

in France. Let some of the guys who sat on their big fat cans all through this war figure out what to do next. They made all the money then. Let them work for it now. They got off pretty easy so far. Now let *them* sweat awhile. Me, I'm going back in, and take it easy now."

"I know, son. You did your share overseas. Maybe you're right. I guess you boys have done enough for your country. Can't ask you for anymore, I guess."

The outskirts of a small town flashed by the car. The driver slowed down to enter the main part of town.

"This is where I stop, son."

The car pulled to the curbing of the town's main street, and stopped. The hitchhiker opened the door, and got out.

"Thanks for the lift, mister."

"Not at all. Good luck to you, son." The driver smiled his sad smile as he said it.

The hitchhiker slammed the door shut, almost angrily, and the Ford pulled away from the curb, turned right at the next corner and disappeared.

"What a queer duck he was. You'd think I was committing a crime, joining up again."

He shrugged his shoulders and glanced down the road looking for an approaching car. The autumn sun didn't feel quite as warm.



My House

J J S, Jr.

Old ghosts tread silver grey soft dust—
 Dead actors acting out dead plays—
 And figured on the furniture
 Old dragons twist across old lies.

This house is old with mockery,
 And every day new ghosts are born;
 Our little scene, this pantomine,
 The ghosts will walk through on the morn.