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## Belles Lettres, 1946

Eastern Kentucky University, The Canterbury Club

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# Belles Lettres



1946

# Belles Lettres

An annual anthology of student writing sponsored and published by the  
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VOLUME TWELVE

NINETEEN FORTY-SIX

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## FOREWORD

Basing the selections on standards previously set, we, the editors, present this, the twelfth annual volume of *Belles Lettres*.

## DEATH

Eugene Tolson

When I fade far into the misty night  
And take my place within the crimson ring,  
I will not clutch for some despairing hope  
To leave behind when I become a name.

There will not be a chain of love to break,  
No one to moan my premature decay,  
No flower to brighten up the sod  
Above a shapeless clab of mouldering clay.

Thus I would wish my end to be  
No awkward words or loud disturbing cry,  
But in silence (with a low and mournful wind)  
When I must die.

I only sojourned for a fleeting breath  
And saw beside my path a mountain rose,  
I paused in deepest reverence as I thought  
How strong and straight it grows.

---

## THREE THINGS TO KEEP A NATION FREE

Bert Lana

I know three things must always be  
To keep a nation strong and free.  
One is a hearth stone, bright and dear,  
With busy, happy loved ones near.  
One is a ready heart and hand  
To love, and serve, and keep the land.  
One is a worn and beaten way  
To where the people go to pray.  
So long as these are kept alive,  
Nation and people will survive.  
God, keep them always, everywhere,  
The hearth, the flag, the place of prayer.

## LAST NIGHT I TALKED TO YO-YO

Jim Litsey

Last night I had a long talk with Yo-Yo. Having never heard of Yo-Yo, quite naturally you are wondering what or whom I am talking about. Yo-Yo was born in Sonorra, New Mexico, where he was baptised Jose Gonzales. To us he was simply Yo-Yo. Yo-Yo was of Mexican ancestry, but he proudly proclaimed that he was a citizen of the United States. Oddly enough, I felt as if Yo-Yo was more deserving of the name American than any other fellow in the company, including myself. Many of us took our American heritage and citizenship for granted. Yo-Yo didn't. Yo-Yo felt that he owed his nation something for the privilege of being one of its citizens.

Yo-Yo and I went overseas together and fought side by side with the 86th Mountain Infantry Regiment. Living together for twenty-four hours a day, Yo-Yo and I knew one another's habits, thoughts, feelings, and post-war ambitions. I could confide my troubles to Yo-Yo and he often revealed his to me. Although some people are not cognizant of the fact, and I was unaware of it at the time, the intimate banding together of men for long periods of time under trying conditions and their great dependence on each other leaves many with a feeling of closeness to other men. Sometime later, when Yo-Yo was killed, I realized that he had meant more to me than I believed.

The message from the War Department read something like this. "The War Department regrets to inform you that your son, PRIVATE JOSE GOLZALES, 37134110, was killed in action on the night of 5 April, 1945, at San Lorenzo, Italy, while operating with a routine patrol on Highway 65."

Today Yo-Yo is buried in United States Fifth Army Cemetery number 37. His resting place is marked by a little white cross on which is tacked his "dog tag," bearing his name and Army serial number.

Several times I have thought of Yo-Yo, but last night I talked to him. I should say Yo-Yo talked to me.

"Jim," he said, "what's the matter? What's going on in the world? Didn't the war settle things, or did it only confuse them even more?" He made a familiar gesture with his hand and continued. "Jim, you once told me about the things you were fighting for. What has happened to all of the ideals we once fought side by side for? The ones that I gave my life for? I would gladly do it all again,

even die again, if I was certain that the American way of life as we once knew it would survive."

I tried to speak but he continued.

"Why, oh, why can't the world get along? Must there always be trouble? Must there always be people stirring up trouble and looking for quarrels? It ain't fair, Jim! The world has peace again and they don't appreciate it. The United States won and got off easy, but they are messing up the detail just like the rest! They're too complacent—that's what—too smug. They won the war and now they are taking a siesta! It's just like I always said, Jim; if you snooze, you lose, and the world's sound asleep! The war we fought was supposedly to liberate the world. Now what are they up to—divide and conquer? It's up to you, Jim, and the rest of the right thinking people. Stop all this bickering and quarreling. Exert as much effort to keep peace as was expended in winning the war. Make lasting world peace a reality and war an impossibility! I have done all I can, Jim. It's up to you now.

"Well, so long, Jim. Don't forget Yo-Yo."

---

## DESPAIR

Eugene Tolson

When I survey the little that I know,  
A speck of knowledge on the world's broad face,  
I blush with shame—I recede into myself,  
A retarded member of a slowly moving race.

Much have I thought—much have I dreamed.  
I dared to dream a dream serenely fair;  
And all the while my life grew stale and lean  
And groped the winding alleys of despair.

Thus I grow—I grow in years alone,  
A frightened and a sorrow-ridden ghost,  
A ghost of all I ever longed to be,  
Of what I am—a thing forever lost.

All hope is gone! An empty space!  
But yet I hold a wealth in memory,  
For I met Esther on a long and lonely street;  
She paused and I can swear she smiled at me.



## SHE GOT HER MAN

Herbert Searcy

Miss Matilda lived alone in the old Perkins house on the top of Sycamore Hill. In their day, the Perkinses had owned practically all of the property in the village of Hardinville. Old Tom Perkins had died last year after having been in the care of Miss Matilda for twenty years. Being a dutiful father, he had left Matilda the old house in which she lived and all of his remaining savings—a few thousand dollars.

Now at the age of fifty, Miss Matilda was alone. She had a few friends. Persons she had known as a girl had either died or moved to the city. Hardinville no longer belonged to the Perkins family; defense factories now attracted hundreds of strangers to the once peaceful village.

The old house was going to ruin. Miss Matilda couldn't afford to repair the plumbing, install a new electric system, or paint the house. Even if she could have afforded it, she wouldn't have been able to find anyone to do it for her. Matilda wanted to keep the old house; she had grown to consider it as a human being. It was her only link with the past.

All of Hardinville was shocked when it was learned that Miss Matilda had a roomer. Jed Wilson, an inspector at the defense plant, had rented a room in the east wing. Before many weeks, the old house on Sycamore Hill appeared to have undergone a transformation. White paint glistened in the sunlight, shutters made dark green splotches against the white background, hedges and shrubs were carefully clipped.

A change had been noticed in Miss Matilda, too. Her gray hair was curled, her cheeks were brighter, and she looked ten years younger. She and Mr. Wilson could be seen driving through town each evening at dusk. At last, thought the people of Hardinville, Matilda Perkins has a man.

She did get her man. The whole village buzzed with excitement when details were published in the local paper one afternoon. Headlines reading "Elderly Woman Captures Enemy Agent" startled the townspeople. Later in an interview, Miss Matilda confessed that she had first become curious about the actions of her roomer when he suddenly insisted on painting the house late one afternoon, working until long after dark on the shutters. She had be-



come suspicious, then, the next night when she was alone in the house and happened to notice "a most peculiar thing"—some of the shutters had been hung the wrong way so that it was impossible to close them. On the open ones facing the street were tiny fluorescent swastikas.

Miss Matilda had sat and pondered this discovery and recalled that her roomer had lapsed occasionally into a guttural brogue. He had asked innumerable questions about the town, the main highways, even the little-known roads, and she remembered that he had driven with her down a lane on the other side of War Plant No. 2 and had asked her why there seemed to be few guards stationed near that road. She had explained, of course, that the lane led merely to an abandoned farmhouse. He had remarked, as if to himself, that the field beyond was smooth enough to be used as an airport. She had thought nothing about this at the time, but now Miss Matilda knew that she had a guest in the house—a very dangerous one—and she took her knowledge to the authorities.

Miss Matilda's nearsightedness had enabled her to get her man, for she was a person whose vision was accustomed to narrow spaces. The care of her father had caused her to concentrate on her limited horizon of home and nearby surroundings.

Officials of the Hardinville war plant sent Miss Matilda a substantial sum of money in gratitude for the services she had rendered to the country and her community, and she basked for days in the glory of being a local celebrity. At last reports, Miss Matilda had purchased a new pair of bifocals and was working on the swing shift at the plant she had saved from destruction by enemy agents.

---

## FALSE APPEARANCE

### Downie Case

Bare branches against a pale blue dome,  
Hard, rigid, angular, as a Chinese painting.  
Grotesque shapes they are, twisted, bent alone.  
But—they are promising spring!

The sky is distant with fluffy clouds  
And they are gliding by.  
Now—nature is wearing a winter shroud.

## TAR-BARREL BOOGIE

Philip Hodge

A little coal-black negro,  
From his tennant-farm shack,  
Sent by his mother  
To play out of doors

Sits in the hot sun  
At an upturned tar barrel  
And beats with his heeled hands  
A vein-filling rhythm.

The black little fellow  
Shuts his dark eyes  
And fits his dark lips  
To a glossy smile;

He throws back his head  
To the God that's the sun  
And pounds out the rhythm  
That heats from his heart.

The barrel is a long drum  
For a spell-bound boy  
And the steel at the end  
Is a tight-stretched skin.

The rhythm flows,  
The drummer sways,  
His eyes half closed  
Are filled with haze.

The world's ice cold—  
The world's afire—  
The world is gold  
For a drummer's hire.

The world is small—  
The world expands—  
The world is a ball  
In the drummer's hands.

The tempo slows;  
The tar barrel's boom  
Is stilled to silence  
By the tired arms.

The dark little negro  
With his leadened hands  
Lies in the shade  
Of a scale-barked pine.

## HENRY

Frances Burns

I named him Henry after my girl friend's father, a fact which nearly brought my dad a libel suit. Mother hated the name because everytime she called Henry, the man next door answered. I suppose she wanted to call the dog Rover or Pal or some other common name. But Henry, the dog, had character. He was handsome, haughty, and wise. Besides, he was a red-head. He deserved the best name I could give him.

Henry was half chow and half otherwise. His tail was magnificent, and he knew it. When he felt like a big shot, which was most of the time, he arched his tail proudly over his back and paced importantly about his business. But the time the cat slapped his face, his tailed tucked itself between his legs until it tickled his chin.

A biography is never complete without a little of one's romantic nature included. Henry's love life was varied and vague, but if ever I saw a case of thwarted love it concerned the little dog next door. Dainty, beautiful, and completely feminine, she fell madly in love with Henry. Wistfully she followed him from tree to tree. She even let him eat out of her bowl. The other hopeful hounds hadn't a chance with her. But I doubt that she ever existed in Henry's busy world, for although his motto was, "Love 'em and leave 'em," he never once gave her a pleasant look. I was gravely concerned by the time we moved from the neighborhood, for she had pined away to a mere shadow. I did hope, and perhaps Henry did, too, that she someday would find a more appreciative canine cavalier to adore.

Daddy said Henry was a kleptomaniac, but I know he was just trying to give me gifts when he brought home old shoes, baseballs, and even rag dolls. But once I could hardly bring myself to defend his wayward habit. It was a warm summer day, and the flowers and bees were doing nicely when I became aware of a vile odor that became viler and viler. There pranced Henry looking as benevolent as John D. Rockefeller and twice as happy. He barked appealingly and dropped an object at my feet—a dead chicken, and dead a long, long time. Despite the current meat shortage, I could not rejoice over his gift. It was some time before Henry was desired within twenty feet of the house. He, of course, was deeply hurt by his forced solitude. ,

Henry has been dead for some time now, but he lives on in the family's heart as no other dog ever will. Even

yet I can see his eager face peering from the window as he waited each day for my return from school. His joyous bark echoes over every green hillside, and every cat in town misses the thrill of the chase.

He was just my dog—but what a dog!

## TABLEAU

Philip Hodge

I look into a woodland pool,  
So deep and clear and smooth and cool.  
And what I see while gazing here  
Is young and awful, knowing fear.  
I see a baby, frail and distressed,  
Sucking at the mottled breast.  
I see a child, like growing grain,  
There standing naked in the rain.  
I see the small boy, hearty, fair,  
Plucking dreams from fulsome air.  
The pubic boy in blushes stands  
Beside a young girl, clasping hands.  
Torture tends at such a meeting;  
Two hearts pulse in hurtful beating.  
I see the youth; so pale he seems,  
So fearful of his boyish dreams.  
I see the young man's frightened eyes,  
Afraid of truth, avoiding lies.  
I see him flee into a wood,  
Fearing evil, distrusting good.  
The water in my mirroring lake  
Begins to shudder, tremor, quake.  
As waters pulse and shiver,  
I see the young man's face a-quiver.  
I, startled, see the image grow;  
That troubled face too well I know!  
I weep upon the imaged face;  
The image weeps; our tears embrace.

## A MOTHER'S WATCH

Bert Lana

She never closed her eyes in sleep  
Till we were all in bed  
On party nights till we came home  
She often sat and read  
We little thought about it then  
When we were young and gay  
How much our mother worried  
When we children were away  
We only knew she never slept  
When we were out at night  
And that she waited just to know  
That we got home all right  
And sometimes when we'd stay away  
Till one, two or three  
It seemed to us that mother heard  
The turning of the key  
For always when we'd step inside  
She'd call and we'd reply  
But we were far too young back then  
To understand just why  
Until the last one had returned  
She always kept a light  
For mother couldn't sleep until  
She'd kissed us all goodnight  
She had to know that we were safe  
Before she went to rest  
She seemd to fear the world might harm  
The ones she loved the best  
And then she said when you are grown  
To women and to men  
Perhaps I'll sleep the whole night through—  
It may be different then  
Then came the day when we were called  
Together 'round the bed  
The children are all with you now  
The kindly doctor said  
And in her eyes there gleamed again  
That told us she'd be waiting  
Just to know we'd be all right  
She smiled the old familiar smile  
And prayed to God to keep us safe from harm  
          throughout the years  
And then she went to sleep

## A SPRING EVENING

Jean Cloyd

The clouds hang low in the deep blue sky,  
Pillows for the dying sun.  
How I hate to see it die,  
For another day is done.

Through the silent sky a breeze darts in,  
Covers for the earth at night.  
Silver sparkles on her deep velvet skirt,  
A glimmering, lovely sight.

The dew comes gently after night,  
The ground grows damp and cool.  
A maple shivers in delight  
And smiles at herself in a pool.

---

## I LIKE

Teena Osborne

I like lady bugs,  
Fuzzy towels,  
Neon lights,  
Husky voices,  
And cheese,  
And pictures of seas.

Puppies, gay pinafores,  
Clean white paper,  
Black ink,  
And trains.  
Recordings by Tony Pasteur,  
Perfumes,  
And purple asters.

Picnics, dancing, wind in my hair—  
But I think I like best—even more than the rest,  
The wispering sounds of the night.



## ALICE

Louise McCrosky

I had not noticed the girl before. She occupied a low, deep wicker chair; and I saw her in exact profile, like a figure in a tapestry, and as motionless. Then coming to the end of her reverie, she looked around and up. If I had not at first noticed her, I am certain that she, too, had been unaware of my presence until she actually looked and saw me.

The quickened upward movement of the heavy eyelids, the widening of the glance, passing into a fixed stare, put that beyond doubt. Under her amazement there was a hint of fear, and then came a flash of anger. Who was this creature who had dared to enter the garden?

Her hair did not look as though it had been touched since it had been put up several years ago; it was a mass of black, lustrous locks, twisted high on her head, with long untidy wisps hanging down on each side of her clear, sallow face; a mass so thick, strong and abundant that nothing but to look at it gave me a sensation of heavy pressure on the top of my head and an impression of magnificently cynical untidiness. She leaned forward, hugging herself with crossed legs; a dingy amber-colored, flounced wrapper of some thin material revealed the young supple body drawn together tensely in the deep, low seat, as if crouching for a spring. I detected a slight quivering or two start, which looked uncommonly like bounding away. They were followed by the most absolute immobility.

I spoke to her, but could not be certain that she understood me. She never raised her face nor attempted to look my way.

I kept on talking. She turned toward me. Her magnificent black eyes, narrowed, long in shape, swept over me with an indefinite expression; then in a harsh, contemptuous voice she let fall, "Why did you come here?"

---

## VICISSITUDE

Philip Hodge

The sun  
    Brings all the world to day  
Dispelling  
    Half the fears of night  
    And all its  
    Ecstasy



## SUMMARY

Shirley Clouse

You're the lilacs in the mist;  
You're the pansies in the dew—  
Lovely you!

You're the kitten on the hearth;  
You're a lacy valentine—  
And you're mine!

You're the graceful woodland doe;  
And there's gold dust in the air—  
Near your hair.

But it grieves me to relate  
That you're something of a bore—  
And—you SNORE!

---

## QUEST

Herman Oldham

There's always something leading me,  
Whither I do not know.  
Most men travel homeward;  
I know not where I go.

West—East—South—North,  
My home is never found.  
I go on searching endlessly  
Over many a foreign ground.

Miles and miles have I covered,  
Many have I left behind,  
In quest of that one Beauty  
God put me here to find.

## WHENCE

Juanita England

A giant sequoia,  
A midget spruce,  
A wild poppy,  
A pampered lily,  
A roaring ocean,  
A babbling brook;  
A nursemaid to all was  
A droplet of rain!

---

## WEST OF FRISCO BAY

Allan White

There's a patch of blue-green liquid  
Just west of Frisco Bay;  
A broad and briny patch of foam  
That swallows up each day.

The poets sell its name in praise,  
That it shares a god's devotion;  
To me it's a stretch of blood and salt...  
On the map they call it an ocean.

I've seen it so calm you'd think it glass,  
A gigantic mirror that casts the sun  
And reflects the stars from a sleepy sky...  
Called priceless by more than one.

Priceless? Perhaps, as they may see,  
But not as a jewel of the Lord;  
For to me it's a rotten leach of flesh  
That wails like a death-bent sword.

Priceless? True, with soul of man,  
Engulfed by wind-swept commotion;  
But for me it bears no peace of mind...  
On the map they call it an ocean.

## THE MISTAKE

Love Clarke

Jean had gone to bed early, suffering from a dreadful cold which made proper breathing difficult for her. She had gone out to eat dinner earlier in the evening, but the food had seemed tasteless and as usual when she had a cold, she could not smell anything.

The sounds of her coughing could be heard out in the hall, she was sure. She realized that she should have brought some cough medicine back from the drug store. Would she be able to sleep, she wondered, or would these spasms of coughing keep her awake all night?

The light was off in her room and she tried to lie in bed quietly so she would soon go to sleep. Still the coughing continued at intervals. Just at the time she thought she had stopped coughing, she would start again.

Someone knocked at the door and Jean promptly called, "Come in." There was enough light penetrating from the hall for her to see Mrs. Rains, the housemother, enter her room. Mrs. Rains was holding a small round bottle for her to see. Jean watched her step a few feet farther into the room, set the bottle down on a table, and walk quietly from the room.

Jean assumed that Mrs. Rains had heard her coughing and had brought some cough medicine for her. No other thought concerning the bottle entered her mind. She was still coughing, but she dreaded to take the medicine Mrs. Rains had brought in. She could not think of taking it without shuddering. She debated with herself for a long time on the question of getting up and taking the medicine. Jean kept putting it off, telling herself that she would get up and take a dose when her roommate came in. That was just an excuse for waiting a while longer to take the medicine.

Jean became very quiet again, and it was not long before she went to sleep. She slept well and did not wake up, even when her roommate came into the room.

The next morning she was awake but was coughing again as she had done the night before. Remembering the medicine Mrs. Rains had brought in, Jean walked over to the table and picked the bottle up. Her roommate was sitting there and she asked.

“When did Mrs. Rains bring my iodine back?”

Jean held the bottle up to the light and looked at it. She now realized the bottle did not contain cough syrup as she had supposed. Her voice did not reveal her thoughts. as she calmly replied, “She brought it in here last night.”

---

## THE BLACKENED KEY

Juanita England

It is not dark and bare and ugly,  
It is not an everlasting doom,  
It is not a void or the wasted dreams of life,  
Death is the key to an eternal day.  
For when breathing beings cease to be  
And dust unto dust returns,  
The light of the soul will shine more clear.  
Death is the key to an eternal day.

Life must halt its steps when death  
Transforms weak flesh to nothingness.  
One spark of hope forever upward spires  
As weary souls approach their last reward:  
Death is the key to an eternal day.

## THE FARMER

Randy Stevens

As blackness of night gave way,  
As streaks of gray adorned the horizon,  
His shadowed form could be seen  
In the morning dusk, for the corn  
Was to be husked for the morning feeding.

Work was to be done before his wife  
Arose to prepare breakfast.  
Entering the barn filled with the scent of day hay  
And harness saturated with sweat—  
A smell so familiar to him.

Toil, drudgery marked the  
Rising of his place;  
His gnarled hands knew no rest,  
His back, no peace,  
For a farmer's work is never done.

The fields with their swaying greenness  
Appealed to him as to no other.  
By the sweat of his brow he had  
Cared for them and produced a  
Yield of which none could boast more.

His corn crib was full,  
His mow overflowing,  
His storage shed was replete.  
None other could feel more  
Satisfied with himself.

Though many are his heartaches,  
Few his pleasures,  
He knows he is self-made  
And owes success to no man.

## MY SON

Charles "Chuck" Miller

Dream, dream, dream, my little one,  
While in thy slumber another day is done,  
Dream of those things that made you gay;  
The memories of you I will cherish unto this day.  
Your life you have given was not for naught;  
You have won for us what we had sought;  
The path you climb is not very steep.  
Dream, dream, dream, my son, when night has come.

Dream, dream, dream, my son, when night has come,  
We at home are grateful for what you have won;  
We hear your voice through wind and rain.  
O, my son, your life was not in vain;  
You and others will live on and on  
In our hearts until the dawn.  
We have the pleasures which you have reaped;  
Dream, dream, dream, my son, in slumber sleep.  
Dream, dream, dream, of your adventures gay

Let me share them with you until my day  
Many of your friends who by the wayside fell  
Good things of you they used to tell,  
The girl whose life you made so gay,  
Of love and memories she would often say  
In my heart those memories will keep.  
Dream, dream, dream, my dear, in slumber sleep.

Dream, dream, dream, my son, of sun's bright glow,  
You made me happy long years ago  
When as a child your ambitions brought  
The life-long happiness which we had sought.  
I knew the boy, your very best friend;  
But one day, somehow, he knew it would end.  
He mourned the memories he would always keep.  
Dream, dream, dream, my son, in slumber sleep.

## BE CAREFUL WHAT YOU SAY

In speaking of a person's faults,  
Pray don't forget your own;  
Remember those with homes of glass  
Should seldom throw a stone.  
If we have nothing else to do  
But talk of those that sin,  
'Tis better we commence at home  
And from that point begin.

We have no right to judge a man  
Until he's fairly tried;  
Should we not like his company  
We know the world is wide.  
Some may have faults—and who has not?  
The old as well as young—  
Perhaps we may, for aught we know,  
Have fifty to their one.  
I'll tell you of a better plan,  
And find it works full well;  
To try my own defects to cure  
Before of others tell.  
And though I sometimes hope to be  
No worse than some I know,  
My own shortcomings bid me let  
The faults of others go.  
Then let us all when we commence  
To slander friend or foe,  
Think of the harm one word would do  
To those we little know.  
Remember, curses sometimes, like  
Our chickens, "roost at home."  
Don't speak of others' faults until  
You have none of your own.



## RUTH

Eugene Tolson

I love her for her tender grace,

Her ample joy,

Her noble face.

I love her for her sincere thought,

Her feathered step,

Her measured talk.

A woman—yet, and far apart—

Apart—but still so near.

A throbbing pulse—a beating heart,

A smile, . . . . . a human tear.

The whole of unreflected truth:

My world, my life, my love, . . . . .MY RUTH.

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## THE WINDS FROM THE NORTH

Lois Reynolds

Twisted and broken the trees stand this morn,

Twisted and broken by winds from the North.

Snow drifted high from cellar to barn,

Snow drifted high by winds from the North.

Rafters in the barn shriek from the strain,

Barn rafters strained by winds from the North.

Icy fingers tear at frosted window panes,

Icy fingers tear; it's the wind from the North.

Pond in the back field frozen for skating,

Frozen for skating by winds from the North.

Winds we're enduring, but spring contemplating—

Winds we're enduring, the winds from the North.

## I LOVED BO

Laura Hurt

It was the night before the homecoming football game on Saturday afternoon. The student body of Redwood College were crowded around a huge bonfire. Seven cheerful lassies were leading the well known yell,

We're with you team,  
We're with you team,  
We'll beat 'em, beat 'em, beat 'em!

Mae Longfellow was one of the attractive cheerleaders. All the students called her "Lonny," and she was quite a popular young lady. She was a typical brunette with long wavy hair. She was rather dark complexioned, because she still had the nice tan she had gotten at the seashore that summer. She was about five feet and two inches tall, and weighed about 104 pounds. Definitely she was the peppiest girl on the squad. She could bring yells from the bleachers when no one else could, and the team adored her.

While Lonny led cheers that night, her eyes were fixed upon Bo Martin, Redwood's star end. He was an All South-eastern Conference man, and all the girls thought he was handsome. I really suppose he would be considered handsome, because he was six feet tall, weighed 189 pounds, and had the most gorgeous red hair you've ever seen. He was a peculiar sort, though, because he had never given anyone a tumble. His fixed glance became even more noticeable when Bo was asked to make a short talk concerning the game. He made his way from the rear of the crowd up close to the fire. He cleared his throat and finally said, "I never could make speeches, but I can say we'll be fighting for that game tomorrow. The going will be plenty rough, and we'll be looking for your support by cheering." That was all he had to say, but just as he passed Lonny to go back to the boys, he winked. Did her heart flutter! She was so happy.

The pep rally was over at 8:00 o'clock, and the boys and girls retired to their dormitories to complete some last minute studying or do a last bit of preparing for the big game.

*Twenty-two*

"Do you really think he likes me?" asked Lonny.

"I do think you have a chance," said her roommate in reply.

The next morning Lonny felt as if she hadn't had a wink of sleep. Her eyes were swollen and her muscles ached, but she was happy regardless of the loss of sleep—Bo Martin had winked at her. Classes were met and it was only half an hour until time for the big game.

Lonny made her way to Redwood Stadium. It was a beautiful autumn day. The girls were strikingly attired in fall suits of different hues; some were wearing big white chrysanthemums tied with green ribbons while others were carrying pennants bearing the name of their dear old alma mater. Music could be heard from the college band. Oh! what a day for a homecoming ball game.

"Wake up," shouted a voice!

Just at that moment Lonny noticed she was standing in front of the cheerleader's bench, but her mind was in a daze. She hadn't even noticed that she was in the stadium.

Redwood and the opposing team were doing some calisthenics in which to get warmed up. The game announcer had just broadcast the starting line-up. Of course, to Lonny, there was only one man playing for Redwood that day, and that was Bo Martin.

Lin, the head cheerleader, had just announced a yell, and Lonny, still in a daze, found herself leading the cheer,

"HELLO \* \* \* \* \* C. R. U.

Redwood says, hello."

Either the yell startled Lonny or the referee's whistle, but she began to realize that Redwood was playing a football game. It was the second quarter and neither team had scored.

Half-time came, the band performed, and the score remained 0—0. The field was cleared and both teams returned for the second half. Some were passing balls, others were trying to limber up their muscles. Each team had a determined look, as if to say, "We'll kill to win."

During the third quarter this thought was broken.

*Twenty-three*

Redwood's fans were all standing in the stadium. Something had gone wrong, the team was huddled around one player. Lonny's heart ached—was it Bo? Who could it be? She knew someone had been hurt very seriously, because there went the stretchers to the field. The player wearing jersey number 69 was placed on the stretchers. Yes, that was Bo's number—it was Bo! He was carried to the side-lines right near the stadium.

There were about three minutes left to play in the ball game. Lonny's eyes wandered back to the field. Redwood was attempting a field goal. The crowd roared, the conversion was good, and Redwood led 3—0.

With only seconds left to play in the ball game, Lonny's eyes wandered back to the lifeless figure on the stretcher. Bo had his eyes fixed on Lonny herself, she knew he did. Through his face, whitened with pain, flashed a faint smile. Tears of happiness welled up in Lonny's eyes. There was something in that smile she'd never hoped to see—a smile of tender, affectionate understanding and love that conveyed his message at a glance.

Instantly she felt the world crush around her when she felt a slight tap on the shoulder and heard these words from an attractive blonde sitting next to her. "I'm Mrs. Bo Martin; do you suppose it will be all right if I go see my husband?"

