

the ships in the harbor. Patrokus, the friend of Achilles, was killed in hand to hand combat with Hector. This fact aroused Achilles from his sullen indifference, and, re-entering the battle, he slew Hector and sated his revenge upon the dead body. But the fate of Achilles, prophesied long ago in the land of Sparta, was about to be fulfilled. After routing the Trojan army and pursuing it into the city, he was smitten by an arrow from the bow of Paris. Thus perished the greatest of the Greek heroes.

It had been declared by the oracle that Troy should not fall until the Palladium, a statue given to the Trojans by Zeus himself, had been removed from the citadel. This deed was accomplished by Odysseus who, in the guise of a beggar, passed unnoticed into the town and conveyed the image to the Greeks by stealth.

After a siege of ten years, the Greeks devised a plan whereby the city could be captured. A mighty wooden horse was built upon the plains of Troy, and soldiers were concealed within its depths. The remaining Greeks then sailed away. The unsuspecting Trojans, perceiving the Greeks had gone, hauled the horse within the walls. As darkness fell over the town, the Greeks crept silently down the sides of the great beast and fell upon the inhabitants who were feasting and rejoicing after the siege. Troy fell in armed carnage and slaughter. The city and the temples were utterly destroyed and the defeated population was led into slavery by the victorious Greeks.

— MARJORIE POWER, '47.

THE INCRIMINATING DETAIL

"Hey, Al! Did you hear about old Fisher being robbed last night? They've got young George Saunders locked up. Caught him dead to rights, I guess, but didn't find any of the loot. I always thought that boy would come to no good. He should get a couple of years for it."

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"Oh, good morning, Mrs. Gallagher. Isn't it just too awful about poor old Mr. Fisher being robbed last night? Him so defenceless and all. And that terrible, terrible Saunders boy. Why, they say he even fired a shot at the old man, oh, isn't it just too, too . . ."

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Yes, there was a great amount of chatter around the little town of Newvale on this particular Tuesday morning. Men were clustered on corners, women were leaning out windows and over back fences, and everywhere the subject of discussion was the same—the robbery of old Sam

Fisher's tobacco shop on Market St. In a larger town than Newvale such an event would probably not rate even a corner of the front page, but in Newvale it was headline news. There were reasons why this was so. First of all Newvale was a very peaceful spot. Most of its citizens had lived there all their lives and were not addicted to anything of a criminal nature. Nor was there anything in the little town to tempt the outside racketeer. Such was the situation, and so even a small robbery was considered a very heinous crime, and swift and severe justice would inevitably be meted out to the miscreant. The popularity of old Sam Fisher and his little shop made this particular robbery even more a thing to be talked about. Old Sam's shop was a combination of tobacco shop, soda fountain, and miniature drug store. He stayed open when every other place was closed. So, if dad suddenly found himself out of cigars, if mother had a headache and no aspirin, or if you craved a drink of malted milk, whether early in the morning or late at night, Sunday, holiday, or otherwise, you had just to run down to Sam's.

Now if you had happened to be in Newvale on this particular morning, if you could have listened to the excited chatter of many voices of boys, if you could have found an unprejudiced man and got the story from him, or if you could have sifted truth from the exaggerations of the women-folk, you could have gleaned the facts of the story. If, however, you had talked with Chief of Police Merrill Davies you would have got the story more concisely and much more quickly. He would have told you something like this: "Yes, old Sam Fisher was robbed last night at about 11.15 p.m. He and his grandson, Art Crane, who is on his vacation from college, were alone in the shop shortly after 11 o'clock. Crane went around the corner to the old man's house for something and while he was away an armed man wearing an overcoat and hat came in and took what cash was in the register. It amounted to somewhere around three hundred dollars. The grandson says that on his return from the house he met the man wearing the overcoat and hat and he positively identifies him as George Saunders, a young man who lives in a small house on the east side with his mother. I have George in a cell now and I guess that clears the whole thing up. But no matter how hard we try we cannot make George give in that he did it. I have no doubt that he is guilty, though. He and his mother are extremely poor and I suppose he just thought he'd get some quick and easy money."

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When his grandson had left the shop the old man had been steaming dishes from the fountain. He had taken off

his glasses and laid them away so they would not get steamed up. His eyesight without his glasses left much to be desired; so when the door opened and a figure came towards him he thought it was Art until the man was at his side. He then looked up and saw the gun in his hand and the mask which concealed his features. He wore a hat pulled down low and an overcoat with the collar turned up, and was a very strange-looking character on this warm night in July.

"What do you want?" queried the old man, with a quiver of consternation rather than fear in his voice.

"The money in the register, and quickly", said the other in a voice that was obviously altered.

The old man knew it would be useless to hesitate. Furthermore, he feared that his grandson, who was an impulsive lad, might attack the gunman and come to harm if he returned before the robber had departed, so he quickly cleaned out the till and handed over the cash. The other mumbled something, shoved the money in the pocket of his overcoat, and hurried out. A couple of minutes later Art came in to find his grandfather leaning on the cash register with a discouraged look on his face.

"What's up, Grandad?" he asked in an excited tone. "You look as if you had a terrible shock or something. What is it?"

Then he saw the empty till of the cash register and looked up at the old man, who nodded slowly and said: "We have just been robbed, son. There was about three hundred dollars in that till. A fellow just now came in here with a gun and took it all. I couldn't stop him. That was part of the money for your tuition next year at Metropolitan University. Now . . ."

"Don't let that part of it worry you, grandad. I wasn't fussy about going to Metropolitan anyway. But three hundred dollars! What did the rat look like?"

"I didn't have my glasses on, son, but I noticed he was wearing an overcoat and hat, and he . . ."

"Why that's the fellow I met going around the corner. It was George Saunders. I wondered what he was doing in that getup. Don't worry, pop, he won't get far. Did you call the police yet? That dirty . . ."

"No, I didn't. The excitement . . ."

Art was already getting in touch with Chief Davies and telling him the story in a surprisingly calm tone.

"Yes, Chief, just a few minutes . . ."

George Saunders had been picked up at his home by Chief Davies about 11.30 p.m. He and his mother were playing Cribbage when the Chief arrived. When the Chief told him what it was about he denied it calmly and said he had been playing cards with his mother all evening. His mother supported his statement and became almost hysterical in her insistence that George would never do such a thing as steal.

"Why do you think it was me?" George wanted to know.

Davies then told him that Art Crane had recognized him. At this George flew into a rage of indignation, but was hurried into the waiting squad car in spite of his protestations. The Chief took him down to the station and locked him up. The next morning the little town was alive and humming with the news. George was formerly charged and his trial was set for the following Saturday. The people waited in anticipation, for a trial such as this was of far more interest in the small town than a murder trial would be in a larger city. The little town, however, which had a very clean sheet as far as crime was concerned, had a very dirty one indeed as far as gossips were concerned, and as the day of the trial grew closer the stories against George Saunders grew more and more terrible.

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On Friday evening, just as he was about to leave the station and go home to supper, Chief Davies was surprised to see Sam Fisher coming in. He noticed how haggard the old man looked. He thought the affair must have taken quite a lot out of him, for he had heard nothing from him since the actual night of the crime and very little then. The grandson, on the other hand, had been in several times and had repeated his evidence about having recognized George Saunders. By this time Davies was convinced of Saunders' guilt, and so the first remark of the shopkeeper, after they had passed the time of day, was rather a surprise to him.

"I'm afraid I'll have to ask you to release George Saunders, Chief. I am withdrawing all charges against him. I know now, and I knew Monday night, that it was not him who took my money. You see, I think it was my own grandson and I have finally decided that he must be punished for it. To think that I thought so much . . ."

"Why do you say this? You must have a reason, something which makes you sure?" the Chief asked.

The old man was calmer now. "When I was robbed I did not have my glasses on, but by a glitter of light I know the hold-up man was wearing a ring on his left hand. George Saunders never wore a ring for the simple reason that he

couldn't buy one. This is how I know it was not him. As for it being my grandson, I am only morally certain. He wears a ring on his left hand and I have been watching him since that night. He seems very much changed. And furthermore, when it was not George Saunders, why should he say he had recognized him if not to divert suspicion from himself?"

The Chief picked up the phone and asked for young Crane to be brought in. As he did so the old man slowly made his way out of the office. He walked dejectedly, as a man whose most cherished ideal has been shattered.

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Young Crane, put to strenuous questioning and confronted with the evidence of his grandfather, finally broke down and admitted his guilt. He had had a fight with Saunders a week or so before, but he would not disclose the cause of this, nor would Saunders. It was obvious, however, that their reasons for not disclosing it were different — Crane from shame, Saunders from charity. Crane had planned the robbery for some time and here was a chance to get back at Saunders and get the money too. He knew that his grandfather did not have his glasses on, and so would not recognize him with a little disguise, but he forgot that little detail, the one that hinders every criminal from perpetrating the perfect crime. In this case it was only a ring, but it was enough to point the finger of guilt unmistakably in the right direction.

So once again, as in most dealings which are not upright, the culprit was found out and received his just punishment. Due to the feeling about such things in Newvale the judge gave the maximum sentence and Arthur Crane spent some of the best years of his life in prison for making the mistake of thinking, even for a short time, that crime can be made to pay. He found out that it pays only in torment which leads to repentance or bitterness.

— EVERETT CAMERON, '46.

MES PREMIERES IMPRESSIONS A SAINT DUNSTAN'S

Cinq minutes après que le conducteur eut crié "Saint Dunstan's", la locomotive fit entendre son cri strident et parvint à s'arrêter avec son long convoi, après deux ou trois soubresauts. J'étais rendu à Saint Dunstan's.

Mon nouvel Alma Mater me plut tout de suite avec son paysage pittoresque, et l'accueil bienveillant que nous firent