being chased by yapping dogs. The delicio-
ous 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

Ed Lewis

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 sil-
houettes 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 float-
ing 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 contrast-
ing colors. The vivid green of the foliage,
against the virgin white of the sand, makes
him think that perhaps Sinbad's Roc drop-
ped 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 Mar-
shall 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.