

Gerhart Schaffer relit his pipe. He had no thoughts of sleep. He feared the future. He could no longer adjust to life, make a new start. He could send Helmut to school—and then what would happen when war broke out? A feeling of uncertainty and fear hovered over Europe, and Mr. Schaffer was acutely conscious of his plight. He scowled and walked down the aisle to pick up a newspaper. Then he settled down, a tall man, with sparse gray hair and a kind smile. He was too young to need glasses, but he found the one dim low-powered light suspended from the roof insufficient for reading, and he nodded off to a troubled sleep.

—Martin Hoffman, Ag. So.



Sound Off

O’Rooney, Goldfarb, Scott and Kohl—
 Names of America, names of men
 Pursuing happiness guaranteed by
 Washington, Hancock, Jefferson, Henry.

(The Bill of Rights is plain to read—
 All their liberties guaranteed.)
 Men would speak, but never a Scott—
 Black dreams quarreling with what we’ve got.
 Men may work, but Goldfarb no—
 Stamped with his own intaglio.
 Men would assemble, Kohl can’t—
 Red words peal a disturbing chant.
 Men may worship, O’Rooney’s wrong—
 His liturgy hateful, growing strong.

(The Bill of Rights is plain to read—
 All their liberties guaranteed.)
 Men to bear arms? . . . Call the roll:
 O’Rooney, Goldfarb, Scott and Kohl.

—Merritt Bailey, TJI, Jr.