

frollicking tumble weeds which hopped and skipped along, happy to be free. The dust was like a thick heavy mist upon the earth, slowly blotting out the sun. The air had a strange cold, clammy quality which caused people to shiver in spite of the heat. Houses, fences, and trees became dim outlines that were slowly, but completely erased. There was no sound except that

which the wind made as it screeched around corners, in a hurry to go wherever winds go.

For one brief moment the dust-laden air seemed to increase in density. Then, as quickly as it had come, it was gone. The sun shone down with the same intense heat on a world where every object was shrouded in death — in dust.

To Save Our Soles

MARJORIE PHILLIPS

Americans in 1943 are doing a number of things that we never did before and, in all probability, will never do again. The world is changing rapidly, adjusting itself to the necessities of a nation at war. We are beginning to feel, for the first time, the insidious fingers of the international conflict. There is a seriousness now behind the American smile, a strength, a realization of what this war means.

But let me take you back a few months — a year, if you will — to the middle of 1942 when the American public strode briskly about its business, oblivious of anything so mundane as saving shoe leather. The possibility of shoe rationing was remote indeed. One still read of the stars of Hollywood buying a dozen pairs of shoes at once, and a few other resourceful individuals managed to purchase several pairs of shoes in anticipation of the day of rationing — perhaps not realizing that thus were they forcing the government to limit the public's supply of leather.

Then came rationing. The nation gasped and was completely taken aback. Even those who had vaguely suspicioned an impending shoe ration were stunned at

the suddenness of it. The government, I presume, was aware of the fact that surprise was essential to the success of such a movement, for had the general public been warned, there would have been no shoes left to ration in a short time.

There were quarrels and heated discussions, of course, and exclamations of dismay from the ladies, but that is a privilege of Americans — especially ladies. We soon resigned ourselves to our fate and began dragging out last year's footgear to be repaired. We hurried to the basement and sought out our discarded patent leathers with the scuffed toe, and our suede pumps with the shiny spot on one side. We polished and brushed them tenderly, and sighed with relief that they hadn't been thrown away.

Miss America, after shoe rationing, learned to buy shoes more carefully. She looked for durability and comfort instead of spike heeled, flattering slippers. She shopped for a suitable color and correct size, not for a too small pair of brightly dressed sandals. None of these things had she ever before considered in buying her shoes; but, now, when she parted with her

precious number seventeen stamp, she wanted to be sure she had made a wise choice. When at last she found a pair that was suitable for her and answered her very rigid requirements, she felt very proud of her cleverness in selection. It

gave her an exalted feeling of having done something really worthwhile; and I think she decided, then, that being a good American meant more to her than did having a wardrobe groaning with shoes.

War In My Lifetime

JEANNE SUTTON

The war has been going on for almost two years now. Think of it! Two years of the worry, heartache, tears, last-minute smiles, last-time kisses, letters, day and night news broadcasts, furlough dates, rationing, last-minute shoe rush — a million things which happen to a girl only in war time.

A learned man once said of my generation that we had never known what it was to live in normal times. I think he's wrong. Our lives have been abnormal to our parents or our aunts and uncles, perhaps, but to us they are the only lives we have ever known, so naturally they are normal.

Do you understand what the girl of today is undergoing? Her male contemporaries have left their homes for training camps; her family life has been disrupted by the absence of a father or a dearly-beloved older brother; her mother is doing war work of some kind, perhaps working in a factory, or at the Service Men's Center. Generally speaking, her whole emotional life has been upset at the most important time of her existence. She is getting letters daily from the boys she used to date. Some letters urge marriage, and others merely

want a connecting link with home. She must watch not only her feelings when she writes back, but the feelings of the generally immature youth. His future life may be determined by the kind of support he receives while in service, and the girl of today must realize this.

Girls in every war have rolled bandages, sent boxes of food and clothing overseas, knitted sweaters and socks, entertained soldiers and sailors in their home towns, and we, of this generation, are no exception. But we have, it seems to me, an additional burden to carry. Most of us are trying to further our education. And to keep our minds on sociology and botany or chemistry and French, and at the same time try to forget what our sweethearts are doing on the battlefield is sometimes rather difficult. I'm not saying it can't be done. It will have to be done. Men who have been in the war and come safely home are going to have a fairly good idea of "what the score is". They won't want ignorant, unintelligent wives, no matter how beautiful they may be. So it is up to us, the girls of today, to become as much as possible like the ideals our husbands and sweethearts have set up for us.