Zeitschrift: Der Kreis: eine Monatsschrift = Le Cercle: revue mensuelle

Band: 21 (1953)

Heft: 9

Artikel: True Friendship

Autor: [s.n.]

DOI: https://doi.org/10.5169/seals-569995

Nutzungsbedingungen

Die ETH-Bibliothek ist die Anbieterin der digitalisierten Zeitschriften auf E-Periodica. Sie besitzt keine Urheberrechte an den Zeitschriften und ist nicht verantwortlich für deren Inhalte. Die Rechte liegen in der Regel bei den Herausgebern beziehungsweise den externen Rechteinhabern. Das Veröffentlichen von Bildern in Print- und Online-Publikationen sowie auf Social Media-Kanälen oder Webseiten ist nur mit vorheriger Genehmigung der Rechteinhaber erlaubt. Mehr erfahren

Conditions d'utilisation

L'ETH Library est le fournisseur des revues numérisées. Elle ne détient aucun droit d'auteur sur les revues et n'est pas responsable de leur contenu. En règle générale, les droits sont détenus par les éditeurs ou les détenteurs de droits externes. La reproduction d'images dans des publications imprimées ou en ligne ainsi que sur des canaux de médias sociaux ou des sites web n'est autorisée qu'avec l'accord préalable des détenteurs des droits. En savoir plus

Terms of use

The ETH Library is the provider of the digitised journals. It does not own any copyrights to the journals and is not responsible for their content. The rights usually lie with the publishers or the external rights holders. Publishing images in print and online publications, as well as on social media channels or websites, is only permitted with the prior consent of the rights holders. Find out more

Download PDF: 09.12.2025

ETH-Bibliothek Zürich, E-Periodica, https://www.e-periodica.ch

With an effort La Cava broke from the soldier's embrace. His mouth searched for the soldier's ear. His fingers grasped the tight, kinky hair. He kissed the neck. The shoulders. Now his mouth worked downward, past the muscular breasts, over the panting abdomen, and came to rest on the warm, bony thighs. He could feel the soldier quiver in response.

«Chick, Chick!» he murmured. «I love you.» Lieutenant La Cava trembled as the soldier's strong, lean fingers caressed his face and hair.

The soldier awoke with a start. He looked at the watch. One-thirty. His head was still groggy from wine. He felt a weight upon his chest. It was the Lieutenant's arm. Chick stared at it strangely. He eased himself from under the officer's arm and arose. He stood silently at the head of the bed, a strained, numbed expression distorting his face, and watched Lieutenant La Cava sleep. Only when he began shivering in the coldness of the room did Chick move. He pulled a blanket and pillow from the bed and lay down on the wooden floor.

Published by Greenberg, New York.

True Friendship

'Tis hard to find in life A friend, a bow, a wife, Strong, supple to endure, In stock and sinew pure, In time of danger sure.

False friends are common. Yes, but where True nature links a friendly pair, The blessing is as rich as rare.

To bitter ends You trust true friends, Not wife nor mother, Not son nor brother.

No long experience alloys
True friendship's sweet and supple joys;
No evil men can steal the treasure;
'Tis death, death only, sets a measure.

from the Panchatantra (Sanskrit, B. C.)