

City Sketch Book

6. Home Is the Soldier



CERTAINLY there is no place like home. Home is the soldier, home from the field, and unhappy are we if we do not do our share to make flesh the word that carried him across barbed wire and shell hole, and through the stern period of re-education back to the fundamentals of his people's genius and heritage. The soldier can never be truly home unless we who have remained home have known and know how to keep the fires burning in keeping with the burden of his sacrifice in the battlefield. Some people think that they are doing it by idling on the fence and assuming the double expression of Janus, their primary concern for the security of their skins degenerating into the tragic pathology of a complex. We leave them to their unhappy position and take up with our tomorrow that burns before us like a flame.