dad sinks back. Well, they go on “lefting and righting,” for some time. Often it is to the head, sometimes to the jaw or the nose. Eventually Galento totters, and my father smiles with smug satisfaction. You see, Joe has done it again!

“May I turn it off now,” my mother ventures cautiously.

“Yes Beth. That was a damn good fight. Joe used real strategy there in the second round. Can’t keep him at the ropes long, can you?”

“No, I guess not,” my mother sweetly agrees, wondering how the play was over WFBM.

“No, you sure can’t,” I pipe up enthusiastically. Pop is proud of me when I seem to bend “intellectually” toward prize fights.

MUNITIONS WORKER

a little lesson in love and virtue
a discourse between god and saint pete pertaining to the soul of a munitions maker.

Bob Harris

pete. i have a problem sir
god. indeed
pete. it is a very puzzling one sir
god. so
pete. if it weren’t i wouldn’t have called you
god. yes
pete. i have here sir a soul
god. a soul? where
pete. here sir in my hand
god. ah yes i see it now
pete. it is a very small soul sir—a soul that ordinarily i wouldn’t pass but nevertheless it is a soul sir—a very puzzling and to say the least annoying soul
god. and what may i ask seems to be the trouble
pete. i don’t know sir whether i should pass him or not
god. how many times must i tell you pete you have absolute control over these matters.
pete. no wait sir! this is an unusual case
god. yes go on. what is it
pete. this soul is from a place called earth
god. yes go on
pete. he conducted a business there sir—aer—well—a—uh—a not very reputable business. he was—
god. yes yes go on. what was his business

pete. he was a munitions maker
god. a what
pete. a munitions maker, sir. he made bullets for guns
god. why
pete. so he could sell them
god. to whom
pete. to the czechoslovakians
god. and why did he sell them to the—why did he sell them to them
pete. to kill the germans
god. oh and why should he want to kill the germans
pete. he didn’t the czechoslovakians did god. very well pete. why did the—why did they want to kill the germans
pete. because the germans were a very war-like people
god. but who were selling the germans their bullets
pete. the munitions maker sir
god. i see
pete. he wasn’t showing any partiality. he wasn’t taking sides sir. he was neutral wasn’t he sir? what should i do
god. you take that soul over to the gutter—the one that runs to hell pete
pete. yes sir and then—
god. pete drop him in