

JUST PAST SIX

IONE COLLIGAN

You long to be a big boy, Jerry? Want to be like Uncle John, and shoulder guns instead of sticks and know what's wrong with all the world and how the troubles should be fixed? I see. You don't like being just past six. You want to stride with head thrown back and shoulders square. You'd wear big boots and roar and swear.

Ah, but Jerry, does that grown up uncle many a day wistfully watch you at your play, unaware that all the world's gone mad and Uncle John is baffled—helpless—helpless as a lad? Does he see you hail with glee John Schmidt, Joe Pello,

Sammy Lee, and does he wonder if 'tis you, not he, who knows the meaning of democracy? When you slip softly into church and sing your simple, childish praise to Him who gave us life does Uncle John find dearth of solace, faith a bitter memory, all his world but strife?

You tell me, Jerry, that you want to be like Uncle John and shoulder guns instead of sticks and know what's wrong with all the world and how the troubles should be fixed.

And does he, Jerry, wish that he were once more just past six?

THAT IS WHY

JEANE SISKEL

They were as high as high. Below them, was not that full, rounded form of yellow light the moon—the moon anchored in distant music? Were not the sudden twinklings seen in the distance the stars? Were not those shifting shadows clouds?

No; they were not. He and she were sitting together on the fourteenth green of the local golf course, the green which topped a bluff familiar to everyone. The yellow light had its origin in the local power plant, because what they saw were the lights of the park bandshell, below them only because they were on a bluff. The music was, in reality, the local band pres-

enting one of its infrequent concerts. The so-called stars were the headlights of automobiles, trucks, and busses which were continually passing over the highway that bounded one side of the park. At the foot of the bluff the trees, bowing to the breeze, merely appeared cloud-like.

He and she were talking about the stars—the real ones. Their words, their thoughts, their feelings were as high as high. That is why the physical world about them, when they were aware of it, had to assume ascending mimics in order to reach their plane of consciousness.