

students started to move some muck but they were called back. They had not realized how dangerous this was.

It was still early when the party got back to the Village. Bill took his car and drove along to his father's farm. It was falling to ruin. He walked through the yard and entered the house. He did not find much that reminded him of his youth. Obviously somebody had occupied the farm and remodelled it after Bill's family left.

Bill drove to the Village and found the cabin he once built for himself and his girl. The windows were boarded over and high weeds grew in the yard, but the cabin had not suffered from time as badly as the surrounding houses. Finding the door locked, Bill was about to leave, when he heard a voice behind him – "Do you want to rent this house?" An attractive young woman was smiling at him and holding an old fashioned key.

"Do you want to see inside?" she said. She opened the door – "I haven't any time now, I have to go. Keep the key and hang it there when you are through".

She gave him the key and walked away, across the street and through the door of the Grand Hotel at the end of the block.



Bill entered the cabin. Everything was dusty but he found things as he had left them. It was surprising that after so many years, nothing was removed. Bill sat at the table looking around recalling the days of his happiness. The invisible presence of his sweetheart bewitched him and he forgot the insult, he forgot his bitterness; he was happy again.

It was late when Bill came out of the cabin. John and the students were waiting for him for supper. Bill told them of his visit to the farm and to the cabin, and the surprising difference in decay.

"Who owns that cabin?" He asked the waitress. She did not know, but she knew the cabin he meant.

"Ask at the garage" She said, "They are old-timers".