

STORY

THE ONLY MAGAZINE DEVOTED SOLELY TO THE SHORT STORY

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BERNARDINE KIELTY

March 24, 1937.

Dear Miss Day:

Thank you for sending to us through Eric Knight your novella. We read it with interest and found a lot in it we liked, but I am afraid on the whole it is not quite what we can use in the magazine.

I am sorry about this. I hope you will let us see more of your work and one of these days you may have a novel to send us for The STORY PRESS.

Sincerely yours,

Martha Foley

MF:EL

OFFICE OF
THE EDITOR



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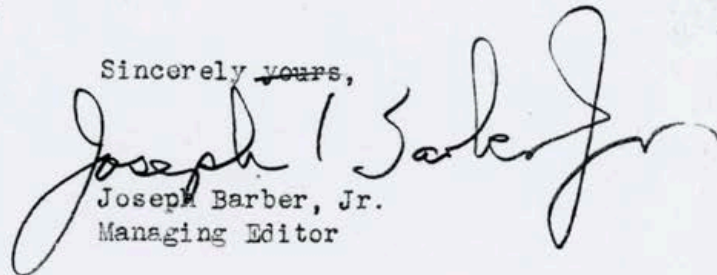
The Atlantic Monthly

October 11, 1937

Dear Miss Day:

Several of us were quite attracted by your diary-letter. It is written with freshness and keen perception. I do wish that the scenes described were not so very very familiar.

Sincerely yours,



Joseph Barber, Jr.
Managing Editor

Miss Zohmah Day
119 West Compton Blvd.
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Going around to live in the world at first seemed happy. I thought abstractly of life works. Really I was just happy and loving you. Everything was fun, though sometimes I wept.

Just now I remember the room I rented after moving from the hotel with pink sofas, in a flat against the grand new apartment house, so close only a trinkle of light could come through the windows. The other tenants were just grey shadows that didn't make much noise. The grey light of my room seldom varied. I would wake and dress and rush out the front door like out of a subterranean world, into the clamour of the city street, only once I rushed out enthusiastically and found it was a grey world outside too, there was only a blinking street light and the movement of a milkman's wagon. I had missed the charm of sleeping long enough for the world to start aw^Aorking; it seems I was no use preparing for the day. But I couldn't go back into ^{my}

bit of a room as if I still had the magic of escape, but wandered down the street in the great greyness. Finally more useful people came bringing newspapers, driving cars, opening doors, stirring up breakfasts. The city was going to be all right.

I went to your studio, and you smiled sleepily and took my hand and pulled me onto the bed so I could go to sleep too until it was time to go out and watch the world all going.

One gets older. Life has many ways of initiation. I have been sad since you have gone.

One has a life. My only responsibility was to keep alive. I love my family, they were anxious about me, they said I must get a job for a fair amount of security and independence. I know typing and shorthand so went to employment agencies and looked at the help wanted advertisements, ready to join the activities of the community to the extent of typing bills answering phone calls. I did look quite hard, considering the danger that I might have been hired. However, no one needed my inexperienced assistance.

What do other girls do who are worldlyly unimportant, and no one marries or employs, how are we

to be useful, get working on the work that needs to be done? This is still my problem to solve, but first I ran away.

What a wonderful thing just to go out and look at all the world. I don't know how to help the world but I thought I could be busy appreciating it forever.

Only I couldn't get started appreciating. Though, with decision made, I tried to ignore the sorrow of leaving the family and escape the ache in my heart, and took the money I had, \$200, bought a ticket on the transcontinental bus and a 3rd class ticket to Europe. My darling father, when arguments failed, bought a return ticket so if I didn't starve suddenly I could use my last strength and get on a boat and come home.

The bus was a compressed existence and the world just a ribbon of light and dark unwinding outside the windows, measuring the distance from home. Nevada was a place a nice woman let me sleep on her shoulder, Utah where the bus lost its comet-like qualities and got stuck in the snow, and the passengers swelled out onto the road, and trees and mountains loomed about us more than color on an unravelling ribbon. Wyoming distinguished for losing my hat. Time was nothing.

In Nebraska there was a bus change. For

whole hours I waited in a station, the world not rushing past. I looked at the road map and found the bus was to go through a town where a friend of yours lives. I've wanted to meet her and she might have news of you, so started to mark off the distances so I could get off there. It was still a day and night and several states away, but time was a suspense and we whizzed past towns, but I actually got off at the right place and into a hotel and a room and into a bath. Moved my elbows without hitting some stranger.

I telephoned Eleanor, she wasn't surprised and came in a few minutes and took me to her home, a real mid-west home with wide friendly porches and large friendly rooms. She said you were only a few hundred miles away and we telephone to you and I don't think you are surprised either. How happy I am.

Eleanor took me upstairs and put me to bed and when I really woke again it was late to get to my boat. Anyway I had forgotten Europe in all this space of America and happiness; it was nice there in the town by the Mississippi, some snow still on the ground but green showing on the trees. Eleanor is sweet.

We walked in the frost of the dying winter and I could talk of you. Say out something of your dearness and wretchedness from my continuous thoughts of

you. It is just plain love and no cleverness to please you; I tried and failed. It seems pretty hard to take from life what one wants, and no matter how nice other things are what we want seems best. You telephone for us to meet you in Chicago. Oh, smug joy. Here I am snatching a few more days from our fate to be apart.

It wasn't very enjoyable. It was difficult even to meet with both of us trying. First to miss each other at the station and not to find you until evening at the hotel. But what peace to see you and have you take my hand and just talk of nothing at all of importance.

And the next day it snowed and we all caught terrible colds waiting for each other for hours on wrong corners. Next day we arranged to meet at the library. How Eleanor and I looked for you for hours through all the rooms, watching the people passing and those seated at all the tables, we walked up and down the stairs, through the corridors and rooms and rooms never finding you. Wondering if I couldn't know you. Next day we met outside the doors of our rooms and stayed close together all day so as not to get lost, going to the museum, the art galleries, and to a department store where you beat on the rolls of material like savage drums. We all parted miserable with colds and sneezing.

I came on to New York too sick to worry

about this parting, got right onto a boat and into a bunk. I understood about sunworship as the boat circled south. I stayed all the days on deck soaking in the sun. Also I was belle of 3rd class (other women were little girl and old lady).

Then land again. Everyone should discover a new world.

My grandparents had come from England and here I was coming back. Off the boat at Plymouth. I thought Plymouth was all surrounded by gardens, and as the train moved away from the town I marvelled at the green color and the hedges and trees until twilight was gone, still not quite believing it could be so really lovely.

With darkness come I sat back in the seat of the compartment and tried to realize this funny train was actually going to London. I might have got to heaven by mistake.

The one person I knew in England, dear Madge, was at the station waiting for me. I hardly recognized her in a tweed suit and no makeup and eyebrows unplucked and saying greetings in an odd English accent. She piled me and my bags into a taxi, I thought she had hired the wreck of the Hesperus by mistake but it seems all English cabs are made old-fashioned.

We wound around London streets, I thought it is just as I expected. That night I saw my imagined picture of London, though all the time I was there I never recognized any of those streets again.

Madge had got us rooms in Euston, near the London University. Very tiny rooms partitioned with light boards out of big rooms. The next morning I met the girls who lived there. They were English and some American, girls going to the school or working and most of them charming and very attractive. They all liked Madge because she was gay and pretty and she was giving a nice impression of an American, and then I arrived full of gloom and feeling strange and overwhelmed. I thought the place expensive compared to American prices and the food didn't taste so good and I felt hungry and the maid scolded me for using the fourth floor instead of the first floor bathroom.

Madge was very busy and her engagements took her away. Two of the girls at the boarding house offered to take me to the Tower of London. That was always what I expected to do the first day I could get to London.

It was raining dirty drizzles of rain. We started out, I was dizzy with traffic going the wrong way, we kept changing busses, I couldn't look at

the people and buildings fast enough. Getting down at the Tower we ran along the street by its walls to the entrance; it looked a solid pile of stone but I couldn't believe my eyes that it was real. There were lots of people sightseeing in spite of the rain which was now falling heavily, no one seemed to be bothered. The two girls had a guide book and read it all the time, but I just wanted to look, so consequently I don't know what things were. Best I liked the river gate, and the jewels in the dungeon, and the carvings on the walls.

Afterwards I was to meet Madge at the American Women's Club at 46 Grosvenor Street. I asked my way to Grosvenor Street but was directed to the wrong one, then I found Grosvenor Place, not right; I asked more people and found my way to another Grosvenor Street. Number 46 was a vacant house, I thought Madge had the number wrong so walked on further, there was another number 46, I rang the bell, the butler said I was at 46 Grosvenor Square but to go on another block to another 46, and so I did and there it was. London is that way, they either change ⁿ the name of a street every few blocks or they are fond of certain names and use them all over.

Most London buildings are built of white stone, and the smoke turns them black, new and old build-

ings alike, then the rain washes off the ledges leaving designs of white. The tree trunks are also turned black and they appear very gaunt and elegant in the green grassy parks. The soot also turns the skirts of your petticoats black and blows in your face and eyes.

At home one never thinks of asking police for information, we always ask at a gas station. But in London there are so many police. When I walked to the corner looking for a drug store there was a policeman, so I went up to him and said, "Where is a drug store?" He actually smiled and answered, "There is one down the street half a block, and on the outside it will say 'Chemist'."

When Madge and I finally saw each other alone with a chance to talk, the first thing she asked was, "How much money have you?" I counted up my travelers checks. Not many. "For," she said, "I haven't any, my lawyer writes that I should return to New York immediately, they are taking my alimony to pay for my debts." I was panicky to have her go away just when I got there. I would never have had courage to come to London without Madge there.

I had enough money to pay for our rooms for this week in the boarding house and we decided to get a cheap room and worry about food later.

Madge was going to a business school up towards Hampstead at Swiss Cottage; we thought we had better move within walking distance to save the carfare.

We took the underground and came up at a station across from what looked like a castle but workmen were busy tearing it down; on another corner there was a school, on others were little shops. We walked down a street but the hill was steep so we turned about and went along another.

The houses were ugly three and four story brick places with little walled gardens in front. Madge kept saying the air was better up on the side of the hill. We came to a sign that said, 'a studio for two young ladies', which sounded approximately like us so we went up and knocked the brass knocker. The maid that answered looked nice, then an old woman came, bent and leaning on a cane, with a withered face partly hidden by a lace cap. She frightened me a little, especially as Madge promptly found out she was 'interested in spiritualism'.

The studio was on the third floor, large and nice windows. "Plenty of cross ventilation," Madge kept repeating. But the drear drapes dividing the room in half and the black woodwork and the faded rug depressed me especially as the rest of the house

appeared so overdecorated. But Madge saw it was large, with room for her trunks, so we moved in the next day.

It wasn't really bad, Madge took the woman's attention, and Madge's chiffon clothes and silk stuff bulged out of the closets and from behind the bookcase, brightening the room, and I unpacked my books and pictures.

Still I hadn't seen much of London. Hamstead Heath was near. We took our typewriters and lunches and spent all the days there lying on the grass, writing or doing nothing at all. I loved those fields of grass. There wasn't enough money for Madge to pay more tuition at school so she didn't go after all, but I gave her dictation from the shorthand book at home.

As a matter of fact now neither of us have any money. Not that it was costing anything to live; we ate raisins and rykrisp and the rent wasn't due again yet. It was just as well I didn't have much money to shop with as I could never find anything at the stores--it seemed there was a different shop for every item or they sold soap at the ironmongers.

When the rent was due, we pawned stuff; Madge said it was a good way to store stuff.

Madge was happy, studying her shorthand lessons all day, going to her mystery school at night,

dancing any spare moments. When I wasn't out on the Heath I was usually weeping. I was glad for the long days of spring, I could go to sleep and wake in the day. Light seemed one joy.

Also I thought very much of the great city that was about us, and the English country beyond and Europe beyond. There was no carfare only what we had to spend to go to the pawnshop and for Madge to go to her spiritualist meetings. But I could fill my pockets with nuts and raisins and go tramping over the Heath or over Primrose Hill down into Regents Park, and once along, along until I reached Piccadilly.

Madge was expecting any day to get the money from her lawyer to get home, and if before that time I didn't get a job I was going home too.

Madge wanted to take me with her to spirit school, but I didn't like it. The master, White Eagle, speaking through a famous medium seemed more like a fat old lady talking in her sleep with gestures. As Madge says, probably the great truths went over my head.

And at these spirit meetings I was always being greeted by strange people as a lost reincarnation. One cute man whispered privately he remembered me when he was Benvenuto Cellini; he said he was not so interested in art now, but I said I was still interested.

He also invited me to have a peek in his meditation closet.

One night Madge asked one of her spiritualist friends to come for dinner, only she explained to me, he wasn't the same but a mystic, an English yogi. She said to be careful of my thoughts for it seems he took special delight gazing through one's skull. Also I should wear a gay colored aura. As for Madge, she lighted candles and incense and put on chiffon flowing lounging pajamas.

We spent literally our last penny getting the landlady to cook a pot of vegetables, for it seems yogis don't eat meat or eggs. He came. What a strange little person. He looked reptilian, so slim and such bright eyes. His face was smooth and calm, accented by a dark moustache. No hair on his head. I couldn't be certain that his lips moved when he spoke, but he only said "Howdoyoudo" nothing about my aura. He sat back in a chair in the shadows of the heavy curtains, only his face caught light from the candles.

Madge was gay and bright as always. She is marvelous the way she can always rise to an occasion to be entertaining. Yogi and I smiled and watched and ate our dinner. His name was Michael. When he turned to speak to me it was to say he was glad to see me again.

"Oh", I thought, and said, "But I am sure that we have not met before."

"No? I recognized you instantly, we knew each other well."

Oh, oh, more reincarnation! No, no, this is my life.

"I definitely am not an old soul," I answered.

However he looked as if he did not believe me.

After we finished eating the pot of vegetables, he sat down on the floor curling his legs up yogi fashion. Madge followed and tried to fold her legs up too. They sat and compared remembrances of past lives.

I wanted to ask him lots of questions, however not about Atlantis or the time we lived in a tent by the Nile, but if it was right to base all one's actions on what was said by a medium.

He didn't agree with Madge's complete enthusiasm that Spiritualism should be taken seriously, not from lack of truth of it, but because it is not the quickest, surest way to truth. He had had mediumistic powers since he was very young and had prayed and hoped the power would leave him. Especially during the war it gave him terrifying experiences when so many spirits were

being put violently from their bodies and left to wander the earth until their fated time of death. He said it was difficult to talk with spirits that might be higher souls. The soul either comes back in other re-incarnations or when it has worked out of this plane it goes on to better planes. It is very painful and difficult for them to return to the earth. So it is mostly earth-bound spirits that one reaches through mediums. That for truth it is into one's own soul that one must search.

Michael suggested that we have a meditation, he and Madge sat so long and quiet and so still that I fell asleep. When they spoke again and looked at the time it was 4 o'clock, he had missed his train by many hours. I was annoyed, only he seemed so helpless. We remembered there was a vacant room across the hall, also a room a ^{shy} young tutor was renting, but not which was which. Madge took a lighted candle and went to investigate, she went into the wrong room, the boy didn't make any outcry, only Madge. Anyway we knew now it was the other door.

I must say our landlady was amazed the next morning.

Michael was glad to know us. He had been working terrifically hard writing a book and before that

he had been in India studying with an Eastern teacher. It amused him to tell our fortunes, and answer any absurd question we put to him, and he told me yogi breathing exercises to make me independent. Madge's fortunes were always good and mine so bad he would say he had made a mistake. He thought he would move into town, so Madge said come and rent the vacant room.

You had given me a letter of introduction to a publisher. He phoned and asked me to tea, and I was glad to know him for he talked like you do about books and pictures and interest of worldly things. Madge was so spiritual that I was feeling vulgar to think of my body so much as to brush my teeth. He was a Catholic and was glad that I wanted to go to church not to a seance. We had quite a talk.

He was some astonished to hear about the Indian Guide and Madge standing three minutes on her toes every day to get spiritual and a yogi going to come to live with us. He laughed and was kind and told me an account of his own life that showed him to be as romantic and worldly as he looked. For the first time I didn't wonder why so many women like dashing and capable men. What a nice afternoon, I thought I have found a friend in London, and I did see him once or twice again.

We stayed much at home these days. Madge was always studying her shorthand and spiritualist books, or she would put on a bathing suit and lie in the backyard to get the strengthening rays coming from the earth, so she said. There were very high walls about the yard, but people could go into the upper floors of their houses and look over the walls easily, and they evidently did and complained of Madge looking so attractive in a bathing suit.

So far the bent up landlady had been pretty well avoided as she couldn't catch us on the stairs, but now she began to invade our hired sanctum with long speeches full of moans and groans. And there was reason beside the pleasure she seemed to get from doing it, Madge broke dishes often and cracked the window with her slipper and swiped the egg-beater from a lower floor tenant which we needed for our chief indulgence, whipping up canned cream to spread on a dish of fruit. But Madge didn't care and just walked away out of the room instead of listening, leaving me alone with the woman.

Madge knew people. They began to find our 'garret'. One boy attending Oxford invited us to come up for the boat races. We tried to think of something else to pawn, deciding to go.

First time away into the country. The boy met us at the Oxford station. He was so far away from me as a person that I don't think we ever spoke, except when I tried to drop my return ticket down a grating because I thought it was only a stub, and he told me not to. I thought him rather wonderful, so young and graceful, the whole lankiness of his body so completely at ease, I thought he was in mind too but Madge said he was unhappy about some girl not liking him and was planning to go off in the wilds.

We went up the worn stone steps to his rooms in Balliol. There was a fire burning in the stone fireplace and there were nice windows, lots of books and pipes around, and a wash stand set dramatically in the turn of the tower. I was very impressed.

Another boy came, lunch was served, lobster and chicken. Madge being spiritualistic couldn't eat anything but she was busy gathering the two Oxfordians into the fold. She shook her head and bosoms and asked, "Don't you believe in spiritualism?" They answered in the best traditions of logic and reason, but even to me Madge sounded more persuasive and soon had them far beyond science.

I remember nothing of Oxford High Street because after lunch we ran through it at high speed so

as to have time to stop at the 5 & 10 (3 & 6 d) store before the races started. We all got so busy looking at collections of nail polish and scrubbing brushes and other lures of Woolworth's that when we started through some of the college buildings and down the green fields to the river we had to run at even higher speed, up steps three at a time and across courtyards in leaps, only tantalizing glimpses of arched corridors and casement windows, then a race down the river path to the college barge.

The young men on the barge looked frightfully casual. Someone tried to punt a little boat across the river with a passenger woman in a trailing organdy dress. Just when the races started we all went inside the barge and started drinking tea. I'm still vague whether I saw any of the races, the boats on the river seemed to be trying to bump into each other rather than to dash along ahead. Anyway it was all over in a rush and we ran back up the path.

I sortof said, "Are we going now to see the famous library," panting along behind the dashing group.

"No, to have tea."

Only we went to several different college apartments all crowded with young people smoking and

drinking cocktails. I tried to see some of the town by looking out the windows. They were aloof young people, at least paid no attention to me except Madge to gather me along when we dashed on to the next place.

Then dinner, I think this was in a restaurant from the fleeting glimpse I got of the entrance. Then they said, "We will have to hurry now so as not to be late for the theatre." We ran fast up the middle of the street, dodging cars. We got there just in time. It was a silly play, but the audience was truly alive, they clapped and shouted with joy every moment.

"There are so many people in town for the boat week we thought we could get you a better room at an inn outside of town."

Madge and I thanked the boy, hoping it was a cheap place. It seems though we had got nothing but the best; at least I spent one comfortable night in England!

They got a car somewhere and drove us at terrific speed through the quiet blackness of the winding country road, stopping short before the inn. Here what lovely peace. The proprietor had waited up for us and with great courtesy called the maid to show us to the room; a fire was burning in the fireplace, great cupboards for our coats, and the beds were covered

with downy quilts and when I got into mine it was a feather bed with hot water bottles at my feet.

Spring was a fact, the leaves of the trees and the grass were dazzling green. A note came from Michael saying would we come down to the country for the day. We hadn't seen him since the morning he had paid the landlady for the spare room and bought us cream and oatmeal for breakfast. The town where he was living wasn't far, a newly built suburb; he was glad to see us and the sun was shining. We got on the train again riding to Staines by the River.

He fed us lots of tea and cake, and then Madge wanted to sit by the water to meditate. The Indian Guide had said being by the water would help her concentrate on the inner life. So Michael and I walked on along the river. It was so beautiful, I wanted to stop and examine each bright blade of grass. The river wound about, there were fields of buttercups and deep grass to the very water's edge. We entered a wild thicket of trees white with thick clusters of blossoms, it was like being lost in faery land, we came to another turn of the river and sat on the grassy bank.

Being utterly satisfied with this world I asked the yogi to tell me of the other world he searched for. He told me of his lonesome boyhood in London, and

his later success as an editor and how he abandoned all thought of worldly things to go searching in India for lost truths.

Madge was so thrilled about the thrilling future all her spirit friends were prophesying for her that she had almost forgotten that no letter had come from the lawyer. We had to think of earning money. Madge thought we could go to some of the public spiritual lectures and take them down in shorthand and then sell them back to the medium so she could read what had been said.

It seemed wrong to make money from something you did not approve of but we were getting weak from eating so little; one Sunday I first went to church and said a long prayer and then went to the hall and wrote down the lecture, but the medium wasn't interested in buying it. It was good practice. At the lecture we met the caretaker of a duke's Mayfair house, empty except for dead duke's ghosts.

More practically, the Yogi used his powers to choose a winning horse in a race and won us some money.

Also Madge thought we could give a seance at home and make some money. 13 people came to the circle and the medium told them dramatic things, all of which I took in shorthand, but when we gave them the copies they

didn't pay us and the medium was hurt that we didn't pay him.

Madge said I had better sell my return ticket. I am not sure that is quite practical. I telephoned and asked the publisher boy. He telephoned often. He must like me! But the consistent part of his calls was that I shouldn't sell my return ticket. I think about it myself and decide I want to be independent more than anything else and I'll even go home if necessary and get a job.

I got out my Mexican prints, thinking I might sell them. I shiveringly went to the galleries, finally I really did sell one to the British Museum. This will please you. In England they just begin to know about the Mexican Renaissance.

through a man of publisher boy sold me about

London began to take on meaning and pattern. I studied the maps and went to famous places. I thought I would be sad to leave, but I must be independent, mustn't I.

One of the girls we had met at the boarding house was from Constantinople and had introduced Madge to a Turkish boy who was a student in the London University. It was a spiritualist idea of Madge's that she had to accept every invitation she got so as to try and make herself more social and be a teacher to all. When Orhan

traced her to our 'garret' he asked her to go to a vaudeville show. She was shocked at the idea but had to accept every invitation even to a vaudeville, so she dressed up in a pale blue coat and a hat with flowers, and left groaning at her duties to humanity. When she returned she said, "I've asked Orhan to come and rent a room here too, he is lonely."

So Orhan moved in and then Michael, so now we were all a family, Madge making the introductions, and piling the table for a celebration with a platter of ryekrisp, a cube of dried fruit, a jar of peanut butter, a dish of oranges with canned whipped cream spread on top (mostly purchased at Selfridges), also many cups of hot tea, and borrowed a shilling to put in the meter so we could sit about the bit of a gas heater and toast our toes.

The next night I brought a feast. I wandered all over Soho until I found an Indian restaurant to sell me vegetable curry and rice to take home in a milk bottle.

The next night Orhan brought jars of pickled artichokes and cakes of crushed almonds that Madge and I devoured with delight.

Even the old landlady got into the spirit of festivity and invited us down to her basement apartment for dinner; imitation chops and salad and a

grand array of molded jellies and custards. She was weakened to a human denomination at getting so many rooms rented.

But either I must go home by the next boat or get a job. I felt sure I would have to go, and the only letters ~~I had had~~ from you were just to ask how I was getting along. Then a man we had met at the spiritualist lecture telephoned and said would I come to his office for an interview about a job.

It was across the river at London Bridge, I had never been there before so was almost late sight-seeing first. He was a very proper hearty Englishman, he dictated some letters which I took badly because of his accent and the unfamiliar terms of the importing business, which is what he had, but he said I was hired and to come back Monday. I found out later that the spirits had told him to hire me, which I thought very nice of them.

Madge and I were excited about the new job, though for the little salary I was to be paid it hardly seemed worth while bothering working for it, but Monday morning Madge got up and cooked the cereal for breakfast and with much flurrying got me off to work.

I was on time. The other clerk in the

office, after examining the blouse I was wearing and asking what language we spoke in America, gave me some contracts to type. I typed like the wind all day hardly stopping to breath. Finally 5:30 came and I could start home, Madge had dutifully got some supper ready (raw sandwiches).

Early to bed off to work in the morning; I began to wonder how people got to work every single day. I looked at all the people in the underground train, wondering how they got used to coming to work. The men looked nice with flowers in their buttonholes. Again more typing like the wind, I didn't even stop to smile on Mr. Importing Firm or my fellow clerk. That night Madge still had supper ready but she hadn't made the beds.

"I have more important work to do," she explained.

But there was supper and maybe housework isn't as important as occult study; as Madge says, "What spiritual advancement can there be to making beds?"

For a whole week my typing furor kept up and then Miss Clerk explained that we were not supposed to work so hard when Mr. Importing Firm was away, to illustrate she got out some knitting when he next left the office. Madge had fixed a whole week's suppers and

was too spiritual to just discontinue so she accepted an invitation and went off to stay in the country.

But I was glad to have a job. For a long time I had not felt such security. It was a charm. With the circular letters to type, as long as I was busy doing them I felt protected by all society, the charm was just to type away--besides on Fridays I was paid enough salary for the rent and carfare.

Spent noon hours on London Bridge watching the boats and eating chocolate bars. Feel wise about life some days, but wish I was wise enough not to have to typewrite so much. Punk lunches. I eat first at the "Dairy" then at the "Creamery". After work I first think of new ways to get home, but the underground is fastest when I don't get lost in it.

This is the time the publisher boy really telephoned again. It was Sunday. I was washing my hair, trying to rub it dry in the damp air, then he phoned, would I come to tea and to meet a friend of his who was studying for the priesthood. How very wonderful, I could ask the priest some of the questions I had thought that morning at church. I must be very serious, wear a brown business suit, wind my hair tight to the head. I couldn't find the right underground train. It is far

across London from Swiss Cottage to Chelsea. Finally I came up from the tubes and took a bus, at least if I happened to pass the right street I could jump off a bus. The bus came to a stop at "Worlds End" so the sign said. It was Chelsea.

Further on was the boy's house. He introduced me to the young priest student. His name was John. He was beautiful.

The two of them were very busy talking, it seemed about illegitimate children but really about saving a friend of theirs. It was contentment sitting there listening to their clear perfect toned voices though John's throat would stop up from want of breath he was so excited arguing, I never saw anyone like to argue so much. If the little illegitimate baby had been there he would have probably punctuated his remarks by waving it in the air. I was glad I was there to rescue the creature, even theoretically, for loving.

John said would I have dinner with him. We walked over to a French restaurant near. He was very quiet now, only physically his arms swung wildly and he rushed down the street so fast I couldn't keep up. He said he had never taken a girl out before. He thought I must be very popular and worldly to know the publisher boy. I didn't tell him different but wondered

why of all girls I was chosen to have dinner with this sensitive fumbling young man. I hoped to be adequate for the occasion, and that my hair still wet wouldn't come falling down my neck or I would fail to think of anything to say.

We looked at the menu. It was in French. He said, "What will you have?" Visioning back over the menus of the past weeks I thought anything in the world would taste marvelous but eggs. So I said, "Anything but eggs."

He looked at the menu rather carefully and ordered something. It came. Great round glasses of foamy egg with wine and sugar. We ate it all in silence. He said, "We may as well work back to the soup now we have had the sweet." He looked at the menu again carefully. The only English was "Scotch woodcock" in quotation. He ordered that. It was scrambled eggs.

We went out into the park, and walked amidst the trees, dripping with rain drops, and couples holding hands and loving. None of us minded the rain. He told me he would like to be a writer, of his life in the Jesuit school, and his family and father whom he described as charming and cruel. Life to him was books, great stacks of books all to be read and learned. All his days spent at school, studying always studying. Only

companionship with the other students, men from all walks of life come to learn, full of desire for knowledge and goodness, and even so limited by petty things. Now and then release into action by wild horseback rides across country. And always knowing of the world, and people living caring or uncaring for truth, but action.

The pressure of life had reached into the school and brought John to me first of all. I longed to be beautiful, gentle and wise, a better manifestation of the world to leave behind for truth and the spirit. How much I admired him for studying from the past, and his willingness to help bear the burdens of mankind and manage the stores of knowledge, and how thrilled he was with every person and every idea.

I was glad to know John.

The publisher gave him an evening party. Every night after I had been invited until the time, I tried on Madge's evening dresses, wishing I could look pretty. Then I was embarrassed and wore something old. The party was in a flat behind Westminster. I almost forgot to go I was so busy looking at Parliament Buildings. When I did get there the publisher was busy talking to a languid blond girl and a very bored looking man. I thought this is a really sophisticated party.

John was glad to see me I am sure for he

waved his arms and knocked over all the objects on the mantel, but he was very busy arguing with anyone who would argue.

An Irish lord, whose flat it was, came over and tried to talk to me. Finally he said, "Why won't you talk to me?" I said miserably, "I can't think of anything to say." So I sat by myself in a corner watching the publisher act worlding and John argue, and more people come crushing into the room and the smoke blow about. I felt lonely.

A man with a long red beard sat down beside me. His eyes were gentle. I wanted to talk to him very much and said dozens of wicked sentences and finally was bold enough to ask him what he did. He said, "I am an artist." An artist! I went into the kitchen immediately, contemplating escape by the window or a bold departure. I refuse to be stuck to an artist charming me even for an evening. But he came working his charm on me even in the kitchen. I must be a stony flint to strike such sparks from an artist's charm.

Go to work next morning with red finger nails. Mr. Importing Firm says, "I hope you are not going to disappoint me."

Soon John asked me to meet him after work. We went to Redbeard's studio. But first to his ^{father's} ~~own~~

large successful studio with pictures in frames and a huge dais for models. I was quite impressed. John said he would ask his father to paint my picture and hang it in the Royal Academy and then I would be asked to dinners and not be so thin.

John said, "It is only a few blocks to Redbeard's, I will ride on my bicycle and you go on the bus." He gave me a penny and I took a seat in the bus, patting the knot of my hair and the penny dropped in the collar down my back. I was startled until I found a penny in my purse. When John waved for me to get off-- "Oh John will you take the penny out of my back." May be I shouldn't have asked him standing on the street corner. He looked shocked. "Do you think you should ask a minister to take a penny from down your back?" I hurried and explained it wasn't very far down but he wouldn't help.

One day John phoned me at work. Mr. Importing Firm said he didn't like his clerks disturbed, but he called me into the private office and give me the telephone. John said, "Will you come and see me, I'm in the hospital." I said, "Yes."

"Come right after work."

"Yes."

"You will come?"

"Yes."

Mr. Importing Firm sat there looking puzzled, I wish I had not cared what he thought and could have told John how anxious I was to see him.

So long until work is over. So far home. So long to change my dress. Grab some books to take to amuse him. Such a little time left of visiting time. A nun helped me to find his room. John looked well. I gave him the books and he took my hand, turning his face over on the pillow. Long afterwards I thought of this as the happiest time I spent in England. The last time I saw John I asked if he remembered when I came to the hospital and that I was happy that afternoon. He quizzed, "Because I was sick?" and smiled.

We held hands very peacefully. He said, "I guess the sister won't be surprised is she comes." We were there with our hands together until the twilight was going and the sister did come and tell me it was time to go.

Then when he was better John asked the publisher to arrange a meeting again. The publishing boy and I went out and waited for him on the Heath. It was an English sunny day, which is perfection.

This boy had much trouble with so many

women running after him, I didn't wonder that they did he was so capable and dashing. We spoke of all these women bothering him and then talked of John. I said, "I think I will kiss John, I want to." He was much amused but disapproving too, "No, no, you must not do that." He then explained that John was in much mental conflict in regards to his relationship with the church.

For many months I didn't see John again. He went away to the country and when he returned got a room in the eastend slums of London. He had given up entering the Church. I was sorry, I didn't see how he could now adjust himself to the world. Fortunately he had money and I knew he could be a great writer, but all his training was to work with the Church. I didn't hear from him. Months pass.

Redbeard came. How he charmed me. How happy I was to see him. Most days were now a routine of work, first work at the office and then typing in the evenings. Madge was practically always away in the country. I wish I could go too, I am tired of work every day.

Orhan is taking his examinations and studying hard. He says if I will cook his suppers he will buy the food, which is nice for me. He buys easy things to cook. We eat; and discuss Somerset Maugham; and his girl friend who is Turkish and how he can't see

her often for it takes him so long to save enough money to escort both her and her chaperone. Then he studies and I type.

Michael's book has been published and he is busy meeting people for interviews. It is a success.

At work Miss Clerk is unhappy, and I am afraid she will lose me my job if she won't let me have some exposition. She acts as if I am unnecessary, and besides disapproves of me, she said, "You roll your stockings, don't you?" Sniff! "I hold mine up three different ways." And I didn't ask her how!

I have to get a workers card--when the officials ask me where I was born I say "Brigham City" but they don't ask what country. Also I must renew my alien's card at the Bow Street police station. I am so frightened that they will ask me if I have a job and that I will tell them yes that I keep dropping my purse and papers and the policeman is so weary picking them up he doesn't ask me any more questions than necessary.

Redbeard and I went to the zoo. We found the humming birds like on my stationary. We watched the gorillas and like the elephants stomping from side to side in their dark stalls, then sat on the hill watching the polar bears play. He said John was very busy making lists, lists of anything, everything. He would spend

hours standing in front of store windows just making lists of everything. Also he was taking lessons in singing and dancing and ju jitsu and practicing them all at once.

We walked home over Primrose Hill. A rich summer evening. He swung me up in his soft strong arms and carried me over the hill. We would both have liked to have rolled in the long summer grass. We were both shy. So we talked instead of a trip over the Sussex Downs. Why did we never go? Why do I feel bound to be to work each day; to please my landlady! My life is always a waiting and dreams and every day is dull routine. And its undercurrent of wondering about you. If only I could have forgotten you. I thought we were made for each other. How could I go on with another life. It was some mistake that I was here in England. I could only be casual, my real life was with you and surely we would be together soon.

Madge came back from the country with baskets of mushrooms and berries and bunches of flowers. How I wished I could have seen the country with all those things agrowing.

Madge was crying. It seems she hadn't been able to reach her spirit master, the medium won't see her. I said it was because she didn't have any

money but she was afraid she was not good enough.

She decided not to eat anymore or not speak anymore unless spoken to. I get sick from a cold and she is in bed sick from not eating. It is a week of tears and anger. Saturday it rains and thunders and the lightening breaks our window. Madge clamly includes the window broken with her slipper in the general terror. Sunday I wash and iron and wish I was being frivolous instead.

"What is the matter with me, Madge, that I am not popular?"

Madge considered and said, "Well, you don't make enough effort, you don't evade the right questions or talk enough current things or do enough for people socially. I tell you what, I'll give you a cocktail party; invite your friends and I'll invite some of mine and we will have it at the American Women's Club."

I telephoned John and Redbeard and the publisher boy and said, "Oh, la la, do come to a cocktail party." The publisher boy was a pal and accepted.

As the day approached Madge coached me to order tomato juice to ^{look more ladylike and because} ~~no~~ it was cheaper, and got me to reading today's paper instead of something I found wrapped around our vegetables.

about
Lynn Shoberl



The day arrived and I was late getting away from the office and came hurrying down Grosvenor Street and could see Madge hurrying ahead of me with all the men she passed turning to look after her. She was late too. We got to the club to find the publisher boy sitting all alone in a private reception room. Madge hadn't invited anyone. She ordered tomato juice, giving me a look, so I ordered tomato juice and the boy ordered a sherry, and we drank our drinks rather hurriedly when they came. Madge got up and said, "Excuse me, I have to rush off to my spiritualist class." This was a surprise, but I thought best not to be left behind so we both got up and left the boy there at the cocktail party. I hope he forgives me.

Michael starts writing a new book and says he will pay me six pounds to help him type it. He gives me the money in advance and I go on the train to see my grandmother's grave and in the same town buy three large pieces of old china quite casually much to my horror. I struggle home with them and hide them under the bed from my own sight and any just wrath from Madge, for had not I scolded her for wanting to spend money for talking to a spirit and for using two pennies worth of hot water for a bath instead of one penny. Besides I still have to earn

the money. So I am very busy at work in the days and typing all evening for Michael.

Madge's conflicts get settled. The medium asks her to come and live with her in return for helping with the seances. So Madge moved and telephoned me messages of the sprites in the garden and the ghosts in the halls; I would worry but I am spending every spare moment trying to pick up the threads and pins and old paper she left scattered over the 'garret'. Anyway she says she is happy. We all miss her dancing to make us happy.

The medium gave a grand materialization party to which Michael was invited and he was given one of the materialized jewels; he told me there were diamonds and pearls formed in the medium's hand but he only got a little red glass.

Michael and I work on the manuscript and soon I am only a slave for three pounds fifteen shillings. Only Michael gives me more money to get my coat from the pawn shop.

He wanted me to help him with experiments in hypnotism, thinking I was a nice negative person to work on. I was too sissy. But we did have some sittings. Madge's enthusiasm about the spirits had revived some of his interest. He wanted to see what the

spirits had to say to him now he had advanced along the secret path.

We had to sit in the dark as that makes it easier for the spirits, but I could see Michael's face and he made suffering grimaces and groaned as a spirit supposedly took hold of his vocal organs. Doubtless he was not in a normal condition. Several spirits spoke, all urging contact with them. Spirits are all anxious to influence people. I hoped they wouldn't notice me sitting there in the dark, but one thanked me for helping Michael in his great work.

Then Michael groaned for a while naturally and sank into another trance. This time the spirit refused to tell his name but everything he said sounded like Michael in a completely unselfconscious mood, revealing his most complete hopes for his power. Afterwards I told him this. He thought about it very carefully and said he too thought I was right, but also different personalities can use one's vocal organs as well as the depths of subconscious.

Also Michael wanted to help me. He told me so much about dreams that I couldn't sleep, and much about magic. Also when I got very sore swollen eyes from typing all day and night, he wanted to use his healing power to cure them. They hurt so much I said

all right. He passed his fingers before them so the magic rays could heal. He was sweet and serious trying to help my very tired eyes, but I didn't like it and ran out of the house to the church and threw Lourdes water over them. By afternoon my eyes were really better, only a scar of the sore left. I thought I would be too polite to say, "I told you so", but he said, "I told you so."

Winter came solemnly to London. The days shortened until there seemed only night. The fog rolled over us so thick I felt my way along the fences to find the way to and from the station.

Madge telephoned that she is leaving for America at once although she is very happy where she is. Mr. Importing Firm says even if Madge is gone I must stay twenty years. I feel as if I had never been anywhere else.

I am now a slave for 2-10-0.

Then John asked me to come and have lunch with him. He was still living in the slum, a tiny room in a tight cramped brick house. Oh John! I was glad to see him. This was the first time I had seen him out of the black priest clothes. Now his hair was tousled though it was that before, and he wore wrinkled trousers, though they were always wrinkled, but he had on an old

pullover sweater and his hands and face were burned deep brown color from his weeks of cycling in the country. I was breathless from hurrying from work. He drew me into his room and kissed me on the cheek so dearly.

To make room for him to finish cooking lunch he promptly sat me on the couch, on everything else there was food piled. All for lunch. He said, "I want to get you fat." He was very busy cooking and shuffling the food about from stove to mantel, window sill and table. Then he piled it onto our plates and we sat side by side on the couch to eat, only I couldn't eat. I was wondering how such a mean dirty little room with only one window looking out over brick walls and greyness could be so cosy.

There were so many things I wanted to talk about with John. He put his arm very gently around my shoulders and neither of us said anything.

I said, "Why did you kiss me when I came?"

He said, "I thought you would be surprised."

The cold food was crowded right up to our island of a couch. I curled my feet up and felt the rest of the world was very unimportant. I could have stayed there forever with his arm about me, just so happily, but emotion dizzied us in an instant, we arose

apart in panic. He found my coat and I my hat. Even out in the air my head burned; at the underground station I held clinging to his arm but with hardly a goodbye he rushed crazily down the street. I felt too sad and lost to go home but went into a cinema and wept in the darkness.

He brought me books and cake and left them on the doorstep.

Weeks later he came to see me. He was posing as a continental baron. He took me where we could dance. He had certainly got all his singing, ju jitsu etc. lessons mixed up. He was feeling very gay. He said, "I adore the way you move your body, it is fantastic--" He wiggled, sillily. I walked away in great dignity. "See," he called, "you are terribly funny, come back and let me caress you."

I was wondering if this man likes me, that is besides the panicky emotion we give one another. He is so shy and inexperienced and I am rather dumb. How sad that he is so unborn to the world, so unaccustomed. I could have turned about and put my arms around him from sheer human sympathy. But he was feeling very man-of-the-world, following, he grabbed me by the waist, he was rough but I did not care. He held me tight in his arms and said, "Let me show you how I kiss my girl."

It seems there is a girl he likes, and she can argue interestingly by the hour.

All these days I had been working hard, and then at night the relaxation and ritual of going to bed and sleeping the heaven sleep of a peaceful one.

But this night I couldn't sleep, funny are human beings. John is rather a funny darling with his long legs, and jerky sensitive motions, and mind busy with acceptance, I would like to give him knees and breasts and curved embraces, and even my ideas too he reforms them into such amazing thoughts, only I wouldn't. He is absolutely sensually indifferent.

While I adore ideas and situations and try to accept them completely, yet while I lose myself in abstract admiration, I am indeed lost and alone. I watch at the glittering day and the glittering world, but when night comes I find I am still there, most impossible, though one can look out in the darkness, I like darkness all right, I have to pray very hard sometimes to be content with having a soul.

Wish John hadn't made me think of loving, I need to be loved, and of charms and skin and embraces soft and strong, and darn John with his proper and incredible mania for discussion. I like him that way, I think he is absolutely intellectually right, only if

I were covered with velvet instead of wild skin, and had teeth like pearls etc., I would certainly scratch his heart and make him see that passion is also a very strong weapon.

The next day I went to the churchyard and ate my lunch sitting on a tombstone. But I wasn't thinking about John but how sleepy I was. I had been awake until morning weeping and writing a poem which I tore into little pieces wishing I could do the same to John if he started illustrating again how he kissed his girl.

The days are so cold and dark. I remember there is no necessity to be happy. Every day is now a routine, even Sunday. I hardly remember to smile at the flowerman at the corner and the man in the bank, and no smiles at all for the row of girls at the postoffice desk, they always look at me suspiciously anyway. After all I am a foreigner, one generation a foreigner. ^{and my life until now}

Home to my room at night, the walls are damp and cold and outside it is all rain and dark. I begin to miss Madge. Home seemed much further away than England had seemed from home. I am eating my dinners with the landlady and when I come home she is waiting goulishly. She says, "I am so good to you."

The book of Michael's is getting along,

we count pages. When it is finished he is going to move. He is going back to India. He worries about me, he says do I want to come? The fog is too close about me.

An old captain rents the lower floor. I hear he has a terrible temper. I tremble to think of the landlady's reaction to a strong will. When I meet him I tell him instantly that I am very tough so he won't try and frighten me. He doesn't, he likes me and gives me letters and papers to type, so I can still earn a few extra shillings.

He is busy trying to help ex-service men get jobs and also help himself in his own class of life, maybe get a blue ribbon. He is old and lost of ideals excepting as to the superiority of the English nobility. He is not sure he should like me as I may be a mixture of some strange stock into an American. He is happy that he looks like the old king, the same grey beard, wrinkles at the eyes, only the resemblance isn't really important as the king isn't an English lord.

He and the landlady clash sparingly over the food the position of the table in the hall. I am glad to be out of her notice for a moment. I wish I had enough money to move but I give all but carfare and three shillings to her; I have no more only the extra

money I make from typing and that buys me soap and toothpaste and shoes mended. I should move. Maybe she is right and good to me, but she takes my strength with her suspicious prying and desire to dominate everyone.

I am tired when I come home from work. I go to bed. Winter is so cold. It is warmer in bed and I haven't any spare shillings to make the gas stove burn. I am lonely, I feel forgotten, I weep in self pity, and I can't grasp at life only take gratefully what friendship is offered as my life is across the ocean waiting. However I hear from no one and only wait.

I missed Michael being moved away. It is true that I didn't see when he put out his hand lovingly. He was sometimes lonely on his high peak of spiritual attainment. I think he was glad to be teased and have me pretend his yoginess was a good joke. I admired him greatly for the usefulness of his life. He felt handicapped by the strangeness of appearance, he said he chose his body to save an extra reincarnation. He was a person much loved for his generousness and kindness. How patient and kind he had been to me in my tempers and troubles. Our friendship was real, he treated me like a real woman and not like my idea of myself being a nothing for living. We would not forget each other, but I missed him gone away to India.

I went often to the library and read a lot of books. Spend my lunch money to buy Irish linen. Feel very worldly going in a shop. Sew on handkerchiefs. With Michael gone I have to be very careful to save enough pennies to make carfare to the end of the week, and there was no one to give me tea parties.

Most all this time I was trying to make you a surprise. All English girls knit. I used the time spent travelling on the underground knitting you some socks. It was a rather painful performance. The people on the opposite isle of the train would visibly shudder with anxiety each time I tried to make a stitch. (That's some reaction from English people.) No swift click click of the needles. Each stitch was a lengthy process of shifting hands, needles, thread, elbows, and sometimes more stitches came off in a second than I could make in a round trip on the underground. But I did finish that sock and cherished it, thinking of you wearing it, and started knitting one to match, and left the whole bag of knitting in some unremembered place.

Between starting the sock and the next, many changes had taken place at the office. Miss Clerk had left and Miss Smith returned. She was Mr. Importing Firm's perfect secretary and he was joyful. She was pale from being ill so long, she had worked thirteen

years without making a single mistake and then had a nervous breakdown. It seemed sad that she had to come back to work when she longed to stay at home with her mother. But she worked very well and was very proud to do her best, and she was a nice person.

I was happier at work now, and took on a new lease of patience with the business of earning a living. She helped with another pair of socks and this finished pair was excellent. I rushed to the post office with them, inquired about the boat to take them to America, calculated the time I would hear in return. Never a mention of the socks in your letters asking how I was getting along. Finally decided they must be lost. Couldn't I even embrace my dearest's feet with warm blue knitted sweater socks? Miss Smith and I started on another pair, but by the time they were finished and sent and lost and traced and still lost, many other things had happened and anyway summer was coming and such warm wool socks would be too warm.

I began to see the justice and rightness to both of us that you went away. That is not my problem but how to get along without you. What do you think now?

Miss Smith and I had nice times at work discussing America and England and the Royal Family.

She told me about the office the thirteen years before I came, and sicknesses and the air raids; and I told her about America until it seemed the most amazing place I ever heard of. I could hardly believe I had been there. I just could not help exclaiming how BIG things were, deserts and mountains and pie with ice cream. The people swift and careless. She was fascinated about sliced bread in cellophane and cheap silk stockings and sunny weather--although she thought I was an awful liar. We huddled by the fire at tea time and felt cosy.

We liked our boss, though he was very exact about pennies and words and minutes. He was ever so practical except Friday night after work when the London Bridge Group met at the office and communed with the spirits.

I was grateful to the spirits for getting me a job, but I didn't like them especially. I wanted to know about the world. There is something satisfying in going by experience and not leaping into a whirl of invisible beings and rays and colors and watching for the signs of the moon. Only I leaped right into it.

One of the leaders of the spirit movement was a friend of Mr. Importing Firm. He wasn't practical but had a successful business and everyone was impressed with his richness and spirituality. When he offered me a

job being reporter for the spirits I accepted meekly, besides I needed the money, the Captain had gone to Malta and my ordinary salary was very small.

With some of the bishops and ministers of the Church of England and different mediums we would meet in the churches and talk with the spirits, these spirits were very distinguished, and I took down their messages in shorthand. They were organizing a movement to recognize the great art of talking to the dead had been lost but that revelations were to be made again and must be accepted and used by the Church of England. Here are some of the things the spirits said:

"Greetings to you, William Crooks speaking...

In our British Museum there are illustrations of neophytes receiving initiation, and pictures of human magnetism being used, coming zig zag from fingers.

To contact those who have cast aside the body will be an asset to modern Christendom. Men and women will be unanimous in their testimony that green is green because it is so seen through clear sighted eyes, and they will see things of the soul the same because they will see through definite teaching instead of strange medley of teaching. The Church of England will only find universality when established upon spirit."

Archbishop: "My dear Brethren, I am come to endeavour tonight not so much to deliver a sermon but rather to render hold on this man's body so that I can express myself through it in conversational form. Let us be comrades working together in one path though some are labouring upon earth while others in spirit fields.

I know you will not mind my using this man's

body in a standing position, I do so intending no discourtesy but find I can better hold him under control, do not like word, than when solar plexus is cramped.

I am now going to ask you to say to me what you desire in regard to further establishment of the Order."

Minister (in the body): "We are anxious to get pamphlet printed, anxious to get title. White Brother suggests we use "The Continual Age of Miracles". We like better "Signs and Wonders are Reappearing"."

Archbishop: "While do not wish to differ from our brother, I find the definite title far more appropriate, after all we are living in the 20th Century. There is nothing more obnoxious than advertising mixed with spiritualism, but must help man in the street.

Regarding advertisement it is much easier to strangle an infant than an adult. Get something quite definitely done throughout church that will free church in regard to its present stand. I am adverse to undo publicity until strong, then publicity is good. I do not know whether you agree?"

Minister (in the body): "Publicity is difficult to prevent. A little that is perfectly accurate is better than to be at the mercy of papers."

Archbishop: "Do not misunderstand me, don't want to be antagonistic to spiritualism."

Minister (in the body): "Rural Dean will give a report of purposes, and I will say something at our public meeting, just hope the spirits would not speak before the rural dean had spoken."

Archbishop: "No manifestations! You may frighten away people. Under no consideration is any medium to allow himself or herself to be controlled by a spirit entity."

Minister (in the body): "Didn't you promise to speak?"

Archbishop: "Do not remember if it is at this meeting. Know that pennies have to be thought of but do not believe in the long run you will regret having the meeting held in a rational manner. More eyes are watching you than you know, I mean on earth and out. You will avoid unfair criticism, but however the management on earth is in your

hands. I will speak at the meeting rather than have it develope into something unseemly.

To establish conditions of the Church at Corinth it is worthwhile to do it surely and be sure it is upon the Rock of Christ and not upon the sands of human opinion. I am no longer an old man as when I came over but I am a very humble man. You ask for my opinions, I give them to you."

Indian Doctor: "You have asked me to come."

Reverend C. (in the body): "By what means can we use the aid of spirit doctors, must we always have a medium?"

Indian Doctor: "Give me your hand. You have a healer amongst you in your brother.

But have one in your band who understands herbs. There are very few things which grow on the earth which are not put there for the benefit of man. A thing I'll tell you, which may make you laugh. Complaints of the legs are helped by putting a leaf of horseradish on the soles of the feet at night."

Irving: "Good evening everybody, my name is H.B. Irving, I only want to detain you for just a moment for I am interested in what I made my profession on earth and realize the tremendous amount of good plays, pictures, music and song can do, and it all should be done under direct knowledge of spirit guides. Anyone with the gift of clairvoyance at a concert or play can see a spirit control always beside the artist. But artists should realize it. But I won't keep you, good of you to let me come and tell you this. Goodnight."

Reverend B. (in the body): "Goodnight, Sir Henry."

Irving: "No, I am not Sir Henry Irving, that is my father, I am H.B. Irving."

The shops were being decorated for Christmas. I was an admirer of all the puddings and stopped to look at all pudding displays, how I wished I could send some to America all glowing with blue light. I sent off the linen handkerchiefs which didn't express much of the excitement of English Christmas. People in throngs shopping and getting ready. Most everyone was getting ready to go off to the country. Someone told me groaningly that it is an unwritten law one must be gay for Christmas. Even the darkness of the winter was livened by a lovely fall of snow. Lights glowed in windows of shops and homes.

Christmas Day came and London was very quiet. I ate mince pie for breakfast and thought of the wonder of God loving us all. Went to St. Bartholomew's Hospital with the keeper of the duke's house and served the mustard for the Christmas dinner. The student doctors gave nice charades and the patients were quiet in their beds.

All the next week I got presents from home. Marvelous presents and a great box of spring flowers from you, I felt like a princess instead of a typist with chillblains. New Years Eve I put a shilling in the gas heater and feeling warm and happy wrote letters home of how wonderful is England.

No word from John or Redbeard, I guess they don't like flirts, I told each one I liked him best, now they must have told each other. Only Redbeard finally returns from the country and paints a portrait of me with curly bangs and pink cheeks, not a green and crooked face like you paint of me, or so much like me. We go to a Chelsea Fair and then to the Embankment to drink coffee outdoors sitting by a great charcoal fire.

I am still working on the spirit meetings. Work nine hours transcribing the messages for five shillings. Spend the money getting my hair washed.

Before he left Michael had introduced me to a friend of his, Bob. He was half French, like you, may be that was why I took such a dislike to him. He was very nice. He was good to me, he thought of things one should see in London. He spent out of his small salary for tickets to the ballet, and to see Hamlet and current plays, and reminded me of art shows. Otherwise I would have been sitting lethargic in my room from lack of money. He was appreciative and thoughtful, and I was aloof. Only one night he told me of a girl he was in love with. I was so glad for him, this boy needed loving. We were just going to a movie, I was so glad for him I grasped and squeezed his hand all through the picture. We really were friends, he was sincerely my

friend. I wanted to meet him every day and be glad with him for his love.

He wanted to paint my portrait. After all hadn't I been painted and photographed by famous artists. He came to the house one evening and drew my picture. I had never had company at the house before. I showed him my precious books and my photographs from America. It was a very pleasant evening.

He came again, this time the landlord at the demand of the landlady said her words in a meek tone to the boy that he had stayed too late the time before-- 10.30. I was furious, here I had never had company before, and they embarrassed my friend.

I didn't mind that woman pecking at me with her domination, I probably deserved it, but she couldn't hurt my gentle friend. I told her so. She said, "Ooooh, such a harsh tone, and I have been so noble to you, if you don't like it here you had better leave." I went out and walked and walked, I was glad to go but where could I go? I remembered the woman living in the duke's house in Grosvenor Square. It was huge and empty, maybe there would be room for me until I could get some money to pay somewhere else.

I came back and said I had arranged to move. The landlady looked very noble and said, "I won't

be put in a position of having put a young girl out on the streets, you will have to pay me a week's rent in advance by way of notice if you want to leave."

I didn't have any money, she knew I gave it all to her. I said, "You know I have no money." She said, "I won't bargain with you, you will get me the money if you want to move."

I went upstairs and packed. If only Michael were still here.

Next morning I went to work. Miss Smith thought I should have moved long ago. Mr. Importing Firm gave me the money to pay the landlady. I moved to the haunted lady's house. I had jumped from the pot into the fire. Now instead of being driven crazy, I drove this good woman crazy. She was afraid to take her eyes off me for fear I would start playing with matches or break dishes or wrinkle the covers of the chairs.

The worst thing was that I could not make out her system of arrangement. The whole basement of the house appeared a vast jumble of boxes and bits of old clothing and odd pieces of furniture. She scrubbed and scrubbed back in the cupboards but the middle of the floor was always a jumble. She could never find anything, which made her frantic, and sent me dashing

up the dark halls and into rooms trying to find what ever was wanted in the heaps of boxes and old things everywhere on the floor, and the clean cupboards closed about us.

I got up in the mornings to cook my breakfast. The sugar and cereal and eggs and tea were scattered about three huge kitchens. I ran about all the kitchens looking for food; she would scold me if I didn't eat enough.

Now a side issue happened to keep me from looking for a new place. After arriving on Friday night, Saturday I was busy trying to keep my jumble of stuff on the floor separate from all the woman's jumbles, when a boy knocked on the door and asked for me. No one knew I was there. It seemed a miracle of light in the dark of that basement and the darkness of London winter.

He was an American boy, someone I knew at home had given him the Swiss Cottage address, and with true American determination he had searched me out of that big city. He had telephoned and visited my old landlady until she would tell him where I was.

He told me he was to be in London a week, he had been traveling over Europe and was now going home and was crazy to get there. His voice twanged all this information out to me, and I thought it was a pleasing

voice. He was so full of life and disregard and casualness and amazement at what I was doing here. I took him up to see all the gold and blue ballrooms and panelled library and the one little bathroom on the fifth floor under the skylight. We twirled on the ballroom floor. He said would I see him every day while he was in town.

The next day, Sunday, we walked down the corner street to St. James Palace to see the changing of the guard. We walked on through the park, held hands in Westminster Abbey, kissed in Russell Square. He would sooner hold hands than look at ancient stone and marble. That shocked me. Before evening he told me he loved me passionately. I suppose he was glad to see a fellow American. The next evening he proposed and begged me to come back with him. I doubted the sincerity but a light must have dawned in my eyes. "Go home!"

I hadn't thought of that. Why it was possible. I could see my darling dad, and get warm and thawed out from all this cold, and get the smoke out of my skin and clothes, and go away from the sunless basement. I could go home.

I was busy realizing all this and the boy was busy kissing me. I had forgot to notice. Only I wondered why I was so absurd not kissing men I like and here I was bent into the arms of this boy and could

hardly think about it. Though the next day when I met him and he greeted me with an attitude which showed that he considered he had kissed me a lot I was some embarrassed. But he could talk to me about home, he disliked London and I wanted to share that dislike.

The week was up. He left me determined to follow, not him but to get home. He forgot me the moment he was on the boat.

I hadn't had time to follow the reactions of the grey woman. Evidentially she had been having some. Now indeed did not believe my sad tale of loneliness, though she did think the American boy adorable. I had to think of moving again before doing anything else. Bob now found me and helped me move.

I told Mr. Importing Firm that I wanted to leave. He was horrified at the nice smoothness of the office being interrupted. His wife asked me to tea and asked me if I had no loyalty. She said the spirits had told her I would be unhappy if I went back to America; if I went it was just to work off bad karma.

I moved to Chelsea. That is where I wanted to be all the time. John was living somewhere here now and this was Redbeard's home though he had gone traveling, but I wandered alone by the river watching the fog sift up through the black trees. But

I wasn't so lonely here. My room was so very small I almost fell out the window when I jumped out of bed. But the window looked out over the High Street. I could watch all the activity of the church, the grocery store, the chemist, the postoffice, all in a row. And the weather was getting warmer, and my landlady was kind to me. She brought my morning tea to me to bed, and said kindnesses.

— And I had a big Adventure. When the Sculptor gave a show everyone in town was expressing an opinion so I thought I might as well give him mine too, especially as I had spent my last shilling to go see it and was sitting in my room with nothing to do but working or weeping. I forgot about it, only that I liked the sculptures and would wander about London to see all of it I could. Then his secretary wrote me an answer inviting me to his house.

— I burned myself on the bathroom heater and broke out in pimples from excitement and arrived at his front door sortof a wreck of a person. My ring was answered by a butler so shabbily dressed I thought this must be the artist. No, I was ushered into the drawing room. There was a woman and a young girl and statues grouped about the room, it looked like quite a social occasion. No Sculptor.

The rest of us, not the statues, sat down to tea at a large living room table covered with a red-checked tablecloth. I was noting this when the woman, she was the Sculptor's wife, said once a writer had got entrance to their house and had written that she served tea at a table with a checker table cloth, so I looked at my tea cup and was glad I wasn't a writer. I liked her, she had fascinating memories of interesting places and people. We talked for hours, I didn't want to leave at all.

She invited me to come again for lunch. This time I got to meet the Sculptor. He is a great artist and like artists a man apart from life, so busy with marvelous creations that other living is something difficult. He was shy and nervous and very kind. After a delicious lunch he bought me icecream when the icecream man tinkled his bell outside the house, and he showed me his collection of modern pictures and ancient sculpture regarding them so lovingly.

We went to the studio and saw his own marvelous work. I looked at the portraits and felt I had never known any people so well. He let me stroke their noses. The feel of the modeling was as beautiful as looking at the character and beauty of composition. I wished to be beautiful or able to stand on my head on

for 7 weeks I was in the studio & would have loved to sleep there

his gatepost so he would think of making me a green bronze forever perfect thing. That is reaching truth.

It got late and I realized I must go no matter how much I liked being with them. The Sculptor lifted a bunch of great red tulips out of a vase on the piano and gave them to me for goodbye.

Winds are blowing winter away. I get blown down Fenchurch Street when out on errands. Blown down Borough High Street to the bank. Spitalfield Market full of flowers. Still glad though to get to go to the tea markets, tight little offices with wood fires burning, and the warehouses stacked with tea from the world over, warm odors from India and China.

The best tea is what I make at the office at 4 o'clock. I liked going shopping for biscuits, biscuits are the one thing that the stores seemed to have enough of. I could really choose a grand variety, stuffed biscuits and sugar ones, but Mr. Importing Firm persuaded me at last to settle down to plain ones and gingerbread on Friday--I kept the pink and chocolate ones in the outer office.

Easter comes, a holiday! Bob asked me to go walking in the country. The English country. One inch of it as beautiful as a whole scene. Leaves

dripping with dew, strong grass, deep and green, clusters of primroses; buttercups, fields of yellow or only one glowing in the hand. Streams, lakes, the woods dark and shady, the rough bark of trees and railway tracks making steel frames to the fields. Cottages are corsages pinned to the brown bosom of the earth. We walked on and on, we climbed through Rhododendron grown into a wild trackless cluster, our feet sinking into grass and springy moss and mud and water. We came to a great country house with nature ironed into a nice pattern. So over many rolling hills back to London with walls and lights between me and all that sky and fields, but my hands full of primroses.

I spent some of my going home money and went to Paris on the week end. Got out in about the middle of the English Channel when I remembered I didn't have a French visa and my English one was months over the year date. Why I couldn't land anywhere! When the boat got to the French port the official was so amazed at my just being there with nothing he couldn't speak English and could only gasp in French. He was furious and couldn't make me understand a word. I couldn't talk either but I really didn't have anything to say. He got out the record books but there was no information to cover my case so when the Paris train started he just waved helplessly for me to get on.

Paris!

The train crossed and recrossed the Seine. The country, when the sun came, looked bright and yellow after the green of England. Paris was around one of the curves in the river. It was 5 o'clock in the morning when we got there. I started right out to see everything, walked and walked, how beautiful was the silverness of Paris.

I stopped at a sidewalk cafe, feeling very self conscious eating on the street until I took one taste of the heap of French bread and then could think of nothing else. After that I wanted to stop at every pastry shop, there are lots of them, and did stop and eat cake at most of them.

My feet hurt and my stomach hurt. But I had to go on through all the fascinating streets, I mustn't miss a view or a building or a piece of cake. This was Paris. Oh it was so fascinating, and the people smiled. The noise of London is all deep rumble but here you could hear noise of people and laughter.

I went into the empty somberness of Notre Dame. Up to the top of Eiffel Tower to see the hills and rays of streets. To the parks. To see where you lived when a boy, and walked on down past the river book stalls as you used to walk when going to school. I

needed years and I must run to see it all. To the Louvre, I didn't want to miss seeing a picture and my feet wouldn't carry me further. But walked on.

Night came and I hadn't seen Montmartre. I started climbing up the hill. The side streets were empty and lonesome. Half way up I sat down on a curb and a mouse came out of the gutter and ran up the hill quite briskly. My feet would not go further, I could not see Montmartre. I went into a cafe and ate Peach Melba. Oh my stomach hurt. I thought, someday I will enjoy this.

On the way to the station I went on a wild dash to a hat shop and bought one dashing enough. Away on the train. Oh Paris! I shall not forget a pink doorway or a honey cake or a silver tower.

No thoughts for the passport situation now, but it did not matter at the English port. When the official looked at my old visa in rather surprise and said, "Oh this isn't correct." I said, "Oh how careless of me," remembering to keep my head up, English people like that. He said, "Thats all right."

So soon now that I was going home. The last Sunday morning, kneeling in church I saw John walk far up the isle and stand against the wall. At the end of mass he left hurriedly; I ran to catch him by the entrance. Almost at once we both said, "I've been want-

ing to see you--about those letters." Then stopped. Getting outside of the church I said, "I would like to have my letters back again."

"No, I want to use them for my play." and he turned and walked down the street so fast I didn't even have time to say, "Won't you walk with me by the river?"

But he came to see me. We went to a movie and looked at each other. I told him about the Sculptor and Paris and going home.

"But you can't go, I always think of you being near." He frowned, and wasn't pleased either to hear about the Sculptor. He wanted to meet him too and it seemed fairer he should have had first privilege as his father and the Sculptor are old enemies.

I was anxious to know what had been happening to him. He was subdued and worried. But as always it was hard for us to talk, and I couldn't ask him why he was finding it hard to get along in the world.

He came the morning I was to sail and helped me close my trunk and then went riding off on his bicycle.

We had sat there on the trunk so long I was almost late for work. Then I was almost late for catching the boat doing my typing and saying goodbye to

Mr. Importing Firm and Miss Smith. It was nice though getting off from work early even if I had to go to America for an excuse.

Bob met me at the station. He gave me a little flower collar he had ordered from Paris. He had it in his hand for a goodbye present. We were friends. We kissed quickly. He said, "I heard men and women couldn't be real friends but we have been. It was wonderful." He hurried off weeping. I wept too, I wished also to feel such sincerity and friendship.

Here was London but I was going away.