

# '47

Thirty-five cents

the Magazine of the Year

MARCH

A New Story - "Home to Heaven" by Pearl S. Buck - Robert St. John's "Letter to Judy" - Public Opinion Analysis: "My Country, Right or Left?" by a Gallup Poll editor.



*This is Celia, daughter of painter Robert Brackman. See pages 80-85.*

This magazine is owned by leading writers, artists and photographers



your wife? Why isn't she here? Is she too weak to fight?" And I just felt, dear, that it was the sort of thing that wouldn't please you."

■ THE TIME THE WOLVES ATE  
THE VICE-PRINCIPAL

Salinas is eighteen miles from Monterey and inland. It lies in the mouth of a long and windy valley. It is a flat town built on a slough so that the whole town quakes and shivers when a train goes by.

One morning very early when the light was just beginning to come up behind Fremont's Peak, there was a scratching and a scurrying and a snarling on the lawn of the courthouse. A snarling clot of animals was on the courthouse lawn. And then in the gray morning they moved sniffing timidly off the lawn. Then a leader established himself, a great gray wolf, and the other wolves followed him.

Not a soul was moving in the town. The paper boys had gone past with the *Morning Journal* and no one else was awake.

A kind of purpose came on the wolves. Their jaws widened and their tongues dripped little droplets on the ground. They moved in a gray mass across the street and sniffed at the iron fence of the Williams house and then they turned at Church Street and cantered along, their noses lifted and sniffing the air. At the corner of Alisal Street they came upon a dignified and aged-airedale who was out wetting on weeds. He was so old he did not smell them coming. They swarmed on him. There was one cry of pain and then they tore him to pieces and ate him and they snarled and fought over his feet.

Their chops were red with dog blood now and their eyes glared like candles. They took a long loping trot. At Central Avenue they turned toward Main Street going fast. They whined at the closed door of the Franciscan Hotel; they surged about the box office



of the California Theater. Mr. Logan was opening his music store but he (thank God) saw them coming and slammed the door and watched in panic through the glass while the great wolves sniffed thirstily at the keyhole. Then down the street they went, whining for more blood.

Mr. Hartley, the vice-principal of the high school, had suffered three assaults of influenza one after another and he had stayed in bed and lost a lot of time and his work piled up. He didn't like to work at night because of his eyes and because he liked to listen to the radio. For a week he had been going to the high school early and getting in several hours work before the students arrived.

Mr. Hartley was just in front of the Carnegie library when the wolves caught his scent. He heard the hunting wolf howl and turned and saw the pack less than a block behind him. Mr. Hartley screamed with fear—he could see the eyes and the laughing tongues. He whirled and ran. He

crossed John Street and plunged on. The wolf cry came behind him—gaining. He could hear his heart pounding and his temples beating. He broke his stride to look around again and the pack was only 50 feet behind, running silently now they were sure they had him. Mr. Hartley tried to scream again but his throat closed. He rushed across Mrs. Harris's lawn and up on her porch, and they got him there. At the last moment he tried to push them away with his hands. They killed him instantly and ripped him apart and ate him on the porch. And Mrs. Harris didn't even wake up.—*John Steinbeck.*

■ THAT DAY IN ROME

It was exceptionally beautiful, that day in Rome. For a little while it was possible to forget the burrowing chill and the dampness of winter; to forget the war, the misery, the famine which stalked the city and to relax in the warm sun. The sunlight slanted over Palatine Hill, its rays frolicking about the Arch of Constantine, bringing into massive relief the ruins of the Coliseum a little further beyond. Everyone in Rome, it seemed, was out walking that day in early March.

With a friend I was strolling leisurely along the Via Veneto.

We were watching the GIs and the young Air Corps officers on leave; the smiling, inviting faces of the girls; the merchants with their wares spread out in the sidewalks, selling cheap, garishly colored lace work and bad bronzes of Romulus and Remus.

Our attention was attracted by a peasant's cart parked along the curb a short distance ahead. The driver was holding a red mongrel dog by the collar. At his side, huddled in the straw which covered the floor, sat two puppies of the same reddish-brown hue, patiently watching the surging crowd.

As we approached, a man on a bicycle wheeled up close to the cart. He looked intently at the two puppies, stroked their heads and spoke to the driver. In the wire rack attached to the handle bars of the bicycle were some odds and ends of groceries. We stopped abreast of the cart just as the man pulled out his wallet.

"Mille lire," the driver said, in a manner to emphasize the fact that he would not sell cheaper.

Without a word the man handed over a thousand lire note, the equivalent of ten dollars, and reached for the larger of the two puppies. Then he drew a shopping bag from under the groceries in the wire rack, and wrapped it around the animal's

