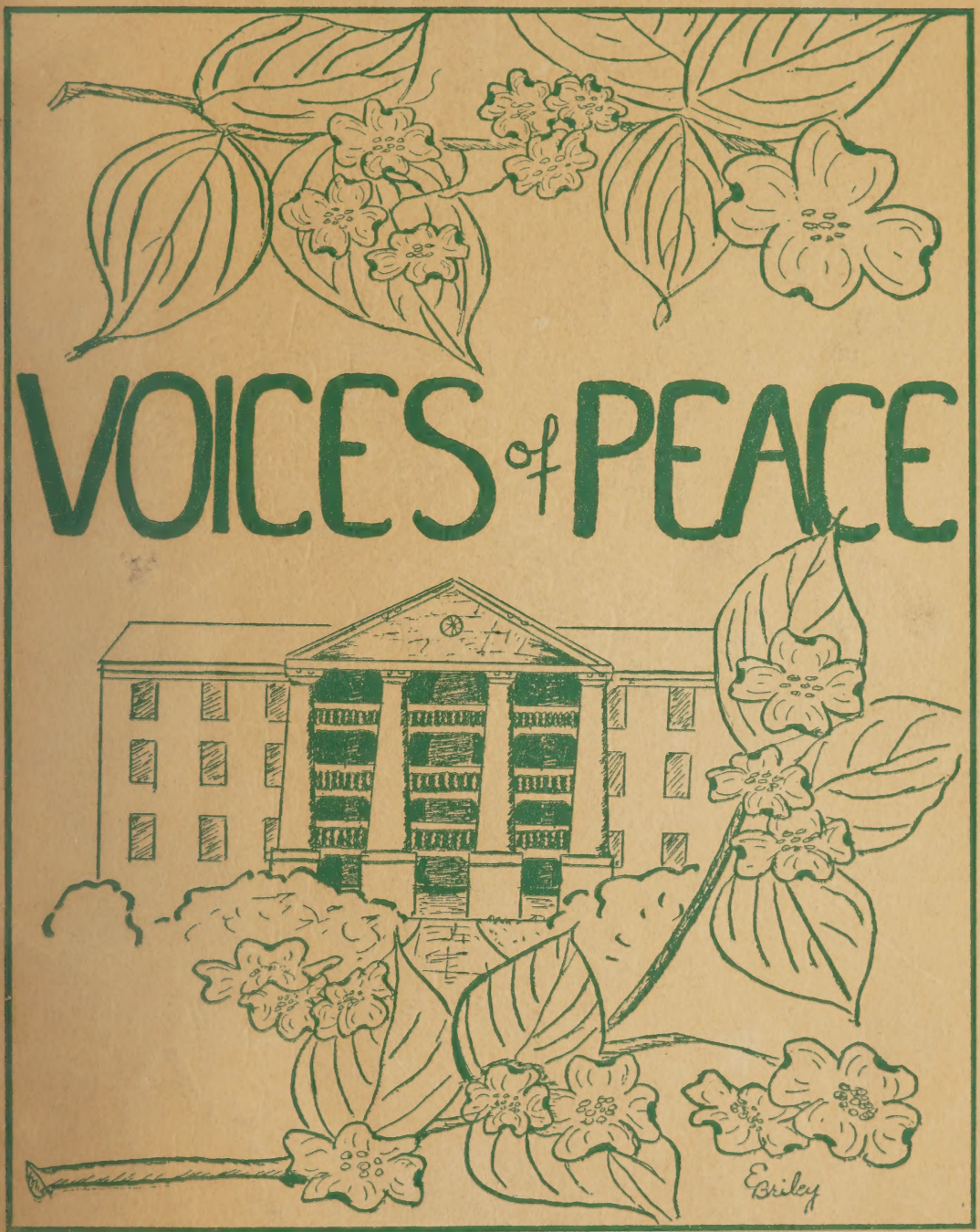

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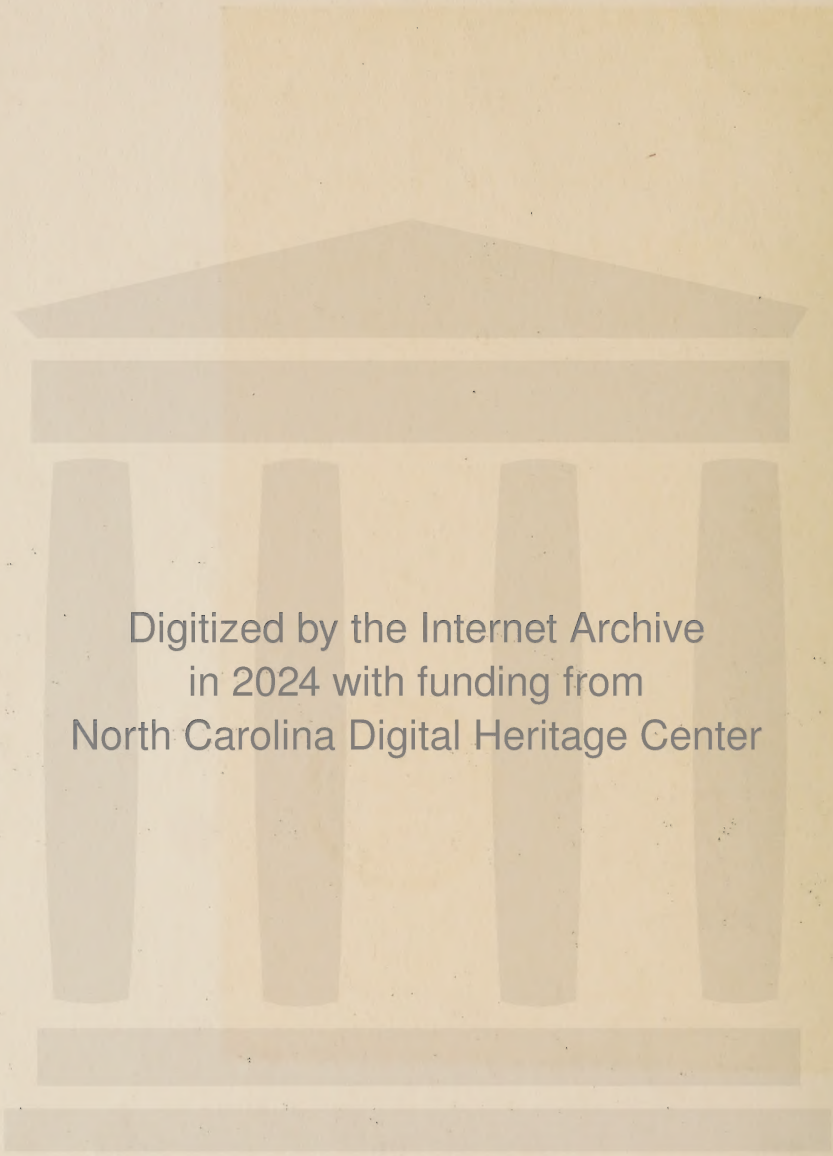

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Rain

It's been raining all day long. In every size the drops come down, in clusters sometimes, and then again by one's and two's. As the droplets hit the earth they seem to explode into a million little pieces, and then they vanish, leaving nothing but a tiny spot on the walk to tell of their arrival. A little to one side of the walk you can see little trenches being cut. These form miniature rivers that run headlong into greater puddles and continue their meandering way to an undecided destination. Sitting inside now I can hear the drum, drum, drum of the rain as it hits against the gutters, which are already clogged to capacity and are overflowing at many places. Tonight it will rain even harder, I suspect; but I won't mind, for it will be rhythmic music lulling me to sleep.

by Ann Pace

Love

Love is a spider's web—sometimes, gleaming like a priceless jewel; sometimes, almost invisible.

It catches unsuspecting victims in its strong arms, and holds them fast.

It is beautiful! Perfect!

by Madelyn Schreffler

Black Souls of America

The Negro came
To America with fear,
But as he worked
He found a haven here.

He toiled and sweated
Each hour of the day.
Then we realized that this
Was not the American way.

The dream that he worshiped
Had finally come true.
He shouted with praise
The theme of red, white, and blue.

The Black Souls
Looked to heaven with praise.
And their prayer in spirituals
To God they did raise.

From that moment of liberty
With freedom and rest
He began to show "Old Massa"
That he could pass the test.

Yes, he has made a lot
Of progress on his way;
United, with all he is,
Fulfilling a true American day.

by Jane Holland Bond

Dimple Diagnosis

She's standing alone now in front of the jewelry store looking at an array of sparkling diamonds. Some would say she was only a silly school-girl fluttering away her time; others, who are wiser, would see through to the dreams in her eyes, the song in her heart. The white-satin and lace thoughts burning through her mind intermingled with the clearly etched picture of her man. You can see now, can't you? She's in love . . .

by Natalie Lancaster

Did Winter Come?

Am I really awake, or am I only dreaming of these new buds on the branches of the trees and bushes? Are those really jonquils and iris that make gay spots of color among those bright new blades of green, green grass? Are those bursts of red that I see hither and yon among the dark waxy leaves of the shrubs beautiful camellias, untouched by frost?

I remember no snow nor unbearably cold days. Did winter come? Was I asleep, perhaps? Or is it just the way of our beautiful Southland that makes all unpleasant memories fade with the coming of the beauteous spring?

The spring wind, strong, yet warm and sweet, sweeps our campus. Running in its path are the last bits of debris from winter—ashamed to be seen in their old faded garb among the new spring clothes of nature's children. The birds are waking us with their gay notes of springtime joy. The days are longer, and the warm rays of the sun reach out long fingers that lingeringly touch the damp spots in the corners neglected by the winter sun.

It really must be spring, for winter seems to be left behind in fading memories. Now I can look forward to those days which will come soon when the campus is a blooming garden of dogwood and the red bud's sweet blossoms. The lacy patterns of sunlight will then find it hard to discover a resting place on the ground through the new leaves and buds of the trees. The old stone benches will be crowded with girls who seek to absorb the beauty and warmth of a springtime day to store it away in their memories, another in their folios of mental pictures that they will leaf through on gray, bleak days when winter comes again.

by Jo West

It Happens Every Day . . .

Groan—clack—clickety—clack! Ah! 'Tis morning. The radiators are awakening. The tin-pan band in the kitchen is striking a merry note. The tempting smell of bacon and coffee comes creeping up the stairs and slips under the doors until it reaches our expectant noses. We lie paralyzed in our beds lest the rude sound of the morning bell interrupt our lazy ecstasy. Ultimately, it will come, but, please, not now! We slide down under the covers one inch farther. We are becoming conditioned to another day at school; Peace is waking up.

by Natalie Lancaster

Thursday: The Mail Rush

What is beautiful about a letter? Surely not the scrawl of a palsied old man nor the tired, traveled envelope which contains it.

But there was something there that at the sight of the series of stamps and long address made jostling, noisy girls seem far away and very insignificant. The memory of a cultured gentleman and scholar crowded my brain and I thanked God that he, who was the inspiration of so many like me, was still able to supply that inspiration through the gentlest of wits and kindest of hands.

I selfishly placed the letter inside my jacket for I wanted no one to share its first reading. Later, of course, I would read sections of it to my roommate, who for once would listen carefully to what I had to say. She would genuinely enjoy the smooth, graceful Spanish my *caballero* wrote so easily in what had once been an elegant handwriting.

The letter would contain a little news of the daily life of a man whose life I am not worthy to have touched, but by whose life I had been made less unworthy of that contact. He would speak of the progress of Noel, with whom he knows I once thought I was in love. He would describe the wedding of Raoul to Margarita and say that God would bless them for allowing him to officiate. He would again illustrate the humility and selflessness of a god-man and make me feel at once proud, sad, and ashamed.

The eighty-five-year-old priest has the courage of a spring bull combined with the gentleness of a lamb—and a letter from him makes me glad that I'm alive.

by Ada Austin

Men Don't Cry

The music from Bop City was still blaring in Mack's ears as he descended the steps from the second floor dance hall. Walking rapidly, he crossed Broadway, walked east for one block and then north up 7th Avenue. He caught a few notes of "Baby, It's Cold Outside" as he passed a record shop. The air was brisk and stimulating after the crowded dance floor and the stifling room, but what a combo. Those boys really knew music.

The sidewalk was jammed as usual but one becomes accustomed to crowds and learns to weave in and out with complete ease. The plays were not yet over but that would make little difference; for New York can absorb thousands of theater-goers and office workers on its streets.

The street took on a more comfortable look as the blocks slid by. Mack knew he was approaching the section where the "upper crust"

lived. He had walked this street many times. He had often pitied rich people because they did not know to come down to Bop City and have a real night of it. What the devil was the matter with those people? Didn't they know music when they heard it? What feeling could be better than to hear your head ring with the noise of the trumpet. What a band!

He buttoned his overcoat, as the wind was beginning to bite at his legs. A cigarette would go good. He stopped, found the package in his coat pocket, cupped his hands and with two fingers, struck the match with ease. The wind whipped at the meager flame, and before it could do its proposed job it went out.

The old yellow building by which Mack had stopped afforded him a doorway that would cut off the wind. He stepped in and with his back facing the street lit the cigarette. Inside he saw a doorman, who had evidently left his post, sitting and holding an inner door ajar. For some reason Mack pushed open the street door and went in. The doorman reluctantly left his place at the door and said to Mack, "Yeah, Buddy, what can I do for you?" Mack wondered why so many people addressed him with "Yeah, Buddy." Then he was acutely aware of music that suddenly engulfed him. He looked briefly at his surroundings and noted billboards with the names of people he had heard of, maybe in the United Nations or somewhere equally important; Ferruccio Tagliavini, Max Rhymer, Igor Stravinsly, and others. Funny he couldn't place them.

The doorman was beginning to be annoyed and began again, "Say, friend, if you ain't interested in the music, I am; would you please state your business?"

"Do you mean the orchestra?"

"What else?" responded the doorman.

"How could I hear it? How much is a ticket?"

"The concert is about over, just one more selection, I think. Say, if you really want to hear it, you can climb the steps there on the right and take a seat in the balcony. Just don't make no noise. These are cultured people here, you know."

"Thanks, Buddy; thanks a lot."

Mack walked up the stairs past one landing and then considered himself high enough to be in the balcony. A door led from the corridor and Mack pushed it open, stepped in and looked around. There was nothing ornate or extravagant about the interior of the building, but some of the men downstairs wore dress suits and the women wore evening dresses.

A box was over to his right, and, glancing that way, he saw a man sleeping and a woman yawning. Below he saw a young lady survey-

ing the audience with her opera glasses. Yeah, he guessed these people were cultured all right—just like in the movies.

There was a burst of applause and he was aware that the music had stopped. The conductor stepped upon the podium, raised his hands, and the music again came forth as though by magic. Mack set passively for a while and then gradually he felt as though every emotion he possessed had been called from within his body. He knew this was music. This was the crying of the heart and soul. It seemed to speak to him. He listened and it said, *Come to me; hear me. I live for you; won't you listen? Accept me, embrace me, for I have much to say.* Mack listened as though in a trance.

The music spoke again in solemn tones and then with stirring quality. If you had looked you might have thought this man, Mack, was crying. But no—men don't cry.

"Say, Mister, how are we going to turn up the seats and clean this place if you think you are going to stay here all night?"

Mack looked into the worn face of a cleaning woman. He rose without a word, turned up the seat, and falteringly walked down the aisle.

At the foot of the deserted stairway the doorman was pulling on his heavy overcoat, but Mack saw none of his surroundings. He shoved open the outside door and stepped into the street. It was raining. He walked slowly south.

Across the wet sidewalk a piece of yellow paper ricocheted and flattened itself in the gutter. A thin stream of water swept over it and the print of the words "Carnegie Hall presents" . . . and *"Symphony No. 6, in B Minor Op. 74 (Pathetique)* . . . Tchaikovsky" were blurred and then illegible.

by Nancy Ann Wright

Decision

Just you and I
Under a winter sky of grey.
It was there on that quiet hill
All other dreams faded away.

Just you and I
By a little o'er frozen brook.
It was there in the falling snow
The most beautiful one, I forsook.

by Sue Bullock

Love

It has been said that love is supreme,
The only child of a young girl's dream,
The very center of the frustrate heart,
Yes, love has made many an eye to smart.

It comes at once without a word,
Often before a sound is heard.
It's like a wolf in the midst of sheep
It takes the one who is fast asleep!

Yes, it strikes the one who is unaware
Who has almost forgotten how to care.
It strikes with force and refuses to go
Until the time life's breath is low.

by Florrie Beitman

Hopeless

Well, here she comes at last! I should say it's about time! Always late! *Never* on time! Always causing someone to wait for her!

Just observe that silly-looking walk of hers! That shiftless, careless stride always seems to hit me the wrong way! Looks like she might take a *little* pride in herself! Throwing all her weight first on one hip and then shifting it carelessly to the other tends to make her appear double-jointed in more places than one. Why, oh, why, doesn't she hold those shoulders up straight? She looks as if she has been the "clinging vine" type all her life! Gracious me, no wonder people step off the pathway to let her pass! Why, the way she kicks and slides those over-sized feet of hers might lead one to think she owned the place! I have spoken to her time and time again about being so discourteous to others, but does she heed my warnings? Ha, I should say not!! Oh, oh, now she's beginning to drool like a maniac . . . she knows good and well that she's entirely too old to be acting so childish . . . I just can't imagine what's come over her lately. Good gravy!!!! Now, that is just the *last* straw . . . when she begins throwing her tail into the face of any and everybody that passes her way, then it's time I took her home and locked her in the barn with the rest of the cows.

Come along, Betsy!

by Jackie Owen

Success Story of a Librarian

My name is Mrs. Alicia Beck Seagle. Before I acquired that name, I was Alicia Sykes Beck, librarian of the Parish Street Branch Library, Well's Peak, Pennsylvania. My life was quite dull and I had begun to fear that maybe I'd end up a spinster, when all of a sudden, one day, something out of the ordinary happened.

On the morning of a certain day, I left my home for work with a headache and a small sniffle. The library certainly did not look welcoming and neither did the spectacle of Mr. James J. Seagle studying at his usual seat. I certainly did not care what he was studying because he was never very particular about his books. Last month he'd been reading Thorne Smith; at the beginning of this month he'd read Frank Norris; and, for all I knew, it might be Walpole or Zane Grey now.

As I walked to my desk, I could feel his eyes following me; and when I turned around to give him a cold stare for doing it, he actually winked at me. Cold shudders of horror passed down my spine. Why, he was the most reserved gentleman in town. Not only that, but also he was the best read person in town. I was dying to throw him out—but I'd get fired for even thinking such a thing. I watched him read and presently I was sure I'd been mistaken. I began to wonder what he could be reading, a thing that had never worried me before. Finally I became bold and, when the noon whistle sounded, asked him about it.

"Why, let me see. It's by Carmen Charles and its title is *The Euchrempelia and Other Fantastic Monsters.*"

"May I read it after you go out to lunch, Mr. Seagle? The name of the book seems to appeal to me."

"Certainly! I was just leaving, Miss Beck."

I settled myself in his chair and commenced attempting to find out what it could have been that would make him act so bold—winking at me! I read quietly, sometimes pausing to shudder at some of the more devilish stories. Suddenly something quite out of the ordinary caught my eyes.

And there in the music of the dancing moonbeams Valer thought of his life: his childhood days, the age of blooming youth, and the trials of manhood. He laughed and then broke into sobs of wild ecstasy. He became as a child and began to frisk and caper. He found it fun and instead of being horrified at himself, he kept on till the moon had pulled her last pale finger from Heaven. It was only a light touch of moon-madness and it meant nothing to him in later

years when he reflected upon it. Moon-madness affects many in the same manner so . . .

I closed the book with a loud snap and retired to my desk again. Anyone who would read such a stupid book was a fool, and the man who wrote it was absolutely crazy. As the afternoon passed on my thoughts kept straying to those lines. In pure anger at myself I closed the library half an hour early and vowed to turn in my resignation the next morning.

At supper, I spoke not a word to Mrs. Kerr, my landlady, and went to bed early from sheer exhaustion. My sleep was quite heavy until about 4:00. Then I began to toss and turn. I finally awakened myself and looked about. The moon was shining brightly and I decided, when I could lie quietly in bed no longer, that it wouldn't hurt me to go out and enjoy the moonlight. I slipped on a bathrobe and sneaked quietly down the kitchen stairs. The back door was locked, so I climbed out through a window. There certainly was no harm in that at all. It was beautiful outside and everything seemed bathed in silver. Quietly I sat down on a bench and waited.

I was unconsciously thinking of my youth when that uncontrollable desire to laugh and cry at the same moment came over me. That was followed by an itchy feeling in my bones and I knew that I had to get up and dance, run—do anything to be free of this madness. I laughed hoarsely—moon madness!! I ran and felt wonderful. To the woods, to the streams, and over great stretching meadows, I seemed to fly.

"Hello there! I have a companion" . . . interrupted my flight.

It was Mr. Seagle—in his bathrobe, literally sailing over the field. I grabbed his hand and we really took off. At last the moon withdrew her pale finger from the sky and we stopped and looked at each other, still breathless from our long flight. The sun had not come up and I could barely see him.

"Miss Beck, I don't know what came over me! By the way, what came over you?"

"I don't have any idea. Oh heavens! We'd better get back before anyone starts missing us."

The horizon had begun to show a pale misty blue as we started back, still puffing heavily. When we reached my street, he stopped and faced me.

"Miss Beck, I've worried about this for a long time. I've admired and loved you ever since I first met you, and I want you for my wife. Will you marry me?"

I felt no hesitation, but my words rather startled me.

"I'd love to, James. We must get off the street before someone sees us, though. We look rather funny here."

I hastily said goodbye and left for my room. We were married that afternoon at Justice Pierce's with Mr. and Mrs. Kerr as witnesses.

Nobody ever said anything about my flight into the night, so I think that nobody saw me. The married life is wonderful. We have one daughter called Luna. I never asked James why he named her that, but I think I knew.

Years later, I went back to the library to see whether I could find that book or the author's name. Neither was in the library nor listed in the card catalog. I began to have a sneaking suspicion and so I wrote the Library of Congress and immediately got a letter back saying there wasn't any such book or any such author. I'll never know whether there was a book by Charles or not; but all I ever worry about now is whether James' slippers are warm when he comes home; whether his shirts are starched; and—whether he is still affected by that moon-madness.

by Alice Kneedler

Night of All

Here on earth the light was gently falling;
On a limb in yon serene and silent tree
Perched the birds so softly calling
In nightly tunes so full of glee.

The far horizon's streaks of gray
Were fading now at even-tide;
Earth's creatures knew so well the close of day
Scampered to the homes where they abide.

A world enchanted by a silvery moon,
Shadows cast silently still
On every flower in its bloom
That grew upon the distant hill.

In this silent, restful world,
On a stone beside the brook
With my thoughts unfurled
Sat I alone to think—to look.

by Gwen Gore

A Woman's Life

A woman's life is a curious thing!
It's cluttered partly with records by Bing.
It's filled with smiles of happiness:
It's got that room—always a mess.
The skirt with a pin to hold it on:
The guy she thinks is strictly "gone."
There's constantly lessons for her to do:
There're those dateless nights when she's so blue.
There seem to be plenty of pimples to squeeze:
There're unruly eyebrows for her to tweeze.
There are souvenirs of a heavenly date:
Even the wondering if "he" is her "fate."
Thick sox and loafers—her constant stand-by:
Always crossed fingers when she tells a lie.
There are curlers—and even perfume "aux Paris":
There are the countless secrets she tells her diary.
Pajamas are always tattered 'n torn:
She 'specially hates to get up in the morn.
There's never a stocking without a run:
There're picnics, and parties, and other fun.
There, a sweet tooth may easily be found,
There's a wish that she might be Broadway-bound.
There're diets that seldom are observed:
There're moments when she's greatly perturbed.
There's that grand slam she finally made;
Her club dues which go unpaid.
There's one thing more I'd like to say:
Her life is, for the most part, gay!

by Madelyn Schreffler

The Same Old Story

I finished washing the supper dishes at ten minutes of seven. Picking up my books from the hall table, I slowly climbed the stairs to my room. Closing the door behind me, I stood in the darkness—waiting. The faint light from the house next door shone lightly on the silver frame; his cocky grin seemed unreal in the silent room.

I snapped on the light, looked around, and flopped down at the desk. Quickly opening my Spanish book, I found the place and started translating. After a couple of paragraphs, I glanced at my watch—7:17. He was finishing supper about now; he might call by 7:30. I forced myself to laugh out loud. Ha! How stupid can you get? I knew he wouldn't call tonight or any night—not after last night. But he had to. Oh God, he had to! I felt the old pain coming back, as I unconsciously re-lived every detail of that horrible evening. I thought of things I should have said; why hadn't I come back with some biting remarks? . . . But stop this!

I started the translation again, repeating every word aloud, until I was sure of my concentration. The telephone rang—I sat still, motionless, praying. I heard the evening paper crumple to the floor and Daddy shuffle to the phone.

Trying to relax, I wondered if I were cracking up. I laughed at myself. Wasn't I the dramatic one! I certainly wasn't the first girl to experience a so-called heartbreak. I could still see the girls' faces this afternoon when Dan walked by my locker without speaking. Had I been too gay in greeting the other boys when he was around? I must remember that everyone would be watching for my reaction.

My mind began to formulate a plan; I'd get him back if it took the rest of my life. Finally a smile touched my lips, my tense muscles relaxed. Tomorrow I would begin to execute my plans. I would get my revenge. I would . . . save my pride!

by Mickey Rouse

The Storm

It was a still, hot night. People were restless and tossed in their beds. Rain frogs near the creek croaked out their prayer for rain. Crickets chirped in the black stillness of the night. A restless hound howled his sorrows to the sky. Birds scolded in the motionless branches of the trees, while heat lightning glowed at intervals across the sky. It seemed that the suffocating heat would never break.

Suddenly there came a slight puff of air, then another and another until a fresh, clean, cooling breeze set the ghost-like curtains in motion

at the opened windows. The lightning became more frequent; and soon zig-zagging, blinding flashes were ripping through the piles of black clouds as the peals of dull rumbling thunder grew to ear-splitting crashes. The first big drops of rain were welcomed. As the downpour came nearer the fresh cool air brought refreshing relief into the hot, stifling houses. The relief was soothing and the pounding of the healing rain lulled the weary people to a peaceful sleep.

by Jo West

Character

I saw a shining icicle
Hinged to a sloping roof.
It sparkled in the winter sun,
Beautiful, cold, and aloof.

That one perfect object seemed to say,
"Just clear water is all you really see
By time and faithful effort
I just became me."

And then, I thought in wonder,
"So, are you and I!
By time and faithful effort, we become
Like the icicle against the winter sky."

by Sue Bullock

"Knees"

I saw a sea of knees today—knobby, dimpled, silk-clad, ragged, prim, swollen, tired, scuffed, flirtatious, scarred, arthritic, bent, rheumatic, bowed, freckled, bare—all bobbing or peeping, ducking or sneaking, covered or smothered in silk, cotton, wool, and gingham. They scurried, bumping shining rain slickers, clambering into buses, pressing steamily against lunch counters, hopping over curbings, skipping gaily, or laboriously toiling, complaining and threatening. I saw knees which bore their burdens blithely and knees which creaked as ancient hinges, yielding entrance to some less frequented domain. I even saw a pair of knees which smiled and smirked, dimpled and ducked, laughed and grew grave, stole my heart, then turned the corner and were gone.

by Woodie Seawell

Do You Remember, Too?

The first day of school . . .

He clutched his mother's hand and moved a little closer to her, as with wide blue eyes he gazed around the first-grade room and watched his new classmates as they waited with their mothers for the arrival of the teacher.

He looked so clean and sweet as he stood quite solemn in his new brown shorts and gay striped jersey. The new brown school shoes and socks just didn't feel right—he was going barefooted just yesterday! The new bookbag was held tightly in one small hand. It looked too big for such a little fellow, but it held only a new red tablet and a yellow pencil that hadn't even been sharpened.

All the other little boys and girls were strangers to him, and so he refused to leave his mother to talk with them or to play. He just stood close to her side and watched everything that went on!

But then the door opened and another pupil arrived, a little boy whom he knew. His eyes grew bright and sparkling and that dear wide grin spread over his face as he shouted, "Hey, Otis! Come on over here. Ha! Ha! I got here 'fore you did." Now for the first time he released his mother's hand, left his precious bookbag in her care, and became himself—energetic, devilish, and talking, oh so fast!

The arrival of "Teacher" caused him to dash back to the protection of his mother's side and eye that new menace with a questioning glance. Her friendly smile and cheerful words soon convinced him

that the teacher was his friend, and he bravely joined the other children as they reluctantly left their mothers and took their places in the little chairs around the big low table.

When the chapel bell rang, he fell in line with the others and proudly walked down the aisle of the auditorium, unable to resist a grin and swagger as he walked past some high school students who lived in his neighborhood. They laughed at him and teased; but, being Bill, he just made the ugliest face he could think of and strutted on down to the front row.

As his mother left him in the care of the teacher after chapel he followed her departure with longing eyes—just a little scared. But the end of the day found him going home—shoes and socks in one hand, bookbag in the other hand, knees grimy, face dirty, mud on his new clothes, and blond crew cut sticking up in damp little peaks from his head—a happy little boy after his first day of school.

by Jo West

Love

"Love? What is love?" I asked myself.
The wind blew back a quick retort.
"It's the warm affection of a boy for his dog;
Of an athlete, for a sport.

"It's the feeling of nearness of mother to child;
The tenderness of husband and wife.
It's the peace within that only comes
From a rich and wholesome life.

"Love is that beating in your heart
When you see a poor old beggar.
When you find the person you think ideal,
It's the state into which you stagger.

"It's an artist's search for a breathless scene.
It's a sailor's passion for a calming sea;
It's a prisoner's slow reach toward freedom;
It's a patriot's devotion to his country.

"It's all these and many, many more
That we categorize as love.
Just added proof to let us know,
There's a loving God above."

by Madelyn Schreffler

Confess Yo' Soul

Look a here, boy,
What's wrong with you?
You ain't working
Like you usually do.

You looks as how
You done seen a ghost
Or knows something
Of which you don't wants a boast.

What you done
Dat you knows ain't right?
How many days ago?
Or was it last night?

Come on now, son,
Confess yo' soul.
How many chickens
You done stole?

Were dey Miss Minnie's,
De lady next door?
Or were dey Uncle Jim's,
De man what runs de corner store?

If you don't tell me,
Dat's all right;
I'll axe around
'Til I find out.

And when I does
Yo' knows what's gonna happ'n;
Next time yo' eats chicken
Yo' gonna remember a re-a-l strappin.

by Jane Holland Bond

Music: My Favorite Dish

Music is food for the soul, it has been said. To me, music is more than food, it is the breath of life which keeps my soul alive. Music is my ruler; it dictates my moods and my nostalgia. Katchiturian is

one of my favorite composers. His *Masquerade Suite* enters my heart, turns it upside down, elevates my soul to the clouds, and with one fell swoop crashes it to the earth, then back again, still higher. Bartok's symphony complements my soul, being as confused as Times Square. Then Grieg's music, blowing mountain breezes and cool showers, refreshes my mind and soul. Dvorak's *New World Symphony* spurs me on to greater tasks, with its refrains of pioneer spirit and hope in the future. Prokofiev is, as my logical mind strives to be, clear and simple, yet changes abruptly, as my moods. Music is as rudimentarily necessary to my spiritual self as is food to my physical self. It is not only the Worcestershire Sauce but the three-inch sizzling steak!

by Janet Caldwell

His Holy Spray

Do not let grief
Capture your sunny way:
Drown sorrow
With the pleasant smile
That once you did display.

For he is not dead;
He has only passed away
To be with Him
Whom he used to talk with
Every day.

Remember,
God but plucks
The prettiest flowers
To form His holy spray.

And leaves the others
To provide the cheer
For friends who have had
An unhappy day.

Then when He needs
Another lily fair
To add to His heavenly array
He will take the brightest of them all
In His sad and tender way.

by Jane Holland Bond

My Idea of the Ideal Secretary

What's cooking? Why our supersonic secretary, that's what! She's quite a dish! If you follow these simple directions carefully, you will taste the rewards of success.

First, take one average girl with average intelligence. She may be short, tall; thick or thin.

Add a pinch of warm, true friendliness, a genuine love for people.

Stir in one pleasant voice, which is mellow and distinct.

Blend together information ranging from "bop" to Bach; from football to world affairs.

Pour the girl into a neat, brown, woolen skirt; a colorful plaid blouse; a pair of medium-heeled shoes; and a pair of stockings.

Mix these ingredients with a general knowledge of office work and office equipment.

Cover her completely with a ready command of the English language.

Sprinkle her with poise, neatness, a ready smile, a hobby or two, and one Webster's Dictionary.

Place this rare "Dixie Dish" in an office and watch the *Boss* glow!

by Madelyn Schreffler

Everlasting Love

As long as life and love shall linger
My heart shall search for that familiar face
And wonder if some unknown stranger
Will ever appear to take his place.

No thought of self can take away
The love for him I always feel
From sunrise till the end of day;
Even in darkness, my love is ever real.

And now that time and days are short
The thoughts of him still bring his face.
For, you see, he is the sort—
No one at all can fill his place.

by Florrie Beitman

A Letter . . . A Friendship

It is easier to take something apart than to put it together. I really mean it. One or two years ago, on a rainy day, I went to school as usual. Our first period wasn't a great pleasure because we took a new chapter of German grammar. After that period my girl friend gave me a letter to read, a letter which she got from a boy. It was a very nice letter and a long one, too. The bell rang for the next period and the teacher came in. Our algebra teacher is a male teacher who is very strict. I hadn't quite finished reading the letter, so I went on reading. The teacher saw me and asked me what I was doing. I blushed and didn't know what to say. Naturally I didn't want to give the letter to him. Oh, I felt horrible that moment. I thought of that boy who had written the letter. What would he do when he found out what I had done? I just didn't want the teacher to read the letter. So, I dropped it. But that didn't work. The teacher saw the letter. I had to pick it up again and take it to him. I looked at my girl friend but she didn't seem angry at all. I looked at the teacher and at the letter in his hand. What was he going to do with it? I was afraid that he would read it out loud, but he didn't read it at all. He tore it into many, many pieces and threw it into the waste basket. Oh, I could have killed him. He had torn my girl friend's first letter from a boy. My friend would never forgive me for that. It was all my fault! I didn't pay any attention to his lecture. I was only glad when the period was over. I went straight to the waste basket and tried to pick up all the pieces of the letter. Meanwhile my girl friend came. First she looked at me, then at the pieces in my hand and those in the wastebasket and then . . . ! Well, she got terribly angry. She shouted, shouted, and shouted. It seemed to me that she never would stop. I tried so hard to put those pieces together but never could get them to fit into place. My girl friend didn't even speak to me for a long time. So two things were torn apart at the same time, and neither could be put together again—the letter was completely destroyed and the friendship was never quite the same.

by Doris Hillenbrand

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