuki's cot. "How is she?"

Edith shook her head. The night attendant said, "The heat dries the life right out of her."

"I'm going over to get the doctor," Edith told the attendant.

Georgewalked to the hospital with Edith. In the waiting room the doctor and nurse were trying to quiet the wife of a man who was in a diabetic coma. There had been no insulin in the hospital for a month.

The nurse motioned George and Edith outside. They all sat down on the steps together. "We're out of everything," the nurse said. "We haven't even got mor- I guess I'd better start getting things ready for her-what there is. I'll tell the doctor you want him to look at Yuki. It may be quite a while before he gets there."

After she was gone the pregnant woman came, and George got up and helped her climb the unrailed steps. She thanked him in Japanese and leaned her weight against him.

"My God, that might have been you," he said to Edith after the woman had gone in. Then, "You know I was pretty bitter after they told me in Santa Anita that we couldn't get married. But it's really better that we didn't."

"We can get married now," Edith said. "Not in a concentration camp." He nodded to the ward where the pregnant woman was being prepared for delivery. "Do you think I want you to go through that?"

There was a cry of pain, different from the cry of the woman whose husband was in the diabetic coma.

"It's going to begin," George said. He got up. "Let's get out of here."

Edith went back to the ward. All night she wrung out wet sheets to put over Yuki to bring down her fever. At one o'clock the child's temperature was 104°.

"The heat powders her bones," the night attendant whimpered.

"Go home," Edith said. When she was alone Edith went back to Yuki's cot and listened to the light breath that came from the little girl, as faint and hot as the Santa Ana wind off the California desert. As she stood there the sound became so faint that she had to lean forward to hear it. It became fainter and fainter, then stopped.

The heat stayed on in the body for a long time. It was still warm at daybreak when the two men came with a stretcher. They had a death warrant to be signed. Yuki was listed officially as an "enemy alien."

When they were gone Edith stripped the bed. Under the mattress were some pictures of Donald Duck cut from a magazine, and one of Superman throttling a cowering Japanese.

What was this country, she asked herself, that had seized the loyalties of a little girl who had arrived just before the evacuation? She had reached out avidly for everything American. She had even found sympathy for the comic character who throttled her father's people.

All of her own generation had done the same, Edith thought, scorning the old and running after the new. They had stood between two cultures, rejected by both. She wondered if there would ever be a place for them. They couldn't change their own modern ideas, which so displeased their parents, any more than they could change their oriental-featured faces, which had prejudiced most Caucasians against them. The next generation would have one advantage, they would have American-born parents.

She folded Yuki's things and put them in a box. Yuki enemy alien. She put the Donald Duck inside the absurd red patent leather pocketbook and snapped it shut and closed the box.

The next morning George was storing adobe bricks in a shed when he noticed that the men he worked with had all stopped and gone to join a group in the street. He followed.

The cooler intended for the children's of his gun. Edith stretched out her arms toward him and caught him as he started to fall.

The evacuees waited, locked together in speechlessness, all turning to George.

"What are we waiting for?" George said. "Let's get going." "We'll see who gets the cooler." They moved toward the block with the children's ward, their heavy shoes kicking up the dust on the hot street.

Already men were collected in front of the ward. There were several groups, and at the front of the largest was Sego Honda.

"We're going to get the cooler," he called to George.

"Let's go." Word came then that Yuki was dead. People pressed forward, and the word caught and multiplied Yuki was dead.

The crowd grew. They marched to the mess hall and swarmed through the doors and picked up the cooler and carried it out.

There was the sound of cars starting somewhere, and a fire siren blew in the distance, but the men bore the cooler up the steps and through the double doors into the children's ward.

"What is it?" the children cried. More men burst through the door. They were Caucasians in uniform and they carried guns.

"Put that cooler down. You are under arrest," an officer said.

"I'm putting it down," George said determinedly. "I'm putting it down where it's going to stay."

Edith ran forward and stepped between the officer and George. She looked at the gun one of the guards pointed at George.

The children screamed and then hid their faces in the hot pillows.

Another officer pushed past Edith and struck George on the head with the butt. Cars stopped outside the children's ward and ambulance doors opened, as if they had been ready and waiting to open for a long time.

Guards shouted and the people pressed back to make a lane, through which two men came with a stretcher. They rolled George onto it and started back down the lane again. Edith clung to George's hand that hung down limply; then a shrill cry from one of the children made her turn back.

"Get the cooler," the officer ordered, and uniformed men went toward it.

Edith said firmly, "The cooler stays here." She spoke with a kind of authority that made the men wait, then turn to see if the order was to be countermanded.

"Stay out of this," the officer warned her. "You'd better tell these people that we mean business."

She thought of Yuki. "I mean business too. The cooler is going to stay here. This is a hospital room. This is where it belongs." She turned to the children. "Let the policeman feel your braces."

The children stopped their tears and sat up straight and swung their legs over the sides of the cots.

The officer stood quite still. "Why don't you touch them?" Edith asked. "They're iron. They're heavy. They're very hot. But they won't hurt you."

No one moved, but everyone looked at the braces with the sweat-soaked leather bands and the children's eyes that were all turned toward them.

Outside, the mess hall gong rang, and there was a sound of all the barracks emptying their people onto the hot desert streets. Sego Honda climbed up onto a something deeper than anger. He turned involuntarily-where were the guards?

tank and began informing the crowd that George was attacked while he was carrying the cooler to the children.

He heard his name called, and the faces turned toward him. "George... George... "

In the children's ward one officer turned away from the gaze of the children and punched the switch that set the cooler in operation.

When George became conscious he was in the quarters of Colonel Davis, director of Brewster Camp.

George was aware first of the coolness of the room, then of the smoothness of the white pillow case. There was a desk of polished wood and several cushioned chairs. He was alone.

Through the windows, closed against the heat, George could hear people moving about outside. There seemed to be a crowd. Occasionally there was a rise of voices. George waited for the inevitable sound of guards driving up, the heavy duty tires on their jeeps laboring through the piled-up dust on the unpaved streets. He waited for their sharp staccato orders to the crowd to disperse.

But no order came. Instead the voices grew louder and angry.

Was it possible that they were protesting his detention? Was he under arrest, he wondered. He detected a tone of threat in the voices, and again waited for the arrival of jeeps bearing guards.

Colonel Davis came in. "Did you hear what I told the men outside?" he asked.

"No," George said. "Well, you may go. They'll tell you." Outside, the air was hot and filled with voices.

The size of the crowd startled George. Half the men in the camp were gathered near an open shed, their faces glistening in the heat and their eyes concentrated in Kenoshi Iba came to escort George to the center of the crowd.

"The Colonel says they're enlisting a combat team from Brewster," Kenoshi said.

"They bar us from citizenship, but they want us to fight," a voice called out.

Someone cried derisively, "Will they give us the cushy jobs behind the lines to make up for dumping us here?"

There was laughter, more explosive than angry words.

"Enlist and see the danger spots!" "Let those who put us here risk their necks."

"They need men to throw into heavy action-so they remember us."

"They drove us into a stable like horses. Can horses fight?"

"From stables to shacks on the desert. Now they beg us to enlist."

Again there was the derisive laughter, and barely heard was a faint reasonable voice George recognized as Frank Iba's:

"We have been invited to fight along with other Americans."

"A suicide squad!" The words were followed by hooting.

Frank shouted, "Other Americans are dying too."

"But they have not been disenfranchised." It was his brother Kenoshi answering him.

Kenoshi had climbed onto a roof of a low shed and as all faces turned up to him he said, "We will fight. Yes, one day we will fight. But not for them. We will fight for our people. The Japanese. We will show them what the real Japanese are like."

Frank tried to climb up beside him so it seems as far away to me as those letters my mother saved-some her brother wrote her."

Kenoshi called to George. "Tell them I won't fight their battles, George." George's name sprang up all around. [His throat was dry and words would not come. He looked out over a blur of faces, beyond the faces, and found what he wanted. The children's ward, with Edith standing on the porch. For the first time in many months he felt a certainty. This was what he wanted. He started walking toward Edith, pushing away hands that tried to restrain him.

His eyes stayed on her, and he thought for the first time he had seen her, in the bath house with her father, the sunlight tripping down onto her shining black hair, her face as smooth as the luscious petals of the begonias. She had put a flower in her hair. His eyes stayed on her, and he thought for the first time he had seen her, in the bath house with her father, the sunlight tripping down onto her shining black hair, her face as

smooth as the luscious petals of the begonias. She had put a flower in her hair. His eyes stayed on her, and he thought for the first time he had seen her, in the bath house with her father, the sunlight streaming down onto her shining black hair, her face as smooth as the luscious petals of the begonias. She had put a flower in her hair. "How was the director-did they do anything to you?" she asked with concern. "I was so afraid."

"No, I'm okay." The resentments which had crowded out all other feelings were now gone. He put his arms around Edith and held her close against him. "You're the only thing that's left. Don't ever go away from me."

Their lips met hungrily and held, as they had the day on the beach, Pearl Harbor Day. On that day, June had been a promise for them. The promise was delayed by two seasons-by a war, by exile. Now it returned.

They sat down on the steps, alone in the middle of their new island world. "I don't know what I am," George said. "All I know is I want to be with you. I don't know what the real Japanese is, do you?"

"I know," Edith said with amusement. "We laughed at them because they were so Japanese. Then you burned them."

Her fingers touched his face, as if smoothing the thoughts that continued to burst out to trouble him. "Japan is not for us. We could celebrate Fourth of July, but never the Obon Festival. Japan's unreal. Like a picture postcard. Like tea ceremonies."

"We don't belong there," Edith agreed. His hands became fists. "We don't belong any place."

When his anger subsided he continued, "If I could believe in equality the way Frank Iba does. But we were never equals with the Caucasians. You know that as well as I do. We were always Japs I"

"George-it's been an awful day. Don't talk now," Edith begged.

He did not hear her. "Or," he continued, "if I could believe in the Japanese, the real Japanese. But I can't."

He framed her face in his hands, "But I believe in you," he said. "You're real."

"So are you." She pressed her head into his shoulder. "I'm so glad it's like this again."

"It was always like this. It always will be. Even after I go."

She pulled herself up straight. "Go?" "Yes." He wasn't altogether sure of it until that moment. Then he was quite sure. "Yes. I'm going to enlist."

"George, no! You don't have to die to prove you're an American," she pleaded.

"I hope not-but if I do-----" She threw herself into his arms and cried.

He said tenderly, "We've wasted so much time."

When the recruiting began in January, Edith had been pregnant for three months, and although George was at first apprehensive for her, now he began to talk about the child as a person, and as a boy. A boy who would grow up some place in the United States and lead the kind of life he had once led before the war. Only this time, he hoped, the equality he had believed in would be real.

On their last Saturday together, they watched the baseball game by the water tower. It was the usual Saturday game, with shouts of spectators, the smell of dust, the rows and rows of barracks to the north. But it was the beginning of absence.

George trained in Missouri. While he was there Edith wrote him that she and her mother were leaving in April for Chicago, where her mother was to be housekeeper for a family. It would be in time for their child to be born there. "Everyone is leaving now," she added. "All except those who go to the concentration camp at Tule Lake, like Kenoshi Iba and Sego Honda. Now Yoshi has volunteered for work in a camp in Arkansas."

28 THE CALIFORNIA QUARTERLY George and Edith were married two days later. The wedding was in a barracks that had been converted into a church. The children had decorated the altar with white paper streamers and pine boughs. Mesquite logs were burned in the clearing, and when the ceremony was over the children toasted marshmallows over the fires on the end of sticks and sang songs together. The night was bright and cold. George and Edith stood arm in arm at their window in the dark and watched the sparks from the fires hang on the still air. Then he carried her over an imaginary threshold to their bed.

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"It is not usual for one of my years to have the opportunity to travel so widely in my country," he said finally. He smiled cheerfully. "My son and I go on far journeys. Arkansas. Missouri. We have a large country. It is larger than that of my ancestors. And you, my daughter, to Chicago. You see I have learned to pronounce all of these new places." Something had sustained him that had not sustained either her or George. It was not that he was older; many of the older ones had fallen. The death lists were full of the very old and the very young. It was something elsesome internal knowledge. But of what? Maybe there was something he had learned in his early days as a fruit tramp. The fruit tramps- Men of no root, no ground, no house, no rest; They follow the ripening, gather the ripeness, Rest never, ripen never, Move and pause and move on.

Yoshi would not come into Edith's room, so she went out to him. They walked together to look at his garden, and he spoke of his desire to return to his land in California.

"I'm surprised you want to go back," Edith said.

He smiled. "Some time the little one will want to come. I will have things ready for him."

She kissed him goodbye. His eyes were "We'll come back to see you," she promised.

"Safe journey," he said. She knew that he meant that other journey, the one from which Ham had not returned.

In Chicago Edith and her mother went to live with a professor's family near the university. Her mother took care of the house, and Edith, waiting for her baby, began to study again.

When the baby was born in June, a boy Edith named George, she took some pictures of him lying on the bed in a square of sunshine and sent them to George. They reached him the day before he sailed.

He wrote her on the boat. "It was the only thing I was afraid of, that I wouldn't get to see the baby before I left."

In July the 442nd Combat Unit attacked with the Fifth Army along the west coast sector of Italy toward the Port of Livorno.

It was the first time George had seen ction. The sound of the enemy's heavy artillery was like all the noises in the world compounded into one deafening sound.

hen the silence came he was afraid. Then e saw the men who had fallen near him. Around him men were moving forward, ike rabbits running, and he realized suddclenly that he also was running.

This was not it, he told himself. When it was all over he would have a real bath, ot one out of his helmet. Letters from!Edith would be waiting for him. Then he aw the burst of fire in his face. The pain 1 asted only a second.

The litter bearers had a slow day. Most of the fallen men were dead or hadn't a chance. They walked with empty litters among the new dead.

"J aps," the litter bearer said with awe. "God, look at all the J aps they got."

The telegram from the War Department came early in August. Edith wired Yoshi in Arkansas, then she walked from the telegraph office over to the campus and sat down on the grass under a tree. People passed and looked at her and she looked back at them, but she sat on and on, unable to move. When it was dark she lay down on the ground and cried. At last she got up and walked home through the sound of katyids.

When Edith received George's Purple Heart she sent it on to Yoshi. "You must keep it until you return to California," she wrote. "Little George and I will follow you to California before too long."

Yoshi looked at the splendid medal and wished again for the box in which he had once kept Ham's brother's letters. What a fire it had made when George burned it that night!

He promised himself that when he returned to California he would buy a box of dark carved wood. He would present it to his grandson when he came home.

In August 1945 one of the first trainloads of Japanese returned to California.

In the last car of the train Yoshi sat in a seat by the window, his eyes fixed on the changing scene as the train made its way across the continent.

When the train passed the desert Yoshi saw the almond trees and plums, then the vineyards. It had been a good year. The CP>CP>CP>CP

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 P>CP>CP>CP>CP>CP>CP>CP>CP>CP><P>CP>CP>CP>CP>CP>
 CP>CP>CP>CP>CP> vines were heavy with grapes. And in the
 distance was San Jacinto.

For a little while Yoshi put off thinking of his home. He thought instead of the pine stumps they had uprooted in Arkansas, with dynamite or mule team, to plant the field in strawberries. Strawberries wore out the land. In California once wheat had worn out the land, and it had been burned over and left; his father had taken a piece in the nineties and plowed it with a singleshared plow and harrowed it with limbs.

In Arkansas they had sown lespedeza to give back nitrogen to the soil; the government had come and granted money for cattle and pastures and brooks, against the time when there would no longer be any more trees to cut. There were those who spent; there were those who gave back. Sometimes men walked the face of a land who had a native respect for it, and anything they touched, anywhere, remembered their hand.

The rocky soil of Palos Verdes where he had dry farmed tomatoes; the sandy soil in Sawtelle, into which he had put bean straw to give it substance. Adobe soillightened with leaf mold he brought down in sacks from under the live oak trees in Topanga Canyon.

They woke Yoshi when the train reached Los Angeles. It was afternoon, and the sun came through the olive trees in the patio of the station. Soldiers in uniform called out to the returning Japanese, laughing. Behind them were civilians, tight faced.

Yoshi walked with his head bowed. He was home. He walked to the Pacific Electric station carrying his small, almost empty suitcase. He took the trolley to San Pedro and from there walked along the coast road, past Portuguese Point, staying close to the side of the road.

It was almost daylight when he reached his land. He saw the whitewashed buildings some distance away and went toward them as if they were a light.

He stood in the exhausted house for a long time looking out through the paneless windows toward the bluff. Then he went out through the door. It had in it the largest fragment of glass in the house—a piece held

together by an old War Chest sticker bearing the simple legend "WE GAVE."

He realized then that the pepper tree by the shed had been cut down. It had sent up new shoots. Yoshi looked the three main shoots over carefully, selected the sturdiest, and in the first light cut the other two away with his knife.

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JOURNAL PAGE 31 / SCAN PAGE 33

The Harvest of Peace: A Cantata

Randall Swingler

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JOURNAL PAGE 31 / SCAN PAGE 33

Korea

Randall Swingler

A voice was heard in Ramah
Weeping and great mourning
Rachel mourning/or her children
Because they are not.

The voice of one crying in the wilderness
Which the bombers have made, making straight
The way of the Lord : the voice of the mother
Crying in the wilderness which was her life-

" Make straight the way of your Lord
With flame and sickle of steel make straight the way
Over the bodies of ruined children make it straight
The path of Gehenna through the future land!"

And the bombers heard and laughed at the joke
Laughed like hyenas in the desert night
Their laughter riddled the hills and blasted the trees
And left the splintered chimneys standing

In a rubble of bones. The bombers laughed and sang-

"We bring them civilization
Blood turned to gold, the incense of corruption,
The spice of disease. We bring them liberation
From the thongs and throes of life. We bring them Peace
In the plumed silence towering into the sky
Where even the air is dead as an ash."

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JOURNAL PAGE 32 / SCAN PAGE 34

The Soldier's Mother

Randall Swingler

2. THE SOLDIER'S MOTHER

This year we shall not pull the flax
The ragged oats are turning black
This year we'll build no barley stack

My son, my boy,
Till ever you come back.

This year the clover fields are let
The tools left out to wind and wet
The apple-branches groan and fret

My son, my boy,
We'll have no harvest yet.

This year the grass grows rank and high
Lorries and guns go slouching by
And bombers haunt the haggard sky

My son, my boy,
And you could tell us why!

Surely if all our love enjoyed
And all man's work and wit employed
Is to destroy and be destroyed

My son, my boy,
Then all our life is void

All life is void!

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Elegy for the Stricken Harvest

Randall Swingler

Droop Summer droop
Your ears of promise and your buds of hope
Scatter the stricken seed on poisoned air
Droop down you overladen apple-trees
Droop down you bomb-shaped pears
Droop down droop down
Aster and iris droop, and oh!
Let cedar and beech droop deeply down
Where once we played.

Droop droop! Your heavy heads
Will not be garnered in.

This year
There'll be no harvest here
No seed sunk in the earth
Only the seed of wrath
The fermenty of fear ..

This year
The weevil of despair
Has drained the acorn. Blight
Bleaches berry and nut
Canker parches the air.

This year
Young eyes will burst and gush with more than tears
Down fleshless cheeks: the frame of man be bared
Like a skinned bird and in its cage of swords
The cindered heart appear.

This year
A bloodless sky will stare
On cities like a mouthful of rotten teeth

In a tongueless land.

For this is the year of the bombers

The year of the locust of fire

The year of Herod

The year of the child-murderer

This is the year of the Lord

the Lord of flies!

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The Trained Killers

Randall Swingler

When I have scoured this earth, which is not mine,
And scored its barren flesh from end to end
With tank-driven furrows, do they expect that Truth

Can be sown like seed, or a way of life
Planted in rows like hop-bines trained
On dead stakes of the past ?

Who will be there to see it ? And what will be left

Of any way of life when this work is done ?
For look how we live now, who crawl in mud
Like blindworms, coated with a carious skin
Of animal fear and all the equipment of death!

What is their Truth but a tuneless lament
Over an inner torment ? Their ultimate knowledge

Is but of meaninglessness, the last despair
Coming full-circle with never a sight of the centre.
And how should I defend a disbelief
Against a living faith?

I have survived to learn that civilization
Means the control of superior ways of killing,
More complicated forms of death. The thing
They call my honour I see marketed
By little boss-eyed men with the minds of eels

Sinuously noosing human feeling in coils
Of supple double-sided deprecant words.

One thing I know. I have not begun to learn
What life or liberty are. And that long learning

Seems too difficult now. So it is left me
Here to sit and savour solitude

Like a man polishing a gun in the thin silence
Before he blows his brains out.

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JOURNAL PAGE 35 / SCAN PAGE 37

The Advancing Light

Randall Swingler

Day's funeral pyre
Burns bitter red
And late or soon
The harvest moon
Reflects a fire
Not wholly dead

The light that dies
In broken storms
On the far side
Of time's divide

Is seen to rise
With open arms

Let those who fear
Recede with night.
From time's morass
The wakening mass
Draws ever near
The advancing light.

CALIFORNIA QUARTERLY / VOLUME 3, NUMBER 1 / AUTUMN 1953
JOURNAL PAGE 35 / SCAN PAGE 37

The Song of the Wind

Randall Swingler

There's a bright wind blowing in from the east
Like a scimitar shearing the fleece of the mist
A wind like a rocket, a wind like a spout,

A wind a wind

A wind to find you out!

The wind's in the city, the wind's on the land.
He scatters the leaves with a jocular hand
And tosses the skirts of the world with a shout:

"Be sure be sure

Your sins will find you out!"

In the streets of the wealthy he's running amok
And laughing his way through the tenement block
From castle and cloister he's routing them out

1;3e sure be sure

The wind will find you out.

He's blowing the newspapers over the town
He tweaks at the posters and tears them all down
All pomp and pretence he's delighted to flout

Be sure be sure

Your sins will find you out.

And you who seek power by the peddling of lies
Will waken one day with the sun in your eyes.
We're beginning to know what your game is about

Be sure be sure

Your sins have found you out.

And you who affect a superior stare

A cynical gesture of saintly despair
The wind whose existence you hold in some doubt-

Be sure be sure

The wind will find you out.

You madmen whose creed is bomb, batter and burn,
Take care that the wind does not suddenly turn
And blow your own venom back into your throat

Be sure be sure

The wind will find you out.

But you who can feel from the catch in your breath
The defeat in the air for the squadrons of death
Go warn all the neighbours to join in the rout

Be sure be sure

The wind has found you out.

The wind's on the mountain, the wind's on the plain.
He rattles the curtains and bangs on the pane,
A wind like the laughter of life in the mouth

A wind a wind

A wind to find you out!

CALIFORNIA QUARTERLY / VOLUME 3, NUMBER 1 / AUTUMN 1953
JOURNAL PAGE 37 / SCAN PAGE 39

The Turning World

Randall Swingler

The world is a globe, and the world turns
One face to day, one face to dark.
Somewhere the sun rises. Heart
Believes again in worth of work.
Though the poles freeze, the equator burns,
The world turns, and every part
Must sometime know the signal mark
Of unimaginable dawns.

Must I go east to find the sun ?
Is there no more meridian ?
Is the arc broken that should span
The morning and the evening man ?
The human world, the human name
Though many-sided as a gem
Is lit with the same inner flame,
Is woven without seam or hem.

Our hope to certain morning grows
Wherever man looks up and sees
His realm expanding like the day's
Unfettered trade-route through the skies
And in the sun's impartial blaze
Out of the single-hearted maze
Of human thoughts and human ways
Each several hand contends to increase
The total harvest of his peace.

CALIFORNIA QUARTERLY / VOLUME 3, NUMBER 1 / AUTUMN 1953
JOURNAL PAGE 38 / SCAN PAGE 40

The Awakening Forest

Randall Swingler

Darkness closes over the city of Fear.
No leaves like hands folded in benediction
Smooth the forehead. The patients lie
Smarting in their own sweat. Thoughts
Pace up and down the empty streets.
Loneliness like a brittle frost
Holds up the atmosphere between finger and thumb.
Leafless forest stands without stir

In a perpetual winter. Every building
Separate stands. No roots of love
Link in the earth, or draw the sap
From the labyrinth of the soil.
Peace is the singing soil
Beneath a dovewinged sky. The dark and plangent
Earth sown with million on million
Springing seeds, million on million
People signing with their living blood
The final Paid to the bill of yesterday
Million on million over the globe
Of the world turning from shadow to light
Signing Yes to life and Welcome
To to-morrow. Buds thronging
The branches of the human family-tree
Buds to burst into leaf to roof
The sky with dovewings, olive-shade,
The green peace, the re-awakened
Forest of man's love.

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JOURNAL PAGE 39 / SCAN PAGE 41

Portrait of an Undesirable Alien

Frank Scully

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N COMING home one day late in May 1953 from an afternoon at Paramount Studio in Hollywood, where I had a bull session with George Stevens, the director of *Place in the Sun* and *Shane*, I found a message from a Mr. Howell, Mutual 8281, Ext. 22, U.S. Immigration office, Los Angeles.

As such news is rarely good news these clays, and it was late anyway, I put off the return call till the next day. That was going to be a busy one, too, because we had a lot of peace-surplus goods on our hands, having bought food to feed 90 people at a community breakfast when we opened the chapel on our ranch at Desert Springs the previous Sunday, only to find that less than 60 had come. So we took our peace-surplus goods home and decided to throw a supper party.

That meant Mme. Alice Scully would be hustling all day to get things going and [39. The California Quarter!J]

I would be busy trying to line up enough people to eat for nothing. You'd be amazed how hard it is to find twelve people with empty stomachs among the upper crust of Hollywood. They may claim their business is hard to distinguish from Forest Lawn these days but they're all eating somehow.

Between these social calls and dictating my day's stint, I returned Mr. Howell's call. He began the conversation by explaining that his call concerned an immigration matter, which the department felt I might help clear up. He talked for a minute or two, trying hard not to let his cat out of the bag. "You mean the Belfrage case," I said, being a great one for cutting to the chase.

"Y-yes," he said, seemingly thrown off balance. "When could I see you?"

"Come up at 2:30 today," I said. At two the bell rang. Mme. Scully was out shopping and my secretary was gone for the day. So I answered the door. Mr. Howell had a "friend."

They both showed their identification tags. I chided them for traveling around in pairs like French gendarmes whose job seemed to be to watch each other.

One of them wanted to know how I knew they wanted to talk to me about the Belfrage case. I smiled and asked him if Macy's told Gimbel's.

I had intended that Mme. Scully be present but she was still shopping and since I was expecting her any minute, I "vamped till ready." I'm afraid I'll never recapture quite the command of the situation or the command of English which I had while holding those two immigration officers spellbound, bedazzled and bewitched. I wanted to know if they knew who was back of the bum beef. They assured me this wasn't a roust, that no pressures were involved, just a routine check on an alien. I said, "What do you mean no pressures are involved? You guys have maybe 100 routine cases on your desks. I have my week's work laid out. McCarthy doesn't like what an editor writes, rousts him, tells the guys in the immigration office to dig up something on the editor, you get an urgent wire from Washington, I get a telephone call from you. What do you mean it's not a roust? What do you mean McCarthy's not running the government? What do you mean it's all being done in a peaceful, lawabiding way? Belfrage is getting kicked around, you're getting kicked around, I'm getting kicked. Let's remember our roles of spear-holders in this hunt of a few men for power at the cost of the liberty of the rest of us."

At about this point I decided that I really ought to stop making a speech as Democratic leader of Hollywood and tell them the Belfrage story. "You know," I said, "I think I'm the guy most responsible for the plight he's in at the present moment because I tried to help him, England, and the United States in wartime and the parlay took Belfrage so far away from his home here, and delayed the fulfillment of his declaration of intention to become an American citizen so long, that he couldn't get back to it for years. You have no provision apparently in the law to reward those who are making non-military sacrifices beyond the call of duty. All you have is provisions to give them the old heave-ho if they don't vote and talk and think like McCarthy, McCarran and MacArthur."

I told them how I first met Belfrage. That was around 1929. He had been press agent for Sam Goldwyn in London, and as I was a Variety prima donna at the time, he naturally sought me out to invite me to the opening of the picture. It was Whoopee, starring Eddie Cantor.

I learned that Belfrage had been in Hollywood where he had acted as correspondent for British motion picture publications. He was a Cambridge graduate, a son of a very well known doctor and came from a fine family.

From the moment I met him I felt that here was a kindred soul, and between my New York dialect and his Cambridge open vowels there was enough room to develop a beautiful friendship.

In fact, that is just what it did develop into, and the ups and downs of our careers haven't altered this affection in the least.

I think he worked for Goldwyn about five years, which must be something of a record; and afterward, when they would meet Sam would always ask him to come back and work for him. You see, Goldwyn, too, liked quality.

But Belfrage after resigning his post under the Goldwyn banner became motion picture Sunday, and a freedom of expression at was a delight to read. Some of his indecent stuff drove producers and exhibitors to such fury that they threatened to withdraw their advertising from the Sunday Express, but Lord Beaverbrook seemed to like it, and as the William Randolph Hearst of Great Britain, no motion picture tycoon ever stood up to him for long.

Beaverbrook's former feature-writer was Molly Castle. She wasn't quite a sob sister or one of these scatter-brained sowers of gossip. She had something that few girls had in American journalism and Beaverbrook thought on her it looked good. He introduced her all around, even to Hearst, when Hearst was there, and Hearst, struck by Molly's wit, beauty and charm, invited her to San Simeon (when Marion's lack was turned-and Beaverbrook's, too, might add).

Cedric and Molly married and went round the world. I think their baby was conceived in London, certified in Moscow, had its first stirrings in Shanghai and as born in Hollywood. I suggested that he write a book titled Around the World with an Embryo, and she did write such book, but the publishers killed the title as too daring.

Meanwhile Cedric had written *Away from It All*, which became a best seller in England and the United States. I think it also was a Literary Guild selection.

Cedric cabled me from Honolulu to get me a house, an obstetrician, and if possible a cook. We got him all those things.

their first baby, which in embryo they called Fred, turned out to be a little girl named Sally, as proof that God, too, has a sense of humor.

In 1934 Cedric had arrived in northern California in the heat of the campaign to elect Upton Sinclair governor. Sinclair had taken his mild Socialist bill of goods and placed it in the window of the Democrats where it started a stampede like Dollar Day. There hadn't been a Democratic governor in 40 years. It looked as if California were going to have a governor who could not only read and write, but could spell. The thought terrified all illiterates east of Sacramento. This included Wall Street where adding and subtracting are more important than spelling. Two million dollars was poured into California to terrify the peasants into believing that if you ended poverty in California you were practically handing over the whole western seaboard to Uncle Joe.

Belfrage wanted to meet Sinclair, but the poor little man's life was so in danger due to his Epic program that he was practically hiding out in the last weeks of the campaign. I found him at a friend's place in Beverly Hills. So I took J.P. McEvoy, Jim Tully and Cedric Belfrage to meet a fellow-author who was pretty scared at the prospect of seeing one of his scripts come to life. I think it was more the idea of what he was trying to do than Sinclair himself that had interested Belfrage.

The day before the election, Belfrage had to leave Hollywood for San Simeon.

It seems that Molly thought she'd take up Hearst on that invitation he gave her in London, so she called him long distance and he said he would be delighted for her to come to San Simeon for the weekend. She asked if she might bring her husband. There was a measurable pause after which Hearst said, "Of course."

After she had hung up, Cedric was a little loath to go. He naturally had some curiosity to see this fantastic, medieval stronghold, with its wild animals like a picture editor of the Sunday Express. He had a double-truck (two-page) layout even- 42 THE CALIFORNIA

QUARTERLYRLY moat around a castle, but he told Molly that since Marion Davies was up there and he had panned hell out of Marion's pictures and they knew each other personally, he didn't want to trust his young life to that sort of hospitality.

However they did go. They cffdn't meet the Lord of San Simeon until the next morning, and when Marion Davies saw who was the guy standing next to Molly Castle some distance down the walk, she held a hurried conversation with Hearst. Apparently he decided that one should never carry good or bad press notices up to the social level, so they went forward to meet their guests as if all of them were blood brothers and sisters, if that's not understating the relationship of all concerned.

By the time the Belfrages got back to Hollywood with their fantastic story, the election results were in and Sinclair had polled more than a million votes, or at least had got more than a million counted. Nevertheless, he lost the election by 100,000 votes.

In the years between 1934 and 1938 Cedric worked for motion picture studios but not often enough to have no other interests. He published a monthly magazine called *The Clipper*. I wrote one of my best pieces for it. It concerned the rise and fall of F. Scott Fitzgerald.

It was about this time that I myself got involved in local political issues. I was settling down and raising a family in Hollywood, and under the circumstances I liked a clean town in which to raise my kids.

I found out that was pretty hard to do in Los Angeles, which was fast becoming a sunny place for shady people. Racketeers had developed a combination between the underworld and law-enforcement that ran into 150 million dollars, the biggest busi- Times belaboring, believed in the open shop for most enterprises, it believed in a closed shop for whores and slot-machine operators. The law-enforcement officers were against the westward trek of Eastern gamblers because these would be muscling in on Western gamblers who were already in one big union with the coppers. In fact, you soon knew that when the vice squad clinked a prostitute it was because she was practising free enterprise and not paying off. You had to get in the combination or get out of town.

As groups of similar civic-minded persons gathered, we found that the war between good and evil became more sharply defined. Cedric was not a party to all this, but he certainly was an intense observer. It got so that our group had to have a bodyguard to keep the cops at arm's length. His

name was Harry Raymond. He had formerly been chief of detectives in the city of Los Angeles. He was, moreover, the deadliest shot since Wild Bill Hickok. Every crooked cop was terrified to find him on our side.

By this time our telephone had been tapped for three years and daily below our house a squad car stayed, the cops having bugged the house meanwhile so they could listen to all conversations. A woman, hearing all these noises over the phone, asked me did I think our telephone was tapped. I said, "I should hope so. I should hate to think I was talking for an audience of one." Some ribald laughter came over the phone and it wasn't hers.

On another occasion A. Brigham Rose attorney for our group, was calling me to ask if I'd go to a radio station in half an hour and introduce him on a program designed to expose the perfidies between them. The next week several of us went to Victorville for a weekend—the Roses, the Scullys, the Belfrages & Harry Raymond. A week after this serene interlude Captain Kynette and his goons in cops' uniforms wired a bomb under the starter of Harry Raymond's car. Raymond stepped on it, causing an explosion. Parts of his car were found 200 yards away. He himself was picked up and rushed to the hospital with 186 slugs in him. As he was not dead in two days, Rose, Belfrage and I went down to visit him at the Georgia Street Hospital. There were cops, good and bad, all over the place. A nurse came in, turned down the sheet, and gave him a morphine injection to quiet his pain. As she did so, we saw a six-shooter at his side and his hand on the trigger.

Cedric, the law-abiding Englishman, believer in evolution, not revolution, turned as white with fright as we did.

"Well," said Raymond, "all those guys out there know if one of them comes in, he's dead. If two come in I'll shoot them as they're jammed in the doorway. They'd better come in threes and I don't think the third guy will get out without a shot in his back."

To give some small measure of hope THE CALIFORNIA QUARTERLY 43 goon squad of the police and their underworld bosses. I said I would. And then we began discussing philosophically this whole business of harassing and spying on good citizens and I said, "You know, Arthur, it doesn't make the slightest difference that these guys know everything we're going to do today because they're not smart enough to prevent what we're going to do tomorrow." With that we got a

loud Bronx cheer from Acting Captain Earl K ynette, head of the metropolitan squad of the Los Angeles police force, whose job was to drive such mavericks as us back into the herd.

Now I don't doubt that all this had some effect on Cedric Belfrage, and if he still wanted to become a citizen of the United States, it must have been love. He saw the political machine roust good citizens as dictators roused them elsewhere, and he saw the whole horrible hierarchy heaved out of office on a recall election.

In 1936 we had built a home on a hilltop six blocks above Hollywood Boulevard. From there we could look down into the schoolyard of the Blessed Sacrament and see whether our kids were playing hookey. The Belfrages were moved to follow suit. We urged them not to go further in the hills because their children would grow up and have to be transported miles every day to and from school. But Cedric seemingly was still in love with his own bestseller and wanted to get away from it all. So they built a house at the top of Woodrow Wilson Drive.

I eventually will get to the point as to how I changed his life, but I want to point out how he changed mine. Soon after our home was completed and we started laying out the garden, Cedric arrived one day with a hibiscus plant. It was big and heavy so he put it down just inside the gate.

We planted it right where he put it. We thought it looked so cute there, we went out and bought a whole bunch of hibiscus plants. We made a complete hedge of them. His is still the number one boy as you enter the gate, and a constant reminder of him.

We had many good times together. 44 THE CALIFORNIA QUARTERLYLY Guests would come from England and he'd invite us up to meet them. We'd have distinguished people (distinguished by the fact that they were hungry) at our place and invite the Belfrages over. We became active in the Hollywood Anti-Nazi League. I would do labors of love on the Epic News, the United Progressive News, the Hollywood Press Times, and call on Cedric to do his bit too. I suppose between us we have written more free columns to keep alive a free press than any two writers who had no other means of livelihood.

One time Harry Bridges was debating with the president of the Hawaiian Steamship Lines in the Olympic Auditorium. The president's name eludes me at the moment—I think it was Lapham. Anyway, he

subsequently got elected mayor of San Francisco and then passed into oblivion. It was a funny kind of debate. Lapham was a Harvard man and read it all from a paper. Bridges probably never even saw Harvard, it not being on the west coast or in the shipping lanes, so his debate came straight out of his mind. He had one gesture that fascinated me. He kept raising his hand as if throwing things over his shoulder. I suppose it was a check list, much as radio comedians throw away each page after they've read it. This way he was sure not to repeat himself, which could hardly be said for Lapham or whoever cooked up his script. If it had been fight night in that arena, the matchmaker would have been lynched for putting on two guys so unevenly matched. Bridges, briefly, made a bum out of Harvard.

Afterward Cedric and I and some others climbed into the ring to talk for a few minutes with Bridges. Jim Tully was there and introduced us, he having known Bridges from 1936 when he covered the San Francisco general strike. He had a tremendous While we were talking, a rather small, blonde and kind-faced kid asked Bridges some questions. Bridges said, "Excuse me, are you a member of the American Newspaper Guild?" The kid said he was sorry to say he wasn't; that he worked for the Examiner. Bridges said he was sorry to say he couldn't answer his questions for that reason. "You can understand,,," he said, "that if you were a member of the American Newspaper Guild, you wouldn't misquote me. But as it is, even if you wouldn't misquote, your editors would distort what you wrote and I would have no means o protesting or demanding a correction.,," He smiled, and then turned his back on the kid and continued to talk to us.

It was as urbane and painless a brushoff as I had ever seen. It couldn't happen now because Hearst reporters are members of the American Newspaper Guild. In fact, one of them got fired recently for refusing to tell whether he was or wasn't a member of the Communist Party and got \$7,000 in severance pay. At the time I'm speaking of, labor didn't have quite that dignity, though Bridges himself had much more freedom than he enjoys today.

Came the war and I found myself caught in New York. I became National Director of Victory Center which was a clearing house for war-winning ideas that might shorten the war by even a day. One night I was in the company of John Foster, general counsel for the British

Embassy, at a party in a private home. Since I have practically no inhibitions, it wasn't long before I was sounding off on how one of Britain's minor problems could be solved. We were discussing the question of public relations and since we were now allies in an anti-Nazi league much larger than the one I beroom which Monday to Friday would cost you twenty-five dollars.

ho was born in England, educated at ambridge. But he has done an almost unorgivable thing. He has taken out his first apers for American citizenship. At any ther time in history I wouldn't suggest is, but right now this seems to be the right guy, with his heart still in England and his head in,America, to cure your public relations headache in this country."

He wanted to know who it was. I said, "Cedric Belfrage." Within three we-eks Belfrage, his wife, his children, his Negro maid and his second-hand car were all transported to New York and he was installed in Rockefeller Center in the British Information set-up.

Now this is where I, at this late date, think I made a terrible mistake in helping a friend, because it shelved for several years all possibility of Belfrage's going through the mill of his American citizenship and completing what he started out to do. I wish there were a way to get me off such a hook and for authorities to award him a citizenship in plain gratitude for what he did at the time he did it. But instead he was shipped overseas and given the task under General Eisenhower of screening Nazi journalists after the war. This kept him away from these shores so long that he would have to begin all over again to become a citizen.

In gratitude for my having helped them acquire Cedric Belfrage, the British Embassy threw me a week-end party in Washington.

The week-end was a very good time to go to Washington in those days because all the war profiteers left Friday night with their bags sagging with contracts, and you could get a room at the Mayflower for five dollars a night from Friday to Sunday, a I was told the Embassy would send a car for me around 7 o'clock. I went out to lunch, and as I was coming out of one of the best restaurants in town, I bumped into Harry Bridges.

At the supper party that night there was a special table for Ambassador Halifax, two women and me. There were about 150 people present and most of them seemed to know that a free-swinging Irishman

had done a good deed for the perpetuation of the British Empire, which Winnie the Pooh had told us was his chief reason for being Prime Minister.

One of the touching things I remember about the supper is that because I use elbow crutches and, though being no acrobat, walk on my hands, I couldn't carry my food. So Lord Halifax carried it for me. But he has a shriveled hand, so when we sat down I cut his meat.

The first thing I said to him as we started to eat was, "I met a landsman of yours today," landsman being German for "countryman." It left him a little dazed, so I added, "Harry Bridges. At least you're not going to deny he came from Australia!"

We got to talking about the motivations behind the attempt to deport him. I cut right to the chase and said, "They have to deport him. He's an honest labor leader. You can't do business with a guy like that. Business is a matter of give and take and this guy won't take." I added, "There's another honest labor leader out there in Hollywood and they'll get him too. His name is Herb Sorrell. In fact, those are the only two honest labor leaders I know on the west coast."

By now they've got them both. The next time I saw Cedric Belfrage was after the war when he had started The Belfrage's paper was first published by a publisher who had a newspaper in York, Pa., but later it was transferred to 17 Murray Street, N.Y., and became more or less Cedric's baby. John McManus came over after Marshall Field's PM folded, and they were joined by James Aronson of the New York Times.

It was touch-and-go from the beginning. Since they sought to espouse the liberal cause at a time when Russia was no longer an ally and the action of war had been followed by the reaction of "peace," these Guardian editors found themselves sniped at from all directions by the sort of people who become crusaders to wipe out a Nazi menace and come home infected with a Nazi virus.

From week to week I expected to see that the Guardian had folded, but it kept valiantly in its shallow trench, holding the line of progress and giving the side of any controversy which the daily press couldn't seem to get around to in the rush of reporting the day's murders, suicides, witch hunts, rapes and divorces.

The immigration agents asked if I thought Belfrage was a member of the Communist Party. Having been slugger with that rabbit-punch myself many times, I replied I didn't think so. Since he didn't have his final citizenship papers, what would be the sense of putting his head in that sort of noose, I wanted to know, especially with the McCarran Act making membership in the Communist Party a deportable matter for aliens?

National Guardian. I thought it was to be a revival of Oscar Ameringer's American Guardian, which was a hard-hitting, good, liberal weekly published in the middle west, but which had died with Ameringer himself.

"Hell no," I cried. "I'm a New Yorker!" They looked at each other, obviously baffled, and then decided it was time to give up the man hunt.

I led them to the front door and on the way out asked them what party they belonged to? They said they didn't take part in politics.

"Why not?" I wanted to know. "You didn't lose your rights as citizens when you joined the immigration service."

They smiled as teachers do on being instructed by an over-bright student.

"Well, if you move into this district," I warned, "I'll be ringing your doorbells instead of your ringing mine. I'm still the elected leader of Hollywood and I'm still looking for votes."

With this they looked suspiciously at my red front door.

"Color of cardinals," I explained. "And martyrs."

After they had gone I thought of my own differences with Cedric Belfrage. They were so small and so big they have never been a source of irritation between us. He probably believes that "the kingdom is of this earth" while I follow the Founders of Christianity who said, "My kingdom is not of this earth." Cedric has always respected me as a Catholic, and a Democrat, and whenever he has met me he has been warm in his admiration of them.

He is the sort you would trust with your life, and if you would trust him with your life it's silly to talk about deporting him because someone thinks he wants to overthrow the country by force and violence. There are people in office whom I have seen trying to overthrow the American National Guardian. I thought it was to be a revival of Oscar Ameringer's

American Guardian, which was a hard-hitting, good, liberal weekly published in the middle west, but which had died with Ameringer himself.

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Men from the Mountains

G. W. Brandt

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onstitution by force and violence and I
lave lived under their administrations, but
ilobody has ever talked of deporting them.
he worst that can befall them is that the
department of internal revenue will get
ifter them and clink them on economic
grounds.

THE CALIFORNIA
QUARTERLY
47

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grounds.

mountains and install themselves with all
their
bloody terror and vigour in power "

I'm sure Belfrage and I are fighting for
many of the same things. We detest in-
equality, injustice and power-mad moun-
tebanks. I think social justice can be ad-
vanced faster by application of the Pope's
encyclicals on these matters, and he prob-
ably thinks otherwise. My quarrel with

Communists is my quarrel with capitalists. They are both primarily after material gains. What happens to their souls they think is nonsense because, as materialists, they don't believe in souls. Both of their party lines change frequently, so that's why I believe more good will be served by trying to bring the Ten Commandments into the market place.

Remembering how our Lord, for convenience, reduced the Ten Commandments to two for the Scribes and said the second, which involved loving one's neighbor as one's self, was like unto the first, I may have a solution for the Belfrage Case.

I suggest that the immigration department deport him from Ellis Island to Whitley Heights, Hollywood, and parole him in my care and me in his. There is a lovely house next to ours. It has been empty for two years, due, I suspect, to the smog, fog, grog and hog-eat-hog that seems determined to make Los Angeles the Carthaginian ruins of the New World. I would like Cedric Belfrage to help in the fight to win back fresh, clean air for 4,000,000 people.

That empty house needs a good neighbor, one with courage and social vision, and I cannot imagine a better neighbor to be living there than Cedric Belfrage.

Mr. Churchill in Parliament, speaking of the Greek partisans, on 8 December 1944.

Whenever disasters arise, overcoming
The regions of the pedestrian world:
When the earth is humming and groaning,

when houses are hurled,
When rivers slobber abroad a poisonous
scum
And pestilence strips and sudden madness

grips The nations and leaves them to rot and rust:

Then it is well there are always some
That forsake the lowlands, shake off the
envenomed dust
And take to the inaccessible hopeful
mountains.

O singing volcano: smouldering fire,
Fed by a flickering underground hope
That will not be killed though ice and snow
Press and proscribe all thoughts of recurrent
spring ...
It is certain: one day this mountain, its
seams
Bursting, roaring and singing their own hot
will
In a flaming choir, will spill into burning
streams.

This spring-time lava will bury the hard old
men
Time and again.
And it well may be
That humanity's ultimate news will be
honest guns.

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Anna Livia's Country

Ewart Milne

They looked at my hair and asked was my mother a gipsy,
They looked at my eyes and asked was she a Spanish lady,
They looked at my breasts and asked were they gold or ivory,
They looked at my belly and asked was I virgin or married.

I stripped off my clothes and stood for them naked,
I held out my hands to show was no deceiving,
The wind rounded my breasts and the rain rivered my belly,
But still they argued and to find a metaphysical meaning.

They argued until their anger was high and heavy their blows;
And when they were cool and looked at me again,
When they were ashamed of themselves and looked at me again,
They had nothing to ask but what had caused my sore dark wounds.

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This Houseless Head

Ewart Milne

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Cold War Poet

Ewart Milne

(To the memory of Lord Byron)

I said to the farmer, What is home? IHe answered me straight with a will:

The shadow of the limping poet
Crossed my door and looked and stood;

I)' field and furrow, my horse and kine,
I)' orchard and haggard full!
is table was laid and he asked me to dine-
But I dine beside no master.

If said to the coastguard, What is home?
IJ/e answered: My country dear I
IHer love behind these cliffs I guard
From the rape of the sea-mad rover I
IHe asked me to take a turn at his watch-
Would he make me the thief of his lover!

asked the tailor, next I met,
IJ/e answered: The clothes I wear,
The coat I turn with stitch on stitch
That will keep out the whipping air I
IHe' d make me a suit if I'd sit and wait-
But I wait for no other weaver.

I asked the parson, I asked the priest,
They answered and said: He is Home I
He who rolled the stone from the tomb,
Him you mustfollow,for He is Home!
They asked me in at their Church to pray-
But I had no tongue for their prayer.

I asked the seer, last of all,

He answered: Home there is none,
Save the circle of life-in-death be broken,
And his sway is brought back to the swan!
Cold, cold I would be if I went his way-
But I walked by his side at the river.

Three times ten and three again
He came and looked at me and stood.
In bitter shame I bowed my silent head:
"Greek Liberty" he seemed to say,
"By England bled,
And you sit there without a word I"

Three times ten and three he came,
And then he came no more.

Thirty Three Athenian days were over.

The Diamond Mountains of Korea
Are far from Athens, far from home.
But cold and cold their snows fall near,
Their winter streams run red and glitter
Over the world, and into my room.

The tide of blood is loosed, the
blood-dimmed

tide,
Act Two, Act Two of the Grecian Play
moves on!
Again the limping man stands at my door:
He does not bid me sing your dirge, Korea,
He bids me sing your Diamond Mountain
song.

MONTAG U SLATER: 3 poems

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Cock Crow

Montagu Slater

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Chained Convicts at Work on the Cricket Patch, Enugu

Montagu Slater

Chained convicts at work on
the cricket patch, Enugu

The cock crew twice. I turned and tossed
Dreaming the honeysuckle was so sweet
I could imagine it in sleep.

"Nix my dolly pals,fake away"

-Old gaol song

When the cock crew, cock crew I lost;

Nix my dolly pals,your chains
Between the pitch and batsman's screens

Where Colonial Service scored
64 against Port Harcourt,
Jingle chains and fake away

Tomorrow's English cricket day.

Nix my dolly pals through the grass

Where green and gold canaries flash
Stealing grass seeds that transform

This Africa to little Lords
Jingle chains and fake away

Tomorrow's English cricket day.

Here with thief and murderer's ticket
Help prepare a batsman's wicket

Chained to the striker who refused
The tax collector's legal dues
Jingle chains and fake away

Tomorrow's English cricket day.

Mark the pitch, the boundary trace

With a rattle of your chains-
Sure it's an English mercy which
Puts chain gangs on a cricket pitch.

O play the game and fake away
Tomorrow's English Saturday.

!feared the meaning of his trumpet
From my high-gardened
sleep and grieved
That coming of the day should heave
Away the contemplative blanket.

Here is another day to dress

The ruifled feathers, the brown egg
In clucking wonder to be laid.
Energy is unhappiness

Which dare not remain sleeping here,
Here in the garden where the bee
Homes to the honeysuckle tree
For the cock crows, cock crows too near.

And the world turns ... am I afraidl
I can feel conscience
multiplied
By chiding voices millionfold,
Cock-crowing now, "Have I betrayedl"

The cock crew twice, crew twice. I know
One more summons is permitted
By tradition of the city.
Cock crow, cock crow, cock crow.

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The Fear

Montagu Slater

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Running Across the Battlefield

Norman Buller

Labourers and tradesmen are
The population of this star
And the solar system turns
On labouring and trading terms.

Battlefield

"To the innocent soldier killing ... "

-GEORGE BARKER

Gravitation's mystic bonds
May be measured in foot-pounds
And fixed stars raise from ancient graves
Old light like capital reserves.

Attraction-ah I the lover's debt-
Centrifugal curves offset,
And the old dissatisfaction
Is moon-hidden by rotation.

Nebulae and Milky Way-
In between them wise men say,
In blank spaces of the sky
Lurks the fear of bankruptcy.

Running across the battlefield
Cain spoke to me out of a cloud.
"That same urgent deed and sweet
desire I knew, you will repeat."
I answered, no; our natures weren't
the same. Envy had not yet burned
its signature in me. He laughed
and said "The brother-killing craft

has more than single motive. Sane
Statesmen build the mark of Cain
into a uniform, and teach
how thrust of bullet in the breach
beseeches death come and preserve
the tingle of the human nerve."

He vanished, and my answer sped
to let the dark into my brother's head.

JACK

BEECH

ING: 3poems

Poem for the Dead and the Living

Jack Beeching

Their deaths were sudden and their fate
absurd.

Why do the young men so absurdly die
In a blind smash or of a rare disease .2

Deserts may whisper and the wide seas
mourn

Their elegant muscles twist and atrophy,
Their heads go deaf and leave us ill at ease.

The death of those fated to seek perfection.
The living see the lucky newly born
For desert flowers are their resurrection.

One fought on land, the other in the air
And each survived, no madder than his
friends,
Got his diploma, had a love affair
Then both reached their absurd and sudden
ends.

A fallacy-to say the handsome die
Tempts those who know how quick the
deserts flower
When dewed in blood, or with surviving eye
Watch the Atlantic in a hungry hour.

Every man jack, not just the young and fair
Goes through this vile chemical dissolution;
He fought on land, his friend fought in the air
If that was really fighting, that confusion,

And now they can't become a glorious dead

To batten on the living by degrees,
Dancing like phantoms in the maddened

head:

One had a car crash, one a rare disease.

Their entry into manhood was abrupt
(The dove was held then as an extinct bird)
Having no humdrum lives to interrupt

Those who survive seek too a perfect end,
Poem or formula or infant son.
May we who enviously celebrate each friend
Be truthfully remembered
when our time is
done.

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For a Newborn Child

Jack Beeching

Babe with gropingfingers
Momentary angers
And pathetic hungers
May your innocence intercede
With the black life soldiers lead.

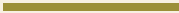
Vulnerable babe
In your fleshly robe
Dazzle the black tribe
Who as they kill their unknown brothers
So bereave all earthly mothers.

Not in pomp of mitre.
A babe's cry is sweeter
A babe's strength is mightier
And strong the new love thus imparted
To the hearkening warm-hearted.

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The Elgin Marbles Are Compulsory

Jack Beeching



ompulsory

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Elected Landscape

W. V. Evans

[,ike children in a witches wood

Across the dusk, the bed,-the couplingfield-
your body, like a hill-line lies,

'hey wander through the galleries

'fJxpecting

a reflective mood

r o rise from broken drolleries.

dmire Venus touching hand.

'hree of her fingers are repaired.

rt is a tracing in the sand

Repugnant to the unprepared.

asked by their turning spectacles

wo Yankees glint then annotate

Did Love's imperfect tentacles

'rrhe debris of the city state.

'hey know those marbles to be Greek

ootedfrom Athens by a peer.

'hey pause and peer before they speak

'hey annotate and pause and peer.

ulture is hard on feet and eyes

nd sober as a hospital ward.

n textbooks filled with lucid lies

usual pleasures are abhorred.

ike well-bred children they admire

rJ'he colour of the gallery wall.

rJ'hey

should be guarded from the fire

nd sent outside with bat and ball.

curled on its side before sleep,
recumbent after rain, replete
with myth and music,
conscious of being observed.
Music in half-light is heard
most unmistakably. I listen to landscapes
singing untranslatable things.

These are the hills, sand-brown, where I
have been.

This is the earth, the fruit-earth, fertility,
dispensing secrets I may not disperse.

This is the earth that took the peasant home
kindly, as autumn is,
like grass to fallen bird.

I lie beside you, seeing from a distance,
within a landscape, one elected land
comparable to comfort where
confusion was; Night. fields
fulfed
with flowers that I flung there;
a valley where a lover lightly leapt
out beyond darkness through the happy
falling.

This is a region, that, by ancient custom,
sleeps after ecstasy of sun and declension.

That knows its morning whiteness and its
noon's
coolness of grass and quietness of ferns.
Where shadow in the trees preludes the deep
obscurity of night and the earth's
unconscious
leap-
sunset to sleep.

This is a landscape. I have been here to

breathe
love to your inbrea~hing
love. To leave
a stone among the trees where my love was
alive.

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The Fifties

Roy Fuller

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Images of Autumn

Roy Fuller

In pools made by the brown and golden
litter

2poems

The wretched summers start again
With lies and armies ready for
Advancing on that fast terrain.

Like those of China, Poland, Spain,
With twenty territories more,
The wretched summers start again.

The rumours and betrayals stain
The helpless millions of the poor
Advancing on that fast terrain.

Asian and European rain Falls from between the blue of yore:

The wretched summers start again.

And rubble and the jungle gain
A foothold on the cultured shore,
Advancing on that fast terrain.

Short youth was shortened by the pain
Of seasons suitable for war:
The wretched summers start again,
Advancing on that fast terrain.

That chokes the grids, stand tinted grey
reflection
Of branches with their few leaves hung
Against a cloudy sky. The autumn.flood
Of symbols pile behind the poet's sluices.

But his new interest in the world is not
Reciprocated, and it ploughs on toughly
Through rhododendron scrub infested with
Leeches, the pre-deflation plunge in Kaffirs,
And tests of tinier bombs to atomize

Troops in the field. The poet pays for this
Indifference, or rather for his themes'
Irrelevance-those same Tormentors which
Perhaps began on Cowper simply are
Thoughts of a clerkship in the House of
Lords.

Leaves stream from dying trees like yellow
birds,
And the nations' situation degenerates.
Like eaters of sweets they are sick but cannot
stop,
Like lovers perversely go on saying things
That hurt. The poet wishes to be noticed

But only gets a pat: he can recite
Tomorrow, but just now must go to bed.
He notes that wheels have stamped on the
macada

The sodden leaves like a design on stuff:
And the image opens seldom-opened
doors.

If this were all, if this solution answered
More than the egotistic wish for art,
For fame as death's opponent, and laid bare
That shattering historical event
Unknown to both the analyst and patient,

There would be no need to imagine
mornings

Whose social truth would correspond to
those
When after nights of storm one finds,
outside,
The sky unusually pale and empty,
And in the gutters thick and rustling
treasure.

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The Charcoal Burner's Daughter

Sydney Tremayne

Blue sky, the yellow windows, A brass moon:

TREMAYNE

2poems

Turned to the tide; the salt is on her lips
And on her tears the railway signals throw

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Small Boy and Lighthouse

Sydney Tremayne

Of yellow and red lights tangling, and how from darkness
A white flash, sharp as a pin, pulled out an island.

The city seems tonight
Etched upon space and intimate with stars,
Apt as a stage-set to confirm a mood
Imposed in solitude,
All disbelief suspended, lighting low,
And through the shadows strolling couples go.

The scene set for an entrance; enter now
The prince incognito
Whose tenor searchlight rises silvery to
Blue sky, one yellow window, or brass moon.
And so I might begin,
But truth compels to say it was not so.
Midnight. The charcoal burner's daughter weeps
As all the clocks strike out their twelve times No.
She hears from docks the bull-deep sighs of ships

Their green and red lights rocking to and fro.

You, little ragged boy with no seat to your trousers,
Your senses pinned to a string, your boots hanging over the harbour,
Remember, when you are older, the green sea rocking,

The black sea knocking the ships;
Remember the taut ropes groaning, the lift and suck of the hulls,

The smell of their herring boxes, the bright scales stuck to the jetty,
The sequin scales on your hands, that you wipe on your trousers.
Remember the swearing gulls and the gannets diving,

The cormorants crucified; remember the rust-caked dredger,
The coal truck swung from a crane, and the dust, and the thunder.
Remember the huge night also, with zig-zag on slow water

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Seamy Side

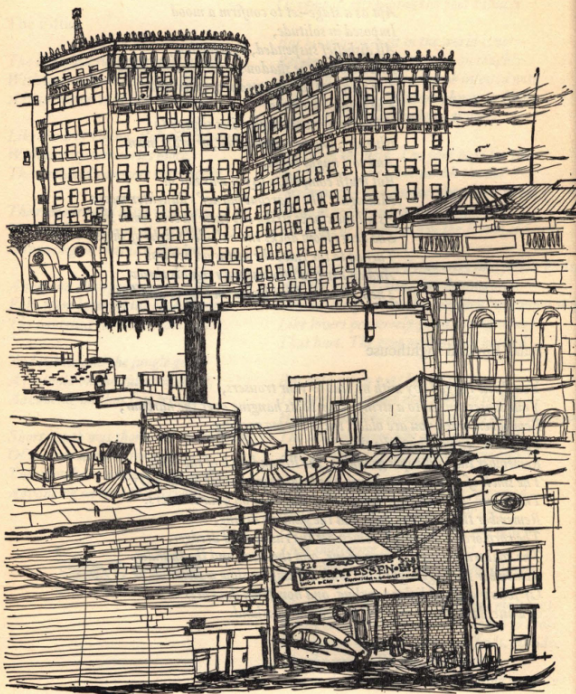
Arnold Mesches

Four Drawings by Arnold Mesches

The following are recent drawings by Arnold Mesches.

The California Quarterly plans to devote some pages of each issue to show works by artists of interest to readers.

I. SEAMY SIDE



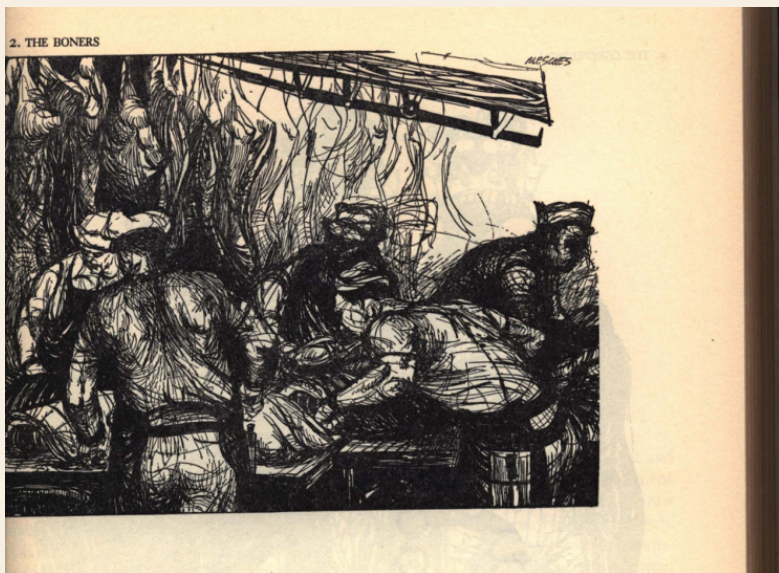
[56. *The California Quarterly*]

Original artwork plate / scan page 58

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The Boners

Arnold Mesches

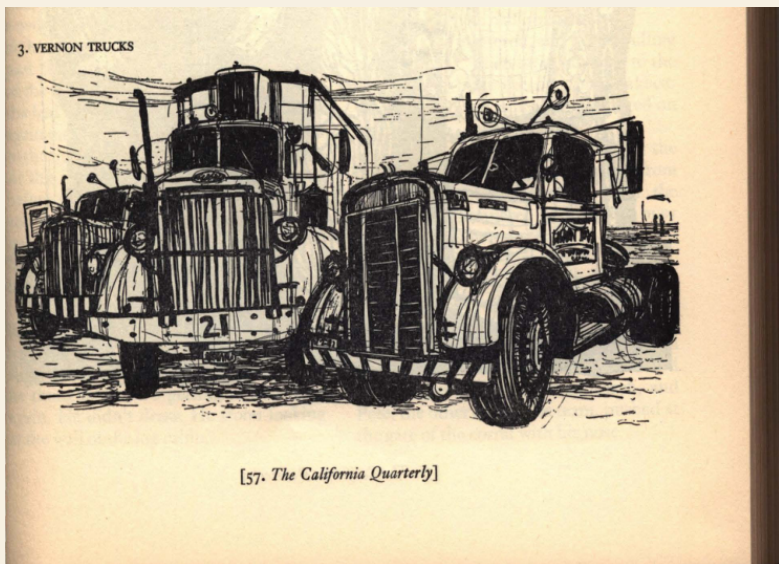


Original artwork plate / scan page 59

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Vernon Trucks

Arnold Mesches

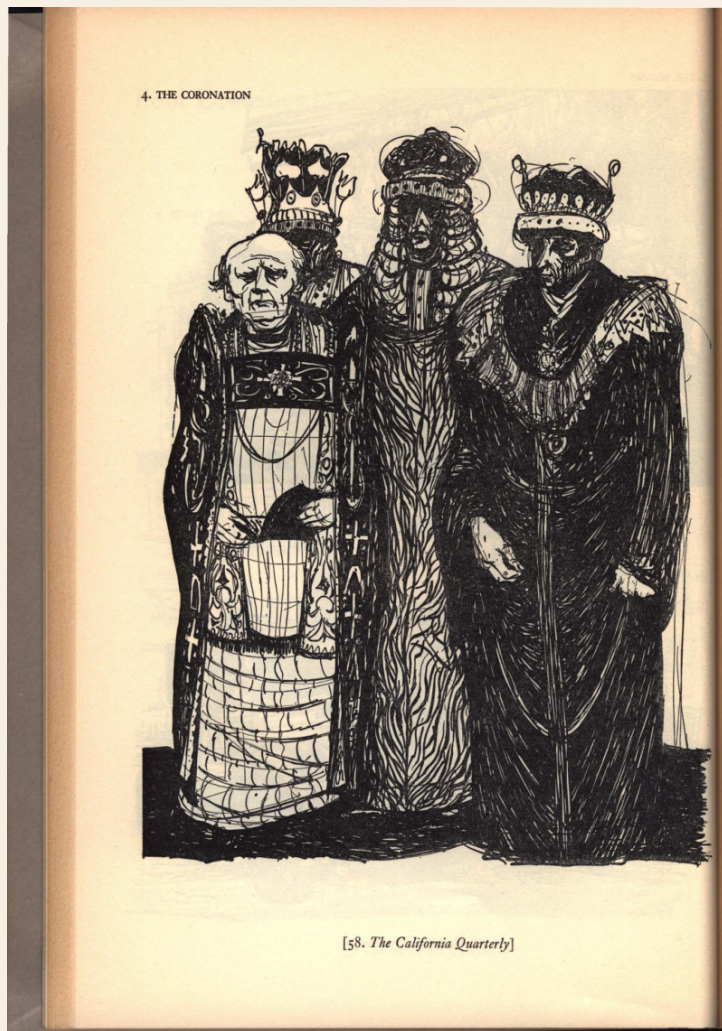


Original artwork plate / scan page 59

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The Coronation

Arnold Mesches



Original artwork plate / scan page 60

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The Homesteader

James Wyckoff

ELMER awakened remembering that it was the third morning since they had left, remembering it before he opened his eyes, even before the realization came that he was not in the double bed, but on the sofa in the living room with a couple of Navajo rugs over him. Even so he lay there for a moment, as he had the last two mornings, waiting for the sound of the children, the awareness of Millie in the bed beside him. Then he remembered again and he sat up and dropped his feet to the floor, kicking the empty pint bottle. At this it came back to him—the evening before sitting alone by the fire, drinking and mulling over all that had happened, until the bottle was empty and his eyes had closed, not from drunkenness but exhaustion.

He rose and stood tall and bony in his long woolen underwear, scratching himself, yawning the sleep away, rubbing the slight stiffness in his arms. I'm getting old, he thought, and it's getting to be winter again. He didn't dress. He stood looking at the wall of the log cabin.

[59. The California Quarterly]

The logs were smooth and straight and cold. They had been cut green when the sap was high in them, peeled with a draw knife, and left to season. He ran his rough, calloused palm over the smooth, oiled surface of a log, remembering the summer long ago when he had built the house.

"Ach," he muttered, and began pulling on his clothes. Then he walked out to the kitchen and built the fire for breakfast. While the stove was heating he started on his chores.

When he went out the kitchen door the brown and black shepherd dog came from where he had been sleeping under the porch and whimpered at him, his busy tail wagging slowly.

"Let's go, boy," Elmer said. It was dawn. The sun was coming up in long fingers of yellow and orange behind the gray rimrocks across the valley. The sharp air bit his face and hands as he walked to the barn, the dog at his heels. He heard Tom nicker softly at his approach, and Pete, the other half of the team, pushed at the gate of the corral with his nose.

"Hungry, boys?" Elmer said, entering the corral. He looked around for Buck, his saddle horse, and saw him grazing up at the end of the pasture. He poured oats for the team, then took the oat can and banged it on the side of the corral.

The buckskin gelding up at the end of the pasture lifted his head, his tawny ears cocked, his black tail twitching slightly, and looked towards the barn. He was almost the color of a lion, save for the black tail and mane. He stood still for a moment, then he put his head down, whinnied and broke into a run. He kicked his rear legs high, arching his back. He ran around in a wide circle, bucking a couple of times at an imaginary rider, and then came trotting gently toward the barn. I'll have to yank them shoes, Elmer thought, looking down at the buckskin's feet.

He fed the pigs and chickens and collected the eggs. There weren't many. Then he milked. There were three milk cows, a Holstein and two Herefords. When he was through he carried the milk pails up to the house and put them in the little room next to the kitchen. He wished he didn't have to do the separating. Millie had always done it before. He had to ride fence today and pull shoes on the team and the buckskin, and there were the cowhide panniers he was making for Charlie Kendall. He was late on that job already. He remembered then that he was supposed to go to the bank. "God damn it to hell," he muttered as he sat down to his hotcakes and coffee.

He fed the cat and dog and poured himself a second cup of coffee. "If I do the separating I won't have time for much else this morning," he said to himself. "An' I got to ride that south fence an' get in to the bank." He realized that he was not just thinking this, but saying it aloud. "I'll be gettin' crazier'n a Goddam shepherd next," he told himself.

Only why did he have to go to the ba today, he reflected. It was only a formali his going in. He knew they wouldn't rene the note, not with Henry Owens wantin the place as bad as he did.

And again he could hear her saying, " don't see why you won't take on dud They pay well, they're not much troubl and we'd make a decent living for change."

"I told you-I don't want no dudes, he had said. "This here's a cattle ranc S'what I built it fer, an' it's what it' gonna be."

"And it'll still be a cattle ranch whe the bank takes over and we're all out look ing for jobs. You're just as ornery as mule, Elmer."

That was how it had been all summ long, ever since she had spent the wee with her sister who cooked over at the R Valley Dude Ranch. It's what I git fo marryin' a schoolmarm, he reflected.

"And I want the girls to have prop clothes and a decent education," she h gone on.

"They got clothes, they're goin' t school down to Meeteetse. What's wron with the way they're <loin'? We goto own ranch, fifty head of cattle, an' som day it'll all be theirs." But the words ha stuck in him as he'd spoken. It wasn't if he'd had boys. "An' I built it all myself, he continued, trying to blot out what h had been thinking. "From nothin'. Wi my own two hands. All I had when I signe my homestead papers was my bedroll an an axe and shovel and six months' grub Fifteen years, by God. No one thought could make it on the side of this Godda mountain-but I done it." "Oh, how can you be so blind, Elmer all myself. An' I ain't turnin' it into no Goddam fancy-ass dude ranch, an' I ain't sellin' to that sonofabitch Henry Owens."

"A couple of good years... " "Oh-" She had started to cry. It was he first time he had ever seen her like that. ile didn't know what to say.

"All we have is debts," she went on, wipng her eyes with the back of her hand. "I ow how hard you've worked. I know hat it means to you. But we just can't nake it any more. If we take on dudes the, ank is bound to renew our note. The only ~ther thing is to sell to Henry Owens. rhere's nothing wrong with his offer. And f tell you I wouldn't mind living in town or a while and seeing some people. We ould go to Billings or Cody and you could pen a harness shop. You'd make a good 'ving at it, better than at ranching."

"I ain't wranglin' no dudes. This here's cattle ranch. An' I ain't sellin' to Henry wens. He's got so much land now he on't know what to do with it."

"He's made you a good offer." "Sure." He was angry now. "An' he ubstaked me when I was cowboyin' for im so's I could file here. When there was till homesteadin' in Wyoming he'd lend o any one of his hands who'd go prove up n a section ofland an' sell it back to him. That's how he built most of the Z Bar L.

I legal it was. Well, this is one cowboy ho didn't sell his homestead for a thound bucks an' blow it in in a couple of eeks. I've had this here land fifteen years come this fall. It's mine. 'Fore I come there was nothin', just the side of a mountain, trees an' rocks an' sage. I built the houses, the barn, the corrals, the road, the bridge down crost the river, I put up fence, I even put in a telephone line. I grub-hoed it an' dug out that bank with a plough an' slip so's there'd be enough flat place to walk around on. Nobody helped me, I done it All summer long. And then in the fall after he had finished putting up hay and threshing she had told him that she was taking the children to Billings and putting them in school there.

If he wanted, he could come. She hoped he would. She really wanted him, and the children needed him. Only she couldn't go on like this-the loneliness, the slaving to pay interest on the bank's loan. He'd have to make up his mind which he wanted -his family or his ranch. And he was going to lose the ranch anyway.

He didn't bother asking her to stay. He was not the sort who would. And he asked himself what kind of a woman he had married, and why; a woman who left her man when he needed her most, a woman who was ashamed and would bring up her children to be ashamed. It's what I git for marryin' a school marm, he thought. But this didn't stop his bitterness as he thought of her in bed beside him, as he thought of the good times, of the work they had done together.

"Oh hell," he muttered now, and he got up and walked out of the kitchen.

He rode fence on the buckskin that morning, taking a shovel, a fencing tool and an axe with him. He also brought wire and staples. Buck didn't like it, all the equipment. He was well broken, but often spooky, and Elmer had trouble each time he mounted him. The wire, or the axe or something would scare him and he'd start crowhopping like he'd only been broken that spring. Elmer had to cut and set three fence posts and he didn't get back to the ranch till noon.

He saw the red Ford pickup as he rode down the draw behind the bunkhouse.

"I figgered maybe you'd change yo mind."

Henry Owens was leaning against the corral gate when he rode in, Buck stepping sideways, pretending to be spooky, with his head down, and neck arched, his nostrils spread wide, his eyes rolling.

Elmer and Henry Owens nodded at each other. Henry Owens was a man of sixty with dark gray hair, and an open, friendly face. He had the biggest ranch in that part of Wyoming.

Elmer unsaddled Buck and took off his bridle. He slung the saddle and blanket onto the corral poles and hooked the bridle over the horn. Buck stood by him, nudging him with his nose. He wanted oats. Elmer ran his hand over the buckskin's back, then felt the soft, velvet nose, warm in his hand. His hand ran down the horse's left foreleg and he picked up the foot and looked at it.

"Throw a shoe?" said Henry Owens, coming over to where Elmer and the horse were standing.

" 'Bout to," Elmer said. He dropped the buckskin's foot and straightened up. "Reckon I'll have to yank 'em," he said. "Else he's liable to go lame on me."

Henry Owens reached into his shirt pocket and took out a pack of tailor-mades. He offered one to Elmer. Elmer refused and took out his tobacco and papers and rolled one. He watched Henry Owens' red face bend to the flame of the match as he lit his cigarette.

"What kin I do for you, Henry?" They squatted on their heels, facing each other, the way men do at such times. Henry Owens found a twig and began tracing a pattern in the dirt of the corral.

"I come by to see if you'd consider my offer," he said, looking at Elmer from under the brim of his Stetson.

"I already told you, I ain't aimin' to sell."

"I ain't changed my mind," Elmer said not taking his eyes off the other man.

Henry Owens moved his black Stetson further onto his forehead and turned look at the ranch house. He dropped the twig and let fly a squirt of saliva. "I fig gered as how you might've."

Elmer still kept his eyes on him, the left side of his face squinting against the spi of smoke coming from the cigarette on lip. Then he picked up the twig Henry Owens had dropped and broke it between his fingers. "I got

no reason to change m mind," he said. He stood up. "If that's you got to say, Henry, I gotto git to shoe- these horses."

Henry Owens stood up. His eyes we to the house again, and looked quickl away. "All right, Elmer. But if you d change your--"

"I ain't aimin' to, Henry," Elmer sai cutting him off.

He stood watching Henry Owens as h climbed into his new pickup truck an drove out of the corral. He waited, listen ing to the truck going down the mountai bouncing over the road that he had buil "You sonofabitch," he said. "You an' yo God dam bank." He threw down his ciga rette and reached into his pocket and too out his sack of Bull Durham and his ciga rette papers. He rolled the cigarette, no looking at it, hardly feeling the thin, tran parent paper against the callouses on • fingers. He twisted the end of the ciga rette and licked it along the side, and let i hang from his lip, all in one quick, halfconscious movement. Lifting his leg, he struck the wooden match on the bottom of his thigh. "The sonofabitch," he said again as he bent toward the light in his cupped hand.

He didn't work on the panniers, he did e separating, hating it, angry at Millie or leaving him the job. It was well into fternoon by the time he got around to ulling the shoes on the three horses. They me off easy. Then he cut the toenails and ed so there wouldn't be any cracks or plits. He put linseed oil on their hooves.

hen he was finished he squatted down n the corral and lit another cigarette. He ealized then that all day he had been feeing lazy. He couldn't get the bank out of is mind, no matter what he did.

The buckskin nickered and pushed at is shoulder with his muzzle. Elmer looked p at the sky. By the sun he knew it was round four o'clock.

He walked into the barn and put half a n of oats into the feed box. He stood atching the buckskin eat, chomping the lean yellow oats in his big teeth. Some f the oats, soaked in saliva fell from his outh onto the edge of the feed box.

"I reckon I oughta put new shoes on ou," Elmer said. But he didn't move. He tood smoking, watching the buckskin. He emembered when he had been foaled. He emembered the day he and Joe Hanson ad run him into the corral and thrown a ope on him for the first time, and a brand, nd gelded him. That was the spring he roke him, for Millie. Buck was

hers, the best saddle horse on the outfit. He'd had a hell of a time sacking and halter breaking him. Buck was real wild. He'd broke well to a saddle though, and later to a rope. He was a damn good cow pony, he'd stand solid when you threw a rope on anything, calf or steer, and he knew how to cut out a calf for roping in a herd of cattle. Elmer ran his hand over the brand on the buckskin's shoulder—an arrow and a quarter circle.

"She shouldn't've took off like that," he said to himself. He spat on the floor of the barn. Then he put a rope halter on the buckskin and got his shoeing box. He couldn't find his leather apron, and he said to hell with it and started to set up the portable forge. He was bending down to put a wedge under one of the legs when for some reason or other it gave way and the whole forge fell on his hand. "Sonofabitch!" he cried. The buckskin reared back at his words, jamming his rump against the the log wall of the barn, and almost stepping on the man's foot.

Elmer lifted the forge and got it set up. His whole arm was aching. I musta bust a knuckle or two, he thought, looking at his hand, which was beginning to swell.

It was his left hand he had hurt, and that didn't bother him much. Once he had broken his hand in a fight down in Meeteetse at the Saturday night dance and he'd had to stack hay for a week with the handle of the pitchfork hooked in his arm pit. But he had gotten the stack built.

He trimmed the buckskin's left forefoot again, and filed it flat so the shoe wouldn't wobble. He liked the smell of the hoof shavings. Then he heated the new shoe in the forge, turning the handle of the blower until the iron was almost white hot. He lifted it out with tongs and put it in a bucket of water. The buckskin rolled his eyes at the steam and pulled back on his halter. Elmer fitted the shoe, making it the right size with his tongs and hammer, burning its outline into the horse's hoof.

He put the nails in his mouth so he could reach them easily, and began to hammer the shoe on, hooking the nails quickly over after he had driven them through the hoof. He clipped the hooked ends off the nails and then filed the points, and buffed the hoof with his rasp so that it fit tight with the shoe.

He held the foot between his legs, facing the horse's rump and leaning against his side as he worked. The rear legs he laid in his lap. The buckskin stood fairly well, though a couple of times Elmer had to stop

and gentle him. He was tired and sweating and his hand was giving him trouble by the time he had worked around to the right forefoot.

It was when he was on the last shoe that it happened. Something, perhaps a pack rat, frightened the buckskin, and he pulled forward, dragging his hoof between Elmer's legs, the nail cutting deep into the inside of his thigh. Elmer dropped the leg and staggered away, swearing. He felt the pain and the blood wet and sticky on his thigh. He knew it was a bad one. He put his hand down on his leg and then looked at the blood that had already soaked through his dungarees. "Jesus H. Christ," he said aloud. He took off his shirt and made a tourniquet around his leg and started out of the barn, trying to walk as lightly as he could. Then he stopped. He turned back to the buckskin and gentled him and reached down with his clippers and cut the point of the nail from his hoof.

He stood out in the corral. It was cool, the sun had started to go down behind the rimrocks above the ranch. He remembered that he had just about enough gas in the pickup to make it to town. "Oh God dammit," he said. "God dammit." He looked down and saw that he was bleeding fast, and he tightened the tourniquet.

He stood in the corral watching the sun slip behind the rimrocks. The sky was a dark blue, and he felt a shiver run through his bare shoulders and back. He walked over to the pickup and opened the glove compartment and took out the pint bottle. Then he took the saddle blanket from the corral poles and put it over his shoulder. He limped up to a pine tree that was the bank just outside the corral, and down. So I could maybe make it to to he was thinking. Then what?

He had often sat there against the p' tree, in the days when he was proving on his land, and watched the sun going o of the sky. He sat there now, the bottle u capped, and watched the orange lengthe ing across the dark blue sky. He took o his makings and rolled a cigarette and it. Then he took another drink, and be thinking about Millie and the kids, a about the bank and Henry Owens. Th got me, he thought, they got me stretch tighter than the cowhide on Charlie Ke dall's panniers. He ran his hand throu the pine needles on the ground beside hi He picked up a handful and held it to nose. It was nice sitting here, it would nice to just keep on sitting here. He fi drowsy.

He took another drink. As he did tilting the bottle to his lips, he saw comi down the pasture to the barn, the Holste· and the two bald-faced

Herefords, th bags swinging full and heavy with ea plodding step. The shepherd dog trot at their heels.

Elmer loosened the tourniquet for a fe seconds, then tightened it. His leg felts • when he stood on it. I'll stop at Fraise an' git Johnnie to come take care of stock, he thought as he limped toward pickup. And as he drove away from ranch he thought how when he got sew up he would go and see the bank. He kne what they would say, only there was no ing else he could do. There wasn't a thin he could do. But a man had to keep goin A man who'd built something had toke gomg.