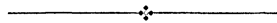


Whenever the signal came, they set out in John's sleigh following the light that moved in the distance . . . So much of Karl's life had been following the swinging light which told of people's need for him, though he was weary and half-sick himself . . . even though it was cold and dark, and he was alone.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

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?