

Too Early Spring

Stephen Vincent Benét

I'm writing this down because I don't ever want to forget the way it was. It doesn't seem as if I could, now, but they all tell you things change. And I guess they're right. Older people must have forgotten or they couldn't be the way they are. And that goes for even the best ones, like Dad and Mr. Grant. They try to understand but they don't seem to know how. And the others make you feel dirty or else they make you feel like a goof. Till, pretty soon, you begin to forget yourself—you begin to think, "Well, maybe they're right and it was that way." And that's the end of everything. So I've got to write this down. Because they smashed it forever—but it wasn't the way they said.

Mr. Grant always says in comp. class: "Begin at the beginning." Only I don't know quite where the beginning was. We had a good summer at Big Lake but it was just the same summer. I worked pretty hard at the practice basket I rigged up in the barn, and I learned how to do the back jackknife. I'll never dive like Kerry but you want to be as all-around as you can. And, when I took my measurements, at the end of the summer, I was 5 ft. 9¾ and I'd gained 12 lbs. 6 oz. That isn't bad for going on sixteen and the old chest expansion was O. K. You don't want to get too heavy, because basketball's a fast game, but the year before was the year when I got my height, and I was so skinny, I got tired. But this year, Kerry helped me practice, a couple of times, and he seemed to think I had a good chance for the team. So I felt pretty set up—they'd never had a Sophomore on it before. And Kerry's a natural athlete, so that means a lot from him. He's a pretty good brother too. Most Juniors at State wouldn't bother with a fellow in High.

It sounds as if I were trying to run away from what I have to write down, but I'm not. I want to remember that summer, too, because it's the last happy one I'll ever have. Oh, when I'm an old man—thirty or forty—things may be all right again. But that's a long time to wait and it won't be the same.

And yet, that summer was different, too, in a way. So it must have started then, though I didn't know it. I went around with the gang as usual and we had a good time. But, every now and then, it would strike me we were acting like awful kids. They thought I was getting the big head, but I wasn't. It just wasn't much fun—even going to the cave. It was like going on shooting marbles when you're in High.

I had sense enough not to try to tag after Kerry and his crowd. You can't do that. But when they all got out on the lake in canoes, warm evenings, and somebody brought a phonograph along, I used to go down to the Point, all by myself, and listen and listen. Maybe they'd be talking or maybe they'd be singing, but it all sounded mysterious across the water. I wasn't trying to hear what they said, you know. That's the kind of thing Tot Pickens does. I'd just listen, with my arms

around my knees—and somehow it would hurt me to listen—and yet I'd rather do that than be with the gang.

I was sitting under the four pines, one night, right down by the edge of the water. There was a big moon and they were singing. It's funny how you can be unhappy and nobody know it but yourself.

I was thinking about Sheila Coe. She's Kerry's girl. They fight but they get along. She's awfully pretty and she can swim like a fool. Once Kerry sent me over with her tennis racket and we had quite a conversation. She was fine. And she didn't pull any of this big sister stuff, either, the way some girls will with a fellow's kid brother.

And when the canoe came along, by the edge of the lake, I thought for a moment it was her. I thought maybe she was looking for Kerry and maybe she'd stop and maybe she'd feel like talking to me again. I don't know why I thought that—I didn't have any reason. Then I saw it was just the Sharon kid, with a new kind of bob that made her look grown-up, and I felt sore. She didn't have any business out on the lake at her age. She was just a Sophomore in High, the same as me.

I chunked a stone in the water and it splashed right by the canoe, but she didn't squeal. She just said, "Fish," and chuckled. It struck me it was a kid's trick, trying to scare a kid.

"Hello, Helen," I said. "Where did you swipe the gunboat?"

"They don't know I've got it," she said. "Oh, hello, Chuck Peters. How's Big Lake?"

"All right," I said. "How was camp?"

"It was peachy," she said. "We had a peachy counselor, Miss Morgan. She was on the Wellesley field-hockey team."

"Well," I said, "we missed your society." Of course we hadn't, because they're across the lake and don't swim at our raft. But you ought to be polite.

"Thanks," she said. "Did you do the special reading for English? I thought it was dumb."

"It's always dumb," I said. "What canoe is that?"

"It's the old one," she said. "I'm not supposed to have it out at night. But you won't tell anybody, will you?"

"Be your age," I said. I felt generous. "I'll paddle a while, if you want," I said.

“All right,” she said, so she brought it in and I got aboard. She went back in the bow and I took the paddle. I’m not strong on carting kids around, as a rule. But it was better than sitting there by myself.

“Where do you want to go?” I said.

“Oh, back towards the house,” she said in a shy kind of voice. “I ought to, really. I just wanted to hear the singing.”

“K. O.,” I said. I didn’t paddle fast, just let her slip. There was a lot of moon on the water. We kept around the edge so they wouldn’t notice us. The singing sounded as if it came from a different country, a long way off.

She was a sensible kid, she didn’t ask fool questions or giggle about nothing at all. Even when we went by Feters’ Cove. That’s where the lads from the bungalow colony go and it’s pretty well populated on a warm night. You can hear them talking in low voices and now and then a laugh. Once Tot Pickens and a gang went over there with a flashlight, and a big Bohunk chased them for half a mile,

I felt funny, going by there with her. But I said, “Well, it’s certainly Old Home Week”—in an offhand tone, because, after all, you’ve got to be sophisticated. And she said, “People are funny,” in just the right sort of way. I took quite a shine to her after that and we talked. The Sharons have only been in town three years and somehow I’d never really noticed her before. Mrs. Sharon’s awfully good-looking but she and Mr. Sharon fight. That’s hard on a kid. And she was a quiet kid. She had a small kind of face and her eyes were sort of like a kitten’s. You could see she got a great kick out of pretending to be grown-up —and yet it wasn’t all pretending. A couple of times, I felt just as if I were talking to Sheila Coe. Only more comfortable, because, after all, we were the same age.

Do you know, after we put the canoe up, I walked all the way back home, around the lake? And most of the way, I ran. I felt swell too. I felt as if I could run forever and not stop. It was like finding something. I hadn’t imagined anybody could ever feel the way I did about some things. And here was another person, even if it was a girl.

Kerry’s door was open when I went by and he stuck his head out, and grinned.

“Well, kid,” he said. Stepping out?”

“Sure. With Greta Garbo,” I said, and grinned back to show I didn’t mean it. I felt sort of lightheaded, with the run and everything.

“Look here, kid—” he said, as if he was going to say something. Then he stopped. But there was a funny look on his face.

And yet I didn’t see her again till we were both back in High. Mr. Sharon’s uncle died, back East, and they closed the cottage suddenly. But all the rest of the time at Big Lake, I kept remembering that night and her little face. If I’d seen her in daylight, first, it might have been different. No, it wouldn’t have been.

All the same, I wasn’t even thinking of her when we bumped into each other, the first day of school. It was raining and she had on a green slicker and her hair was curly under her hat. We grinned and said hello and had to run. But something happened to us, I guess.

I’ll say this now—it wasn’t like Tot Pickens and Mabel Palmer. It wasn’t like Junior David and Betty Page—though they’ve been going together ever since kindergarten. It wasn’t like any of those things. We didn’t get sticky and sloppy. It wasn’t like going with a girl.

Gosh, there’d be days and days when we’d hardly see each other, except in class. I had basketball practice almost every afternoon and sometimes evenings and she was taking music lessons four times a week. But you don’t have to be always twos-ing with a person, if you feel that way about them. You seem to know the way they’re thinking and feeling, the way you know yourself.

Now let me describe her. She had that little face and the eyes like a kitten’s. When it rained, her hair curled all over the back of her neck. Her hair was yellow. She wasn’t a tall girl but she wasn’t chunky—just light and well made and quick. She was awfully alive without being nervous—she never bit her fingernails or chewed the end of her pencil, but she’d answer quicker than anyone in the class. Nearly everybody liked her, but she wasn’t best friends with any particular girl, the mushy way they get. The teachers all thought a lot of her, even Miss Eagles. Well, I had to spoil that.

If we’d been like Tot and Mabel, we could have had a lot more time together, I guess. But Helen isn’t a liar and I’m not a snake. It wasn’t easy, going over to her house, because Mr. and Mrs. Sharon would be polite to each other in front of you and yet there’d be something wrong. And she’d have to be fair to both of them and they were always pulling at her. But we’d look at each other across the table and then it would be all right.

I don’t know when it was that we knew we’d get married to each other, some time. We just started talking about it, one day, as if we always had. We were sensible, we knew it couldn’t happen right off. We thought maybe when we were eighteen. That was two years but we knew we had to be educated. You don’t get as good a job, if you aren’t. Or that’s what people say.

We weren't mushy either, like some people. We got to kissing each other good-by, sometimes, because that's what you do when you're in love. It was cool, the way she kissed you, it was like leaves. But lots of the time we wouldn't even talk about getting married, we'd just play checkers or go over the old Latin, or once in a while go to the movies with the gang. It was really a wonderful winter. I played every game after the first one and she'd sit in the gallery and watch and I'd know she was there. You could see her little green hat or her yellow hair. Those are the class colors, green and gold.

And it's a queer thing, but everybody seemed to be pleased.

That's what I can't get over. They liked to see us together. The grown people, I mean. Oh, of course, we got kidded too. And old Mrs. Withers would ask me about "my little sweetheart," in that awful damp voice of hers. But, mostly, they were all right. Even Mother was all right, though she didn't like Mrs. Sharon. I did hear her say to Father, once, "Really, George, how long is this going to last? Sometimes I feel as if I just couldn't stand it."

Then Father chuckled and said to her, "Now, Mary, last year you were worried about him because he didn't take any interest in girls at all."

"Well," she said, "he still doesn't. Oh, Helen's a nice child—no credit to Eva Sharon—and thank heaven she doesn't giggle. Well, Charles is mature for his age too. But he acts so solemn about her. It isn't natural."

"Oh, let Charlie alone," said Father. "The boy's all right. He's just got a one-track mind."

But it wasn't so nice for us after the spring came.

In our part of the state, it comes pretty late, as a rule. But it was early this year. The little kids were out with scooters when usually they'd still be having snowfights and, all of a sudden, the radiators in the classrooms smelt dry. You'd got used to that smell for months—and then, there was a day when you hated it again and everybody kept asking to open the windows. The monitors had a tough time, that first week—they always do when spring starts—but this year it was worse than ever because it came when you didn't expect it.

Usually, basketball's over by the time spring really breaks, but this year it hit us while we still had three games to play. And it certainly played hell with us as a team. After Bladesburg nearly licked us, Mr. Grant called off all practice till the day before the St. Matthew's game. He knew we were stale—and they've been state champions two years. They'd have walked all over us, the way we were going.

The first thing I did was telephone Helen. Because that meant there were six extra afternoons we could have, if she could get rid of her music lessons any way. Well, she said,

wasn't it wonderful, her music teacher had a cold? And that seemed just like Fate.

Well, that was a great week and we were so happy. We went to the movies five times and once Mrs. Sharon let us take her little car. She knew I didn't have a driving license but of course I've driven ever since I was thirteen and she said it was all right. She was funny—sometimes she'd be awfully kind and friendly to you and sometimes she'd be like a piece of dry ice. She was that way with Mr. Sharon too. But it was a wonderful ride. We got stuff out of the kitchen—the cook's awfully sold on Helen—and drove way out in the country. And we found an old house, with the windows gone, on top of a hill, and parked the car and took the stuff up to the house and ate it there. There weren't any chairs or tables but we pretended there were.

We pretended it was our house, after we were married. I'll never forget that. She'd even brought paper napkins and paper plates and she set two places on the floor.

“Well, Charles,” she said, sitting opposite me, with her feet tucked under, “I don't suppose you remember the days we were both in school.”

“Sure,” I said—she was always much quicker pretending things than I was—“I remember them all right. That was before Tot Pickens got to be President.” And we both laughed.

“It seems very distant in the past to me—we've been married so long,” she said, as if she really believed it. She looked at me.

“Would you mind turning off the radio, dear?” she said. “This modern music always gets on my nerves.”

“Have we got a radio?” I said.

“Of course, Chuck.”

“With television?”

“Of course, Chuck.”

“Gee, I'm glad,” I said. I went and turned it off.

“Of course, if you *want* to listen to the late market reports—” she said just like Mrs. Sharon.

“Nope,” I said. “The market—uh—closed firm today. Up twentyt-six points.”

“That’s quite a long way up, isn’t it?”

“Well, the country’s perfectly sound at heart, in spite of this damnfool Congress,” I said, like Father.

She lowered her eyes a minute, just like her mother, and pushed away her plate.

“I’m not very hungry tonight,” she said. “You won’t mind if I go upstairs?”

“Aw, don’t be like that,” I said. It was too much like her mother.

“I was just seeing if I could,” she said. “But I never will, Chuck.”

“I’ll never tell you you’re nervous, either,” I said. “I—oh, gosh!”

She grinned and it was all right. “Mr. Ashland and I have never had a serious dispute in our wedded lives,” she said—and everybody knows who runs that family. “We just talk things over calmly and reach a satisfactory conclusion, usually mine.”

“Say, what kind of house have we got?”

“It’s a lovely house,” she said. “We’ve got radios in every room and lots of servants. We’ve got a regular movie projector and a library full of good classics and there’s always something in the icebox. I’ve got a shoe closet.”

“A what?”

“A shoe closet. All my shoes are on tipped shelves, like Mother’s. And all my dresses are on those padded hangers. And I say to the maid, ‘Elsie, Madam will wear the new French model today.’ ”

“What are my clothes on?” I said. “Christmas trees?”

“Well,” she said. “You’ve got lots of clothes and dogs. You smell of pipes and the open and something called Harrisburg tweed.”

“I do not,” I said. “I wish I had a dog. It’s a long time since Jack.”

“Oh, Chuck, I’m sorry,” she said.

“Oh, that’s all right,” I said. “He was getting old and his ear was always bothering him. But he was a good pooch. Go ahead.”

“Well,” she said, “of course we give parties—”

“Cut the parties,” I said.

“Chuck! They’re grand ones!”

“I’m a homebody,” I said. “Give me—er—my wife and my little family and—say, how many kids have we got, anyway?”

She counted on her fingers. “Seven.”

“Good Lord,” I said.

“Well, I always wanted seven. You can make it three, if you like.”

“Oh, seven’s all right, I suppose,” I said. “But don’t they get awfully in the way?”

“No,” she said. “We have governesses and tutors and send them to boarding school.”

“O. K.,” I said. “But it’s a strain on the old man’s pocketbook, just the same.”

“Chuck, will you ever talk like that? Chuck, this is when we’re rich.” Then suddenly, she looked sad. “Oh, Chuck, do you suppose we ever will?” she said.

“Why, sure,” I said.

“I wouldn’t mind if it was only a dump,” she said. “I could cook for you. I keep asking Hilda how she makes things.”

I felt awfully funny. I felt as if I were going to cry.

“We’ll do it,” I said. “Don’t you worry.”

“Oh, Chuck, you’re a comfort,” she said.

I held her for a while. It was like holding something awfully precious. It wasn’t mushy or that way. I know what that’s like too.

“It takes so long to get old,” she said. “I wish I could grow up tomorrow. I wish we both could.”

“Don’t you worry,” I said. “It’s going to be all right.”

We didn’t say much, going back in the car, but we were happy enough. I thought we passed Miss Eagles at the turn. That worried me a little because of the driving license. But, after all, Mrs. Sharon had said we could take the car.

We wanted to go back again, after that, but it was too far to walk and that was the only time we had the car. Mrs. Sharon was awfully nice about it but she said, thinking it over, maybe we’d better wait till I got a license. Well, Father didn’t want me to get one till I was seventeen but I thought he might come around. I didn’t want to do anything that would get Helen in a jam with her family. That shows how careful I was of her. Or thought I was.

All the same, we decided we’d do something to celebrate if the team won the St. Matthew’s game. We thought it would be fun if we could get a steak and cook supper out somewhere—something like that. Of course we could have done it easily enough with a gang, but we didn’t want a gang. We wanted to be alone together, the way we’d been at the house. That was all we wanted. I don’t see what’s wrong about that. We even took home the paper plates, so as not to litter things up.

Boy, that was a game! We beat them 36-34 and it took an extra period and I thought it would never end. That two-goal lead they had looked as big as the Rocky Mountains all the first half. And they gave me the full school cheer with nine Peters when we tied them up. You don’t forget things like that.

Afterwards, Mr. Grant had a kind of spread for the team at his house and a lot of people came in. Kerry had driven down from State to see the game and that made me feel pretty swell. And what made me feel better yet was his taking me aside and saying, “Listen, kid, I don’t want you to get the swelled head, but you did a good job. Well, just remember this. Don’t let anybody kid you out of going to State. You’ll like it up there.” And Mr. Grant heard him and laughed and said, “Well, Peters, I’m not proselytizing. But your brother might think about some of the Eastern colleges.” It was all like the kind of dream you have when you can do anything. It was wonderful.

Only Helen wasn’t there because the only girls were older girls. I’d seen her for a minute, right after the game, and she was fine, but it was only a minute. I wanted to tell her about that big St. Matthew’s forward and—oh, everything. Well, you like to talk things over with your girl.

Father and Mother were swell but they had to go on to some big shindy at the country club. And Kerry was going there with Sheila Coe. But Mr. Grant said he’d run me back to the house in his car and he did. He’s a great guy. He made jokes about my being the infant phenomenon of basketball, and they were good jokes too. I didn’t mind them. But, all the

same, when I'd said good night to him and gone into the house, I felt sort of let down.

I knew I'd be tired the next day but I didn't feel sleepy yet. I was too excited. I wanted to talk to somebody. I wandered around downstairs and wondered if Ida was still up. Well, she wasn't, but she'd left half a chocolate cake, covered over, on the kitchen table, and a note on top of it, "Congratulations to Mister Charles Peters." Well, that was awfully nice of her and I ate some. Then I turned the radio on and got the time signal—eleven—and some snappy music. But still I didn't feel like hitting the hay.

So I thought I'd call up Helen and then I thought probably she's asleep and Hilda or Mrs. Sharon will answer the phone and be sore. And then I thought—well, anyhow, I could go over and walk around the block and look at her house. I'd get some fresh air out of it, anyway, and it would be a little like seeing her.

So I did—and it was a swell night—cool and a lot of stars—and I felt like a king, walking over. All the lower part of the Sharon house was dark but a window upstairs was lit. I knew it was her window. I went around back of the driveway and whistled once—the whistle we made up. I never expected her to hear.

But she did, and there she was at the window, smiling. She made motions that she'd come down to the side door.

Honestly, it took my breath away when I saw her. She had on a kind of yellow thing over her night clothes and she looked so pretty. Her feet were so pretty in those slippers. You almost expected her to be carrying, one of those animals that kids like—she looked young enough. I know I oughtn't to have gone into the house. But we didn't think anything about it—we were just glad to see each other. We hadn't had any sort of chance to talk over the game.

We sat in front of the fire in the living room and she went out to the kitchen and got us cookies and milk. I wasn't really hungry, but it was like that time at the house, eating with her. Mr. and Mrs. Sharon were at the country club, too, so we weren't disturbing them or anything. We turned off the lights because there was plenty of light from the fire and Mr. Sharon's one of those people who can't stand having extra lights burning. Dad's that way about saving string.

It was quiet and lovely and the firelight made shadows on the ceiling. We talked a lot and then we just sat, each of us knowing the other was there. And the room got quieter and quieter and I'd told her about the game and I didn't feel excited or jumpy any more—just rested and happy. And then I knew by her breathing that she was asleep and I put my arm around her for just a minute. Because it was wonderful to hear that quiet breathing and know it was hers. I was going to wake her in a minute. I didn't realize how tired I was myself.

And then we were back in that house in the country and it was our home and we ought to have been happy. But something was wrong because there still wasn't any glass in the windows and a wind kept blowing through them and we tried to shut the doors but they wouldn't shut. It drove Helen distracted and we were both running through the house, trying to shut the doors, and we were cold and afraid. Then the sun rose outside the windows, burning and yellow and so big it covered the sky. And with the sun was a horrible, weeping voice. It was Mrs. Sharon's saying, "Oh, my God, oh my God."

I didn't know what had happened, for a minute, when I woke. And then I did and it was awful. Mrs. Sharon was saying "Oh, Helen—I trusted you . . ." and looking as if she were going to faint. And Mr. Sharon looked at her for a minute and his face was horrible and he said, "Bred in the bone," and she looked as if he'd hit her. Then he said to Helen—

I don't want to think of what they said. I don't want to think of any of the things they said. Mr. Sharon is a bad man. And she is a bad woman, even if she is Helen's mother. All the same, I could stand the things he said better than hers.

I don't want to think of any of it. And it is all spoiled now. Everything is spoiled. Miss Eagles saw us going to that house in the country and she said horrible things. They made Helen sick and she hasn't been back at school. There isn't any way I can see her. And if I could, it would be spoiled. We'd be thinking about the things they said.

I don't know how many of the people know, at school. But Tot Pickens passed me a note. And, that afternoon, I caught him behind his house. I'd have broken his nose if they hadn't pulled me off. I meant to. Mother cried when she heard about it and Dad took me into his room and talked to me. He said you can't lick the whole town. But I will anybody like Tot Pickens. Dad and Mother have been all right. But they say things about Helen and that's almost worse. They're for me because I'm their son. But they don't understand.

I thought I could talk to Kerry but I can't. He was nice but he looked at me such a funny way. I don't know—sort of impressed. It wasn't the way I wanted him to look. But he's been decent. He comes down almost every weekend and we play catch in the yard.

You see, I just go to school and back now. They want me to go with the gang, the way I did, but I can't do that. Not after Tot. Of course my marks are a lot better because I've got more time to study now. But it's lucky I haven't got Miss Eagles though Dad made her apologize. I couldn't recite to her.

I think Mr. Grant knows because he asked me to his house once and we had a conversation. Not about that, though I was terribly afraid he would. He showed me a lot of his old college things and the gold football he wears on his watch chain. He's got a lot of interesting things.

Then we got talking, somehow, about history and things like that and how times had changed. Why, there were kings and queens who got married younger than Helen and me. Only now we lived longer and had a lot more to learn. So it couldn't happen now. "It's civilization," he said. "And all civilization's against nature. But I suppose we've got to have it. Only sometimes it isn't easy." Well somehow or other, that made me feel less lonely. Before that I'd been feeling that I was the only person on earth who'd ever felt that way.

I'm going to Colorado, this summer, to a ranch, and next year, I'll go East to school. Mr. Grant says he thinks I can make the basketball team, if I work hard enough, though it isn't as big a game in the East as it is with us. Well, I'd like to show them something. It would be some satisfaction. He says not to be too fresh at first, but I won't be that.

It's a boys' school and there aren't even women teachers. And, maybe, afterwards, I could be a professional basketball player or something, where you don't have to see women at all. Kerry says I'll get over that; but I won't. They all sound like Mrs. Sharon to me now, when they laugh.

They're going to send Helen to a convent—I found out that. Maybe they'll let me see her before she goes. But, if we do, it will be all wrong and in front of people and everybody pretending. I sort of wish they don't—though I want to, terribly. When her mother took her upstairs that night—she wasn't the same Helen. She looked at me as if she was afraid of me. And no matter what they do for us now, they can't fix that.

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