

Ocean Sequence

BY JAMES RORTY

Evening

My dear, what bitter years of drought
Are in your eyes!
Where have you wandered? What fierce sun
Within what stricken valleys has made taut
The desperate valor of your smile?
Come with me, take my hand and come
Down to the shore, while yet the twilight lingers on the sand,
And peace is bulwarked and made safe—
Bedded in granite and made safe
By the immortal thunder of the sea.

Midnight

Night found the full moon's yellow round
Half foundered at the horizon's rim.
Heavily, great with her gathered tides, the unwilling moon,
Cycling forgotten in some ancient wizardry of space,
Climbed toward the zenith. . . . Soon we slept.
Into our hearts the tide came pouring,
Over our hearts the charging breakers
Foamed, and our weary dreams
Were lifted like bright flowers that the moon
Had sown upon the swelling sea.
Was it a dream at midnight that you rose
And bared your beauty to the moon?
Was it a dream that as you danced
The racing breakers rang upon the sands,
The Druid rocks
Echoed the sea-drums, and wild horns
Were blown from out the sky? . . .
Who is it lies, a broken Triton, there
Upon the white shore of your breast?

Morning

Sun on the sea and ebb-tide licking the sand . . .
What, has this huge insatiable sea
That poured all night into the secret caves
Now fallen in slack quiet while the sun
Struts in high heaven? . . . Yet these rocks
Remember ocean's salt encounter still, and you . . .
My dear, wide leagues of ocean peace
Are in your eyes.

The Japanese in the United States

An Old Race in a New Land

BY KONRAD BERCOVICI

IN California I met for the first time large groups of Japanese, industrious farmers, fruit-growers, and poultry-raisers, in the Sacramento and San Joaquin valleys, from El Centro to Lolusa, in and around Los Angeles and Fresno, at San Francisco and Sacramento. It was comparatively easy to distinguish between the Japanese ranches (as all places above an acre are called in California) and the white man's farms. Either because of the difference of the mode of living, or because of the insecurity with which the Japanese has always regarded his holdings in this country, the farm-home of a Japanese, even of a wealthy farmer, is far below that of the home of a white man owning a similar piece of ground or of similar wealth. The neatness of the field, the straightness of the rows of salads and other vegetables, as well as the compactness of the carefully constructed greenhouses, are in direct contrast with the flimsy, improvised condition of the living quarters of the Japanese. More frequently than not, the horses have a much better home than the family on a Japanese farm.

On the white man's farm we see only men at work. On the Japanese one sees women and children in the vegetable patches, in the flower garden, or in the fruit orchards, while the men

are away, either marketing the stuff or working for the white farmer. I have seldom passed a Japanese farm without seeing the squat forms of the diminutive little women grubbing the earth, moving slowly ahead as they sit on their heels, frequently with children strapped to their backs. From a distance they look more like giant bugs crawling along the paths than human beings.

In the cities where Japanese live, in Los Angeles, in Fresno, or in San Francisco, they keep mostly to the poorest quarters. Crowded and huddled in a single street, their congested condition would be even more emphasized if it were not for the noiselessness and the quietness with which they move about. This, however, applies only to the older people. The younger ones, especially those born here, can be noisier than any other population. In the eyes of the older Japanese this noisiness is regarded with great disfavor as America's worst influence on the children of the Mikado.

I had arrived in Los Angeles on the day of Hallowe'en. The city, as well as the celebrated adjoining suburb Hollywood, was in no way different from any other day. Californians are a noisy crowd. They speak louder than other people. Their voices carry farther. Yet had not some friends of