

must be the soul, which He created for eternity. Here we may find the motive for our existence. It is only upon our realization that the soul is the worthwhile and immortal portion of our makeup that life unfolds to us its true meaning and value. We then begin dimly to conceive God's justice in sacrificing the human body for the immortal soul. We understand why

the body can be expendable, in comparison to the soul, as the finger can be expendable to the arm. We lose our mortal and ephemeral conception of life. Time becomes unimportant because we live for an eternity, not for the short life-span of the body. We establish a new, a truer motivation. Our earth-bound life is spent in an effort to make our souls worthy of eternity.

Night Battle

ROBERT SIMMS

A battle that was fought continuously in the Pacific Islands was the one with those adorable creatures of nature, land crabs and mosquitoes. It seemed as if the crab family was an inquisitive race that insisted on inspecting and investigating the human body and his habitat. Night was the time they came out to frolic and to paint the beaches red. One night, they carried out a plan to use me and my blankets as a ballroom. They began arriving in droves, lifting my netting and strolling nonchalantly across my body. By violent heaving, turning, and other bedroom gymnastics, I managed to toss them aside, but back they would come in full force. I finally decided that they just liked tough dance-halls, for the harder I tried to "bounce" them, the more they enjoyed it. It was right after an old square

dance, I remember, when some old crab turned the affair into a military ball by presenting a demonstration of air-might to his cohorts. By tearing a hole in my netting with his claw, he invited all the mosquitoes on Guadalcanal to come in and show their powers in maneuverability and dive bombing tactics. This luckless person was the target for tonight. I could hear them drone overhead and then peel off in smooth performance to attack my face. I covered up with my blankets, making an improvised bomb shelter, until I began to smother. Enraged, I leaped to my feet, tore my bed apart, grabbed a stick and beat the ground and general atmosphere. I then settled down in comparative peace and went to sleep. All was quiet on the Welled Front.