
REUNION

I went to meet her every night
At our usual meeting place;
Though I could neither hear her voice
Nor see her lovely face.

And yet it brought me peace of mind,
And filled my empty soul;
And then I'd seem to hear her voice,
As I knelt upon that knoll.

I'd feel her arms about my neck,
And I'd feel no longer alone,
As the misty moon revealed her name
Carved in the cold grey stone.

DAVE GILLIS '59

FLIGHT TO WONJU

The week's leave to Tokyo had been dull. Bill Quinlan had missed his squadron mates. To him Tokyo was a drab city. He had been there several times before and it had nothing new to offer him. The city had been full of American servicemen engaged in diversions which offered no attraction to him.

"I wonder how the Japanese like it," he thought.

It was strange. In Japan the Korean war seemed vague and unreal while a few scant miles away it was a grim reality.

The metal seat was becoming hard. He looked out one of the windows of the C-47 and could see the white caps on the sea below. "It's all crazy," he thought. "I've got a wife and family, and security five thousand miles away. Here I am a pilot, fighting the Russians and Chinese in Korea. Two years ago I hardly had ever heard of it. I'm a champion of democracy fighting atheistic Communism." He chuckled at the thought.

A young serviceman down the aisle was relating his experiences in Tokyo to one of his fellow pilots. "You should have seen Lu."

Bill smiled. After a few minutes he dozed off and did not awake until they landed at Seoul.

The long walk to the operations hut helped him to shake off some of the drowsiness. He checked into Colonel