

Java's Last Night

RICHARD G. FINLEY

He might have been your neighbor, or your boyfriend, or just the fellow you see clattering along in a Model A Ford any place in the country where college boys take the gang home from football games. He might have been, but now he was no part of that former life.

Tonight the moon flooded the field with a brilliance known only in those far flung lands of the South Pacific, and there he stood. Behind him, dark and silent, stretched the shadow of a P-40.

His face, half turned from the moonlight, was void of emotion, and his eyes looked far away into a distance that could not be measured by miles, nor separated by oceans. The square, strong line of his chin was accentuated by a month growth of whiskers, which of late were becoming ragged. His shoulders drooped slightly and every line of his lean frame showed exhaustion. He was tired, desperately tired.

As he turned from his thoughts and moved mechanically toward his plane, the

moon caught full the twin bars of his captain's insignia and his silver wings over which reposed the star and wreath of a flight commander. His eyes, now alive, reflected not the sparkle of a game well played, and won, but the sharpness of a battle desperately waged against an inevitable end. Many things had passed before those eyes, and the weight of responsibility showed deeply in them as he met squarely those of each of the pilots who had by this time gathered at his plane for orders. None were in age more than a year younger than the flight commander himself, yet they listened respectfully and quietly to his last minute instructions.

With a steady hand he lighted his cigarette, and the glow revealed a face calm and passive, all signs of fatigue having fled. As I looked, a feeling of calmness overtook me, as I know it did those pilots gathered around him.

They followed him that night. They followed him to the end against a vastly superior enemy force. Somewhere, they follow him still.

The Quaint And Romantic City

JOSEPHINE HABOUSH

Ebony-skinned negroes bearing round baskets atop their kinky heads, easily balancing their loads of fruit and vegetables, make their way across the uneven stones of the old French quarter of New Orleans. Bright-hued sunbonnets, hiding the faces of dusky wearers, add color to

this quaint scene. The beauty and romance of this whole Latin quarter have made it a Mecca for travelers and a theme for stories.

This old French quarter is, in reality, a city within itself and is very little touched by the tide of industry which has made