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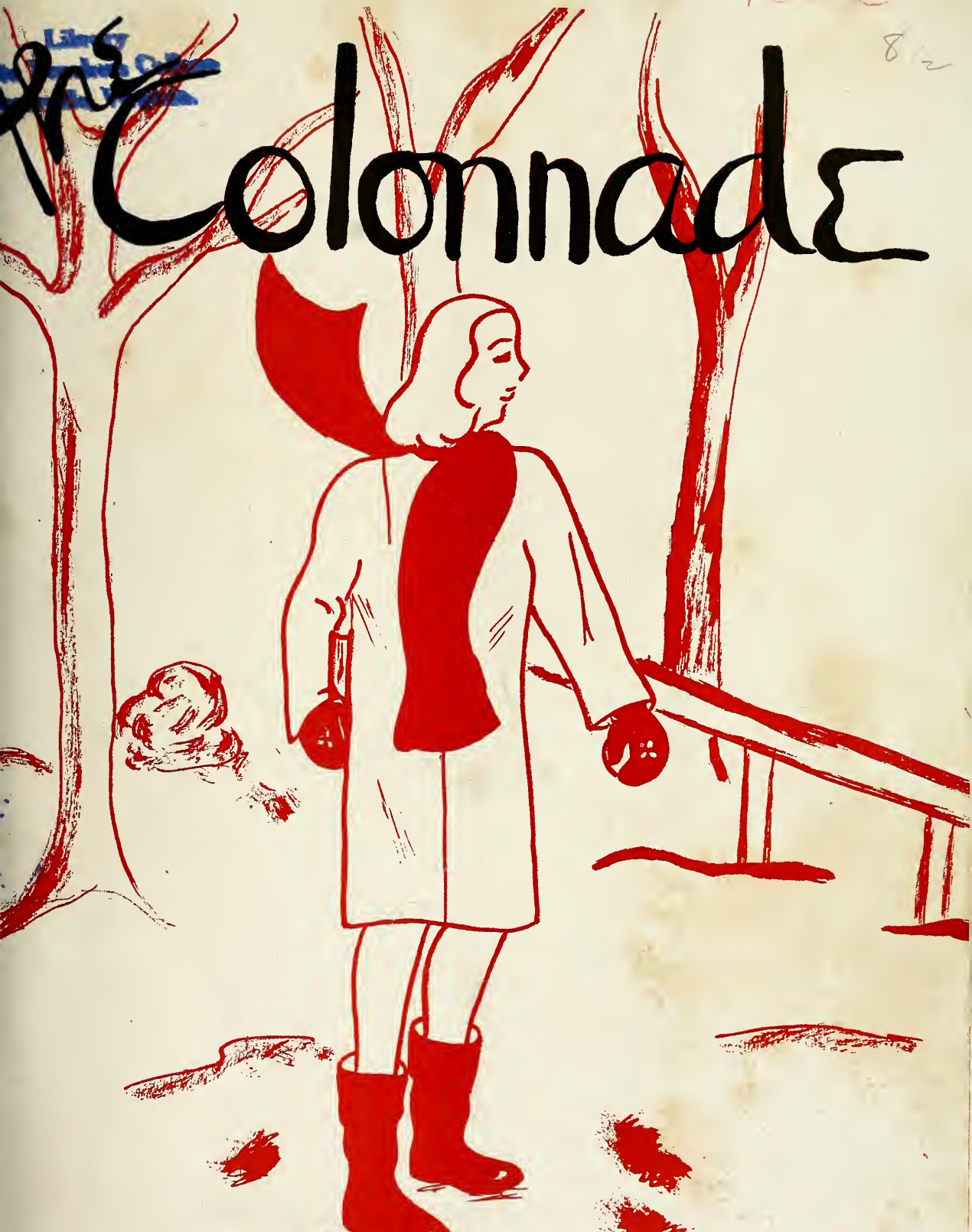
# The Colonnade, Volume Vlll Number 2, January 1946

Longwood University

# Colonnade



*State Teachers College* — *Farmville, Virginia*

# The Colonnade

STATE TEACHERS COLLEGE

FARMVILLE, VIRGINIA

VOL. VIII JANUARY, 1946 NO. 2

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## THE STAFF

# Over the Editor's Shoulder . . .

Now that the christmas holiday's dreams are packed away among our favorite memorys, the New Year has us all well in stride. Resolutions are still being made by the score, but maybe a reminder could serve its purpose. For instance, the poetry contest closes on the first day of March, and YOUR contribution is missing. There is no doubt about it, a sense of pride overcomes you when you see your thoughts in print. We eagerly invite you to keep that resolution and enter your favorite poem.

While The Colonnade was patiently waiting for each page to be "dressed" three delighful stories written by Jane Ruffin, Ann Masloff, and Catherine Trower Gladden, all seniors of last year, seemed to mold themselves upon the pages.

Of course, in this issue you will look for the stories written by the "ole stand bys". Betty Cock, whose timely narrative depicts a sailor in somewhat of a delemia; Margaret Wilson, who gayly produces a charcter sketch; and Mary Rattray whoses contribution certainly has a universal appeal.

Special spotlights are centered upon our increasing poetry section. New talent expressed by Jackie Watson, Marion Bennette, anb Betty Bibb is to be applauded. Naomi Piercy and Lucy Bralley again win praise for their delightful poems.

With the skillful strokes of their pens, Glenn Ann Patterson, Carman Low, Ann Charlton, and Sutton Bland cleverly decorated this issue.

Just in case you are still a little doubious, we again say, we are impatiently waiting for a few verses from you.

Nancy Whitehead

# The Scornful Spirit

Betty Deuel Cock

Sing not your songs of Wonderland,
Of lustrous snow with diamonds on;
Say not "Oh winter night divine"
When snowflakes dance upon the lawn.

Rather, sing of thawing slush
And slippery walks to walk along;
Of frozen puddles, frozen toes . . . .
Include some frostbide in your song.

Sing of treacherous, icy steps;
Of dripping tree and muddy street.
Sing a verse of boot and glove
Of rosy cheeks and stinging feet.

Admire your woodlands, sparkling clear,
Go tramping through your snows.
I'll sit and praise my glowing hearth
And satisfy my toes!

# DEC

THE waiting room was hazy with smoke . . . as waiting rooms are. The trains could be heard wheezing in and out of their numbered tracks on the outside, and the dispatcher's voice droned mournfully over the loud-speaker, announcing each train and its destination. No one listened, but groggy travellers automatically heard when their sections were called, and the ever-changing mob of humanity milled about, struggling with suitcases and fatigue.

At first, no one would have noticed the sailor who sat tensely on the edge of the bench by the phone booths. He was just like all the other sailors in the terminal, except for being slightly taller and slightly younger-looking, and for his having hair that was just slightly more blonde. But to the careful observer, a long enough scrutiny would have revealed the look of consternation in the somber brown eyes, and the faint lines of worry that crossed his fine forehead. The most contant watcher would surely have noticed the air of agitation which envoped him, and the air of uneasiness and unrest which set him apart from the steadier humdrum of the ordinary passengers.

From the wall clock to his watch and back again, the brown eyes drifted, and although the two were in second-to-second accordance, he didn't appear to trust either. One hour and forty-seven minutes to decide . . . and then his train would leave . . . and he with it. Forever? That was what the decision itself would determine.

The girl whom he had kissed good-night an hour ago had done strange things to his intelligence. Two weeks was scarcely long enough to have known a person before one married her. But the two weeks of intensified training at this small-time college in her home town had put him into a rather hazy condition, anyhow. He was sure of nothing. Her father, the professor, was a nice old duck who hadn't been perturbed by the room situation. When it was perfectly obvious that all the dormitory rooms were filled, he hadn't even mentioned a hotel.

"Come on home with me, Son . . . I guess Mother can put up with an attractive son for a couple of weeks . . . and you'll find books in my library which might help you along with this stuff." Then he had begun quoting Keats or Shelley, and the sailor walked along beside him in perfect ease, and had been welcome at home by the gentle woman who was the professor's wife.

The daughter was the one member of the family he hadn't reckoned on.

The two weeks had flown as swift as night, and between classes and the professor's library, the sailor had found time to fall in love with the professor's daughter. It wasn't her beauty . . . and she had that, too. It was her genuine interest in his studying . . . in his hopes and dream . . . in his navy career. It was that same gentleness which her mother seemd to have, and her laugh and her appreciation of his love of pop-corn. It was having her walk beside him to the campus early in the morning, and seeing her dash about the house like a tiny whirlwind, planning one thing and another for his comfort. It was knowing she would be at the table when he ate his meals, and the fact that they shared so many youthful ideas and desires. It was their nightly chat while popping corn before the fireplace, and the genuine feeling of being part of the professor's family which he felt during his stay. At last it was her hand in his . . . her eyes, her lips . . . and his heart which was doing acrobatics under his navy jumper.

No, he hadn't asked her to marry him. It wasn't fair to either of them to expect it. And besides . . . he hadn't told her about

# ION


Peg.

Peg . . . who was waiting at home to hear whether he had passed his special course Peg, who had grown up next door. Peg, who was waiting with that idolic trust to hear when his next leave would be. Peg,

*Turn page please*

whom the whole town had expected him to marry ever since they had been in kindegarten. Peg, who listened whole-heartedly to his wildest dreams and plans, and then brought him down to earth with the practicalities which only Peg would think of.

Fighting it out within himself, the sailor smiled ruefully at the battle-stars on his row of ribbons. If he won this battle in the hour he had left . . . he'd really have earned a star. The brown eyes drifted again, from the wall clock, to the watch . . . .to the telephone booth.

The easiest thing of all would be not to call.. Just catch the train and forget he'd ever known her. Peg was a girl in a million . . . but the professor's daughter was another. And he had told the professor's daughter that he would call. She'd be waiting, now . . . by the fireside. Waiting for the phone to ring . . . and wondering what it was he said he wanted to tell her. Which would it be . . . Peg, or a proposal?

The new shift of people in the waiting-room looked sleepier than the last lot. It was colder than it had been, and he lowered his chin down into the upturned collar of his pea-jacket. He shoved his hands into his jacket-pockets . . . .and fingered a nickel thoughtfully.

If he married Peg, she'd be a grand wife. There'd be gay parties and week-ends full of company and a life filled with surprises. They knew the same people, and could build on the big lot which his father owned behind his own house. There'd be the job promised him at home as soon as he was out of the navy . . . there'd be no waiting for Peg.

If he married the professor's daughter, he'd have a different life. He could finish college, once out of the navy. He could never take her home to live, though. Not where Peg was. He just couldn't. But they could have their life together . . . somewhere new . . . that's what he'd always wanted, wasn't it? His kid brother could fall heir to the big lot behind their home. He deserved it. The professor's daughter would wait for him . . . with a different sense of waiting than Peg's sure-footed certainty. She'd write faithfully, too . . . . if he phoned and gave her his address. Not scatter brained like Peg wrote . . . there'd be no small town gossip from the professor's daughter. Gad! What two weeks had done to his sanity! Two weeks out of a lifetime with Peg and he had fallen in love . . . desperately in love . . . with someone whom he'd never heard of before.

"Get down to earth," he seemed to hear Peg say.

"Good-night," he heard this strange new girlish woman whisper.

"What would people thing?" he heard Peg ask.

"What makes you think we'd care?" the new girl answered.

Half-an-hour left! What was wrong with him He was oblivious of the people shifting about him . . . half-an-hour in which to plan his life! Phone her, you fool! Tell her about Peg and that you're getting back to Peg. Back to the life that was expected of you!

What of the other life? Why wouldn't it work? Two weeks! A lifetime in two weeks . . . she's waiting for you to call . . . the professor's daughter . . . with the corn there for you to pop when you had finished studying, remember? With the fire glowing . . . and her eyes growing . . . and Peg being practical and saying, "Don't eat that stuff before you go to bed, you'll get indigestion . . . " Twenty minutes, Sailor! You've got your chance now . . . the booth over there is empty . . . Phone her and propose to her! Tell her to wait! She'll wait . . . she'll love waiting for you! Peg would take it all in her stride. Nothing ever bothers Peg very much .. . . she's too practical. But she's a swell girl. But so is the professor's daughter . . . and the professor's wife . . . and the professor. Yeah, well so are Peg's folks.

The sailor lurched out of his seat and strode swiftly across the floor of the terminal to the empty phone booth. Visions of Peg chased visions of the professor's daughter across his mind . . . then the visions of the professor's daughter turned around and chased Peg back. The dispatcher's voice droned once more . . . and Peg said, "You'll miss your train if you call her. And, the

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# Subconscious

LUCY BRALLEY

A dream, another dream . . .
I wandered past the realist
Past the normal insanities
Of love, music, passion,
The death of suns, the birth of stars,
Into the hell of night,
Past the darkness of the waters
Gathering the last faint songs of birds
The croak of the frogs
The laughter of the children . . .
As I entered this mystical
Inferno of a dream.
I walked on in the darkness,
On into nothing, absolute nothing . . .
No walls, no floor, no sky,
A vast infinity of darkness.
No thought, no sound
This infinity was profound.
Gosh, how nice to sleep.

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# Hark . . . Unto Nature

LUCY BRALLEY

The sun
breaks through
pushing back the clouds
of winter
and the earth
has a yellow glow
As the forsythia buds
burst open .
Spring winds brush through
my hair
and memories of other springs
rush through
my mind.
The birds
usher in the morning
and lull the day
to rest . . .
There's music
in the air!

# Friendship

Mary Owens West

FRIENDSHIP, what does the word friendship mean? Mr. Webster defines friendship as mutual regard cherished by kindred minds. He also gives definitions which I consider immaterial at this time. To me friendship is a gift. It is something sweet and fragrant and beautiful that enriches existence. It is bestowed on us not for our worth, not for any price that we can pay for it, but because some heart is drawn to us, some soul sees within us something that finds a responsive echo in his own soul. Nothing has ever bettered the definition of the little boy who said that a friend was a person who knew all about you and liked you still.

To have a good friend is one of the highest delights of life. To be a good friend is one of the noblest but most difficult undertakings. Friendship depends not upon fancy, imagination or sentiment but upon character. Friendship is the best college character can graduate from. Believe in it, seek it, and when it comes keep it sacredly. There is no man so poor that he is not rich if he have a friend, there is no man so rich that he is not poor without a friend.

We all know how easy it is to make friends in time of prosperity. "The rich hath many frends," yes, many friends, but most of them fair weather friends. In times of adversity where will they be? When friendship becomes a matter of barter and trade, when a man uses another man's friendship to borrow money from him or to ask favors of him; or a woman cultivates another woman just because she can open social gates to her; or a girl goes with another for what she can get out of her; that is not friendship. That is a racket. Real friendship is composed of everything except the profit motive. Real friendship gives all with little thought of self. It is abiding. Like charity it suffereth long and is kind; like love it vaunteth not itself; but pursues the even tenor of its way, unaffrighted by ill report; is loyal in adversity. It is made up of congeniality, of liking to do the same thing, of entertaining and amusing each other, of loyalty, of an affection that makes us share each others' joys and sorrows. Nine-tenths of the pleasures that we have come through our friends.

What is the secret of making friends? There is no secret. Friends, like all good things in this life, can be had by anyone who wants them. There is only one simple rule to follow. It is this: To have a friend, be one yourself. Socrates wrote: "Get not your friends by bare compliments, but by giving them sensible tokens of your love. It is well worth while to learn how to win the heart of a man the right way. Force is of no use to make or preserve a friend. Excite them by your kindness, and show them that you desire nothing more than their satisfaction; oblige with all your soul that friend who has made you a present of his own. It is not the art of making friends but the art of keeping friends which should interest us most of all." Comeradeship is one of the strongest forces in life. There is nothing so important as the choice of friendship, for it both reflects character and effects it. There is not a truer saying than "a man is known by the company he keeps." In business and politics one cannot always choose his partners, but in our partnerships in friendship, the choice is ours alone. As a result the character of a man is almost infallibly revealed by the friends he makes. An old woman once remarked, "I cannot help who my relatives are but thank God I can choose my friends." The best basis for a partnership in friendship is a common ideal of living and a common enjoyment of the essentials of life.

*Turn page please*

Getting back to the art of keeping friends, I feel that the secret of this wonderful gift is trust. There can be no bond of friendship where there is no trust. Trust creates faithfulness and faithfulness is the first requisite for keeping friends. Where trust is destroyed friendship ends.

From Cicero to Emerson, and long before Cicero, and forever after Emerson the praises of friendship have been set forth. The story of Damon and Pythias has come down through the ages to us from far away Greece. It so happened that Damon and Pythias were great friends. Pythias was sentenced to die by Dionysius, the king of Sicily. Upon receiving the death setnence, he entreated the king to allow him to return to his lands and relatives in Greece, in order that he might arrange his affairs, promising to return in a specified time to suffer death. The king laughed his request to scorn. Once safe out of Sicily who would answer for his return? Pythias made reply that he had a friend, who would become security for his return. While the king, who trusted no one laughed at this, Damon came forward and offered to become security for his friend, promising to suffer death in his stead if he did not return. The king, greatly astonished, allowed Pythias to go. Time went on and Pythias did not return. The people watched Damon, but he showed no uneasiness. He said that he was sure of his friend's truth and honor, and that if any accident had caused the delay of his return he should rejoice in dying to save the life of one so dear to him. "Greater love hath no man than this, that he lay down his life for his friend." Even to the last hour, Damon continued calm and content, so great was his faith. The hour had come, and in a few moments more Damon's life would have ended, when Pythias duly presented himself, embraced his friend, and stepped forward to receive his sentence, calm, resolute, and rejoicing that he had come in time. Dionysius was so amazed that he freed both men, and requested that he be admitted as a third in their friendship.

I am sure that you are all familiar with that wonderful story found in the Bible; the story of Jonathan and David. "The soul of Jonathan was knit with the soul of David, and Jonathan loved him as his own soul."

We also find in the Bible the beautiful story of Ruth and Naomi. And Ruth said, "Intreat me not to leave thee, or to return from following after thee; thy people shall be my people, and thy God, my God." What wonderful examples of friendship!

This old world is full of friendships. they have been formed not alone by the fireside of the home or in some sacred place, but by soldiers on the march, by wanderers on the highways, by boys on the streets, by scholars, by men of affairs and by people in every walk of life. Wherever there is human life, the law of friendship asserts itself. How comforting is real friendship—oh, the comfort, the inexpressible comfort of feeling safe with a person — having neither to weigh though nor measure words, but pouring them all out just as they are, chaff and grain together; as certain that a faithful hand will take them and sift them, keep what is worth keeping and with the breath of understanding, blow the rest away.

The test of friendship comes when every charm of fortune and environment has been swept away, and the bare, undraped character alone remains. If love still holds steadfast, and the joy of companionship still survives, in such, the fellowship becomes a beautiful prophet of immortality.

I shall close with a very lovely poem, the author of which is unknown to me:

"Friendship is a chain of gold
Shaped in God's all perfect mold,
Each link a smile, a laugh, a tear,
A grip of the hand, a word of cheer,
As steadfast as the ages roll
Binding closer soul to soul;
No matter how far or heavy the load
Sweet is the journey on friendship's road."

# Be Still Sad Heart

Naomi Piercy

HAL suddenly became aware of the steady sobs coming from the next room; he had the feeling that they had been going on for hours. But they were so much a part of the tired, aching grief in his own heart, that not until this very minute was he conscious of them. For a while he lay there, staring into the darkness and listening to the sobs. Except for the sound of weeping, there was no noise to break the stillness of the night.

It was a young woman, probably in her early twenties, Hall decided, and tried to imagine what she was like and why she was crying. Of course it was none of his business; she had a perfect right to cry without anyone's interfering, and she would probably resent it if anyone did. Still he couldn't help wondering whether there was anything he could do to help. Finally Hal could stand it no longer. Slipping into his robe and slippers, he made his way noiselessly out into the hall and knocked softly on the door of the next room.

The sobbing ceased, and for a moment there was silence; Hal knocked again. This time he heard a slight movement in the room. Before he had time to knock again,

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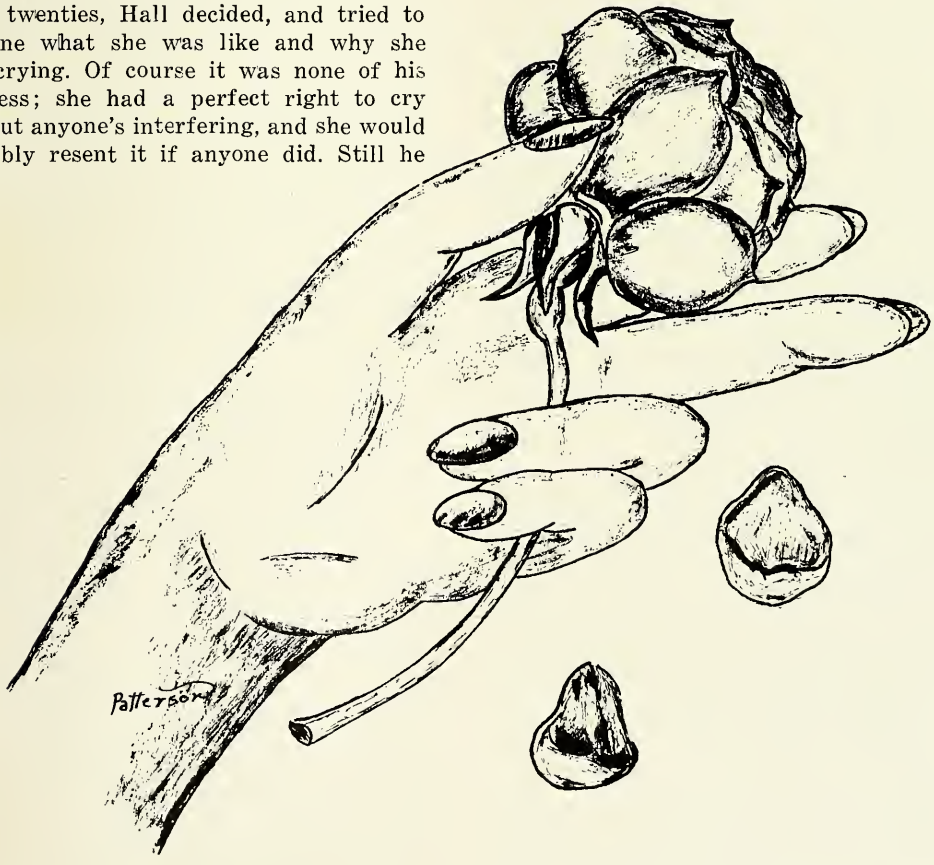

the door was opened about six inches.

Through the crack in the door he caught sight of a figure of a woman clad in a blue silk robe. Her blond hair falling in soft waves to her shoulders, framed a face that would have been beautiful if the eyes and nose had not been red from such weeping.

"Yes?" she questioned in a faltering voice.

"I heard you crying and wondered whether there was anything I could do to help," he answered, wishing suddenly that he had not come.

"No—thank you. There's nothing you can do." She stood there, looking at him, but really not seeing him. He felt half-sick and ill at ease. For the first time in his life he couldn't think of anything to say. The silence was embarrassing, but she made no move to speak or to close the door.

"You aren't sick or anything?" he groped around.

"No."

"Then, if there's nothing I can do—"

"Nothing."

"Well, good-night then."

She didn't answer. He looked back as he entered his room and she was still standing there, staring off into space. He climbed back into bed and listened for her door to close, but there was no noise from the other room. He wondered whether he should go out and arouse her from her lethargy, but he decided not to "stick his neck out" again. At length he fell asleep, but her sad eyes haunted his dreams.

How long Ann stood there she didn't know. But suddenly the far-off sound of a clock striking three aroused her, and so she went back into her room, and closed the door softly behind her. Void of all feeling she had no desire to cry now, but a vague feeling of unreality and nothingness hovered over her. She heard the clock strike four and five. And still she felt numb. At last she fell asleep. Upon awakeness she mementarily forget her worries of the night before.

Springing out of bed, Ann went to her mirror and looked into her own smiling face. Then her eyes fell on the picture on the vanity and the telegram beside it, and it all came back to her.

"Oh, Bob!" she whimpered, picking up the picture. "It can't be true! I know it isn't true!"

Then as if she had settled the issue in her mind, she put the picture back in its place and began leisurely dressing.

An hour later she went down to the terrace and sat down at her favorite table. A waiter hurried up and took her order. When he had gone, she settled back in her chair and looked around her. There was something strangely familiar about the face of the soldier who sat at the table in the far corner, but she couldn't remember where she had seen him. While she was still puzzling over it, he looked up and smiled. She was even more mystified.

She saw him beckon to a waiter, say something, and look toward her. The waiter looked at her, then answered. The waiter moved away, and the soldier came toward her.

"Good morning, Miss Royster," he began easily. "I hope you are feeling better this morning."

"I am fine, thank you," Ann said. To herself she said, "Now I remember; he's the man who knocked at my door last night."

"I'm glad," he said simply. Then—"Do you mind if I sit here and have breakfast with you?"

"Not at all," Ann hastened to assure him, but he had already pulled out the chair and was seating himself.

"I'm sorry I disturbed you last night," Hal began.

"It really doesn't matter; I had cried long enough."

"Wouldn't you like to tell me about it?" he asked. "Sometimes it helps to get things out of our systems."

"I don't think I want to talk about it now," Ann answered hesitantly. He had such a friendly way, that she couldn't feel that he was prying into her business.

"Very well." He spoke as though he had shelved the matter in the back of his mind and would return to it later.

"Oh, how stupid of me!" he exclaimed.

"I didn't introduce myself to you. I am Hal Young, Cpl. Halsey Young, but Hal to all my friends."

The waiter brought their orders, and they ate in silence, each occupied with his own thoughts. When they had finished, Hal asked, "Have you seen the rose garden and the lily pond? They are really very charming."

She indicated her desire to see them. So they followed the cobblestone path around the hotel and into the garden.

Half an hour later they sat on a bench near the lily pond, staring into the water. Ann was fondling the rose Hal had plucked for her and wondering where she had heard his name before.

"Of course it was a terrible shock to you," Hal was saying, "but you mustn't let it get you down. All of us have a streak of touch luck sometimes, but we have to go on living just the same. I'm sure Bob would not want you to lose control of yourself and go all to pieces.

"You musn't lose your faith. Sure, you feel that everything is all wrong. Why did it have to be your man who was killed? You begin to doubt even the reality of God. You tell yourself, if there was a God, He wouldn't have let this happen. He would not allow so much sorrow in the world! But I've seen men die on the battle-field, and I know what faith is to a man who doesn't know when his time may come.

"There was one fellow in our outfit; I'll never forget him. If there ever was a Christian, Don was. He was a regular guy—not stuffy, but you could tell he had high ideals. He used to read his Bible every day, and sometimes he'd read it to us at every spare moment we had when the Jerries weren't near.

"I saw him die. He might have saved himself, but he gave his life to save his whole company. I was with him at the end, and I know that he went out to meet death with a smile on his lips, anticipating what was to come after. When I saw that he was so glad to go, I knew I shouldn't wish him back; he has gone where there is no pain or sorrow.

"I'm sure your Bob is there too. Don't mourn for him. You are young, and you must live for him. You must make sure that the life he gave was not given in vain, that the peace he fought for will become a reality.

"But there, I didn't mean to give you such a lecture. Really, I was convincing myself as much as you. Really, it is only just now that I have realized what Don was trying to tell me when he died. It was a last message for his mother, but he told me that maybe those words would help me sometime, too. It was the last stanza of Longfellow's poem, ***The Rainy Day.***

'Be still, sad heart, and cease repining;
Behind the clouds is the sun still shining.
Thy fate is the common fate of all;
Into each life some rain must fall;
Some days must be dark and dreary.

"It's funny how many times I've heard those words, but I never really understood them until today."

Hal stopped speaking and stared into the water.

"Thank you for telling me that," Ann said softly. "It has done me a world of good. Something tells me you, too, have had your share of sorrows."

"Yes, we all do," he answered thoughtfully. Then abruptly changing the subject; "I suppose you've been wondering why I'm staying in a hotel when my home is here in Portland?"

"Yes, I must confess I have been curious, but I supposed if you wanted to tell me, you would."

"Some of my happiest memories are wrapped up in my home but somehow I haven't had the heart to go there since I got back; everything is so changed! And until today, I thought I couldn't bear to go back. Now I think I want to go. Will you go with me?"

"I'd love to," Ann answered, still curious to know the rest of his story, but he seemed not inclined to say any more.

That night Ann picked up an old newspaper, and a name on the front caught her eye—Cpl. Halsey Young. What did it say?

It said: "Cpl. Halsey Young, Portland, Maine, is enroute to the U. S. by plane to

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# Trail In

I sat at my desk. Aimlessly I stared at one object after another: the grey blotter, the ornate paperweight that was a gift from Martha, the stack of important household documents I had drawn from guarded recesses. Inevitably, magically, my wavering, wandering eyes were magnetic-aly drawn to the small, silver-threaded frame; it was not spectacular. The portrait finely tinted. It revealed a sadly smiling, dark-eyed girl—it was Martha.

Whenever I thought of Martha, I thought of windswept heights, iridescent swirls in a sparkling misty rain, and a warm perfumed garden on a late summer night. She was like music, she was like laughter, she was like a healing balm to me when I was troubled. All this she had been to me; and now nothing remained. I could not think of living without her. She had been my better self. With her I had confidence to tackle my obstacles, break my shackles; now I was defenseless, weak, but most of all I was numb. Yes, numb. "How is it," I thought bewildered, "how is it that reason can leave one? Why does love so often turn to hate? Why do sane, gentle men turn to brutes?" These familiar questions crowded my thoughts once more. I was distorted with painful memories—I will admit—I was not myself!

Through the library door I saw the Chinese lamp on the mahogany table. It seemed to me that the jade figures at its base glared fiendishly in my direction. One mocking coolies accusingly pointed a thin-snake-like finger; one wickedly winked. My eyes dropped to the polished stairway where the mellow lamplight gleamed. An illusory, satin-clad foot stepped upon the stair, crushing the wirey, brushed lamp beams, and Martha stood before me. She was in her wedding dress, and she was waiting for me to met her at the foot of the staircase. It was our wedding day. I would meet her; she would take my arm. Her fingers would gently coil on my sleeve. We would be very gay, and Martha would coyly answer all subtle remarks. Then we would go away. I would carry my bride to our green isle in the sea. (Ah, bitter thought—to carry her there now!) We would be gay. We would play in the surf, we would lie in the sun, our lithe tanned bodies glistening in the sun. We would forget, we would forget. We would forget all but our green isle in the sea and our love. Yes, and we would stay. Stay on our green isle in the sea, and love and live—and forget! Ah! the delightful anguish, ah, the sweet pain of forgetting! Soon, too soon, we would return to reality, and the house. Months would vanish, and with them poignant moments. Only late would she call to me in the stifling, close darkness, "I am suffering. I am slowly dying, my dearest one!" My heart would be pierced and splintered, my verdant dream would grow sear. I would know nothing but madness as the years passed, and the dark, pitiful eyes pleaded.

I heard the voices in the hall. They had come. They would question; they would examine. They would know so soon she was ravaged wth malignant cancer. They would find her upstairs peacefully in her bed, where I had left her.

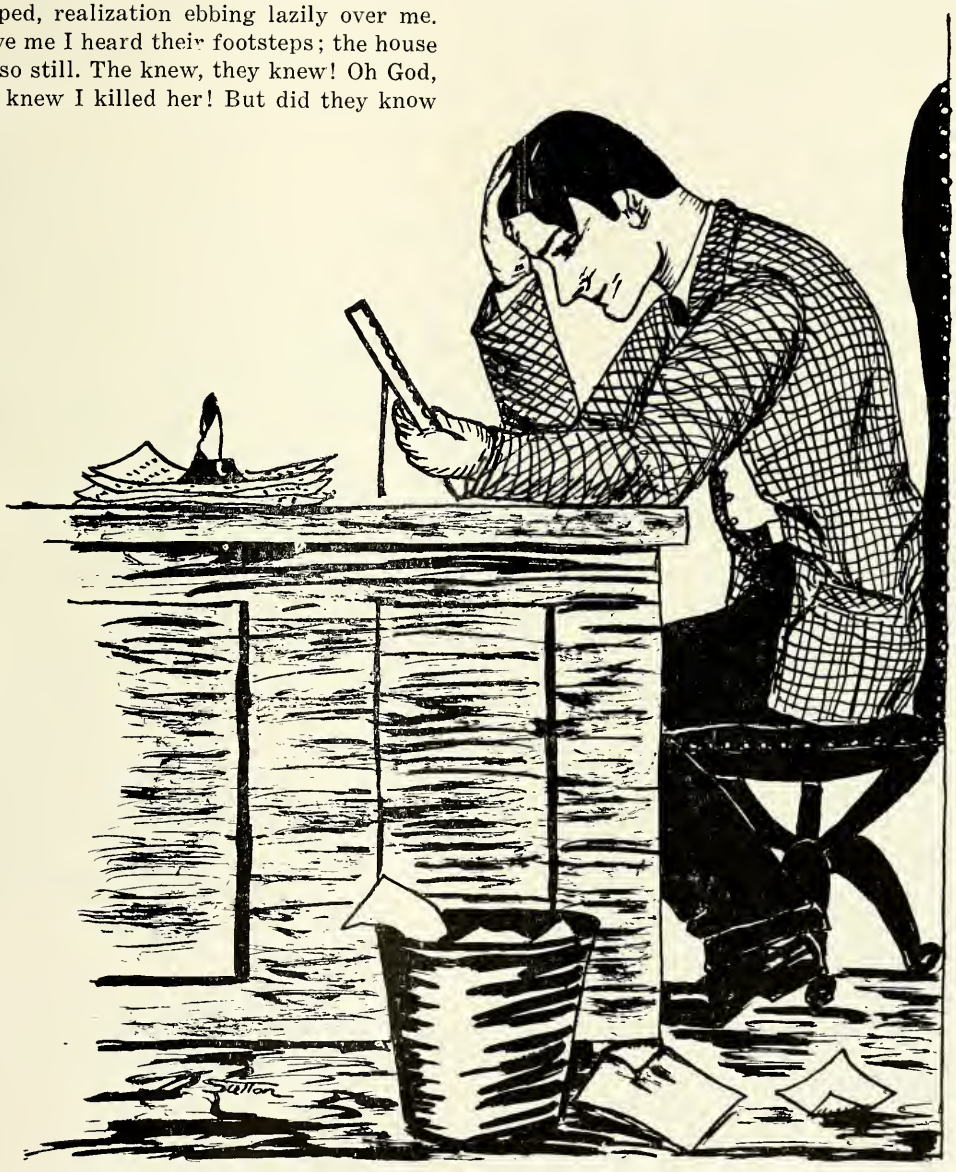
"Mr. Waithe, I believe?" the tall officer confronted me.

"Yes, of course," I said.

"You'll understand, sir, that the necessary examination must be made, and you must be questioned?" His resonant voice pricked my numbness.

# e Dust

I nodded. They left me with an attending officer stationed at the door. I nervously lit a cigarette, offered one to him. I stopped, trapped, realization ebbing lazily over me. Above me I heard their footsteps; the house was so still. The knew, they knew! Oh God, they knew I killed her! But did they know why? I buried my face against the silver-framed portrait on the desk and sobbed. I heard them descend the stairs.



Ho-de-hum . . . another day;
Let's see what Johnny has to say . . .
What? He's HOME? Can I come , too?
Hubba, hubba! That I'll do!

Where's my room-mate? Where's my soap?
That train is always late, I hope!
Take it easy, there, old girl . . .
(Wonder if this mop will curl?)

Sweet or slinky . . . what to wear?
What's the difference? He won't care!
He's seen the blue . . . he loves the gray! . . .
I've saved my Nylons for this day!

Got my ticket; got my hat . . .
Oh, my lipstick! Where is that?
Phone a taxie . . . seven-eight . . .
Gee, I hope that train's not late!


Home at last! But where is he?
I just can't stand it' . . . now I see!
Johhny-boy! you look so good!
I'd-been here sooner, if I could!

Whatta week end; whatta man . . .
Boy, that trip was really grand.
Test? Well . . . sure . . . I studied . . . *some* . . .
Monday Morning . . . Ho-de hum.

# Have You Read These?

## *THE ANATOMY OF PEACE*

EMORY REVES, *Harper and Bros., New York,* 1945, $2.00.

WITHIN the last few months many traditions and ideals of our country and the world have been exploded. The atomic bomb's effects on Hiroshima brought home to every thinking person the fact that science is marching on faster than our political thinking about ways of keeping the peace. It seems that after two world wars in one generation the people of the world would see that they must learn to live together in harmony and peace or be destroyed.

The United Nations Organization is now meeting for the first time in London. For many people this organization holds out the promise of peace. But will the U. N. O. be able to keep the peace? No, not as long as it submits to the absolute sovereignty of the nation-states of the world. This prevents the creation of a superior law between nations.

This solution to the problem is stated convincingly and clearly in one of the most important little boows to come off the press since the war began. Mr. Reves believes that if there were an international law which all nations would obey, just as one of the United States agrees to a decision of the United States Supreme Courts, there would be a peaceful world, a world whose peace would be guaranteed by law.

***The Anatomy of Peace*** is a book everone should read and discuss with other people. The world can hardly hope to keep a semblance of civilization if we have a war every twenty years or so, especially since science is making it possible for almost a whole nation to be wiped out with a few atomic bombs. We are leaders of tomorrow and it is up to us to find some way of keeping the peace. Mr. Reves plan is logical and clear and is well-worth studying.

EVELYN HAIR

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## *THE KING'S GENERAL*

DAPHNE DU MAURIER, *Doubleday Doran Co., New York,* 1945, $2.75.

DAPHNE DU MAURIER has written another book with a thrilling story, an adventurous background, and a cast of characters that hold their own with any other set in a historical novel. The scene is laid in the reign of Charles I. The story is about an impetuous man and woman who meet, fall in love, and plain marriage. Then Honor, the lady in the tale, became crippled for life and breaks the engagement. When the Puritan faction in England tries to dethrone King Charles. Honor's betrothed, an able soldier and one feared by all because of his satirical thrusts at those who cross his path, became the King's general in the West.

The scene is dominated by Menabilly, an ancient castle in Cornwall. Honor and her family defend it against the Puritans and later hide the King's forces there. Here Honor bids a final farewell to the man she loves and here tragedy stalks with heavy steps.

The book bristles with the hot-headed temperaments of the Cavaliers and the stubborn tenacity of the Puritans, giving the reader a glimpse of what life was like in England among the die-hards who still believed in the Divine Right of Kings. You will hardly be able to put it down once you begin reading it.

EVELYN HAIR

# "He's a Good Boy"

Mary Rattray

"DAVEY, please come and help me with these rugs."

Mrs. Greig, a tall, attractive women, called to her son who was tinkering with a bicycle on the front lawn.

"Oh gosh, Mom, can't you leave me alone? Be there in a minute."

The last was in an undertone as a small figure slipped around the corner of the house and lost itself in the bushes.

Muttering crossly to himself about the injustice of being continually nagged, David ran down the narrow path to the boat house and let himself in through a window—no reason—he just liked to go in that way. Quickly he started dragging his little cat-boat down the short ramp from the boat-house to the water.

David's mother sighed as she watched him running down to the pond. "It's taking him a long time to get over Peter's death—poor Davey. They were so close. Maybe a good sail will help a little." Smiling, she watched him fuss with the sail, his gold-red hair shining in the sun, small, tanned hands working carefully. "He's a good boy," she said to herself, "if only he wouldn't want to go around looking like a little gypsy."

There he was in an old faded blue and white shirt, ragged and paint-spattered sneakers.

"I must remember to throw those awful things away," she thought, as she turned back to her work.

Down at the pond, David was ready to sail. "Nice little boat—a useful boat," he thought as it hit the water with a splash and bobbed around on the tiny tipples.

Jumping in, he hoisted the small sail. Then suddenly, there it was again, that hurt that come from thinking about Pete, his big brother, Pete, the brave, the strong, grown-up, wonderful Pete! Pete who had been reported "killed in action" not a month ago. He had had wonderful times with Pete, fishing, swimming, playing ball. Another thought made his eyes sting and water. Last year, on his—David's—eleventh birthday, Pete had rigged up this boat for him, and they had gone sailing. That was the last time Pete had been home.

Pete had been his hero. His father David had never known, and now Pete was gone, leaving only a lonely emptiness and a growing unreasonable resentment toward his mother.

It was a grand day for sailing, the breeze was just right, and the pond was almost still, disturbed by a faint pattern of waves on its shining surface. Gulls swooped and dived, plunging down into the water, coming up with small fish in their bills. Close to the bank, eels could be seen under the water, like glittering, black ropes, harmlessly twisting this way and that.

"Wish I were a bird or an eel," David thought sulkily. "Nothing seems to bother them."

The sudden plop of a muskrat jumping from the bank into the water brought him back to reality.

"Oh, darn, I had better put in my muskrat traps before Mom starts hollering again."

Scowling, he let the boat nose into the bank while he put the traps into the shallow water. It didn't take him long, and soon he straightened up to slip back into his seat.

Then he heard it—a voice so familiar—but, no, it couldn't be—Pete's voice, and right here in the boat.

"Let me take the 'Frolic' home this time, Dave"—It was Pete.

David turned quickly around. Yes, Pete was there, sitting where he usually sat. He was smiling, too, his eyes crinkling up at the edges the way they used to.

*Turn page please*

Knees trembling, David managed to croak out, "Sure, Pete," and sat down next to him—weakly.

Not a word was said. The 'Frolic" sailed as she never had before, just barely skimming the water, not stopping or slowng down until they reached the middle of the pond, where she stopped as if by magic, quietly bobbing up and down, back and forth.

Again Pete spoke—"Look at me, Davey. Don't be afraid—it's really me, but I can't stay long. I'm here to straighten out something that's been bothering me. I have to go right back. Now, Dave, you haven't been at all happy, have you?"

David's lips trembled—"How could I be—you've been gone."

Pete looked troubled and studied his hands, clasping them until the knuckles turned white.

"I know, Bub, it's going to be hard for you, but it's rough on me, too, you know. Mom is suffering most though, Dave. First Dad, then me. You're all she has now. Dave, you have to be both of us from now on. Take care of her and do everything she says. You haven't been helping, have you?"

David shook his head humbly.

"Remember that last day we went sailing and I said that if I didn't come back, you shouldn't miss me too much, because I would always be around everytime you needed me?"

David nodded his head, about to cry.

"Bye now, Davey, boy—don't forget."

David sat there motionless as Pete put his strong brown hand on his short red hair hair and messed it up. "The way he used to" thought David miserably.

Looking up to smile at Pete and tell him everything would be all right, he saw that Pete had gone.

Suddenly the boat began to move, not gliding the way it had but as it usually did, rolling and dipping. David sailed home, a wonderful lightness in his heart and singing at the top of his lungs.

Reaching the boathouse he jumped out, furled the sail and hardly waiting to fasten the boat, ran up to the house. He banged up on to the porch, slammed the door behind him and ran into the kitchen. There he found his mother fixing his lunch. He ran up to her and flung his arms tightly around her.

"Did you call me, Mom? Can't I help you? I've got to take care of you now, you know!"

Tears in her eyes, she squeezed him and said—"Of course, Davey."

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# *FRAGMENTS*

He is like the cock that thought the sun had risen to hear him crow.

* * * * *

How cruelly sweet are the echoes that start when memory plays an old tune on the heart.

* * * * *

Lie down with the dogs, get up with the fleas.

* * * * *

Whiskey has killed more men than bullets. I had rather be full of whiskey than bullets.

* * * * *

The only thing you can count on around here is your fingers.

# He Lives and Loves It

MARGARET WILSON

THERE probably isn't anyone in the world who knows Boss Crandall and doesn't love him, and certainly there is no one who has ever forgotten him. At any rate, no one could ever confuse him with anybody else, because Boss stands alone in the field of personalities.

To begin with, none of Boss's friends ever betray surprise. They all develop a species of sophistication, which enables them more or less to take Boss as they find him. They meet Boss in the middle of a mountain stream, clad in shorts that would have done credit to Henry the Hobo, and a hats of twenty summers and some objects that once were tennis shoes, and they know that he's there to outguess that bass that nobody else could get, and they don't bat an eye. They know he'll get it, too. That night they have Boss in for a small game of bridge, and he shows up looking like an Esquire cover-boy and they still don't bat an eye. The next morning they drive the five miles out of town to Boss's house for cream, and find him planting onions in the garden, looking like the pride of Tabocco Road, and—you guessed it—they smile and and say, "Mornin', Boss," and never twitch a muscle. All the time they know that the next time they see him he'll probably be holding the bottle for the tenant's baby while brushing up on his Latin conjugations. Boss, in the langauge of the novelist, is a character.

He's little and bandy-legged, and red-faced, and he should have been an Irishman. His days should have been spent in laying rails for the Union Pacific, and his evenings dodging beer bottles in Harrigan's back room. But that's if you just look an him. There's no shanty Irish in that line, and Boss would be horrified at the suggestion. He would be as out-of-place in a barroom brawl as a cow-punch at a tea party. Besides, the Crandall's have had bigger and better battles to fight and kings to fight them for, and even though he'd rather show off his new fly-rod, he'll tell you the history of the big coat-of-arms hanging in the hall, if you press him. There are olid portraits, reaching from floor to ceiling, in the library of his house, and when anybody wants to take the time, he can tell their stories too. But the twentieth century Crandall is so much more interesting on his own account that he rarely has te chance to tell about his ancestors.

That rough, gravel, exterior hides a sensitive nature, a respect for beauty wherever he find it, and a great and satisfying love of life. Everything is interesting to Boss, and there isn't much that he misses. The passing expression of a face—the simple remark of a child—the pompous strut of a deacon—it's easy for Boss to laugh at little things, and when he laughs so does everybody within hearing distance. He cackles. There just isn't any other word for it. He rocks back and forth and cackles until tears come into his eyes. And as often as not he has to explain why. Sometimes it makes sense, and sometimes it doesn't, but just listening to him is an education in enjoying life.

Boss lives alone in a crumbling old brick mansion in Rockbridge County, Virginia. The house has belonged to several generations of his family, and Boss, an impecunious bachelor, manages, with minimum expenditures, to keep the place running. The porch, built high and approached by two sets of steps, one on each side, has long begun to sag. Boss's guests climb these steps at great risks to life and limb, carefully avoiding the largest and most hazardous

*Continued on page* 30

# Thoughts: "A

C

WHERE was a low, moon overhanging the campus as she turned off the light and gazed out her window. "It just can't be", she reiterated to herself, half aloud, "it just can't."

"Of course, everybody has to grow up some day and shed that protecting shell Mother and Dad have so firmly established. And along with losing this "shell", thereby becoming an adult, also a number of heartbreaks. Realizing that same idea held since childhood is no longer true is one of these heartbreaks—undoubtedly, it is.

"Take, for example, the Easter-bunny, she reminisced. Wasn't it fun to think of a cunning little rabbit leaving goodies by your bed on that one special night every year? Almost better'n Santa Claus! After all, he is supposed to be a human being, not a lowly four-legged animal unable to speak.

"Easter season? Why, of course, it's the happiest season of the year. How could it be otherwise with everything from the pinkest camelia to the tiniest buttercup putting in a grand appearance and shouting at you, "Isn't it great to be alive?" And with every red bud on the maple tree smiling at you? Oh, you couldn't be anything but thankful—grateful to be alive."

With the sudden barking of a distant dog, her thoughts were brought swiftly back to reality—to the situation facing her. Surely, she could term it none other than a stalemate—a blank wall against which she had been so ruthlessly thrust with utterly no means of regaining her once-solid stand. Here she was now, she thought, a typical "Portia Faces Life". She was, in a few months, going to reach that long, longed-for age of twenty-one. She would be "free, white, and twenty-one." That in itself should give certain compensations. Didn't the Constitution or some-such say so?

"Twenty- one," she sighed aloud, "but where is that crust with which I need so go out and buck the cruel world? I've been moving toward this goal for years and now that I've attained it, how much wiser am I? I can vote. Yes, but do I know enough about politics to make an intelligent choice? Am I mature enough to be called a 'professional woman'? I am about to become one. Have I done as good a job at this college business as I might have?" Her thoughts ran on, and she began thinking of her brother. The clock ticked on and struck two.

It was the big brother to whom she'd always looked up; whom she had envied in his high-schoolishness, when she wasn't quite ready to cut her pigtails and remove her braces on those horrid protruding teeth It was the brother who never spent his entire allowance without remembering to buy her at least one five cent bag of "silver-bells"; the lanky boy who used to confide to her big, dark secrets that mustn't be common knowledge to the family. And the brother who so delighted in depicting Injun' Joe and his black grizzley bears waiting at the top of the steps as she started her journey up to bed; two interminable hours before he himself must follow the same route.

Tonight, as the moon slid further into the horizon, he was an infinite number of miles from her. He was living the part of the hero about whom he used to read aloud to her from fantastic books. They were fantastic. He was now just one doughboy—one G. I. among millions just like him. She

# • Bedcheck"

GLADDEN

told herself she wouldn't plead "why?", but somehow her little man with the hammer wasn't there to stop her thoughts from racing on. They stole forth.

"Where is God? Why can't I find Him and obtain the answer when I so acutely need Him? He must be hiding"; she was obsessed with an aching in her throat. "Why can't I hide too? I'm not big enough to face it."

As her roommate sought a more comfortable position accompanied by a few moans and groans, she once again transcended into reality. "So once more this is Easter—the joyful season—the time of the year when the world theoretically transforms itself into some sort of Utopia. I can't be disturbed tonight; it can't be possible that my thoughts are not all carefrees and pay. I like it the other way better, when the only thing that mattered was if I'd behaved myself enough to merit a remembrance from the bunny. And later, with the single plea that it mustn't rain on Easter Sunday morning and ruin my new frock.

Mechanically, she climbed into bed, finding certain relief in the feel and smell of the cool, clean sheets. She must face these "uglies", she told herself, she must grow up in face of them and live in spite of them.

Though she knew she wouldn't wake up the next morning, her 20th Easter, feeling completely free from serious thoughts, she knew she must accept her brother's absence and part in the wars; she must take with confidence her place in the world which only she could make, if to be of any real strength and value; she must tolerate acts of others which she so often too quickly criticized; these must be known as growing pains.

"It can't be, but I'm sure it is," she thought finally as she slipped unconsciously into sleep.

The moon was now practically without view, but the final look on her face seemed to be one of a faint smile.

# A Young Man's Fancy

Naomi Piercy

"In the spring young man's fancy . . ."
How those words rang in my ear!
"Never let your courage fail you;
You will get him then, my dear."

"But the spring will soon be over
If I do not catch him soon."
"Never fear, my dear, have patience;
Love will come; just wait for June."

"But the summer months are passing,
And I've little time to spare."
"Don't you know the heart is kindled
When the frost is in the air?"

"But the autumn soon will leave us,
And I know not what to do."
"Never fear, when Christmas bells ring,
Then I'm sure he'll come to you."

So I waited through the seasons . . .
Waited but he did not come . . .
"In the spring young man's fancy . . ."
Say, do you think I'm dumb?

"In the spring young man's fancy . . ."
I have heard it all before,
And the next one who dares to say it . . .
Iwill show him to the door!

How could spring affect a romance?
How could any time of year?
I have trusted long in seasons;
Yet you have escaped me, dear.

# Snowflakes

JACQUELYNN WATSON

It snowed last night.
I was sitting at home in my window seat,
All curled up, half asleep,
When the snow began softly drifting down.

I opened the window and looked into the sky.
The snowflakes were dancing and laughing with glee
And each tiny one was carolling me
As the snowflakes came merrily drifting down.

I closed the window and looked down at the earth,
A counterpane of snow lay covering the ground.
Brightly it shone; a glistening crown.
Done was their singing, their laughing with glee.
And each flake smiled happily, tho' silently at me.

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# To a Canary

MARION BENNETT

I see you now, my tiny feathered joy,
More beautiful, far, than Helen of Troy,
Your beady, black eyes peeping beneath gold,
As your golden feathers slowly unfold . . .
Each morning you chirp in your silver cage;
With your shadow a war you often wage.
I see you now, my tiny feathered joy,
Far more beautiful than Helen of Troy.
As you gracefully flit from perch to perch,
And bathe each dawn in a cup made of birch,
And dine and drink like a proud Prince of Rome,
Then warble a song in your cage-like home.

Oh! Teach me to sing a song quite so gay,
That I, in my cage, may be happy all day.

# College Polish

JANE PHILHOWER

She: What were you doing after the accident?

He: Scraping up an acquaintance.

* * * * *

Dear Dad,

Let's hear from you more often, even if it's only five or ten dollars . . .

* * * * *

H. S. Freshman: May I kiss you?
S. T. C. girl: Jeepers! Another amateur!

* * * * *

Two skeletons had been imprisoned in a dark, dank cellar for a hundred years. Finally one turned to the other and grumbled, "If we had any guts, we'd get out of here."

* * * * *

Holding a boy's hand used to be an offense; now it's a defense.

* * * * *

FOR SALE—Boston bulldog. Eats anything. Very fond of children.

A drunk got into a taxi and asked to be driven around the park five times. After the third time around, the drunk shouted to the driver, "Faster, I'm in a hurry."

* * * * *

Wolf: One who takes out a sweater girl and tries to pull the wool over her eyes.

* * * * *

Frater. What was all the noise about?
Pledge: Brother Jones just fell down the stairs with a quart of whiskey.
Fraeer: Did he spill it?
Pledge: No, he kept his mouth shut.

* * * * *

"Gosh, you have a lovely figure."
"Oh, let's not go all over that again.'

* * * * *

Knees are a luxury. If you don't think so, just try to get hold of one.

Freshman: "I don't think I deserve a zero."

Professor: "Neither do I, but it's the lowest mark I'm allowed to give." —The Spectator

* * * * *

"Thur river is wide
And I kaint step it.
I like yew
But I kain't hep it."

HAPPY VALENTINE

Dates Arrive

Saturday Afternoon

Maisie was in a bar having a beer when a friend from England walked in.

"Aye say, Maisie, are you 'aving one?"

"No, it's just the cut of me coat."

* * * * *

Kit: "Gee but that date last night was fresh."

"Kat: "Why didn't you slap his face?"

"Kit: "I did; and take my advice, never slap a guy when he's chewing tobacco."

* * * * *

The English language is a funny thing. Tell her that time stands still when you look into her eyes and she'll adore you, but just try telling her that her face would stop a clock!

* * * * *

Two men were seated together in a crowded street car. One of them noticed that the other had his eyes closed.

"Wassamatter, Bill," he asked, "feeling ill?"

I'm all right," answered Bill, "but I hate to see ladies standing."

* * * * *

How fat she is,
She used to wasn"t—
The reason is,
She daily doesn't.

Once there were two little worms. One was naughty, and impudent and the other was polite and good. The first was lazy and improvident and always stayed in bed late. The other was always up early and about his business.

The early bird got the early worm, and a fisherman with a flashlight got the night crawler.

The moral, students, is this: You can't win.

* * * * *

Jack and Jill went up a hill
Upon a moonlight ride;
When Jack came back,
One eye was black,
You see, his pal, had lied.

* * * * *

Once there were a couple of brooms, husband and wife. One day hubby's wife shyly whispered to her spouse,

"Fuller, dear, I do believe we shall have a little whisk broom soon."

Whereupon Fuller in great astonishment replied,

"But, darling, we haven't even swept together." —The Spectator

* * * * *

Perhaps Adam didn't have a funnybone, but he sure had a lot of fun with a spare rib.


I like Scotch. Scotch is served in glasses. Glasses are spectacles. Two glasses of Scotch and I make a spectacle of myself.

—Turn Out

* * * * *

We hasten to point out that while every man has his wife, only the ice man has his pick.

—The Spectator

# Pattern In the Sun

Mary Rattray

SUNLIGHT sifting through the leaves made a speckled gold pattern on the grey sidewalk. The air was light and warm with spring. Along the once fashionable street, the battered, old brownstone houses seemed less dingy, as the sunlight fell across them. Girls in their gay spring dresses sang and smiled at each other as they hurried to work.

All of this was lost to the tiny, dirty-faced, little girl huddled on the curb in the shade of one of the few trees on the street. Her hair was mouse-colored and straight, hanging loose on each side of her pinched and hungry-looking face. Knees up under her chin, she was staring unseeingly into the street.

Her lips trembled, and she hugged her knees tighter as she thought about what had happened that morning.

Oh, why had she heard them? Why had they said it?

A tear slid unnoticed down her nose and on to her dress.

But she did say it, she did. Your mother doesn't love you. But everyone has someone to love him—the little Italian kids down the street with their big jolly mother—everyone but me.

It was as if she could hear her mother talking now, her voice harsh, the way it got when she was tire.

"Jack, I can't stand this much longer. When are you going to make enough for us to live like humans? I've so tired of saving and scrimping every day. If it were only for you, it wouldn't be so bad, but that child, Jack. She gives me the creeps, wandering in and out of the house with that lost look on her face. If she were cute like Mamie's kid, it wouldn't be so bad, but she'll never be pretty. And the way she just sits around staring out the window.

I declare, Jack, she gives me the creeps."

It was a little better to think of what her father had said, althought it puzzled her.

In the gentle way he always spoke to her, he said, "she's probably lonely, Norma. Try to be more understanding—she needs love."

Love—lonely—the two words kept racing through her head. What did that mean? However, there was no mistaking what her mother had meant. Shivering, she hunched farther over her knees.

Suddenly she heard a tiny "meow, meow" from the sidewalk beside her, and a furry head brushed against her arm. There was a small kitten, little and thin, looking up at her. Its brownish, mouse-colored fur was bedraggled and wet, and it looked lost and uncared for.

As she bent to pick it up, she was surprised to notice what a bright golden pattern the sunlight made as it slanted through the leaves; how gay and friendly everyone looked.

Clutching the kitten close to her, she sat there, rocking back and forth on the curb—a faraway, happy look in her eyes.

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## Spring Birth

Betty Bibb

Fall down
Upon the spring earth,
Drawn from its stirring warmth
Pulsing, pushing always upward
New birth.

# THE LETTER

JANE WARING RUFFIN

JOYCE took the letter from her post office box with a feeling of tense excitement. It had been almost two months since she had seen an envelope addressed in that dear, familiar handwriting. From the first, this one seemed a little different, but Joyce thought it was only because it had been sent via air mail and the "Free" in the upper right hand was lacking, and because Tom had neglected to put "Lt. T. H. Williams, APO 312, New York, N. Y." in the left hand corner. She handled the letter lovingly and wondered why it looked so frayed,, as if it had been in someone's pocket for a long time. It was thick, too, and Tom hardly ever wrote thick letters. She smiled to herself as she slit the top and began the certain pleasure of reading Tom's letter.

"Dear Joyce," she read. "This is being written on our anniversary, but I hope that you won't get it for some time hence."

"Anniversary?" thought Joyce. "Why, that was five months ago. And I am just getting the letter?"

"It's been a strange four years since we met, Joyce," Tom wrote. "Back in 1939—December 12—when you walked in Helen's apartment for the shower and we were introduced, we never dreamed things would turn out like this. We little guessed that four years thence—today—would find me in a fox hole in the Pacific jungle and you back at your old job on the paper. A lot has happened since our wedding in 1940, a lot that neither of us can ever forget.

"After a year of this man's army, I still haven't gotten used to being away from you. It seems that we have been together for always and always. The time before we met is as nothing in my life, and the years we have spent together is as all. It seems hard for us to be apart for this anniversary, for this Christmas. Christmases and anniversaries were made to be spent together. We've been quite lucky, really. Some of the boys here have gone completely haywire, but somehow I've been able to maintain my equilibrium. I think it has been because of you, and because of the dividends that our investments are paying—our investments of our time together. Good investments of time pay high dividends in good memories, and bad memories are only the result of a poor investment."

Joyce paused in her rapid reading to think: "What a strange letter. It doesn't sound like Tom, and yet it does. Why, I can hear him say those words!"

"Out here, Joyce, everything is different from anything anyone back home ever knew. The little things that counted for so much—money, social position, good looks—they don't matter here. When you are knee deep in muck, with the heat so great you feel as if you are broiling in your own dirty sweat, when the hords of insects keep your body peppered with welts as big as your thumb, and the Jap shells are dropping so close you can feel the wind as they pass, it doesn't make a whole lot of difference who your father was or whether or not you went to the best prep school in America. All that matters is life itself.

"There was a kid here in our group killed this morning. He was a strange kid, just nineteen, and full of life and zest for living. He had left a girl back home, and he was fighting her. I heard him say just last night that she stood for all that America was to him. He hated this war, hated the brutal killing. He said he could feel every shell that he fired go into his own body. And yet he tried to be happy, tried to do his part and then some. He was killed by a Jap sniper as he was catching forty winks in a fox hole after a long and hard night. The cowardly yellow rat wasn't satisfied to shoot the boy, but he pinned the body to the ground with a bayonet. We got the sniper, but it didn't bring life back to that kid, and didn't eradicate his dying look from my memory. Perhaps I should be getting used to this sort of thing, but I

guess I never shall.

"That's what I mean, Joyce. I can't make myself even try to be happy here. The stench of dead bodies makes me ill, and things like that kid tear me all to pieces.

"But all this is not what I wanted to say in this letter. What I wanted to say is for you to be happy for both of us. Regardless of what happens to me—and my time may come even before I get this letter finished—I want you to be happy. When—if—you get this, I shall be beyond the stage of being either happy or unhappy, and you must do double. This is probably a hard way to break it to you, but you see, Joyce, I am dead now. This is going to be put with my things to be mailed only in case I am killed. I would rather you get it this way than from the cold telegram that will come later.

"Does any of this make sense? It is really a hard letter to write. But, Joyce, believe me, you must be happy. That's why we have been fighting, that's why I am now just another shiny white cross on the battleground. There's something so much bigger in all this than you can possibly know, and you and all the others in America like you can not let this thing die. Do you understand? I am dead, Joyce. Our 'Some Day' has been postponed again, and meanwhile you must make investments for both of us.

"What was that Elizabeth Barrett Browning said about if God choosing, I shall but love thee better after death? That's it, Joyce. Tom."

Joyce crumpled the letter in her hand. She couldn't make a scene here in the office, but why, why?

"Live for both of us," Tom had said.

There was a song in her heart, but it wasn't a joyous song. It was a poem that she and Tom had read together once.

"I have a rendezvous with death
At some disputed barricade
When Spring comes round with rustling shade
And apple blossoms fill the air . . .
I shall not fail that rendezvous."

"Live for both of us," Tom said. "Be happy for both of us."

Joyce smoothed the crumpled letter and noted the date at the bottom, May 2, 1944. Lt. J. B. C." She returned the letter to its envelope and turned to her typewriter.

"Live for both of us, Joyce, and be happy."

## He Lives and Loves It

*Continued from page* 21

holes, broad-jump across the porch and move thankfully into the wide front hall. The spacious, quiet dignity of the interior has not been harmed by its years of disuse. The enormous, high-ceilinged rooms are filled with fine old furniture, covered with dust, but somehow giving the impression of sniffing at anything younger than a hundred years. Boss has a healthy respect for each piece. He has neither the time nor the money to care for them properly, but he knows the history and the minutest details of each of them. Because they are old and a visible symbol of his heritage, and because they are very beautiful in themselves, he loves them. They were his father's, they are his, and they will belong to his nephews. He guards them jealously.

Boss's hap-hazard house-keeping might soon lead to a degree of chaos, were it not for his tenant's wife, who sometimes comes in to beat something of a path through his rooms. The usual masculine objection to having his haunts straightened — "I can't fi-ind anything!"—doesn't apply to Boss. He couldn't possibly remember all the places he drops his belongings anyway. Boss, it seems, moves from room to room, sleeping in whichever bed is nearest at hand when he's ready for one, and leaving his clothes where they fell.

The tenants' children—and there are an ever-increasing numbers—are always somewhere about the house, usually congregating on or about the back porch. Theoretically, they live in what was the office in more affluent slave days, but practically they

reside wherever Boss is. They like to stand and watch him, and he genially step around and over the small, tow-headed youngsters, sometimes giving them a stick of candy or a cookie, sometimes forgetting all about them.

Their mother, endeavoring to repay in some way the innumerable small kindnesses of Boss to her family, sometimes takes over the kitchen and cooks what she terms "a respectable meal." Ordinarily, however, Boss rules his own cuisine. The cream and butter from his several cows and the vegetables from his garden are supplemented largely by cans, but whatever the product of his mixing is, it's obviously nourishing. If vitality and plenty of vigor are any indication, Boss is definitely not vitamin-starved. Besides, a lively bachelor is an addition to anybody's dinner table, and Boss is much sought after as a guest. Hostesses unhesitatingly transport him back and forth from town, since he does not count a car among his possesions.

There is always someone to give Boss a ride to Sunday School, where he teaches a class, but when there isn't he hurries a bit with the milking and so forth, and walks. If its rainy and muddy, so much the better. Cars sometimes get struck — Boss pulls on his knee-boots and gets there on time.

No, there really isn't very much that Boss Crandall misses. If he has overlooked anything, it's not from lack of interest. He lives and loves every minutes of his life!

## Decision

*Continued from page 6*

professor's daughter said, "Of course I'll wait . . . good-night."

The sailor's face broke into a radiant smile. He dropped the nickel into the slot, and dialed the number.

## Be Still, Sad Heart

*Continued from page 13*

attend the funeral of his entire family of six, all of whom were killed in a highway accident."

"The plane is scheduled to arrive at N. Y. late tomorrow afternoon. Young then will speed, probably by train, to the burial of his mother, father, and four brothers and sisters."