

suddenly sorry for him. The look on his face was empty.

"Uh — why'd you say you were going to L. A.?" the boy asked uneasily, probably because Paul had been staring at him.

The contours of the boy's face were like his father's. The contours of his face and of his mind. But it didn't matter. This boy and his father could look at the mountains and see only grey rocks.

Paul stood up and let his hand brush the boy's hair. He was so beautiful and young and strong. His hair was smooth and crisp. He was a handsome chap. He looked as Paul's father must have longed to look once. The high anticipation of going home was gone. It had been foolish. But three years was a long time.

"I'm going home," he said, "to see my father."

To The Margin

Joy HIGDON

The castle was a huge gray mass of stone, high on the hill. Once it had been the splendor and austerity of Tintagel, castle of King Arthur. Now, a bleak gray ruin, the splendor and awe-inspiring quality persisted.

She climbed the hill, struggling against the wind, which, jealously inhabited the castle alone. The mist, rising from the sea, clung to her face and saltly dampened her lips. The mist, as she gained the peak of the hill, engulfed her with the grayness of unreality. Breathlessly she climbed upon a parapet and settled her good British wool skirt about her knees. She could see the short stretch of the beach in the cove from where she sat. It was gray, as was the ominous sea. It was gray, as was the solid hill, the massive castle. Gray waves piled upon each other and impatiently rushed toward the shore, breaking whitely against the sand. High in the sullen sky, white winged sea gulls screeched and swooped down to eat of the tawny sea weed which, ruthlessly, the tempestuous

water had cast upon the shore. Upon the shoulders lining the beach sat the gulls, eating, looking with wild dignity upon the sea and upon each other. The girl stirred, and the salt in the wind stung her skin. She turned, and the grimness of the castle confronted her.

"King Arthur, King Arthur," she thought, "Brave, noble, cold King Arthur to live in a place like this. Riding down to Camelot. So all day long the noise of battle rolled, among the mountains by the winter sea.

When she turned to the beach again, two red Irish setters were running side by side stretching their long, graceful legs with untamed glee. Proudly they held their heads against the wind. It caught in their burnished hair, and the free swiftness of the wind and of the animals were one.

The girl narrowed her eyes, peering through the mist.

And a tall man, in gray, cold mail strode along the beach,