

In a home where there is music, visitors are sure to spend an enjoyable evening. Time never drags, for there is always something to do. If the group gets tired of listening to the music, they can sing or dance. They have no trouble in keeping themselves amused.

It is true that when young people are amusing themselves they make a lot of noise. Sometimes they thoughtlessly throw furniture helter-skelter in their effort to clear a floor speedily for dancing. But is it not better to have them carry on in this way than to have them out throwing stones at store windows, and stealing things just for the thrill of it?

The up-bringing of children is more easily accomplished in the home where happiness reigns. In order to have a happy home there must be harmony in it. Let us bring music back to our homes, for its harmony will help to make the home harmonious and happy.

—FRANCIS CORCORAN, '47

* * * * *

“WHERE YOUR TREASURE IS”

Joe Reeves reached into his pocket and pulled out the soiled letter. He gazed at it fondly before opening it. It seemed to him that he had read that letter and some of the other old ones at least a thousand times. He wondered, as he had wondered many times before, just what was delaying his mail. Of course, he had only been up in the front lines for about a month; so perhaps the postal authorities hadn't caught up with him yet. He knew Mom was writing because she always wrote at least once a week. Joe dreamed of the day when he would receive those letters—perhaps a dozen of them—all together. He'd take a day off to read them, he told himself. He laughed to himself then—the laugh of a man who has dreams and knows that they can't be realized. Yes, he'd be likely to get a day off around here.

But would he receive them? He knew Mom would be writing, but still he was worried—worried and scared. Scared of what, he didn't know. But although he tried to banish the feeling, blaming it on his imagination, still it persisted in remaining there.

What Joe Reeves didn't know was that his mother was dead. She had always had a bad heart, but it had steadily got worse when she received the telegram saying Joe was missing. She hadn't been around when, a week later, the second telegram arrived saying he was safe and sound once more. Joe had always been her pride and joy. An only child, he had grown to be her protector when her husband was killed in a railway accident when Joe was but only a boy. Then when the war started he had joined up. She didn't want him to go. No mother does want her son to go—especially one whose son is the only other member of the family alive. She knew he mightn't come back, but rather than disappoint him she had cheerfully agreed with his point of view and had even managed a big smile when she had kissed him goodbye. It wasn't too hard to be cheery then. But afterwards at home, when she no longer heard the whistle and the familiar footsteps in the hall—then it was that she really missed him and realized just how lonely one can be in the absence of a loved one. She had tried to carry on. God knows she had tried to be busy all the time so as to try to forget. But then her heart had acted up again and the doctor told her she must rest. That made her worse, for she had nothing to do then but think, and that thinking had caused her many tears. She might have been all right then had it not been for that telegram. "Son missing. Believed killed—" Four simple, everyday words, yet they cost that mother her life. She died peacefully the fourth day after receiving that telegram.

But Joe Reeves knew nothing as he waited day by day in his slit trench—waited for letters that he would never receive.

Now as Joe sat reading one of those old letters, his mind was not on the war but far away at home. Once more he was a youngster romping about the streets of his old home town.

".....and the time I spanked you, son, when you came home with a black eye. Little did I know that in the not too distant future I'd be proud of my son for fighting—fighting harder than he ever did before."

Yes, Joe remembered the time well. He had been down to the swimming hole with some of the boys. It started when Timmy MacNeill called him a "skinny shrimp". Joe had ducked him and when he came up he was mad. He'd taken a

swing at Joe—thence the black eye. "But I don't think I got the worst of it," Joe mused to himself. "Cause Timmy went home with a broken nose and got a worse licking than I did."

"And then there was the time that you were lost in the Norwood forest for two days. I never prayed harder than I did then, Joe. And when you came stumbling into the house that second evening, I thanked God, because I knew it was an act of heaven that had saved my son from a forest that had claimed so many lives."

Joe certainly remembered that day. He had been only fifteen then and had gone for a hike with the boys. He lost them when he went off on his own to try to kill a squirrel with his slingshot. Then when he tried to find them it was too late. He wandered, then, for two days, until, by luck, he spotted an opening in the trees. He arrived home hysterical and weak to find his mother sitting in the kitchen gazing listlessly out the window. "Mom", he shouted, "Mom, I'm home." She looked around then her eyes lit up. "Oh, Joe," she cried, hugging him till he thought his ribs would break, "You're safe, you're safe. Thank God, my son. I thought you were dead."

Suddenly Joe looked up from his daydreaming. What was that he heard just now? It sounded like his mother's voice, Joe, my boy, I thought you were dead." He looked around desperately. Yes, yes, it was his mother's voice. There she was, coming over to meet him. Joe jumped out of his trench and ran to her. "Oh, Joe, you're safe then, after all?", as she gathered him into her arms.

"Sure, Mom, I'm O.K. But what are you doing here?"

"I've come to take you home with me, son."

WHAM! It hit him, then, all of a sudden. Joe spun around and toppled to the ground.

When they found him, Joe Reeves was dead. Pressed close to his breast in the dead man's hands was the letter he'd been reading. They thought Joe must have been crazy to leave his trench walking upright and without his rifle. But perhaps it was better that way. Perhaps that was the quickest way for Joe to see his mother again. Perhaps that, too, was an act of heaven bringing him safely home once more.

—MICHAEL HENNESSEY, '48