

THE TRIANGLE OF INJUSTICE

you, Miss Carlson, you're young. Don't make the foolish mistake I made. Somewhere along the road I stopped reaching for a star and started running blindly toward a mirage—and age must suffer for the errors of youth.

EDITH: (sits down and puts hands over face) All right, Mr. Markston. Alright. I'm sorry. I'll—I'll tell you everything. I—I didn't mean to be dishonest. It's just that I needed the money.

ED: (in confusion) Miss Carlson, what do you mean?

EDITH: I'm not Edith Carlson. I'm Peggy Clark.

ED: You're not—you're who?

EDITH: A week ago, Edith Carlson received a letter asking her to come here for the settlement of her father's will. At that time Edith was a victim of the epidemic of influenza. Her health was fragile as her father probably told you. She didn't recover from the illness as the other victims did. She—she died the day the letter came.

ED: (incredulously) Edith Carlson is dead?

EDITH: I was her roommate—we stayed at a boardinghouse near the school. She had often told me about her father and this business. My brother thought it would be easy for me to come here, pose as Edith, sell you my share of the business and—and get enough money to finish my schooling. I—I know it was a cowardly, dishonest idea, sir, but Ben and I aren't really criminals. (looking down). Still, I suppose I might have carried out this preposterous idea, had you not suspected and showed me how foolishly wrong I was.

ED: (unbelievably) Miss Carl—Miss Clark, I can hardly comprehend this situation. Do you mean to tell me that Edith Carlson is—*is* dead and you're someone else?

EDITH: I can never thank you enough, Mr. Markston, for showing me how wrong I was. I—I know what you must think of me, sir. I suppose there's no use to say I'm sorry. They would be such empty words, wouldn't they?

ED: I'm still not sure I understand completely, Miss Clark, but I think the apology belongs to me. I have committed the wrong—and I have learned the lesson.

EDITH: But, sir, it was I—

ED: Nonsense, Miss Clark. Patrick! Patrick!

(Patrick enters, unsure of the reception he will get.)

PAT: Did—did you wish to see me, sir?

ED: Yes, Patrick. There is much to be explained to you, but there will be enough time for that later. Patrick, everything you said to me an hour ago was true. I have been dishonest, deceitful, and indecent to humankind. (amused at Patrick's expression) You are surprised to hear such words from Edward Markston? I think perhaps even the angels are surprised today. Sit down, Patrick.

(Patrick sits. Edward looks at Patrick and the girl) My friends, we are all guilty of the same crime. You, Patrick, have done society an injustice by allowing me to persist, unmolested in my dishonest business practices. Miss Clark, you have done an injustice to the memory of your best friend, and I—ah, I am the king of the unjust. I have betrayed people who trusted me—and those who did not trust me. But the greatest injustice, my friends, has been done to ourselves. We thought we were cleverly fooling other people, when all the while we were deceiving our own souls. Therein lies the deepest tragedy.

PAT: (his voice unsteady) The unmasked truth is rather brutal and unattractive, isn't it?

ED: Very, Patrick, but we must not sit here brooding. There are lives to be lived by the three of us—not merely meaningless roles, as they have been heretofore—but lives to be lived by people—by people who would—by us. Suppose you get some coffee, Patrick, and we shall toast our awakening.

PAT: Yes, sir. (rises and starts out the door).

ED: (Calls after Pat, as he is about to exit)—Oh, Patrick—

PAT (turns)—Yes, sir?

ED: (smiling) Aren't you going to wish me Happy Birthday, Patrick?

PAT: (perplexed) But, Mr. Markston, it isn't your birthday. Why should I?

ED: (smiling) Because after 55 years of existence, I became a man today.

PAT: (Understanding lighting his face) Happy Birthday, Mr. Markston.

CURTAIN

POEMS BY TOM WAUGH

TO THEE—OF WHOM I WRITE

Away from your beauty, fresh and fair,
I fall prey to memory and sink in despair.
I grope in the darkness of fatalistic light,
And count many years in the course of one night.
Then I rise in hope for I still love thee,
But I die once more since thou lovest not me.

LEARNING

I am but a blade of grass
In this field of life.
Reaching for the heights of knowledge,
But anchored to the soil of strife.

The wind of mercy, the rain of love
Combine to make me grow.
The more of each that I pass on
The more I really know.

EXODUS

ED: (seems to realize her presence for the first time) But

Let me kiss my mother goody and know her quivering smile
Shake hands with dad and family, and tarry just a short while.

Let me pet my old dog and sing like I used to do

And visit childhood places, that now seem so new.

Grant me time to see the old gang, who talked of sins they

would do,

The sins in dreams so many, which in reality were few.

Let me reminisce of how things had their start

And know, without shame, the tears of an old, old heart.

Alas, the time is gone where in I walk this earth,

And soon my heart will cry out in death's rebirth,

For like the setting sun, man must follow a course

His birth, life and death. All ruled by a Higher Force.

NEW BOOKS IN LIBRARY

The Library has purchased a number of new books recently. Quite a variety of subjects is represented including history, music, philosophy, fiction, poetry and several reference books. These new books are:

Main Currents in Modern Political Thought, John Hamilton Halliwell; Diplomatic Background of the War, 1870-1914, Charles Seymour; Encyclopedia Britannica, Britannica Book of the Year; Who's Who in America; Manuel of Harmony, S. Jadasohn; Evolution of Harmony, C. H. Kitson; History of Music, Cecil Gray; Antonin Dvorak, Karel Hoffmeister; Story of Arturo Toscanini, David Ewen; Book of Modern Composers, David Ewen; Understanding Music, William S. Newman; Camerons of Musical History, Stewart Macpherson; Life and Death of Stalin, Louis Fischer; East River, Sholem Asch; Roots of American Loyalty, Merle Eugene Curtis; Critic and Crusaders, Charles Allan Madsen; Snapping of the American Tradition, Louis Morton Hacker; Cavalcade of Comedy, Louis Kronenberger; Noah Webster, Pioneer of Learning, Ervin C. Shoemaker; Benjamin Franklin, Lawrence C. Worth; History of American Philosophy, Herbert Wallace Schneider; American Philosophic Addresses, 1793-1900, Joseph L. Blau; Democratic-Republican Societies, 1790-1800, Eugene Perry Link; Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam, Omar Khayyam; Poor Richard's Almanac, Benjamin Franklin; Rules of Order, Henry Martyn Robert; Book of Martyrs, John Foxe; Introduction to the study of Robert Browning's Poetry, Hiram Corson; Modern American Poetry, Modern British Poetry, Louis Untermeyer; Poems, Henry Wadsworth Longfellow; History of a Southern State; North Carolina, Hugh Talmaide Lester; and World Almanac, 1964.