

(continued from previous page)

Then only was it worth the concentration in the camps, and what it was that happened to the little and the lost and unremembered.

Unless we work at it together, at a single earth,

Then do not bother to lay wreaths for sailors who went down burning in winter seas,

Nor mourn privates anonymous, who bled their names and all they knew and were into the mud of Europe.

For there will be others out of the just-born and the not-yet-contracted-for who will die for our invisible daily mistakes.

There will be others, yes, but with this difference: Next time, the fighting heart shall be unemployed: shall be replaced by a coil of wire:

The secret weapons of the spirit rooted out by an ounce or two of restless elements.

Valor no more shall be the truss of armies.

The regimental banners, the order of the day, the skill of killing drilled into the recruit, the encampments, the massive embarkations—they have arranged themselves and withdrawn to the museum, they have retired.

Now the control board and its buttons, the air-conditioned laboratory, dustless and remote, by the waters of the lake: these are the armed forces.

BUT alarm is easier than pride to point with:

We are in it together, and that, when held up to a proper light, gleams good as much as ill.

Oneness is our destination: has long been: is far the best of places to arrive at.

The signs along the way, at Galilee and Philadelphia and Gettysburg said:

ALL CREATED EQUAL, STRAIGHT AHEAD, KEEP GOING, STICK TOGETHER, ALL IS ONE.

BENEATH the loud and glooming auguries of doom are modest noises of beginning, keenly awaited as the cry of the newborn or the first cuckoo.

It can well be an entrance, not an exit, that we made between pillars of flame arising from bombs one and two.

The chemicking that could destroy us, together with our pots and pans and allies, can also do as bidden by us: outperform whole teams of geni: be servile

#### Four in One Quartet

GOOD string quartets, says a recent issue of *Time*, are as rare in the U.S. as quadruplets. Recently, in Berkeley, California, a new one, the Paganini Quartet (so named because their cello, viola, and two violins are Stradivarii once owned by Niccolò Paganini) played Beethoven and Debussy at a brisker tempo than usual. The *San Francisco Chronicle's* critic, Alfred Frankenstein, wrote of it: "Perhaps never before has one heard a string quartet with so rich, mellow, and superbly polished a tone." The quartet's patron is Mrs. William Andrews Clark, who engaged the Scottish-born violinist Henry Temianka and the Belgian cellist Robert Maas, and then sent to Brussels for Robert Courte (viola), and Gustave Rosseels (violin). She bought the four Stradivarii from a New York dealer.

to the meek: reform our wayward systems peacefully.

The choice rests in the trusteeship of victory:

One or nothing; wealth, or laying waste:

Men, or Jew and Gentile; men, or the colour of men;

Jobs above profits, or profits above jobs:

These are the choices, and we make them daily.

They want to know.

WHAT will it be sir? Madam?

Make up your minds, please, and the sooner much the better.

Your children are growing.

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