

The Two Companions

(Continued From Page Three)

The wind whistled around the two of them as he said this, and they both shivered.

"I see what you mean," muttered the younger man. "That cold wind on such a hot day is enough to give anyone the creeps."

They reached the inn as the blood-red sun settled onto the horizon. It was situated in the suburbs of the city and on the main highway into the city. It was, therefore, filled with travellers and people who were spending only a short time in the city. The two companions entered and, after securing their rooms, went together into the large dining room to eat. The noisy, good-natured crowd in the room was enough to drive all the fears from the man in brown, but not from that of the older man, who said glumly, "I still wish I hadn't come."

His travelling companion said nothing, but, having finished his meagre repast, rose and joined a group of soldiers, who were singing songs, both patriotic and otherwise, in one corner of the room. The soldiers accepted him without question and he joined in their songs with patriotic fervour.

The old man sat staring at the fire. In it, he imagined he saw enemy bombers and soldiers coming from the sky to attack his country. He saw his home and small shed, that he liked to call a barn, burned to the ground and the same invincible enemy. He saw his wife beaten and his fields tramped under the feet of the foreign invaders. He saw himself fighting a tall soldier who finally beat him to the ground. He saw city after city of his great country destroyed. He saw . . .

"Wake up!" This command brought the old man staggering to his feet, but his mind was groping for that last picture he had seen in the flames. City after city destroyed and then what? What was that final picture that had given him a feeling of being lost? He must remember . . .

"You'll never regain your youth that way, old fellow," laughed the man in brown. "Guess I sort of surprised you, didn't I? Sorry, but come on and join the party."

The old man followed him and joined, as much as possible, in the joyful throng of soldiers and civilians that had taken over the dining and drinking room of the inn. His mind, however, drifted continually back to the last picture. "City after city destroyed but what was the next picture? What was the next picture?"

The evening passed quickly and, as the two friends made their way to the room they were to share for the night, the younger asked, "Did you enjoy yourself tonight?"

"Quite well, thanks," replied the other, staring moodily at the carpeted stairs.

"You don't expect me to believe that, do you?" demanded his companion. "You've had something on your mind all even-

ing. Not still worried about the war, are you? Didn't you hear the news tonight? Our armies seem to be doing well. Now, stop worrying."

"I'll try," the old man said, sighing.

The two men lost no time in getting to bed. The younger fell asleep almost at once, but the elder tossed and turned, and when he finally got to sleep, he was tortured by dreams of war which woke him time and time again in a cold sweat. He continued to ask himself, as if in a delirium, "What was the next picture?" To him the night seemed an eternity. "Will morning never come?" he thought. "What was the next picture?" It wasn't until the sun had raised itself above the eastern horizon that the old man sank into a deep, untroubled sleep.

Not long afterwards, as an old clock somewhere struck seven, both men were awakened by the eerie wail of an air raid siren. The old man was on his feet in an instant and both were soon dressed. They galloped down the rickety stairs into the air raid shelter. There they sat side by side, quiet, listening for the sound of bombs falling on the city above. All remained silent, however, until the friendly sound of the all-clear blowing reached their ears one hour later.

"Our fighters probably chased them off," said the man in brown, cheerfully. "We'll go to the market place and get our supplies now, if you agree. We can get something to eat there."

The old man nodded and followed listlessly. His whole being cried out from within him to turn back, but his native stubbornness overcame the feeling. They walked farther into the city, neither breaking the silence, neither lifting his eyes from the ground. In about ten minutes they reached the top of a knoll that overlooked the winding river. On the other side stood their goal, the market place. They stopped for a moment to catch their breath. The old man suddenly lifted his head as the dull roar of airplane engines reached his ears. A silver glint of the sun's reflection on the aircraft's wings caught his eye and he cried out, "This is it, this is the last pic . . ."

His words were cut off as a deafening roar filled the air coupled with a blinding flash of white light. Both men fell to the ground as if hit by some invisible hand. They lay there as a great mushroom-like cloud of dust and debris rose over them and over the devastated city of Hiroshima.

The End

Last Week's Games

Friday, January 17—Faculty vs. Alexander College: Score: Alexander 47, Faculty 14.

Scores: Alexander: Duval, Wetmore 4, Smith 19, Murphy 14, True-land, Andrews 2, Murchison 8; Faculty: H. Ryan 8, McLaughlin 6, Batey, Skolko, Pringle Stewart, Langmaid.

Saturday, January 18: Alexander vs. F. H. S.: Score: Alexander 34, F. H. S. 18.

Scores: Alexander: Smith 12, D. Murphy 15, Capt. Murphy 3, True-land 2, Andrews 2, Gannon; F. H. S.: K. Clarke 2, Miller 4, J. Grant 1, Manzer 2, P. Grant 1, B. Glass 8.

Saturday, January 18: Jr. Varsity vs. McAdam C. P. R.: Score: Jr. Varsity 39, McAdam 29.

Scores: Jr. Varsity: J. Gibson 8, Donald 4, Wylie 11, Cumings, Blackmer, Davidson 7, J. King, Church 1, Atkinson, John Gibson 10, Curtis, Whittingham; McAdam: Crotty 6, Moffitt 11, Arsenault 8, Sower 4, Swan, Piercy, Rider.

Saturday, January 18: U. N. B. Coeds vs. City: Score: City 23, U. N. B. 22.

Scores: U. N. B.: MacLagan 4, Kinzie 6, Harquail 8, Long 4, Quinn, Kolding, Ritchie, Benisto, Wylie, Wade, Moores, MacKenzie, MacKay, Barker, Vall; City: Grey 6, Fisher 7, Horsnell 19, P. Eorsnell, Ritchie, Chase, Patterson.

Saturday, January 18: U. N. B. at Presqu' Ile: Score: Presqu' Ile 59, U. N. B. 57.

Scores: U. N. B.: Demers 22, Tomny, Garland 6, Jardine 3, Garner 7, Smith, Stohart 15, Hanson, Campbell 4; Presqu' Ile: Beckwith 4, Strong 13, Hallett 12, Rafford 12, Brewer, McLaughlin, Lush 4, Fowler, Dick 6.

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