

prayer of peace,
courage of faith.

They may
Dim the electric charades on Times Square
Black out the Golden Gate,

But never can they
Dim the torch of freedom
Black-out the ideals of liberty.

IT COULD BE

GERALDINE STALEY

WELL, SIR, You're here again. I ain't agoin' to tell you anymore; instead, I figured you'd like to see some of the things she did later, written in her own hand. This is a journal that she started in college about a year after the war began. I've taken some pages out that I thought you might be interested in. The first I gave you, was made the night after Johnny, the boy she later married, went back to the Navy after a furlough.

August, 1943—

The Chaotic Era has been going on now in America for a year and a half. Yesterday, Johnny left again. Today life goes as usual. Sometimes, I think I can never go on trying to be normal and lead a normal life; but somehow, like all the rest I am able to live a seemingly peaceful existence. We have our jobs and our Home Defense to counteract the horror of actual warfare. Important things happen to us just as if the war were not taking place, such as the incident of my second professional radio appearance. It happened last week, here in the studio. I was sitting at my desk, filing cards, sharpening pencils, and smiling at the general nuisances like they were my friends, when I overheard the Program Director remark that they

needed a girl for an afternoon broadcast. They were having difficulty in locating one on such short notice. Then I found myself speaking to the director just as if I were *somebody* around here instead of chief flunky. I told that I had had experience behind the "mike," and I would gladly help out — help out! I was literally dying for a job! The Director surveyed me uncertainly, then — she *was* desperate — she said they'd test me for the part. She grabbed my hand, jerked me into a studio, thrust a script under my nose, and said, "Go ahead." The directions said to whisper the lines into the "mike," so I started to whisper in a voice that made curtains wave like a sail in a storm. The loudspeaker said, "Hold it. Miss Philips, the instructions are whisper the words softly, not bellow! Now, let's try it again." I nodded dumbly, then-proceeded to squeak a beautiful squeak into the microphone. Again the loud-speaker interrupted, saying that I seemed a little nervous, and that we'd better rest a few minutes. I sat down on a chair, thinking about when this would be over, and I could escape. When we took up our little game again, I came through like a trouper—hammy. The loudspeaker seemed satisfied, though, for it said, "O.K.

We'll do it at 3:00. Be here." I was there, and the next day I was back sitting at my desk, filing cards, sharpening pencils, and smiling at general nuisances.

June, 1945—

Today, I was presented with my Sheepskin and received my A. B. degree. I felt so strange as the members of the class walked past the president for their diplomas. It was like seeing a hundred dreams and fulfilled hopes file past one by one. I saw the parents looking happy and proud. I saw mothers cry because they were happy, and I wanted to cry too; but I could not. I saw fathers strut and boast, and felt warm inside. A great milestone has been turned. Now, we are to set the world aright. What a tremendous task! We, who are swimming in idealism must come down from the clouds and start to shape the world anew. We can build buildings, pave roads, and construct cities; but can we give souls back to bodies? The

future is up to us and others like us. (Oh, How I wished Johnny could have been here, today. Please keep him safe.)

December, 1949—

Three years have passed since the War ended, and little did I dream I'd be here at this studio as a woman announcer. Those horrible years seem distant and far away now; yet the years in school seem like yesterday. Strange what memories can do for you. Johnny and I are looking forward to the time when we can have our own television station. It used to be only a mythical dream, especially after Johnny came back from the Navy; but now it seems more like a reality and gives us hope. Johnny is an excellent station director for the rival studio here in the city, so I have to be on my toes to keep up with him. Johnny has adopted the phrase, "Ah, youth I adore thee," as our slogan and byword. As long as we keep young, we will win our goal and keep our dream.

ALONE IN THE FOG

TOM WAGLE

I DROVE On forward into the fog — the gray, swirling, all enveloping fog. The peeping street lights appeared uncertain and dim on my either side as they feebly lit the hazy mist with an eerie, sleepy light. Often fingers of fog would reach out and suddenly snap about them, dimming them, shutting out yet more light. Queer, crazy, racing shadows leaped from nowhere in the all covering fog about me. An opening would yawn wide and inviting before me, my car lights would stab into it, I would follow. Slowly I drove on. Yet the fog, the fog — I, I couldn't escape it. It was everywhere — in all outside, reaching, surrounding, descending on all, cold and uncompromising. It filled me with a

mood; swirled through my brain leaving a mood.

A mood that can't be put on paper. A mood, an unfathomable mood — one of another world, the uncertainty of which I find no words to describe. My thoughts were wild, seemingly everywhere on the great shuffleboard of human emotions. I vaguely remember thinking. Thinking of what? I can't recall exactly. My mind raced wildly. What's in a fog that makes one think in strange ways? It's infinity, it's depth, it's uncertainty? My mother, her graying hair—that should have troubled me. But the fog running on and on, the hazy world more hazy still as I sat there moving on and on. Gray? Gray hair,