Whenever the signal came, they set out in John’s sleigh following the light that moved in the distance... So much of Karl’s life had been following the swinging light which told of people’s need for him, though he was weary and half-sick himself... even though it was cold and dark, and he was alone....

Now they were carrying the coffin down the aisle to the back of the church... The candles at the altar seemed to be lanterns swinging. Karl could not see them now, would never follow them again. But John must follow them awhile yet.... He rose to become a part of the crowd that was leaving the church.

---

So You Have Enlisted

*Ronny Ronningen*

H. Ec. '38

LOOK at the villages ripped by war
Steel-torn holes in their concrete walls,
Shattered windows and grounded spires,
Ruins lighted with ghastly fires.

Look at yourself. Are you full of hate,
Full of a thirst to kill? Drink deeply.
Then, resting on the blood-warm sod,
Dare you open your eyes to God?