

frames" the lookouts strained their eyes, but still no sign of our prey. Overhead the soft blue sky was dotted with fluffy, fleecy tufts of white clouds which stretched as far as the eye could see. The silence was interrupted only by the bow of the ship piercing its way through the sea. Suddenly, "smoke bearing 030." We immediately changed course towards the smoke. As if from nowhere the Captain appeared on the bridge. At last we had found what we were seeking — the tanker. What next? We closed the target. When we were in danger of being spotted, we submerged. Like a coiling snake preparing to strike we tracked the target. Soon we were within range, and soon we would know if our training had been in vain.

"Make ready the bow tubes," ordered the Captain. We did.

"Stand by one!"

"Fire one!"

"Stand by two!"

"Fire two!"

This continued until six torpedoes were off towards their mark. Will they miss? Then as if in answer to a prayer came a thunderous boom. Then another. We could relax now, we had two hits and the tanker, unescorted, was on her way to Davy Jones's locker. Another day, another ship. Now for the grand finale — the victory feast. This is where the cooks really shine. Later I went to bed, wondering — how long before the next? Will we be depth charged then? Will we be the victors again?

## A Typical Little Boy

ANNE SELLERS

Tumbling from a bright school bus, a tousled-headed boy shoots imaginary bandits as he gallops up the driveway and into the house. He illustrates the typical school boy of eight or nine returning from a day in school.

His pent up exuberance pours forth when he relates to his mother the events of the school world. He shyly describes an argument with a school mate, but enlarges upon the account if a flicker of interest is noted in the listener's eye. A coveted trinket is proudly withdrawn from a bulging pocket for exhibition. As he spys the ice-box, a growing hunger assails his stomach, and giving a slam to the door, he appears bearing the rudiments of a sandwich and a bottle of milk. After choking down the light lunch, he struggles

through the detested change of clothing.

An ear splitting shout marks his charge through the door in search of new adventure. He charts unknown seas on his apple tree deck sailing far beyond ordinary horizons.

When the maternal voice summons him to dinner, he becomes an ape swinging from limb to limb. His fondness for water is in the same category as that of a cat. He dabbles his grimy fingers in a few drops of water and emerges with a gray ring about his face; although, he is reprimanded when he runs the gauntlet of inspection. At dinner, his plate is amply filled with meat but leaving a small section for vegetables. These are swallowed intact. Teasing presents an amusing past-time at the dinner table; therefore, he reverts to facial

contortions to the annoyance of a brother or sister. If caught, he stoutly declares in a torrent of slang and bad grammar, "Aw, she's nuts, Mom, I ain't doin' nothin'."

He is inquisitive desiring a reason for

every action; however, by those questions, he formulates his ideas and thoughts.

The typical little boy is a mixture of laughter and tears, being thoughtless, and curiosity, but he is a loveable individual for all of his faults.

## Vignettes

The night was a tight black cap fitting over the earth.

from *Reverie on the Streetcar*  
by Janice Kiser.

After five years of basic training at home, I entered kindergarten, where I selected my life's vocation at a very early age.

from *Just Me*  
by Catherine Morris.

In the long run, Marlee is just a typical teen-ager; cokes, sloppy sweaters, Van Johnson, comics, Kilroy was here, hot fudge sundaes, snowball fights, plaid shirts, and pigtails.

from *Beloved Possession*  
by Virginia Eileen Rodman.

Their clothing ranged from something to nothing.

from *Fijan Hospitality*  
by J. L. Bennett.

Words are so inadequate in capturing the dream that was childhood.

from *My Life—So Far*  
by Helen Drees.

Among other horrors of snow are temporary blindness, frozen portions of the anatomy, and other parts of oneself bruised from attempting the fairly simple

task of walking. Yes, nature laid a heavy hand on the brow of man when forming winter rain into grotesque, six-sided figures, which pile up enmasse and complicate the lives of all who have contact with them.

from *Snow is For the Penguins*  
by Debbie McDougall.

My attendance at school was never very good; I would miss as many days as I would attend. If I had not been a good student, and father a good friend of the city school superintendent, I would still be in grade school.

from *School Days*  
by Timothy W. Jones.

The empty mail box confronted her when she entered the apartment house. Slowly, wearily she climbed the stairs. A cheerless apartment greeted her as she swung open the door. It looked so un-lived in, so cold and artificial! Quickly she went about turning on soft, shaded lamps and plumping up pillows, then pressing them flat to look as though someone had sat there just a moment ago.

from *One Among Many*  
by Janice Kiser.