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## Belles Lettres, 1960

Eastern Kentucky University, The Canterbury Club

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# Belles Lettres

*Eastern Kentucky  
State College*

RICHMOND, KENTUCKY

1959-1960



# Belles Lettres

An annual anthology of student writing sponsored and published by the  
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Volume Twenty-Six

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## EVERLASTING LOVE

DONNA MINCEY

Like a great warm golden caldron  
Spills the moon above still-dreaming homes,  
And sends its tender searching fingers  
Along the quiet path your footsteps roams.

How like the cool green meadows  
Silver-lined with patterns of the heart,  
How like the somber green of slumb'ring trees  
In my arms, my love, thou art.

I shall hold you in my heart, beloved,  
Though Death would take the welling flush  
From your sweet young blooming lips  
And wrap you tenderly in his everlasting hush.

Lower falls the magic of the moonlight's gleam,  
Now wend your tiring footsteps homeward, heart,  
Though enchanted nights like idylls come to end,  
Yet we shall not linger long apart.

## SHADOW OF DESPAIR

DONNA MINCEY

Laughter carries down the nightwind,  
Echoes gently on the silent air,  
Plucks across my heartstrings,  
Lays my agony open, bare  
And plunges my lonely soul  
Into depths of dark despair.

In these long and dreary nights  
The wee dark hours go dragging by,  
For at the end of love's sweet path,  
While birds still sing their lullaby,  
A bitter death awaits thee  
Beneath a star-strewn sky.

And, Death, be not our friend,  
But the enemy of dread,  
That casts your shadow  
Down the length'ning years ahead,  
The lonely, empty years  
Wherein my love lies dead.

## SEESAW

JEAN PATTERSON

“What am I doing here?” thought Linda, suddenly noticing that the afternoon breeze had altered and the limbs of the tall poplars swayed furiously under the heavy gushes of wind that came sweeping by. The thought occurred to her that she must have been sitting here for over an hour. Mother would be worried if she weren't home at six for supper, especially with those threatening clouds looking so dark and ominous.

Taking one last look at the decrepit seesaw under the shadow of the big oak tree, Linda rose from her seat in the swing, giving the chain a jerk as she did so, causing it to bang against the long iron poles that formed a support for the swings.

It was silly of her to come here in the first place. By doing so, she was only prolonging the hurt which was acute enough without any stimulation. But she kept returning to this place as though drawn by an invisible magnet.

It had been an evening quite similar to this one. She and Dick had been to a matinee, then gone for a walk, and ended up here at the children's playground. It was foolish, of course, but such fun—to ride the old seesaw and to have him push her in the swing. They had laughed at each other's antics and said how wonderful it was to act childish at times. Then, just as the autumn sunset colored the western sky with a magnificent array of pink and purple hues, Dick had taken her in his arms and said in that deep husky voice of his, “You may not think this is an appropriate time for a proposal, but I think I love you more right now than I ever have before. I want to marry you, Linda.”

Then Linda had smiled and said she couldn't think of a more

*Four*

appropriate time, but if she did, she would have him propose all over again. He kissed her then and she felt her happiness was at last complete. . . .

Had it really been only six months since that memorable day? It seemed like six years. So much had happened! How different one's life can become in such a short time. It was hard for her to have to recall the days that followed. They were immensely happy for a while—why did things have to change?

Linda remembered how trusting she had been, how sure that Dick was hers forever. She couldn't seem to put her finger on the time when she first noted a change in Dick. When he acted strangely, she had worried about him, afraid that he had some problem too big to confide in her. She tried to talk these fears over with her best friend, Betty, but was surprised to find that Betty seemed hardly interested. Linda had always talked over her problems with Betty and this new attitude of Betty's was something she couldn't understand.

No, she didn't understand then. It took her almost a month before she even began to understand. The whole town had known—but not Linda. She was the last to find out.

Linda had gone to the beauty shop to prepare for the dance on Saturday night. She was sitting under the dryer when she decided to get a magazine to glance through. The words she heard stunned her. She whirled around to disclaim the statement—then thought better of it and returned to the dryer. The others didn't know she had heard. She sat motionless as though in a daze. The words formed a musical pattern in her brain—"Dick and Betty, Dick and Betty, Dick and Betty." It couldn't be true. They were only gossips.

Yes, they were only gossips, but how true, how heartrendingly true were the words. Linda picked up the newspaper a few days later and read the small black print for the third time. "Mr. and Mrs. Charles Adams announce the marriage of their daughter, Betty, to Mr. Richard Lyons, son of Mr. and Mrs. William Lyons. The ceremony took place in Gary, Tennessee, last Monday evening, at six o'clock. The couple plan to make their home here."

"Why," thought Linda, "why did I have to find out this way? Why didn't they tell me?" But no one had told her, and she had been quite oblivious to the signs which were apparent to those not blinded by love. . . .



Now, as a sudden clap of thunder caused Linda to quicken her pace, she wondered how long it would take her to forget. Would she, in fact, ever forget?

A few months later, on a lazy, sunny afternoon in April, Linda, encouraged by her mother to get out of the house for a while, decided to go for a walk. As she approached the business section of town, Linda suddenly recognized a familiar figure sauntering down the street. Her first impulse was to run. "Don't be silly, Linda," she chided herself. "After all, it's time you started acting like an adult." She raised her chin slightly and hoped it wouldn't quiver.

"Hello, Linda," came the all-too-familiar voice. "Long time, no see. How have you been?"

"Oh, I've been about as usual, thank you, Dick." She thought how stupid the words sounded. "How are things with you?"

"You should know without asking Linda. I know you couldn't have escaped hearing the gossip. I had to marry her, Linda. There was nothing else I could do."

"Don't say that, Dick. Please—don't say anything more." She thought how unlike Dick this was. He had always been such a gentleman.

"All right, Linda," he replied. "Anything you say."

There was a long awkward pause.

"I still love you, you know."

The words somehow seemed foreign to Linda. They made no impact on her. It was as though she were somebody else—not the Linda who had once been so deeply in love with this boy standing in front of her. She answered, "I'm sorry to hear that, Dick. I hope you and Betty will be very happy."

Linda thought how much he looked like a lost little boy as he stood looking down at her. She suddenly felt sorry for him. She thought of Betty and was surprised that her previous envy had disappeared—there was nothing there but pity.

"Well, see you around, I guess," he said and walked slowly down the street.

Linda watched him go, but there was no regret. She lifted her eyes and saw that the sky was a deep blue. The sun was shining down on the street below. Further on down the street, a group of people were laughing gayly. For some reason she could not explain, Linda laughed too. Spring had arrived after all.

# NIGHT CONCERTO

DONNA MINCEY

The fields of drowsy goldenrod  
Nod yellowly beneath August's sun,  
Cornsilks rustle in the nightwind,  
When the hot sweet day is done.

The evening call of nestling birds,  
The sweet night scent of ripening hay  
Drifts across the dewy meadows  
At the close of the golden day.

From the stilling, dusty earth  
Comes a growing night song free,  
Rising from a myriad host  
As you cross the field to me.

Love, be one with the night concerto:  
The lullaby of those that creep,  
The love murmur echoing in the deep,  
The drowsy sound of those asleep.

Lie still now and softly listen  
To the gentle ripple of the stream,  
To the rustling lullaby of the leaves,  
Arched above where we lie and dream.

Soon the August moon will set,  
Dimmer now its golden glow,  
Soon ends this night's concerto,  
Too soon comes the time to go.

Down the path from woods to lane,  
Return now with the night bird,  
Our night's love song now is ending  
Our night concerto has been heard.

## WHAT IS THIS?

DONNA MINCEY

What is this they say  
Of you that I adore?  
That you are gone,  
That I shall never see you more,  
That Love has been wiped out,  
That nothing shall be as before?

What is this they tell me,  
That my world has come to end,  
That there shall be no more Idylls  
Where the golden streamlets wend,  
That you have been taken far away  
Beyond where those weeping willows bend?

What is this that is,  
What is this they say,  
That I must accept now,  
That love has gone away,  
That our dreams of life  
Like you, have died today?

What is this agony now,  
Because these friends have come and said  
That we shall never meet again  
Upon the path where moonbeams led,  
For your body is a lifeless husk,  
And living, loving dreams are dead?

Oh God, what have we done,  
That You should turn Your face away,  
That as the still-warm leaves fall  
Should end my love, my Idyll betray,  
Our love, our dreams lost and dust,  
And gone unspoken to decay?

## AUTUMN LULLABY

DONNA MINCEY

Darkness comes in early  
In these autumn days,  
And in the dusk  
Apples hang in haze,  
And autumn leaves shine  
Without their bright blaze.

Darkness comes in early  
Along field and stream,  
And lonely hearts come  
To sit alone and dream,  
Lost and kept apart  
Beyond the lamplight's gleam.

Darkness comes in early,  
Autumn leaves lie deep,  
Human hearts gather close  
To where the fire gleams leap,  
And night-winds croon  
To those who lie asleep.

And in that closing hour,  
Before comes the time to part,  
Love comes creeping in  
And caresses every heart,  
Before the final darkness  
Sets them for apart.

Darkness comes in early,  
Caressing field and stream,  
Calling all her creatures  
To close their eyes and dream,  
And man alone indoors  
To weep before the firelight gleam.

## WINTER'S DREAM

DONNA MINCEY

At the last sweet hour of eve  
When all is dusk and still,  
At that last hour when dreamers are,  
And the last drowsy birds no longer trill,  
I find my heart out listening for the sound  
Of the Vesper bell to ring across the silent hill.

The autumn leaves bathe the ground in heaps,  
And I see you walk through them again,  
You, with your laughing eyes and loving heart,  
But where I walk the night is cold and thin,  
And there are no bells across the mountain tops,  
Nor dreams to comfort me from within.

Alas, the sheltering mountains lie  
Many wearying miles away from me,  
And I cannot lift my face to that  
Which I must not return to see,  
For autumn's leaves and winter's cold  
Have changed all that used to be.

The bells that ring at autumn evensong  
Hang silent in their tower today;  
The leaves that smiled on me and thee  
No longer their sweet whispers say,  
For loving hearts and laughing souls  
Have long since turned and gone away.

Let the autumn days go by,  
Let the winter cold come slipping in,  
Let the autumn leaves fell and lie,  
Let the sleet and snow begin,  
For with the sound of bells and thee,  
Can I not find the heart to dream again?

But ah, at that last sweet hour of eve,  
When all is dark and still,  
At that last hour when dreamers are,  
I dream the bells ring out against the chill,  
And echo clear their sweet sound now  
Across the fast-dark'ning hill.

## THE SPICE OF LIFE

TOMMY LOGSDON

They met on a park bench in Goovertown, Arkansas, and if that doesn't sound romantic it's only because you've never fallen in love on a park bench in Goovertown, Arkansas. But don't feel too bad, neither had anyone else until these two met.

She was feeding popcorn to the pigeons and gently scolding them about their table manners, and he was watching a honey bee pollinate a daffodil and wishing that love among the primates was that simple, when they got to talking about the birds and the bees and then nothing in particular, which was the main topic of conversation of the people in Goovertown, Arkansas.

He had an oversized adams apple that bobbed up and down like a cheap elevator and shoes that always managed to squeak at the wrong time. She had a pony tail that gently shooed the flies off her shoulders and a pair of expressive eye brows that when she talked shot up and down with a movement that closely approximated Elvis Presley's gyrations.

They sat chatting on that park bench in Goovertown, Arkansas, while the sun slowly tugged the day westward and she accented just the right syllables with her eye brows, and he lost all control of his adams apple.

The stars knowingly winked at each other as she took his hand in hers and his shoes squeaked out three bars of "Stardust" and his adams apple ricocheted off his collar button.

He scribbled "sweet nothings" on the back of her neck with his fingers and the rubber band on her pony tail turned into a gooey mass and her eyebrows started double dribbling two big brown eyes.

The moon blushed pastel pink when he pressed his lips to hers and her pony tail went into a fast gallop and her eyebrows started skipping rope with the wrinkles on her forehead and his shoes squeeled like a hungry puppy and his adams apple melted into weak cider.

When they got married the following spring, mother nature dabbed her brow with pink kleenex and breathed a deep sign of relief. And as nearly as anybody in Goovertown, Arkansas, could tell, they lived happily and confusingly ever after.

## MAY DAY

JIM COTTRELL

The narrow valley floor spreading out from the Punchbowl's fingers and joining similar fingers ascending to the crest of a hill directly north looked quiet; it was peaceful enough. Five abandoned tanks bearing U. S. marking gave mute testimony to a hard-won retreat from the Yalu river. The floor was cut with transverse ditches, hastily carved by bulldoziers for tank impediments but now serving only as drainways, carrying water from the late-thawing mountains. It was spring and young grass had already taken a determined hold on the floor. Farther South the Korean farmers were knee-deep in the stinking paddies, back bent, working the flooded soil with water-shriveled fingers, paying scant attention to the foul odor of animal-human excrement which had been spread throughout the fields as fertilizer. At another time the valley itself had been a rich field, a crazy quilt of barley, oats, millet, and corn.

The withdrawal from North Korea brought the return of a type of warfare not seen since 1918. The lines were drawn along the northermost defensible ridges approximating the thirty-eighth latitudinal meridian. The situation was now being described as "static" in the dispatches. The day of the massed attack had come and gone, and while the peace conferences were getting front page stories in the newspapers, small patrols from both sides of the lines were making nightly ventures over the valley floor, searching, mining, marking, ambushing, being ambushed, sometimes engaging in fire-fights, but at times encountering nothing but imagined dangers.

Baker Observation Post was crowded. It was a small bunker,

*Twelve*

scooped out of the reverse slope, walled and covered with heavy logs and sandbags, always damp and musty and offering as much a home to countless rats as to the three-man crew normally occupying it. Whenever the patrols came up to have a daylight look at the routes that they would cover at night, the Artillery Liaison Officer outlined for them the procedures for requesting artillery support and usually left the infantry boys with an impression of security that comes from knowing capable eyes and hands are on the job.

As soon as the infantry people had left, I turned my attention to Mazza, trying to form some sort of estimate of his ability to man an observation post under conditions which called for maximum flexibility in personal adjustment. His Form 66 said he was twenty-one years old, a graduate of Penn State and Fort Sill, and combat qualified. Paper assurance is weak and sometimes misleading; one found valid cause for skepticism more often than not.

A few days before, when the crew from the blocking position and I had returned to our own artillery headquarters for a hot meal and a bath, Mazza had been introduced to us by the Battalion Commander. He had not taken lightly the good-natured jokes about being "fresh meat" and "Chink bait." I had heard that he had been overly nervous from the time he left the ship at Inchon, and his own description of the ride over an enemy-observed strip called the "Jersey Bounce" exuded some misgivings as to his readiness for duty at the front. Mazza must have sensed what I felt. Most of us were uncomfortable on our first trip forward, and I told him so. He refused a cigarette, but I went on to smoke two or three while talking of those things more directly concerned with getting a replacement established and the regular observer relieved.

It was a matter of policy that the old observer spend the first night on the hill with his relief, but I had made an exception in this instance and allowed Gray to leave as soon as Mazza had signed for the radio and other unit property. I was to stay the night in Gray's stead so that I might make a few first-hand observations as to Mazza's competency.

The night moved on slowly. The radio checks were made on the hour and wire checks were made on the half hour with the supported and adjacent units. The patrol had left on schedule and had reported from Checkpoints One, Two, and Three. In one hour they would reach Four; five to ten minutes later they would be safe.

*Thirteen*



The day had been long and the night had been uneventful. It was time to get some sleep. It was soon after stretching out on the improvised bunk that I fell asleep, wearing all my clothes except combat boots.

It may have been one hour, perhaps longer, when I was awakened by Mazza's voice on the radio. Somehow it did not register immediately that a fire mission had been called to Fire Direction Center, but unmistakably that was the situation and the mission was in progress. I listened, undecided as to whether or not to interfere or let him continue, eventually deciding on the latter.

"Azimuth Zero-Five-Three-Zero, from Concentration Able Baker One-One-Three, Left 200, Drop 400, company in attack, fuze Victor Tare in effect, request all available fire, will adjust . . . over."

There was nothing wrong with his procedure. It sounded like the school solution to a Fort Sill situation. I wanted to have a look through the B. C. scope but his eyes were glued to it. I heard Fire Direction give him "on the way" over the radio and counted to seventeen before the adjusting rounds hit. "Right Five-Zero, add Five-Zero, fire for effect . . . hey FDC, how about mixing some Willie-Peters and cracking a few stars, it's not too bright out there." By the time I could grab my binoculars and make my way to the aperture of the bunker the sky was lit with bursting illuminating shells, and high columns of white smoke marked the bursting phosphorus projectiles which were taking their toll along with regular high explosive shells.

The Chinese troops, caught under a burning, tearing hail of steel and white phosphorus, were already breaking, decimated by Mazza's unrelenting fire.

Shortly after dawn I was ready to leave; the old man wanted a direct report on the action. Mazza walked down the hill as far as the supply road with me. I climbed into my jeep and leaned out to shake his hand. "Nice May Day, huh Captain." "Sure Mazza . . . nice May Day."

# KENTUCKY

WILLIAM CLAY

God bless Kentucky!—dear old state,  
The state where I was born.  
How I love her tall blue grasses  
And her fields of waving corn.

In springtime when the golden sun  
Shines brightly through the trees,  
When her orchards full of blossoms  
Echo sounds of buzzing bees,

And when goldenrod by roadsides  
Gaily nods to passers-by,  
While the mocking bird and cardinal  
Trill from trees so tall and high,

There is no state quite as lovely.  
Kentucky has her treasures too—  
Pretty lasses, thoroughbred horses,  
Many brave men, colonels too.

In the foot-hills of Kentucky  
Cabins scattered all around  
Speak of other days and customs.  
Traces there can still be found

Of the Indian and his camp-fires.  
There are arrows small but keen  
Made by Indians for their hunting,  
Many relics may be seen.

God bless Kentucky!—dear old state  
May she always heed the call,  
“Sons and daughters, stand united  
Lest divided, you should fall.”

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## NIGHT MOOD

TOMMY KELLEY

Fog, and a dead tree,  
Stark black, with a  
Veiled, damp moon behind,  
Glowing like blue foxfire  
Through the mist and bare branches.  
No sound but the cold  
Silver trickle of water,  
Somewhere plashing quietly  
Into a shallow mossy pool  
Cupped in a rock's cool palm.  
Life suspended in the cool  
Silver damp like the heart  
Of a frog in ice,  
Neither anticipating  
Nor remembering  
The warm soft gold of day,  
Rustling and quick-moving;  
For Night knows  
Neither past nor future,  
And is content  
With fog,  
And moon,  
And cool, dripping silence.

## THE LIFE YOU SAVE

TOMMY LOGSDON

I took a walk the other day; Mother Nature was extremely happy; tiny, enthusiastic grasshoppers played leapfrog with springy blades of grass. Crisp leaves happily waved goodbye to their mother trees and joined the wind in a roller-coaster ride. Crickets painstakingly turned their kneecaps in preparation for the night's big concert. Trees stretched out their arms in adoration of the warm sun. Squirrels proudly took inventory in their disorderly pantries. Rabbits gingerly took their winter overcoats out of moth balls.

And then someone flipped a cigarette out of a car window.

Early the next morning Mother Nature surveyed the charred remains. She fondled the scorched, dead bodies of her creatures. Her breast housed the empty, useless feeling of death. She sobbed on the earth's shoulder, and then dried her eyes on a soft pink cloud.

And the indifferent driver, now miles away, nonchalantly lit up another cigarette.

## PREPARATION

PITSY HARKNESS

in the desolation of winter, the isolation of the human soul is at its peak. where, oh, where is the laughter and companionship of autumn, the youthfulness and freshness of springtime, the passionate heat and love of summer?

lost, lost in the depth of mire which muddle human minds and emotions with the bare, stark realities of living. we constantly struggle so against the oppressions and depressions of nature and moods at low ebb that we lose sight completely of whatsoever things are good. benevolence, joy, piety, tact, virtue, and valor are superseded by more self-centered feelings of coventousness, heedlessness, egotism and meanness. the harshness of winter seems to strip us of our ability to communicate with others, save for the satisfaction of animal needs . . .

just when our behavior is at its worst, the routine ritual of spring begins—before long, there are soft shoots of young grass in the dead earth, timid leaves begin to appear in the naked trees, and the tender heads of brave flowers are perceivable to the alert eye. inside us too, something stirs and begins to live again . . . this is our realization that we are human, that life is good and to be shared with others . . . nature is kind to us for the next three seasons, we are overwhelmed with a great concipiscence for living . . . this is only deliberate preparation for the winter to come.

## ELECTRIC TRANSMISSION LINE

JESS WILSON

Giants in the land  
On hills they stand about  
And hold aloft  
Tarnished crescents of ribbon  
That reach from here  
To there and there  
Across the wilderness,  
Silently, carrying power  
From the river's cool roar  
Or the blast of a hell's fire heat,

Carrying power to saw a forest's trees,  
To smelt a mountain's ores  
Or light an angel's wing  
On a Christmas tree.

## FOR A MOMENT HERE—

PITSY HARKNESS

Young and Foolish, these were the words to describe her. As she sat in the noisy, smoke-filled room and half-listened to the hollow chatter of her escort, she realized just how young and foolish she had been. Even as she danced to the blaring music and laughed at the gaudy jokes, she understood the beauty of the life of love she had once known in comparison to this superficial life. Carelessly she had tossed this aside, hoping to find a more glittering replacement.

He had been a quiet boy, full of dreams and ambitions and had needed someone to share his dreams. Life with him would not have been this mad anticipation, always looking for something more exciting than the last foolish episode, but rather an eternal awakening to the sparkling freshness that life holds for those who seek it.

But now she was lost, lost in the din of emptiness which comes from leading an ever-searching, never-finding existence. As the music ended, so ended her dreams of yesterday, and sadly, painfully she realized that life moves on, and one can never have a second grasp on happiness.

*Eighteen*

## LOVE'S CYCLE

HAZEL MORRIS

When morning comes and it is spring,  
I need you to help me hear birds sing.  
I look for you in flowers and grass,  
In every face that I see pass.  
Then comes summer and you're not here,  
I wait each day and you're not near.  
I try to help myself to fun;  
But all the crowd seem one—  
Excluding me.

I'm all alone without you, Dear,  
Maybe Autumn will bring you near.  
But Autumn now has come and gone  
And still I find myself alone.  
Still looking forward to winter and snow  
Praying that your love and arms I'll know.  
With love I wait for spring again  
And hope our love will then begin.  
If not, the cycle I'll go through—  
A hundred million years for you.

## THE RED ROSE

ROBERT JONES

Walking with the grand entry into the bull ring, the proud, young matador sent a thrill of excitement and romance through the hearts of all the women and a sense of courage through the hearts of the men.

Though he walked with a boldness, he appeared as graceful as a dancer of the finest ballet. With his form-fitting, gold pants and jacket and the black cummerbund so neatly encircling his fancy, white, silk shirt, he was a figure of genuine handsomeness.

The grand entry stopped approximately in the center of the arena. Pepe, the young matador, walked to one side of the ring where a beautiful, young girl was sitting. He stopped short of the young girl and bowed in a gentlemanly manner. She returned the



courtesy with a nod of her head. Taking a red rose from her attractive, black hair, she kissed it and gently threw it to him while saying, "Good luck, Pepe."

He caught the flower and then he too kissed it. Looking at her pretty, fine features and her striking, brown eyes, he said "Today, tomorrow, and throughout eternity I'll fight for you, Lolita." Kissing the rose again he tossed it into her lap and walked out of the arena.

The bull was released into the ring. He strutted around the ring with the cocky feeling of an over-rated champion.

After preliminary play by the toreros, picadors, and the banderilleros, the bull was ready for the matador.

Now the hero of the hour entered the bull ring. He was the matador. He was carrying his red muleta, red cloth, and sword with which he will attempt to kill the beast.

As he came closer to the bull, he pulled his muleta up and executed a few sudden jerks with it. The bull charged blindly, but the matador easily pulled his muleta out of the way and allowed the bull to pass beside him. The crowd yelled, "Bravo, Bravo, Bravo!" He put the crowd out of his mind, because he knew he would have to use every free second to study the bull's actions.

He watched the brave animal turn, and he began to think and whisper to himself, "How fast will he charge? How high or low will he hold his head?" Upon the perfection of the matador's learning a few of the bull's habits would depend the success of the fight and perhaps even his life.

After deftly avoiding the bull several times, the matador was ready for the kill. He moved slowly toward the tired animal and raised his sword. . . .

"Mama, mama, wake up. You must start getting ready because you know how papa always liked for you to look your best."

Lolita looked up from her once-beautiful face, but now wrinkled with age and spoke softly, "Yes, my child, I must be getting ready." She rose from her chair and walked to the mantel over the fireplace. She removed a worn Bible from the top of the mantel. Opening the book, she placed the aged rose with its dried petals into the Bible and closed it. . . .

After the funeral, the family, along with a few friends, drove to the cemetery.

Lolita watched with saddened and tear-soaked eyes as they lowered the coffin into the grave. She took a few steps and looked at the coffin in the open grave. She opened her Bible and lifted the red rose from between the pages. Though the rose had been dried for several years, it was now wet with tears.

As she looked at the open grave, she threw the rose on top of the coffin and whispered "Good luck, Pepe."

## WINTER HILLS

CHARLES W. SEMONIS

The night is coming swiftly now to these dark hills  
So splendour-stricken in the sunset glow,  
And from the woods, denuded by the autumn blasts,  
There permeates a stillness that enriches one  
Who walks upon these lonely hills when day  
Is nearly done. No noise is here to call  
The mind away from nobler, better things  
At this half-sacred hour. And Nature stands to bend  
Her gorgeous head with anyone who dares to pray,  
For surely he who walks these hills by setting sun  
Must know a sweet refreshment of the soul  
And night descends to find a man at peace with God.

## A PRAYER

MAUDE G. RAGLAND

If I've been too busy with life's daily tasks  
To give the right answer to a child's question asked;  
If I've been too busy with trials of the day  
To help some weary soul along life's rough way;  
If I've been too busy with cares of the hour  
To help some struggling person his burden to share;  
If time has passed by and I've not learned to live,  
My one earnest prayer is, "Oh, Dear Lord, forgiven."

## I MUST . . . !

MIKE GASSAWAY

The bed was flounced with lace, the room was a soft blue, the windows looked as if garlanded with snow, and the rug was a wall-to-wall white tufted one. As he scanned this abode, one thought stuck in his mind, "I must . . ."

The bed which imprisoned the lad of twenty-six was a prison of ease. The young man was the unfortunate son of an up-and-coming banker of New York. As the prison became more imminent in his mind, a sudden click of the door latch warned of intruders.

As the door slowly creaked its way open, a sprightly, middle-aged woman sneaked in. "Oh! You are still awake, aren't you dear?" said the mother of the young man. "I didn't think you would be asleep. Does it hurt much? That old car should have been destroyed long ago, but no, you—" All at once tears came to the eyes of the woman as she surveyed the perfect body and yet paralysed legs of the young.

The crying stopped, faces straightened, and a faint smile appeared on the woman's lips. "I have some news," she said weakly. "Your wife-to-be will be here from Straton soon." With an almost apologetic tone, the woman excused herself from the room.

"I must . . ., I must . . .," thought the young man as he took his only movable hand from beneath the cover.

As the hand was removed, the overactive mind of the "prisoner" scanned mentally all of the wonderful times he had had: his joys and carefree schooling, the presidency of the senior class at college, the senior prom when he became engaged. Those were great times. What more could a young man ask?

Even as these thoughts passed through the mind, the eyes came to rest on the pile of motionless ruffle. These are my legs that carried me over for the touchdown that beat Branton University, our ace rival, and these are the legs that carried me up the stage for the validictorian address, and—why go on, for these legs will never carry me again.

He glanced once again at his only good hand. In his hand was a hunting knife that was seized secretly from his nightstand drawer. One thought bounded in his brain with a thundering force, "I must . . ."

Below, a knock was heard at the door. The young, beautiful wife-

*Twenty-two*

to-be was admitted into the lower hall. With little or no formality, all turned toward the steps that led to the ruffled prison.

With the first step of high heels pounding on the stairs, the thought became stronger, "I must . . ., I must . . ., I will . . .!"

\* \* \* \*

As the door opened to the beautifully-decorated, flower-filled room, a feeling of peace seemed to fill the room. Complete peace!

## MIDNIGHT

BOBBY HOLTZSLAW

It is eleven o'clock. The moon is full. Jerry sits waiting on a Central Park bench. Nancy, his fiancée, walks slowly toward the bench. She sits beside him. Nancy speaks: "What has been bothering you lately, Jerry?"

Jerry lets his face slide into his hands and replies: "Oh, Nancy, I can't tell you. It is just too awful. But I just can't go on. I just can't!"

"Tell me, Jerry."

"Nancy, if you only knew what I am going through. You're not safe with me anymore. I'm dangerous. I know you will find this hard to believe, but I must tell you for your own safety.

"Nancy, I am a werewolf. When the moon is full, I have a craving for human blood. That is really the reason I have had you to come here tonight. You are warm and beautiful. So, Nancy, please run before the clock strikes midnight. See, it is ten minutes till the hour now. Oh, please hurry!"

"Jerry, I can't leave you now. You need me. Jerry, I love you. Don't make me go. Please don't."

Jerry sat thinking about what a joke he was playing on Nancy. It would soon be 12:00. Then the fun would really start.

At five until the hour, Jerry started to mess his hair, and put some fake teeth in his mouth that he had purchased at a novelty store. As the clock began striking, Jerry pulled Nancy closer. She was frightened and began to cry.

As the clock struck the eighth time, Jerry put his lips at Nancy's throat. Then the clock struck nine, then ten, then eleven and then midnight. As Jerry raised his head laughing, Nancy punctured his throat with her fangs. His blood cozed from her mouth.

*Twenty-three*

# AFTERNOON OF A DIPSOMANIAC

(A Melodrama)

TOMMY KELLEY

“Some stuffy fool likes Bach,”  
    she said,  
And, frowning distastefully, she shook  
    her head;  
“How terribly, frightfully boring,”  
    she thought,  
And she took to the kitchen the package  
    she’d bought.  
“This will help me to reason,  
    to reason and think—”  
And with that she measured  
    a strong amber drink.  
She savored this first, then tried  
    a second.  
And, “One more won’t hurt a thing,”  
    she reckoned.  
With the third magic draught,  
    her heartache grew dim,  
And she no longer pondered  
    her trouble with “him.”  
A fourth, then a fifth—oh, the world  
    was so right!  
And she felt in her heart  
    no malice, no spite.  
Till finally she nodded; all care  
    slipped away,  
And she slipped (like a swan) into  
    rose-colored day.  
Into a dreamland that knew  
    no pain;  
A land full of butterflies and  
    soft, silky rain.

Her return to the world was a  
different story—  
Eyes aching, struck blind by a  
sunset's bright glory,  
Head pounding, mouth dry, ears  
ringing, and—"Oh!  
I wish they'd turn off that  
damned radio!"

## NO COMMUNICATION

PEGGY PERCIFUL

Laura gazed out at the blue, clear night with the big, yellow moon laughing down at her. Her eyes then wandered over to Mark, as they went speeding along the white strip of pavement in their red Jaguar. He had a determined look about him but there was gentleness, too, even if one did see it only occasionally, in the quick twinkle of his eye.

"Mark, I know you'll think this is childish but I feel like—well, I want to write again. It's worth trying, although when I really think about it, I know I could probably never be a successful writer. If once, just once, I could write something good, something worthwhile. Not something just to please the public or to sell a million copies, but if I could just give one person real enjoyment by writing with feeling, to guide, to instruct, to teach" . . . and her voice died away as Mark interrupted her.

"Oh, I intended to tell you, the boss has invited us over for a cocktail party next week, and I've been thinking, we don't seem to entertain much anymore. We do owe the Morgans a return dinner engagement."

Laura knew that she must make him realize how much writing meant to her. Once it had been her whole existence, her one purpose in life, and then Mark had come along with that careless, haphazard smile of his. Yes, he was what every girl dreams of on a night filled with moonlight like this one. There had been more than his good looks though; he had made her feel safe in an unsafe world; and with him, she came out of her dream world and was able to face reality. She had someone who cared and seemed to under-

stand. She had placed her life, her future, her world in his hands to let them unfurl.

Weeks later, as Laura walked lazily through the park on her way to meet Mark for a luncheon engagement with some friends, she hesitated, noticing her watch, then stopped abruptly. She stooped to help a friend in dire need. The small, black mutt gave a faint whine as she removed the glass from his paw, then barked bravely with gratitude for the little pat she gave him as she went on her way. He gave a little leap to beg her to stay, and Laura sighed as she felt the stocking tear; but there was no time to return home, and Mark would be furious if she were late.

He was so particular about so many things, so exact and so seemingly perfect in everything he did. People enjoyed his company for he had a quick wit and a way of making one feel at ease. She almost laughed at how little they did know him. Laura knew how much he depended on others and especially how very much he needed her. He needed her assurance, her every spare moment. She was a mother first and a wife second.

The house was dark as Laura drove the car into the drive. She thought surely Mark would be with her tonight, of all nights, on her birthday. Five years of marriage and what had they to show for it; they had passed so quickly. Mark was successful, if one thought of material wealth. What had happened to him old ideas, his old ambitions? Perhaps, he was happy; at least, she had tried, for she loved him so very much.

The lights dazzled her and the laughter and shouting engulfed her as she opened the door. "Surprise! Surprise!" Laura smiled and moved graciously around to each guest and listened to talk about the new yacht, the new house and the invitation to this club and that one. Had they grown so distant, so old, and so tired of each other that they now needed the noise and chatter of these empty shells of success, these poor pretentious people? Couldn't they have been alone tonight to talk? She needed him so, but after the first year, they had talked less and less of important things and had grown farther and farther apart.

"Mark, could I see you a minute?"

"Yes, darling, of course. Excuse me, Bill, Alice?" Laura closed the door tightly, as if to shut out the last year of doubt, neglect and confusion. "Well, Hon, you've done it again. J. B. signed the contract, this may mean my promotion. He just told me that a man

with a wife like you would naturally be successful." She knew she must wait again, but for how long.

Many months passed and at last she felt she must tell him. "You see, I feel that women, at least some women, need more than just love, managing a home, having children and being the perfect hostess. We all need some purpose, some goal in life. Oh, God, I'd never realized how difficult this would be, because I know how much you need me, but I want to be loved and protected in return. I want to open up and envelop others. I need to share, Mark, to feel I'm accomplishing something, working towards something. Here, I'm growing stale, decaying, growing yellow like dead leaves. I want a divorce."

"Really, Laura," Mark laughed lightly, trying to reassure himself. "Have you been writing that for the bridge club or is it from a new play? What you need is a vacation, maybe a short trip to England. We'll talk about it later, I must run, I'm late now. See you later, Darling."

The plane was bringing her nearer her destination, or destiny, as Laura gazed at the ocean below and the clouds above. It reminded her of the gulf between her and Mark. Would he ever understand or accept her reason for leaving him? Perhaps, he would when he read her first novel. She had hated feeling like a possession—something that could be bought or sold.

What lay ahead, she knew not, but there was excitement in not knowing and in freedom; yet, sadness too. If they could have talked, but somewhere a line was down, and there was no communication.

## PREJUDICE

NANCY HAISE

He smiled at me and I  
could see his eyes;  
They were filled with warmth  
with love with affection.  
He closed his eyes and  
breathed some sighs,  
The sighs were more of  
sadness than reflection.

*Twenty-seven*



As his lips parted his straight  
white teeth did appear,

His perfect mouth, envied  
by the others,

Moved, telling me of his  
doubt and fear

And searching the reason  
why all men aren't brothers.

Why is there in this world  
of love and hate,

So little understanding among  
men, countries, and nations?

Why don't we reason, instead  
of leaving it to fate,

And allow all peoples to live  
in friendly relations?

The man was golden brown,  
belonging to another race.

Long it takes this world  
to be a nicer place.

## **WHY LIVE?**

JAMES R. WILLIAMS

Why live to suffer all that life can bring?  
When one swift movement of the hand can find  
A resting place where only death will sing  
Her song of peace that cools the heated mind.  
Death's door is always open, always there  
To beckon and to tempt the soul of man.  
Always her fingers, dark yet sometimes fair,  
Caress the mind and lead it to her land.  
We live because the light of life shines far  
Brighter than Death's candle flame can glow.  
Courageous hearts still searching for their star  
Must live their destined hour before they go.

We live because the joy of one sweet hour  
Is dearer far than Death's eternal power.

## THE DIFFERENCE

CHARLES W. SEMONIS

Faith sees a star in the blackness  
When Reason says "There is no star,"  
And Hope views scenes of loveliness  
While Logic says that from afar  
There comes a noisy bugle call  
For men to come and die in war  
Against their brothers; and that all  
The world shall know an awful dark  
In which there's not the faintest spark  
Of Light.

Hope hears songs and rustle of wings  
But Logic has a look of scorn  
Upon her ugly face and brings  
No roses to a shrine—but thorns.  
Faith does not cry out in anguish  
But remains always firm, secure  
When Reason seems almost to wish  
That man might be destroyed, and pure  
And wondrous Hope says, "I'll endure  
The Night."

## THE TRANSITION

JEWEL WILDER

### *FEBRUARY*

I'm a party girl, and no one's going to change that. None of those ball-and-chain ideas ever mar my thoughts. In fact, marriage doesn't even enter my mind. Weddings are for wall flowers. They're both forbidden words in my vocabulary.

I don't approve of sentimental rot like engagements, going steady, or even dating one guy more than four or five times. (Since men are the weaker sex, they usually flip after a few dates.) I'll admit, men are habit forming, but this Li'l co-eds too smart to pick up or encourage bad habits.

It's disgusting to sit here every night watching the co-eds pair off

*Twenty-nine*

like cooing doves. Oh, I date, but I don't get crushes, swoon, go off the deep end, or any of that nonsense. I'm too practical. My philosophy is "Every man for himself," and "He who travels alone travels farthest." And brother, the sky is the limit! I want to be top dog, or else. No man can change my plans.

Here comes one of those foolish young things. (Oh, pardon me, this one's an older fool.) Watch how I treat him—it's the only way to treat any of them. He's going to ask me to dance, so I'll turn on the smile, lower my eyelashes, uncross my legs, sit up straight—Damn! What a girl has to do.

His dancing's smooth and his line's ditto. He's not too bad to look at, either. Guess I'd better bait the line, see what kind of sucker I've found this time. Welllllll, that's a new twist! He not only swallowed the bait, he also digested the line. More, junior? You're asking for it. . . .

February's almost gone. I haven't stayed in one night since the beginning of this month. But the shocking part is that I've spent every night with Jim. I think it's all right to date them more than a couple of times if you don't fall for their line—it's nothing new—but. . . .

Jim isn't exactly stingy on our dates; it's just that he's saving his money. I won't object, since one of these days I'll be quite famous and have scads of money.

### *MARCH*

Jim knows quite a lot of people. No matter where we go, someone stops to talk to us. We're not serious—for heaven's sake, no!—but we do make such a nice couple—well, any girl likes to be proud of her date.

His parents came down last weekend—they're very charming. By some odd coincidence, they know my parents. They stopped on their way back home Sunday to visit them. Mother mailed her approval of them—parents! I know what the four of them would like to think, but I'm not letting thoughts like that breed—no, sireee! Marriage is not included in my plans. I'll just have to have a talk with my parents.

Since it's been so nice and warm these last March days, Jim and I have started taking our lunch and hiking off campus to a secluded area—Don't get that look! Everyone needs to get away from the classroom, books, and studies once in a while—besides, it's not fun talking to oneself and Jim is interesting to listen to. We're sel-

dom ever alone, though, since other couples have the same idea, and Jim has so many friends who enjoy his company as much as I do.

We double-date, triple-date, seldom alone, on special occasions like the Senior Dance, Military Ball, graduating class picnic, and Pep Club dinner. Everyone wants to be in our group—never a dull moment! I'm not bragging—I'm just proud. I'm beginning to think that being a B.M.O.C. is just as great an honor as being one of New York's V.I.P.'s. Anyway, it's quite an honor being Jim's girl. But we're not serious.

#### *APRIL*

There's been one trip after another this month. If it hasn't been Vocational Conference, Religious Emphasis Week, or club trips, it's been trips home. The worse part has been that Jim and I haven't been together for six days this whole month. When Jim would be in one place, I'd be in another.

I wanted to go home with him Sunday (his mother had a big family dinner planned), but our sorority decided I should represent us at a faculty tea. Jim forgave me since he does realize how I feel about social gatherings—and trips. For the first time in my life, I was bored.

During spring vacation I took a week for traveling—you name it, I've seen it, or at least passed through it. A group of girls and I went—I was miserable. I missed Jim. He's excellent company. He's nothing like the chatterboxes I spent the week with. It's not that I love him—it's just that he's such a nice habit it's uncomfortable to be without him. You know what I mean.

I hope I never take another trip. I'm slightly "tripped" out. Jim and I wanted to visit his parents last weekend (thank goodness it's only a short drive). There was a party at the country club, but I wanted to stay in. Jim and I watched t.v., played cards, popped corn, and ended the evening swinging lazily in the front porch swing. It was a wonderful evening.

I think I've come to my senses at last. No more dreams of traveling from country to country trying to establish a name for myself. If I can settle down in one large metropolis, establish roots, and important contacts, cliques, and the like—I'll be content.

I've had several interviews for jobs. You'd be surprised how little they offer for the work they ask you to do. Jim isn't too particular about salaries. He wants a steady, reliable, room-for-advancement

job with security for the (I think he's getting too serious). We had an argument over the job I refused. I wanted more than what they offered. Jim told me the amount I refused would easily pay *our* bills. I exploded! Right then and there I told him that I wasn't looking for anyone to share my paycheck, that I was not getting married, and I wanted enough money to be independent. If I wasn't offered any more than that amount, I would have to get married and combine my paycheck in order to live happily. I had too many plans, and I told him so.

### *MAY*

I haven't seen Jim lately—in fact, not for two weeks. A friend of ours said Jim had started part-time work and is due a raise the first of June. The raise will be steady from then on—one every three months afterwards. He's ambitious, smart—a wonderful guy. I miss him terribly. He upset me so the night of our argument that I cried all night. Truthfully, I've cried every time I've thought about it—or him. I never thought I'd cry over a mere acquaintance—a friend.

### *JUNE*

I can't walk across that stage tomorrow. It's too final. I know where I'll be after tomorrow—it hurts. To be working in the same town with Jim, not being able to be with him as we used to be. . . Oh, Jimmy, Jimmy . . .

I had a visitor last night—Jim. I was so overjoyed to see him I threw my arms around his neck and bawled. I'll never forget that night—the night before we graduated.

As we walked down the aisle, I couldn't help wondering—when had the change begun? Those bells you hear aren't from the campus tower—they're our wedding bells.

## **A TRAP DOOR**

BARBARA PARSONS

Do you have a trap door at your house? I bet you do. Everybody has a trap door. Maybe it isn't one you can see, but I bet you've got one. My granny used to tell me, "Why, Child, everyone's got a trap door," and I used to crawl up in her lap and she'd 'plain it all to me—'bout how some people has got honest-to-good-

*Thirty-two*

ness trap doors that you can see and touch, but most folks has got trap-doors in their heads. Now you probably don't believe this, but it's true, 'cause my Granny said so and my Granny's a smart woman. She knows lots about human beings and what makes 'em act all the funny ways they do. The main reason, she told me, is that trap door of theirs—it's an odd thing—that trap door, 'causing most folks try to say they ain't got one, but they have. Everybody does 'cause my Granny said so and my Granny's a smart woman. It's just like a real trap door. People catch things in there and hide them. I bet you use your trap door to lock up all kinds of things you don't want other folks to know. Ain't that so? Bet it is—why, even I have a trap door, and I got little secrets hid in there just like everybody else. But my Granny's, she says that is bad—that it ain't good to have trap doors—especially with lots of things all locked up tight. Granny believes that's one of the reasons my Aunt Lulu had to be put in a hospital for people that's sick in the “thinking way.” Aunt Lulu had a great ole big trap door, Granny says, 'cause Aunt Lulu never would tell anybody how she really felt. She'd just laugh and cry real funny and about things that I didn't think was funny at all. She'd go on believing her husband what was kilt in the war was a' 'comin' home. She wouldn't open up that trap door and let us know she really knew he wasn't a' comin' home. She really got confused; that's why they took her away. She got some things in the trap-door mixed up with real, living things, but that was Aunt Lulu, and we ain't worried about her. We can't help her, but my Granny and me, well, we can help you. That's why we wanted to tell you about the trap-doors. How it might be O.K. to have a little trap door, but it really ain't good to have one at all. What I mean is it's better not to have secrets. They ain't good for ya' or for the people what has to live with ya'. My Granny says the best thing is always to be honest with the world, but, mainly, be honest with yourself. And how can you, let me ask ya', be honest with yourself if you are gonna go a' hidin' things and a' locking 'em up in a trap door? That's what my granny says, and my Granny is a smart woman.

## TRY

FRANK PEARCE

Though I may try to write a passing verse,  
My trying is in vain. For I am not  
The mighty poet who hopes to fill his purse  
With gold from his fruits of art. My not-so-hot  
Poetic work may not be called a great,  
But I may say that I did try to make  
A poem that is my best. It may be that fate  
Will give to me an even better break,  
For I may be the man who cures the sick,  
The man who wins the game, or I may be  
The man who owns the most, a man of brick  
And steel, but most of all I know I am free.  
And though my verse is not so very good,  
I know, myself, I did the best I could.

## TO YOUTH

JEAN PATTERSON

When I remember you I'll not be sad,  
For those were days that filled my heart with joy.  
The songs, the walks, the tears, the laughs we had—  
These will remain and nothing can destroy.

Could I but cling one moment more to thee,  
The fears that crowd my mind perhaps would cease,  
But progress we must not by will impede,  
Nor stop the dread finality of release.

Life has for each, adventures new to yield  
And these few years are an interlude.  
By pressing onward still we mold and build—  
To stop too soon would make the building crude.

Though eager to fulfill ambitions high,  
I linger—and cannot control a sigh.

## **PURITY NO MORE POSSESSED**

BERYL BOERNER

The snow fell down on the war-torn hill,  
So beautiful, pure and white,  
Down on the rubble of greedy hearts  
And the graves of man who kill.

The hill looked calm and tranquil.  
Within the nearby city wall  
Enemies waited with their guns alert  
Ready to shoot and kill.

Soon the snow will be ugly and black  
And be stained with the blood of men.  
The hearts of men will be cold and hard  
As they prepare for another attack.

They'll fight until they all have died  
And the city lies ruined and torn.  
The bodies of men lie broken and dead  
And the urge of their hearts is gratified.

The snow fell on the war-torn hill,  
So beautiful, pure and white,  
Down on the rubble of greedy hearts  
Blackened by men who kill.

## **THE BOUNDS**

BONNIE JEAN WESLEY

No man can be alone;  
For man is Nature,  
But Nature is more than man.  
Man is God,  
But God is more than man.  
Man is eternal,  
And Eternity knows not solitude.



## HE CHEATED DEATH

TURLEY TUDOR

As the fool buzzed down the highway doing ninety-five,  
He passed them one by one, those who'd rather stay alive.

He heard a trooper's siren, but would not let him pass,  
He gazed back through the mirror and mashed down on the gas.

The red light started flashing, as he was giving chase,  
The girl looked back and smiled and said, "I believe he wants to  
race."

They cruised on down and hit a hill,  
And that hotrod Ford went faster still.

He rounded a curve and was doing fine,  
And thought he'd lost that cop behind.

The girl looked over and smiled, you know,  
And reached and flipped on the radio.

As they were rounding a little knoll,  
The radio said you better shake, rattle, and roll.

"That cop driving that limousine  
Can't catch my hotrod flying-machine."

As the Ford was way out in the lead,  
He thought he might as well cut speed.

As the boy turned to give a glance,  
The cop then saw he had his chance.

He shot the gas to that limousine  
And pulled alongside that flying-machine.

Now they were running side by side  
And the cop looked over and caught his eye.

He sneered back at him as he mashed the gas,  
But neither one could seem to pass.

It looked as though neither one would win,  
Because a fast freight came around the bend.

*Thirty-six*

Now the only way he could win, I mean,  
Was to put that freight train in between.

The cop looked over and checked his pace,  
And the Ford was determined to win this race.

Now the cop had already cut his speed,  
And that hotrod Ford went to the lead.

The train and the Ford were coming down the stretch,  
Which one would win you couldn't tell yet.

The cop watched this race and sighed,  
And it looked as though there would be a tie.

As the flagman ran to flag 'em back,  
The hotrod Ford jumped across the track.

The girl got scared and jumped and screamed,  
And the freight rumbled over the flying-machine.

Now listen, my friend, you better take heed,  
If you drive a hotrod Ford, then watch your speed.

## **THE SEARCH FOR THE TRUE MEANING OF CHRISTMAS**

LINDA GASSAWAY

Standing by the front bay window, Diana, home from College for the Christmas Holidays, watched the crystal flakes of snow as they blanketed the earth. Somehow the soft snow, the atmosphere of peace and good-will, the entire spirit about her caused her mind to wander back through the spans of time to the first Christmas. As she thought about the first Christmas, she remembered how the angels had appeared to the shepherds and proclaimed the birth of the Saviour. For the first time in her life she wondered what the true meaning of Christmas was.

How conducive the glittering snow was to the recall of memories, for Diana also thought about the many Christmases that had passed here on Hill Street. Her thoughts lingered as she remembered last Christmas. She could see Tom standing at the front door, presents in his hands, and the snow glistening on his black topcoat.

*Thirty-seven*

She could almost feel again that excitement that she had felt that night. It was the night of the largest social event of the season, and the Country Club was giving its annual Christmas dance. Tom and she had danced until the wee hours of the morning, and then they had hurried home in order to rest before attending the next party. As a matter of fact, all of the days before last Christmas were spent in that manner.

“Diana!” A loud voice interrupted her thoughts. “Diana, someone wants you on the telephone,” her mother repeated.

Hurriedly, she walked to the phone, picked up the receiver, and lounged in the soft, green chair that was near-by.

Somewhat in a daze, Diana placed the receiver in its cradle. As usual she was elated over receiving a call from Chris Brooks. Hearing his voice over the phone brought back some of the memories of the past year. It all began one night after the Christmas holidays when Gwen, her roommate, had invited her to one of the college devotional periods. Diana was reluctant to go with her, but after much insistence, she decided to go.

Upon returning to her dormitory room from the devotions, Diana could not concentrate on her studies. She seemed to be plagued with something that she could neither explain nor understand. Her eyes scanned the nearby bookshelf. There lay a Testament which Gwen had given her. Slowly she picked the Bible up and turned the pages. It seemed to her that someone made the pages fall open to John 3:16, and she read the words, “For God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have ever-lasting life.” She pondered the meaning of those words.—Were they for her? Did God mean that she could have His Son for herself if she would believe in Him? Diana meditated on those words for several days.

About a week later, Diana strolled into a small garden near her college campus. There she sat on a bench and buried her head in thought. She was startled when someone sat beside her. She was embarrassed because of the tears which flowed down her cheeks. The boy’s face was familiar. He was a leader in her church group, but she didn’t know his name.

“Hi there! My name is Chris Brooks,” the boy answered her querying eyes. “Do you mind if I sit here?”

“No,” she replied, wishing immediately that she were alone.

*Thirty-eight*

Chris looked at her and said, "Miss, I don't know your name, and maybe this isn't any of my business, and I hope that you don't mind my asking, because I've been watching you ever since I saw you at devotions the other night. To tell the truth, you've been worrying me, and when I saw you crying, I just wondered what was the matter."

A lump caught in Diana's throat, and fear overcame her, and then suddenly a peace and a feeling of trust filled her body.

"I-I," she stammered, "am very disturbed over my life and its relationship to Christ. I'm not a Christian, but I want to be one. I've read my Bible and especially John 3:16, but it is very hard for me to accept this for the truth."

In his gentle manner and quiet voice, Chris explained to her that God could become very real to her by her accepting the truth in this verse.

"What is your name?" he asked.

"Diana," she replied.

"Diana, would you like to kneel here and pray, asking God to come into your heart?" Chris asked.

"Yes," said Diana as she wiped the tears from her eyes. And there in the garden Diana found a new faith—one in God—and a peace which filled her soul.

After their meeting in the small garden, Diana and Chris began dating, and just now he had called to ask her to help make Christmas presents for the children at the local orphanage. As the thoughts of the children came to her mind, she knew that she must hurry in order to be ready when Chris arrived.

An hour later, hand in hand, they walked through the fallen snow to the local Community Center. As Chris opened the door to the Center, the festive air of Christmas came upon them, for they could hear the happy voices of their friends shouting greetings and humming carols.

Over in one corner, two boys were making and mending toys, and in another corner, couples were wrapping the gay packages for the children. The room was filled with people doing various jobs in order to make a happy Christmas for the boys and girls.

Christmas Eve arrived and its beauty was surpassed only by the joy in Diana's heart. Her body tingled with excitement as she anticipated seeing the children open their gifts.

The crowd gathered at the Center, and then they were off, gifts in hand, to their destination—the Orphanage.

Her heart sang as she watched the faces of the children as they opened their Christmas presents. When all the gifts were opened, everyone gathered around the piano and sang carols. The children's soft voices sounded like the voices of angels as they sang. Diana sat still and listened to the words. "Silent night, holy night, All is calm, all is bright . . . ."

When they finished the carols, the matron gathered them about her, opened her Bible and read:

"And there were in the same country shepherds abiding in the field, keeping watch over their flocks by night.

And, lo, the angel of the Lord came upon them, and the glory of the Lord shone round about them: And they were sore afraid . . . .

Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men."

The ride back to town found Diana almost silent. Chris gently placed his arm about her shoulders and asked her, "Did you find your answer?"

"Yes, yes, I found the true meaning of Christmas. It was written on the children's faces—joy and peace. Christmas means giving to those who are less fortunate than you and I are, and not in receiving anything. It is the time to remember the greatest gift—God's Son—and say anew that our desire in life is to serve others. Yes, I found my answer."

## THE SHADOW

BONNIE JEAN WESLEY

A life is like a shadow—  
First it is small  
And falls behind.  
Then it grows tall and races ahead!  
But as in life  
Shadows fade—  
And soon are gone.

## GOAT CRY

CHARLES W. SEMONIS

I wonder if your grave tonight  
Is silvery with bright moonlight,  
And if the breeze that stirs my hair  
Moves through the grass that's growing there.  
I wonder, if your sleeping dust  
Could speak, would you bid me to trust  
In some small purpose of my own  
Or fall before a golden throne  
Where Bacchus in be-jewelled crown  
Would sneer, and say, "My man, go drown  
Your sin in wine." (The gaudy clown!)  
Or would you have me seek the Power  
Who dwells in Love's great star-clad Tower,  
And looks on me with kindly Eyes  
And with a Heart that almost cries  
Aloud as I approach the land  
That's treacherous with brown quicksand  
Of deep despair? Oh, from the ground,  
What is the agonizing sound  
That vainly strives to leap and bound  
And tell me now lest I grow faint  
If I should sinner be or saint?

## YOU

BONNIE JEAN WESLEY

You held my life in ecstasy,  
You've made my past sweet memory,  
You're now my present misery,  
So in my future, let me be!

## DARK TO LIGHT

KEARNEY M. LYKINS

Green to black and then the night,  
A night so black but for the light  
Of a firefly whose twinkle seems up to par  
With that of a clear night's summer star.  
Could the death of a firefly be but to provide  
Yet another season to love in God confide.  
Life—at its end still the light will glow.  
In so many ways he tries to show.  
A life hereafter with a God so great  
He can take but a firefly to partake  
The task of teaching a word so full of love  
And at the same time know the death of a dove.  
Humble thyself, search for His word.  
For one not to see would be but absurd.

## DEATH

ETHEL BROWN

He rent the latch and came in,  
This conqueror of all.  
Though I saw him not, I felt his presence  
And wondered at his eminence.  
What path had he tread,  
And whom did he seek along the way?  
Did he touch those of beauty,  
Or those learned men?  
Most important of all—  
Was I prepared to meet him?  
For, if I had not accomplished my ultimate goal,  
Then I was not ready;  
I would not accept his bidding,  
But deter and fight anew.

## DARKNESS?

ELIZABETH ANN SHAW

I walk alone in darkness.

I trudge the avenues of despair.

Loneliness permeates every crevice, every plane of my life.

Darkness lies like a shroud over my whole being.

My footsteps echo in the empty caverns of the night.

And I ask,

How?

Why?

Once I was not lonely.

Once I had Him and my life was filled with light.

How did I lose Him?

Why can't I believe?

I don't know,

And yet I must know, for a soul cannot live in darkness,  
cannot walk alone through the streets of sorrow.

I seek.

I may find.

—Meanwhile,

I walk alone in darkness.



## THE WANDERER

CHARLES W. SEMONIS

“Come unto me . . . and I will give you rest,”  
He said, but I rebelled and went my chartless way  
Down many neon-lighted thoroughfares  
Refusing to acknowledge, honor or obey  
His call. Yet, heedless of my insolence,  
He sought me through the chimes from shining spires  
At noon when, swallowed by the city’s teeming lot,  
I fought my way, pretending not to hear:  
“He came unto His own; His own received Him not.”  
By dawn and starlight, too, He spoke my name,  
But I resisted still, until, out on the hills  
One night, alone, I met Him searching for His sheep—  
A lonely, stragglng sheep, for centuries astray.  
He looked on me, and I could neither speak nor weep  
But only hasten to His side, for, with a pang,  
I realized the one lost sheep was I.