in art
we trust:

LIFE, liberty and the pursuit of paradox

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Another eBook composition by Danielle Gasparro

Artwork by Danielle Gasparro.

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artist statement(s)

This eBook was born of a course that I took as a student within the Creative Writing program at Florida State University in the spring of 2012 entitled, "The Bust! Literature and Culture of the Great Depression."

For the course, we read and examined several extraordinary works of literature published between 1929-1941. Each of the works moved me deeply, and awakened within new levels of understanding and compassion for those Americans who endured the grave practical and ideological challenges presented by the Great Depression.

It also broke my heart to note (through various, self-initiated explorations) that the Depression years—a period forever distinguished by immeasurable socio-economic devastation and despair—oddly lay claim to the decade in which Americans were being seduced more and more into gauging their individual self-worth through external, material measures and less and less through the "old-fashioned" barometers of heart and soul.

[insert emergence of print advertising power-mecca here]

Unable to shake the biting angst I felt surrounding such a grand paradox, I composed this eBook as a slightly unorthodox, deeply inspired final "essay" for the course. For the assignment, each student was asked to develop a focused thesis which would put forth a specific claim relating to the various texts we studied, then find outside evidence to support it, drawing meaningful connections between the works, authors and themes explored throughout the semester.

While I made several fevered attempts to capture and express in writing that thesis which I aim to put forth with this eBook, upon making every attempt, I came up short. However, said shortcoming in no way reflected a lack of focus on my part—in fact, it proved to be a vital beacon of this work. For with every attempt made to streamline my contentions onto the written page, my heart ardently took the reins and steered my soul back into the transcendent closing chapters of Thomas Wolfe's preeminent novel, *You Can't Go Home Again*, one of eight masterful texts we studied for the course.

As such, and in light of how acutely and gloriously Wolfe communicates through those final pages of his book all that I aim to illuminate and impart with this modern-day musing, I shall at last step aside and let his "thesis statement" speak for mine. In doing so, it is my hope that you, dearest reader, might join me—*us*?...us!—in our fervent alliance to pursue not merely those certain inalienable rights we salute as *Americans*, but those rather unsung heroes—sympathetic selflessness and easy-breezy goodwill—which remain ever at hand to unite us as *humans* under one true, benevolent sun.

"I think the life which we have fashioned in America, and which has fashioned us—the forms we made, the cells that grew, the honeycomb that was created...must be destroyed.

I think the true discovery of America is before us. I think the true fulfillment of our spirit, of our people, of our mighty and immortal land, is yet to come.

I think the enemy is here before us, too. But I think we know the forms and faces of the enemy, and in the knowledge that we know him, and shall meet him, and eventually must conquer him is also our living hope. I think the enemy is here before us with a thousand faces, but I think we know that all his faces wear one mask.*

I think the enemy is single selfishness and compulsive greed.

I think the enemy is blind, but has the brutal power of his blind grab.

I do not think that the enemy was born yesterday, or that he grew to manhood forty years ago, or that he suffered sickness and collapse in 1929, or that we began without the enemy, and that our vision faltered, that we lost the way, and suddenly were in his camp. I think the enemy is old as Time, and evil as Hell, and that he has been here with us from the beginning.

I think the enemy comes to us with the face of innocence and says to us: "I am your friend."

I think the enemy deceives us with false words and lying phrases, saying:

'See, I am one of you—I am one of your children, your son, your brother, and your friend. Behold how sleek and fat I have become—and all because I am just one of you, and your friend. Behold how

rich and powerful I am—and all because I am one of you—shaped in your way of life, of thinking, of accomplishment. What I am, I am because I am one of you, your humble brother and your friend.

Behold the man I am, the man I have become, the thing I have accomplished—and reflect. Will you destroy this thing? I assure you that it is the most precious thing you have. It is yourselves, the projection of each of you, the triumph of your individual lives, the thing that is rooted in your blood, and native to your stock, and inherent in the traditions of America. It is the thing that all of you may hope to be,' says Enemy, 'for...am I not just one of you? Am I not the living image of what each of you may hope to be, would wish to be, would desire for his own son? Would you destroy this glorious incarnation of your own heroic self? If you do, then,' says Enemy, 'you destroy yourselves—you kill the thing that is most gloriously American, and in so killing, kill yourselves.'

He lies! And now we know he lies! He is not gloriously, or in any other way, ourselves. He is not our friend, our son our brother, and he is not American! For, although he has a thousand familiar and convenient faces*, his own true face is old as Hell.

Look about you and see what he has done."

*Each of the advertisements appearing in this eBook was originally published in LIFE Magazine** in 1937.

**The ideas and opinions expressed through this musing belong to the author alone and do not in any way serve as critical commentary directed towards LIFE Magazine.

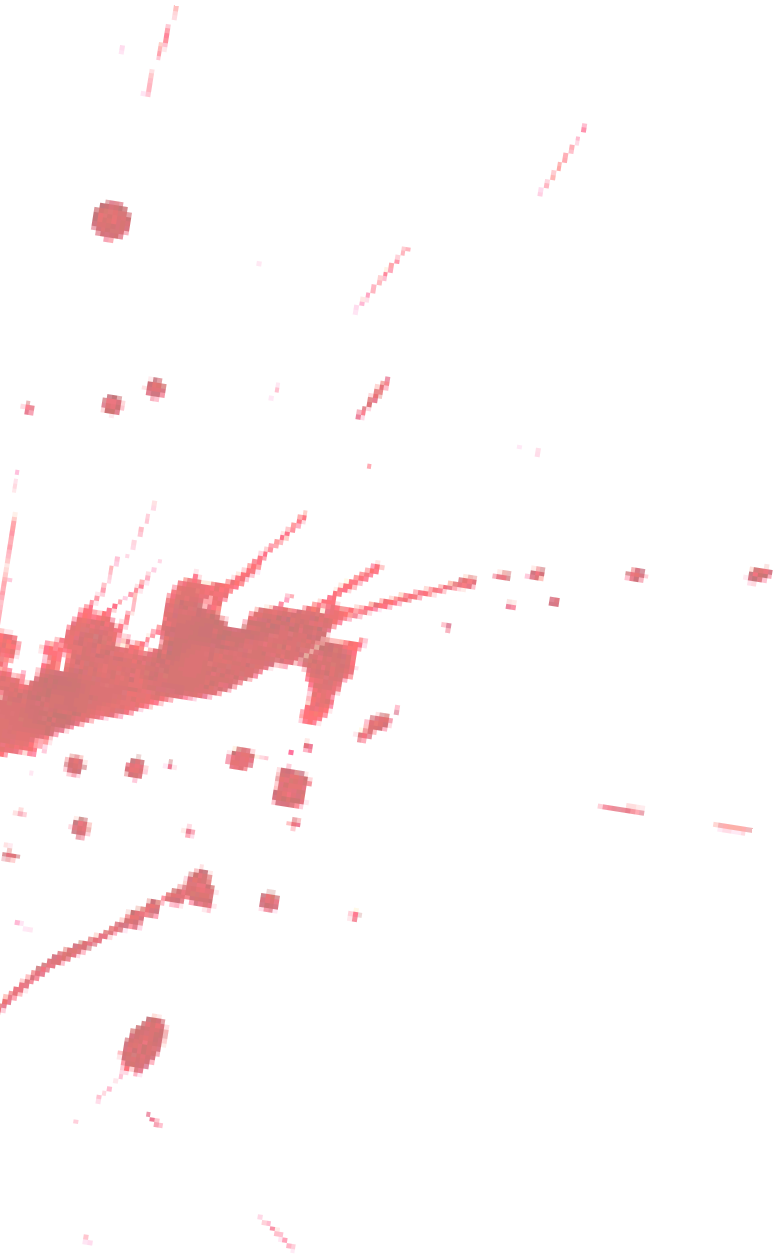

thank
you...

Scott Ortolano—grand maestro litterateur—for extending a most gracious go-ahead on this visual essay of sorts,

and Giulio Celotto, for lending a distinctly gracious hand to its many digital-scan demands.

For those museful mortals who devoutly choose

truth over fear *as they bring pen to page.*



For in the immediate world, everything is to be discerned, for him who can discern it centrally and simply, without either dissection into science, or digestion into art, but with the whole of consciousness, seeking to perceive it as it stands: so

that the aspect of a street in sunlight can roar in the heart of itself as a symphony, perhaps as no symphony can: and all of consciousness is shifted from the imagined, the revisive, to the effort to perceive simply the cruel radiance of what is.

Previous pages: James Agee, *Let Us Now Praise Famous Men*

IF YOU LIKE LIFE WE BOTTLE IT

There's life in every bottle of Canada Dry's Sparkling Water. Life that will last longer in your highballs. Life that keeps an opened bottle sparkling even after twenty-four hours in a refrigerator. You may make this test yourself, or if you prefer a test used by experts, pour Canada Dry's Water into a champagne glass and notice the lively, long-lasting effervescence. This is the famous "Champagne" Sparkle, the result of Canada Dry's own process, PIN-POINT CARBONATION.

NOW AT NEW LOW PRICES

CANADA DRY'S SPARKLING WATER

THE WATER WITH THE "*Champagne*" SPARKLE

And the tenant men came walking back, hands in their pockets, hats pulled down.

Some bought a pint and drank it fast to make the impact hard and stunning. But they didn't laugh and they didn't dance. They didn't sing or pick the guitars. They walked back to the farms, hands in pockets and heads down, shoes kicking the red dust up.

Maybe we can start again, in the new rich land—in California, where the fruit grows. We'll start over.

But you can't start. Only a baby can start. You and me—why, we're all that's been. The anger of a moment, the thousand pictures, that's us. This land, this red land, is us; and the flood years and the dust years and the drought years are us. We can't start again. The bitterness we sold to the junk man—he got it all right, but we have it still. And when the owner men told us to go, that's us; and when the tractor hit the house, that's us until we're dead.

The tenant men scuffed home to the farms through the red dust.

When everything that could be sold was sold, stoves and bedsteads, chairs and tables, little corner cupboards, tubs and tanks, still there were piles of possessions; and the women sat among them, turning them over and looking off beyond and back, pictures, square glasses, and here's a vase.

Now you know well what we can take and what we can't. We'll be camping out—a few pots to cook and wash in, and mattresses and comforts, lanterns and buckets, and a piece of canvas. Use that for a tent. This kerosene can. Know what this is? That's the stove. And clothes—take all the clothes. And—the rifle? Wouldn't go out naked of a rifle. When shoes and clothes and food, when even hope is gone, we'll have the rifle. When grampa came—did I tell you?—he had pepper and salt and a rifle. Nothing else. That goes. And a bottle for water. That just about fills us. Right up the sides of the trailer, and the kids can set in the trailer, and granma on a mattress. Tools, a shovel and saw and wrench and pliers. An ax, too. We had that ax forty years. Look how she's wore down. And ropes, of course. The rest? Leave it—or burn it up.

And the children came.

If Mary takes that dirty rag doll, I got to take my Injun bow, I got to. An' this roun' stick—big as me. I might need this stick. I had this stick so long—a month, maybe or a year. I got to take it. And what's it like in California?

The women sat among the doomed things, turning them over and looking past them and back. This book. My father had it. He liked a book. *Pilgrim's Progress*. Used to read it. Got his name in it. And his pipe—still smells rank. And this picture—an angel. I looked at that before the fust three come—didn't seem to do much too. Think we could get this china dog in? Aunt Sadie brought it from the St. Louis Fair. See? Wrote right on it. No, I guess not. Here's a letter my brother wrote the day before he died. Here's an old-time hat. These feathers—never got to use them. No, there isn't room.

How can we live without our lives? How will we know it's us without our past? No. Leave it. Burn it.

They sat and looked at it and burned it into their memories. How'll it be not to know what land's outside the door? How if you wake up in the night and know—and *know* the willow tree's not there? Can you live without the willow tree? Well, no you can't. The willow tree is you. The pain on that mattress there—that dreadful pain—that's you.

And the children—if Sam takes his Injun bow an' his long roun' stick, I get to take two things. I choose the fluffy pilla. That's mine.

Suddenly they were nervous. Got to get out quick now. Can't wait. We can't wait. And they piled up the goods in the yards and set fire to them. They stood and watched them burning, and then frantically they loaded up the cars and drove away, drove in the dust. The dust hung in the air for a long time after the loaded cars had passed.

Previous pages: John Steinbeck, *Grapes of Wrath*

—"and we're going to California in our Packard"

IT STARTS EARLY—this recognition of Packard as a shining symbol of all that is smart in motor cars.

This is true today. And it has been just as true throughout Packard's 37 years of life. Probably you, if you look back into your memories, will realize that your admiration for Packard started back in your childhood.

This is perhaps the chief reason why Packard's two lower-priced cars—the Packard 120 and the Packard Six—are the sales sensations of the year. For both of them now make it possible for most Americans to realize the life-long dream of someday owning a Packard.

Even a brief inspection of these two Packards will prove to you that, inside and out, they have the smartness, verve and distinction that have made Packard your longed-for car. You will agree that both cars are *real* Packards, embodying not only Packard's famous lasting identity, but also Packard's celebrated long mechanical life.

These two Packard "lives"—long mechanical life and enduring beauty—are two important reasons why the Packard 120 and the Packard Six are shattering precedents and sales records.

The *other* reasons for the car's sensational triumph you will discover before you have driven them a mile. You will discover an agility, a fleetness of acceleration, you never suspected could be built into cars of such generous size. You'll find them thrillingly easy to handle, turn and park.

And when you take out your pencil and start to figure, you'll get the pleasantest surprise of all. For you will find that both cars are very easy to buy, and even easier to maintain. You will find that, without straining in the least, you can be Packard owner.

For example, your present car will probably fully cover the down payment on a Packard Six. And the usual monthly payment comes to less than $35 a month!

Why not drop in on your Packard dealer this week!

PACKARD

PACKARD 120 ★ PACKARD SIX

Let your Packard dealer give you complete price information and tell you the easy terms by which you can own a Packard. Ask for booklet "The Business of Buying and Owning a Motor Car," an invaluable guide in the selection of any car.

ASK THE MAN WHO OWNS ONE

All that summer of 1929, in the broad window of the warehouse, a man sat at a desk and looked out into the street, in a posture that never changed.

George saw him there whenever he glanced across, yet he never saw him do anything but look out of the window with a fixed, abstracted stare.

That man's face became for him the face of Darkness and of Time. It never spoke, and yet it had a voice—a voice that seemed to have the whole earth in it.

"Child, child," it said, "have patience and belief, for life is many days, and each present hour will pass away. Son, son, you have been mad and drunken, furious and wild, filled with hatred and despair, and all the dark confusions of the soul—but so have we. And now, because you have known madness and despair, and because you will grow desperate again before you come to evening, we who have stormed the ramparts of the furious earth and been hurled back, we who have been maddened by the unknowable and bitter mystery of love, we who have hungered after fame and savored all of life, the tumult, the pain, and frenzy, and now sit quietly by our windows watching all that henceforth never more shall touch us—we call upon you to take heart, for we can swear to you that these things pass.

Some things will never change. Some things will always be the same. Lean down your ear upon the earth, and listen.

The voice of forest water in the night, a woman's laughter in the dark, the clean, hard rattle of raked gravel, the cricketing stitch of midday in hot meadows, the delicate web of children's voices in bright air—these things will never change.

The glitter of sunlight on roughened water, the glory of

the stars, the innocence of morning, the smell of the sea in harbors, the feathery blur of smoky buildings of young boughs, and something that comes and goes and never can be captured, the thorn of spring, the sharp and tongueless cry—these things will always be the same.

All things belonging to earth will never change—the leaf, the blade, the flower, the wind that cries and sleeps and wakes again, the trees whose stiff arms clash and tremble in the dark, and the dust of lovers long since buried in the earth—all things proceeding from the earth to seasons, all things that lapse and change and come again upon the earth—these things will always be the same, for they come up from the earth that never changes, they go back into the earth that lasts forever. Only the earth endures, but it endures forever.

The tarantula, the adder, and the asp will also never change. Pain and death will always be the same. But under the pavements and trembling like a pulse, under the buildings trembling like a cry, under the waste of time, under the hoof of the beast above the broken bones of cities, there will be something growing like a flower, something bursting from the earth again, forever deathless, faithful, coming into life again like April.

Previous pages: Thomas Wolfe, *You Can't Go Home Again*

Day after day

in offices of many kinds, *repetition* in routine tasks piles expense higher and higher. Over and over again . . . by slow, inaccurate methods . . . identical writing of names, instructions, facts and figures is done. Hands are doing tedious expense-work when they could and should be doing more productive work.

TEN! TWENTY! FIFTY TIMES FASTER!

Consider the opposite method that thousands use . . . *Addressographing*. Repetition is speeded up 10 to 50 times. Mistakes are avoided. Money is saved. Profits are increased. Consider Addressograph for fast, accurate writing of names, addresses, information, instructions or data of *any* kind on office, store or factory forms of *every* kind . . . on payroll forms . . . on Social Security records, reports and receipts . . . on accounts receivable records and collection forms . . . on advertising and sales promotion . . . on inventory sheets . . . on dividend lists and checks . . . on shipping tags and labels. Use Addressograph wherever there are names or standard data to be repeatedly put on paper. It will quickly repay its moderate cost.

The Addressograph line includes new electric models in a wide range of prices, beginning with the Class 900 shown above, at $142.50 . . . and new super-speed, fully automatic models from $725.00 up. Equipment sold on convenient terms. All prices f. o. b. Cleveland. Write on business stationery for a free copy of "Business Short Cuts" . . . a 152-page book of Addressograph methods and machines.

ADDRESSOGRAPH-MULTIGRAPH CORPORATION
CLEVELAND, OHIO
ADDRESSOGRAPH-MULTIGRAPH of CANADA, Ltd.
TORONTO
Sales Agencies in Principal Cities Throughout the World

Rewriting over and over again by hand is wasteful

IT'S "GOOD BUSINESS" TO ADDRESSOGRAPH

After five years in the Semlin car-shop, John Dravic had been laid off. For a very short time after that he had had a job minding the furnace in a New York theater, but the play went off and the theater closed, and since then he had had nothing.

He walked all over New York and Passaic and everywhere within walking distance (he no longer had any money for carfare), but he couldn't find anything to do.

The Dravics were quiet people and they kept very much to themselves. But Mrs. Berelli liked them, and they were nice to her. Every morning she would talk to John Dravic when he was starting out to look for work. He had become very gloomy about it. He would say, "You're the only one workin' in the house, and now you're not workin'!" She would try to cheer him up by saying: "Well, now that we're not workin', we might just as well not worry and go out in the backyard and take a sun bath!" That was what she used to do, though she didn't know which way to turn.

Mr. Dravic, when he was home, used to work very hard over a little vegetable garden and a little strip of lawn beside the house. He had planted some sweet william, a lily-of-the-valley bed and a pinkish high honeysuckle. He always kept himself busy. Another thing he liked to do was teach his two older boys music. He loved music and had two violins, a cello and a guitar. They would play

trios almost every evening.

At last, a few weeks ago, John Dravic decided to go into business. He bought a little corner store which sold soft drinks, cigars and candies. Somebody persuaded him it was a good investment, and he borrowed $300 to buy it. But it turned out that it wasn't a good investment, because there was a much bigger and better store, also selling cigars and candy, only a few blocks away; and John Dravic knew nothing about storekeeping. He began to get discouraged when he came to realize how meager the stock he had was, that he had no money to buy any more and that he was $300 in debt. He got so that he hated to get up in the morning and go there.

Early in the morning of the first of May, sometime between one and two, Mrs. Berelli's daughter came in and waked her up. She had just been waked up herself by an awful bang on the floor above. The next minute, Mrs. Dravic came running downstairs and said that her husband had shot himself. They rushed up and found John Dravic on the floor of the boys bedroom; he was reaching out with his hands and straining the upper part of his body as if he were trying to grab something to pull himself up from the floor. Mrs. Dravic turned on the light, and Mrs. Berelli looked at the boys in bed, and there she saw one of them with his head all bloody and the bedclothes soaking in blood. She ran over and pulled down the covers, and there were the other two boys with blood running out of their heads.

Their father had shot them all in their sleep.

Previous pages: Edmund Wilson, *The American Earthquake*

Here...You try it... it's the new TARGETEER!

STEP UP and try your eye — test your skill with the TARGETEER, the new, exciting air pistol!

You'll get a kick out of popping a bull's-eye with this handsome blue-steel pistol with its 10-inch barrel. And you'll really wake up and live when you make the "birdies" spin . . . a shot you can execute neatly at 12 feet.

TARGETEER comes with two sets of targets . . . a handful of good old bull's-eyes with a new color-scheme, and a brand new "spinner" type. The package itself is a backstop. Put it up *anywhere*— indoors or out! You don't have to worry about wreckage. This air pistol is so safe you can shoot at your hand without injury.

Here's an idea for the distracted hostess, at a loss to amuse her guests . . . or the sportsman who wants convenient target practice. Go today to your favorite department or hardware store and get one or two TARGETEERS. Or send two dollars direct to the factory.

Tube of 500 Shot, two sets of targets, and TARGETEER — $2. Extra tubes of shot, 10c each.

DAISY MANUFACTURING CO.

511 UNION ST.
PLYMOUTH, MICH.

And so I took Anse...and when I knew that I had Cash, I knew that living was terrible and that this was the answer to that. That was when I learned that words are no good; that words don't ever fit even what they are trying to say at.

Then I found out that I had Darl. At first I would not believe it. then I believed that I would kill Anse.

Then it was over. Over in the sense that he was gone and I knew that, see him again though I would, I would never again see him coming swift and secret to me in the woods dressed in sin like a gallant garment already blowing aside with the speed of his secret coming.

But for me it was not over. I mean, over in the sense of beginning and ending, because to me there was no beginning or ending to anything then. My children were of me alone, of the wild blood boiling along the earth, of me and of all that lived; of none and of all. Then I

found out that I had Jewel.

My father said that the reason for living is getting ready to stay dead. I knew at last what he meant and that he could not have known what he meant himself, because a man cannot know anything about cleaning up the house afterward. And so I have cleaned my house. With Jewel—I lay by the lamp, holding up my own head, watching him cap and suture it before he breathed—the wild blood boiled away and the sound of it ceased. Then there was only the milk, warm and calm, and I lying calm in the slow silence, getting ready to clean my house.

I gave Anse Dewey Dell to negative Jewel. Then I gave him Vardaman to replace the child I had robbed him of. And now he has three children that are his and not mine. And then I could get ready to die.

Previous pages: William Faulkner, *As I Lay Dying*

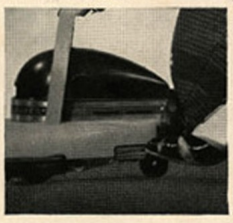
See It..Lift It..Try It

New Hoover One Fifty Cleaning Ensemble—the first basically new cleaner in ten years. New beauty ...new lightness...new efficiency.

HANDY—Carpenters have tool chests. Doctors have little black bags. Now Hoover offers housewives the new Handy Cleaning Kit—cleaning tools at fingertips—arranged like a shoe bag. Hang it on doorknob when in action, on closet hook when through.

JIFFY—That's all it takes to change new Hoover from cleaner to power plant for new Cleaning Tools. Simple little converter plugs in easy-to-get-at slot. And presto! You're brightening draperies, prettying up lamp shades, or cleaning mouldings—without step-ladder either!

BRAINY—Rugs vary in thickness. Cleaners should be raised or lowered to get most dirt. New Hoover does it automatically! Touch your toe to Hoover's rug-adjustment pedal. Brainy new Hoover adjusts self to correct height.



THE BOTTOM STEP

Have you ever noticed how the carpet on the bottom step wears out first? Good reason—it gets the most grit, the hardest grit-wear. Hoover's Positive Agitation ends grit-wear by fluttering out the embedded grit that ruins rugs by cutting rug nap. To keep your rugs young and bright you must have this unique, patented feature. To get it, you must have a Hoover.

Hurray for cleaning day! Now it's fun, with your new Hoover. Feel that lightness. It's the new wonder-metal, magnesium (one-third lighter than aluminum). Carry your Hoover anywhere.

Clean the carpet, clean the davenport. Clean the Venetian blinds and lamps. Shift from rug to radio in an instant—without stopping the motor. Plug the Connector in the cleaner slot, choose the tool you want from the Handy Cleaning Kit beside you—and go!

Set your Hoover for thick carpets or thin rugs—with the Automatic Rug Adjuster. Spy out the dirt in the dark—with the Dirt Finder.

And this new Hoover is much more efficient than ever.

What! You're through? Hang your Cleaning Kit on a closet hook. Don't forget to empty the dust bag—your Time-to-Empty Signal reminds you. Clamp the Clip-on Plug over the cord—it stays put. Tuck away your beautiful new Hoover.

And now tell us—don't you agree it's the greatest cleaner idea that ever happened?

Do You Agree With Your Husband?

Ask your husband to number these features according to their importance, in his opinion. Now (don't peek) you number them in the order of their importance to you. Then check his answers with yours and see how much mere man knows about cleaning.

HUSBAND'S VOTE		WIFE'S VOTE
☐	**Handy new Clip-On Plug** that slips over cord and holds it fast without knots or tangles.	☐
☐	**Made with magnesium** (⅓ lighter than even aluminum.)	☐
☐	**Handy Cleaning Kit**—cleaning tools at finger tip.	☐
☐	**"Time-to-Empty" Signal**—red dot flashes when the bag's full.	☐
☐	**New Connector** that simply plugs in slot and hooks up to cleaning tools.	☐
☐	**Positive Agitation**—the exclusive cleaning principle that gets embedded grit.	☐
☐	**Actually a Cleaning Ensemble**—with both cleaner and cleaning tools in one single, easy-to-use combination.	☐
☐	**Cleaning Efficiency** greatly increased—work's through faster.	☐
☐	**Modern streamlined design**—by Henry Dreyfuss.	☐
☐	**Non-marring finish** in the new dull "Stratosphere Gray."	☐
☐	**New Comfort Handle Grip**—easier to hold, easier to guide.	☐
☐	**Automatic Rug Adjuster** that sets cleaner exactly right for rugs of any thickness.	☐

The new Hoover One Fifty Cleaning Ensemble is sold by leading dealers everywhere through responsible neighborhood representatives. You can own it on surprisingly easy terms—only ..... **$1.50** a week payable monthly

Also amazing low-priced Hoover "300", complete with cleaning tools, only $1 a week, payable monthly.

THE HOOVER *One Fifty* CLEANING ENSEMBLE

IT BEATS • AS IT SWEEPS • AS IT CLEANS

Behind the salesroom was a little partitioned space which served Randy as an office. As George waited, he became aware of mysterious sounds emanating from beyond the partition. First there was the rustle of heavy paper, as if the pages of a ledger were being turned, and occasionally...a murmur of hushed voices, confidential, ominous, interspersed with grunts and half-suppressed exclamations. Then all at once there were two loud bangs, as of a large ledger being slammed shut and thrown upon a desk. After a moment's silence the voices rose louder. Instantly he recognized Randy's voice—low, hesitant, deeply troubled. The other voice he had never heard before.

As he listened to that voice he began to tremble and grow white about the lips. For its very tone was a foul insult to human life, an ugly sneer whipped across the face of decent humanity, and as he realized that that voice, these words, were being used against his friend, he had a sudden blind feeling of murder in his heart. What was so perplexing and troubling was that this devil's voice had in it as well a curiously familiar note, as of someone he had known.

Then it came to him in a flash—it was Merrit speaking! The owner of that voice none other than that plump, well-kept, jolly-looking man who had always been so full of hearty cheerfulness and good spirits.

As George listened he grew sick, as one does in some awful nightmare when he visions someone he knows doing some perverse and abominable act. But what was most dreadful of all was Randy's voice, humble, low, submissive.

"What's the matter? Don't you want the job?"

"Why—why, yes, you know I do, Dave—"

"What's the matter that you're not getting the business?"

"Why—I *thought* I was—"

"Well, you're not!. You deliver or you go right out on your can! The Company doesn't give a damn about you! You've been around a long time, but you don't mean a damn bit more to the Company than anybody else. I've given you fair warning! You get the business or out you go!"

The glazed doors burst open violently and Merrit came striding out of the partitioned office. When he saw George, he looked startled. Then he was instantly transformed. His plump and ruddy face became wreathed in smiles:

"Well, well, well! Look who's here!"

Randy had followed him out, and Merrit now turned and winked humorously at him. He gave George a hearty slap on the back and turned away with an air of jaunty readiness, picked up his hat, and said cheerfully:

"Well, what d'ya say folks? What about one of Margaret's famous meals, out at the old homestead"

And smiling, ruddy, plump, a perverted picture of amiable good will to all the world, he sauntered through the door.

For a moment the two old friends stood there looking at each other, white and haggard, bewildered expression in their eyes. In Randy's eyes there was also a look of shame. With that instinct for loyalty which was one of the roots of his soul, he said:

"Dave's a good fellow. You—you see, he's got do to these things. He—he's with the Company."

George didn't say anything. For as Randy spoke, a terrific picture flashed through his mind. It was a picture he had seen in a gallery somewhere, portraying a long line of men stretching from the Great Pyramid to the very portals of great Pharoah's house, **and great Pharoah stood with thronged whip** in his hand and applied it unmercifully to the bare back and shoulders of the man in front of him, who was great Pharoah's chief overseer, and in the hand of the overseer was a whip of many tails which he unstintedly applied to the quivering back of the wretch before him, who was the chief overseer's chief lieutenant, and in the lieutenant's hand a whip of rawhide which he laid vigorously on the quailing body of his head sergeant, and in the sergeant's hand a wicked flail with which he belabored a whole company of groaning corporals, and in the hands of every corporal a knotted lash with which to whack a whole regiment of slaves, who pulled and hauled and bore burdens and toiled and sweated and built the towering structure of the pyramid.

Previous pages: Thomas Wolfe, *You Can't Go Home Again*

DO FIGURES MARCH THROUGH YOUR BUSINESS IN GOOD ORDER?

ON they come, an army of figures—payrolls, costs, invoices, deposits, statements, reports, taxes. Unless they march over the desks and through the departments speedily, promptly and accurately, your business suffers.

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MONROE

ADDING-CALCULATOR
Model LA-6
Portable, weighs only 16 pounds. Completely automatic multiplication and division.

On one of the largest yachts, a handsome, black, barkentine rigged three-master, a sixty year old grain broker lay awake worrying about the report

he had received from his office of the activities of the investigators from the Internal Revenue Bureau. Ordinarily, at this time of night, he would have quieted his worry with Scotch high balls and have reached the state where he felt as though regardless of consequences as any of the old brothers of the coast with whom, in character and standards of conduct, he had, truly, much in common. But his doctor had forbidden him all liquor for a month, for three months really, that is they had said it would kill him in a year if he did not give up alcohol for at least three months, so he was going to lay off it for a month; and now he worried about the call he had received from the Bureau before he left town asking him exactly where he was going and whether he planned to leave the United States and coastal waters.

He lay, now, in his pyjamas, on his wide bed, two pillows under his head, the reading light on, but he could not keep his mind on the book, which was an account of a trip to Galapagos. In the old days he had never brought them to this bed. He'd had them in their cabins and he came to this bed afterwards. This was his own stateroom, as private to him as his office. He never wanted a woman in his room. When he wanted one he went to hers, and when he was through he was through, and now that he was through for good his brain had the same clear coldness always that had, in the old days, been an after effect. And he lay now, with no kindly blurring, denied all that chemical courage that had soothed his mind and

warmed his heart for so many years, and wondered what the department had, what they had found and what they would insist was evasion…

He did not think in abstractions, but in deals, in sales, in transfers and in gifts. He thought in shares, in bales, in thousands of bushels, in options, holding companies, trusts, and subsidiary corporations, and as he went over it he knew they had plenty, enough so he would have no peace for years. If they would not compromise it would be very bad. In the old days he would not have worried, but the fighting part of him was tired now, along with the other part, and he was alone in all of this now and he lay on the big, wide, old bed and could neither read nor sleep.

His wife had divorced him ten years before after twenty years of keeping up appearances, and he had never missed her nor had he ever loved her.

He had been admirably endowed for a speculative career because he had possessed extraordinary sexual vitality which gave him the confidence to gamble well; common sense, an excellent mathematical brain. These, coupled with a lack of morals, an ability to make people like him without liking or trusting them in return, while at the same time convincing them warmly and heartily of his friendship, had carried him to where he was now: lying in a pair of striped pyjamas that covered his old man's chest, his bloated little belly, his now use-less and disproportionately large equipment that had once been his pride, and his small flabby legs, lying on a bed unable to sleep because

he finally had remorse.

Previous pages: Ernest Hemingway, *To Have and Have Not*

You're looking AT A SUCCESS!

From actual photograph of Nash LaFayette-"400" 4-Door Sedan with trunk

Get out of the "All Three" Class!

You can get a great big Nash for just a few dollars more than small cars cost.

. . . Never before has America seen such luxurious cars for the price!

Everybody *wants* a big car. That's the secret of Nash success! The new Nash LaFayette-"400" is a great big six cylinder 117-inch wheelbase automobile. Much bigger than any of the "all three" cars in the same price class. *But it now sells for just a few dollars more.* No wonder thousands are changing to Nash.

The Nash Ambassador Six has a 95 horsepower "Twin-Ignition" valve-in-head engine, 121 inches of wheelbase—it's as big as cars costing even $200 more. The Nash Ambassador Eight with a 105 horsepower "Twin-Ignition" valve-in-head engine and a 125-inch wheelbase compares in size with cars costing from $100 to $200 more.

These are facts. Check up at any Nash showroom. See these thrilling new Nash cars. Get our low *delivered* prices. Visit your Nash dealer today.

NASH MOTORS

Div., Nash-Kelvinator Corporation, Kenosha, Wis.

NASH

DELIVERED PRICES! Get Nash delivered prices. See how Nash saves you money. Delivered prices throw a new light on the remarkable value Nash is offering. Ask about new Nash C. I. T. Budget Plan. Terms low as $25 monthly in most places. Automatic Cruising Gear available on all models at slight extra cost.

HEAR GRACE MOORE! New radio program starring lovely Grace Moore, Vincent Lopez. C.B.S. stations coast to coast every Saturday, 9 P. M. EDST. Tune in.

EXTRA STRENGTH! Nash introduced the world's first complete seamless all-steel body. It's stronger, safer! You get *extra* room, too.

Just a half-inch beyond the surface of this wall I face lie sleeping, on two iron beds and on pallets on the floor, a man and his wife and her sister, and four children, a girl, and three harmed boys. Their lamp is out, their light is done this long while, and not in a long while has any of them made a sound. I know the profundity of their tiredness, as if I were in each one of these seven bodies whose sleeping I can almost touch through this wall, and which in the darkness I so clearly see,

with the whole touch and weight of my body: George's red body, already a little squat with the burden of thirty years, knotted like oakwood, in its clean white cotton summer union suit that it sleeps in; and his wife's beside him, Annie Mae's, slender, and sharpened through with bone, that ten years past must have had such beauty, and now is veined at the breast, and the skin of the breast t r a n s l u c e n t , delicately shriveled, and blue.

Previous pages: James Agee, *Let Us Now Praise Famous Men*

Make "the Gift no Bride ever exchanges"

A HABIT FOR LIFE

Every sunshiny June, Pepperell Peeress True Percale Sheets are welcomed into thousands of trousseaux. They never outwear that welcome. Long after other wedding-day gifts are but fragrant memories, these loveliest of percale sheets are serving faithfully and beautifully.

Women who have once used Peeress are seldom content with sheets of lesser quality. They find the luxury of Peeress is a "habit" they do not wish to break. They discover that a truly *fine* sheet is *never* an expensive one.

You can have Peeress sheets just about as you want them—almost made to order—borders hemstitched in one, two, three or four rows, in delicate pastel colors or snowy white, or white with colored hems to match your bedroom color scheme. And you can make them your very own with individual embroidered monograms if you wish them, as so many women do.

Peeress True Percale Sheets are now being shown at the best shops throughout the country, packed in a lovely Empire Toile box. Look them up. They are well worth it. Pepperell Manufacturing Company, 160 State St., Boston, Mass.

PEPPERELL FABRICS

PEPPERELL *Peeress* **TRUE** *Percale*

SHEETS AND PILLOW CASES

It was now the full height of steaming summer, and one day early in August George came home to find the movers in the house again. This time it was obvious that a work of more than usual magnitude was in transit. Mr. Katamoto, spattered with plaster, was of course hovering about in the hall, grinning nervously and fluttering prayerfully around the husky truckmen.

As George came in, two of the men were backing slowly down the hall, carrying between them an immense head, monstrously jowled and set in an expression of far-seeing statesmanship. A moment later three more men backed out of the studio, panting and cursing as they grunted painfully around the flowing fragment of a long frock coat and the vested splendor of a bulging belly. The first pair had now gone back in the studio, and when they came out again they were staggering beneath the trousered shank of a mighty leg and a booted Atlantean hoof, and as they passed, one of the other men, now returning for more of the statesman's parts, pressed himself against the

wall to let them by and said: "Jesus! If the son-of-a-bitch stepped on you with that foot, he wouldn't leave a grease spot."

The last piece of all was an immense fragment of the Solon's arm and fist, with one huge forefinger pointed upward in an attitude of solemn objurgation and avowal.

That figure was Katamoto's masterpiece; and George felt as he saw it pass that the enormous upraised finger was the summit of his art and the consummation of his life. Certainly it was the apple of his eye. George had never seen him before in such a state of extreme agitation. He fairly prayed above the sweating men. It was obvious that the coarse indelicacy of their touch made him shudder. The grin was frozen on his face in an expression of congealed terror. He writhed, wriggled, he wrung his little hands, he crooned to them. And if anything happened to that fat, pointed finger, George felt sure that he would have dropped dead on the spot.

Previous pages: Thomas Wolfe, *You Can't Go Home Again*

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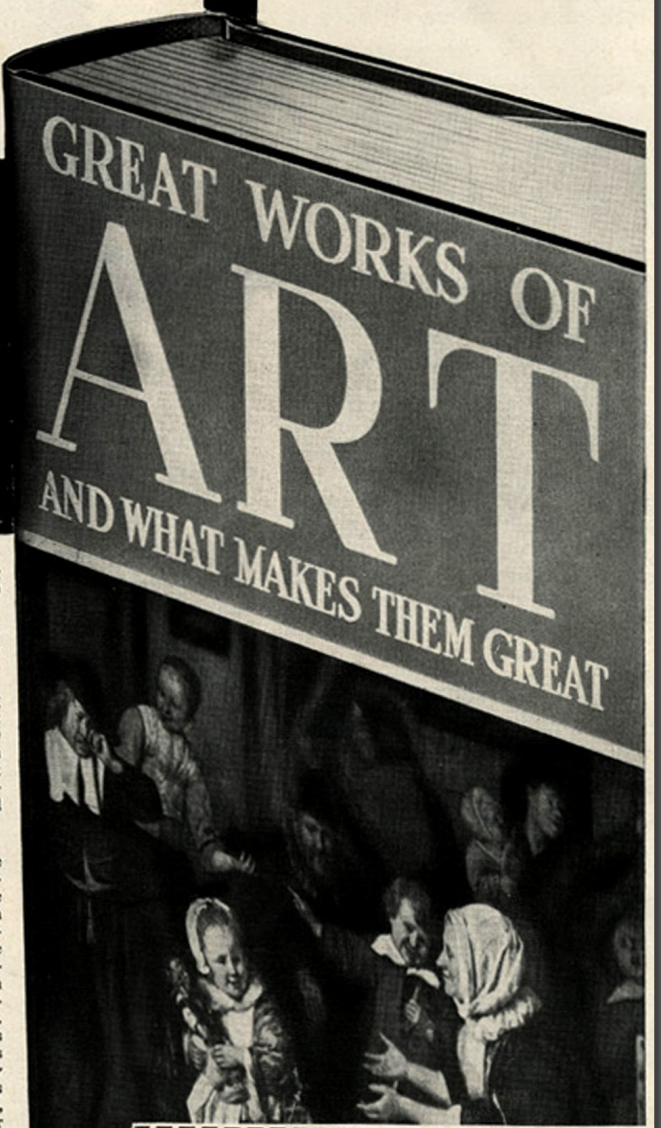
GREAT WORKS OF ART AND WHAT MAKES THEM GREAT

The Story of Art Through the Ages



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552 Pages—175 Illustrations—Formerly $5.00

Here, in one beautiful book, is the story of Art through the ages, in both Painting and Sculpture—a great work which should be in every well-selected home library.

How did the world's finest artists work? What message was each trying to give us? How well did he do it? How can we recognize, appreciate and truly understand the finest achievements of each painter or sculptor?

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He thought of Gus and G.H. and Jack. should he go to the poolroom and talk with them? But there was no use in going unless they were ready to do what they had been planning to do. If they could, it would mean som sure and quick money. From three o'clock to four o'clock in the afternoon there was no policeman on duty in the block where Blum's Delicatessen was and it would be safe. One of them could hold a gun on Blum and keep him from yelling; one could watch the front door; one could watch the back; and one could get the money from the box under the counter. Then all four of them could lock Blum in the store and run out through the back and duck down the alley and meet an hour later, either at Doc's poolroom or at the South Side Boy's Club, and split the money.

Holding up Blum ought not take more than two minutes, at the most. And it would be their last job. But it would be the toughest one they had ever pulled. All the other times they had raided newsstands, fruit stands, and apartments. And, too, they had never held up a white man before. They had always robbed Negroes. They felt that it was much easier and safer to rob their own people, for they knew that white policemen never really searched diligently for Negroes who committed crimes against other Negroes. For months they had talked of robbing Blum's, but had not been able to bring themselves to do it. They had the feeling that the robbing of Blum's would be a violation of ultimate taboo; it would be a trespassing into territory where the full wrath of an alien white world would be turned loose upon them; in short, it would be a symbolic challenge of the white world's rule over

them; a challenge which they yearned to make, but were afraid to. **Yes; if they could rob Blum's, it would be a real hold-up, in more senses than one. In comparison, all of their other jobs had been play.**

Bigger took out his pack and gave Gus a cigarette; he lit his and held the match for Gus. They leaned their backs against the red-brick wall of a building, smoking their cigarettes slanting white across their black chins. To the east Bigger saw the sun burning a dazzling yellow. In the sky above him a few big white clouds drifted. He sighed, scratched his chin and mumbled,

"Kinda warm today."

"Yeah," Gus said.

"You get more heat from this sun than from them old radiators at home."

"Yeah; them old white landlords sure don't give much heat."

"And they always knocking at your door for money."

"I'll be glad when summer comes."

"Me too," Bigger said.

Previous pages: Richard Wright, *Native Son*

Boy Scout Jamboree

Washington, D. C. June 30 to July 9

When you're hungry, you are thirsty, too. Ice-cold Coca-Cola is a natural partner of good things to eat.

"On to Washington," shout the Boy Scouts of America...for their first National Jamboree. Ice-cold Coca-Cola will be there...at the soda fountains and refreshment stands of the city and in canteen tents at the vast encampment.... to make a pause *the pause that refreshes.* "On to Washington!"

You find ice-cold Coca-Cola, with its pure, wholesome refreshment, every place else; it belongs in your refrigerator at home.

Dewey Dell said we'll get some bananas. The train is behind the glass, red on the track. When it runs the track shines on and of. Pa said flour and sugar and coffee costs so much. Because I am a country boy because boys in town. Bicycles. Why do flour and sugar and coffee cost so much when he is a country boy. "Wouldn't you ruther have some bananas

instead?" Bananas are gone, eaten. Gone. When it runs on the track shines again. "Why aint I a town boy, pa?" I said God made me. I did not said to God to made me in the country. If he can make the train, why cant He make them all in the town because flour and sugar and coffee. "Wouldn't you ruther have bananas?"

Previous pages: William Faulkner, *As I Lay Dying*

You've Got To Give Them *Credit*

THE OLD LADY who lived in a shoe had an advantage over millions of young married couples of this generation. *They* start on a *shoestring*. But they won't long be denied. They know what they want. They know Commercial Credit Company makes possible the fulfilment of many needs and many desires. Their families enjoy modern comforts that no other nation boasts in such abundance.

Two families out of every three in America have automobiles. Most of them buy their cars "on time." They pay as they go. The nice thing about it is, they pay a *little* while they go a *lot*, enjoying fair-weather recreation . . . stormy-weather protection.

Automatic refrigerators, oil-burners, washing machines and many other home-appliances are also bought largely on the deferred payment plan. If folks had to pay cash for such things, these would be pigmy industries. With credit, these industries are booming. And the youngsters of today are not going to be satisfied with less when *they* are the providers and *their* children's welfare is the issue. They'll buy new things, more things and better things in the same easy "time payment" way.

Commercial Credit Company has for many years helped promote family welfare by providing time payment financing at low cost. When you want to buy with maximum convenience and safety, ask your dealer to tell you about Commercial Credit Company low cost financing.

COMMERCIAL CREDIT COMPANY

1912

COMMERCIAL BANKERS

SERVING MANUFACTURERS, DISTRIBUTORS AND DEALERS THROUGH 179 OFFICES IN THE UNITED STATES AND CA

Gudger has no home, no land, no mule; none of the more important farming implements. He must get all these of his landlord. Boles, for his share of the corn and cotton, advances him rations money during four months of the year. Gudger pays him back with his labor and the labor of his family. At the end of the season he pays him back further: with half his corn; with half his cotton; with half his cottonseed. Out of his own half of these crops he also pays him back the rations money, plus interest, and his share of the fertilizer, plus interest, and such other debts, plus interest.

What is left, once doctors' bills and other debts have been deducted, is his year's earnings.

Woods and Ricketts own no home and no land, but Woods owns one mule and Ricketts owns two, and they own their framing implements. Since they do not have to rent these tools and animals, they work under a different arrangement. They give over to the landlord only a third of their cotton and a fourth of their corn. Out of their own parts of the crop, however, they owe him the price of two thirds of their cotton fertilizer and three fourths

of their corn fertilizer, plus interest; and, plus interest, the same debts on ration money.

Woods and Ricketts are tenants.

Gudger — a family of six — lives on ten dollars a month rations money during four months of the year. Woods — a family of six — until this year was unable to get better than eight a month. Ricketts — a family of nine — lives on ten dollars a month.

The best that Woods has ever cleared was $1300 during a war year.

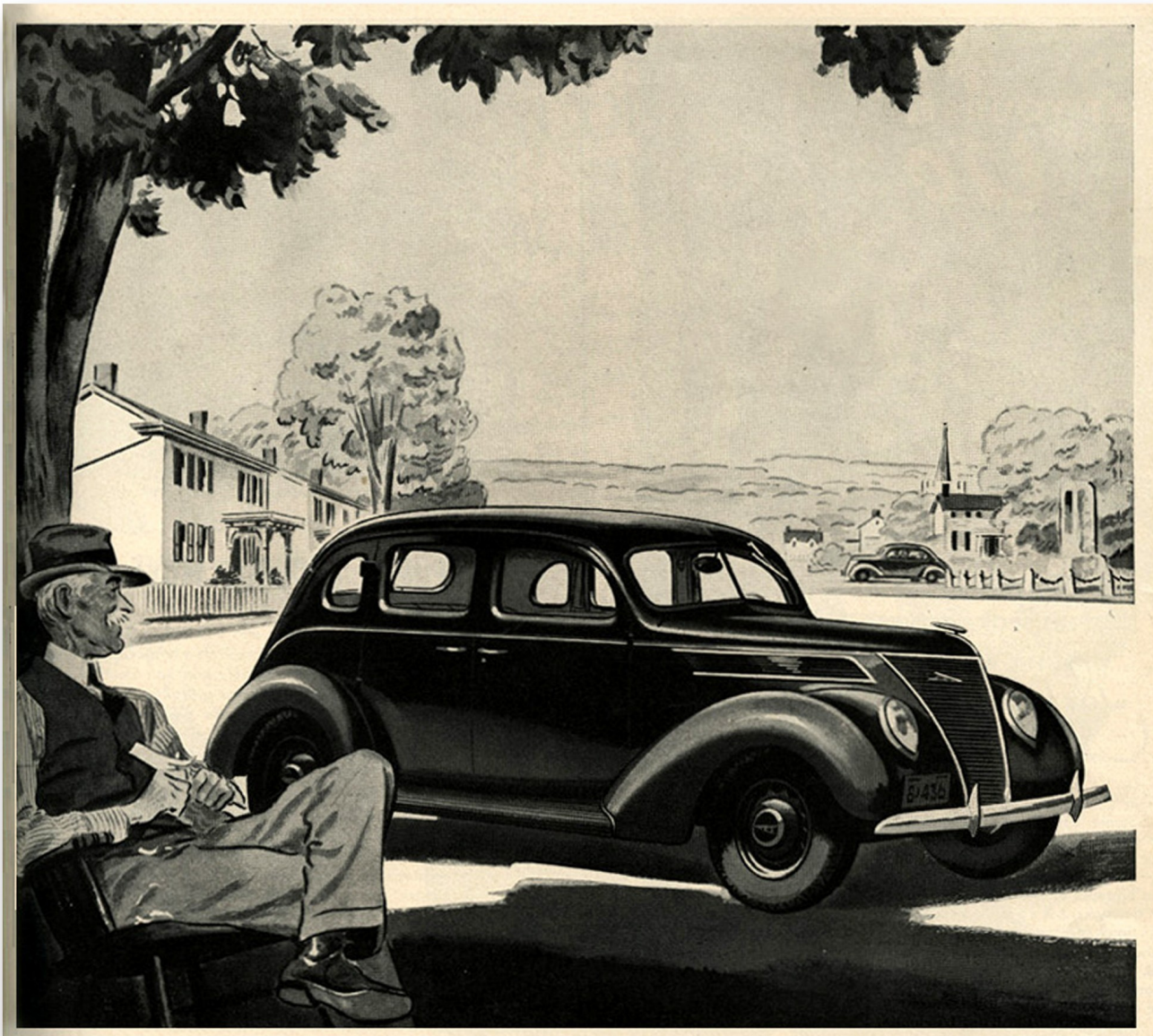
The best that Gudger has ever cleared is $125. That was in the plow-under year.

Years ago the Ricketts were, relatively speaking, almost prosperous. Besides their cotton farming they had ten cows and sold the milk, and they lived near a good stream and had all the fish they wanted. Ricketts went $400 into debt on a fine young pair of mules. One of the mules died before it had made its first crop; the other died the year after, against his fear, amounting to full horror, of sinking to the half-crop level where nothing is owned, Ricketts went into debt for other, inferior mules; his

cows went one by one into debts and desperate exchanges and by sickness; he got congestive chills; his wife got pellagra; a number of his children died;

he got appendicitis and lay for days on end under the ice cap; his wife's pellagra got into her brain; for ten consecutive years now, though they have lived on so little ration money, and have turned nearly all their cottonseed money toward their debts, they have not cleared or had any hope of clearing a cent at the end of the year.

Previous pages: James Agee, *Let Us Now Praise Famous Men*



"A man learns a lot, building 25 million cars!"

"Seems to me, nothing ever takes the place of experience. You learn to do a good job by going out and doing it. The more you do it, the more you learn about it.

"Take cars, for instance. They tell me Henry Ford has built more than 25 million. Nobody else ever had near that much experience. So, the way I figure, Henry Ford's the man I want to build my car.

"Besides, all those cars weren't sold—most of them were bought. Bought because folks got more for their money—because Henry Ford did a better job every year.

"This year's Ford is the best yet. Handles easy, rides easy, runs smooth and sweet. I know. One day after I'd been sitting here watching the Fords go by, I says to myself, 'Jud, you go buy one.' And I did!"

FORD V·8

"Look! In the corner."

Ma looked. there were two figures in the gloom; a man who lay on his back, and a boy sitting beside him, his eyes wide staring at the newcomers. As she looked, the boy got slowly to his feet and came toward her. His voice croaked. "You own this here?"

"No," Ma said. "Jus' come in outa the wet. We got a sick girl. You got a dry blanket we could use an' get her wet clothes off?"

The boy went back to the corner and brought a dirty comfort and held it out to Ma.

"Thank ya," she said. "What's the matter'th that fella?"

The boy spoke in a croaking monotone. "Fust he was sick—but now he's starvin'."

"What?"

"Starvin'. Got sick in the cotton. He ain't et for six days."

Ma walked to the corner and looked down at the man. He was about fifty, his whiskery face gaunt, and his open eyes were vague and staring. The boy stood beside her. "Your pa?" Ma asked.

"Yeah! Says he wasn't hungry, or he jus' et. Give me the food. Now he's too weak. Can't hardly move."

The pounding of the rain decreased to a soothing swish on the roof. The gaunt man moved his lips. Ma knelt beside him and put her ear close. His lips moved again.

"Sure," Ma said. "You jus' be easy. He'll be awright. You jus' wait'll I get them wet clo'es off'n my girl."

Ma went back to the girl. "Now slip 'em off," she said. She held the comfort up to screen her from view. And when she was naked, Ma folded the comfort about her.

The boy was at her side again explaining, "I didn't know. He said he et, or he wasn' hungry. Las' night I went an' bust a winda an' stoled some bread. Made 'im chew 'er down. But he puked it all up, an' then he was weaker. Got to have soup or milk. You folks got money to git milk?"

Ma said, "Hush. Don' worry. We'll figger somepin out."

Suddenly the boy cried, "he's dyin', I tell you! He's starvin' to death, I tell you."

"Hush," said Ma. She looked at Pa and Uncle John standing helplessly gazing at the sick man. She looked at Rose of Sharon hudled in the comfort. Ma's eyes passed Rose of Sharon's eyes, and then came back to them. And the two women looked deep into each other. The girl's breath came short and gasping.

She said, "Yes."

Ma smiled. "I knowed you would. I knowed!" She looked down at her hands, tight-locked in her lap.

Rose of Sharon whispered, "Will—will you all—go out?" The rain whisked lightly on the roof.

Ma leanded forward and with her palm she brushed the tousled hair back from her daughter's forehead, and she kissed her on the forehead. Ma got up quickly. "Come on, you fellas," she called. "You come out in the tool shed."

Ruthie opened her mouth to speak. "Hush," Ma said. "Hush and git." She herded them through the door, drew the boy with her, and she closed the squeaking door.

"For a minute Rose of Sharon sat still in the whispering barn. Then she hoisted her tired body up and drew the comfort about her. She moved slowly to the corner and stood looking down at the wasted face, into the wide, frightened eyes. Then slowly she lay down beside him. He shook his head slowly from side to side. Rose of Sharon loosened one side of the

blanket and bared her breast. “You got to,” she said. She squirmed closer and pulled his head close. “There!” she said. “There.” Her hand moved behind his head and supported it. Her fingers moved gently in his hair. She looked up and across the barn, and her lips came together and smiled mysteriously.

Previous pages: John Steinbeck, *The Grapes of Wrath*

HE MADE LIFE Safer for Children

Millions of children are alive and well today because there once lived a man named LOUIS PASTEUR—discoverer of the process which immortalized his name—the process of pasteurization.

It was the first great step in safeguarding the purity and wholesomeness of milk—so vital to health. Well may every mother bless the name of Pasteur—*the man who made life safer for children.*

THE SEALTEST SYSTEM OF LABORATORY PROTECTION
Sealtest

Today—this great work of making life safer is carried on by the Sealtest System of Laboratory Protection. Sealtest Scientists ceaselessly strive to improve the quality and safeguard the purity of the milk, ice cream and other dairy products used in your home.

The Sealtest System is the world's largest laboratory organization devoted exclusively to dairy products. It is headed by leading food scientists—working through a system of more than 100 laboratories.

The chief purpose of this great scientific organization is to maintain, in cooperation with public health authorities, the highest quality in the milk, ice cream and other dairy products of its member-companies. Also to throw around these products every practical safeguard known.

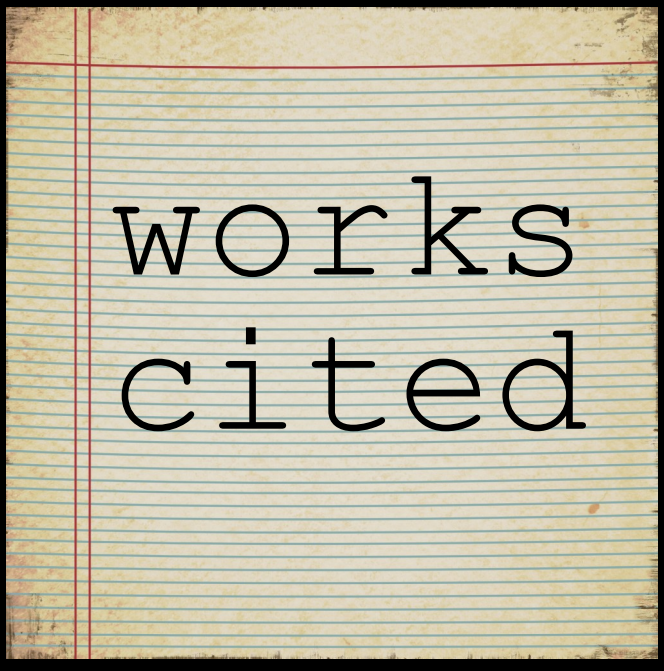
Supporting this Sealtest System is an affiliated group of leading dairy and ice cream companies who have pledged themselves to accept and uphold Sealtest requirements in their products. Sealtest Scientists are stationed in plants of these companies. Every process and every product come under their supervision.

How can you get this Sealtest protection for your family? Buy your milk, ice cream and other dairy products from the companies in your community whose products are produced under the Sealtest System of Laboratory Protection.

The red-and-white Sealtest Symbol is your assurance of purity, quality and safety in dairy products. Give your family this added health protection.

Join the Sealtest Sunday Night House Party, Every Week at 10 (E.D.S.T.), NBC Red Network

IN THOUSANDS OF COMMUNITIES, THE OUTSTANDING MILK AND ICE CREAMS ARE SEALTEST PROTECTED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