

In the Heart

By Marjorie Kinnan Rawlings

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM MEADE PRINCE

The author of *The Yearling* tells the story of Black Bat, the man who had no friends

I TOOK the Negro directly from the chain gang. I do not believe it was that fact, however, that filled my colored man and woman, Joe and Etta, with the same unreasoning fear that a dog shows in the presence of an unidentified danger. I think it was the sheer look of the man. I have never seen a bigger black, nor an uglier one. I myself was startled when I saw him at the pump stand and heard his deep rumble, requesting water.

I remember that Joe, close behind him, and Etta and I on the back porch, all stared in hypnosis at his bulk; at his head like a square block of creosote; his winglike ears, cut straight across, ending in points; at his arms, hanging loose like a pair of cottonmouth moccasins; and finally, jointed to the arms, as though they had a unique life of their own, a pair of paws like a gorilla's—huge, sinewy, not quite believable.

I said to Etta, "Give him a cup."

We watched him pump. The heavy handle lifted and fell like a twig in his hand. He drank again and again. He was wet with sweat from long walking. He wiped his jowls on his sleeve. I heard him grunt. Something had attracted his apelike attention. He shuffled with a peculiar directness to my garden and leaned his arms on the five-foot fence.

He said, "This ain't no kind of a garden."

Joe looked at me uncertainly, as though for my order to the intruder to move on. A moment's perversity made me withhold it. Joe's distaste for garden work, his stubborn neglect of my flowers and vegetables, had long been a sore point between us.

I said, solely for the effect on Joe, "My man doesn't know anything about garden work."

The strange black gripped the fence and turned his face toward me. It had the intensity of a gargoyle.

He said, "I got to get me a piece o' work. I'm fresh off the gang. Leave me make you a garden."

Joe said furiously, "Nigger, get goin'." His presumption precipitated a decision I should not otherwise have made. I saw the situation as made to order for shaming him into future attention to my garden plot.

The stranger said, "I kin make a garden. I got the livin' hand."

I said, "Good. You can get to work right away. The hoe and the hand plow are in the first room in the barn. The fertilizer is under the shed."

He ambled toward the barn. Joe threw out his arms.

Bat sighed. "You puts me low in my mind," he said. "All my life things has been this-a-way"

"Missy, 'fore God, you hirin' us trouble. Livin' hand! You look at them hands? I'se seed that kind before. He got the killin' hand."

I was as angry as he. My anger, I know now, was not for his challenge to my judgment and my authority, but a cover for my own uneasiness before the fear in the eyes of the black man and woman who looked, with the prescience of their race, into a terrible unseen.

I said, "Get back to your grove work." I called after the newcomer, "What's your name?"

"Calls me Black Bat," he said.

I HAD no intention of keeping Bat more than two or three days, to make my point and serve my disciplinary purpose. But when I saw my garden rouse, and breathe, and come to green, new life, I weakened. The rows were straight and clean. As though blessing his labor, the first rain in weeks followed his weeding and fertilizing. The feathered tops of the young carrots stood up with vigor. The spindling broccoli stretched and spread out sturdy arms.

In the section of the garden that I kept for my flowers, the change was even more miraculous. Rosebushes that had been lank and famished were in a few days ruddy with the new growth that presaged bloom. Bat asked for seedling plants. I bought snapdragon and stock, larkspur and schizanthus, all the fragile flowers I had longed for. He set them out, and they seemed never to have known another home than the soil of my garden. I could not endure the thought of their drooping and finally dying, like their neglected predecessors, and Bat stayed on.

Joe and Etta were sullen. They looked at me with the unhappiness of dogs that have been whipped unjustly. I kept my own uncertainty stubbornly to myself. They had nothing to do with the intruder. They kept the door of the tenant house shut at night against him. By day, Etta wore the key of her house pinned on the front of her uniform. Bat slept in the barn. He came to the back door for his plates of food which Etta handed him with a darting gesture, stepping away from him quickly, as though she fed a thing that would slash before she could avoid it.

I left the three of them alone on the place together over a week end. As I drove away, Joe and Etta watched after my car with a look of helpless betrayal. I felt a moment's temptation to relieve them, to take Bat to the quarters in the neighboring village while I should be gone. But it seemed to me that it would be an admission of error to acknowledge their fear.

The sheriff called me long distance on Sunday afternoon at an East Coast café. My man, Joe Wilkins, he shouted

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BY RADIO FROM STOCKHOLM

By Martha Gellhorn

Swedish hearts are with the Finns but their trade is with the Germans. The Russians may invade this great storehouse of iron ore or the Germans may come to protect their supply. Swedes wonder how much longer they'll have their abundant life

FEAR COMES TO SW

THE workers' apartment buildings are pale green, yellow, blue, rose or white. They have balconies and many windows and are rigidly modern in design, very big and clean and all the people of Stockholm are proud of them.

In this place there were seven great co-operative buildings, with a rocky, pine-treed park between them, and the waters of Lake Mälär to the left. The apartments seemed small, but fresh and pretty with model electric kitchens and tiled bathrooms and rents no higher than twenty dollars a month.

The children of the people who live here have a lovely time. At seven in the morning their parents park them downstairs, with all the other fat, roistering babies of the house, and pick them up again at night, when returning from work. All day they live together—sixty children under twelve years of age—eat their meals in a bright dining room, play in their kindergarten or study in a quieter room if they are old enough to study, rush about their playground with its swings and slides and parallel bars and sand piles, take their naps on tiny cots, and clamor for anything they want from "Tante Ilse," the young child specialist who runs this day nursery. For the three meals and the care the parents pay eighteen cents a day. The three-year-olds had unlaced their shoes, pulled off their pinafores, wrapped their small blue blankets around them, and now in principle they should sleep for two hours after lunch, in their doll beds. Instead they were sitting up and whispering together and one very small blond boy chewed his handkerchief thoughtfully, and refused to take off his shoes. There was too much noise, a big booming noise, which made the children restless. They were blasting out a bomb shelter in the park across the street.

They showed us their co-operative mill with great and justified pride. It was a fine establishment, producing

every year 80,000 tons of flour, corn flakes, oat flakes and the toothbreaking hard bread that Scandinavians enjoy. The workers had pretty modern houses, excellent working conditions, and every form of legal guarantee: the eight-hour day, paid vacations, health and accident insurance, the right to belong to a union. In this they were no different from other industrial workers in Sweden but it was a fine, busy mill and we admired each room, all the vast mysterious machinery, and especially the floors, which were as polished and clean as a dining-room table. Then we were shown the beginning of the great hole in the ground.

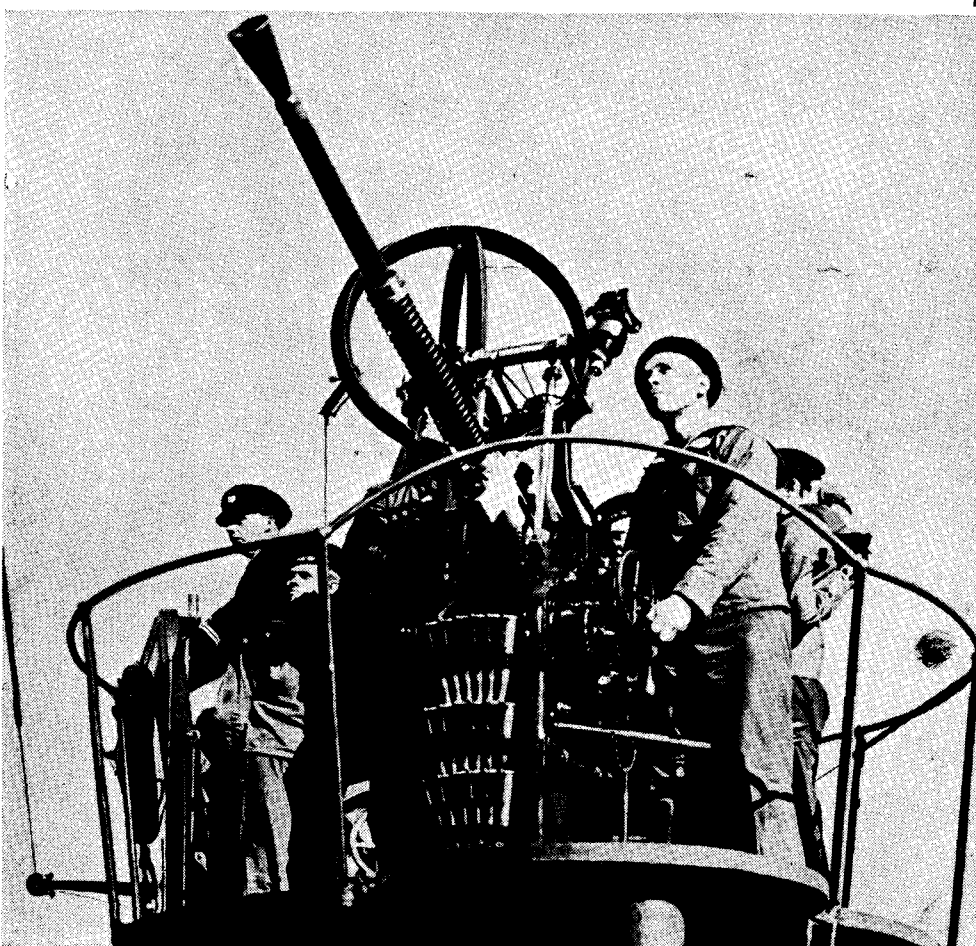
"Our new bomb shelter," the manager explained. "It will hold us all and our families. We have one already, under the grain silos, but we don't think it's good enough."

A Necessary Evil

The main Stockholm market is next door to the concert house. It is as enchanting as markets always are, with a lavish display of fish and fowl, fat red cheeses and mountains of butter and masses of meat. In front of the concert house stand the famous Milles statue of Orpheus playing his lyre, surrounded by graceful, small bronze figures.

But now it is hard to get a decent view of Orpheus and you have to worm your way into the market because the square

Above, young Swedes in Stockholm read the order for partial mobilization of Sweden's fighting forces. At right, a 25-mm. antiaircraft gun on a Swedish submarine on patrol duty. These Swedish guns are the fastest-firing antiaircraft weapons made



INTERNATIONAL