

this town, has been killed in Africa. I want you to go to 23 Elm Ave. where his mother lives and get the story at once. And — oh, yes — get a picture."

"Yes Sir", Sheila answered, and left so quickly that Mike was not able to see the stricken look on her face. Fred, coming into the office, remarked to Mike, "What's the matter with that girl anyway? She looks as though someone had struck her".

"It's nothing," Mike answered. "She's probably nervous on her first assignment. She'll get over it."

Towards evening Mike and Fred began pacing the office floor. Sheila had not returned and the report must be turned in ready for publication at five o'clock. Mike groaned. "I knew she wouldn't be here in time," he muttered. "Here we are missing a scoop all because of a feather-brained woman. I bet she didn't even take a pencil with her." He looked at his watch. Half past four!

Just then the door burst open and Sheila hurried in. Without a glance at the men she sat down to her typewriter and with flying finger's typed the story and passed it over to Mike to read, "There a news degree in history tucked away in a bureau drawer at 23 Elm Ave. But it will never be used now, for the bright, clear-eyed boy who longed to stand before a class and instill into their hearts a love of history has died making history in Tunisia."

"Jimmy Craig was just an ordinary boy. He had a mother whom he loved, a father whom he trusted above all, and a sister who looked to him for trust and guidance. He had a sweetheart..."

Mike finished the report and gazed at the wall with unseeing eyes. Finally he turned to the girl and said, "The picture?"

Fumbling in her purse she brought out a picture.

"Perhaps" she faltered, "You will be able to copy this so that the bottom will not show. You see I . . . I don't want it to be seen."

Trembling, she passed it to Mike. The picture showed a pleasing, hopeful boy with eagerness shining in his eyes. At the bottom was written in firm, sure handwriting, "From Jimmy to Sheila. With love."

— ALICE McCLOSKEY, '49

TEN YEARS OF WARFARE

The discovery of the ancient city of Troy by the archaeologist, Heinrich Schlieman, in 1870, awakened world wide interest in the siege of Troy. No more is it regarded as a myth or legend which time had enveloped with a cloak

of mystery and glamour. It is acknowledged as an historical fact. The tale as told by the Greeks is one of divine intervention in the affairs of men. The plains of Troy ring with the clash of the armour of gods. The following account is an attempt to present a brief outline of the story as it has descended to us from the hands of the Greeks.

There was born to Priam, King of Troy, a son, Paris, of whom many things had been foretold. And, because it had been prophesied that he would prove fatal to his father, Paris was left to die on the slopes of Mount Ida. The gods, however, were favorably inclined towards him, and he grew up among the flocks and herds, increasing in beauty as his years advanced.

On the day that Paris chose Aphrodite as the most beautiful of the Trojan goddesses, the spark which was to consume Troy was ignited. For, in return for his favorable decision Aphrodite had promised Priam the most beautiful of mortal women as his wife. Helen, the wife of the king of Sparta, had been accorded the honor, and without the least scruple Paris set sail to claim her. In return for the hospitality shown him by the Spartan king, Paris decamped with Helen and a large sum of money. This was the cause of the Trojan war.

For ten years, Menelaus, the forsaken husband, plotted and worked toward his revenge. With the aid of the Grecian chiefs, and the goddesses Here and Athene, he at length assembled a force of 1186 ships and an army of 100,000 men. Two outstanding heroes in these ranks were Achilles and Odysseus, the one destined to die in honor before the gates of Troy, the other, to wander for ten years before he would again view his native land.

The mighty armada set sail, and after several attempts, finally reached the land of the Trojans. Ambassadors were sent to Troy to demand the return of Helen and of the stolen property, but, in spite of prudent counsel, the Trojans rejected the demands and the Greeks prepared to attack. The Trojans assembled a large body of allies, but were waited upon the beaches by the landing Greeks and driven within the city walls. Then commenced the siege of Troy.

For nine years the subdued Trojans dared not give battle outside their walls because of the hero, Achilles. But a period of intermission was at hand for the harrassed defenders. Achilles, the light and hope of the Greek forces, lay sulking in his tent. This was the moment for which the Trojans had been looking. Under their general, Hector, they overcame the weakened Greek force, and set fire to

the ships in the harbor. Patrokus, the friend of Achilles, was killed in hand to hand combat with Hector. This fact aroused Achilles from his sullen indifference, and, re-entering the battle, he slew Hector and sated his revenge upon the dead body. But the fate of Achilles, prophesied long ago in the land of Sparta, was about to be fulfilled. After routing the Trojan army and pursuing it into the city, he was smitten by an arrow from the bow of Paris. Thus perished the greatest of the Greek heroes.

It had been declared by the oracle that Troy should not fall until the Palladium, a statue given to the Trojans by Zeus himself, had been removed from the citadel. This deed was accomplished by Odysseus who, in the guise of a beggar, passed unnoticed into the town and conveyed the image to the Greeks by stealth.

After a siege of ten years, the Greeks devised a plan whereby the city could be captured. A mighty wooden horse was built upon the plains of Troy, and soldiers were concealed within its depths. The remaining Greeks then sailed away. The unsuspecting Trojans, perceiving the Greeks had gone, hauled the horse within the walls. As darkness fell over the town, the Greeks crept silently down the sides of the great beast and fell upon the inhabitants who were feasting and rejoicing after the siege. Troy fell in armed carnage and slaughter. The city and the temples were utterly destroyed and the defeated population was led into slavery by the victorious Greeks.

— MARJORIE POWER, '47.

THE INCRIMINATING DETAIL

"Hey, Al! Did you hear about old Fisher being robbed last night? They've got young George Saunders locked up. Caught him dead to rights, I guess, but didn't find any of the loot. I always thought that boy would come to no good. He should get a couple of years for it."

* * * * *

"Oh, good morning, Mrs. Gallagher. Isn't it just too awful about poor old Mr. Fisher being robbed last night? Him so defenceless and all. And that terrible, terrible Saunders boy. Why, they say he even fired a shot at the old man, oh, isn't it just too, too . . ."

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Yes, there was a great amount of chatter around the little town of Newvale on this particular Tuesday morning. Men were clustered on corners, women were leaning out windows and over back fences, and everywhere the subject of discussion was the same—the robbery of old Sam