

Britain will not forget the reasons for her declaration of war, that Britain will not forsake her promise to respect the right of all people to choose the form of government under which they wish to live, and that Britain and the United States will not lose sight of the Four Freedoms, of which we have heard so little of late, but which formed such an integral part of our aims early in the war. Only then will those peoples be able to feel that they have been liberated in the full sense of the word. Then and only then will we have a just and lasting peace.

— CYRIL SINNOTT, '49

THE GIRL REPORTER

Mike Walsh looked up from the report which he had been reading and scowled, "What's the matter with Sherman's Agency anyway?" he cried. "We send them to look for a man reporter and they send us a woman. A woman, mind you! And I'll bet she can't even spell correctly."

Fred Baker, his assistant, looked up and there were lines of worry etched deeply on his forehead. He, too, was discouraged, but he managed to smile and say, "Don't take it so hard, Mike, she may be all right, although I doubt it. We have to get someone, and with most of our boys away we still have to carry on."

"I know, but it's going to be awfully hard to get used to it. A woman working in this office! Just imagine! And likely she'll be full of whims, and of course she'll have one of those freak 'hair-do's'." Oh, man!" and he sighed wearily.

"Well I'm not so full of whims and my hair is still natural," came a voice from the doorway, and the two men whirled about to see a young lady of about twenty with long curly hair and the most beautiful face they had ever seen.

"Uh! . . . eek! Let me offer you a chair," Mike stammered, trying to cover his embarrassment.

"Thank you," she replied. "My name is Sheila Murphy. I have been sent here by Sherman's Agency and am to report to Mr. Walsh."

"I am Mr. Walsh," Mike replied, and in a few minutes Sheila was being shown about the little office. Her desk was to be in the next room where she could be easily summoned.

Uneventful days passed and then one afternoon Sheila was called to Mike's office. "Miss Murphy," he said, "word has just been received that Jimmy Craig, a soldier from

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