

HENRY OF NAVARRE, OHIO

them. Letters from Roberta had repeatedly assured them that Navarre was favorably inclined, but Roberta was known to be optimistic and Henry was correspondingly depressed. He could see only one solution to the problem, and that was simply that Navarre had forgotten him. When he had spent the summer of his Junior year at home he had been an all-American right tackle and a hero; but now that his name was elided from the sporting pages of the newspapers he returned a stranger. So it was with the heroes of the war; who remembers now who was first in the surf at Baiquiri? Navarre had forgotten!

A well-known landmark goaded his memory, and he pointed out the Fair Grounds to Alice. The circus-poster on the Agricultural Hall were the same as when he had last looked to see them.

"Four miles more," he said with assumed cheerfulness. "We'd better get our things together."

"Is it far to the house — after we get there?"