

sense than the two of us. She'll make her way."

Katy stood silently in the darkened parlor and heard Dannie's words. She grinned a little—the ghost of the old Dublin grin, the first she'd grinned since stepping

foot in New York. The rumble and smell of the city was outside, and inside was poverty and dirt. Someplace in the darkness, though, was hope and ambition. Katy knew it was there, felt it there. Katy knew old Dan was right. She'd make her way.

## Carved In Stone

ROBERT HULCE

THE small, green table stood in a corner of the makeshift dugout. A shaded lantern spread its dim light through the silent shadows, its small blades of dull shine reaching across the interior of the Command Post. Old cigarette butts and long-gray ashes claimed their place upon the sodden earth floor.

The first sergeant hunched calmly against the far wall in the darkness. The single glow of a cigarette arched back and forth as the dry sound of exhaled smoke made its play upon the stillness. Leaning across the table in the flickering light, phones clamped to his ears, the swift accurate fingers of the Blotting Board Corporal moved over his board making notations and adjustments.

Through gaping holes and tears in the canvas over their heads, the two silent men could see the bright luminous spray of flares which had found them—flares strung across the sky in street-lamp fashion. The solid, ominous drone of aircraft permeated the little stillness. Outside, the sharp voices of men at their stations cut through the silence—two hundred from the southeast unidentified. The night marauders had found their target.

Relentlessly the thundering boom of bombs vibrated along the ground like earthquakes. Everything in the small shack

shook with the onrush of sound. The shrill, unforgettable whine of the bomb's descent knifed the Broadway-lit scene. Times Square in Hell. This is it. I took a drag on my cigarette and smiled at Durham as we huddled together beneath the small, green table in the corner of the dugout in the middle of the night.

It was over. The fighting was over, but where was the complete exhilaration, the happy heady state of joy which was to follow this moment thirty-eight solid months ago. Nothing had happened. I sat down on a sandbag and looked out over a hazy, lazy valley, abundantly green, a wide stretch of water cutting through its center, a silver strand in the sunlight.

A reconnaissance plane followed the course of the stream in the immediate distance, the steady drone of its motor the only sound in all of that vastness. Everything else was shut out. My back was to the battery which seemed as it was not. The guns were still. Every man had stopped as if he were an image on a photograph, colorless and gray, yet ready to move in an instant if necessary. This still state lasted for no more than a part of a moment, yet it was of duration long enough to register every particle of that scene as if it were carved in stone forever.