quiet and effective work by a militant church.

Rat was not sure he liked the news about Italy, but he picked up one of the magazines he had skipped in his hurry. This was more like he expected. Now he was recognizing the pattern again. Bogota. Rat saw it all, he thought. While the democracies were busy in Russia's continent, she had been busy in theirs. Playing in each other's back yard, were they? This was fine, just fine. Rat licked his lips and hurried on. The Finnish treaty, bases in Greenland, a collision in the air in the Arctic regions. In his haste his claws cut deep slashes in the pages. Russian air power, American production, air mileage from Bogota to Panama, Los Alamos might.

The brilliant and revealing rays of the sun fell on Rat surrounded by torn and bruised pages of history. Quiet and still, he studied the wreckage intently, and his tail twitched spasmodically like that of a cat watching a bird almost within reach. He was already rehearsing the speech he would make at noon today, underground, of course, in Rat Hall by the River: "Young Rats, organize! The time has come—";

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**TIME! TIME!**

Time! Time!
Fleeting stuff of life.
Purest
gold,
Vainest
dross.
Each bit of you
becomes my loss
And of this loss
eternity is
made.

---ANNE MCDONNELL---

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