

dad sinks back. Well, they go on "lefting and righting," for some time. Often it is to the head, sometimes to the jaw or the nose. Eventually Galento totters, and my father smiles with smug satisfaction. You see, Joe has done it again!

"May I turn it off now," my mother ventures cautiously.

"Yes Beth. That was a damn good

fight. Joe used *real* strategy there in the second round. Can't keep him at the ropes long, can you?"

"No, I guess not," my mother sweetly agrees, wondering how the play was over WFBM.

"No, you *sure* can't," I pipe up enthusiastically. Pop is proud of me when I seem to bend "intellectually" toward prize fights.

## MUNITIONS WORKER

a little lesson in love and virtue  
a discourse between god and saint peter  
pertaining to the soul of a munitions maker.

BOB HARRIS

pete. i have a problem sir  
god. indeed  
pete. it is a very puzzling one sir  
god. so  
pete. if it weren't i wouldn't have called you  
god. yes  
pete. i have here sir a soul  
god. a soul? where  
pete. here sir in my hand  
god. ah yes i see it now  
pete. it is a very small soul sir—a soul that  
ordinarily i wouldn't pass but never-  
theless it is a soul sir—a very puzzling  
and to say the least annoying soul  
god. and what may i ask seems to be the  
trouble  
pete. i don't know sir whether i should pass  
him or not  
god. how many times must i tell you peter  
you have absolute control over these  
matters.  
pete. no wait sir! this is an unusual case  
god. yes go on. what is it  
pete. this soul is from a place called earth  
god. yes go on  
pete. he conducted a business there sir—a  
er—well—a—uh—a not very reputable  
business. he was—  
god. yes yes go on. what was his business

peter  
pete. he was a munitions maker  
god. a what  
pete. a munitions maker, sir. he made bul-  
lets for guns  
god. why  
pete. so he could sell them  
god. to whom  
pete. to the czechoslovakians  
god. and why did he sell them to the—why  
did he sell them to them  
pete. to kill the germans  
god. oh and why should he want to kill the  
germans  
pete. he didn't the czechoslovakians did  
god. very well peter. why did the—why  
did they want to kill the germans  
pete. because the germans were a very war-  
like people  
god. but who were selling the germans their  
bullets  
pete. the munitions maker sir  
god. i see  
pete. he wasn't showing any partiality. he  
wasn't taking sides sir. he was neutral  
wasn't he sir? what should i do  
god. you take that soul over to the gutter  
—the one that runs to hell peter  
pete. yes sir and then—  
god. peter drop him in