

being chased by yapping dogs. The delicious smells of cooking spice the air. The chugs of Model T engines denote the return of the farmers. Oblong shadows play across the lawns from which locusts begin their constant hum.

Later, when the sun drops from sight,

cool air replaces the hot. Hand in hand, young couples stroll toward the Square. The roar of automobiles on the highway in the distance is a reminder of an outside world—a changing world. But here, amid peace and tranquility, the outside world seems far away.

## Island Magnificent

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The smooth, turquoise waves of the Pacific come speeding up the even coral runways and fling themselves, as if filled with exhaustion, on the glistening white sands of the beach. Graceful palm trees, pregnant with coconuts, stride down to the water's edge and cast their shadowy silhouettes on the blue glass of the lagoon.

Despite its proximity to the equator, cool breezes as soothing as a mother's hand, caress the island night and day. At two o'clock every afternoon jellyfish come floating up from the ocean floor and for two hours their pink, conical umbrellas fleck the surface of the lagoon. At four o'clock, these medusae return to their subterranean abode as mysteriously as they came.

An airborne observer looking down is

startled by the beauty of the isle's contrasting colors. The vivid green of the foliage, against the virgin white of the sand, makes him think that perhaps Sinbad's Roc dropped a gigantic emerald on this patch of white while flying over. The lagoon, filled with water far bluer than the azure skies overhead, forms a perfect backdrop for this display of tropical grandeur.

This is the atoll of Myrna in the Marshall Islands, a simmering Eden, whose luster defies description, sending out its glory in a profusion of colors. Even the impersonal machines of war, which have laid bare the other isles of this group, have passed it by as if even Mars lacked the audacity to ravish its almost unearthly beauty.