

precious number seventeen stamp, she wanted to be sure she had made a wise choice. When at last she found a pair that was suitable for her and answered her very rigid requirements, she felt very proud of her cleverness in selection. It

gave her an exalted feeling of having done something really worthwhile; and I think she decided, then, that being a good American meant more to her than did having a wardrobe groaning with shoes.

## War In My Lifetime

JEANNE SUTTON

The war has been going on for almost two years now. Think of it! Two years of the worry, heartache, tears, last-minute smiles, last-time kisses, letters, day and night news broadcasts, furlough dates, rationing, last-minute shoe rush — a million things which happen to a girl only in war time.

A learned man once said of my generation that we had never known what it was to live in normal times. I think he's wrong. Our lives have been abnormal to our parents or our aunts and uncles, perhaps, but to us they are the only lives we have ever known, so naturally they are normal.

Do you understand what the girl of today is undergoing? Her male contemporaries have left their homes for training camps; her family life has been disrupted by the absence of a father or a dearly-beloved older brother; her mother is doing war work of some kind, perhaps working in a factory, or at the Service Men's Center. Generally speaking, her whole emotional life has been upset at the most important time of her existence. She is getting letters daily from the boys she used to date. Some letters urge marriage, and others merely

want a connecting link with home. She must watch not only her feelings when she writes back, but the feelings of the generally immature youth. His future life may be determined by the kind of support he receives while in service, and the girl of today must realize this.

Girls in every war have rolled bandages, sent boxes of food and clothing overseas, knitted sweaters and socks, entertained soldiers and sailors in their home towns, and we, of this generation, are no exception. But we have, it seems to me, an additional burden to carry. Most of us are trying to further our education. And to keep our minds on sociology and botany or chemistry and French, and at the same time try to forget what our sweethearts are doing on the battlefield is sometimes rather difficult. I'm not saying it can't be done. It will have to be done. Men who have been in the war and come safely home are going to have a fairly good idea of "what the score is". They won't want ignorant, unintelligent wives, no matter how beautiful they may be. So it is up to us, the girls of today, to become as much as possible like the ideals our husbands and sweethearts have set up for us.