

Behind her the instructor watched, chuckling at her exuberant fingers, and noted that her blue eyes sparkled with a fire that would not fail her now.

"That's it—now it's beginning to *live!*" he said. "You have to put the lift and up-swing into it—. Now, here—and here—keep that arm round; keep that freshness of the children there. And fill it in here, and here—make it one mass. Unity is what we must work for! We must have that feeling for the composition."

Jean laughed to herself in the silent but excited way she knew so well. She always felt it coming when something important happened; it was just as though her whole happiness went to live deep in her throat, and kept all sound from coming out."

"I've got it now," she thought. "It's alive."

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## Off to the War

Margaret Ann Kirchner

H. Ec. Sr.

**T**HIS was a wonderful summer. Just like last summer; like all the summers I can remember. I guess my whole life has been just one long perfect summer. There's never been anything really wrong for Jim and me.

I'll always remember lots of things about this summer. Those silly bets we made on how many kittens Tabby would have. The nights we walked in the rain and waded in all the puddles. And the limp-brimmed old hat Jim kept for wet weather. How we flipped pennies to decide who'd buy the popcorn after the show. And the singing telegram Jim sent me when he went on that baseball trip. The chocolate malteds we ate at two in the morning. And the times we watched the sun come up because there wasn't any good reason why we should go to bed.

But the gang began to kid Jim about leaving.

"When do the Marines get you?" they said, or "Got your orders yet?"

I was sitting with him Saturday night in Pop's Inn eating hamburgers with thick slices of onion when Red came over to the booth and Jim told him.

"I'm leaving Monday on the 6:34."

And the rest of the kids picked up the chant—  
 “Off to the war on the 6:34.”

Just today we stood on the bare wooden platform and watched  
 the train slide in and shudder to a stop. Jim’s hand closed tightly  
 over mine and he brushed a brief kiss across my forehead.

“Bye, Skipper,” he said.

He picked up his bag, the one we’d patched together this  
 morning, and walked straight toward the waiting door. He  
 didn’t turn back.

It was a good summer. The best I’ve ever had.

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## Heritage

Helen M. Pundt

H. Ec. Jr.

Not mine these dreams—  
 Then whose?  
 What woman stood in the wet grass  
 And traced a leaf against the moon?  
 And soon  
 What lass  
 Will watch the thin moon-streams  
 Ebb  
 From the roots of trees  
 To light a spiderweb?  
 Whose dreams are these,  
 Bridging the years  
 From then to now to the hereafter?  
 Whose tears?  
 Whose laughter?  
 Mine for the moment? Yes.  
 It is enough.