

BOMB SHY.

The long day was over, and as the sun sank lower and lower behind the feathered clouds, I thought of children in this and other lands--just what they would do this Christmas.

I was aroused from my musings by a picture of little Betti Malek with a small doll in her arms. Shy and bewildered, she was waiting for assignment to a new home after Antwerp fell when the Nazis invaded Belgium. She seemed so tired and lonely that I was almost afraid to engage ~~her~~ in conversation, even in imagination, this tiny human flotsam made so by war that bellies across the land and leaves his victims, if he leaves them at all, homeless, tired and spent.